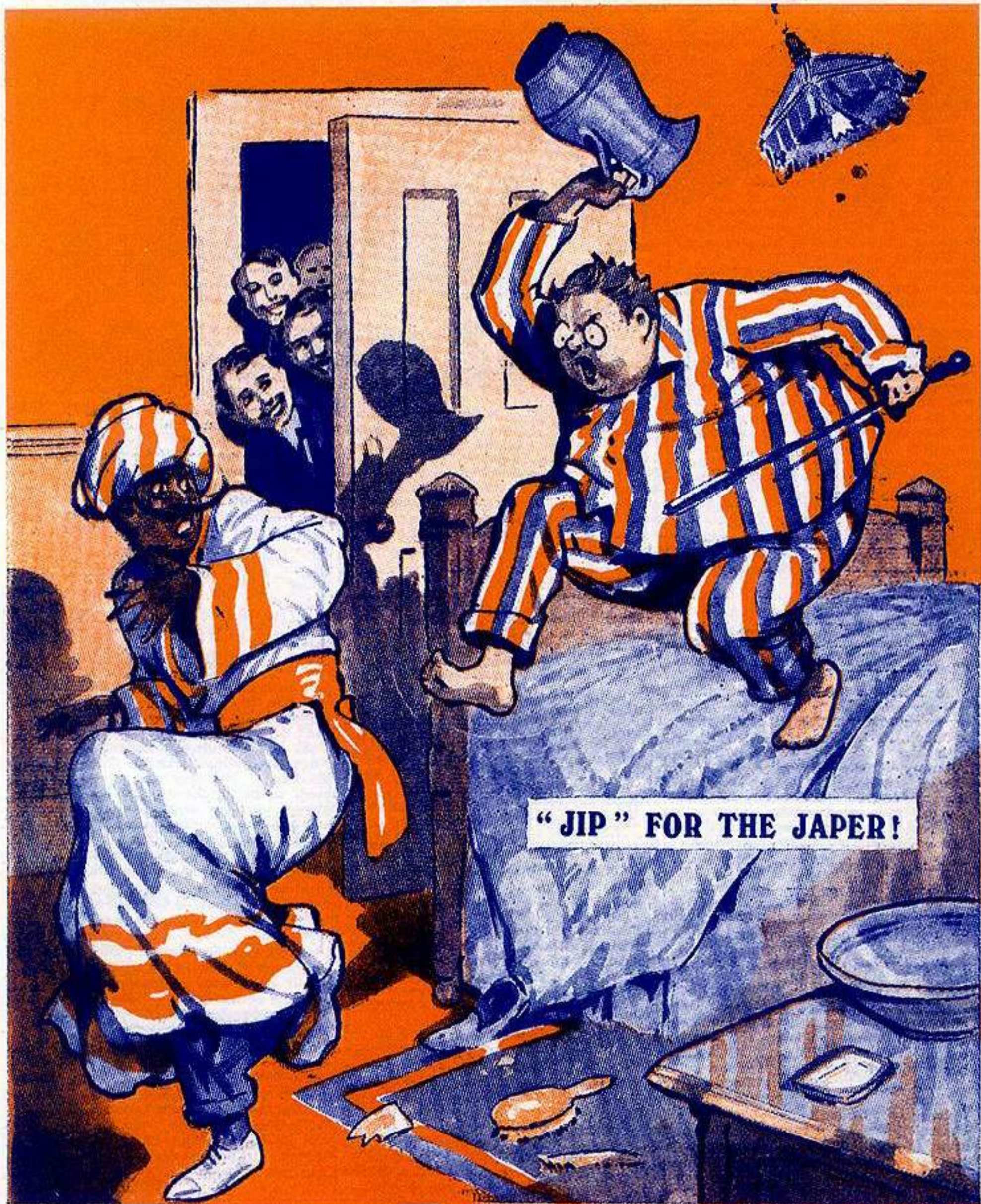


“SOUTHWARD BOUND!”

**Thrilling Holiday Yarn of
Schoolboy Adventure—Inside.**

The **MAGNET** 2^D



“JIP” FOR THE JAPER!



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

I HAVE received quite a number of letters this week asking for information regarding the chums of Greyfriars. For instance, Joe Henderson, of South Bank, asks me if Frank Richards was the originator of Harry Wharton & Co. The answer is "Yes." Frank Richards wrote his first story of Harry Wharton in 1908—and has been going strong ever since! A Rainworth reader, who signs himself "China," asks me if it is possible to obtain a copy of the first issue of the MAGNET. I am afraid it is not possible to buy one now—unless some old reader still has one in his possession, and is willing to part with it.

However, it is possible to read the first issue! Any reader who is on a visit to London will find

THE "MAGNET" IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

It will be necessary to apply for a reader's ticket, but once that is obtained all back numbers of the MAGNET can be consulted. Full information as to how to obtain permission to consult back issues for reference purposes can be obtained from the Museum Reading Room authorities.

Answers to other queries which this same reader asks are: (2) Harry Wharton is fifteen years of age, and (3) the other members of the now "Famous Five" were already at Greyfriars when Harry Wharton first went to the school.

ANOTHER query from A. John Ashmore, of Hull, asks which characters were first in the field—Harry Wharton & Co., or Tom Merry & Co.? This distinction belongs to Tom Merry & Co. The "Gem," our splendid companion paper, commenced in March, 1907. The MAGNET commenced with the first story of Greyfriars in February, 1908. Nipper & Co., of St. Franks, and Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, came along at a later date. The very first of all these famous characters who are "still going strong" were Jack Blake and Figgins, who were already at St. Jim's before Tom Merry went there.

Now comes another query regarding our stories.

IS GREYFRIARS A REAL SCHOOL?

Several readers have asked me that, including William Hale (no address given), and William Stewart, of Birkenhead. Well, although there is no actual school called "Greyfriars," Mr. Frank Richards has modelled his stories upon an actual school. The characters, of course, are fictitious, but this popular author draws upon real life for his descriptions of various characters—which is why they actually seem to live. So, although you cannot hope to go to Greyfriars, you will find the counterparts of Harry Wharton & Co. in hundreds of schools in Great Britain.

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Get ready for a chuckle, chums! This funny yarn comes from Reginald Lewis, of Girsby, Hainton, Lincoln, who gets a splendid Sheffield steel penknife for it.

Teacher: "Tell me the longest word you know."
Bobby: "Elastic, teacher."
Teacher: "Oh, but that's not a long word."
Bobby: "No; but you can stretch it, teacher!"

Send along your yarns and limericks, chums. I assure you our prizes are worth having!

NOW for a few RAPID-FIRE REPLIES.

Average Weight of a Boy of 15½ (J. H., of Yorkshire): The average weight of boys is as follows: 13 years, 6 stone; 14 years, 6 stone 8 lbs.; 15 years, 7 stone 5 lbs. Boys of 15½, therefore, should average about 7 stone 12 lbs. The average height cannot be calculated, as some boys grow more quickly than others. Scots boys are generally the tallest, then come Irish, English and Welsh, in the order indicated.

Cost of Printing a Magazine (A. J. A., of Hull): The cost of printing varies all over the country. Any local printer will be pleased to give you a quotation, but I am afraid you will find it very expensive for such a magazine as you describe. I am afraid I don't know the address for which you ask.

Why Do Onions Make One "Weep"? (D. R. F., of Croydon): Because the onions give off fumes which irritate the eyes. Fluid sacs in the eyes exude the fluid they secrete in order to wash away the irritating fumes.

The First Stories of Harry Wharton & Co. ("Interested Reader," of Heswall): I am afraid that both the first issues of the MAGNET and of "The Schoolboys' Own Library" are now out of print, and cannot be obtained.

The Second Largest Film Producing Country in the World ("Film Fan," of Ealing): America, of course, produces the largest number of films per year—but you are wrong when you think that Britain produces the second largest. This distinction—you would hardly believe it—belongs to Japan! Japan produces 300 more films a year than we do!

Lights That Penetrate Fog (G. G. H., of Penarth): Infra-red rays penetrate fog—which is why torch flares are more use in a fog than electric lights. By means of infra-red rays letters can actually be photographed without even opening the envelopes!

The Most Famous Cricketer (Norman Lemon, of North Shields): Opinions differ, of course. Admirers of Jack Hobbs generally claim the distinction for him—

and he certainly seems to have earned it! But other cricketers have their admirers, too! The record individual score is held by Don Bradman, who scored 452 not out, in a match between New South Wales and Queensland.

Did Columbus First Discover America? (O. H., of Leith): No! America was discovered by Vikings in the 10th century, some considerable time before Columbus made his voyage.

The Record Football Score (W. Reay, of South Shields): This happened in a Scottish Cup-tie, on September 13th, 1885, when Arbroath beat Bon Accord (Aberdeen) by 36 goals to nil!

THE last-mentioned reader also sends along some interesting information regarding

A RECORD FAST,

which has just been completed in his home town. Harry Rennie lived without food in a glass coffin for 72 days. He drank only water and smoked cigarettes—and his average daily consumption of cigarettes was 150! There was no room in the glass coffin in which to stand. This period constitutes a new world's fasting record.

There is just room to squeeze in a prize-winning limerick which earns a magnificent pocket wallet for W. Turner, of Ivy Cottage, Pyllmeynio, near Chepstow, Mon.

Said Coker to Potter and Greene:
"My bike is the fastest you've seen,
For when I get going
There's never no knowing
Whenever again I'll be seen."

LOOK out for next week's issue, chums. The long story of Greyfriars is entitled:

"HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN EGYPT!"

By Frank Richards,

and it continues the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. on their holiday trip to Egypt. It is packed with thrills—and fun!

As you are already aware the curtain rings down this week on "The Island Traders." But why worry? As in the past, so in the future, the MAGNET will always take the lead where serial stories are concerned. Next week you will be able to enjoy the opening chapters of one of the most thrilling adventure tales of the "good old days" ever published. In

"THE RED FALCON!"

By Arthur Steffens

you will meet Hal Lovett and his staunch pal, Jerry McLean, both of whom, as the result of strange circumstances, become Knights of the Road. Thrills and perils galore loom ahead for Hal and Jerry, but they face them all unflinchingly. Be sure and read this stirring story, chums. It will hold you spellbound from the first chapter.

This bumper issue will also contain another highly amusing St. Sam's yarn, "The Inn of Mystery," while, of course, I will be in the office, as usual, ready to answer your queries, and to give any advice you may require.

YOUR EDITOR.

DOUANE



SOUTHWARD BOUND.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

On the Road!

"WHERE'S my toffee?"

Billy Bunter woke up. Bunter had been asleep for a couple of hours, and his reverberating snore mingled more or less musically with the hum of the big car.

It was a hot day. The summer sun blazed down on the long, white roads. The drowsy heat, and the hum of the engine, lulled Billy Bunter to slumber. Fields and meadows, green pastures and dusky woodlands flashed past the car, without interesting William George Bunter. He was interested in a large packet of toffee till he went to sleep; and when he awoke, his thoughts naturally reverted to the toffee. He had dropped off with a sticky chunk in his fat hand; but when his eyes opened behind his big spectacles, his fat paw was empty. And he blinked suspiciously at the other fellows in the car.

It was a big car—but it was well filled. Lord Mauleverer, of the Greyfriars Remove, sat in the corner farthest from Bunter. The farther he was from Bunter, the more comfortable Mauly felt. That feeling was shared by Harry Wharton & Co.; but somebody had to sit next to Bunter, and Bob Cherry nobly made the sacrifice.

The Famous Five of Greyfriars were going home with Mauly for the holidays, in happy anticipation of a jolly good time, and there was only one fly in the ointment, so to speak, but it was a very fat fly, and its name was Billy Bunter. But on break-up day, free from lessons and masters, for weeks and weeks to come, the Famous Five felt that they could stand even Billy Bunter with equanimity.

Five faces wore very cheerful looks; and Lord Mauleverer smiled with placid contentment. Still, it was a relief when Billy Bunter went to sleep. His snore started, but his conversation stopped. And of the two inflictions, the snore was rather preferable.

Now he had woke up, his snore stopped and his conversation started. All the juniors in the car felt that it was a change for the worse.

"I say, you fellows——"
"Go to sleep again, old fat man!" said Frank Nugent persuasively.

Somewhere in Egypt lies a hidden treasure worth a quarter of a million pounds—and the only clue to its whereabouts is to be found from a golden scarab which is now in the hands of Harry Wharton & Co.

"Something woke me up!" said Bunter accusingly. "The car jolted, or something. It woke me up."

He blinked at Lord Mauleverer. "You've got a rotten chauffeur, Mauly."

"Yaas."
"Not like my pater's chauffeur at Bunter Court."

"Yaas."
"Shut up, old fat man, and go to sleep!" said Johnny Bull. "You're much nicer asleep."

"The noisefulness is great, but the nicefulness is terrific," agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yah! Where's my toffee?"

Billy Bunter sat up and blinked round him through his big spectacles. He knew that that toffee had been in his fat fingers when he went to sleep. It was no longer in his fat fingers. Bunter wanted to know where it was; and he wanted to know at once. Evidently he suspected the other fellows of having had felonious designs on that chunk of toffee.

"Look here, Cherry, if you've scoffed my toffee——"

Bob Cherry chuckled. "Have you had it, Wharton?"
"Not guilty," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Look here, Nugent——"
"Fathead!"

"Well, somebody's had that toffee!" roared Bunter. "Have you got my toffee, Mauly?"

Lord Mauleverer shuddered. "Good gad! No!" he gasped. "Wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole, old bean."

"If it was you, Bull——"
"Ass!"

Nobody in the car was likely to have "scoffed" the sticky chunk of toffee, that had been sticking to Bunter's fingers. Really, it was not appetising or attractive—except to Bunter.

"If you've got my toffee, Inky——"
"The gotfulness is not terrific, my esteemed idiotic Bunter," chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Perhaps it has dropped on the floor while you were sleeping snorefully."

Billy Bunter blinked down among innumerable feet.

"For goodness' sake give a fellow room," he grunted. "Hardly room to move in this car. Not like my pater's Rolls, at Bunter Court, Mauly."

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"Yaas!" said Mauly.

"Well, you want room for two or three, fatty!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"I wish you'd hang one of your feet out of the window, Cherry. Lots of room in the car, then!"

"You cheeky fat porpoise——"

"Well, where's that toffee?" demanded Bunter. "I'm hungry! If I were taking a party home for the holidays, I should put a lunch-basket in the car, Mauly."

"Yaas."

"I think you fellows might look for that toffee! You know I'm short-sighted! Beastly selfishness all round. I jolly well think——"

"For goodness' sake, let's find the toffee!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "He will shut up for a minute or two while he's wolfing it."

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

Bob Cherry stooped, and disinterred a sticky chunk from the rug on the floor. A considerable amount of dust adhered to it.

"Here you are, fatty."

Billy Bunter grunted as he took it.

"Some beast's been treading on this toffee," he said. "Look at it! Lend me your hanky to wipe it, Cherry."

"Why can't you use your own hanky?" demanded Bob.

"It would make it all sticky."

"Why, you—you fat frump, what about my hanky?"

"Well, look here, I'll wipe it on your sleeve—keep still——"

Bob Cherry did not keep still. He jerked his arm away as suddenly as if it had been electrified.

"Keep that sticky muck away from me!" he bawled.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Mauly, old man, do you mind if we open the door and spill Bunter along the road?" asked Harry Wharton.

Lord Mauleverer grinned. Probably he would not have minded very much. But Billy Bunter was his guest for the summer holidays; so his lordship refrained from stating what he thought on the subject of Bunter.

The fat Owl of the Remove wiped the toffee on his own handkerchief—nobody else's being available. Really, it did not matter very much; nothing could have made Bunter's handkerchief much stickier, or much more in need of a wash. Then he transferred the delightful object to his mouth. Billy Bunter had a large mouth; but the chunk of toffee was large, and filled it almost to capacity. The fat junior leaned back in his seat, looking a little more good-humoured. One fat cheek bulged out like a ripe red apple, and there was a gurgling sound of satisfaction from the Owl of the Remove.

And then the car jolted again, over a rough rut of dried mud on the country road. It was quite a severe jolt, and all the passengers jerked in their seats. Billy Bunter bounced like a punchball, and Bob Cherry grabbed him and dragged him back into his seat. From the fat Owl came a wild, weird, gurgling gurgle.

"Groooooooooogh!"

"What the thump——"

"Grrrrrrrrggh!"

"What——"

"Yurrrrrgggghh!"

Billy Bunter's fat face was crimson, his eyes almost popped through his big spectacles, and he gasped and gurgled, and gurgled and gasped, frantically. The Famous Five stared at him in amazement, wondering what on earth was the matter. Then they guessed! The toffee was going down the wrong way—in bulk!

"Urrrrrrgh Wurrrgh! Oooooch!"

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Groooooch! Wooooooooooch! Gug gug-gug!"

"My hat! He's choking——"

"The chokefulness is terrific——"

"Pat his back, Bob—quick!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Urrrrrrgggghh!"

Smack, smack, smack! Bob Cherry patted Bunter on the back with vigour and rapidity—especially vigour. Bob Cherry had a hefty arm and a heavy hand. No doubt Billy Bunter needed patting on the back. But it was barely possible that Bob overdid it a little.

"Oooooogh! Grooogh! Woooooh!" gurgled Bunter.

Smack, smack, smack!

"Urrrrrrgggghh!"

The troublesome toffee shot floorward again. Billy Bunter found himself suddenly relieved of that impediment to his speech. But Bob Cherry was still going strong.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

"Yaroooh! Stoppit!" shrieked Bunter. "Leave off hitting me, you beast! Wharrer you hitting me for, you rotter? Yarooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you thankless fat porker, I was patting your back!" exclaimed Bob indignantly.

"Ow! Beast! Wow!"

"Better have a few more——"

"Yaroooh! Keep off, you beast!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter sat back in his seat, glaring at the Famous Five with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Beasts!" he roared. "Now, that toffee's gone again! Look here, find that toffee—see?"

"Here, old bean," said Lord Mauleverer, and he handed a box of chocolates across to the fat Owl, "try these!"

"Oh!" said Bunter. His fat brow cleared. "Right you are!" He lost no time in trying the chocolates. "I say, Mauly, these are good! I'll finish the box, if you like."

"Do, old fat man!"

"And look here, Mauly," said Bunter generously, "you can have the toffee, old chap!"

"Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "I—I—I don't think I care very much for toffee, thanks, old top!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the toffee remained where it was.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Pursued!

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH looked back from the rear window in the big car, with a serious and thoughtful shade on his dusky face. His chums looked at him rather curiously. It was the tenth time, at least, that the Nabob of Bhanipur had looked back, scanning the long, white road behind the car with searching eyes.

Billy Bunter, having finished the chocolates, was composing himself in his corner to snore again. Lord Mauleverer was on the point of nodding.

But the drowsy summer heat and the purring hum of the car did not have a soporific effect on the Famous Five. Those energetic youths were merry and bright and wide awake, and most alert of all was the dusky junior from India's coral strand.

After a long, long look at the winding road behind the car, the nabob turned to his comrades, and the serious expression on his face arrested their attention.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's up, Inky?" asked Bob.

"The upfulness, I think, is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh gravely. "This esteemed and ridiculous car is being followed."

"Followed?" repeated Harry Wharton.

"Lots of cars on the road, Inky," said Nugent.

"The lotfulness is preposterous!" agreed the nabob. "But look back with your own absurd eyes, my ridiculous friends."

The Co. crowded their faces at the little window in the back of the car and looked. Some distance behind, in a cloud of dust, a big, powerful Austin was humming in their wake. It was closed, and whether there were passengers inside they could not see; but they could see the chauffeur plainly, and make out that he had a dark face under the peak of his cap.

"You've seen that car before, Inky?" asked Johnny Bull.

The nabob nodded.

"That esteemed Austin was behind us when we left the school," he said.

"The same car?" asked Bob dubiously.

"I have seen it a dozen times since," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "It has fallen out of sight many times, but it always turns up again like an estimable bad penny."

The juniors looked grave.

In the excitement of the break-up, of packing-up and getting off for the summer holidays, they had almost forgotten the peril that had threatened Lord Mauleverer; but not quite.

They remembered Kalizelos, the Greek from Egypt, who had come from far-off Cairo, in quest of the mysterious scarab that was in the schoolboy earl's possession. But for the trick played by Billy Bunter, which had led the Greek to believe that the fat Owl was Lord Mauleverer, there was little doubt that Mauly would have fallen into the hands of the man from Egypt.

Mauly gave very little thought—if any—to his peril; but his friends were very keenly on the alert for another attempt to be made on him.

The juniors were miles from Greyfriars now, and it was odd, at least, if the high-powered Austin had hung behind them all the time. In ordinary circumstances they would have taken no heed of it. But if the man from Egypt was still in England, the circumstances were not ordinary.

"That chap at the wheel looks foreign, so far as one can make out his chivvy under that cap," said Johnny Bull. "It's not Kalizelos; but it might be one of his gang. He had a lot of his own sort with him on his yacht."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Beast! What are you blinking at?" asked Bunter irritably. "Some beast trod on my foot!"

"Mauly, old man," said Harry.

"Yaas." Lord Mauleverer opened his half-closed eyes. "I'm not goin' to sleep! I heard all you fellows were sayin'. You were talkin' cricket, weren't you?"

"Fathead! It looks as if this car has been followed from the school," said Harry. "If that's so, it shows that Kalizelos never cleared off when his yacht put to sea, and he's after you again."

Lord Mauleverer yawned.

"All serene! Let him rip!"

"Ass! We've got to make sure! Tell the chauffeur to slow down and see if that car passes us."

"Oh, all right, dear man!"

Lord Mauleverer spoke to the chauffeur, and Watson slowed down from forty to twenty. The Austin came swiftly on,

drawing nearer and nearer. It had been doing forty on the wide country road, and could easily have passed the school-boys' car now. But before it came close, the dark-skinned chauffeur slowed down the Austin keeping behind.

"He's not passing us, then," said Nugent, after a long pause.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Go to sleep, Bunter!"

"Beast!"

"Tell Watson to let her out, Mauly," said Harry.

"Yaas."

The Rolls leaped into speed again. Watson let her out to fifty. The Austin dropped away for a minute, then picked up speed, and came roaring on at fifty.

for the holidays to protect you? Haven't I turned down a host of invitations, and put up with this Bank Holiday crowd you've brought along for the hols, simply to look after you and protect you?" demanded Bunter.

"Oh, gad! Have you?"

"Yes, I jolly well have!" said Bunter warmly. "My idea is that that Greek blighter will be after you again, some time or other, and I'm bound to stand by you as a pal. I say, you fellows, let me have a look."

Bunter rose to his feet, barged the juniors aside, and blinked back along the road through his big spectacles. The next moment he gave a squeak of alarm.

"Ow! I say, you fellows, tell the

his seat with a gasp. He was not looking sleepy now. His little, round eyes were very wide open behind his big, round spectacles.

There was no doubt that Bunter had— inadvertently—saved Mauly from the clutches of the man from Egypt, and it was on that account that his good-natured lordship had allowed the fat Owl to hook on for the summer holidays. Possibly Bunter, who had a fertile imagination, and who feared no foe when the foe was out of sight, really believed that he was going with Mauly to protect him. If so, he woke up, as it were, when he found that the enemy were in sight. Obviously Bunter, at that moment, wished that he was any-



"Yurrrrrgggghh! Urrrrrrrghh!" Bunter was gurgling and gasping frantically. "My hat!" cried Wharton. "Bunter's choking! Pat him on the back, Bob—quick!" Bob Cherry patted Bunter on the back with vigour and rapidity, and the troublesome toffee was brought to light.

There could hardly be a doubt now. The Austin was following the school-boys' car, keeping it in sight, letting the Rolls make the pace.

Again the Rolls dropped to twenty. Again the Austin dropped to twenty behind.

"That settles it!" said Harry. "They're after us!"

"The settlefulness is terrific!"

"I say, you fellows, don't be nerry," said Billy Bunter. "I'm with you, you know!"

"Fathead!"

"I don't suppose there's anybody after us," said Bunter. "Only your nerves, old chaps. If that Greek shows up again, Mauly, don't you be afraid. I'm here to look after you! What are you grinning at, Mauly?"

"Was I grinning, old bean?"

"I've saved your life once!" said Bunter, with dignity. "They'd have had you if I hadn't let them think I was you, and faced the danger for you, and pulled you through. You know that! Ain't I coming home with you

chauffeur to let the car out! Oh dear! I say, it's that beast again!"

"We can't see anybody in the car!" said Harry.

"I've seen that man who's driving, before—he was on the yacht when that beast Kalizelos got me there!" gasped Bunter. "I saw him there!"

"Sure?" asked Harry.

"Yes, you beast! Make the chauffeur go faster!" yelled Bunter. "I tell you they're after us, and there may be a gang of them packed in that car. If they catch us on a lonely road—"

"Chance for you to protect Mauly!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Beast!" howled Bunter.

Now that it was certain that the enemy were in pursuit, Billy Bunter did not seem so keen on protecting his pal, Mauly. He seemed considerably alarmed for his own podgy self.

Watson let out the Rolls again, at an almost terrific burst of speed. Trees and hedges flashed by. But the high-powered car behind was let out, too, and it kept pace. Billy Bunter plumped into

where but in the magnificent Rolls which was bearing the Greyfriars fellows towards Mauleverer Towers.

"I—I say, you fellows—" he stammered.

"Shut up, fatty!" said Bob. "No good finking now. Look here, you men, it's plain enough that they're after us. But what's their game?"

"Kalizelos, if he's in that car, doesn't know Mauly by sight," said Harry Wharton. "That was how Bunter spoofed him. But he may have found out that this car came from Mauleverer Towers—may have had some spy watching the place and picking up information. If he knows that it's Mauly's car, he knows that Mauly's in it."

"Yaas, that's it," said Lord Mauleverer placidly. "Easy enough for him to pick that up. And as he's seen all you fellows before, an' knows that you're not me, he won't be long in pickin' me out, what? Lucky Bunter's here to protect me. If there's any shootin' I shall keep behind Bunter—"

"Yaroooh!"

"Luckily, Bunter's wide enough to give a chap plenty of cover—"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" howled Bunter. "I can tell you that Greek is a desperate beast. Look here! All he wants is that silly Egyptian scarab that Mauly's got at home. I think Mauly had better let him have it, and then the beast will go back to Egypt and let us alone, see? It's not worth much, Mauly—and, anyhow, I'll pay for it if you like."

"Who's going to lend Bunter the money to pay Mauly for his scarab?" asked Bob Cherry. "Or is he going to pay for it with that bad sixpence he couldn't pass at the tuckshop yesterday?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't know whether that jolly old scarab is worth anythin'," said Lord Mauleverer, "but I know that scoundrel isn't goin' to get his thievin' hands on it!"

"No fear!" said Harry. "And it must be worth something for that rascal to run such risks to get hold of it. Kalizelos hasn't come all the way from Egypt for nothing, and he's risking prison. Look here, you fellows! If Kalizelos is in that Austin, we can have his car stopped at the next police station, and give him into custody. The police have been looking for him since he bagged Bunter on his yacht near Greyfriars. Let him follow us into the next town—"

"Good egg!"

"I say, you fellows, they're going to catch us in some lonely place!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I say—"

"That's their game, I suppose," said Bob. "But we can jolly well put paid to it. We shall be in Maidstone soon,

and we'll stop at the police station, and put the jolly old peelers on to him."

The juniors continued to watch, bunched at the window while the car ran swiftly on towards the ancient city on the Medway. Once or twice they caught the glitter of the black eyes of the foreigner who was driving the Austin, and they wondered whether he had spotted them looking back. They could have little doubt that the enemy had planned to overhaul them on some long, lonely stretch of road—of which there were a good many on the hundred-mile run to Mauleverer Towers.

Had not Hurree Singh spotted the pursuit, such a plan would have been easy to carry out. Now, however, it seemed to the Greyfriars party that "paid" could be put to it. There was a charge against the Greek, on which he could be handed over to the police, and if he was in the Austin that was the most effective way of dealing with him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "They're chucking it!"

"My hat!"

Maidstone was in sight ahead, when the Austin suddenly turned from the road, and vanished round a corner. The juniors stared. The pursuer had disappeared from sight.

"Gone!" said Bob.

"The gonefulness is terrific!"

Bob chuckled.

"They spotted us watching them," he said, "and I dare say they guessed what we should do. Anyhow, they've chucked it."

Billy Bunter blinked back along the road. Plenty of cars were humming along in the sunlight; but the Austin was gone.

The Owl of the Remove recovered his courage on the spot.

"I say, you fellows, it's all right," he

said. "Don't be funky, you know. Blessed if I ever saw such a nervy lot!"

"Kill him, somebody," said Bob.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter settled down to sleep again, and snored. Maidstone was left behind, and the Rolls purred on, on its long journey westward, the juniors glancing back every now and then to watch the road. But there was no sign of the Austin again, and it seemed clear that the Greek had given up the game. Which was rather a relief to the Greyfriars party, though now they knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Lord Mauleverer's peril was not over, and that the man from Egypt was still in quest of the mysterious scarab of A-Menah.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Desperate Measures!

"PENNY for 'em, Inky!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh sat silent, a thoughtful shade on his dusky face, while his comrades chatted, and Bunter snored, and the car ate up the miles. The nabob was thinking, and he smiled faintly as Bob offered him a penny for the result.

"My esteemed chums," said Hurree Singh, "I have been thoughtfully reflecting. What are we doing in this car now?"

"About thirty, old bean," said Lord Mauleverer.

"But the esteemed car could do sixty."

"Easily. Want to go faster?" asked Mauly.

"Not at all, my absurd Mauly. But the execrable Austin that was following us could do as much as this car."

"What about it, Inky?" asked Harry Wharton, looking attentively at the nabob's thoughtful face. "What have you got in your head now?"

"Cough it up!" said Bob. "I can see that he's got something in his jolly old black noddle."

"I was thoughtfully reflecting, my worthy and idiotic chums, that while we are doing thirty, perhapsfully the ridiculous Austin is doing sixty."

"That won't hurt us, will it?"

"My absurd meaning is that, by taking another road, they may have passed us, out of our esteemed sight, and got ahead of us on this road," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "In which case, my ludicrous friends, they can pick us up wherever they like, before we reach our idiotic destination."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Oh gad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Harry Wharton nodded slowly. The Rolls was keeping up an average of thirty, and it was easy enough for the pursuers to get ahead if they liked. They had been dropped near Maidstone, and the Austin had not been seen since. But if Kalizelos had let the car out he might be twenty miles ahead now.

It was a startling thought that perhaps the pursuers, who had been dropped behind, might now be waiting for the Greyfriars party ahead. But obviously it was possible, indeed probable, now that the nabob suggested it.

"Oh gad!" yawned Lord Mauleverer. "I'll tell you what, you men—that giddy Greek is beginnin' to be a bore! Ten to one old Inky's got it right."

"The possibility is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, "and if I may make a suggestive remark—"

"You can make a suggestion, if you like, or a remark," chuckled Bob Cherry. "Get it off your chest!"

"The esteemed enemy is probably watching for us ahead, as his knowfulness of our route is terrific. But if

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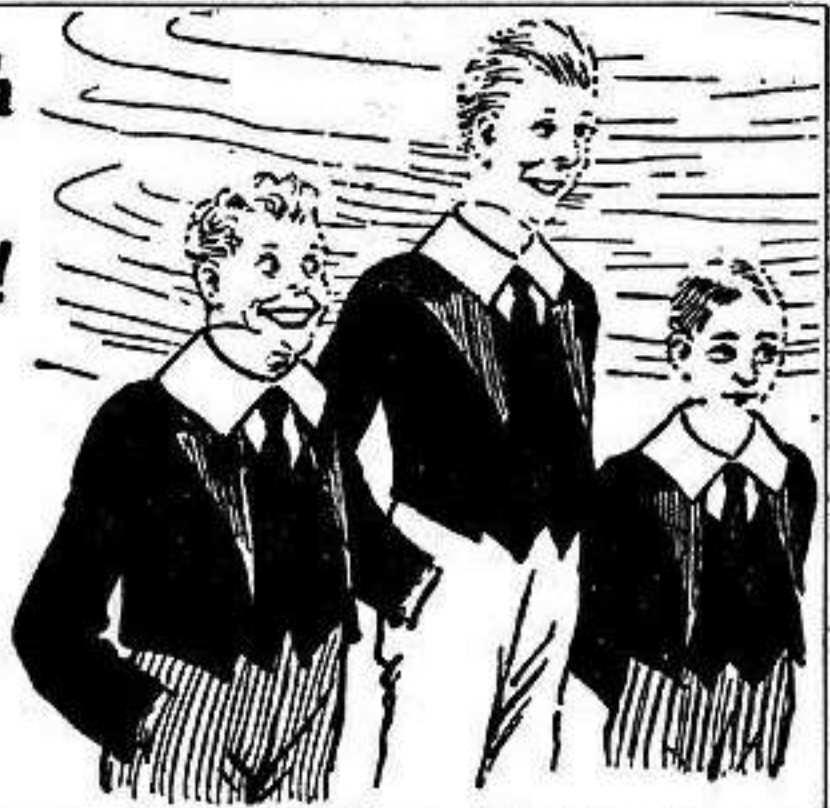
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we go roundfully, and arrive at Mauly's absurd home from the other side—"

"Good egg!" said Bob. "That will bunker the old bean! He can watch this road till the cows come home, if he likes, if we're on another. We can go fifty or sixty miles round, and come back through Winchester to Mauleverer Towers. What, Mauly?"

"Yaas, but"—Lord Mauleverer hesitated—"I don't like the idea of dodgin' the rascal! I'd rather punch his face."

"Fathead!" said Harry Wharton. "If we get held up on a lonely stretch by a gang of them, we shan't have much chance of putting in punches."

"Yaas, but, dash it all, I can't be kept in a jolly old bandbox, you know! Still, perhaps you're right. Rather a lark to leave the jolly old Grecian watchin' the road we shan't travel by." His lordship chuckled. "I'll tell Watson."

The car turned from the road.

Dodging the enemy did not appeal to Lord Mauleverer, or to his friends, but evidently it was the wisest course. There was no doubt that Kalizelos was a desperate man, and that he would hesitate at little or nothing to get the schoolboy earl into his hands. The schoolboys had no chance in a scrap with an armed gang, and on some long, lonely stretch of road they would be at the mercy of the man from Egypt. All the party realised that Hurree Singh's foresight had probably saved them from running into a trap from which there would have been no escape.

They settled down to a long run, making a wide detour far from the road that led direct into Hampshire. Whether Kalizelos was watching that road or not, he could not watch all the roads, and they had no doubt of eluding him now. Now the car was let out, and the miles raced by under the wheels, the route lying through Sussex instead of Surrey. Mauleverer Towers was some miles on the London side of Winchester; but the car, after a long run, came to the ancient cathedral city from the western side.

Billy Bunter ceased to snore when Winchester was passed, and opened his eyes behind his spectacles.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Sleep, baby, sleep!" chanted Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry, ain't we nearly there?" asked Bunter. "I say, I'm getting jolly hungry! Time we got in, I think! This is a pretty slow car, Mauly! If I'd thought of it I'd have phoned for my pater's Rolls to take us to your place. I've often done seventy in it."

The juniors grinned. The fat Owl was unaware that sixty miles or more had been added to the journey.

"Wake me up when we get in!" yawned Bunter; and, to the relief of the rest of the party, he closed his eyes again and once more a deep snore drowned the hum of the car.

Far in the distance the ancient turrets of Mauleverer Towers came into sight over the tree-tops.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" yelled Bob Cherry suddenly.

He pointed from the window.

"The Austin!" exclaimed Wharton.

From a side road the car had passed, a big Austin shot out into view behind them. It was the car they had dropped in Kent.

"Here we are again!" grinned Bob. "They're after us, Mauly."

"Yaas!" yawned Mauly. "Let her out, Watson."

The juniors looked back as the Rolls tore on. Behind them the big Austin

roared. A man could be seen beside the driver now—a supple, olive-skinned man with eyes black as jet.

"That's Kalizelos!" said Bob.

"Is that the sportsman?" asked Mauly, watching the handsome, dark face of the Greek. "He won't catch us now; we're nearly home."

The Rolls raced on towards the great gates of Mauleverer Towers, now only half a mile ahead. The Austin, going all out, kept pace, but did not gain.

The juniors grinned as they looked back. They could guess what had happened. There could be no doubt now that Hurree Singh had been right, and that Kalizelos had got ahead to waylay the party on the road. But when they failed to appear the Greek had doubtless guessed that they had taken the alarm and changed their route. That left the man from Egypt no recourse but to scour the roads round Mauleverer Towers in the hope of catching sight of the big Rolls again. Fortune had favoured him to this extent; he had sighted them. But they were almost in now, and, so far as the juniors could see, he had no chance.

Bang!

"Great pip!" gasped Johnny Bull.

Bang! Bang!

The pistol-shots rang from the man beside the dark-faced driver. For a moment the schoolboys supposed that the Greek was firing on them. Then they realised that he was shooting at the tyres. The bullets spattered on the road under the Rolls as it shot round a bend in the road. Watson gave a jump in his seat, but did not look round; the car was going at a breakneck pace. He kept it going. The juniors felt a thrill at their hearts. A burst tyre at that speed—

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter yawned.

"What's that row? Is it thunder?"

Bang! Bang!

"The villain!" breathed Wharton.

Had it been a matter of minutes the Greek would no doubt have stopped the Rolls by that desperate method; perhaps at a cost of life or limb to the occupants. But it was only a matter of seconds.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Here we are!"

Bang!

The park gates were open. The Rolls rocked on two wheels as Watson turned in at the wide gateway. The big oaks and beeches on the drive flashed by, merged into one another at the speed. Watson slowed down up to the house. The juniors stared back breathlessly, wondering whether the Greek was desperate enough to follow them in at the park gates. But Kalizelos stopped short of that. The Austin shot past the gateway and vanished.

Bob Cherry gasped.

"My hat! We're well out of that!"

"Lucky we didn't fall in with them on a lonely road!" said Nugent. "That scoundrel wouldn't stop at much!"

"I say, you fellows—" Billy Bunter blinked round peevishly. "Are we in at last? Frightful long time we've been on the road! This isn't much of a car, Mauly."

"Yaas."

"I say, what was that row?" asked Bunter. "It wasn't thunder? Somebody letting off fireworks?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes; jolly dangerous fireworks, old fat bean," grinned Bob Cherry, as the Rolls came to a stop at the entrance of Lord Mauleverer's mansion and the great door opened, revealing the portly figure of Porson, his lordship's butler.

"It was the jolly old Greek potting at us, my fat tulip."

"Yaroooh!"

"All serene now, Bunter," said Harry Wharton.

"Beast! Lemme gerrout!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lemme gerrout!" shrieked the fat Owl.

He plunged for the door. Watson had dismounted and opened it, and Billy Bunter came out like a bullet from a rifle.

He tore up the steps at frantic speed. Porson, portly and majestic, was in the doorway. Bunter did not even see him. He crashed.

"Oooooogh!" gasped the butler of Mauleverer Towers, as the fat Owl established sudden contact with his well-packed waistcoat.

He sat down with startling suddenness.

"Ow!" gurgled Bunter, as he sprawled over Porson. "Ow! Beast! Gerrout! Leggo! Rotter! Oooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter scrambled up and vanished into the house.

Porson sat up and gasped.

The juniors came grinning in. Porson was a dignified butler, worthy, in his natural state, of the highest traditions of Mauleverer Towers. But for once Porson received his lordship at his lordship's door in an utterly undignified manner.

Had Porson been told that he would ever receive Lord Mauleverer, sitting down in the doorway and clasping both hands to his waistcoat, Porson would have repudiated the suggestion with scorn.

But that was exactly what he did on this occasion.

"Oooogh!" gasped Porson. "Oooop! Woooooooh-hoooooop! My lord—Grooogh! My— Ooooooch! Lord! Warrroooop!"

Three or four footmen rushed to help Porson up. Supported on one side by James, and on the other by John, Porson endeavoured to collect his accustomed dignity, and to speak with his usual calm aplomb. But all he could say was:

"Woooooooh! Goooooch! Goooooch!"

And the footmen led him away, still gurgling.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Declines!

"SCORPIONS—"

"And lions—"

"And plagues—you fellows have heard about the plagues of Egypt—"

"And the famines—"

"Then there's the sand-storms—"
"And the burning sun—hot as a furnace—"

"Hotter!"

"The hotfulness is terrific!"

"Better not tell Bunter. He will find it out soon enough for himself when he gets there."

"Beasts!" murmured Billy Bunter.

Bunter was seated in a deep arm-chair in the old armoury that Lord Mauleverer used as a "den." With his podgy figure filling the big chair, and his fat little legs stretched across another chair, his fat thumbs stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat, Billy Bunter presented a picture of comfort, if not of elegance or beauty. Several lunches were packed away inside Bunter,

and he had retired to that comfortable chair for a nap.

Harry Wharton & Co. came into the room, apparently unaware that he was there. They stood in a group by the window, their backs to Bunter, while they discussed Egypt and the attractions of that famous land.

Billy Bunter blinked inimically at their backs, through his big spectacles. He did not make his presence known. If the fellows were discussing matters not intended for his fat ears, Billy Bunter was not the fellow to let them know that he was there.

"No, keep it dark from Bunter," said Harry Wharton gravely. "He will know what it's like when he finds a scorpion in his bed in Egypt."

"Let him be happy as long as he can," said Bob Cherry. "No need to tell him he may be gobbled up by a lion in the Libyan Desert."

"Bunter won't last long enough to be gobbled by a lion," said Johnny Bull, shaking his head. "He will melt away like tallow when he gets under the Egyptian sun."

"Poor old Bunter!"

"Might give him the tip what to expect," said Nugent.

"No, no! He might chuck us, if he knew. And what should we do without Bunter?"

"True!"

"But if he's bitten by a scorpion—"

"Well, that will save him from being gobbled by a lion—"

Billy Bunter could keep silent no longer.

"Beasts!" he roared.

The Famous Five spun round from the window, with surprised looks worthy of members of the Remove Dramatic Society.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's here!" exclaimed Bob.

"Oh, my hat! Did you hear what we were saying, Bunter?"

"Yes, I jolly well did!" snorted Bunter. "Keeping it dark, were you, you rotters? You'd like me to be bitten by scorpions!"

The fat junior rose from the arm-chair. His very spectacles gleamed with wrath and indignation.

"Now, look here, you fellows, what's this rot?" he demanded. "I knew there was something on—I've spotted that. Is Mauly going to Egypt for the holidays?"

"That's it, old bean," assented Bob. "We're going with him. And as you're staying with Mauly for the hols, you're coming, too, of course."

"Well, I can tell you I'm jolly well not!" declared Billy Bunter. "I'll stay here with Mauly, or I'll go with him if he likes to make it Margate. But I'm not going to Egypt, and that's flat."

"Ripping country, old bean!" said Bob Cherry solemnly. "No end of a catch to get a holiday in Egypt."

"That's a bit different from what you were saying just now, when you thought I didn't hear you!" sneered Bunter.

"Oh! Ah! Yes! But—"

"Lots of things to see, Bunter," said Frank Nugent. "There's the jolly old Sphinx—"

"Blow the Sphinx!"

"And frightfully interesting tombs," said Johnny Bull. "You'd need a tomb, you know, if a scorpion bit you."

"Beast!"

"As for the plagues of Egypt—"

said Bob. "I—I don't think there are really any plagues there now!"

"Yah! I'm jolly well not going to be bitten by scorpions, and catch plagues,

to please you, I know that!" said Billy Bunter. "And I'm jolly well going to tell Mauly so. I'm going to tell him so plainly."

"My esteemed Bunter—"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled towards the door—apparently to seek Lord Mauleverer at once, and talk plainly to him.

The chums of the Remove exchanged joyous grins.

"It's worked!" murmured Bob.

Really, it seemed to have worked like a charm.

The Greyfriars fellows had now been some days at Mauleverer Towers, and it was time to get ready for the journey to Egypt with Mauly's uncle, Sir Reginald Brooke.

Bunter was landed on Mauly for the holidays; he had done Mauly a service, and for that reason his long-suffering lordship felt bound to stand the fat and fatuous Owl. If Bunter decided to accompany the party to Egypt, Mauly felt that he could not say him nay.

For which reason his friends were coming to the rescue, as it were. That happy description of the famous land of Egypt, which Bunter supposed that he had overheard by chance, seemed to have worked the oracle.

Billy Bunter, evidently, was not attracted by a prospect of scorpions, lions, plagues, and burning heat like a furnace.

Bunter rolled away, leaving the juniors grinning. But as he reached the door Lord Mauleverer came into the armoury.

"Oh, here you are, you men," said Mauly. "Like to come along to the Egyptian Room and have a look at that jolly old scarab—the one that the Greek johnny is after, what?"

"Yes, rather, old bean," said Bob.

"I say, Mauly—" Billy Bunter planted himself in front of Lord Mauleverer, and fixed his eyes, and his spectacles, on the schoolboy earl's surprised face. "I've got a bone to pick with you. Never mind the scarab now—just listen to me."

"Yaas," sighed Lord Mauleverer.

"I hear that you're going to Egypt for the hols."

"Yaas."

"Well, I think it's rot!"

"Yaas."

"I came here," said Bunter accusingly, "expecting to pass the vacation here. It's not quite up to the style of Bunter Court; but I could be comfortable here. Still, if you want a change, I suggest Margate."

"Yaas."

"I dare say you don't know much about Egypt, Mauly, but it's frightfully hot, packed with scorpions, and there are plagues and famines, and all sorts of things. Well, give it a miss, old chap, see?"

"Yaas—I mean, no!" said Lord Mauleverer. "You see, my uncle's going to Egypt, while my aunt's in Switzerland, to look after an estate he's got in the—the—the—the what's-its-name—"

"The Fayyum!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Yaas, that's it! Well, I'm goin' with him, and my friends are comin' with me, and if you'd like to come, Bunter—"

"Well, I wouldn't!" said Bunter emphatically.

Lord Mauleverer brightened up.

"Begad! Mean that, Bunter?" he asked.

"Yes, I jolly well do! You'd better give it a miss," said Bunter. "I tell you plainly that if you go to Egypt for the hols you lose my company."

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

"I mean it!" said Bunter emphatically. "So there you are, Mauly! I'll stay here with you, or I'll come to Margate, or Blackpool. But I jolly well won't go to Egypt, and that's flat!"

"Look here, Bunter, you can't let us down, old man!" said Bob Cherry, shaking his head.

"Rats to you!" said Bunter. "Now, then, Mauly, yes, or no? Are you going?"

"Yaas."

"In that case," said Bunter, with dignity, "I consider that you've let me down, and I'm done with you. I shall go to Margate. You can lend me a car to get to Margate, I suppose?"

"Why not phone home for your pater's Rolls?" asked Bob.

"You shut up, Cherry! Look here, Mauly—"

"My dear chap, I'll lend you a car with pleasure," said Lord Mauleverer, with alacrity. "I'll tell Watson to land you right on the pier at Margate."

"Well, that's all right," agreed Bunter. "But there's one more thing. Owing to coming away with you to look after you, you know, I haven't been home, and I'm short of tin. I think you might lend me a fiver—I mean a tenner—till I get a remittance from Bunter Court."

"Any old thing," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Thanks!" said Bunter carelessly, as his lordship opened a remarkably well-filled notecase, and a banknote changed hands. "I'll settle this later, Mauly."

"The lateness will probably be terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You shut up, Inky! No good my sending this back by post, if you're going to Egypt," said Bunter thoughtfully. "I'll leave it over till next term at Greyfriars, Mauly."

"Yaas."

"And I hope you'll enjoy the plagues and scorpions," added Bunter sarcastically, as he rolled back to the arm-chair.

"Yaas."

Lord Mauleverer left the armoury with the Famous Five. The Greyfriars fellows might have been looking forward to enjoying the plagues and scorpions, judging by their smiling faces. Lord Mauleverer seemed quite bucked. His lordship glanced rather curiously at the Co. as they went along to the Egyptian Room.

"You men been pilin' it on about the jolly old scorpions and things?" he asked.

"Just a few," grinned Bob.

Lord Mauleverer chuckled.

"Bunter's goin' to make this trip to Egypt a jolly old success," he remarked.

"Eh—how?"

"By goin' to Margate."

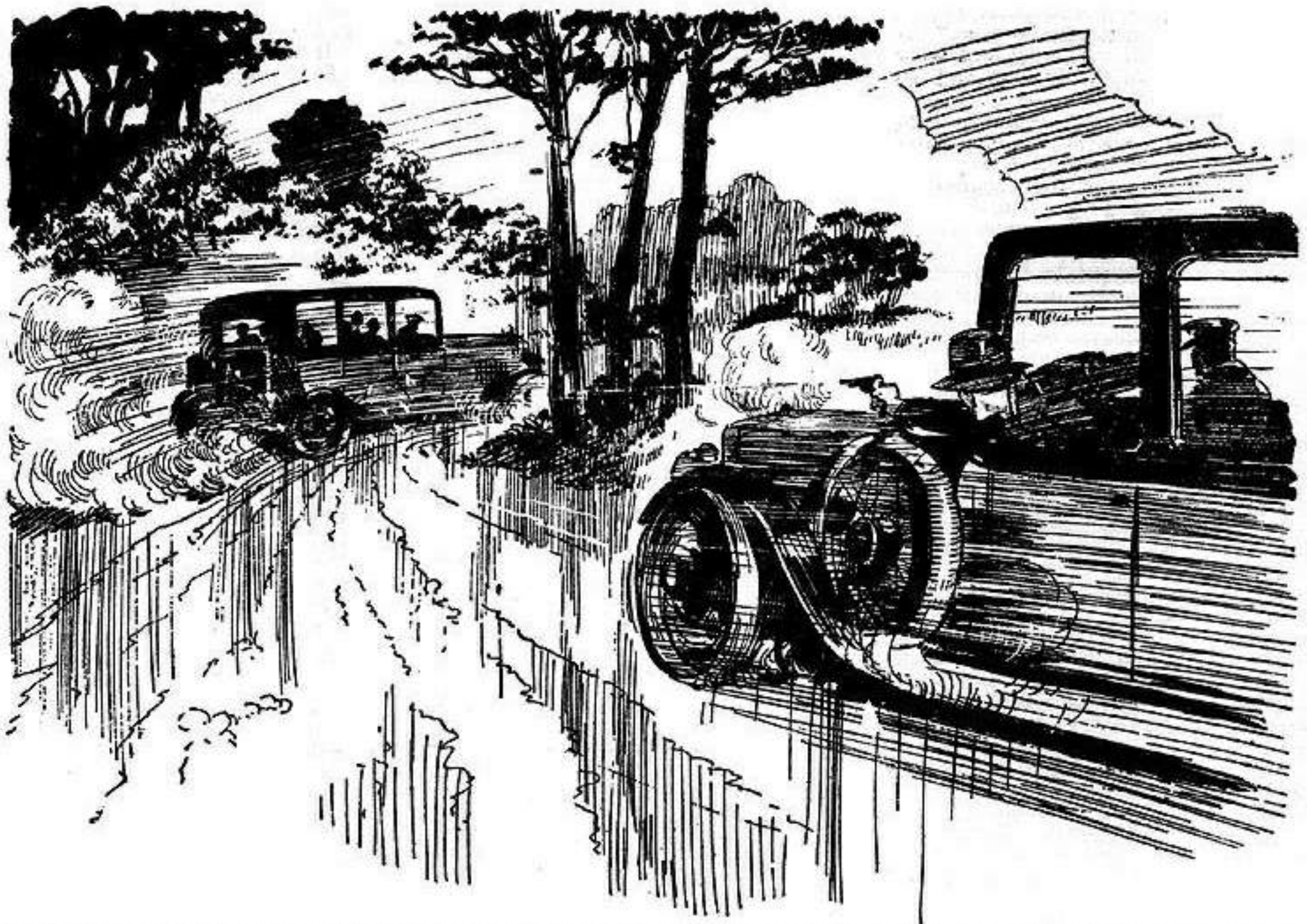
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The ancient and mysterious land of Egypt had many attractions for the Greyfriars fellows. But there was no doubt that it seemed more than ever attractive, now that it was settled that Billy Bunter was going to Margate.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Face at the Window!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. looked round with keen interest in the Egyptian Room at Mauleverer Towers. They had seen the room before on previous visits to Mauly's home without much



As the Rolls containing the Greyfriars juniors shot round the bend, the Greek, in the pursuing car, aimed for the tyres. Bang, bang, bang! "The villain!" breathed Wharton, as bullets spattered on the road under the Rolls as it tore on.

interest; but now that they were going to Egypt everything connected with that mysterious land had an attraction for them.

The late Lord Mauleverer, whom Mauly hardly remembered, had spent many years in the land of the Pharaohs, exploring ancient tombs and ruins, and he had brought home a great collection of Egyptian antiquities. There was a huge stone sarcophagus with a lid the juniors could hardly lift. There were swathed mummies which seemed rather creepy. There were rolls of papyrus covered with strange characters they could not read. There were old weapons and jewels and strange garments, and there were many specimens of the sacred scarab of the old Egyptians.

Mauly's uncle, Sir Reginald Brooke, was in the room when they came in, and the old baronet showed the chums of the Remove about the room, and explained many of the curios and antiquities to them, while Lord Mauleverer sat on the old sarcophagus and nobly forbore to yawn. His lordship had too many possessions to value them very highly. And probably he had given hardly a thought to the wonderful collection in the Egyptian Room.

But it was the Golden Scarab, the sacred scarabaeus of A-Menah, that chained the attention of the juniors. This scarab was kept in a special glass-topped case by itself, and the juniors gathered round to look at it rather eagerly. It was for the sake of that scarab that Konstantinos Kalizelos had travelled from Cairo. It was for that scarab that the Greek had attempted to kidnap Lord Mauleverer, for which attempt he was now being hunted by the police. It was obvious that some

unknown value was attached to the golden beetle, though the juniors could not begin to guess what it was.

That it had an intrinsic value was clear, for it was formed of gold, and its eyes were two tiny diamonds. But the value of the metal and the stores could hardly have been more than thirty or forty pounds, and certainly did not account for the Greek's desire to possess it.

So far as the juniors could see, it was simply a beetle formed of solid gold, such as the ancient Egyptians wore as amulets to protect them, as they fancied, from evil fortune and the evil eye.

Strange hieroglyphics were engraved on the shining surface of the beetle's body, but what they meant, if they meant anything, the schoolboys had not the faintest idea. Egyptian lore had been left out of the curriculum at Greyfriars.

"So that's it," said Bob Cherry.

"That is it, my boy," said Sir Reginald Brooke, with a smile. "It is thousands of years old, like most of the things in this room. But why the man Kalizelos desires to possess it, is a mystery to me, unless"—he smiled again and shook his head—"unless he is a believer in an ancient and rather vague tradition, or perhaps I should say superstition, that the possessor of the scarab of A-Menah holds in his hand the key to a wonderful treasure."

"Oh, my hat! A clue to a treasure!" exclaimed Bob. "Are those queer marks on it the jolly old clue?"

Sir Reginald smiled again.

"No. Those queer marks, as you call them, are simply an inscription stating that the scarab belongs to A-Menah, who appears to have been a great man

in Egypt in ancient days. I cannot read them myself, but I have a translation."

"Sort of name and address of the owner?" said Johnny Bull.

"Yes; nothing more."

"Then where's the jolly old clue?" asked Bob.

Sir Reginald laughed.

"There is no clue. It is simply, as I have said, an ancient superstition. I cannot believe that a keen and wily man like Kalizelos believes in such nonsense. Ignorant Egyptian fellaheen might believe that the scarab possesses some magic properties, but a Greek dealer of Cairo could hardly share such a belief. So his motive for seeking to get hold of the scarab is quite a mystery."

The baronet unlocked the case and lifted the scarab out.

It passed from hand to hand, the juniors examining it curiously.

The golden beetle was heavy, though hardly so heavy as they would have expected if the gold was solid. A fragment of a golden chain was still fastened to it, which had once passed round the dusky neck of an Egyptian tens of centuries ago. Except for the hieroglyphics which indicated the name and title of its ancient possessor there was nothing marked on it. How it could possibly furnish a clue to a treasure was unimaginable, unless, indeed, it was invested with some ancient magic which the Greyfriars fellows were not likely to believe. Yet it was certain that Kalizelos had spent money like water, and risked the prison gates closing upon him, to obtain possession of it. But they could hardly suppose that the wily Greek believed in magic.

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"Anyhow, that sportsman is after it, like a jolly old dog after a bone," said Bob Cherry. "If he found out where it was kept he might drop in and borrow it, Mauly."

"This room is safely protected from burglars," said Sir Reginald. "There are many valuables here. But—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Look!" He pointed to the window into which the August sun was blazing.

A face was pressed to the glass. The juniors stared almost spellbound at the dusky, olive face with the gleaming eyes of jetty black, that was pressed to the window-pane.

"The Greek!" shouted Wharton. "Oh, my hat! Kalizelos!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer, jumping up from the stone lid of the sarcophagus.

The juniors rushed to the window. For an instant the Greek's black, scintillating eyes glittered at them through the glass, but before they reached the window the head outside disappeared.

Kalizelos was gone. Sir Reginald Brooke quickly unlocked the window and opened it, and the juniors stared down. Beneath the window was thick, old ivy, which was swaying and rustling as the supple Greek slithered down. Even as they looked, he dropped to the ground and ran, and vanished round a corner of the building.

"After him!" shouted Bob. The juniors dashed pell-mell out of the Egyptian Room and down the stairs. They tore out of the house, and rushed in the direction where the Greek had disappeared.

But Kalizelos had not lost a second, and he had vanished. Up and down the shrubberies the juniors hunted, but there was no sign of the man from Cairo.

The juniors' faces were grave as they returned to the house at last. Sir Reginald Brooke met them in the hall, and his face was also grave. The police were hunting for the Greek, yet it was certain that he was still at hand, haunting the vicinity of Mauleverer Towers, in the desperate hope of laying lawless hands on the scarab. There was no doubt that he had seen it in the hands of the schoolboys when his dark face was pressed to the window of the Egyptian Room. He was gone—but the thought was in every mind that he would return—that he was not done with yet—and it seemed to the chums of the Remove that a shadow of dark mystery and peril lay in the house—a shadow that fell from the mysterious East.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, Too!

BILLY BUNTER grinned. Sprawling in Mauly's most comfortable armchair, in Mauly's den, the fat Owl of Greyfriars was reading.

Bunter was not much of a reading man, and when he did read, his taste ran, as a rule, to yellow-covered novels which described the weird adventures of amazing crooks and still more amazing detectives who popped up in the most unexpected way, in a different disguise every time. But on this occasion, Billy Bunter was reading a volume that contained information—which was not at all in his line. And he was grinning over it, as over a good joke, which was still more surprising. The volume had an attractive coloured

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cover, showing a picture of the Sphinx, with an Arab mounted on a fiery steed in the foreground, and a pyramid in the background. It was entitled, "Why Not Egypt?"

That valuable volume was issued by a tourist firm in London, and it was crammed with information of the most attractive kind. "Chuck's Tours," it appeared, enabled you to see Egypt from the Delta to Wady Halfa without any trouble and almost without any expense, and the whole trip was a sheer delight from beginning to end. There was no mention of scorpions, lions, plagues, or famines. Even the heat was not mentioned. And Billy Bunter grinned as he blinked at attractive page after page. According to Messrs. Chuck, Egypt was more attractive than even Margate!

Since the trip to Egypt had been decided on, the chums of Greyfriars had been looking up the subject, and this was one of the volumes they had consulted. Now Billy Bunter was consulting it—with the result that he was making another change in his plans. It dawned on Billy Bunter's fat brain that his fat leg had been pulled—and he was no longer thinking of making the trip to Egypt a happy success by standing out of it!

There were voices and footsteps in the doorway, and Bunter hurriedly shoved the volume out of sight under the cushions on the chair. He blinked round as the Famous Five came in with Mauly.

"I say, you fellows!" grinned Bunter. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Off to Margate, old bean?" asked Bob.

"He, he, he!" Bunter rose from the chair, and blinked at the juniors. "I say, you fellows, I've changed my mind! Don't you worry, Mauly, old man—I'm coming with you, after all!"

"Oh, gad!" "I've been thinking it over, you see," explained Bunter. "I saved your life at Greyfriars, Mauly—"

"Oh dear!" "And I came home with you for the hols, to keep an eye on you, old chap, and watch over your safety, as you know—"

"Give us a rest, old chap!" "And I'm not going to desert you," said Bunter, shaking his head. "I never was the man to let a pal down. Rely on me to see you through in Egypt, Mauly."

Lord Mauleverer suppressed a sigh. Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at the fat and grinning Owl.

"Don't forget the scorpions, old fat man," said Bob.

"I rather like scorpions," said Bunter. "Oh, my hat! And the mosquitoes, and—"

"No worse for me than for you fellows!" grinned Bunter.

"And the lions—"

"It's chiefly the lions that have made me decide to come," explained Bunter calmly. "You fellows will be in danger. Well, you'll get funky. You'll need a fellow with some pluck to see you through. That's where I come in."

"Oh crikey!" "There was a terrific famine in Egypt once," said Bob. "If there should be another—"

"That's all right. I shall set you fellows an example by keeping a stiff upper lip, you know."

"Better think again, old fat bean," said Johnny Bull.

"I've thought it out," said Bunter. "If there's danger, well—I like danger; you know my pluck! If there's hardships, I'm the fellow to rough it, without grousing, and keep your courage up for you by my example. I don't expect

a lot of pleasure from this trip—feeling responsible for the lot of you, and all that! But I feel it my duty to stick to you. Duty comes first, you know—I always was a whale on duty! Selfish fellows like you would hardly understand—but that's how it is! You can rely on me, Mauly! I'm sticking to you like glue, old chap!"

"Yaas," groaned Lord Mauleverer. "I was afraid it was rather too good to be true—"

"What?" "I—I mean, it's all right!" "Look here, Mauly—"

"Is that nunky callin' me?" asked Mauly, and he walked out of the armoury and disappeared.

Billy Bunter grinned at the Famous Five. Even Bunter could not suppose that the Greyfriars fellows were bucked by the news that he was sticking to them, after all. But that was a trifle light as air to William George Bunter. Bunter was not going to be left out, and so far as the fat Owl could see, that was all that mattered.

"So you're not going to Margate, after all?" said Bob.

"He, he, he! No!" "You feel safe here?" asked Bob.

"Eh?" "That Greek blighter is hanging about—"

"He, he, he!" "Shouldn't wonder if he came butting in some dark night after the scarab," said Johnny Bull.

"He, he, he! If he does, leave him to me!" said Bunter. "He scares you fellows stiff, but I'll handle him all right. The fact is, I shouldn't feel that you fellows would be safe if I went. In the circumstances, I feel bound to protect you. Rely on me!"

"You fat idiot!" "Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the room and shut the door after him. The Famous Five looked at one another.

"The fat villain's tumbled to it, somehow, that we were pulling his leg!" growled Johnny Bull. "If he really believed there was any danger, he would be off to Margate like a shot."

"It's too bad!" grunted Bob Cherry. "Mauly's rather an ass to stand it. We ought to think of some way of rescuing him from Bunter."

"My esteemed and idiotic chums," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a glimmer in his dusky eyes, "the dangerousness is not terrific, but the estimable Bunter is a preposterous funk. Suppose—"

"Go it, Inky!" said Bob hopefully. "Suppose a fierce and ferocious desperado should break into the idiotic Bunter's room in the deadliness of night—"

"What the thump!" said Harry Wharton. "If Kalizelos came here, he would make for the Egyptian Room, after the scarab. He wouldn't bother about Bunter."

"But if the excellent Bob were to borrow some of the Egyptian costumes from Mauly's idiotic collection, and black his face with some absurd blacking—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob. "And enter the absurd Bunter's room with a scimitar or a yataghan, in his ridiculous hand—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Good egg!"

"I'm on!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We'll try it on this evening. If that fat villain fancied there was any danger, he would be off to Margate as fast as petrol could carry him. And if a ferocious Egyptian barges into his room, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With grinning faces, the chums of the Remove proceeded to discuss the details of the plot.

Outside the door of the armoury another fellow was grinning.

It was Billy Bunter!

His fat ear was glued to the keyhole.

Bunter had been rather interested to hear what the fellows might be saying after he was gone. He found what they were saying unexpectedly interesting!

There was a fat grin on his face as he rolled away.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bold Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"I'm going up to my room to write some letters."

"Oh!"

"Don't disturb me," said Bunter.

"Oh!"

The Famous Five exchanged glances as the fat Owl departed.

It was evening, and Billy Bunter had been resting for some time in an arm-chair; he needed a rest after the dinner he had packed away. Now, with the announcement that he had letters to write, he rolled off to his room.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Couldn't be better!" he murmured.

Really Billy Bunter seemed to be playing into the hands of the plotters, as if to afford them an opportunity of carrying out the "wheeze" that had been evolved by the active brain of the Nabob of Bhanipur.

That wheeze was the last chance of making Bunter come "unstuck," which was a consummation devoutly to be wished.

For Mauly's sake, if not for their own, the Famous Five felt that it was up to them.

Garments borrowed from the Egyptian collection, and a bottle of liquid blacking, were already in Bob Cherry's room.

Only an opportunity was needed, and Bunter was providing it!

There was no doubt, in the minds of the juniors, that if a fearful-looking black man established contact with Billy Bunter, the fat Owl would be convinced that one of Kalizelos' gang was after him; and if Bunter believed that, there was not the slightest doubt that he would make for the safety of Merry Margate at the earliest possible moment.

Now was the time!

Lord Mauleverer was in the library with his uncle, discussing details of the trip to Egypt. His lordship had been told nothing of the little scheme; the Famous Five were doing good by stealth, as it were.

"Come on!" said Bob, when Bunter was gone. "Fairly asking for it, isn't he? Thoughtful of him to give us a chance like this, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five ascended the stairs and entered the corridor on which all the rooms of the juniors opened.

They tiptoed past Bunter's door.

Light glimmered from under that door, and they could hear the fat Owl moving within.

Silently they reached Bob Cherry's room and lost no time in getting to business.

Four grinning juniors helped to make Bob up. The result was undoubtedly startling.

In a long djibbah, sandals, and a turban, and with his face blacked, Bob did not perhaps look much like a genuine Egyptian; but he certainly looked a fearful and dangerous

character, whom no one would have wanted to meet alone on a dark night.

He surveyed his reflection in the glass and chuckled.

"My hat! Blessed if I should like to meet myself, got up like this, in a lonely place!" he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter will alarm the whole house when he sees you!" grinned Nugent.

"Never mind, if he starts for Margate in the morning."

"The startfulness for esteemed and merry Margate is the sine qua non," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Well, we're ready," said Harry Wharton. "Come on!"

He opened the door quietly and glanced into the corridor. Suppressing sounds of mirth, the Famous Five crept along on tiptoe to Bunter's door.

From within came a familiar sound to which the juniors were accustomed in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars.

STEP IN AND WIN A HANDSOME PENKNIFE

like L. Oliver, of 141, Prestwick Road, Ayr, who sent in the following rib-tickler.



Wife: "Oh, darling, look what's happened to my first pancake!"

Hubby: "Never mind, dear, it may not be a complete failure. Let's try it on the gramophone!"

If at first you don't succeed, chums, try again!

Snore!

Bunter, apparently, had fallen asleep over his letters—if he really had gone to his room to write letters.

Snorrrrrre!

"Quiet!" murmured Bob, and he opened the door and looked in.

Billy Bunter was seated in an arm-chair, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, snoring peacefully. The juniors grinned as they looked at him.

There was no sign of letter-writing! Apparently Bunter had gone to sleep instead. As a matter of fact, little as the juniors guessed it, the sly Owl had been deliberately giving them an opportunity to "get on with it," and he had fallen asleep while waiting for them to butt in.

Bob stepped into the room.

In the bright electric light he looked a fearsome figure. Four juniors clustered outside the door, which was left ajar.

Snore!

A sudden, fearful yell, close to his fat ear, awakened Billy Bunter. The snore

ceased, and his little round eyes opened behind his big round spectacles.

He blinked at the fearsome black man, and for a moment his eyes bulged. But it was only for a moment.

Instead of leaping up, with a howl of terror, Bunter sat where he was, blinking at the fearful apparition.

He was quite calm.

"Ha! Dog of a Faringhee!" exclaimed the black man in a deep, throaty voice. "I have found thee!"

Billy Bunter groped behind him in the chair.

The next moment the black man had the surprise of his life.

According to programme, the fat Owl ought to have been scared out of his podgy wits, and the juniors expected him to bolt from the room in a state of frantic funk.

But somehow the plot did not go according to programme.

Bunter's fat hand came swiftly from behind him, and there was a large, fat, juicy orange in it.

Whiz!

Crash!

Bunter was not a good marksman, but the range was too short for even Bunter to miss.

The orange crashed in Bob Cherry's eye, and he staggered back, taken quite by surprise, and sat down with a bump.

"Oh!" he gasped.

The next instant Bunter sprang from the chair.

But he did not bolt for the door yelling with terror. He jumped at the fearsome black man.

Thump, thump!

A fat fist crashed on Bob Cherry's blackened nose and another on his chin.

The hapless japer went over on his back.

Thump, thump, thump, thump!

"Ow! Oh, my hat!" yelled Bob, forgetting that he was a black man. "Oh crumbs! You potty porpoise! Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter's fat fists were crashing on him with terrific vim. Right and left the fat Owl thumped and thumped, and Bob rolled and roared.

He scrambled away and leaped to his feet. As he did so, Bunter seized a poker from the fireplace and a water-jug from the washstand; then, leaping on his bed, he faced Bob again.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob. "Keep off, you potty idiot!"

Bunter swiped again with the poker, and Bob leaped away just in time. Evidently something had gone wrong with the plot. So far from being in a funk, Billy Bunter was handling the situation in a really masterly way.

Apparently he was not afraid of a black man.

He followed Bob up as he retreated, still swiping with the poker. Bob Cherry jumped and dodged like a kangaroo.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton in amazement.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bob, as the poker landed. "Keep off, you fat villain! Keep that poker away, you podgy maniac! Yoooop!"

Swipe!

Harry Wharton threw the door open, and Bob dodged out into the passage. Bunter followed on.

A swipe of the poker, perhaps by accident, caught Harry Wharton, and he roared. Another swipe elicited a frantic howl from Johnny Bull.

"Look out, you silly owl!" gasped Nugent.

"I say, you fellows, collar him!"

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shouted Bunter. "Hold him while I brain him with this poker—"

"Oh crikey!"
"It's one of that gang, you know—Kalizelos' gang!" yelled Bunter. "Don't let him get away!"

"Oh crumbs!"
"Look here, you fat chump—"
"Come on!" roared Bunter, charging down the passage after Bob Cherry, brandishing the poker.

"Keep off!" shrieked Bob. "You silly owl— Oh, my hat! Oh crumbs! Oh, Jehosophat!"
Spipe, swipe!

A poker, at close quarters, was quite unpleasant. Bob Cherry dodged frantically, and fairly bolted down the passage. After him rushed Bunter, still swiping, leaving the rest of the Co. staring after him, almost babbling with amazement.

"Will you keep off?" shrieked Bob. "You silly Owl, you'll be braining me next! I tell you— Yarooooop!"

He jumped away from the poker again on the landing, missed his footing, and rolled down the stairs.

"I say, you fellows, back up!" yelled Bunter, and he plunged down the staircase after the hapless Bob.

Bob Cherry did the stairs in record time. At the foot of the stairs he sat up, gasping for breath. Porson and James and John came up, staring in amazement at the black man in a tangled djibbah, with his turban hanging down over one ear and disclosing a mop of flaxen hair such as no black man had ever been known to possess. The library door opened, and Sir Reginald Brooke and Lord Mauleverer came out in haste.

"What—" ejaculated the old baronet in astonishment.

"A black man!" gasped Porson.
"A jolly old nigger!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Here, collar him!"

Bunter came hurtling down the stairs, poker in hand.

"Leave him to me!" roared Bunter. "I can handle him! Leave him to me, Mauly! I'll brain him—"
"Yaroooooh!"

Bob Cherry squirmed frantically away. The poker crashed on the floor a foot from him as he squirmed.

"Good gad!" exclaimed Sir Reginald.
"What—"

"Collar him!" panted Mauleverer.
James and John hurled themselves on the black man. They grasped him by either arm. Bunter aimed with the poker, and the black man yelled wildly:

"Keep that fat maniac off! I'm not a nigger, you silly asses, I'm Bob Cherry! Keep him off!"

"Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. He pushed Bunter back. "Go easy with that poker, old fat man!"

"I'm going to brain him—"
"Keep him off, will you?" yelled Bob.

The Co. came running down the stairs, amazed, dismayed, and disconcerted. Harry Wharton jerked the poker away from Bunter. That poker had done damage enough—in fact, a little too much. Sir Reginald Brooke surveyed the discomfited juniors rather sternly.

"You may release that boy," he said to James and John. "He is quite unrecognisable, but I know his voice. Cherry, what does this mean?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob. "I've got a dozen bumps—"

"It—it—it was a lark!" gasped Wharton. "It's only Bob, got up as a darkey to scare Bunter—"

"Not so jolly easy to scare me," said Billy Bunter disdainfully.

"Absurd!" said Sir Reginald, and he went back to the library.

"So it's you, is it, Bob, old chap?" said Bunter. "Of course, I never knew

it was you! Did you think you could scare me? He, he, he!"

"You fat villain!" roared Bob. "You jolly well knew it was me, or you'd have been scared stiff—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"
"And I'll jolly well—"

Bob Cherry made a stride towards the grinning fat Owl. A good many swipes from the poker had reached him, and he was feeling hurt.

Lord Mauleverer pushed him back, grinning.

"Hold on, old bean," he grinned. "You asked for it, you know!"

Billy Bunter curled a fat lip.
"So it was a trick, was it?" he said, with lofty scorn. "You fancied you could frighten me—as if I'm a fellow to be frightened! You've known me long enough to know that pluck's my long suit! Of course, I never knew it was Cherry—I never heard the fellows talking it over in the armoury, and hadn't the faintest idea that they were playing tricks. You fellows will have to think of something better than this, if you want to frighten me! He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, with his fat little nose in the air. The Famous Five looked at one another with sickly looks. It was a ghastly frost, and the fat Owl had scored all along the line!

Harry Wharton & Co. retreated up the stairs, leaving Porson and James and John grinning, and Lord Mauleverer chuckling. And Billy Bunter grinned after them, as they went, with a fat and triumphant grin.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In Merciless Hands!

LORD MAULEVERER came into his room, after saying good-night to his friends in the corridor.

There was a thoughtful expression on Mauly's face. That evening, while the Famous Five amused themselves by knocking the balls about in the billiards-room, and Billy Bunter snoozed in an armchair while he waited for bed-time, Mauly had been occupied in a way rather unusual for his lazy lordship.

His father had been, in his younger days, a famous explorer in the strange land of Egypt, and an enthusiastic Egyptologist, as the collection in the Egyptian Room at the Towers showed. Many of the late earl's notes and journals were still in existence, kept in a cabinet in the Egyptian Room, and Mauly had often intended to go through them, though, as a matter of fact, he had never done so. But this evening he had sorted out the old papers, and looked out the references to the Golden Scarab of A-Menah.

Until Kalizelos came on the scene, Lord Mauleverer had given little thought to the sacred scarabaeus, but of late his thoughts had rather concentrated on it. And he had read with great keenness all that the late earl had written in his notes about it, and he had found the subject unexpectedly interesting. He was thinking of it when he came up to bed, and the Golden Scarab was in his pocket.

The August day had been hot, and the night was warm. Mauly crossed to the open window, which looked on the balcony that ran under the windows of all the rooms occupied by the Greyfriars party. The other fellows had gone to bed, and as Mauly stood looking out into the summer night, spangled with stars, the lights went out in the adjoining windows one by one.

From one of the rooms came the sound of a deep snore, showing that Billy Bunter was asleep, and Mauly smiled faintly. But the grave and thoughtful

look returned to his face. He turned from the window at last, but he did not go to bed. He was not inclined for sleep. He took the Golden Scarab from his pocket, and laid it on the table, where the golden surface glimmered and gleamed in the electric light. He threw himself into a chair, his eyes on the metallic beetle.

What he had been reading on the subject was running in his mind, and in the silence of the night he seemed to feel the strange and mysterious spell of Egypt upon him.

The golden beetle that lay gleaming under his eyes, bright and undimmed, could have told many strange tales. It had belonged to A-Menah, a great soldier of the reign of Rameses the Second, who was Pharaoh in Egypt thirteen centuries before the beginning of the Christian era.

A-Menah, in those ancient days, had gone forth to war with his Lord Rameses, and fought against the Hittites in Asia Minor, with sharp sword and twanging bow in a charging chariot, drawn by two fiery steeds, with the charioteer by his side.

More than three thousand years had passed since A-Menah, under the banner of the Pharaoh, had darted his arrows at the fierce Hittites on the plains of Syria, in the forgotten battles of Kadesh. Yet, when he stood in his war-chariot, shooting fiery arrows over the plumed heads of his plunging horses, laying the Hittites low, he had worn the Golden Scarab as an amulet, to keep off evil fortune—and it had looked the same in the eyes of that fierce old Egyptian, as it looked to Lord Mauleverer now. All things else were changed, but the glimmering golden beetle was unchanged.

And A-Menah, as Lord Mauleverer had learned from his father's papers, had brought home a treasure from the war—a wonderful diamond that was called the Eye of Osiris, from its size and brilliance and immense value.

And the tradition existed, traced out in the picture-writing on ancient papyrus, that whoever possessed the Golden Scarab of A-Menah, should surely possess that great treasure, the Eye of Osiris.

Was it that tradition that caused the wily Greek of Cairo to seek the sacred scarab? Thinking it over in the quiet of the night with his mind full of Egyptian lore, it did not seem so improbable to Mauleverer now. Was there some strange secret in that glimmering golden object under the electric light that would guide the one who possessed it to the discovery of the Eye of Osiris—the wonderful diamond which had been lost to human knowledge when the mummy of A-Menah was swathed in fine linen and laid in a sarcophagus in the heart of a towering pyramid?

Mauleverer wondered.

He could not read the pictured inscription engraved on the scarab; but he had the translation, which told nothing but that the sacred beetle had belonged to A-Menah, great and glorious in war, servant of the thrice-glorious Rameses, Pharaoh of Egypt and Lord of Syria, slayer of the Hittites.

In those strange hieroglyphics there was no clue. Then in what way could the golden beetle guide its possessor to the discovery of the Eye of Osiris? Unless, indeed there was truth in ancient tales of Egyptian magic?

Somewhat, as Mauleverer sat gazing at the gleaming beetle, he did not smile at the thought. His thoughts were back in dim past ages—before the Christian era—before the Roman Empire had been thought of—before Alexander marched out of Macedon—the dim, dim past,



"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, suddenly pointing to the window. "Look!" Sir Reginald Brooke and the Greyfriars juniors stared, spellbound, at the dusky, olive face pressed to the window-pane. "The Greek!" shouted Harry Wharton.

when England had been a savage island, and Egypt a great and powerful kingdom—when the Sphinx first looked out over the sands of the desert, and the great Pyramids were a-building. Strange things had happened in those strange old days.

There was a faint sound in the silent room.

Mauleverer did not heed it.

From a screen that stood by the bed a dark, olive-skinned face looked out and two jetty black eyes glittered at the schoolboy earl.

Mauleverer did not turn his head.

With the stealthy tread of a cat, the supple Greek crossed to the door, behind the half-dreaming schoolboy, and turned the key in the lock.

The faint click of the key caught Mauleverer's attention, and he started. He glanced round, and sprang to his feet, as he saw the olive face and glittering eyes of the Greek.

For a second his heart leaped. Then he was calm again. His hand closed over the golden scarab on the table as he faced the man from Egypt.

The Greek smiled—a smile that was tigerish.

"Silence, my lord!" he said, in his low, musical voice. "I have locked the door and help cannot come. It is death to call!"

Lord Mauleverer breathed hard.

He had been half-dreaming, dreaming of old Egypt. Now he came back at a bound to reality. He knew that he was in danger—deadly danger. But he was cool as ice as he watched the man from Cairo.

The soft summer breeze played in at the open window from the balcony. Mauleverer realised, only too clearly, that he had been careless. Evidently

the Greek had climbed to the balcony and concealed himself in the room, to wait for Mauleverer—to deal with him alone where his friends could not help him.

Mauleverer did not call out. The Greek was within reach of a spring, and he was ready to spring like a tiger, and there was no chance of help coming in time.

The black eyes blazed with triumph at the cool, steady face of the schoolboy earl.

"What do you want here?"

Lord Mauleverer spoke calmly.

Kalizelos showed his gleaming white teeth.

"You can guess, my lord! I have waited and watched! I hid myself here—for you—to force you at the point of my dagger, to lead me to the golden scarab and place it in my hands. But I have been more fortunate than I hoped. The scarab is here. You need not cover it with your hand, my lord—I have seen it. I know that it is the scarab of A-Menah. Give it to me!"

Lord Mauleverer's hand tightened on the golden beetle.

The Greek came a step nearer.

"I have learned many things, my lord, while I have watched and waited, and I have spies in my service," he said. "I know of your lordship's intended visit to Egypt. Fool! Did you think that, with the scarab in your hand, you might find the treasure that has been hidden from all eyes since Rameses was on the throne of Egypt?"

Mauleverer started.

That thought had not been in his mind; but it was a natural suspicion on the part of the Egyptian Greek.

"That wasn't the idea, Mr. Kalizelos!" answered Mauleverer. "My

friends and I are goin' to Egypt just for a holiday."

"You think you can deceive me so easily?" sneered the Greek.

Mauleverer shrugged his shoulders. "Honest Injun, dear man," he answered. "But now you've put the idea in my head, by Jove, I'll take the jolly old scarab along with me, and put in for the treasure. Thanks for the tip!"

The Greek stared at him searchingly. "You had not thought of it?" he asked.

"Not till now!" smiled Mauleverer.

"And now—"

"Now I'm takin' the tip, as I've said."

Kalizelos laughed mockingly. "Even if you could escape me now, my lord, and keep the scarab, do you dream that it would guide you to the treasure?"

"Why not, as well as another?" asked Mauleverer. "It's a sportin' chance, anyhow."

The Greek laughed again. "From your words, my lord, it is plain that you do not dream of the secret of the scarab—that it is hidden from your eyes," he said. "Here or in Egypt, the scarab will tell you nothing."

"But you fancy it might tell you somethin'?" asked Lord Mauleverer, watching the man curiously.

"I know the secret, my lord," said Kalizelos coolly. "In my antique shop in Cairo, many thousands of old papyri have passed through my hands—and I am skilled in reading the pictured writing of the old Egyptians. There came into my hands a papyrus, written by a scribe at the order of the soldier

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DOUANE



SOUTHWARD BOUND!

(Continued from page 13.)

A-Menah, to be given to his son Menarsis after his death. Whether it was placed in the hands of Menarsis or not I cannot say—but in that ancient scroll is written the secret of the scarab."

"Oh!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. He understood now why the olive-skinned man had come from Cairo in search of the scarab.

"Tradition says that the possessor of the golden scarab will surely possess the Eye of Osiris, the diamond that was worth more than the fortune of a king in the days of the Pharaohs—that is worth a quarter of a million pounds in modern English money. And tradition says true, my lord, as I have learned from the scroll of the scribe employed by A-Menah three thousand years ago. When this knowledge came to me, I began at once to search for the scarab of A-Menah; I learned that it had fallen into the hands of your lordship's father, and that he had taken it out of the land of Egypt into his own country. That is why I am here."

"I see."
"Without the knowledge that I possess the scarab is valueless to you—it will tell you nothing. To me, knowing what I do, it is worth a quarter of a million pounds."

"And to me—if I hit on the secret!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"You will never find the secret, my lord, even if you keep the scarab. I should not have dreamed of it had I not read what was written in the papyrus. Give it me!"

The Greek came a step nearer.
"Your life, my lord, or a hundred lives, will not stand between me and riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Give me the scarab, and I go—leaving you unharmed. Sell it to me, and I will give you, as I told the fool Bunter, a thousand pounds in English money. But the scarab I will and must have!"

Lord Mauleverer smiled contemptuously.

He picked up the golden beetle and slipped it into his pocket. He faced the Greek, quietly, coolly, with steady eyes and clenched hands.

"Will you lose your life for that bauble, my lord?" said the Greek, between his teeth. "It has little value to you."

"If it had no value whatever it would make no difference," answered Lord Mauleverer coolly. "Do you think you can bully and frighten me, you rotter? If the scarab leads to a treasure, it may or may not lead me—but you won't get your thieving hands on it, at any rate."

The Greek's black eyes flashed.

"For the last time, Lord Mauleverer, I—"

"Chuck it!" said Mauleverer.

"Death, then!" hissed the man from Cairo, and with the spring of a tiger he leaped on the schoolboy earl.

Lord Mauleverer would have shouted for help as he grappled with the Greek.

But the tigerish swiftness of the man from Egypt gave him no chance.

Sinuous fingers were on his throat, choking back the cry he would have uttered, and the schoolboy earl went to the floor, the Greek above him.

Maully was strong and sturdy, and he struggled desperately, but he seemed like an infant in the hands of the wiry, muscular Greek.

The cruel fingers gripped his throat, silencing him; the black eyes blazed down at him, merciless as the glaring orbs of a lion of the Libyan Desert; and in those terrible moments the schoolboy earl of Greyfriars felt himself passing into the valley of the shadow of death!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

In the Nick of Time!

BOB CHERRY turned his head on his pillow, grunted, and turned again, and sat up in bed.

Generally, Bob slept like a top. But he was not feeling as usual now. Swipes from a poker in a reckless hand were not trifles to be disregarded. Billy Bunter had wielded the poker not wisely, but too well. There were about a dozen bruises distributed over Bob; and he had more aches and pains than he was inclined to count.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh's "wheeze" had been a frost, and the only outcome was to keep Bob from balmy slumber. And at last Bob gave up the attempt to sleep, and turned out of bed.

He wondered whether any of the other fellows were still awake. The hour was late, and the house was silent and still.

He threw a coat on over his pyjamas, slipped on a pair of slippers and opened his window. Then he looked out on the balcony.

Bob was a gregarious fellow, and he did not like staying up alone in the silent watches of the night. If the other fellows were asleep, however, he had no idea of awakening them; but he hoped that a walk up and down the balcony, under the summer stars, might make him more disposed to sleep.

He stepped from the french window of his room, and immediately became aware that one, at least, of his friends was still up. All the other windows were dark, but light streamed from Lord Mauleverer's window.

"Oh, good!" murmured Bob, relieved.

If old Maully was sleepless, too, he would probably like a "jaw." Bob strolled along the balcony to Lord Mauleverer's room, and looked in through the open window.

As the light was burning he expected to see Lord Mauleverer out of bed, or perhaps sitting up in bed to read. But what he actually did see made him jump almost clear of the balcony.

For an instant he stared blankly, unable to believe his eyes which almost started from his head.

Lord Mauleverer was on his back on the carpet, and bending over him, gripping his throat with cruel, choking fingers, was the olive-skinned man from Egypt, Konstantinos Kalizelos, the Greek.

For one instant Bob was spellbound.

Then he woke to sudden action. Not a sound came from Mauleverer, the slim sinuous fingers choked him into silence. No sound came from the Greek as he bent to his murderous work. His black eyes blazed down ruthlessly. Not for a moment did the assassin dream that

an interruption would come; and Mauleverer had no hope of it. But it came, and it came suddenly.

Bob Cherry came through the open window with a bound, and, before either the Greek or his victim knew that he was there, his clenched fist struck.

The blow, with all Bob Cherry's beef behind it, crashed into the handsome, olive face, and Kalizelos, with a startled cry, reeled sideways, and rolled on the floor.

Lord Mauleverer was released. The cruel grip was gone from his throat, and he gasped spasmodically for breath.

"Maully!" panted Bob.

The Greek, taken by surprise as he was, and dazed by that terrific blow, was on his feet in an instant with the activity of a cat. His dark face was distorted with rage, and his dusky hand groped for a weapon. But Bob Cherry was on him in a twinkling. He drove his fist again into the Greek's face, sending him spinning, and Kalizelos crashed over, a dagger flying from his hand as he drew it out.

Lord Mauleverer scrambled breathlessly up.

"Oh, good man!" he gasped.

Bob's grasp was on the Greek, holding him down.

"Back up, Maully!" he panted.

"Yaas, begad!" gasped Mauleverer.

Kalizelos struggled to his feet with Bob Cherry clinging to him. Lord Mauleverer had hold of him the next moment. The Greek's black eyes burned; the olive face was convulsed with fury. With a strength that few would have suspected to dwell in his slim, supple body he dragged himself to the window, the two juniors clinging to him and seeking to drag him down again. Bob Cherry shouted to his comrades as he struggled with the Greek. His powerful voice rang far and wide, and there was an answering shout along the balcony.

Help was coming!

But the Greek, with a frantic effort, tore himself loose from the grasping hands, and made a desperate spring from the window. He stumbled on the balcony and fell as Harry Wharton came speeding along from his window. He was up again in a second, and Wharton staggered back from a fierce blow. The next moment the Greek was scrambling over the rail of the balcony, and as Bob Cherry rushed at him he let go, and dropped into the shrubberies below.

"Bob," gasped Wharton, "what—who—what—"

"My esteemed Bob—"

Hurree Singh came racing up, followed by Nugent and Johnny Bull. All the Co. were awake now.

"It's the Greek!" panted Bob. "Kalizelos—"

There was a crashing in the shrubberies under the balcony. The fall was a long one. It seemed almost impossible that the falling man could have escaped without injury. The juniors rushed to the balustrade and peered over in the starlight.

"Look! There he is!"

"He's running!"

The Greek, hurt or not, was on his feet, and running. His lithe figure was visible for a moment in the starlight, and then it was gone. A faint sound of fleeing footsteps died away in the night.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Off to Egypt!

MAULY, old man—"You're hurt!"

The chums of the Remove gathered anxiously about Lord Mauleverer. The schoolboy earl was rubbing his throat tenderly. The marks of the Greek's wiry fingers were only too plainly to be seen there. Mauly had had a narrow escape. And there was little doubt that Bob Cherry had saved his life.

His lordship smiled faintly.

"All serene, old beans!" he said. "Right as rain! I've had rather a jolt. That blighter meant business, by gad!"

"We'd better rouse the house, and get after him!"

Mauly shook his head.

"No good makin' a fuss now; he's gone. I fancy he's doin' about sixty in a car by this time."

Harry Wharton nodded. It was useless to pursue the Greek, now that he had escaped from their hands. Certainly he was not likely to linger.

"Besides, we shan't see him again—in this country," added Mauleverer. "I rather think we may see him on his own jolly old heath when we get to Egypt. Not here, I imagine."

"Why?"

"I've told him I'm taking the giddy scarab to Egypt with me," explained Mauleverer.

"Well, you were rather an ass to let him know that, old chap," said Nugent. "He will be climbing the pyramids after us."

"My dear man, he had guessed it," grinned Mauleverer. "He had the idea that we were goin' out to Egypt on account of the giddy scarab, and lookin' for jolly old A-Monah's treasure—see? So he would have been on our track in any case. He let out that he's come across an old papyrus, and learned from it the secret of the scarab—that's why he's after it."

Mauleverer took the golden scarab from his pocket, and held it up to the light, gleaming and glistening.

"He jolly nearly had it," he said. "He would have had it, but for you, Bob, old bean! And me, too! Determined beggar, you know! He says that the treasure is worth a quarter of a million pounds, in the shape of a diamond called the Eye of Osiris—wonderful old diamond that hasn't been seen for three thousand years, but was fearfully famous at one time. I've been readin' it up in my pater's papers. We're going to take the scarab with us, and put in for the treasure—what? That will make the trip a bit more excitin'."

"Yes, rather," agreed Bob. "But I'm blessed if I see how that beetle is going to show the way to the treasure, Mauly! It can't be anything but a superstition."

"Kalizelos doesn't think so—and he's a wily bird. Perhaps it's a jolly old magic beetle—sort of 'Open sesame' stunt—what?" grinned his lordship. "The Greek's got it from a giddy ancient document, so he says—chapter and verse. He's willin' to risk his neck for the scarab. Looks as if there's somethin' in it."

The juniors looked curiously at the golden beetle. That there could be magical powers in the ancient amulet they did not, of course, believe. But, otherwise, it was unimaginable how the sacred scarab could possibly afford a clue to the vanished treasure of the days of Rameses II. But there was

no doubt that they were keenly interested, and that the idea of a treasure-hunt among the pyramids and tombs of old Egypt attracted them.

"But there's one thing," added Lord Mauleverer gravely, "I'm up against that blighter Kalizelos, and I wouldn't let him have the scarab for love or money, if only to show him that a fellow can't be bullied. But he's a tough customer, and it means danger—not the jolly old tourist holiday that we were thinkin' of—but real danger. If you fellows don't like the idea—"

"Fathead!"

"I don't know whether I ought to let you men in for it," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm rather keen on takin' the scarab along and puttin' in for the treasure. But if you'd rather not, I'll chuck the idea, and leave it stacked in the bank when we go—what?"

"I don't fancy any bank in England would keep it safe from Kalizelos," said Harry Wharton. "Banks can be burgled, Mauly, and ten to one the Greek would get hold of it sooner or later."

"Yaas, that's so. The only safe place for it is in a fellow's pocket," agreed

Your Editor Calling!

Have I received a Greyfriars Limerick or a funny story from you yet?

Don't forget, I'm still handing out TOPPING LEATHER POCKET WALLETS and SHEFFIELD STEEL PENKNIVES for Limericks and funny stories. All efforts should be sent to: "Limericks and Jokes" Editor, c/o MAGNET, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Lord Mauleverer. "But you fellows can—"

"Fathead! We'll handle Kalizelos all right if he bothers us in Egypt!" said the captain of the Remove. "I fancy it's all bunkum about the treasure. Still, if there's a diamond worth a quarter of a million pounds knocking about, we'll pick it up—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll rig a ribbon or somethin' on the thing, and wear it round my neck, like jolly old A-Monah used to, three thousand years ago," said Lord Mauleverer. "Might drop it out of my pocket."

"That's a good idea!"

"My esteemed and ridiculous chums," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "A wheezy good idea has occurred to my ridiculous and debilitated brain—"

"Cough it up, Inky!"

"The absurd Kalizelos will be after the esteemed Mauly for the ludicrous scarab," said the nabob, "and if he should get his disgusting hands on him the scarab will be a goner! Suppose that the absurd article should be entrusted to the keeping of one of Mauly's execrable friends—"

"Inky, old man, you're a giddy jewel!" said Lord Mauleverer. "That's the bright idea! It would be rather a lark if the Greek johnny got hold of me, and when he got there the cupboard was bare—what?"

"Jolly good wheeze!" said Bob Cherry. "Even if the brute guesses

that one of us is minding it, he couldn't guess which one. If you'll trust it out of your hands, Mauly—"

"Glad to!" answered Mauleverer. "Likely as not I should lose it—I'm always losin' things. Might lose anythin' knockin' about in Egypt—except Bunter! What offers?"

He held up the golden scarab.

It was decided that Wharton should take charge of the golden scarab. There was no doubt that it was safer in his hands, than in the careless hands of his lordship.

Wharton proceeded to tie a black silk ribbon to the golden beetle, where a chain had once been fastened to it, and he put the ribbon round his neck.

"This doesn't leave me, night or day," he said, "until we get back to England!"

"And if it leads to the giddy treasure, all we've got to do is follow in our father's footsteps!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors went back to bed, but Bob Cherry remained in Lord Mauleverer's room for the rest of the night. Danger made little impression on Mauly's noble mind; but his friends decided for him that he was not to be left alone again at night, and his lordship submitted with his usual easy-going tolerance. And Bob looked very carefully to the fastenings of the window before he turned in.

But there was no fresh alarm. Indeed, the juniors had little doubt that Lord Mauleverer was right, and that now that the Greek was assured that the scarab would accompany them to Egypt, he would keep clear of Mauleverer Towers. But they were fully expecting to see the Greek again in the land of the Pharaohs; and they wondered, too, whether the lawless rascal would dog their steps on the journey.

But the chums of Greyfriars were quite confident that they could take care of themselves; and there was no doubt that the idea of hunting for the "Eye of Osiris" gave an added zest to the trip to the Nile.

A few more days and the Greyfriars party were ready to start, and the big car came round to carry them on the first stage of their journey.

Billy Bunter had a very thoughtful look that morning. For the last time the fat junior was debating in his mind the rival claims of Margate and Egypt. He decided in favour of Egypt—for a good reason. Mauly's tenner would not last long at Margate; but in Egypt Mauly would be a horn of plenty that would not run dry till the end of the holidays. So, though Bunter, as a matter of taste, preferred Margate, he settled on Egypt, and his fat person was packed into the car.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Speaks French!

VOUS n'avez rien à déclarer, messieurs?"

"Leave it to me," said Billy Bunter.

"Fathead!"

"You'd better leave speaking French to me, you fellows—"

"Ass!"

"Beast!"

The Channel had been crossed.

Innumerable porters in baggy trousers had seized upon the baggage of the Greyfriars party, and carried it from the steamer into the Douane, where it was ranged on the long

counters for the Customs officials to deal with it.

Sir Reginald Brooke was no doubt capable of seeing to the matter; but Billy Bunter had to wedge in.

At Greyfriars School, Bunter's French made Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, almost weep.

But that, according to Bunter, was because Monsieur Charpentier was rather an ass, and did not understand what a dab Bunter really was at French.

Anyhow, Bunter was going to air his knowledge, and he proceeded to give it an airing.

The polite Customs official asked them whether they had anything to "declare," and, as Sir Reginald was farther along the counter, dealing with another official, it was a chance for Bunter.

"Rong!" said Bunter cheerfully.

The Custom's man blinked at him.

"Plait-il?" he ejaculated.

"Rong!" repeated Bunter.

The Frenchman smiled and shook his head.

"Je ne comprends pas l'anglais, monsieur!" he said.

"Eh! What is he saying, you fellows?" asked Bunter.

"Ha, ha! He's saying that he doesn't understand English!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I wasn't speaking English, you ass, I was speaking French——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! It's pretty thick to put a man in charge here who doesn't understand his own language!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Mais, messieurs, repondez, si'l vous plait," said the Customs man. "Vous avez quelque-chose a declarer?"

"Rein?" answered Harry Wharton; and the man understood this as French, though Bunter's "rong" had been foreign to his ears.

"C'est ca," said the Frenchman, and he chalked Wharton's suit-case.

"Silly ass!" said Bunter. "He seems to understand you, Wharton. I suppose he's some provincial dummy, and doesn't catch on to the Parisian accent. That must be it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Et vous, monsieur?" asked the Frenchman, addressing Bunter.

"Moi, rong!" said Bunter. "Rong? Savec? Don't you comprong your own blinking lingo, you ass? J'ai rong to declare in my bag, no quelque-chose at all!"

The most finished French scholar would hardly have understood French of that variety. The man stared at Bunter, and, instead of chalking his bag, to pass the customs, he proceeded to open it. As it was locked, he asked Bunter for the key, pointing to the lock. Bunter understood the gesture, if not the French, and grunted angrily.

"Look here! What do you want to ouvrez my bag for, when you haven't jolly well ouvreyed the others?" he demanded.

"Ouvrez, si'l vous plait!" rapped the official. "Ouvrez, monsieur!"

"You silly ass, open the bag!" exclaimed Wharton. "You've made him think you've got something to declare, with your silly babble!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Ouvrez!" yapped the Customs man, losing some of his politeness. "Je vous dis, monsieur, ouvrez, et toute de suite."

"There's no sweets in my bag," explained Bunter. "I ate them all on the boat."

"You frabjous owl!" roared Johnny Bull. "Toute de suite means at once."

"He means you're to open the bag at

once, you fat owl!" said Nugent. "Get going, or we shall lose the train!"

"Don't be an ass, Nugent! He was asking me if there are any sweets in the bag. I suppose sweets are contraband here. Silly lot, the French! Well, there ain't any sweets——"

"Ouvrez toute de suite, monsieur!"

"Pas de sweets," said Bunter, in French—Bunter's French. "Non pas any sweets, pas de toot."

"Open that bag, you fat Owl, or I'll jolly well biff you!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I can't find the key, you see."

"Oh, you benighted bandersnatch!"

"Ouvrez!" yapped the Customs man angrily now. He had a suspicious eye on Bunter. Evidently he suspected the fat Owl of having smuggled goods in his suitcase, and of being unwilling to let them be seen.

Porters gathered round the juniors on one side of the long counter, Customs officials and clerks gathered round the Frenchman on the other side. There was a babble of tongues. The Greyfriars party were getting most of the attention of the Douane. Billy Bunter went through one pocket after another in search of his key. Six or seven Frenchmen were speaking all at once now, and a gendarme drew near, with watchful eyes, evidently to prevent the supposed smuggler from bolting all of a sudden.

Sir Reginald Brooke, having got the larger baggage through, came back to the juniors and turned his eyeglass in surprise on the scene.

"What is the matter here?" he asked.

"Only Bunter speakin' French, nunky," answered Lord Mauleverer. "It seems to worry them somehow."

"The silly chumps don't understand good French!" hooted Bunter. "They think I've got sweets in my bag——"

"Open the bag at once, you foolish boy!"

"Oh, really, sir——"

"Lose no more time!" exclaimed Sir Reginald sharply. "The train for Paris will be starting soon."

"I can't find the key! I know I put it somewhere! Oh, here it is!" The key came out at last, with a couple of bulls-eyes sticking to it. "Now the silly owls can jolly well see that there's no sweets in the bag!"

The bag was opened.

All the rest of the baggage had been passed after a very cursory examination, but the Customs man went through Bunter's bag with meticulous care, obviously in a very suspicious frame of mind.

Fortunately, there was nothing there of a contraband nature, and the official, still looking suspicious, chalked the bag, and it was transferred to a porter's shoulder again.

"Thank goodness," said Nugent. "If you talk any more French, Bunter, we'll burst you."

"Beast!"

The Greyfriars party followed their baggage to the waiting train. Seats had been reserved in advance, which was rather fortunate, for the delay in the Customs left the party only time to catch the train. Billy Bunter settled down with a grunt, but the other fellows remained in the train corridor, watching the crowd on the platform with interest, wondering, too, whether among the innumerable passengers and loungers there was any spy watching the party. But no one, so far as they could see, gave them any special attention—except the baggy-trousered porters in quest of tips.

The train rolled out of Boulogne at last, and Billy Bunter put his head out

of the doorway of his carriage and blinked at the juniors in the corridor.

"I say, you fellows, how long is it to Paris?" he asked.

"Three or four hours."

"What about grub?"

"Nothing about grub."

"Beast!"

And Bunter grunted and sat down again.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Hand of the Enemy!

LORD MAULEVERER yawned. The train clattered on through the North of France. Billy Bunter, as he had nothing to eat, went to sleep. Harry Wharton and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh played chess with the nabob's pocket set. Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent found entertainment in looking from the windows, and Bob Cherry put in a little practice with a "yo-yo."

Lord Mauleverer, like Gallio of old, cared for none of these things. The schoolboy millionaire had spent many vacations abroad, and foreign travel had lost its novelty for him, which was one of the penalties of being a millionaire. His lordship yawned and strolled up and down the corridor, while the train bumped and rattled and clanged on its way.

In one of the compartments that he passed, as he walked up and down the train corridor, there were only two passengers.

Lord Mauleverer might have noticed that circumstance had he been an observant youth, for the train was crowded; yet these two passengers had a carriage to themselves.

No doubt all the seats in the carriage had been reserved, which accounted for it. Still, the circumstance might have struck Mauly had he been observant. But Lord Mauleverer was not particularly observant; also he had an infinite capacity for minding his own business. He did not glance once into any of the carriages he passed in his stroll, and did not even notice whether the doors on the corridor were open or shut. In that particular carriage the door was open.

The two passengers were dark-faced men, and had Mauly noticed them, he would have noticed that they were foreigners. He might even have guessed that they came from the South of Europe by their looks; and even guessed that they were of Greek race. But he remained unaware even of their existence, as he passed them again and again.

Mauleverer was suddenly and unexpectedly made aware of the existence of the two swarthy men.

He was passing their doorway with his hands in his pockets and thinking of anything but danger, when a dusky hand reached out, grasped him, and dragged him headlong into the carriage.

Bump!

Mauleverer went down on the floor with a gasp of surprise, one of the swarthy men holding him there, with a hand over his mouth. The other swiftly closed the door on the corridor.

"Oooogh!" gasped Mauleverer.

He stared up at the dark face above him.

The swarthy hand over his mouth kept him silent. He attempted to struggle, but a knee on his chest pinned him to the floor. The second man turned swiftly on him, grasped his wrists, and held them together, knotting a cord round them. Then the dusky hand was taken from his mouth, but a gasp was



The two smiling Italians hailed Bunter. "Signore! You want chair, yes?" "Yes," gasped Bunter, "and buck up! Find my friends in the place yonder—an old gent and six fellows, one of them a nigger—quick!"

thrust in so swiftly that he had no chance to utter a cry.

Not a word was spoken by either of the dark-skinned men. But there was no need of words. Mauleverer knew that they were agents of the Greek of Cairo, and he knew what they were after. The arm of Kalizelos was reaching after the Greyfriars party on their journey to Egypt.

Mauleverer ceased to struggle.

He had no chance, and he accepted the situation with his usual cool philosophy. There was a faint grin on his face.

But for Hurree Janset Ram Singh's suggestion, the Golden Scarab would have been in his pocket or hanging about his neck, and indubitably it would have fallen into the hands of the enemy. But the Golden Scarab was safe in Harry Wharton's keeping, and Wharton was safe with his friends in the carriage along the booming train. Mauly was quite well aware of what the two rascals were after, and he was aware also that they were going to be disappointed.

Thievish hands went through his pockets as he lay on the floor of the carriage, shut from the sight of all other passengers on the train.

The two foreigners muttered together in a language of which Mauly did not understand a word—except one—the word "scarabaeus." That one word would have told him that they were of Kalizelos' gang, if he had not guessed it before.

Evidently Kalizelos did not care to be seen personally on the track of the party for Egypt. It was not likely that he was on the train; the sight of him would have warned the party of danger at once. The Greek was keeping behind the scenes, and acting by the hands of the rascals in his pay. The two spies were evidently tracking the party, watching for an opportunity, and it had come sooner than they could have anticipated

—and they had acted with prompt audacity. Had the Golden Scarab been on Mauleverer it would have been lost for ever. But the thievish hands that sought through his pockets sought in vain.

But the two rascals were not satisfied with turning out his pockets. They proceeded to search him with the utmost care, ruffling his lordship considerably in the process. It was a dishevelled Mauleverer that lay on the rocking floor when they had finished. His money—of which Mauly had a good deal—they put aside; that was not what they wanted. It was the golden scarab they were seeking, and the scarab they evidently expected to find. But they did not find it.

The search finished at last, and they muttered together in their own tongue. Then one of them spoke in English.

"You are Lord Mauleverer?"

Mauly nodded.

"There is no mistake. I knew it. Then where is the scarab? Was it not in your keeping?"

Mauleverer shook his head.

"The truth!" snarled the dark-skinned man, his eyes gleaming with menace. "Is it in your guardian's hands—the old man's?"

Another shake of the head.

"One of your schoolboy friends?"

Mauly made no sign.

"Yes or no!" hissed the threatening voice. "Nod, or shake your head!"

Still Mauleverer made no sign.

"Fool!" muttered the man. "If you do not answer, it is the same as if you answered yes!"

He rose to his feet, and muttered with the other in his strange tongue. Both of them cast black looks at the bound schoolboy lying at their feet, as the train rocked and clanged on into Rouen.

They had gained nothing by their search—except the knowledge that the scarab was not in Mauly's keeping, and

the guess that it was in the keeping of one of his friends. And the two rascals had no more time to lose—at any moment Mauleverer's friends might come looking for him; it was certain that they would look for him at once if they missed him from the corridor.

For a minute or more they muttered together, in low, savage tones, and then left the carriage, shutting the door on the corridor after them.

The train was slowing to a stop.

Mauly had no doubt that they had intended to quit the train at Amiens, with the scarab in their possession. Now they had to quit without it and they had no more than time. In a few minutes, passengers would be swarming in and out of the doors, and interruption was certain.

Mauleverer scrambled to his feet. Now that he was no longer held, he was able to get the gag from his mouth with his bound hands, and then to work his hands free from the cord. The train clattered to a stop, and he looked from the window on the side towards the platform, and had a moment's glimpse of his two assailants vanishing in the crowd there. They were gone in a moment, and he saw no more of them. He stepped out into the corridor, and walked back to the carriage where Harry Wharton & Co. still sat, making his way through hurrying passengers.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry, still busy with his yo-yo, stared at Mauleverer as he looked in. "What's up? Been rolling along and collecting the dust on the train?"

Mauleverer grinned.

"Begad, I want a brush down," he remarked. "I've had a frightfully excitin' time, you men—frightfully! You've got that jolly old beetle safe, Wharton, old bean?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Inky's saved its bacon," said Mauleverer. "They'd have had it, if I'd kept it about me."

"What the thump——"

The train was rocking on as Mauly drawled out his tale.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob. "After this, we're not letting you out of our sight, Mauly."

"That's what nunky will say when I tell him," groaned Mauleverer. "But it's really all right, as I've not got the jolly old beetle. Keep your eye on Wharton—he's got it! I'll stroll along the train——"

"You jolly well won't!"

Bob grasped Lord Mauleverer, and plumped him down into a seat.

"Sit there!"

"But, really, old bean——"

"If you move before we get to Paris, I'll catch you in the eye with my yo-yo!"

"Oh gad!"

And Mauleverer sat and yawned till the train ran into the Gare du Nord.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

An Alarm in the Night!

NUNKY took the schoolboy party in hand again when they got out of Paris.

Billy Bunter blinked round him through his big spectacles, and his fat face lighted up at the sight of the word, in large letters, "Restaurant."

As if by instinct, Bunter's feet turned in that direction. But all the party, as a matter of fact, were ready for refreshments, and the fat Owl was given his head. When they eat down, Sir Reginald was told of what had happened on the train, and his face became very grave. As Mauly expected, he announced that he would not allow his nephew out of his sight again.

The old gentleman was evidently considerably perturbed by the knowledge that the party was followed and watched. But the juniors were not alarmed. Even Billy Bunter was not alarmed, being too busy in dealing with the foodstuffs to give thought to lesser matters. The fat Owl was still going strong, when Sir Reginald rose and announced that it was time to go.

Bunter gave a snort.

"I'm hungry!" he said warmly.

"Poor old Bunter!" said Bob. "He's only eaten enough for three fellows, so far! You can get a meal on the next train, old chap!"

"Come!" said Sir Reginald, without heeding Bunter. "The car is waiting now to take us across to the Lyons station."

"I'm not finished yet," said Bunter.

"Get a move on, fathead!" said Harry Wharton.

Bunter snorted.

"Look here, I don't see getting into another beastly train to-day," he said. "What's the matter with stopping in Paris a day or two?"

"We're going to Egypt, old fat man! If we stop everywhere between Boulogne and Naples, we shan't get to Cairo before the end of the vac."

"Well, I believe in taking it easy!" said Bunter. "And the fact is, I'm jolly well not going to bump along day and night in these beastly French trains. Besides, I'm hungry. I'm not coming yet."

"Get up, idiot!"

"Shan't!"

Sir Reginald was already going.

Billy Bunter blinked after the tall, stiff figure of the old baronet.

"Look here, Mauly——" he barked.

"Yaas?"

"Tell the old fossil to wait a bit!"

"The what?" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

"The old fossil—that old ass Brooke—here, I say, leggo!" yelled Bunter, as Lord Mauleverer, departing from his usual calm, took him by the collar and banged his head on the table. "Yoop! Stoppit! Oh, my hat! Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Beast! Leggo!" howled Bunter. "I didn't mean old fossil—I—I meant to say—whooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, you men!" said Lord Mauleverer. "If Bunter isn't finished yet, he can hang on. This way."

The Famous Five followed Lord Mauleverer, and Billy Bunter—deciding that he had, after all, finished—followed on promptly. The foodstuffs were attractive, but the fat Owl certainly did

not want to be left on his lonely own in the Gare du Nord.

The party packed in a big car, and it rolled away with them, the juniors keeping their eyes alert, wondering whether any of the confederates of the man from Egypt had watched for them in Paris. Whether there was a spy among the crowds round the Gare du Nord, however, they were unable to discover.

They arrived at the southern station, and took their places in the Lyons-Mediterranean train—Billy Bunter grunting and grouching, and not finding comfort until he learned that there was a restaurant car on the train. After which Bunter disappeared from sight for some time—though the other fellows could guess where he was, and how he was occupied.

If Billy Bunter left off feeding before bed-time, the intervals of repose were short. He had quite a happy feeling of fullness when he rolled into his sleeping-berth.

There he sank at once into the embrace of Morpheus, and his deep snore mingled with the rumble of the train as it rolled on through the starry summer night.

Harry Wharton, who had the other berth, did not find it so easy to woo slumber. In the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, Billy Bunter's tremendous snore was devastating, but in the close quarters of a sleeping-car it was simply terrific. Between the rumble of the train and the Gargantuan snore so close at hand, it was some time before Wharton fell asleep, and then his slumber was uneasy and haunted by dreams.

The golden scarab, hung on the silk ribbon round his neck, figured in his dreams, with the dark, olive face of the man from Egypt.

Sir Reginald had warned the juniors to lock the doors on the corridor when they turned in, and he was keeping Mauleverer under his own eye. It was possible—indeed, probable—that some confederate of Kalizelos was on the train.

Harry Wharton, as the bearer of the precious scarab, was the one that needed most to keep on his guard, and he had carefully secured the door and placed a bag against it.

It was past midnight when Wharton awoke suddenly from an uneasy slumber. The lights of some station through which the express had boomed, were disappearing behind.

He had been dreaming of the golden scarab and of Kalizelos, and the glittering, black eyes of the Greek were in his mind's eye as he stared in the darkness.

There was a movement close to him.

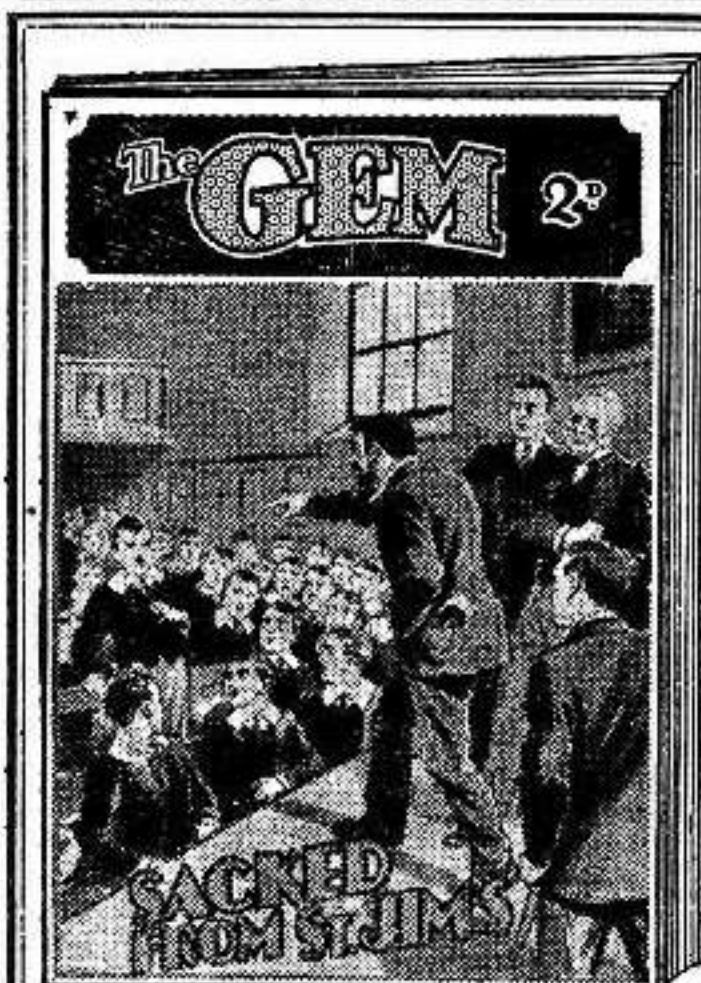
A thrill ran through the junior.

The train was rumbling noisily, and he did not notice for the moment that the resonant snore of Billy Bunter no longer mingled with the rumble. Locks could be picked even on trains, and Wharton's heart thumped as he heard a movement in the darkness close by him and a hand groped over him.

For a few seconds he lay quite still, his heart leaping, staring hard into the dark in which a dim shadow stirred.

The hand groped over his berth, and a dim figure moved before his eyes. Suddenly, swiftly, Wharton moved, lifting himself on one elbow and striking out with the other hand. His clenched fist landed on the dark figure, and there was a startled gasp and the sound of a heavy fall on the floor.

In an instant Wharton had reached out and flashed on the light, alert and prepared for a struggle. On the floor of the carriage a fat figure in pyjamas



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lay sprawling and gasping, and Wharton's eyes almost started from his head as he stared at it.

It was not a dark-skinned foreigner in quest of the golden scarab. It was William George Bunter, of the Greyfriars Remove.

Both Bunter's fat hands were pressed to his extensive equator, and he was mumbling and gasping and gurgling wildly.

"Bunter!" gasped Wharton blankly.
 "Oooooogh! My tummy! Oooooogh!"
 "What the thump—"
 "Woooooogh!"
 "You howling idiot—"
 "Yooooogh! Oh, my tummy! Groooooogh!" moaned Bunter.
 "You silly chump!" roared Wharton.
 "What were you doing out of bed?"
 "Oooooooooooooogh!"
 "What were you up to, you dangerous maniac?"
 "Goooooogh!"

Bunter sat up. He pressed his fat hands to the place where his many meals were packed away and moaned.

"Oooooogh! Beast! I woke up—oogh! I was hungry—grooogh! I remembered I had a packet of chocolates—grooogh! I laid them on your berth. Wooooogh! I was looking for them—woooogh! I couldn't find the switch to turn on the light—ooooogh! Wharrer you hit me in the tummy for—groooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wharton.
 "Ow! Beast! I'm winded—woooch! I'm dying—grooogh! Oh, my tummy! Yoooooogh!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Gug-gug! Oh dear! Oooooogh!"
 "You silly owl, I thought it was one of those rotters after the scarab! What was I to think, you frabjous ass?"
 "Ow! Fathead! Wow! Oooogh!"

Harry Wharton chuckled, turned out the light, and settled down to sleep again. But it was quite a long time before the hapless Owl left off moaning and mumbling and crawled into his berth again. Then once more Bunter's hefty snore awoke the echoes of the South of France, and he was still going strong when the rest of the party turned out to breakfast.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Southward-Ho!

BLUER skies by day and brighter stars by night greeted the Greyfriars party as they rolled on their journey southward.

The steamer for Alexandria was to be taken at Naples, at the other end of the Italian peninsula, and every mile of the long journey had interest for the school-boys. Under a blazing sun they crossed the frontier from France into Italy, and rolled on through a land of dreamy beauty—with which Bunter, however, was not quite satisfied.

Azure skies, soaring mountains, fertile valleys, smiling faces, and musical voices did not appeal much to the Owl of the Remove. Billy Bunter declared that the grub was not so good since France was left behind, and that the smells were much more distinct. There is no doubt that the more a traveller in Europe progresses southward, the more his nose is assailed, however much his eyes may be delighted.

There was a halt for a day in Rome, where Nunky took the juniors for a ramble to see the Colosseum and the Forum and St. Peter's and a few more sights, followed by a drive on the Pincio, where there was tea under shady trees; this being the part of the day's

entertainment that was thoroughly enjoyed by Billy Bunter.

Roman ruins did not interest Bunter much, but he proceeded to make a ruin of an immense pile of sweet, sticky cakes, and found great enjoyment in the process. The hand of Time had not fallen so heavily on Rome as the fat hand of Billy Bunter fell on that stack of cakes; and though he moved with a little difficulty when the party went back to the car, he was happy and shiny and sticky, and, upon the whole, satisfied with his day in the ancient capital of the world.

Indeed, when the party boarded the train for Naples the next day, Billy Bunter blinked back at the Eternal City through his big spectacles with real regret.

"Might have put in another day in Rome," he said. "I don't see rushing away like this from a place like Rome!"

The other fellows looked at Bunter. They were rather surprised to find the fat Owl taking an interest in such things. Certainly a city like Rome might have appealed to any fellow's imagination, but they had not expected Bunter to bother about it. But even Bunter, apparently, had been impressed by the city of the Cæsars.

**OUR LEATHER WALLETTS
ARE PERFECT FOR THE
POCKET!**

All you've got to do to win one is to compose a Greyfriars limerick like C. A. Carrington, of 171, Wood Lane, Chadwell Heath, Essex, whose winning effort is printed herewith:

Horace Coker, the world's
biggest duffer,
With his "stink-bike" a lot has
to suffer.
It will take him away,
Then conk out for the day,
And poor Horace returns home
by "puffer."

GET BUSY NOW, CHUMS!

"Topping place," agreed Bob. "I'd like to put in a few weeks there, rooting around. Still, we've got to get on our way. So you liked Rome, Bunt?"

"Yes, rather!"
 "The jolly old Colosseum, what?" asked Bob.

"Eh? What rot!" said Bunter.
 "The Forum—" said Nugent.
 "Beastly lot of silly stones," grunted Bunter.

"St. Peter's—" said Wharton.
 "Rubbish!" grunted Bunter.

"The Tiber—" said Johnny Bull.
 "When a fellow thinks of all that's happened on the banks of the Tiber—"

"Oh, was that dirty-looking river the Tiber?" said Bunter indifferently. "I don't think much of it."

"Well, what the dooce was it you liked in Rome, then, old fat man?" asked Lord Mauleverer, puzzled.

Bunter, evidently, had not been interested in the wonderful sights that had interested the other fellows.

"That was a jolly good feed we had in those gardens on the Pincian Hill!" said Bunter.

"Eh?"
 "Those cakes were jolly good—"
 "Cakes?" repeated Mauly.

"Yes; they make jolly good cakes in Rome."
 "Oh gad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five. They were apprised at last of what had really interested Billy Bunter in the City of the Seven Hills.

Bunter blinked at them.
 "They were simply topping cakes," he said. "I ate only eleven of them; I wasn't really hungry. But—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I can tell you that they were simply ripping cakes! I wish I had a few now! Rather fatheaded, if you ask me, to rush off like this—from a place like Rome! You don't go to Rome every day; and those cakes—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Of course, it's a beastly noisy place, and seems to be chiefly a lot of silly old stones," said Bunter. "But they can make cakes. I can tell you fellows I've never tasted better cakes! Look here, you fellows, let's stop at Rome again on our way home. I like Rome!"

And Billy Bunter gave another regretful blink back at the Eternal City, his fat mind dwelling on the one glory of Rome that appealed to him.

The last lap of the railway journey was now before the Greyfriars party. Nothing had been seen of the enemy, and though they had not forgotten Kalizelos, he was relegated to the backs of their minds.

Nunky hoped that they had seen the last of the man from Egypt, but Harry Wharton & Co. did not doubt that Kalizelos would turn up again sooner or later. But it seemed probable that, knowing their destination, the Greek was biding his time, scheming to deal with them when they landed in Africa.

That prospect did not worry the cheery chums of the Remove. They had no doubt of being able to keep their end up if the enemy hunted for more trouble.

Meanwhile, they were enjoying themselves, delighted with the sights of Italy if not with the scents.

There was to be another day's halt at Naples, with a visit to Mount Vesuvius and the lost city of Pompeii, after which they were to take the steamer for Alexandria. Bella Napoli burst on them like a vision of beauty when they arrived in that famous city, with its glorious bay, and the island of Capri in the distance, and Vesuvius smoking against the blue sky. Even Lord Mauleverer sat up and took notice as they drove up the hill to their hotel.

"Toppin'!" said Mauly.
 "The topfulness is terrific," declared Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"What do you think, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "How do you like Naples?"

"Eh? I don't know yet," answered Bunter, blinking at him. "Do you fellows know what the grub's like?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "A fellow told me once, who had been here, that they cook macaroni a treat in Naples," said Bunter. "I can't tell till I've tried it, of course. I say, you fellows, I'm jolly hungry! What on earth are you stopping the car for, Mauly? We're not at the hotel."

"Lookin' at the sunset over Capri, old bean!"

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter. "Looking at a fatheaded sunset over a silly island when a fellow's hungry! Are you off your rocker?"

The car rolled on again. Sunsets over the Bay of Naples did not interest

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Bunter; but fortunately he found that he had not been misinformed about the macaroni. The Greyfriars fellows slept soundly that night, and turned out early in the morning to see the sunrise on the bay—Billy Bunter snoring on, as indifferent to sunrises as to sunsets.

Bunter snored on till the car came round to take the party to Pompeii; and then he would have gone on snoring, had not Bob Cherry assisted him out of bed, and squeezed a wet sponge down his fat neck, which effectually awakened Bunter.

With the rest of the party waiting, Bunter had hardly time for a couple of breakfasts before he started; but he was comforted by the information that there was an hotel at Pompeii where a fellow could get a snack, while less intelligent fellows were rooting over silly old ruins. But the fat junior eyed the column of smoke rising from the summit of Vesuvius rather uneasily as the car ran on to the buried city.

"I say, you fellows, does Vesuvius ever erupt now?" he asked.

"Every now and then," answered Bob Cherry. "Might happen any minute, in fact. The people round about here build their houses of the stuff that's chucked out of the volcano, and they get lots of building materials cheap."

"Rather a catch if we happened to be here in an eruption," said Johnny Bull. "Something to tell the fellows about at Greyfriars next term."

"You silly chump!" said Bunter. "Look here, I don't like the look of that volcano. I think we'd better go back. We can just stop at the hotel for a snack, and then get back to Naples—never mind the ruins—see?"

The juniors chuckled, but apparently they did not "see." The car stopped at the hotel, close by the buried city, in a blaze of brilliant sunshine, and Bunter rolled into the shade with a grunt of relief. He was seated at a table enjoying a third breakfast, with a fourth in happy prospect when a guide was secured, and the other fellows were ready to start for the ruins. Bunter did not stir.

"You're coming, you ass?" asked Harry Wharton.

Bunter shook his head.

"What is there to see?" he asked.

"City buried two thousand years ago by an eruption of Vesuvius."

"Well, you fellows tell me about it when you come back," said Bunter.

And he devoted himself to the food-stuffs, while the other fellows, perhaps not greatly saddened by the loss of his society, walked off to the buried city.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Danger!

"SON io, signore!" Billy Bunter blinked round with annoyance.

Bunter was taking a rest.

He needed it.

He had kept several waiters very busy at the hotel, and when he had finished he had left them staring, and he heard the head-waiter murmur, "Dio mio!" as he rolled away. Bunter's performances in the gastronomic line had surprised them. Bunter was feeling that he had done well—perhaps a little too well—and he wanted a rest. He sauntered, slowly, to a shady grove near the building, looking for a comfortable spot for a nap till the party came back.

from the ruins. He found a shady spot where he leaned his back against a tree, shaded and screened by high, thick bushes.

There he closed his eyes behind his spectacles, and would probably have dropped at once into a happy slumber, but for the flies. There were plenty of flies, and they all seemed to like Bunter. But in spite of the buzzing flies the fat junior would have napped at last, but just as he was dropping off, a voice close at hand came to his fat ears from the thick grove. It really was irritating, for Bunter had selected a very secluded spot so as not to be disturbed. Some beastly Italian, of course, was bound to come jawing just when a fellow wanted to go to sleep. Bunter's eyes, which had closed behind his spectacles, opened again with an angry blink.

"Son io, signore!" murmured the soft Italian voice.

"Speak English!" came another voice; and Billy Bunter gave a jump as he heard it.

He knew that low, musical voice—the voice of Konstantinos Kalizelos, the Greek. He gave a convulsive start, and then sat very still. The Greek and the Italian were not two yards from him on the other side of the tree, and evidently unaware that he was there. A shiver ran through Billy Bunter. He was not thinking of sleep now. He sat transfixed.

"Si, signore—yes, sir," came the other voice. "I forget zat you have no Italian, signore."

"What have you to tell me, Giuseppe?"

"They are here, signore—il vecchio—the old gentleman—has taken i ragazzi—the boys—to the ruins, except one—the fat one—who has remained in the hotel to eat. Dio mio! How he eat!"

"The fat one matters little. He is not likely to be trusted with what I seek. He is a fool—an ass—an imbecile!"

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"The others, signore, are now in the ruins. I learn that they will come back to the hotel for lunch."

"Are there many people in the ruins?"

"The usual tourists—English, American. But in this hot weather, not a large crowd."

"You have your men at hand?"

"Si, signore."

"Listen to me, Giuseppe. It will be risky, but you will be well paid—you and your friends. Find what I seek, and you shall receive five hundred pounds—that is nearly fifty thousand lire in your own money."

"Oh, signore!" gasped Giuseppe.

The Greek gave a curt laugh.

"It will not be easy," he said, "with the tourists about, and the custodians of the place. But you can do it. Listen! One of the boys—I cannot say which—carries a jewel—an ornament—in the form of a golden beetle. That is what I want. It is a thing of little value in itself—perhaps three or four thousand lire—that is all. Give it into my hands, and the sum I have named is yours. There are lonely places in the ruins. The boys may be seized, one by one perhaps, and searched, bound or stunned, as you find convenient. Or with a dozen men to help you, you may surround the whole party, and seize on them and search them."

"Leave it in my hands, signore. The days of the brigands are over in Naples,

but fifty thousand lire is not picked up every day."

"Bring the golden beetle to me in Naples, and it is done," said Kalizelos. "Si, signore."

There was a rustle in the grove. Billy Bunter, sitting frozen with terror, heard the Greek and the Italian depart in different directions.

"Oh crikey!" breathed Bunter.

The fat junior did not stir.

He was too terrified to stir, even after the rustling and the footsteps in the silent grove died away.

Long minutes passed before the fat junior ventured to rise to his feet.

Kalizelos, evidently, had gone back to Naples to wait there for the bravo to bring the Golden Scarab. Giuseppe had been set to watch the Greyfriars party, and the Greek had met him in the grove near the ruins to hear his report, and to give him his instructions. Bunter realised that he had nothing to fear from the Greek, whose appearance on the scene would have given the alarm at once. Kalizelos was working from behind the scenes.

But the thought of Giuseppe and a gang of Neapolitan lazzaroni at his heels made Bunter shiver. The fat Owl was powerfully tempted to steer clear of what was to happen in the ruined city where, at any moment now, enemies might be gathering round the unsuspecting sightseers.

But though Billy Bunter was chiefly concerned for the safety of his own fat skin, he was not quite capable of leaving the other fellows in the lurch to that extent.

He rolled out of the grove, blinking round him through his big spectacles, the perspiration thick on his podgy brow. It was hot—very hot—and Bunter was loaded over the Plimsoll line; but he started at a run for the ruined city. There was time yet to warn the Greyfriars party of their danger; but there was no time to lose. And Bunter had to run. A voice hailed him as he plugged breathlessly on.

"Signore, you want chair—yes? Tre lire, signore!"

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter.

Two smiling Italians with a sedan-chair, looking for customers, spotted the fat Owl! Bunter plumped into the sedan. Never had a lift been so welcome to the Owl of the Remove.

"Buck up!" he gasped. "Find my friends in the place yonder—an old gent, and six fellows, one of them a nigger—quick! Look here, here's a hundred lire! Buck up!"

Bunter crammed a hundred-lire bill into the surprised Italian's hand.

"Oh, signore! Tanto grazie!"

The sedan chair was rushed off.

The chairmen did not often pick up a hundred lire so easily. They went at a rapid trot, realising that the fat signore was in a hurry to find his friends. Other sedans, with tourists in them, were on the road; but Bunter passed them swiftly.

In a few minutes he was passing through the ancient gateway into the city of the dead.

Round him were the roofless houses of the ancient inhabitants of Pompeii, uncovered by the excavations that had been going on for more than a century. The feet of his bearers clattered on the cobbled ways where Romans once had trod. But Billy Bunter had no eyes for the dismantled dwellings of the ancient Pompeians. He blinked round eagerly for the Greyfriars party.

Tourists, with red-covered guide books, were sprinkled among the ruins. Every time Bunter's eyes fell on a dark



"Back up, Johnny!" yelled Bob. The two Neapolitans leapt up from Wharton, as Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull rushed at them. But they did not gain their feet—crashing fists sent them spinning over, yelling. "Quick, you fellows—get out of this!" panted Wharton, scrambling up breathlessly.

Italian face, he wondered whether it was the face of Giuseppe or one of his gang.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

It was Bob Cherry's voice.

Bunter rolled out of the sedan.

"I say, you fellows! Oh dear!" he gasped. "Oh crikey! Oh lor'! I say, you fellows, get out of this! You're in danger—Grooogh—"

"My esteemed, idiotic Bunter—"

"What do you mean, Bunter?" asked Sir Reginald Brooke sharply. "Nunky" was giving his young charges some valuable information with regard to the manners and customs of the old-time inhabitants of Pompeii, when the fat Owl barged in. "What—"

"Danger!" gurgled Bunter.

"Nonsense!"

"I heard them—Kalizelos—"

"Kalizelos here!" exclaimed the old baronet, with a start. "Have you seen him?"

"I heard him!" gasped Bunter. "He's got a gang of rotters to get after you here—they may be here any minute—I came to warn you—"

The fat Owl panted for breath.

"Oh gad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

The juniors gathered round in amazement, as Bunter panted out his tale.

Sir Reginald frowned grimly.

"We had better leave the ruins at once, my boys," he said. "I can scarcely think that there is danger here, but I cannot take chances with you. Are you all here? Where is Wharton?"

"He went into that giddy atrium, back along the street—"

"Call him at once," said Sir Reginald.

"You and Bull go, Cherry—the rest remain with me."

"Right-ho!"

And Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull ran quickly along the cobbled "via," the

rest of the party waiting for them, while Billy Bunter mopped his perspiring brow, and puffed and blew.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

"SILENZIO!"

The word was hissed in Harry Wharton's ear; but it was hardly needed, for a brown hand was clapped over his mouth as it was spoken.

The captain of the Remove gave a violent start.

He was standing in an ancient "atrium," open to the blue sky above, but shut off from the general view by the remains of the massive old walls.

Only a few minutes before the whole party had been there, gazing at the pictures painted on the old walls, in colours as bright as when they had been laid on two thousand years ago.

Wharton had lingered behind, when the rest went on, looking at the paintings, and never dreaming of danger. He did not even glance round at the sound of footsteps entering the building, only supposing that other tourists were coming in; and he was taken completely by surprise when his arms were grasped from behind and a hand clapped over his mouth.

Strong hands were grasping him. He twisted round, his startled eyes staring at two dark Neapolitan faces. Two men had followed him into the old atrium, and seized him there; but he did not, for the moment, think of Kalizelos. The men were Italians, and he supposed that they were pick-pockets from their actions.

He made an attempt to shout to his

friends—hardly a dozen yards distant, though hidden from sight by the massive walls between. But his mouth was gripped hard, and he could utter no cry. He struggled; but the sinewy hands forced him to the stone floor, and a knee was planted on his chest. Then dusky hands searched rapidly through his pockets.

"Dove e, dove e?" muttered Giuseppe, as he searched. "Signorino, dove e? Where is it—the beetle?"

Then the junior understood.

He made a terrific effort to throw off the two ruffians. But it was in vain. One of them held him silent and helpless, while the other searched his pockets, one after another.

Whether they knew that he had the scarab, or whether they had taken the opportunity of getting hold of one of the party singly, he could not tell; but it was certain that they would find it on him.

His pockets having been drawn blank, Giuseppe searched further, and there was a grin of triumph on his dusky face as he found the silk ribbon round the schoolboy's neck.

"Buono! Buonissimo!" he chuckled.

He pulled at the ribbon. In a moment more the golden scarab would have been pulled in sight. Wharton made another effort with all his strength. But it was in vain. And then, like music to his ears, came a shouting voice in the narrow "via" without.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You here, Harry?"

Bob Cherry came tramping into the atrium, with Johnny Bull at his heels.

"Cospetto!" panted Giuseppe.

(Continued on page 28.)

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THE ISLAND TRADERS!

By FRANK RICHARDS



READ THIS FIRST.

BOB HARRIS AND BILLY McCANN, TWO YOUNG BRITISHERS TRADING UNDER THE NAME OF "BOB, BILLY & CO."—THE "CO." BEING AN ANCIENT AND BATTERED FORD CAR—ARE OWNERS OF A STORE ON KALUA ISLAND. KNOWING THAT A VAST TREASURE LIES HIDDEN ON THE SITE, DAVID BONE, A RASCALLY AMERICAN TRADER, OFFERS TO BUY THE STORE, BUT THE ISLAND TRADERS REFUSE TO SELL. AFTER SEVERAL FRUITLESS ATTEMPTS TO DRIVE THE PARTNERS OFF THE ISLAND, BONE BRIBES A BEACH-COMBER TO FIRE THE STORE, AND THEN OFFERS TO BUY THE SITE.

Good News For Bone!

"**N**OTHING doing," said Bob, with a smile. "We're sticking to that site, Mr. Bone, for old associations' sake. You see, a royal palace stood in that spot once, and we're rather snobs. We like the royal associations."

"No, we're not selling," said Billy, shaking his head—"not in your lifetime, Mr. Bone. We're sticking to that old spot."

David Bone looked at them.

Keen as he was, he could not read those two smiling, good-humoured faces.

"But I'll tell you what," said Bob. "If you're looking for a chance of putting up money on Kalua, what about a pearling proposition?"

"Pearls?" said Bone.

"I fancy you've heard that there's oyster beds on the other side of Kalua. We're going over to the other side," explained Bob. "You see, with the store burned and trade dead we're practically down and out. A man's got to live—and we can't comb the beach. We're trying pearls."

"I'll buy all the pearls you find on Kalua," said David Bone derisively.

"A man might be weeks before he found a single pearl," said Bob. "You don't feel like financing a pearling outfit?"

"I don't!" said Mr. Bone.

"If we could raise a schooner, or even a ketch—" said Billy.

David Bone laughed. He was quite at his ease now. Two down-and-out traders, who were taking up such a desperate resource as pearling on Kalua, need not worry him. He almost ceased to be sorry that he saw them alive.

"I guess if you want to raise a schooner or a ketch, or as much as a whaleboat, you want to look for a sucker," he said. "I'll put money into

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a pearling proposition when I see the pearls—not before."

"But—"

"So-long!" said David Bone.

And he walked on.

Bob and Billy looked at one another, and both smiled.

That day Mr. Bone spent a good deal of time ashore. He was lounging about the beach when Billy McCann filled up the old car, and the young traders packed her with a camping outfit and food, and helped Pete Purkiss in.

He had talked a good deal with the Kalua planters during the day, and knew all about the way the partners had befriended the beach-comber. He told himself cynically that they couldn't know who had fired their store. David Bone seldom allowed his leathery countenance to express any emotion. But he looked pleased when the old Ford honked away and disappeared.

All Kalua knew that Bob, Billy & Co. were going to try their luck with the pearling on the other side of the island. That was fifteen miles away, and David Bone was pleased to know that the firm would be fifteen miles distant from the site of the burned-out store during his stay on Kalua.

Kalua men shook their heads over the enterprise; pearls had been found on the island, but few and of little value. Still, Bob and Billy looked cheery and hopeful enough when they started.

David Bone, at all events, was pleased. He even wished the partners he had ruined luck in their hunt for pearls. And he smiled after the vanishing Ford—a sardonic smile.

Taking possession of the site of the burned-out store, "jumping" land that belonged to the partners was impossible—while they lived. But if David Bone had a free hand there for one night, unwatched by the partners, he was content to leave the site in their possession.

Now that the store was destroyed it was only necessary to shift a heap of old black embers to uncover the spot that the Santa Cruz boy knew. With Bob, Billy & Co. fifteen miles away across the lagoon, it was as easy for David Bone as if the death spiders had done their work. They could keep the site of the store—when he had taken out of it what the earth hid.

Mr. Bone glanced at the sky, and smiled.

"There'll be a moon to-night," he said—and he dispatched a native into the interior to bring Loo, the Santa Cruz boy, from Tu'uka's village.

Loo joined him at sunset.

Far away across the island the Co. was honking merrily on its way, with the partners and Pete Purkiss on board.

But it did not reach the farther side of Kalua.

Far out of sight the ancient Ford was backed into an opening of the high bush. When the sun sank into the Pacific Purkiss made himself comfortable in the old car and went to sleep.

But not so Bob and Billy. They were tramping under the starlight back round the lagoon.

Golden Sovereigns!

HIGH over Kalua soared the full, round moon.

It was midnight on the Pacific island.

Long ago the last of the bungalow doors had shut. Every white man in the row of buildings was asleep behind his mosquito curtains. The native dance on the beach had long ceased. The brown men were slumbering in their grass houses. On the cutter anchored in the lagoon a riding-light

burned; otherwise all was dark and silent.

Any planter on Kalua, had he given the matter a thought, would have supposed that David Bone was fast asleep in his cabin on the Osprey. Never, however, had the American trader been more wide awake.

By the deserted hut, close by the burned ruins of the store, the tall palm-tree cast a long shadow. Two shorter shadows fell by its side. And in the silence of the night there was the muttering of a nasal voice.

"All clear, I guess!" muttered David Bone.

"Me tinkee, sar!" said Loo.

Bone gave a low, dry chuckle.

"You got that feller spade and pick?"

"Yes, sar."

"You know where to look?"

The black face of the Santa Cruz boy wrinkled in a grin.

"Me savvy plenty, sar, Mokattoo bury feller gold piece along palace belong him. He bury him along floor belong room he sleep. Me see um, eye belong me, sar, along me prisoner and slave along Mokattoo. Kalua boy no savvy nothing. Me, Loo, me savvy everything."

Bone nodded.

He had not doubted the Santa Cruz boy's tale when Loo had told him, long weeks ago, on A'ao. At first he had doubted. He had heard too many tales of buried treasure in Pacific Islands to believe easily. But close questioning of the Santa Cruz boy had convinced him.

Mokattoo's slave had buried the golden sovereigns for his master. Again and again he had opened the hidden store to add fresh sovereigns as they came into the old miser's hands.

The old King of Kalua had trusted no man of his own tribe. He had had to trust someone, and he had chosen the slave whose life depended on his nod.

He had paid for his boarding with his life. Tu'uka had risen up against him and slain him, and there had been wild fighting among the tribesmen, and in the confusion, he had stolen a canoe and escaped from the island. He had never dared to return. The Kaluans would have eaten him. But, later, when white men settled on the island, Loo had come, only to find that a Dutchman had built his store on the very spot where the old king's palace had stood in the savage days.

Loo had nursed his secret.

Later, the Dutchman had sold the store to two newcomers, but it was as impossible as ever for Loo to get at the treasure. At last, knowing David Bone's reputation for unscrupulous use of his power, he had taken his story to the American trader.

As soon as David Bone was convinced of the truth of it, he had entered into the "proposition" coolly, ruthlessly. It was for the man from 'Frisco to get rid of the island traders, for Loo to point out the burial-place of the gold. Then they were to take equal shares—if they kept faith! David Bone had given his word. But in his own private thoughts David Bone guessed that Loo might fall over-

board from the cutter when he had outlived his usefulness. And perhaps some similar thought worked in the cunning brain of the Santa Cruz boy.

Loo cast a quick, searching glance round—at the beach glimmering in the moonlight; the silent, distant bungalows; the hut where the partners had lived since the burning of the store. He stepped to the hut, opened the door, and peered into the gloom within.

David Bone muttered impatiently.

"It's all clear! Them two suckers are on the other side of Kalua, looking for pearls." He chuckled—a dry chuckle. "I guess they'd get richer looking nearer home, if they knew it! Get to it, you feller boy!"

"Makee all sure, sar," said Loo.

"No wantee eye belong any feller see plenty too much gold, sar."

ANOTHER MAGNET READER WINS TOPPING PENKNIFE!



Son (to mother, who has just returned from a shopping expedition): "Baby's swallowed a bottle of ink."

Mother: "Incredible!"

Son: "No, mum—indeed!"

Sent in by Eric Knightley, of 31, Hawkes Hill, Saffron Lane, Leicester.

"Get to it!"

Loo, with the pick in his hand, sorted among the ruins of the store. Little clouds of ashes rose from the raking pick. For long minutes the Santa Cruz boy raked and searched and paused and calculated.

David Bone watched him impatiently.

"Me savvy!" said the Santa Cruz boy at last.

He stopped, evidently having located the spot where old Mokattoo's sleeping-room had been in the days when a grass-built palace stood on the site of the island store.

He raked away ashes and dead embers, and the surface of the ground was disclosed.

"Get to it!" muttered David Bone.

"Me gettee plenty quick, sar!"

The muscular Santa Cruz boy plied the pick.

David Bone's sunken, flinty eyes watched him with greedy eagerness.

How many thousands of golden sovereigns had old Mokattoo stored

away in the course of forty years' trading? Thousands, certainly; perhaps ten thousand—perhaps twenty thousand. David Bone was a rich man; but as his wealth grew, so grew his hunger for more riches. He was not even thinking of keeping faith with the wretched black man who had led him to a treasure. A handful of the golden sovereigns he would have given him as a reward. But half! He laughed silently at the thought. His eyes burned with greed as he watched the black man dig.

Loo was using the spade now, turning out a heap of earth. He worked hard and rapidly, the sweat streaming down his black limbs.

David Bone glanced round at the star-glimmering lagoon, the sleeping bungalows. Not a sound, save the distant murmur of the surf on the reef, and the dull thudding of the spade in the hands of the Santa Cruz boy. Overhead the soaring moon gave ample light.

This was easy—easier than he had dreamed. This was "pie" to the greedy trader from 'Frisco. He had ruined the island traders for this. He had schemed their death as coolly as he would have crushed a mosquito. Had they been still in his way, he would have stopped at no treachery to rid himself of them. They had saved him a crime by taking themselves out of his way. He cared little whether they lived or died, even with the marks of Billy McCann's lawyer-cane on his back. He cared only for the treasure.

Thud, thud, thud! went the unceasing spade.

A pile of earth was growing beside the excavation.

Clink, clink!

It was not necessary to dig deep. Mokattoo's hoard had been in a shallow grave. Often and often the hoard had been opened to be added to. On that spot, rich with gold, the sleeping-mat of the old king had been laid. Later, it had been covered by the burned ruins of his palace; later, by the store, and then by burned ruins. ~~Now it was reached by the~~ light, and the ~~sun~~ told that the hoard was reached.

Many on Kalua had searched for that treasure—in the high bush, in hollows of trees, among crevices of the coral rocks. It was reserved for David Bone to unearth it. Even old Soo-oo, the devil-doctor, believed that it was hidden in the bush. The cunning old King of Kalua had told him so. And it had waited here for David Bone!

Clink, clink!

Loo dropped the spade at last. He threw himself on his knees beside the shallow excavation, his black eyes blazing. David Bone threw himself on his knees also. In the bright moonlight the yellow glimmer of gold dazzled his eyes. The old goatskin sack had rotted away. The sovereigns lay there, as bright as when they had been struck in the Australian Mint.

"By gum!" breathed David Bone

"Plenty much feller gold, sar!" chuckled Loo.



"Plenty much feller gold, sar!" chuckled Loo, running a stream of coins through his black fingers. "Ten thousand at least," said Bone. Neither of them noticed that the two island traders were watching them from the back of the hut.

He ran a stream of the coins through his black fingers.

David Bone drove his skinny fingers through the stack of them. He panted for breath.

"Ten thousand at least! Ten thousand!"

Neither of the treasure-seekers, bending over the excavation, gazing with dilated eyes at the gleaming gold, saw the two black shadows that detached themselves from the back of the hut. Neither of them heard soft footfalls that came noiselessly. But both of them leaped up with startled cries as a voice fell on their ears:

"Thanks!"

Treasure for Two!

"THANKS!" said Bob Harris pleasantly.

"Thanks!" chuckled Billy McCann.

David Bone sprang up, his eyes ablaze. His hand went to his hip, but did not grasp the weapon there. A revolver that gleamed in the moonlight was levelled, and Bob Harris' finger was on the trigger.

"Better not!" said Bob.

The black claw of the Santa Cruz boy was on the knife in his loin-cloth. He did not release it, but he did not draw it, as Billy McCann shoved the muzzle of a gun almost into his black face. He panted, eyeing Billy like a wild beast about to spring.

"Drop that feller knife, you black swab!" said Billy McCann. "I'm not going to tell you twice!"

Loo, with a gurgling mutter, dropped the knife. It clanged on the heap of sovereigns.

"Stand back!"

The Santa Cruz boy stood back.

David Bone was trembling from head to foot with passion. The rage in his sunken eyes was almost demonic as he glared at the partners of Kalua.

"Quite a pleasant surprise, what?" asked Bob, with a smile. "Don't touch that gun, Bone! I warn you that it won't be healthy!"

"You!" breathed David Bone. "I—I guessed—"

"You guessed we were on the other side of Kalua, hunting pearls?" Bob nodded. "Yes, that's what we wanted you to guess, Mr. Bone. You see, we'd tumbled to it what you were after, but we didn't know exactly where to dig for the treasure, and we didn't want to dig around over three acres or so—"

"Plenty too much hard work for this feller," explained Billy McCann, with a chuckle.

"So we stepped out and let you go ahead," drawled Bob. "And I'm bound to say, Mr. Bone, that we're obliged to you. And if you're still keen on buying this spot, with its royal associations, we'll sell at a reasonable figure—after we've taken out the quids."

"After!" chuckled Billy. "Not before!"

"Double-crossed!" breathed David Bone. "You durned, doggoned—"

He choked with rage.

"If Loo had come to us," said Bob, "we'd have given him a good whack for what he could have told us. But I reckon he wanted the lot."

The Santa Cruz boy gave him a wolfish look.

"You feller Loo," said Bob, with a smile, "you plenty bad feller. You savvy too much along death-spider. But take a double handful of that

gold, and beat it!" He glanced at his partner. "You say the same, Billy?"

"Suffering cats!" snorted Billy. Then he grinned. "It's our gold, in our ground. But you hear what feller white master say, you feller Loo, car belong you? Take it and go!"

The Santa Cruz boy stared at the partners of Kalua almost unbelievably for a moment. Then he threw himself down and scooped up a double handful of glimmering sovereigns. He stacked them into his loin-cloth, grinning. Then, as if fearing that the feller white masters might change their minds, Loo darted away and vanished into the distant bush.

Bob gave the panting American trader a cheery grin.

"I reckoned that Loo ought to have a whack," he said. "But you, David Bone, all you'll get is the happy knowledge that you've guided us to a treasure that belongs to us. Not a continental red cent over that! Feeling good?"

David Bone gritted his teeth.

"You durned, doggoned Smart Alocs!" he ground out. "You figure you're getting away with this? You reckon—"

"Just a few!" said Billy McCann cheerfully. "And you— Look out!"

The enraged man from 'Frisco was dragging out his revolver.

Bob's eyes gleamed over his levelled barrel.

"Drop it!" he ordered.

David Bone, with a ringing oath, dropped his gun, and it crashed on the ground. It was only in time to save his life.

Billy McCann, with a grim face, stepped towards the American trader.

"Now I'm going to talk to you, David Bone," he said. "Put up your hands! Bob'll see fair play—a thing you'll get, though you never give it! Put up your paws, you thief!"

In his rage and fury David Bone put up his "paws" willingly enough. He sprang like a tiger at Billy McCann.

The next ten minutes were wild and whirling.

Bob Harris looked on with an approving eye as his partner dealt faithfully with David Bone.

Billy McCann had marks to show when he had finished. But it was a wrecked and almost unrecognisable David Bone that went crashing at last into the excavation, scattering golden sovereigns right and left in his fall.

"Any more?" asked Billy a little breathlessly.

A groan was the only answer.

"Your turn, Bob," said Billy McCann, "though I haven't left a lot for you."

Bob laughed.

He picked David Bone out of the treasure-hole.

"Get going!" he said tersely.

And the American trader, groaning, crawled away to the beach.

It was a nine days' wonder on Kalua.

Seven thousand sovereigns were picked out of the treasure-hole by the partners of Kalua. Seven thousand golden sovereigns, stacked away long ago by old Mokatoo, had fallen into white men's hands at long last. And all Kalua agreed that they could not have fallen into better hands.

At dawn the cutter Osprey lifted the hook and put to sea, carrying away a bruised, sore, and savage David Bone. His business on Kalua was finished—not in the way he had expected. Billy McCann rubbed a swollen nose, and grinned as he watched the cutter glide out of the reef passage into the Pacific.

"We're done with David Bone!" he remarked.

"You've said it!" said Bob.

Fortunate days followed for the island firm. The store was rebuilt, and Pete Purkiss put in charge of it. The beach-comber had had his lesson, and he swore to make good, and a generous share of Mokatoo's treasure helped him to get back his self-respect. The fat and prosperous man in spotless white ducks who sat on the counter of the new store and smoked expensive cigars would hardly have been recognised as the waster who had combed the beach of Kalua.

"Now we're in clover, Billy——" said Bob Harris one day.

"Go it!"

"We'll get a new car."

"Eh?"

"A new car."

"What's the matter with the old bus?" asked Billy unpleasantly.

"You mean what isn't the matter with it?" asked Bob.

"I mean what I say, Mr. Harris."

And Bob chuckled and gave it up. Fortune had changed, but there was no change in Bob, Billy & Co.

THE END.

HIGH JINKS HIKING!

(Continued from page 15.)

"Quiet!" hissed Jack Jolly, with a glare through the winder of the sedan. "I really believe he's going to sleep at last. If he does, it'll give us a chance to escape!"

"My hat, yes!"

The juniors tramped on, with renewed hoop in their breasts. Sure enough, within the next five minutes, a series of deep, rumbling snores, somewhat resembling a distant earthquake, broke out within the sedan, and the juniors knew that the Head was asleep.

"Now for it!" whispered Merry.

"Half a minute!" interposed Jack Jolly. "If the sedan stops rocking, the old buffer'll probably notice it and wake up again. What about hitching it up to those two mokes in the field over there?"

"Oh, grate pip!"

"Ripping wheeze!" declared Frank Fearless enthusiastically. "You fellows carry on slowly while I catch the mokes!"

Grinning all over their dials, Jolly and Merry and Bright carried on with the sedan while Frank opened the gate leading to the field.

Frank Fearless, who had been a skoller at several grate public schools, had an intimate nollidge of donkeys, and soon made friends with the two mokes in the field. He led them out into the road, and, with the aid of several lengths of rope, attached one to the front part of the sedan and one behind.

Evenchually, the job was completed, and Jack Jolly & Co. stepped back to survey their handiwork. The site of the majestic headmaster of St. Sam's sitting fast asleep in a sedan-chair carried by donkeys was awfully

comical, and the juniors had to hold their handkerchiefs to their mouths to stop their laughter.

"Better send him back in the direction of St. Sam's!" grinned Frank Fearless. "We can carry on with the toor, then. Gee-up, Ned!"

Fearless gave the leading donkey a slap with his open palm, and, although the moke gave a loud nay, he promptly did what Fearless required—broke into a trot.

Jack Jolly & Co. watched the weird-looking vehicle out of site. Then, laughing fit to bust, they turned their footprints in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile, two donkeys, carrying another donkey in the shape of Dr. Alfred Birchmall, galloped along the road in the gathering dusk at ever-increasing speed. Farm laborers, walking home to their cottages, scattered in alarm as they thundered past, motorists swerved violently, and chickens flew, shrieking, to their roosts.

Dr. Birchmall slept on for about half an hour. Then a particularly violent bump roused him, and he sat up with a jerk.

"Jolly! Fearless! What the merry dickens are you doing of?" he roared, with his usual faultless grammar, poking his head out of the winder as he spoke.

Then he spotted the donkeys, and a howl of sheer terror arose from him.

"Help! Murder! Perlice!" he hooted. "Some evil spirit has changed my stretcher-bearers into donkeys. Yarooooo!"

For a time his yells remained unanswered. Then suddenly he heard the roar of a powerful car behind him, and reckernised the familiar uniforms of the mobile perlice.

(Continued on next page.)

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By Arthur Stiffens.

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"It is to be hoped that in the time to come you, Harry Lovett, will repent your evil doing. Seldom have I seen one so young convicted of such a crime. In spite of the stern, but just discipline, administered by your father, you chose to leave your home and plunge into crime—"

"And you, McLean, bankrupt and wastrel, can only be regarded as the ringleader who lured this wayward boy to destruction—"

"Much as it grieves me to send so young a boy to prison, I sentence you, Harry Lovett, to serve on the hulks for seven years—and you, McLean, I sentence to transportation for life."



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It Starts in Next Saturday's Magnet!



Jerry McLean.

SOUTHWARD BOUND!*(Continued from page 23.)*

"What—what— My hat!" yelled Bob. "Back up, Johnny!"

The two Neapolitans leaped up from Wharton, as Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull rushed at them. But they did not gain their feet—crashing fists sent them spinning over, and they sprawled on the mosaic floor, yelling.

Harry Wharton scrambled up breathlessly.

"Quick—get out of this!" he panted.

"But what—" gasped Bob.

"Come on! They're after the scarab—" panted Wharton.

"Oh!"

The three juniors ran out of the building, while Giuseppe and his companion were scrambling up. They heard the footsteps of the two bravos pattering in pursuit on the cobbles as they rushed up the street. But the two rascals pursued them only a few paces.

As the juniors reached the Greyfriars party the bravos dodged away among the ruins and disappeared.

"What has happened?" exclaimed Sir Reginald Brooke. "Wharton— Have you—"

"They got me—they'd have had the scarab if these chaps hadn't come back for me!" gasped Wharton. "Two of them—"

"Follow me at once!" said the baronet. "Keep together!"

Billy Bunter had clambered back into his sedan. It started, and the rest of the party walked quickly after it. In a few minutes they were outside Pompeii, and walking back to the hotel.

On the well-frequented road, with guides and tourists passing every moment, there was little danger, but "Nunky" was glad when they reached the hotel, and he ordered the car at once to return to Naples.

The excursion was cut short—not to the satisfaction of the juniors. But Nunky's word was law. There was no doubt that Giuseppe and his associates were still hanging about, looking for a chance, and Nunky sagely decided not to give them a chance.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter was grinning as he packed his podgy person into the car. "I say, I wonder what would have happened to you fellows if I hadn't come on this trip—what?"

"Well, Bunter's saved the scarab," said Harry Wharton. "They'd have had it, if you fellows hadn't come back for me—and it seems that it was Bunter who warned you—"

"The right man in the right place, as usual," said Bunter. "Lot of use you fellows would be without me! You'd have lost that scarab, Mauly, if I hadn't stayed behind to keep watch, while you went rooting about among those fat-headed ruins!"

"You've come in useful for once!" grunted Johnny Bull. "After all, why shouldn't you? You'll never be ornamental!"

"This is the thanks I get for keeping watch and saving you fellows from danger, and all that!" said Bunter. "Well, I'm used to it—and I'll go on looking after you, and protecting you, all the same. You'll be jolly glad I'm with you in Egypt, if we get attacked by dahabiyeh, or a dragoman, or something—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors, quite overcome by the idea of being attacked by a dahabiyeh, which was a Nile boat; or a dragoman, which was a Cairo guide. Apparently, Billy Bunter supposed them to be fearsome beasts that haunted the banks of the Nile.

"You can cackle!" snorted Bunter.

"Thanks—we will!" chortled Bob Cherry.

And they did!

Whether Giuseppe & Co. were still looking for them the juniors never knew, as the swift car carried them back to Naples. At all events, it was certain that the bravo would never hand the golden scarab over to Kalizelos; the Greek had failed once more.

And the following morning the Greyfriars party boarded the steamer for Alexandria, and churned out into the Tyrrhenian Sea. Under hotter and hotter suns, they steamed on through the blue Mediterranean, looking eagerly forward to Alexandria, and to setting their feet, at last, on the banks of the Nile, in the mysterious and fascinating land of Egypt.

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss "HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN EGYPT!" the next yarn in this novel holiday series. You'll vote it absolutely GREAT!)

HIGH JINKS HIKING!*(Continued from previous page.)*

"Thank hevvan!" he gasped, sinking back on his cushions, with grate relief.

In a matter of minnits the perlice car brought the donkeys to a halt.

Dr. Birchmall stepped out of the sedan, fairly beaming with gratitude.

"Thanks awfully, officers!" he said. "I'm afraid I haven't much change on me, but I feel I must acknowledge your brave deed. If you'll axcept tuppence each—"

"Silence!" roared one of the officers, gratefully to the Head's surprise. "What is your name?"

"My name?"

The Head of St. Sam's stood nonplussed.

"Yes!" roared the officer, producing a notebook and pencil. "And just you be sharp about it!"

"Alfred Birchmall. But—"

"Then, Alfred Birchmall, you may consider yourself under arrest for exceeding the speed limit! Put the bracelets on him, Jim!"

Dr. Birchmall felt cold steel closing round his wrists. He was handcuffed like a common felon.

"M-m-my hat!" he stuttered, as the officers led him to their car and bundled him ruffly into the corner. "This is what mite be termed the end of a perfect day! Instead of spending the nite in a posh hotel, I look like spending it in some fowl dungeon! What a cell!"

Dr. Birchmall's mental fourcast was correct. He passed that nite on a bare board in a perlice cell, while Jack Jolly & Co., many miles away, slept in comfort.

But nobody can say that it was too harsh a punishment for the hiker who miked.

THE END.

(Don't miss the next yarn in this amusing "hiking" series, chums! It's entitled "THE INN OF MYSTERY!" and will send you into fits of laughter when you read it.)

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MR. I. JOLLIWELL LICKHAM, the Fourth Form master at St. Sam's, rushed into Dr. Birchmell's study with a startled expression on his dial.

"Sir," he gasped, "boughting respectively before the Head's desk, 'a most extraordinary thing is happen- ing in the quad. A four-horse break has just rolled up the carriage-drive, and is now standing in front of the Skool House. The driver says you ordered it, which, as Euclid remarked, is absurd!'"

"Shakespeare, you mean, Lickham, not Euclid. I'm scrippized at your ignorance!" said Dr. Birchmell, the stately and skollery Head of St. Sam's.

"Anyway, my dear fellow, the driver is right. I did order it. Have you forgotten that to-day is the day when we start our summer hollerdays?"

"But we don't need a break for our summer hollerdays, do we?" asked Mr. Lickham, in surprise.

"The Head larfed."

"Of course we do, idiot!" he said in his most refined manner. "This is the day when we break up, so, natchurally, I have ordered a break up. See?"

Mr. Lickham grinned.

"I see, sir! Well, let's hoap now you've got the break up that it won't break down. By the way, sir, if I might be so personal, where are you spending the week this year?"

Dr. Birchmell coughed and eyed the master of the Fourth with a somewhat fishy eye.

"I'm glad you mentioned that, Lickham," he said. "I had forgotten to tell you before. I've decided to axsept your invitation and stay with you."

Mr. Lickham recoiled, as from a blow.

"Look here, sir—" he eggs- claimed.

Dr. Birchmell smiled.

"Say no more, Lickham! I know how you feel about it. You are overwhelmed with gratitude—natchurally."

"But I'm not!" said Mr. Lickham. "That's just it, sir. What I was going to say was that I don't re- member inviting you to stay with me."

Dr. Birchmell uttered furiously.

"Are you suggesting that I made it up, then, Lickham?" he asked sharply.

"I dare say you did, sir," answered Mr. Lickham bluntly. "It's rather a habit of yours to axsept invita- tions that were never given when you're nowhere to go. But, anyway, you won't want to come with me. You see, sir, I'm spending my holler- day working on a fishing trawler."

"On a fishing trawler?" repeated Dr. Birchmell, agrast.

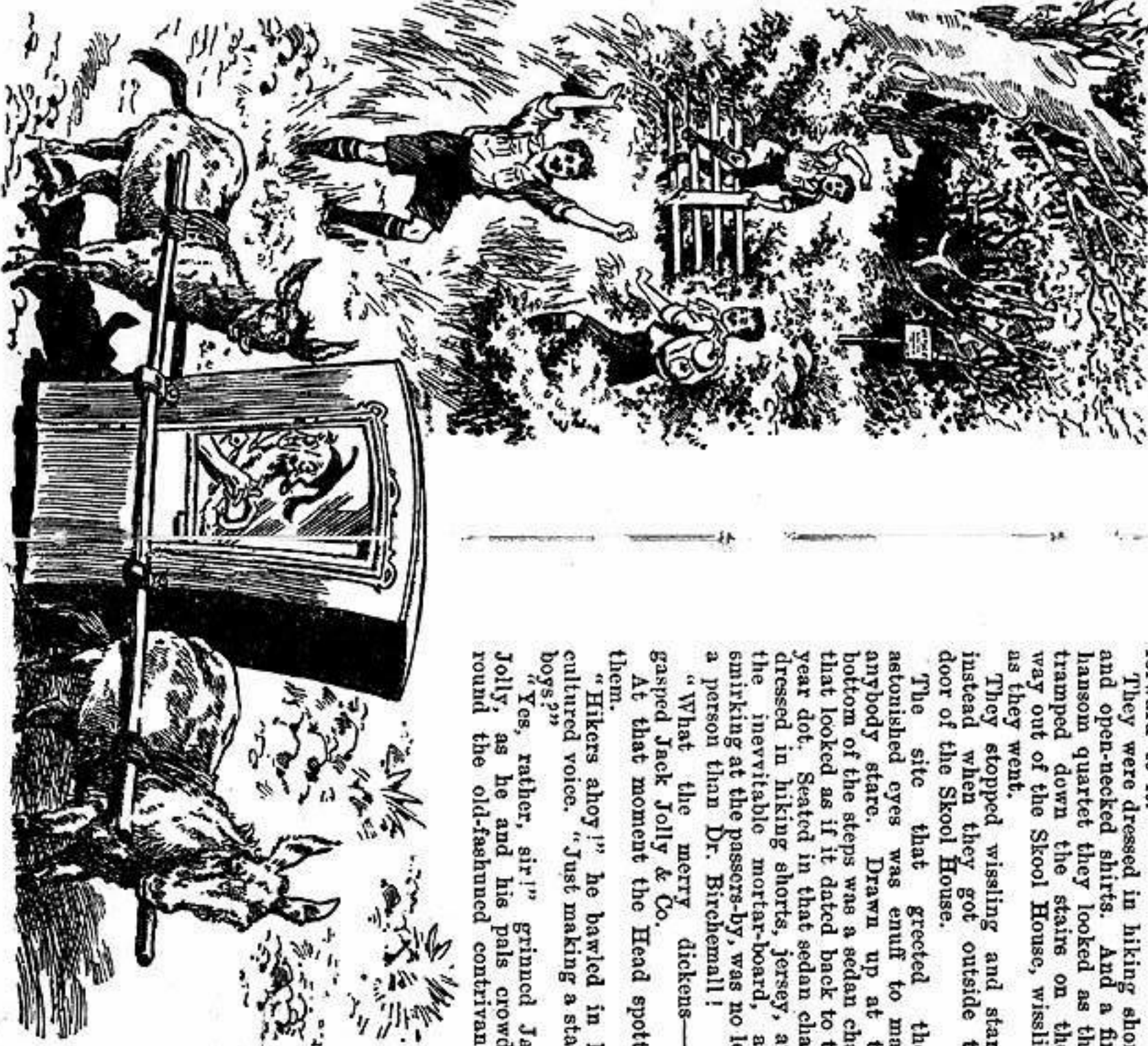
"Surely you must be coddling?"

"No, sir. We're catching nackerel, as it happens!" grinned Mr. Lickham. "I'm sure it's not the kind of holler- day you'd care for, sir."

"It certainly isn't!" snorted the Head. "I'm jolly glad the scales have fallen from my eyes in time. The Magnet Librarian—No. 1,278.

HIGH JINKS HIKING!

By DICKY NUGENT.



glaring indignantly at the historical Fourth-Formers. "Your wild guess is very wide of the mark, Jolly. You ought to know better than to suppose I should ever desend to running a common Punch and Judy show. Sell- ing peanuts or ice-cream—yes. But running a Punch and Judy show—never! The fact is, I am going hiking."

"Going hiking, with this portable drawing-room to carry about with you?" cried Jack Jolly. "Why, sir, you must be potty!"

Dr. Birchmell larfed—a somewhat sinister larf.

"You are making a silly mistake, my dear Jolly. I don't intend to carry it myself. My intention is to be carried in it!"

"Did you say you were going hiking, or miking?" inquired Frank Fearless; and there was another yell from the Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dashed if I see anything to larf at!" eggsclaimed the Head warmly. "I consider it's a jolly good wheeze to go hiking in a sedan chair. It cuts out that tiresome bizness of walking!"

"Well, it may be a good wheeze from your point of view, sir," grinned Jack Jolly, "but the fellows who're going to carry you must be silly asses!"

Dr. Birchmell chuckled.

"You're quite right, Jolly, they are. Their names, as a matter of interest to you, are Jolly, Merry, Bright, and Fearless."

"Wha-at?"

"It was a yell from the Co.—a yell of amazement and dismay."

"You are scrippized," grinned the Head. "I had an idea, somehow, that you hadn't tumbled. Once you get over the first shock of surprize, of course, you will be delited at the prospect of having me with you for your hiking toor."

But Jack Jolly & Co. didn't look a bit delited. All sorts of emotions were depicted in their diale, but the emotion of delite was conspicuons only by its absence.

"Suppose we refuse?" asked Jack Jolly rebelliously.

"In that case," answered the Head, stroking his beard reflectively, "I shall write your parents, informing them that, owing to newtious con- duct on your part, I have been com- pelled to cancel your hollerdays and keep you swotting, at St. Sam's."

"You—boys—if you're ready, we'll make a start!" said the Head briskly. "I suggest you take one

pole each. Keep your packs on your shoulders—they will keep your backs straight! Squad, 'shun! Quick march!"

"There was no help for it. Weather they wanted to do so or not, Jack Jolly & Co. simply had to take Dr. Birchmell with them now; even a hiking hollerdays with the Head was better than a swotting hollerdays at St. Sam's."

Muttering to themselves, the Fourth-Formers seized their re- spective poles and heaved the sedan- chair off the ground. Two minutes later, accompanied by roars of larf- ter from the fellows in the quad, they were tramping through the gates on the first stage of their hiking toor!

III.

RAMP-TRAMP! Tramp-tramp!

"Few!"

Jack Jolly & Co. were tired. They were also very hungry, despite the fact that they were fed-up to the teeth. The shades of nite were falling fast, a silt drizzle of rain had begun to drip, and the juniors were almost collapsing.

The only member of the party who remained cheerful was Dr. Birchmell. Inside his sheltered nook, he was humming blithely.

"I'm happy when I'm hiking, Trash-lah-lah-lah-lah—"

All of a sudden, Dr. Birchmell poked his head out of the window.

"Got any toffy, any of you?" he inquired. "If so, pass it to me im- mediately. If there's one thing I do hate, it's greediness. Give me the lot at once!"

Jack Jolly's eyes gleamed, as he drew a sticky mess out of his pocket.

"Here you are, sir!" he said, sud- dently jamming it all over the Head's face. "I do hoap you'll like it, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Fearless and Merry and Bright; while the Head gasped and spluttered furiously as he endeavored to scrape the sticky compound off his fazz.

"Bust you!" roared Dr. Birchmell, when he had recovered his powers of speech. "I wanted it to stoof, fat- head, not to decorate my dial with! Any more nonsense like that, Jolly, and I shall make you rue the day, you came out hiking with me! I'm tired of hiking for to-day, by the way. Stop at the most expensave hotel you can find, and we'll put up there for the nite!"

"Who's going to pay, sir?" in- quired Frank Fearless.

Dr. Birchmell coughed.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, for the time being. I left my wad of tenners on the grand piano before I came out. You'll get it back after the hollerdays, my boys! Carry on!"

"Grate pip!"

"Well, if this isn't the giddy himnit!" said Frank Fearless, as they staggered forward once more. "Not content with foisting himself on us for the toor, the old buffer eggspects us to pay as well!"

(Continued on page 27.)

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WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



Harold Skinner is a clever caricature and has often been in trouble through calculating Mr. Quetch on the blackboard!

Mark Lanley, a giant at sport, is also a giant at Latin and Greek. He was admitted to Greyfriars as a Scholarship boy.

Anthony Trolice has been con- victed of having a "permanent wave" in secret at a Courtland hairdresser's.

Greyfriars colours are blue and white. They were adopted at the foundation of the school in 1716.

Micky Demond has a large stamp collection, and hopes some day to make a real "And."

The soap on Bunter's washstand in dorm. lays six times as long as any other fellow's.

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT

But what's the meaning of this? Are you preparing to take the part of Punch in a Punch and Judy show? If so, you ought to be a grate success, for you're the most vil- lainous-looking Punch I've ever seen!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" bawled the Head.