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No. 773. Vol. XXII. Week ending Dec. 2nd, 1922.

The Magnet 2^d

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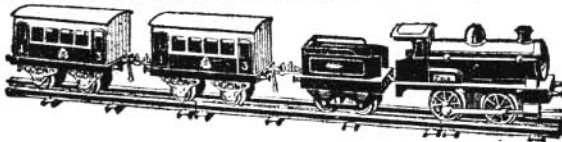
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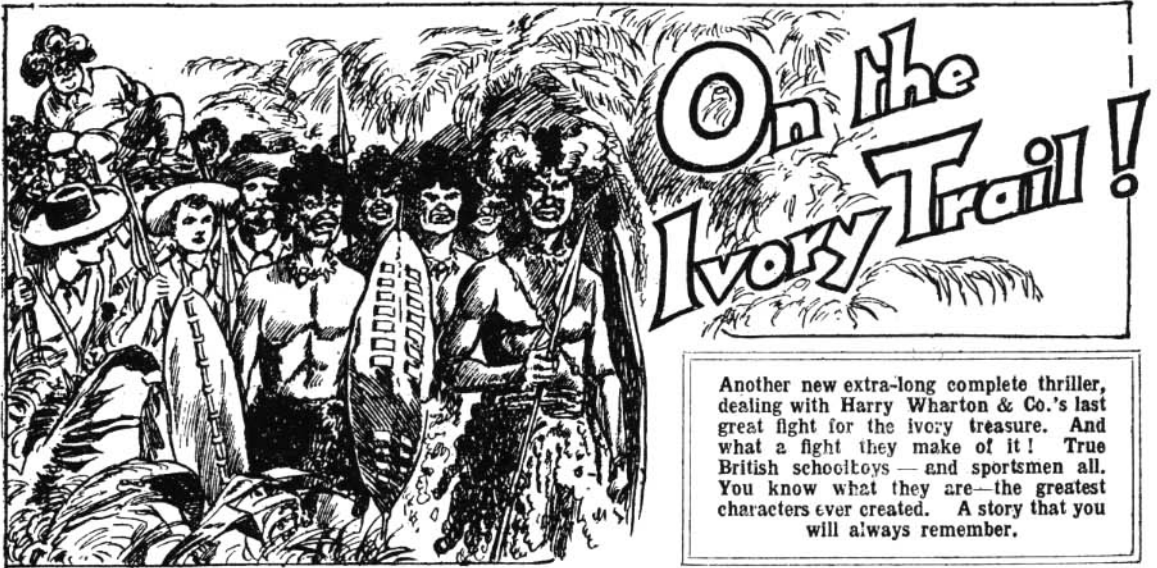
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By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Waiting to See the King!

"IT'S a long, long way to Greyfriars!" Bob Cherry sang that line rather dolorously.

The hot African sun blazed down on forest and swamp. It blazed on the grass huts of the Congo native village, and on the sunburnt faces of Harry Wharton & Co.

In the manioc fields outside the thorn wall of the village women were at work, while their black menfolk lounged in the shade. Five juniors of the Greyfriars Remove—far enough from the old school now—emerged from one of the grass huts into the baking heat outside.

The time could be counted in days, yet it seemed to the juniors a long time since they had been lost on the Congo. They were beginning to wonder whether they would ever see a white man again, let alone the white man's country.

A dozen black men glanced at the juniors indifferently. The five were under the protection of the king. That was all that saved them from attack and from the cooking-pot. And the king of the Congo blacks was King Bunter, the Greyfriars ventriloquist, whose weird gift of ventriloquism had stood him in such stead.

Harry Wharton glanced across at a large grass hut in the middle of the

village. Outside it a number of black men, armed with spears, were on guard. Within, though it was past eleven in the morning, Billy Bunter was sleeping. Within, also, was the great wooden god, Koko, whose voice kept the blacks in awe—the voice being supplied by the fat ventriloquist. Wharton's look was impatient.

"The fat bouncer isn't up yet!" he said.

"Better wake him up!" said Bob. "The betterfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Singh. "If we are going to-day there is no time to lose."

"Let's go in and kick him out!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Wharton shook his head. It was exasperating enough; but Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, was a great man in these days.

His success with the blacks had turned his obtuse head, and he was—in his own estimation, at least—a genuine king, to be treated as such with the greatest respect.

It was not likely that his old Form-fellows of Greyfriars would take Billy Bunter's kingship very seriously. But it was taken very seriously indeed by the blacks, and was a fact that could not be disregarded.

"Let's have him out by his fat ears!" suggested Frank Nugent. "We can't hang about all day waiting for Bunter."

"Well, I'll speak to him," said Harry. Wharton crossed over to the royal hut. Since his amazing elevation to regal rank, Billy Bunter had been more Bunterish, so to speak, than ever.

The rising-bell at Greyfriars was a thing of the past. King Bunter never turned out before eleven, sometimes later. And then an enormous feed was the first important business in the royal day.

Wharton approached the mat that hung over the entrance to the hut. Mpoqa, the Congo-man, rose from his haunches, and interposed his spear, the broad blade almost touching the junior's chest.

"No pass!" he said tersely. Mpoqa was captain of the royal guard. King Bunter was bent on doing things in style, even if he was only king of a Central African tribe.

"I must speak to Bunter," said Harry Wharton, halting.

Mpoqa shook his head. "No can speak till king wake!" he said.

"Isn't the fat rotter awake yet?" "No sabbey."

"Look here, call him. I want to speak to him," said Harry Wharton impatiently.

Mpoqa shook his stolid head again. "No can!" he replied.

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Wharton compressed his lips. His chums came over and joined him; but Mpoa and his black spearmen did not budge. They had their orders from the fat king, and they intended to carry out their orders.

Disobedience to the king's commands meant that "ju-ju" would be put upon them. They would get diseases in their joints, blindness in their eyes, plague in their huts, death among their cattle, and no rain for their crops of Indian corn. At all events they believed so, for they had been told so by the voice of Koko himself, the great wooden god that was the object of their worship.

The Famous Five of Greyfriars had to wait.

They had to wait, chafing with impatience, the convenience of Billy Bunter. That was the unkindest cut of all. At Greyfriars, Billy Bunter was the least important of mortals; but in that village on the Upper Congo Billy Bunter was the only member of the Greyfriars party that mattered at all. Bunter, for the first time in his life, was IT!

Another half-hour passed, the Famous Five stirring and chafing and grouching, while the black spearmen sat on their haunches and chewed plantains, and jabbered in their own tongue. Then from the interior of the royal hut came the sound of a deep, prolonged yawn—a royal yawn—the yawn of an awakening monarch.

Then a fat voice called:

"Mpoa!"

Mpoa entered the hut at once.

He had to receive the instructions of King Bunter, and he was some time receiving them. He emerged at last, and called out orders, and a dozen blacks hurried to obey them.

"Can we go in now?" demanded Wharton.

"No can!"

"Look here——"

"King lib for eat," said Mpoa. "No can go."

"I'll give him a hail," said Bob Cherry. And he lifted his powerful voice and shouted:

"Bunter!"

No answer.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

A peevish voice answered at last.

"I say, you fellows, clear off!"

"Bunter, you fat ass——"

"Go away!"

"We want to see you!"

"I haven't had breakfast yet."

"You fat slacker!"

"Mpoa!" shouted Bunter, within the grass hut.

"Me here!"

"Send those rascals away!"

"My only hat!" ejaculated Nugent.

Mpoa grinned.

"You lib for march," he said. "No talk to king when king no want talk. You lib for go back!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had their rifles under their arms. For the moment they were strongly inclined to force their way into the hut. But the black spearmen meant business. The conflict would have been a terrible one, and there were unnumbered blacks at hand. With difficulty the juniors controlled their wrath, and moved away.

"How long are we going to stand that fat fool's cheek?" said Johnny Bull, breathing hard.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Until we get out of this," he said, "there's no help for it. Bunter holds the trump card."

"I'll smash him when we get back to

Greyfriars!" growled Johnny Bull. "I—I'll burst him!"

And the juniors waited, loafing angrily in the burning sun, while a succession of blacks carried dish after dish into the royal hut for the royal breakfast, which was a very extensive one.

It was an hour later that Mpoa, grinning all over his black face, brought word to the juniors that they would be allowed to see the king. And, with feelings that could hardly be expressed in words, Harry Wharton & Co. followed the black man to the royal hut.

NEXT WEEK'S FREE REAL PHOTO!



THE SECOND CHAPTER.

His Majesty!

KING BUNTER reclined on the royal couch of leopard-skin, at his ease. He had slept extensively, and he had eaten still more extensively, and he was happy. Perhaps he had eaten a little too extensively, for there was a slight feeling of discomfort in the royal inside. But, sprawling on the leopard-skin, with his crown of gorgeous plumes round his bullet head, King Bunter felt satisfied with himself and things generally. At long last, William George Bunter was receiving his due—long overdue.

Always Billy Bunter had felt himself a remarkable fellow—a fellow very much out of the common. At Greyfriars he had never quite understood why the fellows did not make him captain of the Remove. He was born to command—but nobody seemed to realise it.

Now he had come into his own, as it were! His subjects were only savage blacks, and he ruled them through their superstition by making their wooden idol

LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL TEAM!

speak. But he was a king. His word was life or death to his subjects. His "ju-ju" was too powerful to be resisted. Certainly he had not issued any death-sentences yet; his head was not quite turned to that extent. But the rhinoceros-hide whip had been busy, punishing any black man who failed to treat the king with due submission. Possibly it was only a matter of time before Bunter would develop into the genuine African monarch, and heads would begin to fall.

He sat up on the leopard-skin couch, and eyed the juniors through his big spectacles loftily.

Bunter flattered himself that he had an eye like Mars, to threaten and command. Certainly the blacks trembled at his frown—believing him to be the chosen one of the great Koko. But his commanding eye had no effect whatever on

the Famous Five. To them he was only Billy Bunter, the Owl of Greyfriars—merely that, and nothing more!

"I say, you fellows, have I kept you waiting?" yawned Bunter.

"You have!" snapped Wharton.

"Yes, I thought so," assented Bunter, with a nod. "Dash it all, you can't get a royal interview whenever you ask for it!"

"You fat duffer!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"I want to speak to you seriously, Bunter," said Harry Wharton. "You'd better send the nigger away."

Bunter reflected for a moment or two, and then he signed to Mpoa to leave the hut.

"At present you can order these niggers to do what you like," said Wharton. "Order them to get canoes and take us back to the river. Once we get clear, we can find the launch and Captain Corkran, and have a chance of getting back to Greyfriars. Have some sense, Bunter. Let us go while the going's good."

"I'm thinking of it," said Bunter.

"Yesterday, after they killed that Spaniard, Casco, you were keen to get away," said Harry. "Your turn may come next—and ours! We've a chance to get clear now, but it mayn't last."

Bunter grinned with fat complacency. He had apparently recovered from his fight, and he was not quite disposed to quit the ease and comfort of the royal hut to take the perilous chances of the forest and the river.

"I'm thinking of it," he repeated. "But I'm not ready yet. Can't think of travelling in this heat."

"It's as hot as this every day till the season changes. That's all rot," said Bob Cherry.

"Make an effort, and get a move on, Bunter," urged Frank Nugent. "Don't you want to see Greyfriars again yourself?"

"No hurry," grinned Bunter. "I'm king here—a bit different from what I was at Greyfriars—a fag in the Lower Fourth. You fellows never treated me with proper respect at Greyfriars. You've got nothing to grumble at. I'm protecting you."

The Famous Five looked at him as if they could eat him.

It was true enough.

But for Bunter's influence their lives would not have been worth a minute's purchase in the cannibal village. Bunter's authority, derived from the talking idol, was all that stood between them and the cooking-pots. But it was a bitter pill for the Famous Five to swallow.

"You're under my protection, you know," said Bunter patronisingly. "Rely on me. I'll see you through. I haven't even had you whipped for your cheek, though very likely we shall come to that. Later on, I shall be prepared to go, and then I shall want you. Until then, you're to hang on here at my orders—you'll come when I send for you. See?"

Wharton breathed hard.

"All this time," he said, "Captain Corkran will be searching for us. He will think us dead."

"Blow Captain Corkran!"

"Bunter——"

"That's enough!" King Bunter waved his hands. "The interview's over. I'm going to have a nap now."

"We want to start to-day!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Rats!"

Next week's tale will take some beating, you bet!

"And we want you to come with us, Bunter," urged Wharton.

Bunter chuckled.

"Of course, you do," he assented. "Lot of chance you'd have of getting through without me to look after you!"

"You fat idiot——"

"That's enough! Get out!"

"Look here, Bunter——"

King Bunter leaned his head back on the leopard-skin and closed his eyes. The juniors glared at him.

"You fat, cheeky rotter!" gasped Johnny Bull

Snore!

"Bunter!" exclaimed Wharton.

Snore!

"Bunter!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Snore!

It was too much for Bob's patience. He rushed to the dozing monarch, grasped him by his fat shoulders, and dragged him off the couch.

There was a roar, as Bunter's fat royal person smote the ground.

"Yaroooh!"

"Now, you fat fool——" gasped Bob.

"Yooooop!"

"Look here, Bunter——"

Billy Bunter struggled up. His little round eyes gleamed with fury behind his spectacles.

"Mpoca!" he roared.

Mpoca thrust his black face round the hanging grass-mat in the doorway. His spear was in his hand.

"King call?" he said.

"Turn those rotters out! You lib for turn out white trash!" said King Bunter. "Me sabbey."

Mpoca raised his spear.

"You lib for track!" he said.

Harry Wharton & Co. quitted the hut. It was useless to enter into a sanguinary conflict with the black subjects of King Bunter, though their patience was very near the limit.



Bob Cherry rushed at the dozing monarch, grasped him by his fat shoulders, and dragged him off the couch. There was a roar as Bunter's royal person smote the ground. "Yarooop! Mpoca," he yelled, "turn this white trash out!" (See Chapter 2.)

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Meeting!

CRACK!

Harry Wharton started.

It was a couple of days since the interview with King Bunter in the royal hut. Since then the chums of Greyfriars had not spoken to the fat junior. They had only seen him, even, from a distance when he was carried about in the royal palanquin on the shoulders of his faithful subjects.

King Bunter was not ready to "track" yet, and the Famous Five had to await the royal convenience.

Wharton had gone out of the village for a stroll in the surrounding forest, his rifle under his arm. He had thrown himself down to rest under a baobab-tree, when that ringing crack of a rifle-shot came to his ears through the forest.

It was not the "bang" of a trade-gun, such as the natives used, imported for them by unscrupulous white traders. It was the ring of a rifle, and it seemed to Wharton to tell of the proximity of a white man.

He jumped hastily to his feet.

The sight of a white man's face would have been welcome to him, after long weeks among the Congo blacks.

Crack!

The report rang out again, and Wharton started in the direction of the sound.

Loud and sharp and clear there rang through the tropical forest the scream of a wounded animal. Harry Wharton paused involuntarily. He knew that it was the yell of a lion.

More than once the Greyfriars juniors, in their wanderings on the Congo, had seen the king of beasts at a distance, but they had not encountered the terrible animal yet at close quarters.

But Wharton's halt was only momentary.

If a white man was in peril in the tangled forest Wharton was ready to go to his aid. He hastily examined his rifle as he pushed on through the brake.

A deep, savage roar awoke the echoes of the forest.

Wharton, pushing through a belt of tamarinds, came suddenly on the scene.

Under the branches of a great tree a lion stalked to and fro, his eyes glaring upward, his great mane bristling with rage. A stream of blood from a wound in the animal's heaving flank splattered the grass with crimson.

Wharton glanced up.

Two men were clinging to a branch overhead, a dozen feet above the stalking lion. One of them was a white man, the other a black Krooman. Wharton caught his breath as he recognised them.

"Captain Corkran," he breathed, "and Pickle Jar!"

The white man was Kit Corkran, the explorer, with whom the Greyfriars juniors had voyaged to the Congo, and his companion was Pickle Jar, the Krooman. Wharton's face was bright as he recognised them.

Two rifles lay in the grass. Corkran and the Krooboy had dropped their weapons in their hurried climb to escape the rush of the lion. Harry could guess that they had come suddenly on the huge beast in the forest, and had had only time for a shot apiece, which had

wounded and enraged the lion without disabling him.

Keeping in cover among the tamarinds, Harry Wharton lifted his rifle and took aim.

The lion ceased to stalk and roar, and crouched in the grass, his bloodshot eyes fixed menacingly on the two figures clinging to the branch overhead.

A quiver ran through the huge crouching form.

The lion was about to spring up at the branch when Harry Wharton pulled trigger.

Crack!

The lion sprang as the bullet struck him. The great sinuous form rose in the air, and fell short in the leap, and came crashing back to earth again.

Like a maddened cat the lion rolled on the ground, tearing up the earth with huge claws, and yelling and screaming.

Wharton fired again, with deadly aim, and the bullet crashed into the writhing body.

With a terrible effort the lion reached its feet, and stood unsteadily, glaring round in search of the new enemy.

Wharton fired a third time, and the great animal pitched over. The great claws still thrashed and tore the earth, but the lion did not rise again. At least two of the bullets were in vital places, and the hours of the king of beasts were numbered.

Captain Corkran dropped from the branch and sprang to his rifle, a dozen paces from the writhing animal. He picked up the magazine-rifle, and turned the muzzle on the struggling lion.

A stream of bullets struck the animal,

Fat Bill Bunter loses his kingdom—and just saves his life!

and its struggles ceased at last, and the huge form lay still.

"Him dead, mass' captain," grinned the Krooman.

And Pickle Jar dropped from the branch.

Captain Corkran looked round. He had never dreamed of receiving help in his extremity in the depths of the African forest. Harry Wharton ran out of the tamarinds.

The captain looked at him, not recognising him for the moment. Wharton was greatly changed from the Greyfriars junior who had left England—from the handsome lad in white duck who had come up the Congo on the steam-launch. His clothes were in rags; his boots in tatters; his face burnt brown by the tropical sun.

But at the second glance Corkran knew him, and he uttered a shout.

the launch against orders, and brought your dangers upon yourself; but I have blamed myself for bringing you to the Congo at all. Yet my plan was good. Bunter's ventriloquism was useful, as I had calculated; and if he had had sense enough to obey orders all would have been well."

"Bunter's ventriloquism has been more useful since," said Harry. "It has saved all our lives."

"Where is he?"

"In a black village a couple of miles from here. He is king of the blacks now."

"What!" gasped the captain.

"Little fat Bunter king!" ejaculated Pickle Jar.

"And all-powerful," said Wharton, with a smile. "And he's doing his best to live up to the part of a jolly old

said Harry anxiously. "Being made king of the niggers has turned his silly head."

The captain's jaw set grimly. "I dare say I shall know how to deal with him," he said. "Lead the way, my boy! Follow us, Pickle Jar."

"Where is the launch?" asked Harry.

"Moored on the Congo, only a couple of miles away," said Corkran. "Ever since I lost you I have been searching up and down the river. I had some vague news from blacks of white boys having been seen in this region, and that is why I am here, though I should never have lived to find you, I think, if you had not chanced along in time to help with the lion. But I am very anxious to see King Bunter, by gad!"

Harry Wharton led the way through the forest, back to the native village. His face was bright now.



FOOTBALLERS IN THE LIMELIGHT!

CELTIC F.C.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF THE CELTIC CLUB—FIFTEEN TIMES CHAMPIONS OF THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.



BETWEEN English and Scottish football there are many points of difference, and one of the most important of these is that in Scotland the clubs do not appear to be on such a fine level of equality as they are in England. Anyway, the story of football in Scotland is largely one of a monopoly of the honours by two or three of the famous Glasgow teams, and foremost among these, so far as the records show, is the Celtic eleven.

This present season is the thirty-second since the formation of the Scottish League, and the important part which the Celtic club has played in that competition can be realised pretty fully when it is stated that in fifteen of the completed seasons the Celtic side has walked off with the championship. This, of course, is a record of consistency which is not shared by any other club in the British Isles, for even Glasgow Rangers, wonderful side though they have had for many years past, are still a long way behind their neighbours in the number of times they have won the honours of the League campaign.

Further to illustrate the consistency of the Celtic, it may be added that in

addition to winning the championship fifteen times, they have finished in the second place on ten other occasions, and three times have occupied the third position when the final League table has been made up. This means that out of 31 seasons the Celtic have only three times failed to gain one of the top three places in the Scottish League.

In one amazing spell, between 1904 and 1910, this Celtic side won the championship six times in succession, and at a later period also won it four times running. Indeed, not since 1904 has any other club than the Celtic or Glasgow Rangers been able to walk off with the championship.

As in the League, so in the Scottish Cup competition have Celtic played a most prominent part, winning the trophy nine times in all, while they have also got as far as the Final Tie on four other occasions. Obviously, then, it is not going too far to suggest that for many years past Celtic have been the most notable team in Scotland, and though it is not often that they play games at all with the leading clubs in England, it can be suggested that they have all along had

the sort of team which the best English clubs would have had considerable difficulty in beating

Right through their years of financial prosperity and playing success the Celtic have been represented by men considered good enough to play for their country, and at the present moment, even if their team is not quite so strong as it has been at different times in the past, they still have some extremely good men.

Shaw, the veteran goalkeeper, has "held the fort" for Scotland more than once, and for the match against England last season the "Celts" provided two of the three half-backs—Gilchrist and Cringan. Gallagher and Cassidy are other players quite up to the best standard, and incidentally playing the typically Celtic game, which is essentially scientific and delightful to watch. They do not win their matches by mere hustle and bustle. Theirs is the game which is played "on the carpet" by men who are masters of the art of ball-control. At Celtic Park they have a fine ground, and in Mr. William Maley a secretary-manager who is known to footballers all over the country.

"Wharton, by gad!"
"Little me, captain!" said Harry, with a laugh.

Captain Corkran gripped his hand. His single eye gleamed with relief and satisfaction.

"Safe and sound!" he exclaimed. "Safe and sound, my boy! I've found you at last! And the others—"

"Safe and sound, too," said Harry.

"Thank Heaven!"

Pickle Jar approached the Greyfriars junior and rubbed his black forehead on Wharton's feet.

"Me glad!" he said simply. "Ole Pickle Jar nebber hope see Mass' Harry again. Me berry glad!"

"And I'm jolly glad to see you, old trump," said Harry.

"It's a weight off my mind," said Captain Corkran, in a low voice. "You left

Kaiser. We've had to promise him not to go without his leave, or we should be kept prisoners. And he gives orders to the whole tribe."

"Good gad!" exclaimed the captain.

In a few words Wharton related what had happened since the day the juniors had quitted the steam-launch to rescue Bunter, after his reckless trip ashore in the captain's absence.

Corkran listened quietly, without interruption.

"Thank goodness Bunter came to the Congo with us, after all," he said. "I must see him. I will come to the village with you, Harry. Bunter will be useful yet. Once we have found the buried ivory we will start for the coast, and King Bunter"—he laughed—"King Bunter will see us through."

"You may find him a bit obstinate,"

The coming of Captain Corkran meant—at least, he hoped so—the end of the sojourn in the Congo village, and the first step on the way back to Greyfriars. And Harry Wharton & Co. would have given all the ivory in Central Africa to tread once more the quadrangle at the old school.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Royal Reception!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Hurrah!"

"The jolly old captain!"

"The hurrahfulness" is

absolutely terrific!"

Captain Corkran smiled at that cheery greeting. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, Nugent and Hurree Singh were

Homeward bound to Greyfriars School! Won't there be "some" brass band waiting for them!

lighted by the sight of his tanned face and his single live eye.

Corkran walked into the negro village with Harry Wharton, followed by Pickle Jar, as coolly as if he were walking down a street in an English town. Not a quiver of a muscle betrayed the fact that he knew that he carried his life in his hand.

Mpoca, the head-man, came forward, eyeing the captain with surly suspiciousness. Corkran gave him a cool nod.

"You remember me, Mpoca?"

"Me knew little white man with glass eye," said Mpoca. "You come here in time of King Mbanga."

"I hear you have a new king now."

"Why you come?" inquired Mpoca.

"To see the new king."

"No can."

"You will tell the king that I am here, and that I demand to see him at once!" rapped out the captain. "Sharp!"

Mpoca grumbled under his breath, but he went away to the royal hut, to acquaint King Bunter with the new arrival.

King Bunter had lunched copiously, and was enjoying a nap when his Prime Minister entered. His deep and resonant snore resounded through the grass hut.

Mpoca hesitated, hardly venturing to awaken the great man, lest such a liberty should draw down upon him the vengeance of the great wooden god Koko. But the snore ceased suddenly, and Bunter sat up.

"What do you want?" he demanded crossly. Bunter never liked being awakened from a nap after a big feed. "You silly black idiot, how dare you come butting in here and waking me up with your clumsy hoofs?"

Mpoca trembled. The great man was angry. The black man dropped on his knees, and touched the ground with his forehead.

"You black dummy!" went on his majesty crossly. "I've a good mind to ask Koko to send the plague, or the white ants, to eat you up!"

"Mercy!" gasped Mpoca.

"Go and eat coke! Get out!"

"Little white man with glass eye come to see great king!" gasped Mpoca.

"King say we lib for chop him?"

"A white man!" snapped Bunter.

"Why didn't you say so before, you black image?"

He rubbed his eyes, and replaced his spectacles on his fat little nose.

"Little white man with a glass eye!" he murmured. "I suppose that's old Corkran, blow him! Send him in, Mpoca!"

"Mpoca 'bey."

"You'd better!" snarled Bunter.

The head-man hurried out of the hut, and returned in a few minutes with Captain Corkran.

The captain found King Bunter sitting in state to receive him.

Bunter sat on his wooden throne, covered with a leopard-skin, and with his circlet of brilliant plumes on his podgy brow. His aspect was startling, if not majestic.

Corkran smiled grimly.

"So you've had a rise in the world since we last met, young 'un," he said.

Bunter frowned at him.

On the steamer from England and on the launch on the Congo Bunter had lived in fear of the grim little man, whose single eye could daunt him with a glance. But Bunter was monarch of all he surveyed the native village, and he intended to make Corkran understand as much. He did not rise to meet the

explorer, and did not extend his hand. He frowned majestically.

"Is that how you speak to your betters?" he demanded.

"What?" roared the captain.

"Don't shout at me!" said Bunter disdainfully. "I don't allow any cheek, and if you put on side here, you'll find yourself chopped before you can wink your eye! I'm king here!"

"By gad!" said the captain, staring at him.

Billy Bunter, invested with authority, was quite a new Bunter, and he surprised the explorer. The fat junior nodded at him.

"Just put that in your pipe and smoke it!" he said. "I've got hundreds of subjects ready to carry out my orders! One word from me, and you'd be cooked and eaten jolly sharp! Just understand that! You're a bit old and tough to chop, but they'd be jolly glad to try their teeth on you! And they will, if I give the word!"

"By gad!" said the captain again. It seemed to be all that he could say.

"You were master on the launch!" grinned Bunter. "Well, I'm master here! I'm going to be obeyed, or I'll know the reason why! Now, my subjects have to enter my presence on their hands and knees. Down with you!"

"What!" gasped the captain.

"Down on your knees!" exclaimed Bunter autocratically.

Captain Corkran stared at him blankly, and then he burst into a laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" snapped Bunter. "You'd better toe the line, if you don't want to be cooked and eaten! I'm not standing any cheek!"

"Come, come, my boy!" said the captain good-humouredly. "Your head seems to have turned; but don't play the

fool! It's time for you to clear out of this, and I'm going to take you away! If you give me any nonsense, I shall have to lick you, as I did on the steamer!"

Billy Bunter rose to his feet. His eyes glittered behind his spectacles.

"Mpoca!" he thundered.

"Me here."

"Take this white man away and shut him up in a hut. Keep him guarded till I send for him."

"What?" stammered the captain.

He grasped his revolver, as Mpoca and the black spearmen closed round him. A dozen spears threatened him on all sides, and the captain released the butt of the revolver.

"Lib for chop?" asked Mpoca anxiously.

"No!" gasped Bunter. "You lib for make dem white man prisoner. You sabbey?"

"Me sabbey!" said Mpoca, disappointed.

He scowled at Corkran.

"You come!" he snarled.

Corkran breathed hard and deep. He had bearded native kings in their lairs many times, and he had always succeeded with them, by bribes or threats, or sheer force of character. But Bunter was a native king of a very different kind. The fat junior had been wounded in his vanity; and for the present, at least, he was implacable.

Dusky hands grasped the captain by the arms, and led him out of the royal hut. Harry Wharton & Co. came up in alarm, but the spear-points drove them back.

"You lib for back, or you die!" shouted Mpoca.

HARRY WHARTON TO THE RESCUE!



Two men were clinging to a branch overhead, a dozen feet above the stalking lion on the ground. One of them was a white man, the other a black Krooman. Wharton caught his breath as he recognised them. "Captain Corkran!" he breathed. "And Pickle Jar!" (See Chapter 3.)

They've found the great treasure, boys, and now they're going back!



"Nkolo," rapped out Bunter, "you take whip and lib for whip Mpoeca one-time." The attendant laid down the palm-leaf fan and picked up the whip. Lash, lash, lash! King Bunter looked on as Nkolo lashed at the old warrior. (See Chapter 7.)

"Captain Corkran, you give orders here!" called out Wharton. "Are we to chip in or not?"

"No!" said Corkran. "Keep your distance, my boys; don't start a fight here if it can be helped. I shall come through all right."

"But you are a prisoner!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Corkran shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes—at present."

"By Bunter's orders?"

"Yes."

"The fat fool!" exclaimed Bob wrathfully.

There was a sudden terrified howl from Pickle Jar, as a couple of the blacks seized on him.

"Let that man alone!" shouted the captain.

Mpoeca grinned.

"Him only black man," he said. "Him lib for cooking pot. You no talk—you prisoner."

The captain was dragged away by a dozen brawny blacks. Pickle Jar, struggling in the grasp of the savages, yelled with terror.

"We're not having this!" panted Bob Cherry. "Line up for a fight to the finish!"

"Hold on!" gasped Harry.

He sprang towards the mat door of Bunter's hut, and dragged it aside.

"Bunter!" he shouted.

"Oh, get out, Wharton!" said Bunter peevishly. "No good putting in a word for Corkran. He's checked me."

"They're going to murder Pickle Jar!" panted Wharton. "You can stop them—"

"Busher Pickle Jar! He's only a

dashed nigger!" said Bunter. "Do leave off worrying a chap!"

"Bunter, you can save him—"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Save him, or we shall begin shooting!" shouted Harry. "You know what that means, you fat fool!"

Bunter grunted, and came to the door of the hut. Pickle Jar was being dragged away, vainly resisting.

"Stop that!" growled Bunter. "Hi! Mpoeca! You lib for let dem black man go, or Koko speak. You sabbej!"

"Him only black man!" growled Mpoeca.

"You black blighter, obey my orders!" roared King Bunter. "By Jove, I'll give you a tip about arguing with me!"

The fat junior rushed from the hut, and kicked at Mpoeca with all his force. The kick caught Mpoeca on his loin-cloth, and rolled him over headlong. There was a jabbering chuckle from the blacks as he went rolling.

"Now you lib for 'bey, one-time!" shouted Bunter wrathfully.

Mpoeca crawled to his feet. There was an evil glitter in his eyes, but he obeyed.

He spoke to the blacks in their own tongue, and Pickle Jar was released. The terrified Krooman joined the juniors, who closed round him. There were savage looks and growls from the blacks, as the juniors marched Pickle Jar away to their hut; and it looked as if the authority of King Bunter was on the wane. Deep as was the fear of the blacks for the little "ju-ju" man who was in the confidence of their god Koko, his interference with their manners and customs was trying their patience hard.

It was possible that if King Bunter put a stop to cannibalism in the village the blacks might resist, at long last, even the power of the god Koko. The Central African black is an accommodating individual in theological matters; if his god does not satisfy him, he will change it for another god—and a god whose high-priest put an end to man-eating was not likely to remain popular.

There were mutterings and grumbings among the blacks; but Billy Bunter, returning to his interrupted nap, did not hear them. Had he heard them, and understood the native tongue, it is probable that King Bunter would not have slept so soundly that hot afternoon.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

His Majesty Makes Up His Mind!

CAPTAIN CORKRAN sat in the little grass hut, and chewed on an empty pipe. His grim, brown face was grimmer than ever.

For three days he had been a prisoner, disarmed, confined to the hut, and watched by savage-eyed blacks.

He was fed, and that was all; such were the orders of King Bunter.

From the low doorway of the hut, he sometimes saw King Bunter carried in state in his palanquin; but the fat junior never condescended to come near the prison hut.

He was teaching Corkran a lesson; and Corkran, as a matter of fact, was learning the lesson.

Kit Corkran had carried his life in his hand for twenty years or more in Darkest Africa; and in that time he had learned to deal with all sorts and conditions of men, black and white. Billy Bunter was a new experience to him; and the captain had undoubtedly made a mistake in his dealing with the conceited Owl of the Remove. In Corkran's eyes, as in those of Harry Wharton & Co., Bunter was only a fat, conceited schoolboy, to be licked if he did not behave himself. But King Bunter was something more than that; fat and obtuse as he was, he had the power of life and death in his hands. A word from him, if he chose to utter it, meant savage death for all the whites in the village; indeed, it was only Bunter's power that stood between them and the hungry cannibals. But for fear of Bunter and Koko, the wooden god, the captain and the juniors would have been overwhelmed by numbers long ago, massacred, and cooked, and devoured.

In such circumstances, the captain certainly had not exercised his usual tact in dealing with this very unusual and peculiar monarch.

He realised his mistake, and waited with grim patience for King Bunter to come round.

Bunter was in no hurry.

He was quite satisfied, for the present at least, with his kingly life in the black village; and undoubtedly he enjoyed lording it over the Remove fellows, who had held him in such slight account at Greyfriars.

It pleased his fatuous mind to be borne past them in his royal palanquin on black men's shoulders, surrounded by his guard.

When he passed the Co. on such occasions he favoured them with lofty and patronising blinks.

But he honoured the captain with a visit at last. The palanquin was set

What will Harry Wharton do with his nigger? A puzzler for him!

down before the prison hut; and the guards prostrated themselves as King Bunter alighted and rolled into the hut.

The fat junior grinned at his prisoner. "Getting fed up with this?" he asked. "Just a little!" agreed the captain. "Do you wish you'd been a bit more civil?" grinned Bunter.

"Quite."

"Well, that's good enough," said Bunter, mollified. "I don't want to be hard on an old pal. You understand that I am master here."

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "It is scarcely possible to doubt it, in the circumstances," he answered.

Billy Bunter gave a fat chuckle. "I thought I'd bring you to heel," he remarked. "I mean to have my way, you know. No cheek for me. I'm king here, and my orders are going to be obeyed."

Captain Corkran eyed him curiously with his single eye.

"Do you understand any of the native language, Bunter?" he asked.

"No fear—jabbering rot!" said Bunter. "I speak to them in the Coast English; I can speak that. So does Koko, the giddy old idol!"

"I hardly think it would work if these blacks were not of the lowest order of intelligence," remarked the captain. "But it certainly has worked well, so far."

"And it's going on!" said Bunter boastfully. "I suppose you came here to get me away. Well, I'm not going."

"But the others—"

"They're staying, too, as long as I choose," said Bunter coolly. "I may want them later on. Anyhow, I'm master."

"You are!" said the captain, unmoved. "But African kings are sometimes short-lived. I have heard a good deal of talk among the blacks while I've been a prisoner here. Do you know that when an African idol does not give satisfaction, sometimes they will burn it, and get a ju-ju man to provide them with another?"

"Rot!" said Bunter uneasily. "They're jolly frightened of Koko. When he speaks they all flop down in a blue funk."

"Quite so. But since you have controlled Koko, there has been no cannibalism here, except on the occasion when they killed Casco."

Bunter shuddered. "I couldn't help that," he mumbled. "It's not my fault if the black beasts eat one another. I won't let them eat you."

"You may not be able to stop them," said the captain. "I've heard a good deal of their talk. A god that does not allow cannibalism is not a god they will obey for ever. If some clever ju-ju man should come along, and denounce your Koko as a false god, I think Koko would speak in vain—the blacks are ready to turn on him if they found a leader bold enough to defy him."

"What rot!" grunted Bunter, but his fat face was very serious now. The slightest hint of danger to his fat skin was enough to take the swank out of William George Bunter.

"If you could understand their talk, you would think differently," said the captain composedly. "I have known Central Africa for twenty years, Bunter, and I warn you that this will not last. At present, the going is good, and you would be wise to go."

"I dare say I could satisfy the beasts

by letting them chop Pickle Jar," muttered Bunter. "After all, he's only a dashed nigger, and he checked me on the launch, too."

"And your schoolfellows to follow?" asked the captain.

Bunter squirmed. "Of course, I couldn't have that," he said. "They're cheeky rotters, and don't show me proper respect. But I'm not going to let the niggers chop them."

"You may not be able to prevent it soon. I have heard the negroes talking. Mpoqa has sent for a ju-ju fetish-man to come from another tribe up the Ubanghi River, to put Koko's power to the test. If that ju-ju man is able to turn the tables on you, you will be chopped yourself," said the captain coolly. "And the ju-ju men are cunning rascals."

Bunter's fat knees knocked together. "I—I don't know that I specially want to hang on here," he mumbled. "Of course, I want to get back to Greyfriars some day. I'm not afraid of any ju-ju man; they had one here when I came, and I made short work of him. But—but I'm not keen on living among niggers all my life. Now, look here, Captain Corkran, you understand that I'm master here."

"Quite."

"You came to Africa after a treasure of buried ivory," said Bunter, blinking at the explorer. "That was the game, when you brought me along to help you with my ventriloquism among the niggers."

"That is correct."

"Well, I'm willing to help you," said Bunter, "on the understanding that I'm chief of the party. I'll make the niggers here help us, and we'll bag the ivory and get away in the launch. I'll let you have half of it."

"We have already made our arrangements," said the captain, eyeing him curiously. "I pay all the expenses of the expedition, and if the ivory is found a certain portion is set aside, to be divided among my companions—you among the rest."

Bunter's fat lip curled. "That's not good enough," he said. "I take half—that's fair, as you can't touch it without me. Yes or no?"

The captain nodded. "Yes," he answered. "You had a chart, scratched on the back of a little ivory idol," said Bunter. "You've got it now?"

"Yes."

"You can find the place?"

"I think so. I have already traced it, and it is less than ten miles from this village, up the river."

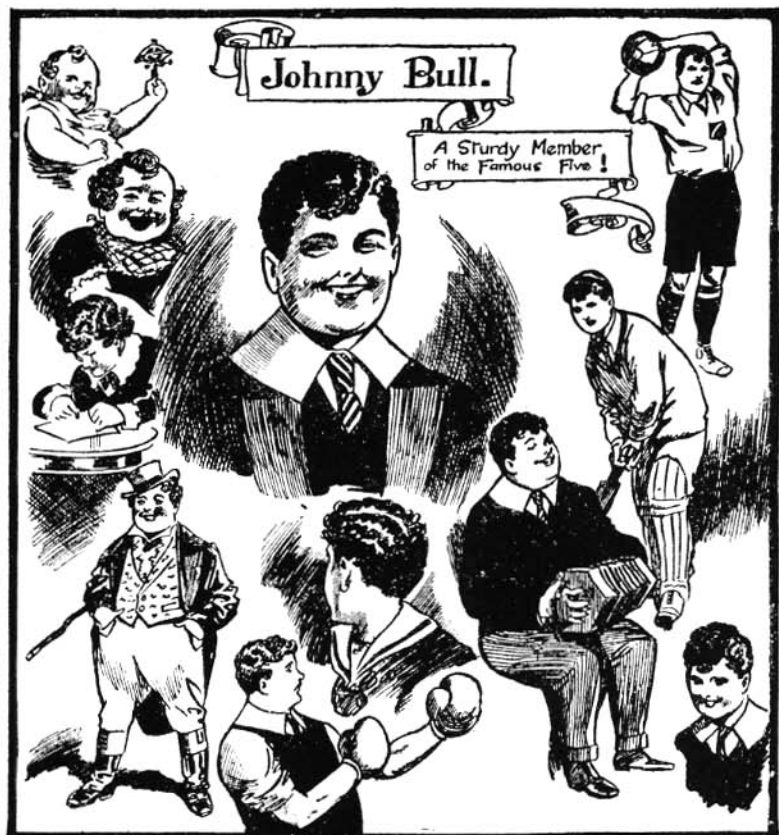
Bunter's eyes glistened behind his spectacles.

"What is it worth?" he asked. "That cannot be said, until it is found; but from what is written on the chart, I think perhaps ten thousand pounds."

Bunter gasped. "Oh, crickey! Why, that's a fortune." "A fortune, if it is found," said the captain. "At the present moment, you

Various Stages in the Lives of Greyfriars Celebrities.

No. 4.—JOHNNY BULL.



Bring out the flags, boys; the Chums of Greyfriars are coming home!

have the power to order the blacks to help us. That power may come to an end any day."

"We'll start to-morrow," said Bunter hastily.

"Done!"

"Mind, you hand over to me half the ivory as soon as it's found."

"I hand over to you half the ivory when found!" repeated the captain.

"Good enough!"

King Bunter left the hut, and gave orders for the captain to be released. Again there were dark and evil looks among the blacks, but they obeyed. And Captain Corkran, still cool and unperturbed, walked over to the Greyfriars juniors' hut, and joined Harry Wharton & Co. and Pickle Jar, much to their relief and satisfaction.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

King Bunter's Expedition!

POM! Pom! Pom! Pom!
The tomtoms were beating in the African village.

The droning beat of the drums echoed far from the village, through the dim tropical forest, and over swamp and lagoon and river.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked out of their hut into the burning heat of the day, wondering what was toward. The dull, incessant beating of the tomtoms warned them that something was "on," and they feared that it was another cannibalistic orgy.

The blacks were gathering round the king's hut.

Forth from the hut came King Bunter, with lofty, regal step, draped in his leopard-skin, with his brilliant circlet on his podgy head. After him came Mpoqa and half a dozen brawny blacks, bearing in their arms the hideous wooden idol, Koko.

There was a murmur from the blacks, and they prostrated themselves at the sight of the idol.

"Mpoqa and ten warriors come with me, and I lead you to find much ivory!" said Bunter.

There was a buzz of surprise from the blacks who understood. Mpoqa, who acted as King Bunter's interpreter, repeated the words in the native tongue.

There were looks of satisfaction on the black faces. Ivory was of great value to the blacks, to be exchanged for cotton goods, or trade guns, or cartridges, or for the bundles of brass rods which are the currency on the banks of the Congo.

Mpoqa, with a grinning black face of satisfaction, proceeded to pick out ten

men to accompany him on the expedition. That number were needed as bearers. Provisions for the journey had to be carried, and other necessities. Captain Corkran was guide to the party, and Harry Wharton & Co., of course, were to march with it.

A good many hours were occupied in preparations before the expedition was ready to take the track.

Billy Bunter mounted into his royal palanquin; he had no intention of performing the journey on foot like the rest.

Four powerful negroes were bearers of the palanquin, and another was posted

hand, Corkran with them. Following them came Harry Wharton & Co., with their rifles over their shoulders, and Pickle Jar, the Krooman.

Then came King Bunter in his palanquin, borne on black shoulders, fanned by his faithful attendant.

Four black warriors brought up the rear.

In that order the expedition marched on, following the track through the forest, and the negro village was left far behind.

The moon came up over the forest, and silver light glimmered down through the branches, and the march was prolonged till a late hour, to take advantage of the night coolness.

It was close upon midnight when the word was given to halt, and the party camped in a deep glade by a trickling forest stream.

King Bunter was already fast asleep in his palanquin, but he woke up at the halt, ready for supper.

A great fire was lighted, for cooking and for scaring away the wild beasts, whose eyes gleamed at the campers from the shadows of the thickets. Round the camp were heard the howling of the jackals, the hideous yell of the hyena, and the deep resonant roar of a wandering lion. But the savage animal did not venture near the blaze of the camp-fire.

Billy Bunter sat in the palanquin to eat his supper, and he did full justice to an ample meal. He was served as respectfully as ever, but there were odd looks among the blacks, and Mpoqa and his black comrades were incessantly whispering. Captain Corkran quietly hinted to the Greyfriars juniors to keep with him, and to keep their rifles handy. He was too old an African campaigner not to see the signs of treachery in the blacks.

Billy Bunter saw nothing. He was quite satisfied with himself, and not particularly elated at having got safely out of the cannibal village. To return to England rich was certainly a happy prospect; but kingship was something, and he was saying good-bye to his royalty. As he leaned back on his cushions in the palanquin, King Bunter was wondering whether he would, after all, proceed with this expedition, or whether he would turn back on the morrow. A suspicion was growing up in his fat mind that Captain Corkran had pulled his leg to get him away from his black kingdom, and that suspicion made Bunter wrathful. Once away from the blacks, he would be nothing but a fat schoolboy, liable to be cuffed for his impudence—a very painful change for a monarch.

These thoughts were passing in Bunter's obtuse brain when Mpoqa came up to the open side of the palanquin. The expression on Mpoqa's face was so

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to walk at the side with a palm-leaf fan, to fan the flies and mosquitoes away from his majesty.

King Bunter had seen very carefully to the provisions; that was an important point that was not likely to escape his attention.

If the king had been a little more observant, he might have discerned a glimmer of evil mischief in the eyes of Mpoqa, but he was too busy with his preparations to notice the wizened, cunning old black man.

Everything was going well, to all appearance, and Bunter's only regret was that he had to leave behind Koko, the wooden idol.

Koko was too heavy and bulky to be transported a great distance over rough country, and when he was left behind, the terror he had for the blacks would be left behind also. If Bunter had known more of the curious workings of the black man's mind, he might have guessed that old Mpoqa intended treachery as soon as the party were out of sight of the wooden god's green-glass eyes, and out of sound of his commanding voice. But Bunter had learned little during his sojourn among the savages excepting an extensive knowledge of the foodstuffs obtainable.

Bunter was sorry to look his last upon the hideous idol, which had been the source of his power. But he had the comfort, at least, of taking Koko's voice along with him, for what that was worth.

In the cool of the early evening the party set out from the black village, and followed a beaten track through the forest.

Half a dozen warriors with Mpoqa marched ahead, with their spears in



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Captain Corkran stared at Bunter blankly, and then he burst into a laugh. "Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" snapped Billy Bunter. "You'd better toe the line and get down on your knees, if you don't want to be cooked and eaten. I'm not standing any cheek from you!" (See Chapter 4.)

strange that even the short-sighted Owl of the Remove noticed it, and was vaguely alarmed.

"Koko far away now!" said Mpoa, eyeing him, and with his black hand playing with the handle of a knife in his girdle.

Bunter's heart jumped.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"Little chief with glass eyes here without Koko," said Mpoa. "Koko no can see!" He waved a black hand towards Captain Corkran and the juniors. "Black man lib for chop! King no stop black man, or king chop, too. Koko no can see!"

Bunter breathed hard.

His regret at parting with the hideous idol had been well-founded. Now that the blacks were safe out of sight of the green-glass eyes, they had lost their fear of the wooden god who supported Bunter. The green-glass eyes could not see them so far in the forest.

"White man lib for chop?" asked Mpoa with a grin.

"No!" gasped Bunter.

"You lib for chop, den?" said the black man.

And he drew his knife.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Koko to the Rescue!

BILLY BUNTER sat and quaked. There was a sudden jabbering from the blacks, and they gathered close by Mpoa. Threatening looks were cast at the white members of the party, who were at a little distance, on their guard. Captain Corkran and the juniors were cool enough. There were seven of them, including Pickle Jar, armed with firearms. There were ten warriors in the black party, and nine or ten bearers. The odds were still great, but the situation had changed very much since the black village, with its swarms of cannibals, had been left many miles behind. With their superior weapons the

whites would probably have been victorious now in the fray. But it was certain that lives would be lost on both sides, and even victory for the survivors of the white party was not certain. Much still depended on Bunter; and Billy Bunter sat quaking, terrified out of his fat wits by the sight of the drawn knife in Mpoa's black hand.

Short and sharp, Captain Corkran's voice rang out:

"Mpoa! You stop! Koko watch!"

Mpoa grinned.

"Koko no can see!" he answered.

"Koko far away."

"You will hear Koko speak."

"No believe!"

Billy Bunter pulled himself together with an effort as he listened. He understood that the captain, though speaking to Mpoa, was giving him a hint. It was time for Koko to speak again, and though the wooden god was miles away, fortunately his voice was still with the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

The moment was critical, and fortunately Bunter pulled himself together in time. He gave a jerky little cough.

Suddenly, from the shadowy trees near the camp, there came a wild wailing—the howl of the wooden god Koko.

The blacks started almost convulsively as they heard it. Mpoa stared round him with wild eyes.

Then the deep voice of Koko was heard.

"Koko here! Koko watch! Koko see black man!"

Mpoa, with a groan of terror, dropped on his knees. The blacks followed his example.

Their eyes turned in fixed terror on the dark shades of the forest beyond the radius of the camp-fire. They fully expected to see the wooden god appear in sight.

Koko did not appear. But his deep voice was heard again.

"Mpoa bad man! Mpoa tink kill little white king. Mpoa lib for chop!"

Mpoa gave a howl of fear.

Billy Bunter's eyes glittered behind his spectacles. He had had a terrible

fright, but he was master of the situation again.

The blacks were jabbering with terror as they prostrated themselves. Bunter rose to his feet.

"You hear Koko speak!" he exclaimed. "Mpoa must die!"

"Mercy!" howled Mpoa.

"You lib for chop!" said Bunter savagely.

"Bunter!" called out Harry Wharton. The black man had intended treachery and death to the white party—death and a cannibal orgy. But there was a limit for a white man.

Bunter blinked round angrily at the juniors.

"You shut up, Wharton!" he snapped.

"Bunter, you fat rotter!"

"Let Mpoa be whipped," said the captain.

"You whip Mpoa—no chop!" groaned the terrified black man, groveling on his face before the fat junior.

Bunter relented.

"Nkolo," he rapped out to his attendant, "you take whip, and lib for whip Mpoa one-time!"

Nkolo laid down the palm-leaf fan, and picked up the heavy whip of rhinoceros-hide. Mpoa did not rise, or attempt to offer resistance. The voice of Koko had completely subdued the blacks, and at a word from King Bunter the cannibals would have torn their head-man to pieces and cooked him over the camp-fire. Mpoa was getting off cheaply; and he lay and grovelled and howled, while Nkolo laid on the rhinoceros hide whip, with lashes that rang and echoed through the forest.

Lash, lash, lash!

Mpoa's howls rang louder than the lashing of the heavy whip. Bunter looked on through his big spectacles—King Bunter once again, and as royal and lofty as ever.

"That will do," he said at last.

Nkolo laid down the whip.

"Go!" commanded Bunter.

Mpoa crawled away, groaning.

Billy Bunter grinned at the Greyfriars juniors. The blacks, lately on the very

Oh, there's some real dash and swing in next week's bumper story!

verge of rebellion and murder, were completely subdued. The authority of King Bunter was unquestioned again—till some new change should work in the obtuse recesses of the black men's minds.

"I fancy I can keep my subjects in order," said Bunter. "You fellows can turn in now. It's all right."

And Bunter turned in himself, in the palanquin, and his deep snore was soon heard.

In spite of Bunter's assurance, however, the juniors took turns to keep awake and watch through the remainder of the night.

But there was no movement on the part of the blacks. They devoured their supper of half-cooked meat, and slept and snored; and in the morning they turned out for the march, still the obedient subjects of King Bunter.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

At Last!

"BUNTER!"

"Do you mean your Majesty?" asked Bunter coldly. Captain Corkran controlled his feelings with difficulty.

It was the evening of the following day, and a halt had been called in the march, though not yet for camping. A long rest had been taken at midday, in the tropical heat, and in the cool of the evening the expedition was pushing on. Hitherto they had followed beaten tracks, but now it was necessary to push on through a thick forest, where it was impossible for the palanquin to be carried.

Since Mpoça's intended rebellion had been nipped in the bud the blacks had been as submissive as ever to the Greyfriars ventriloquist. Only Mpoça's eyes gleamed evilly at him sometimes; but Mpoça's hatred was held in check by fear. The marks of the rhinoceros-hide whip were very visible on Mpoça's bare black skin, and he lived in fear of being doomed to "chop" by King Bunter. Yet at any moment, as the experienced captain knew, a change might come. The mind of the black man was infantile, and the most inadequate cause might lead to the most terrible effects, where the untutored savage was concerned.

But Bunter, having got over his fright, was King Bunter more than ever. The fat junior, however, no longer regretted having taken leave of his kingdom. He was realising at last the uncertain tenure of his power, and in Central Africa, more than anywhere else, it was true that: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Once during the march the moon had been hidden by clouds, and Mpoça had requested King Bunter to ask Koko for more light for the march. King Bunter had been quite unable to grant that request, and his haughty refusal caused a great deal of excited jabbering among the blacks. Mpoça was beginning to realise, in the dull depths of his savage mind, that Bunter's god could do nothing but talk and threaten, which was startling and terrifying enough to an African savage while it was novel. But when the voice of Koko grew stale by custom, it was likely to lose its terrors.

An African fetish-man would have seen that Mpoça was dangerous, and would have disposed of him fast enough by putting "ju-ju" on him, probably by poison in his food, or by ordering him to be "chopped." But King Bunter had not quite arrived at that point.

But Bunter, though conscious that his power might go any day, and though he was beginning to be anxious to get away, was still King Bunter, and as full of swank as ever. He blinked loftily at Captain Corkran through his big spectacles.

"If you've anything to say, say it and shut up!" he said.

The captain breathed hard.

"We've got to push on through the jungle now," he said. "The palanquin must be left behind."

"Impossible!" said Bunter decidedly.

"There's nothing else to be done."

"Do you think I'm going to walk like you fellows?" asked Bunter disdainfully.

"Catch me!"

"Look here, Bunter—" began Bob Cherry.

"You shut up, Cherry!"

"My hat! I'll—"

"Hold your tongue at once!"

Captain Corkran gave Bob a warning look, and Bob Cherry suppressed his feelings.

"Pickle Jar can carry you on his shoulders, if your Majesty prefers not to walk," said Corkran.

Bunter considered that.

"Now you're talking," he said.

"That's all right. Come here, Pickle Jar, you black rotter! Kneel down!"

The Krooman obeyed.

Bunter mounted on his shoulders. He was a good weight—in fact, a terrific weight. But the Krooman was strong and brawny, and he made little even of Billy Bunter's avoirdupois.

"Mind you don't let me drop!" said Bunter warningly. "And don't knock my head against the boughs, you black idiot! You mind what you're at, or it's the whip for you—hard!"

The party proceeded, Bunter borne in state by the Krooman. Captain Corkran more than once consulted the chart that was roughly engraved on the little ivory idol. Rough as the chart was, it was a certain guide to the experienced explorer, and he was very close to the destination now.

Through the thick jungle the expedition pressed on. Under the glimmering moon, they advanced farther and farther through the cane-brake. The jungle was left behind at last, and they came out on a green plain that glimmered in the moonlight. There the captain consulted the chart again, and gave directions. The march was resumed across the plain till Corkran gave the word to halt.

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed about them curiously in the brilliant light of the African moon.

They had halted on the bank of a stream that ran towards the great Congo. Most of the water had dried up in the heat, and only a thin stream ran at the bottom of great banks of dried mud. Near at hand were the remains of a native village, burnt out in some savage raid of hostile tribesmen.

Among the ruins of huts lay whitened bones and skulls, all that was left to show that a human population had dwelt there.

"Is this the place, sir?" asked Wharton.

"This is the place," said the captain. "We're at our journey's end now. We camp here."

"That's for me to say!" remarked Billy Bunter. "Don't take it on yourself to give orders here, Corkran."

"My mistake!" said Corkran, without moving a muscle. "Will it please you to give orders to camp?"

"That's better!" said Bunter, with a nod.

And he gave orders.

The camp was pitched, and the fire lighted in the midst of the ruins of the destroyed village. The Greyfriars juniors were feeling excited now. They knew that the captain's chart showed a "cache" of buried ivory, and it was exciting to know that the treasure was near at hand.

"And we're getting away with the giddy treasure to-morrow," remarked Bob Cherry, as he ate his supper. "I can't say I shall be sorry to get home-ward bound again."

"Jolly glad!" said Nugent.

"That is, if we get away!" said Bob. "Somebody discovered that ivory once and drew the chart on the little idol. That's the man that the Spaniard, Casco, killed in Bona—but Corkran got the chart. Casco has been chopped by the niggers, coming after it again. I wonder—"

Bob Cherry did not finish that reflection.

Many lives had already been lost in the search for the buried ivory, and Bob and his comrades could not help wondering whether their own lives were to be added to the number.

But it was useless to think of that, and they ate their supper and turned in, to the accompaniment of the deep snore of King Bunter.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Fall of King Bunter!

KING BUNTER did not turn out till ten o'clock in the morning. Then a very ample breakfast occupied him for another hour.

The juniors chafed with impatience; but Captain Corkran waited with stolid impassivity. King Bunter was still master of the situation, and so long as he held the whip-hand, the Owl of the Remove had to be given his head, so to speak. A change was coming; but it had not yet come.

When Bunter had finished his substantial breakfast he condescended to listen to the captain, waving his native attendants out of hearing.

"So we're on the spot?" he asked.

"Right on the spot."

"Where's the ivory?"

"According to the chart, it is buried here, in the village, under the hut that belonged to the king."

"Which one?" asked Bunter, blinking round.

"We shall find it by searching," said the captain. "But before the ivory is dug up, we had better get rid of the blacks. A dozen Kokos would not control them if they saw us carrying off the ivory under their noses."

Bunter grinned.

"That wouldn't do!" he assented. "Of course, I can send them back to the village if I like."

King Bunter reflected. He realised that as soon as his black subjects were gone, his kingly authority would be gone also. Unstable as his kingship was, he was reluctant to part with it.

But there really was no help for it. Now that the buried ivory was to be recovered, the blacks had to go. Certainly they would never have permitted the whites to carry it off without a fight. The voice of Koko would have thundered in vain if the authority of King Bunter had been stretched to that extent. Indeed, it was by a reckless promise of "much ivory" that Bunter had brought

(Continued on page 17.)

They've finished their adventures in Africa, but more thrilling times are waiting for them!



EDITORIAL!

By Peter Todd.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. are still away in the Congo. For a whole week we have had no news of them, and the disquieting rumour is going round the school that they have lost their whereabouts, and are therefore not in a position to communicate with us.

Certainly something serious must have happened, or a message would have come through by now. However, Wharton and his pals have an uncanny knack of getting out of tight corners, and I fully expect to get news of them during the next few days.

Captain Corkran, who is in charge of the party of adventurers, may be relied upon not to lose his head in a crisis.

I was discussing the matter with Tom Brown, one of my sub-editors, and Brown put forward a startling theory. He says it is more than likely that Billy Bunter, like the fat chump he is, has allowed himself to be kidnaped by natives, and that the other members of the party are now busily engaged in tracking down the kidnapers. This is just a surmise, but I, for one, think that Brown may be right. Bunter is just the sort of fellow to go and run his head into a noose.

Next week, I have no doubt, we shall have news of the wanderers, and their next despatches will probably tell of wonderful adventures. Meanwhile, we must carry on with the good work, and keep the flag of the GREYFRIARS HERALD gaily flying.

Although this is not a special number, it contains many contributions of more than ordinary interest. How do you like the "Ancestors" series? Next week our article deals with the earliest ancestor of Bolsover major.

I asked Dick Penfold to write a short sketch, in verse, dealing with Billy Bunter's experiences in the Congo. Pen has responded nobly to my request, and the amusing adventures—or, rather, misadventures—of William George Bunter will make interesting reading. It must be remembered, however, that this sketch is largely a work of imagination, and the incidents it describes must not be taken as literal truths.

PETER TODD.

STOP PRESS.—A cable just received from Lagos states that Harry Wharton & Co., Billy Bunter, and Captain Corkran are fit and well, and are on their way home from Africa—with treasure! Cheers, you fellows! The adventurers are returning in triumph!

THE FAMOUS CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS!

The Boys with Pals all over the World!



You know Harry Wharton & Co., the Famous Five of Greyfriars School, don't you? They will be back again next week, you fellows.

ODE TO A PAIR OF TROUSERS!

By DICK PENFOLD.

Where are all those perfect creases
You displayed not long ago?
Now, you're stained with oils and greases,
And you droop with care and woe.
You are bulging, you are baggy,
You are anything but fine
As you shroud my legs so scraggy,
Bags o' mine!

You have rolled in muddy ditches,
You have wallowed in the mire;
You've received no end of stitches,
But I think you should retire.
You are looking worn and jaded—
I insist that you resign;
You are tattered, torn, and faded,
Bags o' mine!

You're "a thing of shreds and patches,"
As old Shakespeare used to say;
I'll obtain a box of matches,
And ignite you right away!
I will burn you in the cloisters
(Those who know of my design
Will, I'm sure, be mum as oysters,
Bags o' mine!

Fare thee well—and if for ever,
Then for ever, fare thee well!
Tattered trousers, you will never
See more service, sad to tell.
Look! The smoke ascends to heaven
In a curling, twirling line;
Bang goes one-pound-three-and-seven,
Bags o' mine!

That's right, you chappies, have a jolly good roar! Laughing's good for you!



ANCESTORS!

By
PETER TODD.

The First of the
Bolsovers!

Illus. by FRANK NUGENT.

WHEN I asked Bolsover major who his earliest ancestor was, he promptly replied: "Samson."

I have no doubt that the original Bolsover was a pretty hefty brute, but I was jolly certain it wasn't Samson. "Enough of leg-pulling!" I said sternly. "Tell me, without any further bunkum, who you are descended from."

"Simon the Strong," was the reply. "Who was he—an Ancient Briton?" Bolsover nodded.

"He was the biggest giant in the land," he said. "Stood about nine feet in his socks."

"But they didn't wear socks in those days!" I protested.

"Ass! That was merely a figure of speech."

"But what a size this ancestor of yours must have been!" I said.

"Yes, rather! He was twice your height, Toddy, and broad in the beam, like Billy Bunter. You never saw such a hefty specimen. He could pick a man up and toss him over his shoulder with the greatest of ease."

"Where did he live?" "On the coast of Kent—not far from here."

"Was he alive when Julius Caesar invaded Britain?"

"Yes."

"Didn't he offer any resistance?"

"My dear chap," said Bolsover, "he simply pulverised the Roman feet! He waded into the sea and met them as they were attempting to land. He hit out right and left, and the giddy Romans went down like skittles! Why, he even gave Caesar himself a black eye! But the history books, for some reason or other, don't record the fact."

"But the Romans landed all right, in spite of Simon the Strong."

"Of course. The odds were about ten thousand to one. You could hardly expect old Simon to lick a whole army of Romans off his own bat. But he laid out over five hundred of the beasts!"

"And what happened to him then?" Bolsover major groped for his handkerchief.

"Excuse me while I sob!" he muttered. "I shall be all right in a minute."

"What are you sobbing about?"

"My ancestor's fate!" spluttered Bolsover. "While he was sloshing into the Romans he happened to get out of his depth. And he couldn't swim a stroke!"

"Then he was drowned?"

"Drowned!" echoed Bolsover dramatically. There was a painful silence while Bolsover dabbed at the tears which chased one another down his cheeks. At last the bully of the Remove mastered his grief, and he turned to me with shining eyes.

"My ancestor was a fine fellow!" he exclaimed. "There hasn't been a man to compare with him, either before or since."

"Tell me some more of his exploits," I urged.

consisted of a huge boulder, which the players could either push or kick, as they chose. The length of the field of play was five miles."

"My hat!"

"The referee used to buzz all over the place in his chariot to see fair play. But my ancestor didn't believe in referees. He considered them a jolly nuisance. So he got rid of this one."

"How?" I asked breathlessly.

"Put him to sleep with a hefty blow between the eyes," said Bolsover, with a grin. "To give you a faint idea of my ancestor's strength, even one of his lightest taps proved a death-blow. No man could stand up to him for a moment."

"What happened after the ref was put out of action?"

"The players got on with the game. Sussex had a good team out, and after an hour's play—the match lasted a whole day, by the way—they rolled the mighty boulder into the Kent goal, which was a village. My ancestor, who was skipper of the Kent team, didn't like this a bit."

"By my halidon," he said, "these Sussex forwards are too dangerous for my liking! Verily, I must give some of them a dose of the same medicine I gave to the referee!"

"Shortly afterwards there was a fierce scrimmage to gain possession of the boulder. Half a dozen Kent players got hold of it, but the Sussex forwards came along and knocked them off it as if they were flies on a jam-pot. Then the Sussex men went merrily away, with the intention of getting another goal. But my ancestor wasn't having that at any price. He came rushing up with his giant stride, and he laid about him right lustily with his fists. At the end of five minutes there wasn't a Sussex forward alive to tell the tale!"

"But that was foul play!" I said, aghast.

Bolsover laughed.

"What mattered?" he said. "The referee wasn't in a position to interfere. He had been put to sleep, and it was highly improbable that he would ever wake up and place the facts before the Football Association."

"What was the result of the game?"

"Kent won by twelve goals to one. And my ancestor—bless him!—scored ten goals for his side. Simon the Strong was a team in himself. If he were alive to-day, and took the field against Aston Villa or the Spurs, he'd simply pulverise them!"

"I don't believe a word you've told me!" I said.

"Then you'd better study your history books," was Bolsover's comment. "They'll bear out what I say."

I spent the whole evening wading through my history books. But, needless to state, I found nothing whatever concerning Simon the Strong!

(Next Week: "Sir Jovial Jolly, the First of the Cherrys!")

GREYFRIARS SPORTING TOPICS!

By H. VERNON-SMITH.
(Sporting Editor.)

One of my correspondents has come forward with the suggestion that we should play seven-a-side footer matches at Greyfriars. He thinks they would prove immensely popular. "You could have one goalkeeper, one back, two half-backs, and three forwards," he writes, "and some glorious games would result. Let me know in your Sports Column if you intend to adopt the idea."

There is nothing new in the suggestion of seven-a-side footer matches. We learn from Bob Cherry that such a match took place in the Congo. Personally, I am not in love with the idea. With only seven players in a team, a tremendous amount of running about is entailed. Football ceases to become a game, and is more like hard work. Even with a full side of eleven players, football is a very strenuous affair. But a team of only seven would soon run themselves to a standstill. Of course, one could shorten the duration of the game, and play, say, twenty minutes each way. But, even so, I consider that the present eleven-a-side method of playing football cannot be improved.

The weakened Remove Eleven—weakened, of course, by the absence of the Famous Five in the Congo—came a terrible cropper on Wednesday against Rookwood, on the latter's ground. Jimmy Silver & Co. were in tiptop form, and they took command of the game from the outset. Goals were plentiful. The Remove managed to score a couple—one in each half; but against this Rookwood notched five! It was a rather gloomy party of footballers that made its way back to Greyfriars.

On Saturday we soothed our lacerated feelings by meeting and beating the Upper Fourth. Temple & Co. hoped to pulverise our scratch team, and they took things fairly easily, which was a fatal mistake. Monty Newland scored two grand goals for the Remove, and I had the pleasure of netting a third. The Upper Fourth could only reply once, so they retired well beaten.

I am asked to state that, in the absence of Frank Nugent, treasurer of the Remove Football Club, subscriptions should be handed in to Peter Todd. We hope there will be no defaulters, for money is urgently needed to purchase new club gear. At present we possess five footballs, three of which have been kicked out of shape. We are also in need of new jerseys and flag-posts. Rally round, Removeites, and pay up and look pleasant!

There is no football fixture for next Wednesday afternoon, so a cross-country run has been arranged. It is open to every athlete in the Remove, and a keen struggle should result.

Harry Wharton will be back again in his old Editorial chair next week!



BUNTER ON THE CONGO!

A Humorous Sketch In Verse.

By **DICK PENFOLD** (*The Greyfriars Bard*).

CHARACTERS IN THIS SKETCH.

- BILLY BUNTER *The Owl of the Remote.*
 - GOBBLY-WOBBLY *A Native Head-hunter.*
 - CAPTAIN CORKRAN *The Famous Adventurer.*
 - HARRY WHARTON
 - BOB CHERRY
 - FRANK NUGENT
 - JOHNNY BULL
 - HURREE SINGH
- *The Famous Five.*

(SCENE.—*The heart of a jungle. BILLY BUNTER is wandering about alone, apparently lost.*)



BUNTER :
Oh, help ! I've been and lost my way !
The prospect's anything but gay.
In solitary state I roam !
I feel fed-up, and far from home !
The tigers snarl, the lions roar,
I sigh and pine for England's shore.
I wish I had a dog called Pongo
That would protect me in the Congo !

(*Enter GOBBLY-WOBBLY, a painted savage, brandishing a spiked club.*)

BUNTER (in terror) :
Oh, crumbs ! I don't know what to do !
Most fearsome monster, who are you ?

GOBBLY-WOBBLY :
White boy, they call me Gobgly-Wobgly !
Me carry club that's stout and knobby !

BUNTER : Indeed, your club is most atrocious,
And you are looking most ferocious,
What do you want with me, my friend ?
I haven't anything to lend !

GOBBLY-WOBBLY : Me want your head to take away
To a native village on a tray.

BUNTER : Oh, run away and guzzle cocoa !
Don't dare to touch my handsome boko !

GOBBLY-WOBBLY : Be careful, white boy. Do not scoff !
Me chop your napper right clean off !

BUNTER : Help ! Wharton ! Nugent ! Cherry ! Bull !
Preserve me from this painted fool !

GOBBLY-WOBBLY : Ah ! Your companions can't deliver !
They have gone sailing up the river !

BUNTER : You brute ! I vow that no head-hunter
Shall have the head of Billy Bunter !

GOBBLY-WOBBLY :
Me give you one terrific blow—
One hefty swipe, and down you go !

BUNTER :
Now, look here, Gobgly, please be serious,
And less ferocious and imperious.
If you chop off a Bunter's head,
Your days will all be filled with dread.
My pals would seek revenge, you know,
And you would be the next to go !
To kill a brahmy chap like me
Would be a dire calamity.
Think how humanity would suffer
For the mad action of a duffer !
If you should dare to take my life
You'd plunge the whole world into strife !
Pause, Gobgly-Wobgly ! Stay your hand !
That's sound advice, you understand !



GOBBLY-WOBBLY :
Me chop your head off with an axe !
No one will find you in your tracks.
No man shall know the deed is done,
Prepare for doom, my portly one !

(*GOBBLY-WOBBLY advances upon BILLY BUNTER, who backs away in terror*)

BUNTER :
Keep off, you snarling, savage beast !
I'll struggle for my life, at least !

(*Enter CAPTAIN CORKRAN and the FAMOUS FIVE.*)

CAPTAIN CORKRAN :
We're just in time, my boys, to save
Young Bunter from a lonely grave.
I'll shoot that savage through the head—

WHARTON : Too late, dear sir, the brute has fled !
BUNTER : I say, you fellows, I'm so glad !
Think what a fearful fright I've had !
You only just arrived in time
To stop a grim and ghastly crime !

CHERRY : How did you get to this wild spot ?
NUGENT : You lost your way, Bill, did you not ?
BUNTER : For miles and miles I've wandered round.
I searched, but you could not be found.

CAPTAIN CORKRAN : 'Twas wrong to venture out alone.
And go exploring on your own
You might have met a dreadful fate
I'm still alive, at any rate !

BUNTER : No doubt you're feeling peckish, Billy ?
BULL : I've had no grub for ages, silly !
CHERRY : Then we will kill the fatted calf,
And have a stunning feed—not half !

BUNTER : I say, you chaps, if I'd been killed,
Greyfriars with sorrow would be filled !
Fellows would weep, and sob, and groan,
My tragic fate they would bemoan.

NUGENT : I'm not so sure of that, old chappie !
I think they'd all be very happy !

BUNTER : They couldn't live without their Bunter !
WHARTON : Of course they could, my portly grunter !

CAPTAIN CORKRAN : Well, boys, I think we'll be returning,
Or else we'll find the dinner burning.

BUNTER : Now I've recovered from my fright
I've got a glorious appetite !

HURREE SINGH : Then let us share the treatfulness
Of roastful joints of meatfulness !

CAPTAIN CORKRAN :
If Gobgly-Wobgly comes again,
He'll get a bullet through his brain !

BUNTER :
He's miles away by now, I think,
So let us gaily eat and drink !

CHERRY :
I heard a splash from yonder brook.
I fancy if we come and look,
We'll see a sight to make us smile—
Gobgly inside a crocodile !

CAPTAIN CORKRAN :
Yes, he has been devoured, that's plain.
He'll never worry us again.
Good riddance to him, friends o' mine !
Now, like the crocodile, we'll dine !

CURTAIN.



The fellow who laughs longest and best is he who reads the jolly old "Herald" !

WHAT DO YOU THINK? That's it! What do you think about Sport and Hobbies and anything else? Put your Think-cap on Right Now and Pen out a Dinky "Speech"!

The Greyfriars Parliament

Grand Money Prizes for "SPEECHES"



A DISGRACEFUL SCENE!

THE proceedings at the last weekly meeting of the Greyfriars Parliament were regrettably marred by a lamentable fracas. As a result of this distressing happening, Mr. Horace Coker was suspended for a month.

Mr. Peter Todd took the chair as usual, and was about to state the evening's programme when Mr. Coker rose.

Mr. Coker: "I intend to occupy the attention of the House this evening with something jolly important."

The Deputy-Speaker: "You cannot do that without the assent of the House."

Mr. Coker: "I don't care twopence about the consent of the House! What I have to say concerns the Congo. That's enough, Toddy, you howling chump! I am not going to be bossed by you!"

There was great uproar. The Deputy-Speaker vacated the chair. Technically the sitting was suspended, but Mr. Coker took a flying leap into Mr. Todd's place, waved a pointer over his head, and shouted "Rule, Britannia!"

Mr. Peter Todd was seen to tap his forehead significantly. There seemed grave doubts as to Mr. Coker's mental condition. But, anyway, members were too much amused to proceed to extremes.

Mr. Coker: "Now, then, I won't keep it back. I have great news. I've written a book about the Congo!"

Lord Mauleverer: "Dashed rotten business!"

Mr. Coker: "I'll make you eat your words!"

Lord Mauleverer: "Thanks awfully, but I've had my tea!"

Mr. Coker: "Go and chop chips! My book shows you what the Congo is like. It describes how a lovely girl with a dimple—"

Mr. Tom Dutton: "I remember my old aunt down at Lavender Hill. She had a pimple, a large red one, and she wore it on the end of her nose. It spoiled the effect. Coker is muttering about the girl's cheek. It was like her cheek to have a pimple at all!"

Mr. Coker: "I said dimple!"

Mr. Tom Dutton: "Yes, I heard you say pimple. I don't care about people with pimples, especially when they are as big as hens' eggs!"

Mr. Coker (smothering his annoyance): "This lady's front name was Iris."

Mr. Dutton: "Did she come from Cork or Dublin?"

Mr. Coker: "I said Iris! She was as lovely as the rosy morn—"

Mr. Dutton: "What, with that pimple on her nose?"

Mr. Coker (with some heat): "She hadn't got a pimple. She was the daughter of a wealthy planter."

Mr. Dutton (with quick interest): "I know; one of those chaps who go ranting in Hyde Park. My aunt says—"

Mr. Coker: "Planter, not ranter! Well, this lovely girl Iris was kidnapped by Fuzzy-wuzzies from the Congo. That

chief had seen her during a stay at Margate. He had fallen in love with Iris, and he carried her off on the Husbands' Boat one dewy summer evening when nobody was looking. If I had not heard of the dastardly plot, and followed the soundrel with a Hotchkiss gun—"

Mr. Bulstrode: "Is the House to understand that Coker kissed the lady?"

Mr. Coker: "Nothing of the kind! If you would only listen! There's heaps more to come. My yarn will make everybody sit up and take notice. It is simply stupendous. I may say the story is true in a sense, for a third cousin of mine knew a man who had a brother who was a steward on an African line."

Mr. Dutton: "I suppose the African lion ate the steward. It is a sad business. And did Miss Iris become Mrs. Fuzzy-wuzzy?"

Mr. Coker: "Don't I tell you I was there? You had better pay attention."

Mr. Peter Todd (advancing towards the chair): "You can let it go at that. We've heard quite enough about your story. The House wants to get to business."

Mr. Coker: "Keep off! I say, you chaps, you are dying to hear my story, aren't you?"

Lord Mauleverer: "We shall die if we do, begad!"

At this stage there was a certain liveliness. Coker declined to vacate the Speaker's chair. He was seized by the legs, and dragged to the floor. It was noticed that Cecil Reginald Temple, although he had warmly applauded Mr. Coker hitherto, now maintained a masterly inactivity. Mr. Coker was grasped by the arms and understandings, and marched out of the room howling. Mr. Peter Todd then resumed his place.

Mr. Peter Todd: "I am sure the House regrets this unseemly display of truculence on the part of Mr. Coker. I propose to read a speech from Reader R. G. S. SEXTON, 34, Elthrua Road, Lewisham, S.E. 13: 'May I oppose the comparison that music is better than painting? A child of five or six never has a violin given to it, nor is it allowed to amuse itself with the piano, but children can have pencil and paper, and practise art, i.e., sketching, from the earliest age.' Mr. Peter Todd broke off here. "I find," he continued, "that Reader Sexton is convinced that the art of the delineator is easier all round—that it is handier to take up. 'Anybody can start. Music offers many difficulties. That is the point. The argument is that a cripple out in the country might soon get fed up with a fiddle, but he would never tire of sketching. My theory is that it would such depend on the cripple, but Reader Sexton has his ideas, and he is entitled to them. I think the House will welcome this cheery little tribute to the art of drawing and painting.' (Hear, hear!)

Mr. Hop Hi: "Me mueloo likee music. In China we all drawee pictures."

Mr. James Carne: "I don't think much of a fiddle. An uncle of mine thinks he

can play. It's like cats fighting on the roof."

Mr. Fisher Tarleton Fish: "My idea is that Reader Sexton is a dreamer, just that. We have no use for dreamers in Noo Yark. I happened to see a bit more of the speech. Seemed to me Reader Sexton has got a notion of a cripple in a bath-chair out in the country with a drawing-board on his knee. Well, that's a fancy picture. Those who like it can have it. I prefer to draw deductions—that's the way to make money."

Mr. S. Bunter: "Isn't it about time we adjourned for supper?"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I am afraid I shall have to disappoint Mr. S. Bunter. There is much business before the House. It is a pleasure to bring to your notice a speech on amateur theatricals, sent by MISS MARGARET ADAMS, 27, Mill Road, Armadale, West Lothian, Scotland. Reader Margaret Adams says: 'I think one of the most interesting things to witness is that of seeing a few amateurs stage and perform in a really clever manner some good story, either a Shakespearean play, or a bright, amusing comedy. In some cases, fortunately for the actors, the necessary props are lent. I admire the promoter who can coach and act himself. At a recent performance I was astonished by the excellent rhythm of the whole play—no jars, no waits. Many good plays are marred by actors waxing too dramatic—overdoing portrayal. Much depends on the promoter. He should avoid anything too steep for his company. It is the short play which appeals.'"

Mr. Wibley: "Hear, hear!"

Mr. S. Bunter: "What about supper?"

No notice was taken of the query.

Mr. Richard Nugent: "Jolly fine play to be made out of this Congo stunt with old Billy Bunter cheyving the hungry lions!"

Mr. William Fry: "How is it Bunter has not appeared on the films?"

Mr. Peter Todd: "He will!"

Mr. Wibley said he appreciated Reader Margaret Adams' remarks.

Mr. Percy Kipps: "I consider that a play is assisted by some clever stunt introduced—say, a conjuring trick."

Mr. Peter Todd: "I move the adjournment, and in doing so I feel bound to refer to the painful scene which discredited the opening of the meeting."

Mr. Reggie Coker (who re-entered the House at this stage): "May I say that my distinguished brother regrets any inconvenience he caused? I have just come from a very sad interview with him. He says he meant well, and that all he wished was to enliven the proceedings. He also says his dinner disagreed with him to-day as the dumplings served up with the boiled beef were stodgy." (Laughter.)

Mr. Peter Todd: "The matter shall be dealt with at the next sitting—not the dumplings, which struck me as good—but Mr. Coker's extravagant behaviour. Even dumplings are no real excuse."

Other readers have won grand money prizes for "Speeches." Why not you, eh?

ON THE IVORY TRAIL!

(Continued from page 12.)

Mpoca and his men on the expedition in the first place. That promise he had no intention of keeping; indeed, he had already forgotten it. Bunter had been a king long enough to learn statecraft, and to imitate the Punic faith of most governments.

But he realised that the blacks were greedy for the ivory, and that it was necessary for him to walk very warily.

"We've got to have this plain," he said at last. "I'm taking half the ivory, you know."

"That is so."

"You fat rotter!" burst out Bob Cherry furiously. "The ivory belongs to Captain Corkran."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Every member of the party takes a percentage, according to what the captain promised us when we started," said Harry Wharton. "You must stick to that, Bunter."

"Mind your own business."

"Bunter," urged Nugent, "you've got the upper hand for a time, but you can't be a swindler. Think a bit!"

Bunter blinked at Nugent through his spectacles.

"Do you want the whip, Nugent?"

"You fat fool!"

"I'll jolly well have you chopped, if you're not civil!" roared Bunter. "I'm still master here, you cheeky rotter!"

Captain Corkran held up his hand.

"Bunter claims half the ivory," he said. "He made the claim before we left the village. That claim stands."

"It's a swindle!" said Johnny Bull hotly. "Bunter has no right to take advantage—"

"You shut up, Bull!" said Bunter. "Shut up at once! Do you hear?"

"By Jove, I'll—"

"Cheese it, Johnny, old man," murmured Wharton, "the captain knows best."

"But that fat swindling rotter—"

"Cheese it, old chap. Leave it to the captain."

Johnny Bull gave a loud snort, but he "cheesed" it as requested. Billy Bunter blinked round at the juniors.

"I say, you fellows, I've had enough jaw," he said. "I'm the head of this party, and I've seen you through. I take half the ivory. That's my whack. I've a jolly good mind to bag the lot, and I jolly well will if I have any more cheek. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. What's to prevent me getting my niggers to dig it up and take it back to my village? You'd better mind your p's and q's."

The Famous Five did not answer that. They were content to leave the matter in Captain Corkran's hands.

"The first step is for the blacks to go," said the captain. "I leave that to you, Bunter."

"That's all right."

The juniors left the royal presence, and Bunter called to Nkolo.

Nkolo beat on the native drum, calling Mpoca and the blacks to the presence of the king. The Congo-men came up eagerly. They were expecting to hear of the ivory now.

"Koko speak!" said Bunter.

Mpoca looked round.

"Where Koko?" he asked.

"Never mind where Koko is!" snapped Bunter. "Do you want some

more of the whip, you cheeky black rotter?"

Mpoca did not answer, though his eyes gleamed evilly.

The wail of the wooden god was heard, and the blacks prostrated themselves. Then Koko spoke.

"Black man lib for village. Lib for back here in three days, with many black men to carry away ivory."

The deep voice of the god, coming from apparently nowhere, did not fail of its effect. The blacks listened in awe. Only Mpoca's eyes rolled restlessly. He was still in fear of the unseen god, but his fear was diminishing. And a suspicion was in his mind that King Bunter was playing tricks, and that the promised ivory was very likely to vanish

LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL TEAM NEXT WEEK!

during the three days' absence of the black men.

"Black men lib for go at one-time!" continued the deep voice of Koko. "King Bunter wait."

The blacks rose to their feet when there was silence. With the exception of Mpoca they had no thought of disobedience, though there was discontent in their faces.

And Mpoca did not openly disobey. He placed himself at the head of the party of blacks, and they marched away, and vanished into the jungle.

Glad enough were the Greyfriars juniors to see them go.

Bunter watched them with mixed feelings.

He was pleased enough to be successful, and to get rid of the savages so easily now that they were no longer wanted. But it was a blow to him to lose his kingly authority.

"Now for the ivory!" he said. "I—I say, Corkran—"

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"Do you mean Captain Corkran?" asked the tanned explorer, his brown face growing grim.

Bunter started a little. "Ye-es—exactly. Captain Corkran, I—"

"Well?" "Now the niggers are gone, I'm not going to have any cheek, you know," said Bunter, his voice faltering a little, however; "and you're sticking to the agreement—half the ivory to me?"

"I never break my word," said Corkran coolly.

"Good!" The explorer moved away, and the juniors and Pickle Jar followed him.

"I say, you fellows—" called out King Bunter.

No one answered. "I don't want any cheek!" roared Bunter, half-regretting now that he had dismissed his subjects. "Come back at once, you, Bob Cherry! Do you hear? I've got some orders to give you."

Bob Cherry turned back. "I'm coming," he answered.

"Bob—" exclaimed Wharton. "Shan't be a minute, old top! I've got to attend to King Bunter."

Billy Bunter grinned with satisfaction as Bob Cherry came back. But the grin died off his face the next moment.

Bob Cherry grasped him by the collar, and King Bunter went to the ground with a bump.

"Yooop!" he roared. "Sorry to have to lay hands on your Majesty," grinned Bob. "But even royalty has to learn manners, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Yarooop! Leggo!"

Instead of letting go, Bob Cherry rolled the fat junior over. Then his hand rose and fell in a series of loud spans.

Spank, spank, spank, spank! "Yaroooh! Hello! Rescued! First Murder! Oh crumbs!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Spank, spank, spank, spank! "Yow-ow-ow-woooooop!"

"There!" gasped Bob. "If you hadn't made my paw ache, I'd give you some more, you cheeky fat slug! But that will do to go on with."

"Yow-ow-wow-wow!" roared Bunter.

Bob Cherry followed his comrades, leaving Billy Bunter still roaring. It was not very vexal to sit and roar; but King Bunter roared with all the force of his fat lungs. His brief kingship was over at last. King Bunter, like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, had fallen from his high estate, and great was the fall thereof!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Treasure Trove!

TILL the heat of the tropical noon drove them to shelter in the shade of the trees. Harry

Wharton & Co. searched through the ruin'd village for the "cache" of ivory. The chart engraved on the ivory idol had brought them to the spot, but the only indication of the cache was that it lay under the old hut of the native king. Doubtless at one time that hut had been distinguishable from the rest, among the ruins; naturally it would have been a larger building, probably with numerous additional apartments for the many wives of an African monarch. But the hand of time had fallen heavily upon the ruined village since then, and most of the ruins were shapeless masses,

Frank Richards has proved himself the finest writer in the world!

overgrown with luxuriant weeds and creepers and thickets. So the search was long and arduous, and when the sun of noon blazed down, and drove the explorers to shelter, the discovery had not yet been made.

Billy Bunter did not join in the quest. He was content to sit in the shade of a tree and snooze. He had had one lesson; but he had not got out of his royal habits yet.

Bunter joined up for lunch, however, and distinguished himself in that line, at least.

When the heat of the day was over, Captain Corkran resumed the search, with the help of the Greyfriars juniors. Bunter laying his fat person down in the shade for another snooze.

The search went on eagerly. It was not unattended by peril, for more than once poisonous serpents were started out of the brake, and knocked on the head. The juniors, eager as they were, took care to watch for snakes.

The sun was sinking in a blaze of purple and gold, when Captain Corkran stopped at last, and called the juniors to him.

"Found the place, sir!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I think so."

"Hurrah!"

"The hurrahfulness is terrific!"

exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, mopping his dusky brow. Even the Nabob of Bhanipur was finding the weather warm enough for him.

"I think I have traced out the royal hut," said the captain. "It must have been larger than the others, and here you can see that the building has been partly of wood, while the others were mostly of grass and rushes. This hut is the only one that has left distinct traces. Those charred fragments are what is left of the walls. I think we shall find the cache somewhere at hand here."

"Good egg!"

The juniors set to work with renewed energy.

Hatchets had been brought from the negro village; the digging implements which the captain had provided were still on the launch, far away on the Congo. But many hands make light work, and the ground was soon hacked up in a dozen directions.

Nugent gave a sudden cry, as something white rolled from under his hatchet.

It was a skull.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Frank, his face becoming suddenly pale.

He stepped back from the spot. But the captain came over to him quickly,

with a look of satisfaction on his tanned face.

"Good!" he exclaimed.

"We seem to have landed on the native cemetery," said Bob Cherry. "Better try farther on."

"Not at all. I fancy Nugent has found the precise spot," said Captain Corkran. "It would be like a native king of the Congo to kill the slave employed to dig the hole for burying his treasure. He would throw the body in and cover it with earth. Life is cheap in these regions."

"What an awful beast, if that's the case!" muttered Nugent.

"Worse than King Bunter!" remarked Bob Cherry, with a faint grin.

Captain Corkran bent to his task, and with untiring arm hacked away the dry, stamped earth. The juniors helped him eagerly.

The skeleton was turned out of the cavity, and then the explorers dug deeper. It was hard and weary work with their clumsy implements, but the hard, dry earth flew under their hefty blows. The perspiration ran down their faces in streams as they laboured. The sun vanished, and the moon rose over the African forests, to an accompaniment of hyena screams, and the roaring of lions. Unheeding, the explorers

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"The book of the year!"—a reader's description of the latest "Holiday Annual"!

worked on, till Captain Corkran, shovelling aside the broken earth with his hands, held up suddenly a fragment of ox-hide.

The hide was old and rotten, but it had evidently been used to wrap something more precious.

"We've found it!" said Corkran.

And a moment later he held up a huge elephant's tusk.

"Hurrah!"

The shouts of the juniors echoed over the ruined village. Billy Bunter started out of a prolonged nap.

"I say, you fellows—" he called out.

"We've found it!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh, good! I say, I'm hungry!"

"Go and eat coke!"

The juniors shovelled and scraped at the earth, and tusk after tusk was dragged up. Billy Bunter rolled along to watch them, and stood blinking at the scene, his round eyes glistening behind his spectacles. The Owl of the Remove forgot even supper as he watched the pile of ivory steadily growing.

"I say, you fellows, that's worth a lot of money!" he gasped. "I say, we're in luck, you know. Half that lot's mine; don't you forget it!"

"Shut up, you fat toad!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

The juniors laboured on. But Captain Corkran, standing beside the excavation, held his rifle in his hands, and his single eye was watching the thickets at a little distance. With a sudden movement he threw up the rifle and fired.

Crack!

The report of the rifle was answered by a terrible yell from the brake. The juniors sprang to their rifles. In their eagerness they had forgotten danger; but Corkran had not forgotten. His tireless eye had watched all through the search, and he had not been caught napping.

"What—what's that?" gasped Bob Cherry, as he seized his rifle.

The captain smiled grimly.

From the thicket a staggering form emerged, to fall in a heap close by the ruined hut. A spear had dropped to the ground a few paces away; the captain's bullet had struck at the moment that the spear was hurled, and it had fallen short.

"Mpoca!" shouted Wharton.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter.

Mpoca it was! Evidently the black man had not returned to the village; he had hung about the spot, watching, and had seen the discovery of the ivory. And the whizzing spear he had intended for Captain Corkran, and only the explorer's watchfulness had saved his life.

Mpoca half raised himself from the ground, his eyes rolling wildly. He was clutching at the knife in his girdle, but he lacked the strength to disengage it. He sank back to the earth, and as he did so he uttered a loud, piercing cry—evidently a signal cry. With his last breath, the savage black man was calling his comrades to the massacre.

A cry answered from the distance.

"We're in for it!" said the captain coolly. "Never mind the ivory now. Take cover, and be ready to shoot."

And the juniors, grasping their rifles, finger on trigger, waited, with beating hearts, for the attack that was now certain to come.



"We've found the treasure!" shouted Captain Corkran. And he held up a huge elephant's tusk. "Hurrah!" The shouts of the juniors echoed over the ruined village. They shovelled and scraped at the earth, and tusk after tusk was dragged up. (See Chapter 10.)

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Fight!

MPOCA lay still in the moonlight, his savage heart stilled for ever. But the juniors hardly glanced at him. They had no thought to give the savage when their own lives were trembling in the balance. Billy Bunter was quivering like a fat jelly. His black subjects, after all, had not gone to the village as he had commanded—his power was broken. They had marched at his order, but they had lingered near the spot, determined that the ivory should not fall into the hands of the white men. Mpoca, evidently, had been scouting near at hand when he had attempted to spear Corkran, and had lost his life in the attempt.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here they come!"

"Look out!"

From the thickets and cane-brake a dozen shadowy figures fitted in the bright moonlight, spear in hand, uttering savage yells. There were a dozen blacks; the rest, probably, had gone on to the village in obedience to Bunter's order. But a dozen brawny savages, rushing to the attack, were heavy odds against seven—irresistible odds if once they had got within stabbing distance.

But the Greyfriars party did not falter. The blacks came racing on, brandishing their spears, openly exposed to fire in the moonlight; and the rifles were ready, only waiting for the captain's word.

"Fire!" shouted Corkran.

He fired as he spoke, and the leading cannibal rolled over, and lay still. Pickle Jar fired at the same moment, and a

black man fell. The Famous Five, a second later, poured in a volley.

Wild yells answered the fire.

Six of the cannibals were on the ground, and one, wounded, was fleeing back into the brake.

Five of them still came on, terribly close now, when the captain's rifle rang again, and the nearest of them tumbled over with a yell. The remnant of the band halted, daunted by the levelled rifles and the eyes that gleamed behind them.

Captain Corkran made a gesture with his rifle.

"Throw down your spears, or lib for die!" he shouted.

For a moment the blacks hesitated, and then the spears were flung to the ground.

The blacks were daunted, and from savage ferocity to total submission was only a step for the savage mind. A minute before, the blacks had been running on yelling; now the surviving four stood in a dismayed group, jabbering for mercy.

"Spare their lives if they give in, sir!" gasped Wharton.

"They'll give in fast enough now!" said the captain grimly. He advanced towards the four negroes, holding up his brown hand, and the black men bowed their heads in submission.

"You lib for serve me, or you die!" said the captain.

And Nkolo, who was one of the survivors, bowed his woolly head.

"Lib for serve!" he answered.

"Take some of their rags, and bind their hands," said Corkran, and the juniors obeyed.

The four blacks were tied hand and foot, and left on the ground. Without

Next week's yarn of the Greyfriars Chums is absolutely tophole, boys!

heeding them further, Captain Corkran turned his attention to the ivory. One of the fallen negroes crawled to his feet, and limped away into the brake, unheeded. But the rest lay still.

The juniors turned their faces away from the sight. Tusk by tusk, the ivory was carried away to the spot where the camp had been made, and where the camp-fire was still burning brightly. There it was stacked—an imposing heap.

"Now for supper!" said the captain. "We shall get a brief rest to-night. We march at dawn."

"And the prisoners?" said Harry.

"They march with us. They will carry the ivory to the launch," said the captain coolly. "After that, they can go to the Dickens. But for the present they will be useful as bearers."

The prisoners were brought into the camp still bound. They had taken their reverse of fortune with African stolidity.

"Where's Bunter?" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly.

The juniors had quite forgotten Bunter. But supper naturally brought back Billy Bunter to their minds.

"Bunter!" roared Johnny Bull.

"The fat fool hid himself when the niggers charged," said the captain, with a curl of the lip. "He had better be found."

The juniors hurriedly searched for Bunter. It was possible that the fat junior had fled from the place in his panic, and in that case it was not likely that they would ever see him again. They shouted his name as they searched, in great anxiety.

"I say, you fellows——" came a gasping voice.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

"Him lib for hide," grinned Pickle Jar. "Fat Bunter no fight. Him coward!"

Billy Bunter crawled out of a thorny thicket. In his terror he had not heeded the thorns; but he heeded them now. He was scratched in a score of places, and his clothes were in tatters.

"You fat duffer!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in great relief. "I was afraid you had bolted into the forest!"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Ow! I'm scratched!" groaned Bunter.

"You're jolly lucky it's no worse!"

"Beast!"

"Come on, fatty, if you want any supper," said Bob Cherry, taking the Owl of the Remove by the ear.

"Yaroooh!"

"Me kick fat Bunter," said Pickle Jar. "Him kick me when me carry him. Now me kick fat Bunter!"

"One good turn deserves another," grinned Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here, keep that black beast off!" yelled Bunter, in alarm.

Harry Wharton, laughing, restrained Pickle Jar from giving the fallen monarch a Roland for an Oliver. The fat junior was taken back to the camp, where, for a time, he forgot his troubles and his fallen greatness in doing justice to his supper. Once more filled up to the chin, King Bunter recovered something of his royal importance.

"You should have left it to me," he said. "I could have stopped those black beasts by springing Koko's voice on them. Just like you fellows to play the goat!"

"Why, you fat boulder, you hid yourself at once!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "You were too jolly funky

to turn on any ventriloquism, even if it had been any good!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"I hardly think even the voice of Koko would have stopped them when they were coming on," said Captain Corkran. "There was nothing for it but to shoot. But if you want to try the king business again, Bunter, you're at liberty to return to the village, and I'll give you one of the prisoners for a guide."

Bunter shivered.

He missed his royal greatness, but the bare idea of going back alone among the cannibals made him shudder. And he realised, too, that the voice of Koko had lost its power, as was evidenced by the attack of Mpora's gang on the Greyfriars party. If Mpora's attack had been a success, certainly King Bunter would have followed the rest of the party to the cooking-pots. Bunter's kingship was worn out; and it was now, in point of fact, a chicken that would not fight.

Billy Bunter made no answer to the captain's offer. It was clear that he was not thinking of accepting it.

The camp-fire was banked high, and the explorers turned in for the remainder of the night, keeping watch in turns. During the night the howls of the wild animals of the forest sounded nearer to the camp, and at quite a short distance the snarling and quarrelling of the hyenas and jackals could be heard devouring the blacks who had fallen in the conflict. When the sun rose again only a few scattered bones remained to show where the cannibals had fallen.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Not for Bunter!

CAPTAIN CORKRAN made his preparations for departure as soon as the sun showed over the forest. So far fortune had favoured the ivory-seekers; but the spot was haunted by deadly perils. At any moment cannibal foes might appear from the jungle, and the whole party were anxious to get back to the river and to the safety of the steam-launch.

According to the arrangement the unscrupulous Owl of the Remove had extorted from the captain, the ivory was divided into two equal stacks. One stack belonged to Billy Bunter, and the fat junior surveyed it with deep satisfaction—heedless of the looks of contempt from the Greyfriars fellows.

Bunter could stand a great deal of contempt for the sake of a stack of valuable ivory.

The four black prisoners were released to act as bearers. Pickle Jar, in charge of the rhinoceros-hide whip, took them in hand. But the blacks did not think of resistance. They were disarmed, and the rifles were ready if they resisted; and the heavy whip in the hand of the Krooman enforced obedience.

Skin sacks had been brought from the village for the conveyance of the ivory, and one of the stacks was soon packed up for the shoulders of the bearers. Billy Bunter eyed that proceeding with a curious expression on his fat face.

"I—I say, Corkran——" he exclaimed suddenly.

"What!"

"I—I mean, Captain Corkran," said Bunter hastily. "I say, how am I going to get my ivory away?"

The captain smiled grimly.

"Carry it!" he answered.

"You know I can't!" yelled Bunter.

"I am quite aware of that," assented the captain, with a nod. "You are an unscrupulous young rascal, Bunter! You took advantage of me when you had the upper hand. I have kept my word. There is your ivory. Deal with it as you think best!"

"Look here, those niggers are going to carry it for me!" howled Bunter.

Corkran shook his head.

"My bearers will not carry a single tusk for you!" he answered curtly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry, in great delight. "You're caught, you fat fraud! Fairly done brown!"

The juniors chuckled. They realised now that this difficulty, which Bunter had not foreseen, had been in the captain's mind all along. The unscrupulous compact was to be kept. But the ivory was not of much use to Billy Bunter if it was left where it lay; and certainly the Owl of the Remove could not have carried off even a small part of it.

Bunter's fat face was a study for some moments.

"I—I say, you fellows, you'll carry it for me, won't you?" he gasped at last.

"No jolly fear!" chuckled Nugent.

"The no-fearfulness is terrific, my esteemed swindling Bunter!"

"Look here, old chaps——"

"You'd better do the right thing, you fat rascal!" said Harry Wharton. "The ivory belongs to Captain Corkran. Give it back to its owner."

"I won't!" yelled Bunter.

"Then leave it there."

"I—I say, Pickle Jar, you carry it for me."

"No carry for fat Bunter!" answered the Krooman, with a grin.

"You black scoundrel!" roared Bunter.

The next moment he roared again, as the rhinoceros-hide whip curled round his podgy legs. The Krooman laid it on with a grinning face, once more impressing upon King Bunter's fat mind the fact that his kingship was a thing of the past.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, hopping and dancing to escape the whip.

"Stoppit, you black villain! Yoooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, stop him!" shrieked Bunter. "Yaroooh!"

"That will do, Pickle Jar," said the captain, laughing. "Now we are ready. If you are coming, Bunter, follow on!"

"If I'm coming!" yelled Bunter. "Do you think I'm going to stay in the middle of Africa on my own?"

"Suit yourself, my boy," said the captain. "I should not think of dictating to a royal personage!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've got to get that ivory along somehow!" howled Bunter, in utter consternation. "I can't stay here with it! What's the good of it to me, if I have to leave it lying here?"

"That is your business!"

"Look here!" exclaimed Bunter desperately. "If you don't carry it for me I'll start Koko again! I warn you! Those niggers will back me up if Koko tells them to, and I can do it!"

"I think not," said the captain.

"You'll jolly well see!" howled Bunter. "I'll make them chuck your ivory away and carry mine! I'll——"

"I think not. Because if the voice of Koko is heard without my express order, I shall tell Pickle Jar to thrash you with his whip!"

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Bunter.

Here the conquering heroes come! Give them all a big cheer!

"Now you know what to expect!" said the captain grimly. "Your ventriloquism may be useful yet; in that case, I shall give the order. But if you play tricks without my command, look out for the consequences!"

The expression on Billy Bunter's face made the Greyfriars juniors' chuckle. He blinked at the captain and blinked at the black bearers.

What effect the voice of the wooden god might have had on the blacks at that stage the juniors hardly knew; but it was certain that Billy Bunter would not try the effect of his ventriloquism now. A thrashing with the rhinoceros-hide whip was what he deserved, but not what he wanted. King Bunter was dead and done with, that was clear even to Bunter's obtuse brain. Like Cæsar of old, he had fallen, and none was so poor as to do him reverence.

"Oh dear!" mumbled Bunter at last. "I—I say, you know—"

"March!" said the captain tersely. "I—I say, I'll give up half the stuff, if you'll let the niggers carry the rest!" gasped Bunter.

Captain Corkran looked at him. "Listen to me!" he said. "You've disobeyed orders, and you've acted like a young rascal. I brought you to the Congo to help me with your ventriloquism, promising you a certain reward. You turned on me, and exacted rascally terms when you had the power. Now, if you choose, I will return to the original agreement. I give you one minute to decide. Otherwise, we march, and you can take with you exactly as much of the ivory as you can carry through miles of forest and jungle—hundreds of miles, for certainly I shall not give any of it a passage on my launch when we reach it!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter. "Good old Bunter!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Does it occur to you that you've rather overreached yourself, you fat rascal?"

Bunter groaned deeply. Captain Corkran glanced at his watch.

"Time's up!" he said. "March!"

Bunter gave a howl.

"Hold on! I agree!"

"You hand back the giddy ivory?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes!" groaned Bunter.

"Honesty is the best policy, old fat bean!" grinned Bob.

"Oh dear!"

"You should remember the esteemed proverb, my excellent and dishonest Bunter," said Hurree Singh. "Honesty is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well, and saves a stitch in time."

"Pa, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter did not heed the proverb. His dream of bagging half the captain's treasure had been dissolved. With all his unscrupulous cunning, he had overreached himself. If at that moment Billy Bunter had been still King Bunter, it is probable that Captain Corkran would have been destined for the cooking-pots. But King Bunter was now Billy Bunter again, in terror of Pickle Jar's whip, never again to see himself great and commanding. The ivory was packed in the skin sacks, and added to the burden of the bearers, all the juniors taking their share of the load. And then the march started, Billy Bunter limping along in the rear with a sorrowful countenance.

It was not till the party halted for a meal that Bunter recovered some of his spirits. Then, as he devoured a dinner large enough for five or six, the smiles returned to his fat face, and he realised that life was worth living, after all.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Homeward Bound!

"THE Congo!"

"And the launch!"

"Hurrah!"

It was the river at last, after weary days of tramping in the tropical forest.

How Captain Corkran found his way in the trackless forests was a mystery to the juniors, but the explorer was never at a loss. And it was in the cool of a day a week after the discovery of the ivory that the weary party tramped out on the bank of the Congo at last, and sighted the steam-launch moored out beyond the sandbanks.

Half a dozen of the black crew came wading through the sand and mud, to take the party on their shoulders and carry them on board. One by one the juniors and the sacks of ivory were

conveyed to the launch and landed on the deck.

Then the black bearers were dismissed, each with a big tusk as a reward for his labour, and they disappeared into the forest contentedly enough.

Captain Corkran was the last to come on board, and his tanned face was full of satisfaction as he stepped on the deck.

"Now lib for big water," said Pickle Jar, grinning with satisfaction. "Now lib for white man's country under big water."

By which the Krooman meant the sea and the white man's country beyond the sea.

The fires were soon started, and ere long the steam-launch moved out into the river, and glided swiftly away down the current.

It was when the steamer was a hundred miles from Lagos that Wharton, as he sauntered on the deck, was saluted by a black fireman. He stared at the man blankly.

"Pickle Jar!" he ejaculated.

The Krooman grinned.

"Me fireman," he said. "Me work stoke. Me gib tusk to odder fireman, and him stay in Lagos, and me take place. Sabbey?"

"My only hat!" said Wharton blankly.

"Me good fireman," said Pickle Jar. "Last ship me boatswain; but no care, so long as lib for go with Mass' Harry."

And the Krooman grinned, and disappeared into his own quarters, still grinning. There was a chuckle from Bob Cherry.

"You're landed with the giddy black diamond now, Harry!" he chuckled. "He's sticking to you, I say, what are you going to do with him at Greyfriars?"

"Great Scott!" said Wharton.

And that was all he could say. Pickle Jar was booked for the voyage to England, and what was to happen to him after that was a problem that Harry Wharton could not even attempt to solve.

THE END.

(Next week's extra long complete story is about Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, entitled "The Black Man at Greyfriars!" By Frank Richards.)

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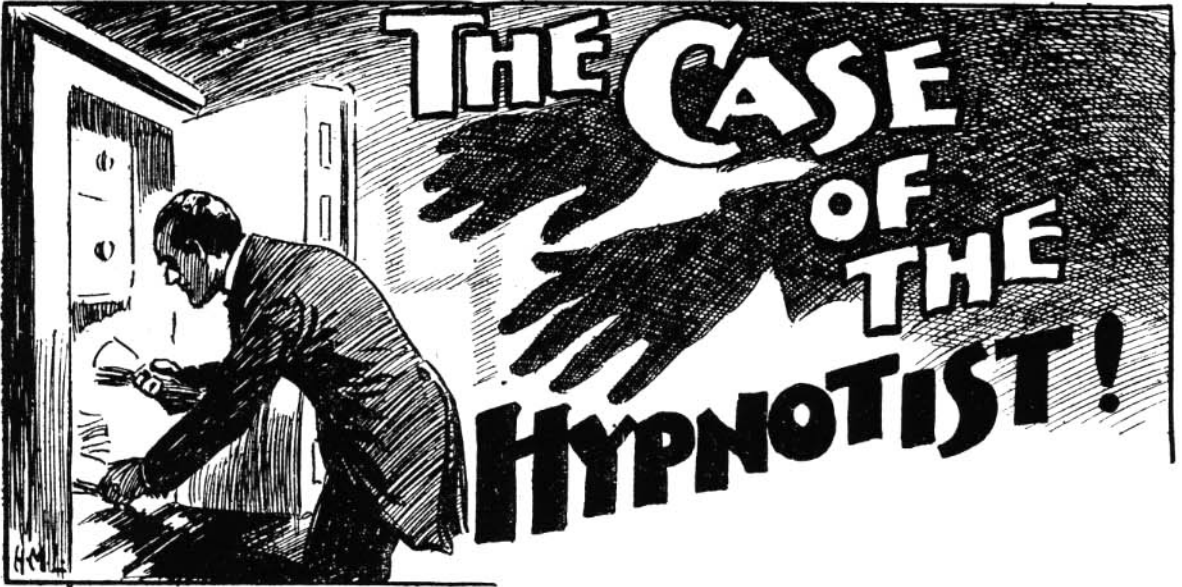
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By OWEN CONQUEST.



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Ferrers Locke Takes a Hand!

"A STRANGE affair!" said Ferrers Locke.

The Baker Street detective laid down his morning paper and proceeded to fill his pipe.

Jack Drake looked up from the "Daily Mail."

"Just what I was going to say, sir," he remarked. "I fancy you've been reading the same case."

"The robbery at Mr. Goldworth's office——"

"That's it, sir."

"A very strange case," said Ferrers Locke. He blew out a little stream of smoke, and his brow was wrinkled in thought. Drake looked at him curiously.

"The man must have been off his rocker, sir!" Drake remarked.

Locke smiled.

"How do you make that out, my boy?"

"Well, look at it," said Drake. "Arnold was confidential secretary to Mr. Goldworth, the City merchant. He has been in his service fifteen years, was trusted with the key of the safe, is a married man with a good salary, and three children to think of. Yet all of a sudden he commits a barefaced robbery that's bound to be found out. If he hasn't gone off his rocker, I can't account for it! He simply asked to be caught."

Locke nodded.

"But the money has not been recovered, Drake," he said. "A thousand pounds was taken from the safe. If Arnold had committed the robbery at a time of mental aberration, he would scarcely have concealed the plunder so carefully."

"But he fairly asked to be caught."

"That is queer enough," assented Ferrers Locke. "He did not act like a man in his right senses. Let us go over the details of the case. Arnold had gone out to lunch with a customer of the firm—a duty sometimes assigned to him. He returned after lunch, and the clerks in the office noticed that his manner was a little strange. One of them thought he had been drinking, though that was not his habit. He went

directly into the inner office, which was vacant then—Mr. Goldworth had been called away on the telephone. He unlocked the safe, without even taking the trouble to close the intervening door, so that a junior clerk actually saw him open the safe and remove a bundle of banknotes and some securities. He thrust these into the pocket of his coat, relocked the safe, and walked out, with the eyes of all the office upon him, and without speaking a word."

"Like a man in a trance, one of the witnesses says," remarked Drake.

"Exactly—a very good description. Two hours later he returned to the office, making no reference to what had happened. Mr. Goldworth called him into the inner office angrily. It transpired that the telephone call which had taken the merchant away was from Arnold, calling him to a stockbroker's office on important business. Arriving there, Mr. Goldworth found that the stockbroker knew nothing of the matter, and was surprised to see him—Arnold had not been near the place. The telephone call was a trick to get the merchant out of the way while the barefaced robbery took place."

"Plain enough, sir," said Drake. "And the man denied having telephoned, and denied having opened the safe and removed the money. No wonder he has been found guilty and sent to chokoey."

"I am not satisfied," said Ferrers Locke.

"With his sentence?"

"If he is guilty, he deserved the sentence," said Locke. "The judge dealt with him fairly leniently on account of his previous good record. He would have been dealt with still more leniently if he would have restored the plunder. But the obvious inference was that he had hidden it in a safe place, to recover when he comes out of prison."

"The police have searched his home without result," said Drake. "But, of course, he wouldn't have put it there."

"I am not satisfied," repeated Locke. "A thousand pounds is a considerable sum. But Arnold's salary was five hundred, and he had certain commissions in addition. Would a man in his senses throw that up for a thousand pounds down—without mentioning the disgrace and the two years of prison?"

"Then he was not in his senses," said Drake. "Off his rocker, sir!"

"The disappearance of the money is against that. I think, my boy, that there is more in

this case than meets the eye," said Ferrers Locke. "But for the fact that we were absent from England at the time, I should certainly have intervened before the matter came to trial. I am thinking of his wife and children." His face clouded. "In some cases the innocent must suffer with the guilty. But if he is not guilty——"

The Baker Street detective paused.

Drake looked puzzled.

"He did not plead insanity, sir," he answered. "He didn't plead anything—except a barefaced denial."

"That is so"

"He certainly took the money from the safe, sir."

"Yes, that much is certain."

"Then I don't see how there can be any doubt of his guilt, Mr. Locke?" said Drake in perplexity.

"It is a very strange case, my boy," said Ferrers Locke, rising. "I think it is my duty to look into it. Arnold's conduct is so unaccountable that I fancy there is something behind it. If there is anything to be done for him, his family have a right to be saved from such a stigma. We can afford occasionally, my boy, to take up a case without the consideration of a fee—which, of course, will not be forthcoming in this case." Locke glanced at the clock. "Call the car, Drake, and put on your hat. We shall be in good time to catch Mr. Goldworth at his office."

"Certainly, sir."

Jack Drake was feeling very perplexed as he sat by Ferrers Locke's side, and the car threaded its way through busy City streets.

Unless the man Arnold had suffered from a temporary lapse of sanity, followed by loss of memory, Jack Drake did not see what was to be said for him. And Locke did not seem to think that that was the case. In the dock the man had denied point-blank the actions that were proved by half a dozen witnesses. He had declared that so far from being able to restore the stolen money, he had not even taken it. If he was in his senses there was nothing to be said for him.

Yet evidently there was some misgiving in Ferrers Locke's keen mind—some doubt as to whether justice had been done.

But the Baker Street detective did not speak, and Drake was left to wonder.

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Searching for a Clue!

MR. GOLDWORTH received Ferrers Locke and his boy assistant in his inner office politely enough. The old merchant was looking troubled and thoughtful, which was natural enough after the trial of the previous day. He raised his eyebrows a little when Locke stated the object of his visit.

"I am afraid there is nothing that you can do, Mr. Locke," he said. "The case is, of course, ended now—Arnold has gone to prison. I am sorry—more sorry than I can say—for his wife and children. The man himself merits no pity—he has repaid years of confidence with the basest ingratitude and dishonesty."

"You are sure of that?"
"The facts speak for themselves," said the merchant dryly. "He tricked me into leaving my private office, entered during my absence, and robbed me. He refused even to restore the plunder."

"You are sure that it was his voice on the telephone that called you away?"
"Absolutely sure!"

"Has he ever deceived you before?"
"Never! I should not have trusted him so implicitly if he had. I hurried to the stockbroker's office that way without a suspicion. He was a trick! During my absence he robbed the safe—he was seen to do so, and yet he had the impudence to deny it!" Mr. Goldworth spoke hotly. "A thorough scoundrel, sir!"

"Yet he had given no sign of dishonesty during fifteen years."

"That is true."
"It did not transpire that he was a man with any secret expenses—that he was a waster of any sort—"

"No; he appears to have led a perfectly respectable life in his quiet suburban home."

"Then his fall is really remarkable, is it not?"
"Undoubtedly so. But there is no doubt about it."

"He was not given to drinking?"
"Not to my knowledge."
"The clerks noted that he was peculiar in his manner that day—"

"That is so. I think probably he had nerved himself with drink on that occasion, to carry out his scheme," said Mr. Goldworth. "That would account, also, for his reckless carelessness."

"Perhaps! The robbery took place in the afternoon. You noted nothing odd about him in the morning?"
"Nothing."

Mr. Goldworth showed some signs of impatience.

"You do not mean to tell me that you have any doubts of his guilt, Mr. Locke?" he asked.

"Not of his actions—but of his intentions," said Locke.

"I do not quite follow."
"Pray excuse me for wasting your time—I know you are a busy man, Mr. Goldworth. But you are anxious that justice should be done."

"Certainly; but justice has been done," said the merchant dryly.

"Mr. Arnold lunched that day, I understand, with a customer of the firm?" said Locke.

"Yes; he had often done so. You are no doubt aware that a great deal of business is done that way."

"Quite so. May I ask the name of the customer with whom he lunched?"

Mr. Goldworth raised his eyebrows.

"Really, Mr. Locke—"

"I think that perhaps the gentleman may be able to let in some light upon Arnold's condition at the time," explained Ferrers Locke. "If, for example, he was suffering from some mental aberration—"

"I do not think so for one moment."

"But the possibility exists. You know my reputation, Mr. Goldworth," said the Baker Street detective quietly. "I am not likely to take up your time idly. I am not wholly satisfied that justice has been done,

and I should like to look into the affair. You have no objection?"

"None at all. The customer was Mr. Serge Oranoff."

"A Russian?"
"Yes."

"And his address?"
"He has an office in Lady Lane," said Mr. Goldworth. "I have not seen him lately. The business he brought to us looked promising enough at first, but on reflection, I decided that the security was not good enough, so the matter fell through. I have not seen him since."

The merchant glanced at his watch; a very plain hint. Ferrers Locke had finished with him, and he rose and took his leave.

His face was very thoughtful as he sat in the car again. Jack Drake was silent. The car glided through the narrow streets slowly, and entered Lady Lane, a thoroughfare within a stone's throw of the Stock Exchange. Ferrers Locke alighted, and spoke a few words to a constable on duty in the street. Then he signed to Drake to follow him into a large building, in and out of which a crowd was incessantly passing and repassing. Among the name-plates in the wide hall was one bearing the name "S. Oranoff, Fifth Floor."

There was no lift in the building, and Ferrers Locke and his pupil mounted the staircase to the fifth floor.

There were four or five offices on that floor, and on the door of one of them was the name "Serge Oranoff."

Locke pressed the bell.

The door was opened by a short, fat, dark-skinned man, with a pointed black beard, and large, dark eyes that glittered under bushy brows. The big, almost protruding eyes, with a strange magnetism in their glimmering depths, attracted Jack Drake's attention at once. Instinctively, he felt a sense of repugnance towards the Russian.

"Mr. Oranoff?" asked Locke.
"You have business with me?" asked the Russian, in perfect English.

"Yes. My name is Locke—Ferrers Locke."

"Not the celebrated Ferrers Locke?"
"The detective smiled."

"Ferrers Locke, of Baker Street, at all events," he answered. "You seem to have heard of me, Mr. Oranoff."

"Who has not?" said Oranoff, with a bow and a smile. "Pray step in, Mr. Locke. I have heard much of you, and am delighted to make your acquaintance."

He stood aside for his visitors to enter. His manner was so kind and gracious that Drake repented of his first instinctive repugnance towards the man. The Russian gave Drake a little smile that was very agreeable, and asked his visitors to be seated. He pushed across a box of black cheroots.

"No doubt you have heard or read of the Arnold trial?" asked Locke.

The Russian started a little.

"The Arnold trial!" he repeated. "Let me see—yes, certainly. Is that the matter you have come to speak to me about?"

"Precisely!"
The Russian lighted a cheroot. He was

still smiling; but to Jack Drake it had seemed that, for a moment, a hunted look had come into his luminous, magnetic eyes.



THE THIRD CHAPTER.
The Spider and the Fly!

SERGE ORANOFF blew out a thick stream of smoke.

If Ferrers Locke's words had given him a shock, he had recovered from it in a second. His manner was gracious politeness itself.

"The Arnold trial!" he repeated. "Yes, yes. It was finished yesterday. I was rather interested in that affair, Mr. Locke."

"Is that so?"
"As it happens, I lunched with the man the very day he committed the robbery," explained the Russian, with an air of great frankness. "Little did I dream, when we were chatting export business over the lunch-table, that he had it in his mind to rob his employer—a Mr. Goldworth, a very worthy man, I believe."

He paused, and emitted another pungent cloud of smoke.

"But I do not quite see why you have called on me about it, Mr. Locke. You are not engaged upon the case?"

"In a way—yes."

"Is it not concluded, now that the man has gone to prison?"

"It is possible that an injustice has been done," Locke explained. "I am taking the matter up, on that possibility, chiefly on account of his wife and children."

"Dear friends of yours, doubtless?"
"Not at all; I have never seen them."

"Peste! You are a philanthropist, then, my dear sir!" exclaimed Oranoff, staring at the Baker Street detective.

"Why not?" said Ferrers Locke, unmoved.

"After sending so many men to prison, Mr. Oranoff, why should I not exert myself to get one man out of it. Prisons were made for the guilty, not the innocent."

"No doubt. But I think this poor Arnold's guilt is pretty clear. Was he not seen to open the safe and take the money?"

"That appears to be proved."

The Russian laughed.

"Does that leave any doubt on the subject, then?" he inquired.

"I have a theory that perhaps the man was not himself at the time," the Baker Street detective explained.

"How so?"
"If he had been drinking—"

"Certainly he drank a glass of wine at lunch," said the Russian. "I recall it. Of course, he may have drunk more after leaving me. I cannot say."

"He was sober when he left you?"
"Oh, quite."

"You noticed nothing about him that hinted of mental trouble—of a lapse of intellect?"

"On the contrary, he seemed to me to be

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remarkably clear-headed and businesslike," answered Oranoff. "We had a conversation on the subject of export business to Russia, and he assuredly had the whole thing at his finger-tips." He eyed Locke narrowly. "If that is your theory, my dear Mr. Locke, I fear that it will not hold water."

"Yet I cannot believe that the man was in his right senses when he committed this reckless robbery," said the Baker Street detective. "You can let in no light on that subject, Mr. Oranoff?"

"I fear not."

The Russian knocked the ash from his cheroot.

"But you interest me extremely, my dear Mr. Locke," he said. "I have read much of your exploits, and have always wished to meet you. If I could be of any assistance to you in this case, I should be only too happy. At the present moment I have an appointment to keep with a broker in the City, and I can spare no further time. But I am otherwise wholly at your service. You have set me thinking, Mr. Locke. I will tell you what I will do. I will, when my business is over, think very carefully upon the incidents of that lunch with Mr. Arnold, and endeavour to recall any detail that may have escaped me, and that may possibly be of use to you."

"You are too good."

"Not at all. If I could help you effect the release of a man unjustly condemned to prison, I need not say how delighted, I should be. To-day, unfortunately, I am pressed with business. But I live at Hampstead—it is not a great distance from Baker Street—perhaps you would run down this evening, and have a little chat with me over a cigar?" suggested Mr. Oranoff. "Then I will tell you anything that I have been able to recall to mind."

Ferrers Locke rose.

"I thank you, Mr. Oranoff," he said. "I accept your offer with pleasure."

"Then I shall expect you, say, at eight," said Oranoff. "The address is 101, Holly Way, Hampstead."

Locke made a note of it.

"Thank you again," he said. "I will not fail. Now I will waste no more of your time."

"Not at all, not at all. But in the City, you know, business—"

"Quite so. Good-morning, Mr. Oranoff!"

"Good-morning, my dear sir!"

The Russian shook hands politely and cordially with the Baker Street detective. Drake followed his chief from the office.

They descended the stairs and returned to the car.

"Baker Street!" said Locke briefly to the chauffeur. And the car threaded its way westward.

Ferrers Locke looked at his boy assistant with a smile.

"What do you think of Mr. Oranoff?" he asked.

"He seems a very agreeable man, sir," answered Drake. "He seems keen enough to help you help poor Arnold, if it is possible."

"Did anything else strike you?"

"Only that he forgot to include me in the invitation for this evening," said Drake, laughing. "You will not have my company, sir."

"Quite so," said Ferrers Locke. "If it is a case of the spider and the fly over again, the fly will have to walk into the parlour unaccompanied."

Jack Drake looked startled.

"Mr. Locke! You don't suspect—"

"I suspect a good many things, my boy," answered Ferrers Locke dryly.

"You will not go alone, sir?"

"Certainly."

"But—but if the man should mean mischief—alone in his house?"

"You will know where I am, Drake. It is not a case of knife or pistol to fear," said Ferrers Locke. "Mr. Oranoff struck me as a man who is likely to take particular care of his neck, worthless as it may be. But most certainly Mr. Oranoff desires to see me alone. And I am going to gratify him. If the theory I have formed is correct, he will not find me so easy to deal with as poor Arnold."

The car stopped at the house in Baker Street, and Ferrers Locke said no more.

But that evening, when the detective left his house to walk to the Hampstead Tube, Jack Drake followed him with his glance, with deep misgivings. Was Ferrers Locke going into danger? If the Russian meant mischief, what was his intention? Any harm

that came to the detective would be traced surely home to him—Locke's whereabouts were known. It was impossible that he could mean harm. Yet Drake was uneasy, and he did not think of going to bed at his usual hour.



**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
The Spell of the Hypnotist!**

WELCOME, my dear Mr Locke!

Serge Oranoff's manner was cordially itself.

The house in Holly Way was a small one, but it was very cosy and comfortable. A manservant, evidently a Russian like his master, showed Ferrers Locke into a little smoking-room. A bright fire burned there, and the curtains were drawn. Serge Oranoff, in a flowery dressing-gown and gay slippers, rose to greet his visitor. The door closed behind the departing manservant.

"Seat yourself, my dear fellow. It is chilly, is it not? Your climate is a little cold at this time of the year." The Russian laughed. "Nothing like my native climate, however. Draw up to the fire. The English comfort—the confort Anglais—it is pleasant, isn't it?"

Locke smiled, and sat down.

The Russian stretched himself in his easy-chair again, his flowery dressing-gown draped round him. Ferrers Locke accepted a cigar. He snipped off the end, and removed the gold band slowly, with a smile on his face. He savoured suddenly.

"You are cold?" said Oranoff.

"It is nothing—the draught from the window—"

"Peste! But the window is shut," said Oranoff, in surprise. "At all events, if it is open, I shall close it. I do not like the English custom of open windows."

He stepped to the dark crimson curtains at the window and pulled them aside.

As his back turned, Ferrers Locke slipped the cigar into his pocket, and another weed was in his hand as it emerged from the pocket.

He was lighting the cigar as the Russian looked round. It was a Havana, like the other, but it was not the same cigar.

"The window is shut, you see," said Oranoff, with a smile.

And he let the curtains fall back into their place.

He returned to his chair, and began to chat pleasantly. Two cigars gradually burned through, and often Oranoff's luminous, large eyes turned on the cigar between Ferrers Locke's lips.

"You like your smoke?" he asked.

"It is excellent," said Ferrers Locke. He threw the stump of the cigar into the fire: it was almost finished.

"I have been thinking of the poor Arnold, and of his lunch with me that fatal day. Mr. Locke, trying to recall some detail that might be of use to you."

"And you have succeeded?"

"Alas! No." The Russian smiled. "The only detail that I have not mentioned is that Arnold nodded off to sleep for a few minutes after the lunch—after smoking a cigar."

Ferrers Locke did not answer. He leaned forward in his chair, and his eyes half-closed.

He came to himself with a sudden start.

"By gad!" he exclaimed. "I—I, excuse me, Mr. Oranoff. Is it possible that I was nodding off?"

The Russian's large, luminous eyes seemed to glow larger, more luminous. There was an almost infernal light in their strange, glowing depths.

"My dear, dear friend," said Oranoff, "you are certainly very sleepy. But I shall restore you to wakefulness—even as I restored the dear, poor Arnold. Look at me!"

He bent towards the detective, his glowing, luminous orbs fastened imperiously on Locke's half-closed eyes.

It was as if a magnetic force proceeded from the big luminous eyes, and bent the other man to his will.

Locke stared at him.

"You are sleepy—yes," murmured Serge Oranoff. "Oh, yes, you are sleepy, my poor

friend! But you shall wake—oh, you shall wake! Wake up, my dear friend!"

His eyes still fixed on Locke's, the Russian proceeded to make strange, slow passes with his long, white hands.

Ke's eyes were fixed on him.

He opened wider, but their gaze was fixed—helpless. A strange stillness held the Baker Street detective.

Oranoff dropped his hands. But his eyes still blazed into those of Ferrers Locke.

"Speak!" he commanded.

The detective's voice came—dry and husky.

"What am I to say?"

"You will speak as I tell you!"

"I will speak as you tell me," said Ferrers Locke dully.

"That is good!" Oranoff laughed. "Now, my good friend, my celebrated detective, the terror of evil-doers, it is not I who will give you information, but you who will give it to me. You understand?"

"I understand," repeated Ferrers Locke, mechanically.

"You came to my office to-day with suspicion in your mind?"

Locke seemed to make an effort.

"Speak!" snapped the hypnotist.

"Yes."

"What did you suspect?"

"That Arnold had acted under influence."

"What kind of influence?"

"Hypnotism."

"I ought so," smiled the Russian. "Oh, that good! It was a famous idea to ask you to my poor house for a friendly chat, my excellent Locke. Had you heard that Serge Oranoff was a hypnotist?"

"No."

"Then why come to me?"

"Because you lunched with Arnold immediately before the robbery."

"I was the first whom you wanted to see; but if I had been drawn blank, you would have sought farther?"

"Yes."

"Quite so," smiled the Russian. "My poor dear friend, I read as much of your thoughts when you came into my office. And after seeing me, it came into your mind that I was, perhaps, the hypnotist that had so cruelly influenced the poor, dear Arnold?"

"Yes."

"How good of you to answer so frankly," grinned Oranoff. "It is true that you cannot help it. You noticed, perhaps, the power of my eyes?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted my invitation this evening to come here, hoping to learn whether I was truly a hypnotist with great powers?"

"Yes," said the Baker Street detective dully.

"Ah! You have learned what you came to learn, have you not, my dear Ferrers Locke?"

"Yes."

"Unfortunately, the discovery will be of no use to you, my dear fellow, for you are completely in my power now. You understand?"

"I am in your power," murmured the detective. "Leave me in peace! Let me sleep!"

The Russian laughed. There was a mocking gleam in his glittering eyes, fixed on the tired-looking face of the detective.

"You shall sleep, my poor friend," he said.

"You shall sleep soundly. But not yet—not for a little while. You are too dangerous to leave awake, my friend. I should have dealt with you to-day, but the boy was with you; it was too dangerous to seek to kill two birds with one stone, eh? Oh, I am cautious! The boy perhaps later—if he should give any trouble. But you first, my friend—you first! The terrible Ferrers Locke, the terror of criminals, the ruthless tracker of wrong-doers, is in the hands of one more powerful than himself at last. Yes, my dear Locke, your suspicion was correct; the poor Arnold smoked my cigar, and the drug threw him helplessly into my power, as it has thrown you, and hypnotism did the rest—as it will do the rest for you, mon ami!

Under my influence, not knowing what he did, he went to the telephone and gave his master a false message, then he went to the office, opened the safe, and returned to me with a thousand pounds. Oh, it was easy; and it was not the first time the trick has worked, my friend, and it will not be the last!"

He laughed.

He rose and touched a bell.

The amazing tale of "The Rajah's Catseye!" next week!

The manservant entered the room.
 "Ivan, bring the gentleman's hat and coat."
 The man grinned and turned back. He came in a couple of minutes later with the detective's hat and coat.
 "Rise!" said Oranoff.
 Locke rose to his feet.
 "Now we part!" said Serge Oranoff.
 "Listen to my instructions. You will walk to Hampstead Tube Station."
 "Yes."
 "You will take your ticket and go on the platform."
 "Yes."
 "You will spring upon the line just as the train is coming in."
 "Yes."
 "You will obey?"
 "I will obey," said the Baker Street detective dully.
 "There will be a sad case of suicide reported in to-morrow's papers. It is very sad, is it not, Ivan?"
 Ivan chuckled.
 He took Locke's arm and led him from the room.
 "Good-night, my dear Locke!" said the Russian, pausing in the doorway. "Good-night! Go—go to your death, my poor dear fellow!"
 Ferrers Locke walked with a steady step to the gate, and passed out into the street.



PUTTING THE FLUENCE ON LOCKE! The Russian fixed his luminous eyes on Ferrers Locke's and then proceeded to make strange, slow passes with his long white hands. (See Chapter 4.)



THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
A Surprise for Serge Oranoff!

JACK DRAKE sprang to his feet.
 "Oh, sir! You are back at last!"
 Ferrers Locke quietly entered the consulting-room. He glanced at the boy and nodded and smiled.
 "I am back, Drake. Have you been anxious?"
 "Yes," said Drake, with a deep breath.
 "I am sorry, my boy. But I am glad you have not gone to bed. You would like to be in at the death?"
 Drake's face brightened.
 "Yes, rather, sir!"
 "Then come!"
 Drake put on his hat and coat and followed Ferrers Locke to the street. Wootton was waiting in the car outside, ready.
 "Holly Way, Hampstead, and stop at the corner of the street," said Ferrers Locke tersely.
 The car buzzed away.
 "Then you have discovered—"
 "All that I wished to discover, my boy."
 The car glided on. It stopped at last at the corner of Holly Way, and Locke and Drake stepped out. There was a thick dark beard on the detective's face now, and Drake looked at it. Locke smiled.
 "I am going to give our friend a slight surprise," he said. "Come!"
 He walked briskly up the street with Drake, and stopped at the garden gate of the Russian's house. A dark figure loomed up from the shadow of a lime-tree.
 "Riley!"
 "Oh, it's you, Locke! You've grown a beard!" grinned the inspector.
 "Quite so. We're all ready now."
 "Then we'll close in on our birds."
 Inspector Riley opened the gate. The two constables appeared from the shadows and followed him up the path with Locke and Drake. There was a heavy, resounding knock at the door.
 It was opened by the manservant. He blinked out of the hall at the uniformed police.
 "What—?" he began.
 "We are here to see Mr. Oranoff," said the inspector brusquely. "Take us to him at once."
 The surprised face of the Russian looked out of the doorway of the smoking-room.
 "Enter!" he called out. "Pray step in, by all means! You have some business with me?"
 "Yes, Mr. Oranoff."
 "Kindly come in—you are very welcome!"
 The Russian's manner was cordial politeness itself. Inspector Riley strode into the

smoke-room with the two constables at his heels. Drake followed them in, but Locke lingered in the doorway. The Russian glanced at Drake and nodded and smiled.
 "And your business, my dear inspector?" asked Oranoff suavely.
 "Mr. Ferrers Locke was here this evening, I understand," said Mr. Riley.
 "Perfectly."
 "So we were informed," said the inspector.
 "I trust that nothing has happened to Mr. Locke on his homeward journey," said the Russian, with polite interest.
 His manner was one of grave concern.
 "Nothing," said the inspector.
 Oranoff started; he could not help it. For an instant fires blazed in his startled eyes. He recovered himself in a moment, however.
 "Mr. Locke has reached home safely?" he asked.
 "I believe so," said Riley. "I have heard of no accident."
 "How good! You quite alarmed me for a moment," said Serge Oranoff, his eyes regarding intently the Scotland Yard inspector's impassive face. "Then why have you called, my dear sir?"
 "To arrest you, Mr. Oranoff!"
 "Sir!"
 "On the charge of robbing Mr. Goldworth of the sum of one thousand pounds, by means of a man whom you forced to act under the influence of hypnotism," said the inspector grimly.
 The Russian laughed.
 "And who has told you this cock-and-bull story?" he inquired.
 "Ferrers Locke."
 "Dear me!" said Oranoff. "Did the good, excellent Locke actually spin you this surprising yarn before he came here to visit me?"
 "No—after."
 "After!" The Russian almost staggered.
 "After! You lie! I—I mean—"
 He broke off, panting.
 Ferrers Locke stepped into the room. The Russian's glance fell on him carelessly but as Locke, with a sweep of the hand, removed

the false beard the rascal staggered back with a cry. His eyes almost started from his head as he recognised the man whom he had believed cut to pieces on the Tube railway.
 "You!" he articulated.
 "I!" smiled Ferrers Locke. "You scoundrel! You sent me to my death—as you believed! But I did not smoke the cigar, Serge Oranoff—the drug did not work, you scoundrel, and so I was able to resist your hypnotic influence." He laughed grimly. "I have been through hypnotic seances before, Mr. Oranoff, and tested my resisting powers. It was a little comedy I was playing for your benefit, my friend— Ah, would you?"
 He sprang forward as the Russian snatched a revolver from his pocket. The rascal went backwards in Ferrers Locke's grasp, and crashed on the floor, and Jack Drake snatched at the revolver and secured it.
 A moment more and the handcuffs snapped on Serge Oranoff's wrists. The manservant had already been secured by the police without; both the rascals were in safe hands.
 Serge Oranoff staggered to his feet, handcuffed, a helpless prisoner. His eyes blazed at Ferrers Locke; rage choked his utterance.
 "You have your birds, inspector," said the Baker Street detective quietly. "I fancy you will find the plunder in the house—and probably other things that do not belong to this scoundrel."
 It was half an hour later that Ferrers Locke left with his boy assistant. They had seen the discovery of Mr. Goldworth's notes and securities, and other securities of which the police took possession for inquiry. There was a keen smile on Ferrers Locke's face as he stepped into the car and gave the chauffeur the word "Home"—a smile of satisfaction at the successful close of the Case of the Hypnotist.

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's thrilling story of Ferrers Locke, the famous detective. It's grand!)

Do you know Jack? Jack who? Jack Drake, of course! He's here again next week!

YOUR EDITOR GETS THE REAL GOOD STUFF EVERY TIME! Here's Another Batch of School and Adventure Tales for Next Week's Bumper Issue. Glance Below



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

THIS WEEK'S PHOTO—AND OTHERS.

This week's photo is certainly a very fine one, and I know it will please all my readers, for Celtic Football Club is very prominent. It will doubtless appeal even more strongly to many thousands of my readers "across the Border." I ask these readers to be good enough to tell all their friends of the splendid free photo which is given away with this week's "Magnet" Library. And I might here and now tell you all that this photo is not to be the only one showing a famous Scotch team.

NEXT WEEK'S MAGNIFICENT FREE REAL PHOTO is of LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL TEAM—a photograph which was taken with their Lancashire Cup proudly displayed in front of them. All readers will be looking forward to a photo of this famous team, for they are doing wonders on the field this year—and will continue to do wonders, for they are one of the finest "lot" of footballers in the country.

Talking about football photos, all my new readers will be interested to learn that our famous companion papers, the "Boys' Friend," the "Gem" Library, and the "Popular," are all presenting their readers with **FREE REAL PHOTOS**.

Those in the "Boys' Friend" are particularly interesting, for they are quite different from the others. These photographs—there are two given away free every week—are coloured by hand. Readers who collect all the photographs given in the companion papers will therefore have a very unique collection, for they will not only possess the "Magnet" Library teams, but they will possess coloured photographs of many famous footballers shown in those teams.

Perhaps the "Gem" Library offers you the most unique of all the Free Real Photos. Expense has not been spared in getting together a collection of photos of famous footballers in action on the field of play, and these are presented **WITH THE PLAYER'S AUTOGRAPH** plainly written on every photo.

Therefore, I want all my readers to obtain copies of the "Boys' Friend," which is now on sale, and the "Gem" Library, which will be out on Wednesday. To-morrow (Tuesday) will see the "Popular" on sale, and in it will be found a **FREE REAL PHOTO OF A FAMOUS SPORTSMAN**. This group of papers provides every conceivable class of story you boys want, and you have no need to look any further for papers to suit you. The Companion Papers cover all the ground and appeal to all boys and girls—and they have great traditions to live up to.

There is one point I want you to distinctly understand. Some of you may have missed a few of the wonderful free real photos which have already been given away with the Companion Papers. But there is plenty of time for you all to obtain a fine and big collection of THE

COMPANION PAPERS FREE REAL PHOTOS, for THERE ARE PLENTY MORE TO COME.

Do not, therefore, think that because you have missed one or two you cannot get a good collection together. That will be the biggest mistake you ever made in your lives—for **THE BEST OF THE COLLECTION HAS YET TO COME.**

SPECIAL NOTE!

NOW is the time to get your copy of the famous "**HOLIDAY ANNUAL**"

If you leave it any later you may get left! Editor.

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES.

Not the least interesting, by any means, of next week's stories will be a thrilling account of Ferrers Locke's latest case. It is called:

"THE RAJAH'S CATSEYE,"

By Owen Conquest,

and we learn how an Indian rajah loses a very valuable jewel which resembles a cat's eye. Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake are engaged to find the jewel, and they accept the case. However, they are hardly prepared for the exceedingly deadly intentions of the thieves, for they have to undergo terrible experiences before they can finally restore the missing jewel to its owner.

I want you all to make certain of reading this story. For healthy excitement and thrill it will be found hard to beat. The detectives have to face death in many fearful forms in the course of their work, but they face it fearlessly.

Incidentally, it will perhaps be interesting to my readers if I explain to them how Ferrers Locke came to be known as "Tiger" Ferrers Locke.

In the course of his investigations into a case, Ferrers Locke had to proceed to Indian territory, where he found his "man" safely guarded by no less than four ferocious tigers. It was a case of having to get past the tigers or giving up the case—and Ferrers Locke decided upon the former course. He slew two of the tigers by rifle-fire from a distance, but the third and fourth tigers were kept out of sight—but not out of hearing.

There was one thing to be done, in Ferrers Locke's considered opinion. He went back to his headquarters, sought bows and arrows, and fired flaming arrows into the wooden building in which the criminal had hidden himself. By this he succeeded in setting light to the dry wood, and in a few moments the tigers, scared by the fire, dashed through a broken-down portion of the barricade and escaped.

Then Ferrers Locke calmly waited until his man was driven out by the flames and smoke, and then captured him. After that, to check native fears, he sought for and slew the two tigers. It was the natives who gave him the name "Tiger" Ferrers Locke, and the name has stuck to him ever since.

It was reading the account of "The Rajah's Catseye," which made me think that this information would interest you, for there again we are dealing with an Indian of high position

"THE BLACK MAN AT GREYFRIARS"!

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next, extra long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. The juniors get back to the school, and receive a very warm welcome from their old chums. But, to their amazement, Pickle Jar, the Krooman, follows them and demands to see "Maas' Harry."

Harry Wharton sees him, of course—but so do several others. Pickle Jar comes from the land where lives are cheap—and he wants to kill Loder, Skinner, and a few others. In fact, there are quite exciting times at Greyfriars when the black man gets there.

Harry Wharton has no end of trouble with his black champion. Pickle Jar is quite innocently the cause of a scare in more than one part of the school, and the great question arises—what is to be done with Pickle Jar?

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THE SUPPLEMENT.

Special Homecoming Number.

Surely the dinkiest supplement ever published is coming your way next Monday. Billy Bunter, ex-King of the Congo, comes home with Harry Wharton & Co., and the editorial staff of the "Greyfriars Herald" are reunited. They put their nappers together, and the result is a real screamingly funny issue of the "Herald."

If you miss this, you're missing the real treat of the season. Billy has lots to say, and he wants to do a lot more. But in spite of the constant interruptions of ex-King Bill, the juniors work out their own ideas, and produce a special number worthy of the prominent position it occupies in the "Magnet" Library.

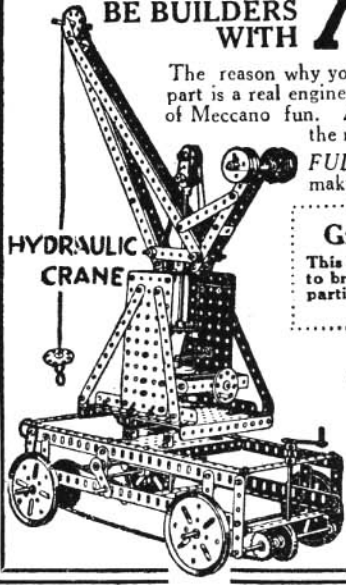
Get the news round, you fellows—spread the merry inkling that Harry Wharton & Co. are back from the Congo—full of gyp and pep, choking with ideas, and bursting with energy!

They'll need to be energetic, mark you! There's some thrilling stuff in front of them, and thrills, you may know, are all the better faced when you are top-hole fit.

Your Editor.

Now, chaps, be pally with your Editor! Drop him a line right away!

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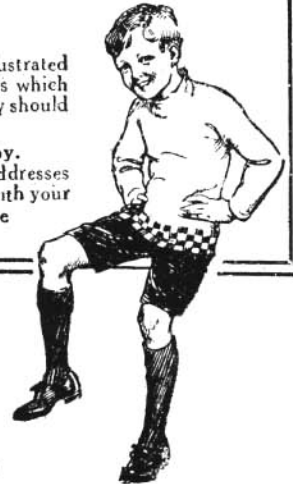
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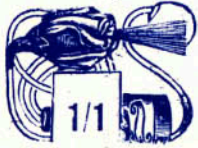
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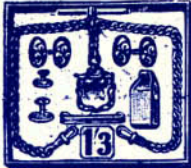
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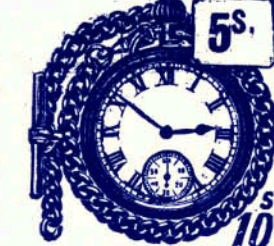
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Bargain B53. GENT'S GIFT BOX OF JEWELLERY. Double Albert, Medal Links, Studs, Tie-Clip, and Safety Pin, all gold-plated like gold and usual sizes. 1/3, post free. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B26. Gent's Keyless WATCH. Full size. Guaranteed reliable, strongly made. Hard nickel case, wears like real silver all through. 10/-, post free with free chain and compass. Oxidised watch and free chain, 5/-, post free. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B85. HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE. 13 1/2 by 13 1/2 by 9 ins. Oak-polished Cabinet. All latest improvements. 39/6 carriage forward, box and packing free. Similar Horn Gramophone, also 39/6. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B59. Real Oak Bell ALARM. 8 1/2 ins. high, 30-hour brass works. Suitable for any room. 14s., post free. With Repeating Alarm and to show time in the dark, 16/6, post free. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B1. Fitted WRITING CASE. 10 1/2 by 8 1/2 ins. Crocodile Leatherette, containing Stationery and Pen. 2/6, post 6d. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B8. Gent's Leather BRUSH CASE, usual size. Containing two Ebonite Brushes and Comb. 5/11, post free. GET FREE CAT.



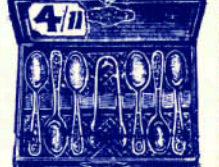
Bargain B27. MOTOR CAB, 8 by 4 ins., made of metal, enamelled in correct colours 1/3, post 6d. An original 2 1/2 Motor at half price. Half-price Motor Lorry 1/3, post 6d. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B78. Real Silver BICYCLE BROOCH, 1 1/2 ins. long. 2/-, post free. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B11. THE GIGANTIC BOX OF PAINTS, 7 1/2 by 3 1/2 ins. New gift box, 14 pans painted, 8 tubes moist colours & brush. 1/4, post 3d. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B70. Leatherette CASE SPOONS AND SUGAR TONGS, 7 1/2 by 5 ins. Real Nickel-Silver Teaspoons & Tongs. Usual size 4/11, post 6d. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B81. TABLE FOOTBALL. For 6 players or less, complete in box, size 10 1/2 by 5 1/2 ins., with Goats, Goal keepers, Ball and 6 Tubes, also instructions. 1/3, post 3d. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B66. "11-in-1" Tool Set, containing 11 useful Tools, all of which fit into handle. 9 1/2 ins. long. 1/3, post 3d. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B13. "WONDERPHONE" Nickel Covers, 32 reeds, 1/6, post 2d. 48 reeds, 1/11, post 3d. Amazing value. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B33. "DOLLY" PAIN, the Queen of Dollies, 15 ins. high, curly hair, pearl teeth, unbreakable body. Opens & closes eyes. 2/3, 1 1/2 in. Jointed Doll, 2/-, 10 in. Dressed Doll, 1/11, post on either 6d. GET FREE CAT.



Bargain B79. FIELD & OPERA GLASSES, 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 ins. Black Japanned Metal. Telescopic Adjustment. In neat case, 2/9, post 3d. GET FREE CAT.

PAIN'S HASTINGS

Presents House, DEPT. 3,

(Established 1889).