

NEW FOOTBALL COMPETITION! BIG MONEY PRIZES WEEKLY.

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Week ending Oct. 28th, 1922.

The Magnet Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



WELCOME TO GREYFRIARS



ENTERTAINING A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR—THE MAN FROM THE CONGO!

(A cheery episode from the long complete story in this issue.)

THE EDITOR'S CHAT.

Address all your letters to: The Editor,
THE MAGNET, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

FOR NEXT NUMBER.

" BOUND FOR AFRICA! "

By Frank Richards.

This is the title of the next grand long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter, of Greyfriars.

As you will have read in this week's splendid number, Captain Corkran invites the Famous Five to accompany him to Africa—with Billy Bunter, from whom the captain is expecting great things.

The fellows at Greyfriars have always been inclined to make out that William George Bunter is no good for anything, or at anything. It is left to Captain Corkran to find some good in the fat junior, and he fact that Billy Bunter is first of all selected to proceed on the wonderful voyage to Africa comes not only as a surprise to the Removites, but as a shock.

Horace Coker of the Fifth is particularly annoyed. In Coker's opinion, there was only one fellow at Greyfriars really capable of being of some use to Captain Corkran on the trip. That fellow, the Fifth-Former thinks, is Horace Coker.

Billy Bunter, in keeping with his character, invites Coker to go with him, "for a consideration." Coker starts all right, but—

I will not tell you any more about next week's amazingly clever yarn, but urge you to make certain of your copy of the MAGNET Library by ordering now.

Let me just add that Billy Bunter is going to be a big noise when once he gets to Africa—and with the natives there! Bunter is going to make the "gods" talk. What will he not do when he sees the power he is wielding?

SPECIAL GUY FAWKES SUPPLEMENT.

In view of the fact that Harry Wharton & Co. are going away, it is perhaps fitting that their "Herald" should be a celebration number. It is a Guy Fawkes Number we shall have ready for you next Monday, and I think I can safely promise you any amount of excitement and fun.

Guy Fawkes Day! What excitement the mere name conjures up! And when you come to think of that great crowd of boys at Greyfriars, you can guess what it would be like there on Guy Fawkes Day—the day when every boy and girl likes to make a noise, not to mention to see a myriad of dancing lights, burning effigies, and what not.

So next week, then, there is to be a special Guy Fawkes Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Writing of the "Herald" reminds me that Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter are proceeding to Africa, so that—for a time, at least—Harry will not be able to take charge of his splendid paper. However, as in the case of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," I understand arrangements have been made so that the "Herald" can be "carried on" in the absence of the Famous Five, and those cheery voyagers have promised to send in a feast of interesting articles and stories concerning their adventures out in Africa.

The "Herald," therefore, looks as if it is going to be even brighter than ever, and I want you to tell your chums, please, that if they keep a watch on the "Herald" they are certain to be favoured with wonderful accounts of the schoolboys' adventures in the Congo!

THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.

I can only devote a short paragraph to this subject this week.

In the first place, I want to thank—and congratulate—all readers of the MAGNET Library who have supported this new feature. By the time I have written this, a number of my chums will have received money prizes for "speeches" sent in for discussion by the Greyfriars Parliament, and I want to tell you that there are plenty more prizes waiting to be awarded to clever readers.

Write a "speech" similar to those you have seen published in the page devoted to the Greyfriars Parliament, and let us see what you can do or suggest.

Remember, all the prizes go to readers. Address your "speech" to "The Greyfriars Parliament, c/o THE MAGNET Office, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4."

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SPECIAL! STOP PRESS!

Next week's issue of the "Magnet" Library will contain some really startling news. I have just completed arrangements which will undoubtedly place the "Magnet" Library and its Companion Papers on a pedestal far beyond the reach of any rivals.

In the meantime, let me tell you that there are going to be FREE REAL PHOTOS given away with every copy of next week's "Popular," and in making this offer the "Popular" starts the ball rolling—and in rolling there is to be extraordinary development.

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The Man from the Congo!

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter of Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR.")



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Declines!

"BUNTER?"

"Oh, no!"

"Not Bunter!"

Billy Bunter pricked up his fat little ears. It was his own name he heard, as he hovered near the open doorway of Study No. 1 in the Remove. Naturally, Billy Bunter was interested. And naturally—for Bunter—he stopped to hear what Harry Wharton & Co. might be saying about him.

He peered in through the crack between the door and the jamb, and beheld the Famous Five of the Remove, apparently gathered in council. Harry Wharton had a pencil in his hand, and a sheet of paper before him on the table. Apparently the captain of the Remove was making up a list of names. It could scarcely have been a football list; Bunter's name would not have been mentioned in that connection. The Owl of the Remove wondered what it was.

"Not Bunter!" said Bob Cherry, shaking his head.

"Well, it's a special occasion," remarked Harry Wharton.

"Bother Bunter!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Beast!" murmured Billy Bunter, under his breath.

"Catch that fat boulder shelling out!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"The shellfulness would not be terrific," said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"You see, we can stand Bunter," observed Bob. "But we can't expect anybody else to stand him."

"That's so."

"And when that giddy Old Boy arrives, we want to give him a good impression of his old school. Don't want him to jump to the conclusion we've started a Zoo here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, in the passage, shook a fat fist at the half-open door.

"Right!" assented Wharton. "But, after all, we want all the Remove to

play up, and Bunter's in the Remove, though he doesn't do it credit."

"Oh, blow Bunter!" said Johnny Bull. "I had to kick him only an hour ago for playing his rotten ventriloquial tricks in my study. He put on Quelch's voice, and made me jump. He's always giving a fellow the trouble of kicking him."

"Still—" said Harry.

Billy Bunter kicked the door wide open, and rolled into the study. The chums of the Remove glanced round, to find Bunter's big spectacles fixed upon them accusingly. Bunter's fat lip curled in a tremendous sneer.

"Talking about me!" he snorted.

"How do you know?" inquired Bob Cherry sweetly. "Surely you haven't been listening at the door, Bunter? You wouldn't!"

"Certainly not! I happened to hear my name as I passed," said Bunter. "I'm ashamed of you! Talking about a fellow behind his back! Can't you say a thing to a chap's face?"

"Yes, rather," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You're a fat worm, Bunter! And a fat sneak! Likewise, a grubby, greedy, gorging gollywog!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"And a slimy toad!" continued Bob Cherry. "And an eavesdropping blighter! And a lot more things like that."

"Too numerous to mention!" grinned Nugent.

"If Wharton's putting me down for the Courtfield match," said Bunter, unheeding, "he's doing a sensible thing for once in his life. Don't listen to those envious rotters, Harry, old chap. Put me down, and I'll win the match for you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you're leaving out one of these duds to make room for me," said Bunter, "I suggest leaving out Cherry. He's no good!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It's not football, Bunter! I'm making up a list of Remove fellows for a

special occasion." He glanced round at his chums. "Do you fellows agree to give Bunter a chance, if he wants it?"

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull. "But do as you like!"

"Oh, go ahead!" said Bob.

"Well, what's it all about?" asked Bunter suspiciously.

"There's an Old Boy visiting Greyfriars this afternoon," explained the captain of the Remove. "Man named Corkran."

"Never heard of him."

"His name's on the Greyfriars Roll," said Bob Cherry warmly. "You never look at it, of course."

"Never," said Bunter. "No time to waste on such rot!"

"Why, you fat boulder—"

"Captain Corkran is no end of a distinguished chap," said Wharton. "He's an explorer, and has lived for years among the blacks on the Congo."

"Must be an ass!" said Bunter.

"He's been in lots of wild places where white men had never been before—"

"Silly chump!"

"And risked his life hundreds of times among lions, and cannibals, and leopards, and things."

"What a duffer!"

Bunter sniffed contemptuously. Evidently he did not share the general admiration felt at Greyfriars for the Old Boy who had distinguished himself in the strange places of the earth.

"Well, he's coming to see the Head, and the school," said Harry. "We've got an idea of making a celebration in his honour, and I'm making up the subscription list now—"

"Subscription list!" ejaculated Bunter. "That's it."

"Is that a subscription list?" snorted the Owl of the Remove.

"Just that!"

"Merely that, and nothing more!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Well, of all the utter duffers—"

said Billy Bunter, in disgust. "Might

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have known it was some silly rot—in this study!"

"Money will be needed," continued Harry Wharton. "Every fellow in the Remove who cares to take part in the celebration will subscribe all he can afford towards the expenses. The lowest contribution accepted will be a bob—the highest, a quid. Shall I put you down for a bob or a quid, Bunter?"

"Neither!" roared Bunter. "If you think you're going to squeeze any money out of me, you're making a mistake! Fools and their money are soon parted, I must say. I wouldn't stand twopence!"

"Think it over," urged Bob Cherry.

"Rats!"

"In Bunter's case, sixpence might be accepted, as he's hard up," said the captain of the Remove. "We all know that he's been disappointed about a postal-order—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And there haven't been any huge remittances from Bunter Court lately, so far as I know. Make it a tanner, Bunter, and join up for the merry celebration."

"Rats! Rot! Piffle!" said Bunter. "Yah! Go and eat coke!"

And he rolled to the door in utter disgust.

"You're not joining up, then?" asked Harry.

"No jolly fear!"

And Billy Bunter shook the dust of Study No. 1 from his feet, and departed. There was a chortle from the Famous Five as he went.

"Dear old Bunter!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I wonder what he would say if it dawned on his powerful brain that the celebration was going to take the form of a spread in the Rag."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But that important consideration had not dawned upon Bunter's podgy intellect; and he walked off feeling quite satisfied with himself, and quite determined that no "bobs" of his were going to be annexed to celebrate the return of any Old Boy, however distinguished.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Great Preparations!

"ONE dozen cakes!"

"Yes, Master Todd!"

"Two dozen ginger-beers!"

"Yes!"

"Three dozen jam-tarts——"

Peter Todd of the Remove was giving orders on a royal scale in the school tuckshop. Billy Bunter could scarcely believe his fat ears as he heard it.

Bunter was Todd's study-mate, and did not, as a rule, agree very well with Peter. They had many arguments, into which Peter introduced a stump, or a five bat. But at the present moment Bunter loved Todd like a long-lost brother. He rolled into the school shop, beaming with friendship and affection.

"I think it will run to a dozen meringues," said Peter Todd, thoughtfully.

"I say, Peter——"

"Don't interrupt, Bunter. Cheese-cakes—say a dozen!"

Bunter's fat mouth watered.

Todd was not generally rolling in money, but he was giving orders now that could only amount to pounds. Apparently Todd had had a wonderful windfall. Mrs. Mible was stacking up goods on the counter—more than Peter could possibly have carried off unaided.

Bunter's eyes bulged behind his big glasses as he looked at them.

"It's a spread, Peter?" he gasped.

"Don't worry! I think that's the lot, Mrs. Mible," said Todd, consulting his list. "That lot comes to three pounds two-and-six—what?"

"Exactly, Master Todd!"

"Good! That lets me out," said Peter. "Now I'll get some chaps to help me carry off the loot."

"I'll help you, old chap!" exclaimed Billy Bunter eagerly.

His fat hand was already on a bag of jam-tarts, obviously with the intention of helping himself rather than helping Peter. A grip of iron closed on his collar and jerked him back, and Bunter gave a suffocated yelp.

"Yooggg! Leggo! I say, Peter, old chap——"

"You're dead in this act," said Todd. "Roll off!"

"You're not going to leave your own study-mate and old pal out of your spread, Todd, old chap?"

"Tain't my spread. It's the celebration spread. You didn't contribute to the fund. Buzz off!"

"I—I—I say, I—I'll contribute now!" gasped Bunter.

"Too late!"

Peter Todd stepped to the door of the tuckshop and whistled, taking Bunter with him by the collar to keep his fat fingers away from the tuck. Bunter wriggled in vain in his study-mate's muscular grasp.

Bob Cherry and Squiff and Tom Brown and Hazeldene came in and began to take up the goods for conveyance to the School House. Bunter watched them with bulging eyes.

"Can't I help, Todd?" he gasped.

"No fear!"

"If you can't trust me with a few tarts, Todd——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Todd, it's frightfully low to be suspicious!" said Bunter. "I'd trust you with my gold watch!"

"Don't," said Todd. "It might roll away."

"Eh! Why should my watch roll away, you ass?"

"Doesn't rolled gold roll?" asked Peter innocently.

"You silly ass, I'm speaking of my splendid thirty-guinea gold watch!" howled Bunter.

"I'm speaking of your three-and-six rolled gold turnip," answered Peter.

"Same thing—what?"

"Beast!"

The Removites left the tuckshop laden with Todd's purchases, and Bunter followed with hungry eyes. Evidently it was going to be a spread upon an unusual scale, and Bunter was not going to be "dead" in that act if he could help it.

It had dawned now upon Bunter's fat brain what Harry Wharton & Co. had been raising a Remove subscription for. Evidently the fund had been raised, and Peter Todd was doing the shopping for the spread. Bunter could have kicked himself hard! As every fellow was to contribute according to his means, Bunter could have joined up for sixpence, and he would have accounted for at least a pound's worth of tuck when the spread came off. Bunter could always rely on himself to bag the lion's share of a feed. Under a misapprehension Bunter had refused to subscribe, thinking it was only some utter "rot," such as doing honour to an Old Boy who had won honour for himself and his old

school. Bunter could have kicked himself, but he didn't. He followed the convoy into the School House and down the passage to the Rag like a bloodhound on the trail.

There was considerable noise and movement in the Rag.

That apartment was a large one, and, being used by the Lower School for their meetings, it showed many signs of wear and tear. Sometimes a meeting of the Remove was booked for the same time as a meeting of the Fourth, and on such occasions the fur was accustomed to fly. The natural result was that the Rag had a rather worn look in places.

The present occasion being a very important one, Harry Wharton & Co. were doing their best to make the Rag look a little better. Captain Corkran, the explorer, was not only a distinguished Old Boy of Greyfriars, but he was a relation of Bob Cherry's. Bob and his chums united to do him honour, and almost all the Remove backed them up loyally. The scheme of a magnificent spread appealed to all, especially to the juniors, who were short of cash, as every fellow who contributed to his means was to share in the spread according to his appetite. This would have been a tremendous bargain for Billy Bunter at least, only he had in his wisdom missed it.

There were a dozen fellows in the Rag along with the Co., furnishing up the room and its appointments. Several jamtots filled with flowers partly concealed the cracks in the big glass. Festoons of bunting hid many a severe wound in the walls. Mark Linley, with his toolbox, was repairing some of the chairs, which had long needed it.

Peter and his companions landed the parcels on the big table, and Peter reached out with his boot as Bunter bore down on them. The Owl of the Remove jumped back just in time.

"Outside, Bunter!" called out Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, really, Smithy!"

"Roll that barrel out!" said the Bounder.

Bunter dodged round the table.

"I—I say, you fellows, I want to help. Wharton, you beast, why didn't you tell me it was a spread?"

"I gave you a chance to join in in the subscription, Bunter," answered the captain of the Remove.

"If you'd told me——"

"I told you it was in honour of Captain Corkran."

"You didn't mention the feed, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not that I care about the feed, of course," said Bunter hastily. "I'm not thinking of that. Only I—I want to help celebrate the—the home-coming, you know. I admire Captain Corkscrew no end!"

"Captain what?" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Eh? Didn't you say his name was Corkscrew?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The fact is, he's a relation of mine," said Bunter. "A very near relative. I'm bound to be present."

"You fat Ananias!" roared Bob Cherry. "Captain Corkran is my cousin. Are you related to me, you jabberwock?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I mean——"

"I know what you mean," said the Bounder. "You mean to wedge into the spread, and we mean that you're not going to. Buzz off!"

"I say, you fellows, I'll tell you what

I'll do. I'll do some of my very best ventriloquism to entertain the captain!"

"Let me catch you at it!" growled Johnny Bull. "If you spring any of your rotten tricks on Corkran, we'll scalp you!"

"The scalpfulness will be terrific, my esteemed beastly fat Bunter," said Hurree Singh warningly.

"Outside, Bunter!"

"You had your chance, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You refused it with your eyes open, not to mention your specs. Now it's too late. Roll away and be quiet."

"I say, Harry, old fellow——"

"Kick him out!"

"Wharton, you beast——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Two or three juniors caught the Owl of the Remove by his fat shoulders and spun him towards the door. Bunter sat in the doorway with a yell.

"Now roll away!" said Bob Cherry.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Loder Looks In!

BUNTER scrambled to his feet and made his way down the passage. The preparations in the Rag went on; but a few minutes later William George Bunter appeared again, this time at the big window looking on the quad. Bunter hung on the window-sill and blinked in.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's that fat frog again!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Shy something at him, for goodness' sake!"

"Yah! You fellows must be silly asses to think that Captain Corkran will come to a silly fag feed!" said Bunter contemptuously. "Yah!"

Whiz! An apple flew through the Rag towards the window, with unerring aim. Billy Bunter dropped from the sill just in time, and the missile passed over his head.

But it is said that every bullet has its billet. The apple flew on, and found a billet in the chin of a Sixth-Former who was walking along the gravel-path. There was a loud roar of surprise and wrath from Gerald Loder of the Sixth.

"Oh, gad! Who threw that apple at me?"

Bunter scuttled away, and Loder approached the open window.

"Who threw that apple?" he shouted. "Oh, buzz off, you silly idiot!" answered Bob Cherry, without looking round. He took it for granted that this was some more of Billy Bunter's ventriloquism, and he was busy tacking up bunting after hurling the apple.

"What!" howled Loder.

"Will you stop butting in, you crass dummy?" shouted Bob.

"Cherry!"

Loder almost foamed as he glared in at the window. He had heard some plain talk from the Removites before, but he had never been talked to quite like this.

"I—I—I——" he stuttered. "I—I'll skin you, you young cub!" And Loder came springing in at the window.

"It's Loder, Bob!" gasped Wharton. "You ass, it's Loder!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Bob Cherry spun round. He gasped as he realised that he had been talking, not to William George Bunter, but to a prefect of the Sixth Form. Loder strode across towards him.

"So that's how you talk to a prefect, Cherry!" he roared.



"All this unhealthy stuff will be confiscated!" said Loder. "Take it to my study!" "We shall do nothing of the kind, Loder," said Harry Wharton. "And if you touch our stuff you'll be shoved out, prefect or no prefect!" And the Removites gathered round with warlike looks. (See Chapter 3.)

"Nunno!" gasped Bob. "I—I thought it was that other idiot——"

"What?"

"I—I mean that idiot Bunter!"

"Hold out your hand!"

Swish!

"Yow!" roared Bob, as the prefect put his beef into that swish.

Loder glared round at the other juniors.

"Now, what's all this going on here?" he exclaimed. "Some of your fag stuffing, I suppose? You're not allowed to make yourselves unhealthy by gorging on pastries in this disgusting way. I shall not allow this!"

"Look here, Loder——" began Wharton hotly.

"All this unhealthy stuff will be confiscated!" said Loder, in his most bullying manner. "Some of you take it to my study at once."

"So that you can scoff it—what?" roared Bolsover major.

"Take fifty lines, Bolsover! New take this stuff——"

"We shall do nothing of the kind, Loder," said Harry Wharton. "And if you touch our stuff, you'll be shoved out of the Rag, prefect or no prefect!"

"Hear, hear!"

The Removites gathered round with warlike looks. It was borne in upon Gerald Loder's mind that he had stepped into a hornets' nest.

"Wharton, I shall take you to your Form master if you do not obey instantly."

"I'll come, old top!" said Wharton.

"Follow me at once."

"Certainly, old bean."

Loder retreated from the Rag, with all

the dignity he could. Harry Wharton followed him. The prefect marched him into his Form master's study. Mr. Quelch was busy, as he generally was on a half-holiday, and he did not look pleased when they entered.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Quelch," said Loder smoothly. "I have found preparations going on among the juniors for what seems to me a regular orgy on unhealthy foodstuffs. As Wharton refused to obey me, a prefect, I had no resource but to bring him to you, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked inquiringly at Wharton.

"We're getting ready in the Rag for Mr. Corkran, sir!" said the captain of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Really, Loder, I think you might inquire a little more carefully before wasting my time," he said. "Wharton has already requested permission to invite Captain Corkran to tea with the juniors, when he arrives; and permission was given. It is natural that the juniors should make some preparations for the occasion."

"Oh!" stuttered Loder.

More than once of late, Loder of the Sixth had put his official foot in it in dealing with Harry Wharton & Co. Now he realised that he had put his foot in it once more. The great spread in the Rag, apparently, had official sanction—a little circumstance that Loder had not paused to ascertain.

"I can trust my boys to keep within reasonable bounds," added Mr. Quelch. "You will oblige me, Loder, by not interfering in the matter."

"Oh!" gasped Loder again.
 "May I go, sir?" asked Wharton lemurily.

"Certainly, my boy!"
 Wharton went. Loder of the Sixth followed him from the study with a furious face. Wharton looked back, and kissed his hand to the enraged prefect, and then scudded into the Rag before Loder of the Sixth could come to close quarters.

shout from a dozen fellows as the Owl of the Remove appeared in the doorway.
 "That fat boulder again—"
 "Kick him out!"
 "Collar him!"
 "Here, I say! Leggo!" roared Bunter.
 "I say, I— Yaroooooh!"

Bob Cherry grasped Bunter by one ear, and Johnny Bull took possession of the other. The Removites were fed up with Bunter. Bob's palm was still

There they took his arms, and walked him down to the gates. Spluttering with wrath and indignation, Bunter found himself in the road.

"Now start for Courtfield!" said Bob. Bunter blinked at him in almost speechless indignation.
 "I'm not going to Courtfield!" he spluttered.
 "You are! I'm going to give you a start."

Histories of Famous Football Clubs.

No. 5.— Sheffield United F.C.

ANOTHER SPLENDID FOOTER ARTICLE BY OUR EXPERT.

ALTHOUGH as football campaigners Sheffield United are not considered among the oldest, they have nevertheless a record which will always bear inspection.

It was after the Cup semi-final between Preston North End and West Bromwich Albion, which was played at Bramall Lane in 1889, that the idea suggested itself to one, Dr. C. Stokes, that Sheffield should have a really representative team competing in the higher football circles.

The outcome of this idea was that a football club was formed in connection with the Sheffield United Cricket Club, which was established in 1884. Several local clubs promised to support the venture, but when the time came for a call upon their services these all backed out, so it meant an importation of players, seeing that there was no response locally.

They actually played their first English Cup-tie on October 5th, 1889, against Scarborough, and successfully fought their way through the preliminary rounds to the competition proper, when, after defeating Burnley by the odd goal of three, they were trounced by Bolton Wanderers 13-0.

Application was made the following year for admittance to the Northern Alliance, but this was refused, so they joined the Midland League.

In 1891, however, they were admitted into the Northern League, and were so successful that when the Second Division of the Football League was formed they were unanimously elected.

They proved their worth in this league, for in the struggle that ensued they finished second to Small Heath, now known as Birmingham.

By virtue of their success in the test games, which decided the knotty points of relegation and promotion then in vogue, they found their way into the First Division.

They have had their bad patches the same as most other clubs, but have always managed to keep in the upper house.

The seasons 1896-1902 made up a wonderful period in their history by reason of their long sequence of successes.



W. GILLESPIE,
 Sheffield United's Inside-Left.

Starting with the season 1896-7, they were runners up in the League, and the following year they won the championship. Then came the winning of the English Cup in the season 1898-9, the crowning glory of all their efforts, a feat which they again performed in 1902 and 1915.

Again, they were runners up in the League for the season 1899-1900, and the following year they figured in the Cup-final, when the Spurs defeated them at Bolton, after a drawn game at the Palace.

In 1903, they set up something like a record by having no fewer than twelve Internationals playing for them, these being Foulke, Boyle, Thickett, H. Johnson, Wilkinson, Morren, Needham, Bennett, Common, Brown, Priest, and Lipsham; but in spite of this galaxy of talent they could not finish higher than fourth on the League table.

They again finished fourth in the League in 1907.

For a team with such a record it is surprising to note that for nine years from 1904 they only survived the first round of the Cup. It is curious for such a successful team that in the season 1896-7 their half-back line was composed of men whose average height was 5 ft. 5 ins., and weight 10 st. 2 lb.; these men were Howell, Morren, and Needham, who made up the finest defensive combination ever seen in this country.

Most of us have heard about Foulke, their giant goalkeeper, but for those who haven't here are the particulars.

When he joined the United he was twenty-two years of age, and stood 6 ft. 2 ins., while his weight was 15 st. 10 lb. When he finished playing the game his weight had assumed the enormous proportions of being somewhere in the vicinity of 24 st.

It is said of him that he did not know his own strength, and could carry a fully-grown man on each arm without any apparent effort.

Other players of note who have figured on the club's books are Steve Bloomer, Kitchen, Utley, Fazackerley, J. Simmons, Benson, A. Brown, and Bears.

(There will be another splendid football article next week, entitled "The History of Southampton F.C.")

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Catching the Captain!

"I SAY, you fellows—"
 Billy Bunter blinked into the doorway of the Rag a little later. The preparations were still going strong, and the Rag was assuming a rather festive appearance. There was a

tingling from the hefty swipe Loder had given him, and he had no more patience to waste on Bunter.

"You're going for a walk this afternoon, Bunter!" he said.

"I'm not!" roared Bunter.

"Your mistake; you are! Come on!"

Billy Bunter was led out into the quadrangle between the two juniors.

"Look here—"
 Bunter jumped away from a Junging boot.

"Off you go!" said Bob cheerily.

"I'm going to dribble you up the road, and if you don't put on speed—"

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter started at once. Bob Cherry followed him, letting out one foot after

the other, just to help Bunter on his way. A little of that kind of assistance was quite sufficient for William George Bunter. He broke into a run, and his little fat legs went like clockwork. He disappeared round a bend in the road, going strong, and Bob Cherry, chuckling, returned to the school. He hoped that he was done with Bunter for the rest of that important afternoon. But if the Owl of the Remove returned there was still a boot at his service.

Billy Bunter trotted on a good distance before he realised that Bob was no longer in pursuit. When he blinked back and found the road empty behind him, he stopped.

"Beast!" he gasped.

The Owl of the Remove sat down on the grassy bank by the roadside to rest. He was tired. Very little exertion sufficed to tire the fat Owl. But his thoughts were still with the feed in the Rag. But even Bunter realised that it would be prudent to keep off the grass for the present, at least.

He was still sitting in the grass by the roadside, when a pedestrian came swinging along the road from Courtfield. Bunter blinked at him idly, and then blinked again curiously. The man was worthy of a second glance. He was short of stature, but very strongly built, and his face was burnt almost to the colour of coffee by the exposure to suns much hotter than the sun of the Temperate Zone. He looked like a man who had spent a considerable portion of his life in the tropics. One of his eyes was bright and active, and full of expression; the other had a strange, fixed stare, and at a second glance could be seen to be artificial. From that eye a long scar ran down his left cheek, showing white on the tanned skin.

He glanced at Bunter, and met the fat junior's inquisitive blink. It came into Bunter's mind at once that this was Captain Corkran, the expected visitor at Greyfriars. Men with burnt, tropical complexions were not common in that quiet corner of Kent.

Billy Bunter eyed him sourly. His feelings were not cordial towards Captain Corkran, distinguished Old Boy as that gentleman was. Captain Corkran was to be honoured at the great spread from which William George Bunter was excluded, and Bunter felt that it was like his cheek. The tanned gentleman stopped to speak to him.

"Greyfriars lad—what?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes," grunted Bunter. "I suppose you're Captain Corkran?"

"That is so."

The captain was carrying a leather bag in his hand. He set it down by the roadside, and looked about him. From that point on the road there was a wide view of the woods, rich in their October brown, with the great downs beyond. It was a glorious view, though Bunter had not thought of looking at it; doubly glorious to a man who had spent long years far from his native land. Captain Corkran seemed to be breathing it in as he stood and looked.

Bunter's eyes glimmered behind his glasses. He did not like the gallant captain, and now that he saw him, he concluded that he was an ass. Only an ass would waste time staring at silly old trees and hills, from Bunter's point of view.

"Splendid old view here—what?" said the captain, glancing at Bunter again. "You young fellows have a good time."

"Oh, topping!" said Bunter. "I say,

is there anything alive in your bag, sir?"

The captain stared.

"No," he answered. "What on earth do you mean?"

"It seems to me something was moving in it," said Bunter, blinking at him. "I thought I heard something just—"

"Nonsense!"

"There it is again!" said Bunter.

Squeak!

Captain Corkran fairly jumped. So far as he knew, only his personal belongings were packed in that bag. He was amazed to hear a pitiful, painful squeak proceed from it. Naturally the gallant captain, fresh from the tropical wilds of the Congo, did not know anything about the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Corkran. "What—"

Squeeeeeeeak!

"I say, that's rather cruel," said Bunter, blinking at him. "It's beastly to shut up an animal in a bag, where he can't breathe. Did they allow such things at Greyfriars in your time, sir?"

"Don't be a young ass!" snapped the captain. "If there is any animal in my bag it got there without my knowledge."

Squeeeeeeeak!

"Well, it ought to be let out, then," said Bunter. "Sounds to me as if it's suffocating."

"By Jove, it does!"

The captain laid down his stick, and knelt in the road beside the bag. He unlocked it and unbuckled the straps, and threw the leather bag open. The bag was packed full, and it was rather a large bag; a good weight for any man

to carry, though the explorer evidently managed it with ease. With a very puzzled expression on his tanned face Captain Corkran began turning over the articles in the bag in search of the imprisoned animal that had squeaked so painfully.

Billy Bunter grinned. He was beginning rather to enjoy his meeting with the captain.

Squeeeeeeeak! Squeak!

The sounds were louder now, and they were very painful.

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated Corkran.

"It must be a mouse, I should say. How the dickens could a mouse get into my bag? Poor little beggar!"

He began to turn the articles out of the bag into the grass. There were a good many articles of clothing, closely packed, and several boxes of a curious polished wood, and two or three things that made Bunter stare. One was a little idol, evidently of ivory, rudely carved, but of great value. Its eyes, as they caught the sun, flashed and glittered, and it struck Bunter that they were made of diamonds.

Billy Bunter picked it up to examine it, without taking the trouble to ask permission. On the back of the ivory idol were a number of scratches and what appeared to be words engraved. But before Bunter had time to examine them the idol was jerked out of his hand.

The captain did not speak, but he frowned, evidently annoyed by the fat junior's inquisitiveness. He placed the little idol among the other things, out of Bunter's reach. The Owl of the Remove blinked at him wrathfully. Captain



Billy Bunter picked up the idol, which had fallen from the bag, to examine it. On the back of the ivory image were a number of scratches and what appeared to be words engraved. But before Bunter had time to examine them Captain Corkran jumped forward and snatched the idol from him. (See Chapter 4.)

Corkran, unheeding him, searched through the bag to the end for the mysterious animal that had squeaked. He did not find the supposed mouse, and he looked, as he felt, extremely puzzled.

"Gad! That's very queer!" he muttered.

"Jumped out, perhaps, while you were unpacking," suggested the Greyfriars ventriloquist, with a covert grin.

"I had my eyes open!" grunted the captain.

Puzzled and annoyed, Captain Corkran proceeded to repack the bag. Bunter watched him in silence, but with a malicious glimmer behind his big glasses. When the repacking was finished, and the bag strapped and locked, Corkran lifted it, to continued his way to the school. As he did so a prolonged and agonised squeak came from the bag.

The captain nearly dropped it in his amazement.

"Great gad!" he ejaculated.

"Still there?" exclaimed Bunter. Squeeeek!

The tanned man set his lips hard, and jerked open the bag again. He was evidently very much exasperated now. Instead of unpacking the bag, he turned out the contents in a heap, with knitted brows. Bunter rose to his feet, grinning.

There was a wind on the road from the sea, and it caught several articles and fluttered them away. Two or three handkerchiefs whisked on the hedge, and a muffler floated away like a kite. Bunter strolled away towards Greyfriars, leaving an exceedingly exasperated gentleman chasing his property to recover it, in a very bad temper. And it was very lucky indeed for the Greyfriars ventriloquist that the bronzed gentleman from West Africa did not know who was the author of his troubles.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Captain Arrives!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here comes the captain!"

Bob Cherry was looking from the window of the Rag.

The diminutive but sturdy figure of the African explorer came in sight in the quadrangle, crossing towards the School House in company with Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, who had met the captain at the gates.

There was a rush of the Remove fellows to the Rag windows, to look at the famous Old Boy.

"That's the jolly old merchant," said Vernon-Smith. "No mistake about that. What a giddy complexion!"

"Looks as if he's been through things," remarked Squiff.

"What a merry eye!" grinned Skinner. "Beautiful—what?"

"Corkran lost an eye in West Africa," said Harry Wharton. "Nothing to cackle at, Skinner."

"Dear mar. I'm only remarking on his good looks," said Skinner. "I suppose that one is his glad eye."

Some of the Removites chuckled. The captain, admired as he was by the new generation at Greyfriars, would not have been called handsome by the most enthusiastic of them. His tanned face expressed determination and strength of character, but certainly not beauty in any form. He was glancing about him with keen interest as he crossed the quad with Mr. Quelch, his heavy bag carried lightly in one hand.

"He's walked from the station," went on Skinner. "Carried his own bag, by

gum! He hasn't made a fortune in West Africa. After twenty years of distinguishing himself, it won't run to a cab fare! Alas!"

But the juniors were not listening to Skinner. Harry Wharton & Co. rushed from the Rag, to be at the big door when the captain came in. As Corkran reached the steps of the School House, Bob Cherry came down in a hurry, and raised his cap to the explorer.

"May I carry your bag, sir?" he asked.

"Eh—what?" The captain looked at him with a smile. "Certainly, my boy, if you can manage it."

He handed the bag lightly to the junior, and Bob took it—and nearly sat down with it. Bob was a hefty youth physically, but the bag which the captain carried so lightly was too much for him.

"Oh, my hat!" he ejaculated. "Give a hand here, somebody."

Johnny Bull rushed to his aid, and between them the leather bag was borne into the house in triumph.

"My boys are rather enthusiastic about your arrival, captain," Mr. Quelch remarked, with a smile. "In fact, the enthusiasm is general. I am afraid you will be called upon to undergo something in the nature of a juvenile celebration."

Corkran laughed.

"A fine set of lads, from their looks," he said. "Which of them is my young cousin? I suppose he is here."

"The lad who relieved you of your bag," answered Mr. Quelch. He called to Bob as they entered the house: "Cherry!"

"Yes, sir."

Bob came up, rather shyly.

"This is Captain Corkran, as I suppose you know. This is Robert Cherry, your cousin, sir."

Captain Corkran held out a brown hand to the junior.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, my boy," he said, and he gave Bob a grip that made him jump a little. It was a proud moment for Bob Cherry, shaking hands with the distinguished captain before a crowd of eyes.

The captain passed on with Mr. Quelch, leaving Bob rubbing his hand, but looking very elated.

"Ow! He's got a grip on him," said Bob. "But isn't he a topping chap?"

"The topfulness is terrific."

"You'd better ask him to tea, Bob," said Harry Wharton. "As your cousin, you can ask him. Catch him after he's chinned with the Head."

"Yes, rather!"

"Everything's ready," said Nugent. "It's jolly near time for tea. I suppose he will dine with the Head; but he can have tea with us first."

"Got to," said Johnny Bull. "If he won't come, we'll make him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter blown in again!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Didn't you go for a walk to Court-field, Bunter?"

"Yah!"

"Now, all you fellows kick together!" said Bob, drawing back his foot.

"Beast!"

Bunter vanished up the staircase.

The Removites returned to the Rag, to

add a few final touches to the festive apartment. Captain Corkran had been taken to his room, and when he came down he was seen to enter the Head's study, apparently for a "jaw" with Dr. Locke. A scout brought the news to the Rag that the gallant captain was with the Head, and the Famous Five were on the alert at once. They proceeded to the corridor outside Dr. Locke's study, to lie in wait for the distinguished visitor.

A dozen Remove fellows went with them. In the corridor they found three members of the Fifth Form—Coker, Potter, and Green. Coker & Co. were waiting, and the Removites guessed what they were waiting for.

"The cheeky chumps!" breathed Johnny Bull. "They've come here to bag our captain. Just like Coker!"

"Cheek!" said Bob.

Horace Coker glanced round, and waved his hand to the crowd of Removites.

"You fags clear off!" he called out.

"What?"

"Get out of sight," said Coker. "We don't want Corkran to take this school for a dashed bear-garden. Buzz!"

"He's my cousin!" roared Bob Cherry.

"That's his misfortune, not his fault!" retorted Coker. "This isn't a time for throwing it in his face."

"Why, you—you—you—" stuttered Bob.

"I'm asking Corkran to tea in my study," said Coker. "I may put in a word for you, Cherry, if you're his cousin—in fact, you can come. The rest of you clear off at once."

That was just like Coker of the Fifth. Experience is said to make fools wise, but it never had that effect on Horace Coker. After long and painful experience with the Remove, he had never learned that he couldn't give orders to those cheerful youths.

The Removites simply glared at Horace. Potter and Greene, reading the storm-signals, backed away a little. They weren't looking for a rough-and-tumble with nearly a score of Lower Fourth fellows. But Coker never even thought of budging an inch. Coker never counted odds. Sometimes it would have been better for him if he had.

He waved a lordly hand at the juniors.

"You hear me?" he snapped.

"Yes, we—we hear you, Coker!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Well, cut off!"

Wharton looked round at his numerous and warlike followers. It was not likely, in the circumstances, that the Removites would be the party to retreat.

"We can't have that rubbish knocking about the passage, with the captain here," said Wharton. "Better clear it away."

Coker stared round. He was never quick on the uptake.

"What rubbish?" he asked. "If there's any rubbish around, you fags had better clear it away, certainly. But I don't see—"

"You couldn't, without a looking-glass!" explained the captain of the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Clear that rubbish away, you fellows!"

"You bet!"

There was a rush at Coker. Potter and Greene were already executing a masterly retreat, at a masterly speed. Coker, fighting valorously, was rushed over by the Remove crowd, and he came down on the floor with a heavy bump.

"Yooop!" roared Coker; a roar that

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2^d



EDITORIAL!

By Percy Bolsover.

I BURST into Study No. 1 like a hefty rhinoceros.

"Look here, Wharton," I said in my bellowing tones. "Isn't it about time I was allowed to take over the GREYFRIARS HERALD for a week?"

Harry Wharton looked up with a smile. "Supposing I refuse to let you take it over?" he said.

"In that case I shall pulverise you!" I growled, clenching my massive fists. "I'll black your eyes and bash your nose and biff your ears. Just remember this, my son. A blow from me is sufficient to fell an ox!"

"Then I'd better humour you, Bolsover," said Wharton quickly. "You may take over the paper for one week, with pleasure. But you won't fill it with rubbish, will you?"

"Certainly not! You can trust me to fill it with tiptop yarns and first-rate articles."

"Good enough!" said Wharton. "I'll vacate the editorial chair for one week, and let you try your hand at journalism."

So here I am, dear readers, enthroned in the editorial chair in all my majesty.

When you have read this number you will say: "Old Bolsover's a giddy genius! He's a perfect prizefighter, and an excellent editor—a rare combination. How tremendously bucked we should be if Bolsover occupied the editorial chair for good!"

I have spared no pains to get a really good number together.

The Famous Five are out of the picture this week, and the poet Penfold has had to take a back seat in favour of my pal Skinner. I have always maintained that Skinner can turn out better poetry than Penfold, and the verses in this issue prove my contention.

You will notice that I have written the short complete story myself. I don't believe in an editor being merely a figurehead. My story, "Rufus of the Ring," is one of the best things that have ever appeared in the HERALD. (You will observe that I'm not backward in coming forward.)

I have no doubt that when you have read this Special Number you will all exclaim, with one accord: "Hats off to Bolsover major!" And you will proceed to your local tuckshop and drink my health in peppermint cordial.

PERCY BOLSOVER.

THE PRINCE OF PUGILISTS!

By Harold Skinner.
Sung by Bolsover Major.

I'm Bolsover major, I'm not an old stager,

But young and as fit as can be;
In every fierce tussle my brawn and my muscle

I use with the greatest of glee.
I shoot out my left in a manner that's deft,

And I parry and thrust with my right.
I'm Bolsover major, I honestly wager
That I'm to be feared in a fight!

I stood up to Coker, the silly old joker,
And made him yell "Mercy" and "Pax!"

I gave Billy Bunter, the gorger and grunter,
A series of powerful whacks.

In manner quite merry I knocked out
Bob Cherry

(He's now quite recovered, I trust);
I've conquered Dick Russell in many a tussle,
And made Vernon-Smith lick the dust!

I'm strong and I'm supple, I lay out
a couple

Of frisky young fags every day;
Behind the school chapel I wrestle and grapple

With victims who get in my way.
I puncture their faces in dozens of places,

I'm really a terrible chap;
And all the poor fellows are gasping like bellows

As soon as I've finished the scrap!

I'm Bolsy the Bully, I warn you quite fully

You'd better not give me your "cheek,"

Or else I shall shock you, and probably knock you

Right into the midst of next week!

I'm big and I'm burly, my hair's crisp and curly,

I'm handsome as handsome can be.

Yes, I'm Bolsover major, I honestly wager

That no one can stand up to me!

BOLSOVER TAKES THE CHAIR!

By Sidney Snoop.

It's a treat to see the burly form of Bolsover major occupying the editorial chair this week. It would be awfully ripping if Bolsover occupied it for good, and Harry Wharton was given the Order of the Boot.

"Why are you flattering Bolsover?" you will probably ask. "Is it because he's a pal of yours?" Not at all. I'm saying nice things about him because he deserves them. He's such an awfully generous editor.

Let me give you some examples of Bolsover's generosity. Skinner wrote him a poem, which Bolsover accepted. Now, when Dick Penfold writes poems for the "Herald," he gets about a tanner a time—if he's lucky! But Bolsover paid Skinner the princely sum of five bob. What a contrast!

As soon as I heard that Bolsover was to take Harry Wharton's place for a week, I went along and asked him if there was anything I could do to help. "Certainly, Snoopy," was the reply. "First of all, I want you to get me a lump of ice and a wet towel. I'm going to write a story." I fetched the required articles, and Bolsover then asked me to fan him with a newspaper while he wrote. I fanned him until my arms ached; and when he had finished his story he said, "You're a real sport, Snoopy. The labourer has proved worthy of his hire, and I'm going to pay you half-a-crown out of the funds." He did, too!

If only old Bolsover was the permanent editor, what jolly good times his pals would have! We should live on the fat of the land, and be well paid for our services. What's more, the "Herald" would be a much better paper. There would be more "punch" in it—more power, and ginger, and "pop."

I have suggested to Bolsover that he should run a rival paper—"The Prize-fighting Times," or something like that. Bolsover's a first-rate journalist as well as a first-rate fighting-man, and his paper, if he were to run one, would knock spots off Harry Wharton's! Whether Bolsover will adopt my suggestion or not remains to be seen.

Of course, Bolsover has his faults. But I'm not going to enlarge on them here. You see, he has a nasty habit of hitting out straight from the shoulder. And I value my precious skin!

Next Week—A Special Guy Fawkes Number—You'll Enjoy It!

Supplement i.]

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 769.



MY DIARY FOR THE WEEK!

By a Punching-ball.

effective stop to your 'little games.' Meanwhile, I will confiscate that ball, and you will return to your dormitory immediately!"

Skinner & Co. slunk off to bed, and Mr. Quelch took me along to his study.

In the morning my persecutors were publicly flogged, much to my delight. Mr. Quelch discovered that I was the property of Alonzo Todd, and he restored me to my rightful owner. I passed a very quiet day hanging in Study No. 7. I was not hit or cuffed or punched by anybody, which was just as well, for it gave me a chance to recover from my unhappy experiences overnight.

THURSDAY.

Alonzo Todd made a further attack on me, and sprained his wrist in the process. This upset poor old Lonzy so much that he decided to get rid of me. I was sold to a fag in the Second for a mere shilling.

Unfortunately, fags don't have studies, so my owner was compelled to hang me in a public place—the fags' Common-room, to wit. Here, I was at the mercy of scores of inky-fingered fags. They came up and clumped me on every occasion. Fags, however, can't get much force into their blows, and I consoled myself with the reflection that things might be a great deal worse.

FRIDAY.

My owner was hard up, and he decided to sell me in order to raise the wind. I was put up for auction, and knocked down to Bolsover minor for a humble sixpence.

Bolsover minor, however, was awfully kind to me. This afternoon he punched me for thirty minutes on end, but they were only gentle taps, and caused me no inconvenience.

I had happy visions of spending the rest of my lifetime with young Bolsover.

SATURDAY.

Alas for my fond dreams! Once again I changed hands, Bolsover minor making a present of me to his major.

Once I got into Bolsover major's custody, there was no peace for me. I was biffed, bumped, bashed, bruised, and battered, and I had as sorry a time as ever fell to the lot of a punching-ball.

Bolsover seemed to bear me a grudge, for he pommelled me without mercy. He put any amount of ginger into his blows, and I grew weaker and weaker.

The climax came this evening. Bolsover dealt me a sledge-hammer blow, and I was flattened out against the wall of his study.

Instead of taking pity on me, Bolsover yelled: "Call yourself a punching-ball? I reckon the proper place for you is the dustbin!" And he picked me up and carried me thither.

I am now reposing in the dustbin, with a miscellaneous collection of unwanted things. And here, I hope, I shall pass the evening of my days in peace.

MONDAY.

BILLY BUNTER bought me to-day, second-hand, at the sports outfitters in Courtfield. He carried me back to Greyfriars under his arm, and displayed me to all and sundry, with the remark: "Just look at my punching-ball, you fellows! Isn't it a ripper? I'm going to suspend it from the ceiling in Study No. 7, and punch it till it's as flat as a pancake!"

I shuddered at this terrible threat. But there was really no cause for alarm. On reaching his study, Billy Bunter hung me up. Then he took off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves, and started lashing out at me. I kept evading his blows, and on several occasions he lost his balance and went crashing to the floor! At other times, I would suddenly bounce forward and hit him in the eye. A crowd of fellows looked on from the doorway, gurgling with laughter. Billy Bunter grew hot and bothered, and at last he gave it up in disgust. "I shall get rid of this beastly punching-ball!" I heard him exclaim.

TUESDAY.

I changed hands, being sold to Alonzo Todd for half-a-crown. Alonzo bought me because he said I should come in useful for strengthening his biceps. Poor old Lonzy! He banged at me with all his force, but he didn't give me the slightest discomfort. I felt like a dog being gently patted, and I wagged my approval. "Dear me!" groaned Alonzo. "This expenditure of energy is beginning to make my arms ache! I will leave it for the time being, and attack it again to-morrow."

WEDNESDAY.

Last night I had a strange misadventure. Skinner & Co. of the Remove invaded Study No. 7, and cut me down. I was then taken out into the Close, and the beasts played football with me in the moonlight! You can guess what a terrible time I had. I'm supposed to be punched, not kicked. I was booted round and round the Close, and I dare say I should have come to an unfortunate end, had not Mr. Quelch arrived on the scene.

"Skinner! Snoop! Stett!" thundered the Remove master. "Why are you absent from your dormitory?"

"Ahem! We—we couldn't sleep, sir, owing to indigestion, so we thought we'd come out and have a little game," stammered Skinner.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch. "I shall take you before the headmaster in the morning, and he will doubtless put an

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS!

By Percy Bolsover.
(Temporary Editor.)

(NOTE.—Harry Wharton has recently received a large number of communications on the subject of boxing, etc. He has handed them over to me and asked me to deal with them. So here goes! —Ed.)

"Sportsman" (Sheffield).—"My grandfather was a famous prizefighter in the days of the Corinthians."—So was mine. Shake!

J. R. B. (Brighton).—"I have had a fierce argument with my pal as to who is the boxing champion of the Remove. I say it's Dick Russell, and my pal declares it's Bob Cherry."—You are both wrong. I'm the merry champion!

"Conundrum" (Paisley).—"What is the difference between a prizefighter and a spectator at a nigger minstrel show?"—One blacks eyes, and the other eyes "blacks." Next, please!

"Inquisitive" (Denbigh).—"Can Billy Bunter box?"—Can a duck pilot an aeroplane?

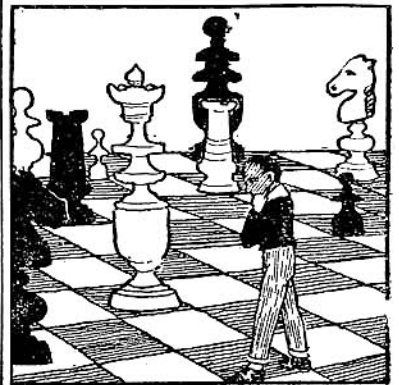
"Bertie" (Birmingham).—"My mother says it isn't right for little boys to fiercely fight."—The little boys who run away are chicken-hearted funks, I say!

B. R. S. (Dartford).—"What would you do if a fellow called you names?"—All depends whether they were nice names or nasty ones. If they were nice, I'd stand him a feed. If they were nasty, I shouldn't stand him at any price. I'd knock him into the middle of next week, and then he'd keep a civil tongue in his head.

"Heraldite" (Hastings).—"I wish Bolsover major could be persuaded to edit a Special Number of the HERALD."—Your wish has been duly granted.

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent:



KOUMI RAO.

(St. Jim's Chess Champion.)

"He who laughs last laughs best," and—



Rufus of the Ring!

A Thrilling Life History of a Famous Boxer.
By PERCY BOLSOVER.

"CARROTS" they called him, because he had flaming red hair. His real name was Rufus Rayner, and he was a mild, inoffensive little fellow, something like Alonzo Todd of Greyfriars.

At the tender age of ten, Rufus was released from his mother's apron-strings and packed off to school. He went to St. Bertie's in Blankshire.

Rufus had a very unhappy time as a new boy. Everybody jeered at him and sneered at him, and rated him and slated him, and clumped him and thumped him.

After enduring a month of this sort of thing, Rufus sent the following letter to his worthy sire:

"Dear pater,—I write to say that life at St. Bertie's is the absolute limmit, & i can't stick it any longer.

"The fellows hear are crool and hartless beests. They call me carrots and jinger & coppernobb, & lots of other nasty names. And they bully me sumthing ferce.

"Dear pater, please be a brick & take me away from this fateful hole & send me to a girl's skool, where i sha'n't be necked about so much. At the prezant moment i am a mass of broozes from the crown of my feet to the soul of my head.

"Dear pater, do buck up & take me away, bekwase i tell you kandid i can't stick it any longer, & so i remain your mizzerable son, Rufus."

Rufus got a reply by return of post. His pater said he would not dream of taking him away from St. Bertie's.

"When a fellow makes remarks about the colour of your hair," he wrote, "don't dissolve into tears. Punch him on the nose as hard as you can hit. He'll soon stop call'ing you 'Carrots' and 'Ginger'. And don't allow yourself to be bullied. If a fellow gives you a black eye, give him two in exchange. Show them that you can stand up for yourself, and they'll soon leave you alone."

Young Rufus digested this advice, and resolved to act upon it.

He was tucking his pater's letter away in his pocket when Woppingham major, the bully of the Form, bore down upon him.

"Hi, Carrots!" bellowed Woppingham.

Rufus glared.

"What are you making faces at me for, Coppernob?" demanded Woppingham.

Rufus peeled off his coat.

"I'm going to give you a jolly good licking!" he said grimly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Woppingham major laughed loud and long. He was obliged to hold his sides, or he would have burst.

"That's the funniest thing I've heard for a long time!" he gurgled. "Going to lick me, are you? Why, you couldn't lick a lame sparrow! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Nettled by the bully's laughter, young Rufus clenched his fists and rushed to the attack. He dealt Woppingham major a terrific blow, just above the waist-line.

Woppingham major made a noise like a punctured football, and he swayed backwards like a giant oak in a gale of wind.

Rufus followed up, and crashed his right full into the bully's face.

"Yaroooop!"

With a wild yell of anguish, Woppingham major measured his length on the flagstones of the quad.

Instantly there was a rush of feet, and a crowd of fellows came dashing to the spot. They fairly gasped when they saw what had happened.

"Woppingham major's down!"

"Old Carrots has licked him!"

"Great Scott! Wonders will never cease!" Flushed with his success, and having suddenly discovered that he possessed a pair of fists and was able to use them, Rufus charged full-pelt into the crowd. He was out for scalps. Remembering all the miseries and torments he had endured at the hands of his schoolfellows, he resolved to take this opportunity of getting his own back.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

Rufus did tremendous execution. He was a human whirlwind. Nobody had ever suspected him of being able to hit. But he hit now with a vengeance. Black eyes and swollen noses and thick ears were administered with great gusto.

The crowd gave way before that fierce attack.

"Look out!"

"Hold him down!"

"He's gone stark, staring mad!"

Rufus continued to lay about him right lustily. At last he was overpowered and borne to the ground, but before this happened he had given the knock-out to at least half a dozen fellows.



Gathering all his strength, Sambo shot out his left. Rufus spun round three times, and then crashed to the ground.

That event marked the beginning of Rufus Rayner's career as a prizefighter. From that time onward, his schoolfellows were careful to leave him severely alone. And he ceased to be known as "Ginger," or "Carrots," or "Coppernob."

With the reader's permission, we will now skip a number of years.

Behold our Rufus, at the age of eighteen, a strapping, stalwart giant, with biceps like bands of iron, and a chest which looked as if it was puffed out by a pillow.

Rufus had entered upon the career of a prizefighter. It was the only career left open to him.

On leaving St. Bertie's, our hero had become a bank clerk. One morning, in a burst of rage, he came to blows with the chief cashier, and after using the latter's face as a punching-ball, he tossed him over the counter. Rufus then fought the rest of the staff single-handed, and scattered them about the floor like so many skittles.

For this warlike behaviour, Rufus received the order of the boot.

Shortly afterwards, our hero was arrested for taking part in a street brawl. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, but

on the very first day of his detention he was sacked from prison for ill-treating the warders.

Having been cut off by his father, Rufus now realised that the only course open to him was to become a prizefighter. He joined Bashem's Boxing Booth, and by the time he was eighteen he had built up a big reputation and an enormous bank balance.

Again asking the reader's permission, we will skip a few more years.

Behold our Rufus, at the age of twenty-five, a big, burly, beefy, broad-chested brute, and Britain's champion prizefighter.

But Rufus wasn't satisfied with being champion of Great Britain. Oh, dear, no! He determined to be champion of the world, and with this object in view he challenged Dixie Sambo, the Black Terror, to a twenty-round contest with bare fists.

The challenge was accepted, and the stakes were to be five thousand pounds for the winner, and one-and-sixpence for the loser.

World-wide interest was aroused in the contest, for neither Dixie Sambo nor Rufus had ever been beaten.

The great fight was staged at the Olympia, and it was impossible for the common or garden members of the public to get seats. Standing-room alone cost twenty pounds.

When Rufus stepped into the ring, he saw, to his delight, that the referee was Mr. Woppingham—at one time Woppingham major, the bully of St. Bertie's. Rufus shook hands with him.

Dixie Sambo came lumbering into the ring. And Rufus could not repress a shudder as he looked at him. The huge, black giant simply towered over his opponent, tall though Rufus was.

"Seconds out of the ring," called Mr. Woppingham. "Time!"

Then it seemed to Rufus as if a sudden cataclysm took place. Dixie Sambo descended upon him like a mighty avalanche, and a volley of smashing blows knocked Rufus round and round the ring. Never in his life had our hero had to withstand such terrific punishment. He pawed the air feebly with his hands, but he was unable to ward off that fierce attack. How he managed to survive the first round Rufus never knew. But he did survive it, and the second and third rounds into the bargain.

When Rufus went up for the fourth round, his face was badly battered, and his knees threatened to give way under him. He knew that this round would be his last. The championship of the world was fast slipping away from him.

There was a broad grin on Dixie Sambo's black dial. Gathering all his strength, he shot out his left, straight from the shoulder. It was a blow that would have felled an ox. Rufus spun round three times, and then crashed to the boards. And as he fell, he muttered in the referee's ear:

"Say it was a foul blow!"

Mr. Woppingham nodded.

"I hereby stop the fight!" he announced, in ringing tones. "And I have great pleasure in awarding the verdict to Rufus Rayner, his opponent having fouled."

Dixie Sambo gnashed his teeth with rage.

"Dat was no foul, massa!" he declared.

"Me knock him out fair and square. Sure ting!"

But the referee ruled otherwise, and the honours went to Rufus. Our hero walked off with the purse of five thousand pounds, on the strength of which he took a charming cottage in the country, where I am pleased to say he lived happily ever after.

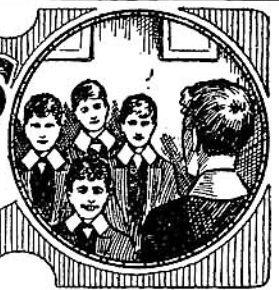
But it was jolly lucky for Rufus that old Woppingham turned up trumps, wasn't it?

—He who reads the HERALD laughs best!

MONEY PRIZES FOR THE BEST "SPEECHES"! TRY YOUR LUCK!



The Greyfriars Parliament.



AT the ordinary weekly meeting of the Greyfriars Parliament, Mr. Speaker read a speech sent in by Reader A. J. DENNIS, 33, FERN DALL STREET, BERMONDSEY, S.E., advocating farming:

"Comrades and supporters of the Compu-nion Papers,—As the majority of us are of the rising generation, I would like to put before you the question of farming as a future full of profit and interest. Why not take up farming? It is pleasant work, healthy, builds up, and convinces one that life is really worth while. Town industries are depressed. Let us get back to the land. City life in all countries is crowded. Thousands of acres await the plough in Australia and Canada. In Great Britain farming will develop under modern improvements. Get agricultural knowledge."

Mr. Speaker: "We have shown what we can do with allotments in the Remove. Seems to me Reader Dennis has hit the nail on the head."

Lord Mauleverer: "The mere remembrance of the allotments makes my back ache."

Mr. Bunter: "I am not going on the land."

Mr. Peter Todd: "Do go! Think of the good it would do your figure."

Mr. Bunter: "My figure's all right. Farming is a beastly, messy business!"

Mr. Wibley: "I can see Bunter keeping pigs. When you called on him in business hours, he'd be the one with a hat on!"

Mr. Bunter: "I scorn such personalities. I appeal to the Speaker."

Mr. Speaker: "I did not catch the remark complained of. Of course, personal observations should not be made. Did I understand that the Member for Pufftown intends to go in for chilly growing?"

Mr. Bob Cherry: "He is a tulip himself."

Mr. Peter Todd: "What about those thousands of acres waiting in Australia and Canada? Are they still there?"

Mr. Speaker: "I don't suppose they have run away."

Mr. Peter Todd: "But that is not the point. If the Remove went out in a body, could they have those acres?"

Mr. Speaker: "There would be some few formalities to go through, without a doubt."

Mr. Bunter: "I knew the whole bizney was a giddy sell."

Mr. Speaker: "I deprecate such a remark. If, when the time comes, Mr. Bunter desires to go in for farming in the Dominions, I am quite certain he would have the support of the authorities."

Lord Mauleverer: "I would give a subscription to help Bunter out of the country."

Mr. W. G. Bunter was subsequently seen conferring with Lord Mauleverer on the subject of assisted emigration, but there is no corroboration whatever of the rumour set floating round that the Member for Pufftown intends leaving Greyfriars.

Mr. Speaker: "I have now to put before the House a very appropriate question, considering the time of year. Reader ARTHUR MOORE, 50, Beech Road, Bournville, sends me a useful speech on bicycle-lamps. Shall I read it?"

Mr. Horace Coker: "Does he know anything about the subject?"

Mr. Speaker: "Reader ARTHUR MOORE seems well-versed in the matter. It is for the House to judge."

Mr. Bunter: "What I say is that a lamp does not signify."

Mr. Speaker: "I take exception to the remark of the Member for Pufftown. Without a lamp you may be slung out of your saddle by a big stone you did not see."

(Mr. Bunter smiled complacently, but said no more. The Speaker proceeded to read the speech.)

"May I beg to address a few remarks to the House upon the subject of bicycle-lamps? Now, there are three types of lamps largely used by cyclists to-day, namely, oil, acetylene, and electric, candle-lamps having fallen into disuse. All three have their advocates. Oil-lamps are the most common, and are perhaps the most reliable. The essentials are a good oil and a proper wick. If trouble is experienced, obtain some fresh colza oil and paraffin. Two or three parts of the former to one of the latter give an excellent burning mixture, and, with a loosely woven wick, thoroughly dried, good results should ensue.

Regarding acetylene-lamps. Their obvious advantage is the increased illumination obtained. The necessity, however, of re-charging with new carbide after nearly every ride is a drawback, whilst the cost is much higher than with oil.

Of the third type, electric, the battery variety is most common. The candle-power is comparatively small, and the chief disadvantage lies in the fact that the batteries have to be recharged frequently, their renewal being necessary, too, periodically. The dynamo type—usually driven by the front wheel—is open to the objection that, when stopping, the light goes out—a very awkward predicament when punctured or when other trouble occurs at night.

Personally, I prefer an acetylene-lamp. When recharging, the "aroma" given off by the carbide will perhaps make one doubt the advantages of this type. Nevertheless, it is a treat to ride at night equipped with an acetylene-lamp."

Mr. Johnny Bull: "The fellow knows what he is talking about."

Mr. Bunter: "I am of a different opinion."

Mr. Peter Todd: "It is rather refreshing to hear that Bunter has got an opinion."

Mr. Speaker: "It is unwise to indulge in recriminations of this kind. Lamps are before the House."

Mr. Bunter: "They aren't burning very well, that's all." (A laugh.)

Mr. Speaker: "Has the Member for Pufftown any suggestions to offer?"

Mr. Bunter: "Well, it's like this, you chumps—"

Mr. Speaker: "I decline to have this honourable house addressed in such a manner!"

Mr. Fish (Member for New York City): "It's a question of getting an American lamp. You can't beat them. Of course, our side we don't think much of wheels. The motor is the thing."

Mr. Speaker: "We are considering bicycle-lamps, and Mr. Bunter has the parole."

Mr. Bunter: "Of course, lamps make no special difference to me. If I'm out after dark—"

A voice from below the gangway: "On a borrowed bike."

Mr. Bunter: "I was saying, if I have forgotten a lamp and meet a policeman the officer is always civil. I am too well known."

Mr. Bob Cherry: "You would most likely have bowled the policeman over and crushed him flat with your weight."

Mr. Bunter (ignoring the interruption): "Personally, I prefer the candle-lamp. What was good enough for Sir Courcy de Vero Bunter, at the time of the Crusaders, is good enough for me. Besides, if you have ridden away from civilisation and feel hungry, you can follow the lead of the Eskimo and eat the candle. In Lapland they always eat the bike-lamps—so Sir Percy Scott told me."

Mr. Bulstrode: "Bunter is talking out of the back of his neck."

Mr. Bunter (coolly): "I am not going to bandy words with Bulstrode, but I would just tell him that I am not now ventriloquising."

Mr. Bulstrode: "Bah! Who borrowed my bike, and left a mangled mass of scrap in the bike-shed?"

Mr. Bunter: "Is the hon. member referring to me? If so, I may as well tell him that his machine was not worth sixpence when I started. I really did him a kindness by bringing his alleged bicycle to a conclusion. Of course, I suffered for my kindness. It very nearly killed me."

Mr. Bulstrode: "Great pity it didn't quite kill you. There wasn't a nut left, and the blessed thing was coated with mud!"

Mr. Bunter: "Now I come to think of it, I am not sure it was his bike at all."

At this stage Bulstrode rose in his place and hurled a doughnut at the Member for Pufftown, who flinched the item, and was later seen munching the missile quite contentedly.

Mr. Speaker: "I now propose to read the speech sent by Reader R. GAMBLE, 44, Millman Street, W.C. 1."

"Gentlemen,—Not long ago, I had the pleasure of reading an amateur magazine which contained articles by two or three alleged amateur journalists, who were wrangling with one another upon the subject of whether London was the centre of amateur journalism. This filled up the whole issue. Do boys and girls want to read that sort of tosh? Of course they don't! What they want is bright and breezy articles about general topics of the day. Amateur magazine editors should see that each of their issues contains (1) An easy competition for small prizes; (2) A short story; and (3) several short articles, etc. And, above all, the whole magazine should have a certain humorous bearing about it."

Mr. Speaker: "So far so good."

A Voice: "But not so very good."

Mr. Speaker: "Yes, distinctly good, but inclined to be didactic."

Mr. Bunter: "What does that mean?"

Mr. Speaker: "The Member for Pufftown surely knows. He lays down the law himself. Now, is there any reason why amateur editors should not wrangle over a thorny subject? In the main the amateur editor is up against just the same difficulties as any other editor. He stands a chance of getting snowed under with copy of the wrong sort. I shall lay Reader Gamble's admirable resume on the table. We now adjourn for refreshments."

Mr. Bunter did not at once rise at the magic word of refreshments. He was seen leaning back, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, telling Fisher Tarleton Fish an amusing yarn of his editorial experiences.

It is rumoured in the Lobby that Mr. Bunter has in view a really enlivening speech about his career as an editor.

Funny, Famous, and Full of Good Things—That's the HERALD!

THE MAN FROM THE CONGO!

(Continued from page 8.)

certainly must have been heard by the distinguished visitor in the Head's study. "Shut up!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Where are your manners, Coker?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Yaroooh! Leggo! I—I—I'll—" "Carry on!" grinned Wharton. Coker's neck and arms and legs were grasped in many hands, and the burly Horace was borne bodily away. He struggled and wriggled furiously as he went; but the odds—which Coker disdained to count—were too great for Coker.

In a dazed and dizzy state, Horace was carried away kicking to the Fifth Form passage, and rushed into his study, and bumped down there on his own expensive carpet. The Removites thoughtfully up-ended the study table over Coker. While he was struggling and roaring beneath it, they retired from the study, and Wharton locked the door on the outside, and slipped the key in his pocket.

Then the cheery juniors returned to the Head's corridor, to wait for the captain to emerge—what time Horace Coker, in a frame of mind worthy of a wild Hun, was raving in his study and hammering at the door.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Great Proceedings in the Rag!

CAPTAIN CORKRAN lifted his eyebrows a little as he came out of the Head's study, and found a broad corridor before him crowded with excited juniors. His live eye looked at them inquiringly. Harry Wharton, as captain of the Remove, stood forward as spokesman. The Removites stood round ready to cheer; and on the outskirts of the crowd Billy Bunter hovered, prepared to "weigh-in" with a little ventriloquism if opportunity offered.

"Captain Corkran, the Remove have requested me to say a few words," began Wharton, apparently having made up a little speech in advance.

"The fewer the better!" came Skinner's voice from somewhere; and there was a chuckle.

"Shut up, Skinner!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Order!"

"All Greyfriars unites to welcome home a distinguished former member of our distinguished community!" went on Wharton.

"Hear, hear!"

"The Remove especially feels no end bucked, because one of its members is a cousin of the honoured guest who now distinguishes—"

"Honours!" said Johnny Bull, in a stage whisper.

"Who now honours Greyfriars with a visit. We all think that—that—"

"That that's enough!" came from Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And no doubt Captain Corkran agrees!" continued Skinner, who seemed to be in a humorous vein.

"Shut up, Skinner!"

"And, in short," said Wharton, leaving out the rest of the speech, which somehow had slipped his memory—"in short, sir, we should be honoured and delighted, and—and—"

"Distinguished," said Skinner. "Make it distinguished."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you would honour the Remove by coming to a—slight collation—"

"A spread!" said Bolsover major.

"In the Rag!" said Wharton. "We have made a few small preparations—"

"We've made some jolly big preparations," said Skinner.

"And we shall be delighted if you will honour us—"

"The delightfulness will be terrific."

"Hear, hear!"

"Tea is now ready—" continued the captain of the Remove.

"The festive board groans under the goody viands!" said Skinner.

And there was another chortle. Skinner's frivolous remarks were detracting considerably from the solemnity of the great occasion.

"And if you'll come, sir—"

"Please come!"

Captain Corkran smiled. Undoubtedly it was gratifying to the gallant captain to find himself so enthusiastically welcomed at his old school.

"My dear lads, I'll come with pleasure!" he said.

"Hurray!"

"This way, sir!"

"March!"

In the midst of a crowd of Removites Captain Corkran took his way to the Rag. The juniors marched round him like a guard of honour. They came into the Rag in an enthusiastic procession; and Captain Corkran was escorted to the place of honour at the table.

His tanned face was very bright and cheery as he sat down. It was probable that the explorer, fresh from the forests and swamps of Central Africa, was not very keen on even Mrs. Mibble's very best pastry; but certainly he seemed to enjoy the occasion, if not the tuck. A dozen fellows at least constituted themselves waiters, to look after the captain's wants; though Skinner & Co. were devoting most of their attention to the feed. Billy Bunter wedged into a seat at the long table, feeling sure that in the distinguished visitor's presence, he would not be ejected on his fat neck, as he deserved.

The door of the Rag reopened, and Temple of the Fourth looked in, with

Fry, and Dabney, and several other Fourth fellows behind him. Harry Wharton waved his hand to them as a sign to be gone. Instead of going, the Fourth-Formers came in.

"Cut, you cheeky asses!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"We want to speak to the captain!" explained Temple.

"Cut, I tell you!"

"We want him—"

"Oh, we know what you want!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You're not bagging our giddy prize. Line up, Remove!"

A dozen Removites dealt with Temple, Dabney & Co. promptly and effectually. Captain Corkran glanced round from the table, in surprise, in time to see five or six dishevelled youths disappearing through the doorway, with loud yells.

"What the dickens—" said the captain.

"It's all right, sir," said Wharton hurriedly. "Only some cheeky fags ragging."

"Oh!" said the captain, a little puzzled. And he discreetly let the subject drop.

"Yaroooh!" came a sudden yell lower down the long table.

It came from Billy Bunter.

"Order, there!" rapped out Wharton.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" howled Bunter, sucking his fat fingers frantically.

"Woooh!" That beast Skinner—

Wow—

"Shut up! Order!"

Skinner grinned. As Bunter had not paid his "whack" towards the spread, and Skinner, being a business-like youth, had paid the smallest contribution that would admit him to the spread, Skinner felt indignant at Bunter's presence there. And when Bunter reached for a plate of cheese-cakes that Skinner had an eye on, Skinner promptly rapped his fat knuckles with the handle of a knife, as a warning to keep his hands off.

Captain Corkran sat in elaborate unconsciousness of the little disturbance.

He did not even seem to hear the fierce whispers that ran along the table.

"Dry up, Bunter!"

"Skinner, you cad—"

"Order!"

"Silence!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" wailed Bunter, unheeding. "I'm jolly well going to have some of those cheese-cakes! You pig, Skinner!"

Bunter reached out a fat paw for more provender. Skinner took up a knife with the blade, with a significant look.

Snoop, and Stott, and Fisher T. Fish did the same. They were all prepared to keep Bunter's hands from picking and stealing.

"You beasts!" gasped Bunter. "I'm going to have some tuck!"

"I guess you've had enough for two or three!" said Fisher T. Fish. "You should have paid your whack."

"Shush!" came from up the table.

"How much did you pay, you mingy bouncer?" hissed Bunter.

"I guess I ponied up twenty cents," said Fish; "and I kinder reckon I'm getting my money's worth, some!"

"Same here!" grinned Stott. "Keep off the grass, Bunter!"

"Beasts!"

"Order!" said several voices.

"Look here—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

Bunter made another grab, and Harold Skinner rapped, and the fat junior jerked back his fat fingers just in time. A plate cracked under the handle

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"BOUND FOR AFRICA!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 768.

of the knife as it rapped down. Skinner didn't mind that; it wasn't his plate.

Bunter gave Skinner a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. But there was evidently nothing doing for the Owl of the Remove, and he backed out of his seat at the table—a seat that was promptly filled by another junior who had been hunting for a chair. Bunter rolled along the table looking for a better place; but every seat was filled, and there was “standing room only,” and not much of that. Every fellow that Bunter shoved, in his efforts to get at the provender, shoved back at Bunter with great vigour, and the fat Owl made a complete circuit of the big table without annexing so much as a stray jam-tart.

By that time, Bunter's little round eyes were gleaming with wrath behind his spectacles. When the Owl of the Remove was exasperated, he had his own way of “getting his own back.” So it was not surprising that a few minutes later Captain Corkran, raising a cup of tea to his lips, was suddenly startled by the yapping of a dog under his chair. In his surprise, the captain tilted the cup, and the hot tea drenched over his knees.

“Oh, holy smoke!” ejaculated the captain.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Limelight for Bunter!

GGGRRRRRRRRRRR!
Captain Corkran jumped to his feet as that savage and threatening growl sounded under him. The gallant captain had faced many dangers in the swamps of the Congo; cannibals and lions and poisonous reptiles were little or nothing to him. But a savage dog within reach of his calves was another matter. He jumped up so suddenly that his chair went spinning backwards.

Crash!
He stared round for the dog. But there was no dog to be seen.

“Excuse me!” gasped the captain. “I was a little startled. Where's that dog?”

The Removites did not need telling where the dog was. They knew that no dog was in the room; but they knew that a ventriloquist was there. And there was an angry shout:

“It's Bunter!”

“Kick him out!”

“Bunter, you fat rotter!”

There was a rush of half a dozen exasperated juniors for Bunter. The Owl gave a roar as he was collared.

“I, go! It wasn't me! I never—didn't—wasn't—Yooooop!”

“Chuck him out!” shouted Bolsover majoc.

“Outside, you fat villain!”

“Yooooop! Help!”

“Hold on!” exclaimed the amazed captain. “This boy had nothing to do with it! What on earth—”

“It was Bunter, sir—this fat beast is—”

“Yaroooh! It wasn't—”

“It was a dog!” exclaimed Corkran blankly.

“What do you mean? There was a dog growling under my chair—”

“There wasn't any dog, sir,” said Harry Wharton.

“This fat rascal is a rotten ventriloquist!”

“It was a silly trick, sir.”

“Chuck him out!”

The captain stared blankly. Many strange things had come to his knowledge in his varied and chequered career;

but ventriloquism, evidently, was a new thing to him. Bunter went bundling doorwards in the grasp of a dozen hands, yelling.

“Stop!” exclaimed Captain Corkran.

The juniors stopped. They were exasperated with the Greystriars ventriloquist. But the captain's word was law just then.

“If that lad imitated the growl of a dog in so lifelike a manner, it is very remarkable,” said the captain. “Let me speak to him.”

“Oh, all right!”

“This way, you fat rotter!”

The breathless Owl was yanked unceremoniously to the spot where the captain stood. He spluttered for breath as he faced the tanned gentleman from West Africa.

Captain Corkran's single eye was fixed on him with a penetrating look.

“So you are a ventriloquist?” he said.

“No, sir.”

“What?”

“Not at all!” gasped Bunter. “I—I've never heard of ventriloquism! I—I don't believe in it.”

“By gad!” said the puzzled captain.

“If you think I made that dog growl, you're simply making a mistake,” said Bunter. “I couldn't if I tried! I dare say the dog's under the table at this very moment. In fact, I saw him. A spaniel—”

“You lying worm!” growled Johnny Bull.

“Oh, really, Bull! I distinctly saw a terrier—”

“Your name is Bunter?” asked the captain, with a very peculiar look at the Owl of the Remove.

“Yes, sir! Happy to meet you, sir!” said Bunter feebly.

“You are the boy I met on the road from Courtfield,” said the captain.

“Oh, no, sir!”

“What?”

“I—I mean yes!” gasped Bunter.

“Exactly!”

“You've met Bunter before, sir?” exclaimed Harry Wharton.

“Yes; on my way here. I was very much surprised to hear some animal squeaking in my bag,” said Corkran. “I searched it twice, and found nothing. I begin to understand that very mysterious occurrence now. It was you, Bunter, playing a trick on me.”

“Not at all, sir! I couldn't do it if I tried,” said Bunter. “Besides, I shouldn't think of playing a trick on a man I respect so much as I do you, sir. And it was only a joke.”

“It was only a joke?” ejaculated the captain.

“That's all, sir!”

“And you didn't do it?”

“Never thought of it, sir. I wouldn't.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“You see, sir, Bunter ought really to be in a home for idiots,” explained Nugent. “Nobody knows why he was sent to Greystriars instead.”

The captain smiled.

“I should recommend you, Bunter, to be a little more careful in your statements,” he said. “Lying is a despicable thing.”

“Just what I think, sir,” said Bunter.

“That's why I'm such a truthful chap. I often get into trouble for being so truthful. But I'm determined not to give it up. Whatever happens, the frozen truth for me.”

“It appears that you are a ventriloquist,” said the captain. “Certainly you should not play tricks on your elders; it is bad form, my boy. But it is very

clever, and I should be glad to see what you can do in this remarkable line. Let me hear you again—if my friends do not object,” added the captain, glancing round.

His friends were not likely to object to anything the hero of the hour requested.

“Anything you like, sir,” said Harry Wharton at once. “Bunter's a jolly good ventriloquist. Of course, it's a gift. If it needed brains, Bunter couldn't do it. We're rather fed up on it in the Remove.”

“More than rather!” said Johnny Bull.

“The ratherfulness is terrific.”

“But I dare say it's entertaining when it's new,” said Harry. “Go ahead, Bunter! Show the captain what you can do!”

Billy Bunter began to swell at once. The fact that he had denied being a ventriloquist at all did not trouble him. Bunter never worried about making his statements tally one with another.

That celebration in honour of the captain was being turned into a display of Bunter's marvellous powers; and nothing could have pleased the fat junior more.

He smirked.

“The fact is, sir, I'm a jolly good ventriloquist,” he said. “These fellows are jealous! That's why they run me down. Why, I made a quarrel once between two masters by imitating their voices—”

“That is nothing to boast of, you young rascal!” rapped out the captain sharply.

“Oh, really, sir—”

“Shut up, Bunter!” said Bob Cherry.

“You talk too much, you fat duffer. Get on with the washing.”

“You go and eat coke, Bob Cherry!” retorted Bunter independently. “I've got no time to waste on you while I'm entertaining the captain with my splendid ventriloquism.”

“Oh, my hat!”

“Come, come, let us see what you can do,” said Captain Corkran, with a touch of impatience.

The captain's interest in Bunter's weird gift rather surprised the Removites, but they were more than willing to let him have his way. Bunter gave his fat little cough.

“Gr-r-r-r-r-rrr! Bow-wow-wow-wow! Grrrrr!”

The captain spun round, as the yapping of a dog rang behind him. There was an involuntary chuckle from the Removites. Captain Corkran's look was quite peculiar as he saw that there was no dog.

“Was—that was that you, Bunter?” he ejaculated.

Bunter gave a fat smirk.

“Little me!” he answered.

“Upon my word, it is certainly very clever!” said the captain, eyeing him. Possibly he was surprised at anything clever emanating from the fat and self-satisfied Owl of the Remove.

“The fact is, I'm a jolly clever chap, sir!” said Bunter modestly.

“Oh!”

“Without bragging, I think I may say I am the only clever chap in the Remove,” said the fat junior. “When it comes to doing things, the rest are nowhere. You'll admit that, Wharton! But that's nothing to what I can do, sir! Shall I give you the Head in a wax?”

“Wha-a-at?”

“Dr. Locke in a wax,” said Bunter.

“It's awfully funny!”

“You will certainly not make fun of your headmaster in my presence, Bunter,” said the captain sternly.

“Oh, really, sir—”

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 768.

“BOUND FOR AFRICA!”

MONDAY!

"The fat bouncer can imitate voices, and almost make a chap believe he is speaking when he isn't," said Bob Cherry. "He gets more kicks than half-penny for it. Don't you, Bunty?"

"I get a lot of jealousy," said Bunter disdainfully. "I'm accustomed to it, and I don't mind. Really clever chaps always are run down by the incapable."

"Fed up with the duffer, sir?" asked Peter Todd.

"You shut up, Toddy. Shall I give you Quelch in a cupboard, sir?" asked Bunter; and without waiting for a reply from the puzzled captain he went ahead.

From the big cupboard in the corner of the Rag a sharp, staccato voice rapped out suddenly:

"Unlock this door at once! How dare you fasten me in this cupboard! I command you to unlock this door!"

The voice was so exactly that of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, that even the Removites stared for a moment or two. Certainly that staccato voice seemed to come from the corner cupboard. Captain Corkran fixed his single eye upon it blankly. He had already had a chat with Mr. Quelch, and he knew the voice well enough.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, "what does this mean—a trick upon your Form master?"

"It's only Bunter, sir!" gasped Bob. "Bunter? Nonsense! There is someone in the cupboard!"

And Corkran strode across the Rag, grasped the handle of the cupboard door, and tugged at it. And, in spite of their great respect for the celebrated Old Boy, the crowd of juniors burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Too Much Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER grinned. He loved the limelight, and he was getting all he wanted now. Some of the fellows, especially Skinner and Fishy, were going steadily on with the feed, packing away all they could carry, so to speak. But most of the Removites had their attention on the captain now. They could not help chortling as he dragged at the big oaken door of the corner cupboard. Billy Bunter chuckled a fat chuckle.

But Captain Corkran did not take the matter as a joke. Evidently he fully believed that there was someone in the cupboard, and declined to entertain the opinion for a moment that the voice was the outcome of the fat ventriloquist's efforts. He jerked hard at the door, and then cast a stern look round at the laughing juniors.

"Where is the key of this cupboard?" he demanded.

"There's nobody in there, sir!" gasped Harry Wharton. "It's all right!"

"Nonsense! Give me the key!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter.

Captain Corkran tapped on the door of the big cupboard, which reached from the floor almost to the ceiling. There was room for a dozen Form masters to be shut in it, for that matter.

"Are you in the cupboard, Mr. Quelch?" he called out.

"Yes. Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How did it happen, Mr. Quelch?" asked the captain through the oaken door. He was torn between his certainty that the Remove master was in the cupboard and the obvious fact that had such been the case the crowd of Removites



"Give me the key!" almost snapped the captain. He jerked it away from Wibley, unlocked the big door and threw it open. Captain Corkran stared into the dark recesses. "Where are you, Mr. Quelch?" he exclaimed. "I am here!" came a faint voice from behind several costumes that were hanging on a hook. (See Chapter 8.)

would have been doing anything just then but laughing.

"I stepped in to take away a book," came the reply. "Some young rascal closed the door on me, and locked it!"

"Upon my word! Wharton, give me the key of this cupboard at once!" the captain exclaimed, all his doubts dissolved now.

"I—I'll get it, sir, if you like," gasped Wharton. "Wibley's got it. Where's Wibley, you fellows?"

"Here's Wibley," answered the owner of that name, and Wib. came forward. "We keep our theatrical rags in there, sir, and I look after them, so I've got the key. Here it is. Mr. Quelch isn't in that cupboard, unless he squeezed in through the keyhole."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give me the key!" almost snapped the captain. He jerked it away from Wibley, unlocked the big door, and threw it open.

The cupboard was lighted by a tall window, but it was dim within. It was pretty well filled with goods belonging to the Remove Dramatic Society; and certainly there was no sign of Mr. Quelch there. The captain stared into the dusky recesses.

"Where are you, Mr. Quelch?" he exclaimed.

"I am here," came a faint voice from behind several costumes that were hanging on a hook.

The captain, in amazement, jerked the costumes aside and revealed the wall.

"Upon my word!" he ejaculated. "I—I—"

"Save me!" came Mr. Quelch's voice faintly.

"But where are you?" shouted the bewildered captain.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Captain Corkran," came a quiet, severe voice behind the Old Boy, "may I ask what you are doing?"

"Dr. Locke!" The captain spun round. "I—I—"

He broke off. Dr. Locke was not there! Only a crowd of grinning faces confronted him; Bunter's grinning widest of all.

Captain Corkran drew a deep breath. "Was—that—that a trick?" he gasped.

"Only Bunter's giddy ventriloquism, sir!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "You asked him for a sample, you know."

"It was you, Bunter?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Bunter carelessly. "Nothing to what I can do."

The captain reddened. He realised that, amazing as it was, there had been no one in the locked cupboard, and that his attempt to rescue Mr. Quelch was a trifle ridiculous. The Removites could not help laughing; but their honoured guest did not quite feel like laughing at the moment.

"Must be an ass, that chap, and no mistake," said a voice in the crowd; and the captain's red deepened to purple.

"Shut up, Skinner, you cad!" hissed Bob Cherry.

"I never—"

"Kick that cad Skinner out—"

"I never spoke!" yelled Skinner

desperately. "Never said a word! It's Bunter's tricks, you silly dummies!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob, stepping with his clutch only an inch from Skinner's neck. "Bunter, you fat villain—"

"He, he, he!"

"Great gad!" said Captain Corkran. "The boy seems a young rascal, but that gift is wonderful—wonderful!" The captain paused at that, but a voice exactly like his own went on: "As for you others, I advise you to stop being jealous of Bunter, the only clever fellow in your Form."

The Removites stared at Captain Corkran. They had been prepared to listen with deep respect to every word that fell from his lips. But certainly they did not like this.

"Oh!" said Wharton rather dryly. "Nobody's jealous of Bunter!" growled Johnny Bull. "That's only his silly swank!"

For a moment a look of utter bewilderment had come over the captain's tanned face. But he comprehended, and his iron grasp descended on Billy Bunter's collar.

"You young rascal!" he roared.

Shake, shake, shake!

"It is very clever of you to pick up my voice so quickly, Bunter—"

"Yoooop!"

"But you must not imitate it—"

"Yaroooooh!"

"And make my friends here think I am saying things I should never dream of saying. Understand?"

"Yurrrrrgggh!"

Every word was accompanied by a hefty shake, till Billy Bunter quivered like a jelly in the grasp of the man from the Congo.

"Oh, that was it, was it?" exclaimed Wharton.

"The fat rotter!" shouted Bob. "Chuck him this way, sir, and we'll kick him out!"

"Yoooop! Help! Murder! Fire! Yaroooooop!"

Billy Bunter whirled out of the Rag, and sat down outside, spluttering. That was the end of limelight for William George Bunter. As usual, the fat Owl did not know where to stop; but he had been stopped quite effectually. He sat and gasped, and spluttered and spluttered, while the spread in the Rag went on; and it was still going strong when Billy Bunter limped away, feeling a much-wronged and ill-used individual—which was, after all, natural enough in the case of a fellow whose cleverness and good looks excited general envy.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Lucky Bunter!

CAPTAIN CORKRAN was the cynosure of all eyes when he walked in the Greyfriars Quad the following day.

The Remove had done him honour in great style, and all the other Greyfriars fellows wanted to do him honour.

Fellows were proud to receive even a nod from him when they met him on his walks; and Bob Cherry was a great man in the Lower School on the strength of his relationship.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not want exactly to monopolise the gallant captain, and certainly the rest of Greyfriars would not have allowed them to do so; but they wanted to let the school see that the Remove had a special claim on the distinguished visitor. The captain was asked to a very special tea in Study

No. 1, and he consented to come at a later date.

The Sixth were eager to entertain the captain; and the great men of the Sixth could not be ignored.

Coker & Co. of the Fifth, too, were keen on it—Coker all the keener, perhaps, because he had been locked up in his study during the Remove spread in the Rag, and had not had a chance of exchanging a word with the famous explorer. So the heroes of the Remove had to take their turn.

It was understood that the captain was staying a week at the school as the guest of the headmaster; after that he was leaving England, to return to the African jungles—his native wilds, as Skinner put it. Skinner, indeed, had already nicknamed the captain Tarzan, and had been duly bumped by the Removites for his cheek.

Stories of the jungle told by the captain to favoured hearers were repeated up and down Greyfriars, with many variations; and some of his adventures became really marvellous in the tenth or eleventh edition. Certainly he had slain lions and crocodiles and cannibals—probably more than he could remember, as he smilingly admitted when the juniors questioned him. And Skinner inquired with great interest whether he had ever slain a jabberwock or a bandersnatch—a question which earned the humorous Skinner another bumping from his Form-fellows.

Half Greyfriars would gladly have gone off with the captain when the time came for his departure; indeed, Tubb of the Third had a wild scheme of running away from Greyfriars and going as a stowaway on the captain's ship—a scheme which Tubb ultimately abandoned with reluctance as impracticable.

Strange to relate, with a whole admiring school round him, the captain seemed to find most entertainment in the society of a junior who was, in the opinion of all Greyfriars, about the last fellow in the world to be worth anybody's attention.

That lucky youth was William George Bunter.

Captain Corkran undoubtedly took a deep interest in the fat junior, to Bunter's own surprise. He did not like the captain, and scarcely pretended to. But he was flattered by the great man's notice, and swanked about it considerably in the Remove.

Often and often the captain was seen in talk with Billy Bunter, and Bunter would walk with him in the quad, turning up his fat little nose at other fellows when he passed them.

It was rather a puzzle to the Greyfriars fellows. Bunter confided to Peter Todd that he believed the captain was fishing for an invitation to Bunter Court; an explanation that made Peter roar. But the facts were soon apparent. It was Bunter's ventriloquism that the captain was interested in. Again and again he made the Greyfriars ventriloquist give him "samples," and Billy Bunter, always keen to display his powers, went through his whole bag of tricks, so to speak.

"Blessed if I can see what cousin Kit can see in it!" said Bob Cherry, more than once. Bob always found a certain pleasure in alluding to Captain Corkran as "cousin Kit." "Bunter's ventriloquism is good enough, and better than the stuff they give you at shows with a doll. But surely any fellow must get fed-up on it."

"I know everybody at Greyfriars is jolly well fed-up!" growled Johnny

Bull; and Hurree Singh declared fervently that the fed-upfulness was terrific.

"But the captain never seems to tire of it," said Wharton. "It's jolly odd. Beats me hollow, in fact."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's the giddy genius!" said Bob. "Have you bored the captain to death yet, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter gave a lofty sniff. "You mean, has the captain bored me to death?" he asked.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Of course, I don't mind giving the chap some of my time," said Bunter. "I'm a good-natured fellow."

The Famous Five stared at Bunter. Apparently his attitude towards the distinguished Old Boy was one of lofty patronage.

"He's not a bad sort, really," continued Bunter. "He knows how to appreciate a fellow's wonderful gifts, at least. But he's mean."

"Mean?" breathed Bob Cherry.

The fat junior nodded.

"Horrid mean," he said. "I told him I was expecting a postal-order, and explained to him that it had been delayed in the post. He refused to advance me the ten shillings—"

"You fat villain, have you been trying to sponge on the Head's guest?" exclaimed Wharton.

Bunter blinked at him disdainfully.

"I decline to answer a question like that," he said. "It is quite beneath me. I arranged to hand Captain Corkran the postal-order the minute it arrived. I suppose a fellow couldn't say fairer than that. He cut me very short."

"Good!"

"Well, I don't like it," said Bunter. "I never could stand meanness or selfishness. I shall have to consider very carefully whether I can accept Corkran's offer to travel with him—"

"Travel with him?"

"Yes. He wants my company," said Bunter negligently. "I dare say you fellows would feel no end honoured if he asked you. But, you see, I'm rather more in demand than ordinary fellows. A chap who is sought after everywhere is a bit different from others, don't you think? Really, I have to ration my friends, in a way—"

"You fat dummy!" roared Bob Cherry. "Do you mean to tell us that Captain Corkran is willing to stand your company and take you travelling with him?"

"Certainly, Cherry! Is there anything surprising in that?"

"The surprisefulness is terrific."

"I'm not at all sure that I should care to go to Africa," said Bunter. "Of course, I should make it a condition that the grub was good, and my quarters comfortable, and I should want some pocket-money. Still, I hardly care for the idea. I'm afraid I shall have to say 'No.'"

"I suppose he is lying, as usual!" said Nugent, in wonder.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Of course he is!" said Bob Cherry indignantly. "Do you think cousin I'd would take that fat bounder with him anywhere? Might as well borrow a porpoise from the Zoo!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"If cousin Kit wanted a Greyfriars chap along with him, he would only have to ask," said Bob. "We'd all jump at the chance."

"Yes, rather!"

"You wouldn't be any good," said Bunter. "You can't ventriloquise."

"What's that got to do with it, fatty? A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS. 11

Ventriloquism isn't any use on the River Congo, is it?"

"Captain Corkran seems to think that it is," said Bunter calmly. "But I'm not going to discuss it with you chaps. You're jealous. I wanted to speak to you about a more important matter."

"What's that, tubby?"

"I've been disappointed about a postal order—"

"What?" yelled the Famous Five.

"If you fellows will lend me— Yaroooooh!"

Bunter was sitting in the quad before he could finish his request. The Famous Five walked away and left him.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Tale of Treasure!

BILLY BUNTER had always been given to swank. Which was really odd, for what Billy Bunter had to swank about was a deep mystery to everybody but Bunter. But Bunter's swank had intensified wonderfully in these days. His former swank, to his present swank, was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine. He walked in the quad with his fat little nose in the air—he blinked through his big spectacles with lofty disdain at other fellows—in fact, he was swelling like the frog in the fable, till he almost seemed in danger of bursting.

Bunter—William George Bunter—had been asked to accompany Captain Corkran on his return to West Africa. He had written to his people to ask permission. That was known as a fact. In spite of his lofty remarks on the subject, there was no doubt that Bunter was jumping at the chance. Merely to get away from lessons for a few weeks or months was too good a thing for Bunter to miss, if he could help it. And doubtless the important question of provender had been settled to his satisfaction. The Head and Mr. Quelch had been consulted, and had given their consent, subject to that of Bunter's parents.

It was simply amazing.

Certainly a period of "roughing it" would have been very good for the fat junior. It was barely possible that it might make a man of him. But it was not the captain's special business to make a man of the fattest and laziest junior at Greyfriars, and the captain was a busy man. Why he had taken up Bunter was a mystery.

The Famous Five could not help feeling a little sore about it.

Any one of them, or all of them, would have jumped with both feet, as Bob Cherry put it, at such a chance. And surely any one of them would have been more useful than Bunter! It was difficult to see what use a schoolboy could be on a journey up the Congo; but if there was any use in a Greyfriars fellow, surely the Famous Five were better than Bunter! They were fit and healthy and plucky and sensible—qualities in which Bunter was conspicuously lacking.

Bunter, doubtless, had his good points. If so, they were known only to himself; he had never revealed them to his school-fellows. What on earth did the captain see in him? Of what possible use was that fat, unwieldy, selfish, and exacting bouncer? The Famous Five wondered over it, and had to confess that it was a problem tougher than any to be discovered in Euclid.

But there it was—a fact! And William George Bunter swanked to his fat heart's content over it. Even Wingate of the

Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, would have jumped at such a chance. And it had fallen to Bunter—the Owl of the Remove, the fat bouncer, the eaves-dropper of the passages, the pilferer of "grub." It was astounding, and just a little annoying.

When the date came round for the captain's tea in Study No. 1, Harry Wharton & Co. played up hospitably; but they were feeling a trifle sore; they could not help it. It was really too bad for the captain's enthusiastic admirers to be passed over in this way, in favour of a fellow like Bunter!

But Study No. 1 looked very bright and festive when the captain arrived. It was near the time now for him to quit his old school, accompanied by William George Bunter. Peter Todd had suggested passing a public vote of thanks to the captain for taking Bunter away; and certainly that was an advantage not to be forgotten. Still, it was odd and mysterious and exasperating.

Bunter had announced his intention of coming to tea with the captain—as Corkran's pal, he was bound to come, so he said. It turned out, however, that there were difficulties in the way. Just before tea-time Bunter was lured into a box-room by the bait of a bag of jam-tarts, and safely locked in. He was left to consider himself there till the spread in Study No. 1 was over. On this occasion the Famous Five were determined not to be bothered by Bunter, hence their drastic measures.

Captain Corkran came into the study, with a cheery smile on his tanned face. The Famous Five were all there to welcome him. The captain chatted cheerily

over tea, and the juniors were careful to keep off the sore subject of Bunter. After tea, Corkran lighted one of his big black cheroots, and proceeded to fill the study with smoke—a little way he had. The juniors bore it manfully.

"Well, I'm off to-morrow," the captain remarked, with something like a sigh. "I shall be sorry to go. I've enjoyed my time at this old place immensely."

"And you're going back to Africa?" said Bob.

"Yes, in a week or so's time."

"Up the Congo?" asked Bob wistfully.

"That's it. I suppose you've heard that your Form-fellow, Bunter, is coming with me?"

The juniors coughed. They had intended to keep off that subject; but the captain had raised it of his own accord.

"I dare say it has surprised you," added the captain.

"Well, yes, a—a little!" stammered Wharton.

"You see, the lad will be very useful to me," said Corkran. "His gift of ventriloquism is really marvellous. I'm going into a dangerous country, and I fancy that Bunter will be more useful than a regiment of soldiers—with his queer gift. A trick like that sprung on black savages will see me through."

"Oh!" exclaimed the juniors.

"I've thought the matter out very carefully," said the captain. "I should not be justified in letting a schoolboy share my risks, in the ordinary way. But every care will be taken. In case of actual danger to Bunter, he will be sent back. Apart from that, the trip will do him worlds of good. He is fat and lazy, and needs a rough time to pull him



The captain's iron grasp descended on Billy Bunter's collar. "You young rascal!" he roared. "It is very clever of you to pick up my voice so quickly, Bunter, and make my friends here think I am saying things I should never dream of saying." "Yarooooop!" gasped Bunter. (See Chapter 8.)

round. He ought to be quite a different fellow after it."

"Something in that!" said Bob. "But—"

"I have written a full account of my plans to his father, and Mr. Bunter is very keen on it," said the captain. "The boy likes the idea, too. So it is settled. But, by gad, I wish I could take some of you lads with me. I don't mind admitting that I shall miss you when I'm gone. I suppose one of you isn't a ventriloquist by any chance?"

"No!" said Harry, laughing. "If football and cricket were any good—"

"Unfortunately, they wouldn't be any use on the Congo," said the captain, with a smile. "Look at this."

He took from an inner pocket a little carved ivory idol—the idol that Bunter had inquisitively examined on the Court-field road a week or two earlier.

The juniors looked at it curiously.

"An idol?" asked Wharton.

"Yes; and a very powerful 'ju-ju' in the country I am going to," said the

captain. "Now, suppose the natives were to hear that idol talk—"

"Talk!" ejaculated Bob. "It can't talk, I suppose."

"Bunter can," smiled the captain. "Bunter is going to make that 'ju-ju' talk, and we shall walk through savage villages with it, as safely as we should walk down Piccadilly. Do you catch on?"

"Oh!" said Bob.

The chums of the Remove understood at last. The captain's curious interest in Bunter's ventriloquism was explained now. The idol passed from hand to hand, and the Removites examined it. The scratches on the flat back of the figure aroused their curiosity.

"Does this mean anything, sir?" asked Bob. "Looks like some sort of a map, to me."

"Which is exactly what it is," said Captain Corkran. "The man who stole that idol from a cannibal tribe on the Upper Congo scratched the chart on its back with his knife—he had no other

method of recording what he wanted to set down. It is that map which is taking me back to the Congo in search of a fortune."

"A fortune!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Buried ivory," said the captain.

"Probably you know, from your studies, that African chiefs often save up treasure in the form of ivory, and they bury it for safety. It is not uncommon for a trader on the coast to receive a tusk many years old—yellow with age, in fact—and showing signs of having been buried half a lifetime. Naturally, many of these hidden stores are lost and forgotten, when tribes are broken up and chiefs slain in savage warfare. Occasionally they are brought to light—perhaps fifty or a hundred years after their owners have died and disappeared from all knowledge. That is the case with the cache indicated on this ivory chart. If the story is true—and I think it is—that clue will lead me to a treasure of buried ivory. I have been a rolling stone, and gathered very little moss, so

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far; but if this expedition is a success, I shall come home a rich man."

"Oh, ripping!"
The juniors' eyes glistened. A buried treasure in the wilds of Africa—the mere thought was stirring. Their eyes lingered on that ivory idol.

"Lucky beggar, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry, with a sigh. "I jolly well wish I could play his blessed tricks! I—I suppose you wouldn't like a—a sort of bodyguard of Greyfriars chaps along with you, sir?"

"Five chaps, all pretty fit!" said Nugent, with a grin.

"Not for the jolly old treasure," said Bob. "I mean for the fun and excitement."

Captain Corkran smiled in a thoughtful way. He was silent for a few minutes.

"The fact is," he said, "I had thought of it. I am taking Bunter, and it would be better and safer for him to have some of his schoolfellows with him. And though there will be some risk, perhaps, such an experience would be a very good thing for any lad—there is more education in roughing it than in books—real education. I have thought about it—"

The juniors exchanged glances.
"You'd like to come?" asked the captain.

"Like to!" ejaculated Bob. "Oh, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."
"Hurrah!"

"Well," said Captain Corkran quietly, "I will speak to your headmaster, and we will see what can be done. You will write to your parents, and ascertain their views. You will be several weeks away from your lessons, probably longer; but I shall see that your studies are not wholly neglected on the steamer out."

"Hem!"
"Um!"

"At a pinch, we'd be willing to let lessons slide," suggested Bob Cherry.

"I dare say; but I could not allow that," said the captain, laughing. "We shall not lose more time than is unavoidable. A visit to a wild country like the Congo would have great educational value, and as full care will be taken, you will not run any undue risks."

"Oh, never mind the risks!" said Bob.

"I must mind, I think," said the captain. "I shall be responsible for you, and I cannot let you run into danger. We will see what can be done about it; but think it over, and make up your minds whether you really want to go."

And the captain walked out of Study No. 1, leaving it reeking with tobacco-smoke—and the five juniors very merry and bright in spite of the smoke-clouds.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Guilty Party!

"BEASTS!"

Thus William George Bunter. The Owl of the Remove blinked in at the doorway of Study No. 1, with a ferocious blink. Apparently he had escaped from the box-room, in time to arrive at Study No. 1 and find that tea was over, and the distinguished visitor gone.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old gollywog!" said Bob Cherry cheerily.

"Beast! Is there anything left to eat?"

"Certainly. The grub's gone, but there's the crockery—"

"Beast!"

"There's just one drawback to going along with the captain," remarked Bob

Cherry. "We sha'n't get rid of Bunter."

"Yes; that's rather rotten."

Bunter started.

"You going along with the captain?" he exclaimed. "Rot! You wouldn't be any good."

"Not so useful as our silly old Owl, as it happens," assented Bob. "But much more ornamental. You admit that, Bunter?"

Peter Todd pushed Bunter aside in the doorway, and looked into the study.

"Look out, you chaps!" he said. "Loder's coming along—"

"Let him come!"

Todd coughed. The smoke-laden atmosphere of the study caught him, and he coughed, sneezed, and spattered.

"Somebody's been smoking here pretty hard," he said. "What's the game? Loder will think—"

"Ha, ha! Let him think!"

There was a heavy footstep in the Remove passage, and Loder, of the Sixth, strode into the study, elbowing aside Peter and Bunter without ceremony.

"So I've caught you!" said the bully of the Sixth grimly.

"A fair catch!" assented Harry Wharton. "Anything up, Loder?"

"The upfulness is terrific, to judge by the ludicrous countenance of the esteemed and ridiculous Loder."

Loder coughed. He was a smoker himself, when his study door was locked; but he seldom or never stood in such a reeking atmosphere as this.

"You horrid young rotters!" he said. "This means cigars—not even cigarettes! Cigarettes wouldn't make all this smoke."

"You ought to know!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You know more about such things than we do, Loder!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder's eyes gleamed at the chums of the Remove. At last he had caught them—almost in the act. The study reeked with tobacco-smoke, and the evidence was conclusive. After all Loder's failures to bring the Famous Five to book, he held them in the hollow of his hand at last! It was Loder's hour of triumph. In his usual way he rushed to action, without stopping to inquire.

"Wharton! Cherry! Nugent! Bull! Hurree Singh!" he rapped out. "Follow me at once!"

"Whither, O King?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I am taking you to the Head," said Loder. "I dare say you would be able to soap over your Form master with some yarn. You'll come to the Head—and at once!"

Loder strode from the study. The Famous Five rose and followed him. Loder was putting his foot in it again; and the chums of the Remove had no objection whatever to his doing so—if he liked. They followed Loder down the passage to the Head's study.

Loder tapped at the Head's door. He opened the door and marched into the study, with the delinquents at his heels.

Captain Corkran was in the study, chatting with the Head, and he looked a little surprised as Loder marched in his late entertainers. Dr. Locke frowned a little.

"Really, Loder," he began, "you should not bring juniors before me when I am engaged."

"These five juniors have been smoking, sir—a regular orgy of smoking—a disgusting orgy—"

"Bless my soul!"

"Surely there is some mistake," said Captain Corkran. "Excuse my butting in, Dr. Locke, but if there is no mistake in this matter, I shall be very much surprised!"

"And I, also," said the Head. "This is not the first time, Loder, that you have made such accusations against these very boys, and in each case your suspicions have proved to be groundless." He frowned. "I shall require very clear evidence—"

"A room reeking with strong tobacco-smoke is sufficient evidence, I believe, sir!" said Loder tartly.

Dr. Locke looked sternly at the juniors. "Wharton, what have you to say to this? Loder's description of your study is correct?"

"Quite, sir."

"Smoking has been going on there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul! You admit it?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Wharton, this is effrontery!" exclaimed the Head. "I shall—"

"Pray allow me one word, sir!" interrupted Captain Corkran. "I can throw some light on this matter. These juniors were kind enough to entertain me to tea, and I am afraid that I was thoughtless enough to smoke a couple of cheroots afterwards."

Loder gave a gasp.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head.

Loder's face was a study in scarlet by this time. Once more the bully of the Sixth had put his egregious foot in it.

"Wharton, was it Captain Corkran who caused the—the smoke-laden atmosphere in your study?"

"Yes, sir!" said Wharton demurely.

"Why did you not tell Loder so?"

"He didn't ask me, sir."

"But you knew that Loder thought that—"

"Loder thinks such a lot of things, sir," said Wharton innocently. "I—I thought it would be cheeky for a junior to tell a Sixth-Form prefect that he was making an ass of himself, sir."

"Oh!" gasped the Head; while Captain Corkran turned his face away to hide his emotions.

"Loder, it is a mistake, as I suppose you can see now," said the Head, preserving his gravity with great difficulty. "You may go, my boys."

"Thank you, sir!"

And the Famous Five went.

They went with grave and demure faces, till they were out of sight of the Head, and then they roared.

"Poor old Loder!"

"That's another drawback to going to the Congo!" said Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "We sha'n't be able to pull poor old Loder's leg any more."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Famous Five chortled joyously as Loder of the Sixth trumped past them with a brow like a thundercloud.

The news was out the next day that the Famous Five were going to be the distinguished Old Boy's comrades on a trip to the Congo. They were the most envied fellows at Greyfriars when it was known, and during the following days Harry Wharton & Co. seemed to be walking on air, so exuberant was their satisfaction. Perils and hardships beyond their imaginings lay before them; but even if they had been able to foresee all that was to come, they would still have elected to go South with the Man from the Congo.

THE END.

(You must not miss next Monday's thrilling story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled—*"Bound for Africa!"* By Frank Richards. See page 2.)

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