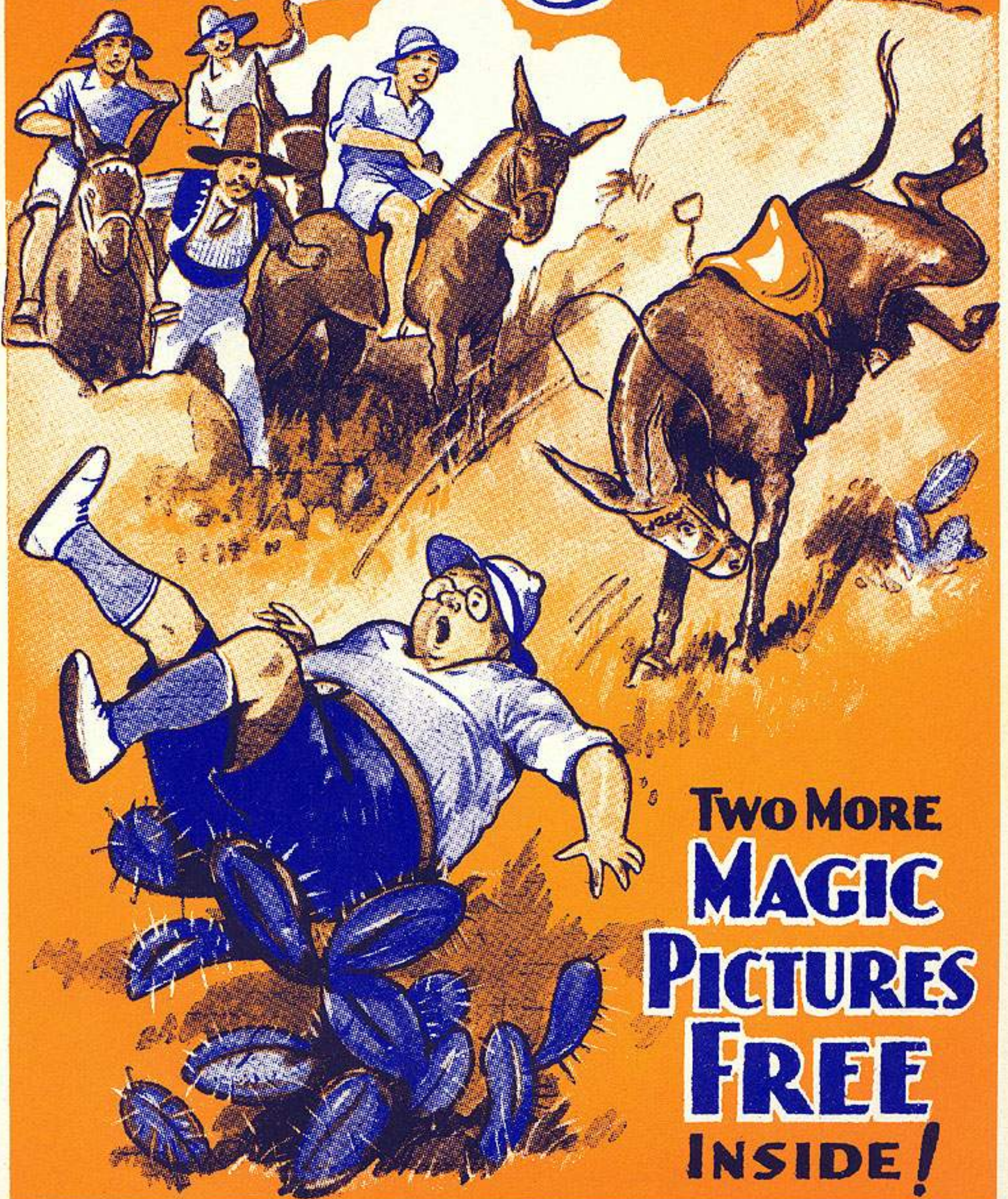


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ROLLING DOWN to RIO! By FRANK RICHARDS



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Pulling Bunter's Leg!

"GOING to bed?" Even Harry Wharton, who knew Billy Bunter so well, was surprised. Bed was an attractive place to Billy Bunter, the fat Owl of Greyfriars. He seldom left it of his own accord. Remove fellows at Greyfriars said that Billy Bunter, left undisturbed, would have slept the clock round.

Still, it was surprising to see even Billy Bunter clambering into bed in the middle of a bright spring morning.

At school, certainly, Bunter could not have done it. At that hour he would have been in the Form-room with Mr. Quelch—now happily left behind. But in State-room No. 17, on D Deck of the steamer Comet, Billy Bunter could do as he liked—and what he liked, apparently, was to turn in.

The first important function of the day—breakfast—was over. The second important function—lunch—was not yet due! Harry Wharton & Co. were keen to roam over the big steamer, which was to be their home for a fortnight or more, and see what was to be seen. Bunter, it seemed, wasn't. Bunter, probably, would have preferred to make the voyage to Brazil with his eyes shut all the way, had that been practicable.

Bunter blinked round at the captain of the Remove through his big spectacles.

"I'm having the upper bunk," he said. "I think you'd like the lower one, Wharton!"

"Any old thing!" agreed Harry. He was sharing State-room No. 17 with Billy Bunter, and was prepared to let the fat Owl take which berth he liked.

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"You see, a fellow might be seasick," said Bunter, "and the chap in the lower berth might cop it."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Not that I shall be seasick, of course—I'm a good sailor! Not like you fellows! Still, a chap can't be too careful. You might give me a bunk up."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry looked in from D Deck. "You fellows coming to look round the jolly old packet? We're just off."

"I'm not!" said Bunter. "Bunter's going to bed!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Great pip!" "The pipfulness is terrific!" ejaculated Hurrce Jamset Ram Singh, looking in over Bob's shoulder. "My esteemed and absurd Bunter—"

"I'm not going to bed!" hooted Bunter. "I'm going to lie down and take a nap till we're across the Channel. A fellow might be seasick—I bet you fellows will be hanging over the rail soon. Not so likely if you're lying down—see? I prefer lying—"

"You're pretty good at lying, old man!" came Johnny Bull's voice from D Deck.

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "Give me a bunk up, Wharton!"

Bunter sprawled in the upper berth. Somebody had told Bunter that seasickness was best avoided by lying 'down at the beginning of a voyage. And having parked three or four breakfasts that morning, one after another, Bunter did not want to lose any of them. They were lost to sight, but to memory dear!

"I say, you fellows—" squeaked Bunter.

"Sleep, baby, sleep!" chuckled Frank Nugent.

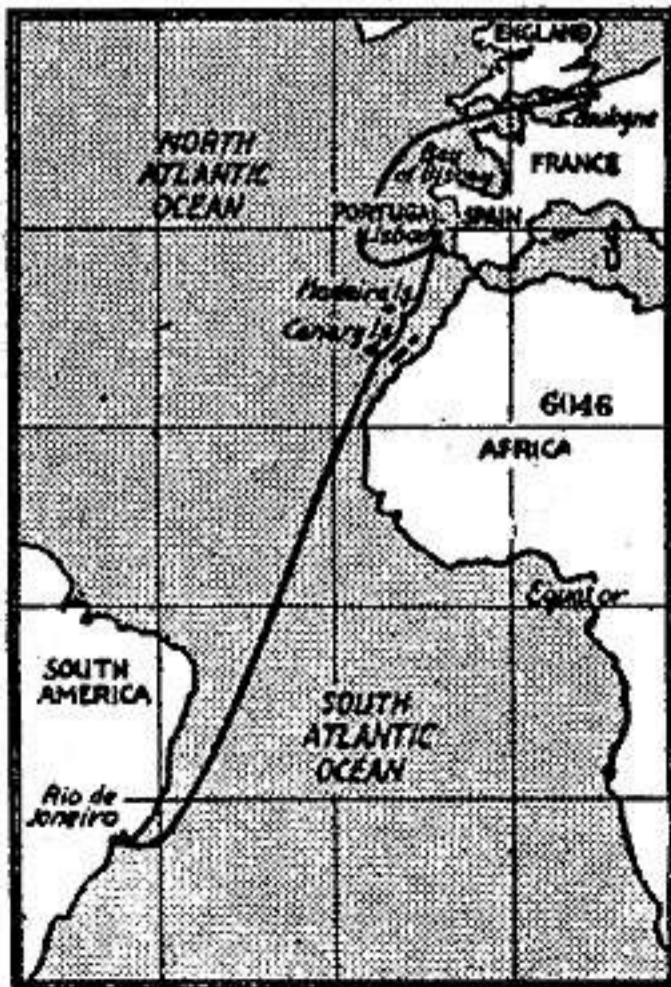
"I say, don't all go away!" said Bunter. "I might want something! I think one of you might stay in the cabin."

"Think again!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We hear enough of your jolly old snore in the dorm at Greyfriars, old fat bean!"

"Don't be an ass, Bob Cherry!" said Bunter peevishly. "I don't snore! I remember I stayed awake one night to listen whether I did or not, and I jolly well didn't—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Map showing route taken by the chums of Greyfriars.



"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I say, it's more than an hour since we had brekker, and I could do with a snack. One of you fellows fetch me something. You fetch me a cake, Bull!"

"Bow-wow!" said Johnny Bull, and he strolled away along D Deck.

"I say, Nugent, you cut along and get me something. A box of tangerine oranges would do! Not one of the small size—"

Frank Nugent, grinning, followed Johnny Bull.

"I say, Wharton—"

"You fat cormorant!" said Harry Wharton. "If you eat any more you may be seasick, though it's as calm as a summer day. Chuck it!"

"Beast!"

Wharton laughed, and went out of the state-room.

"Bob, old chap—"

Bob Cherry chuckled and disappeared.

"I say, Inky!" yelled Bunter. "I say, old chap, you're not a lazy slacker like those beasts, old fellow! You cut along and get me something—a few bunches of grapes will do, or a box of dates—"

"Dates?" repeated Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh thoughtfully. "I have some dates in my state-room, my esteemed fat Bunter—"

"Got them for me, old fellow!" said Bunter. "I could just do with some dates. I always sleep better after taking a snack, old chap! I say, have you got a lot?"

"Three hundred and sixty-six," answered the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Blessed if I see how you know exactly how many there are in the box," he said. "Are they in a box?"

"No; in paper."

"Well, cut along and get them, anyhow."

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh obligingly cut along to get them. Billy Bunter laid his head on his pillow—but did not close his little round eyes behind his spectacles. An hour after a meal, Bunter was always ready for a snack to see him through the interval till the next. And a packet of luscious dates was the very thing.

The Nabob of Bhanipur went into his state-room, and emerged with an article in his hand that even Billy Bunter would hardly have thought eatable.

It was a large-size calendar, with a page for every day of the year. It was perforated, for a leaf to be torn off with each passing day.

Hurree Singh had intended to keep it in his cabin, to reel off a page day by day during the voyage. Now, however, he was sacrificing it to his little jest on Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What have you got there?" asked Bob Cherry, as the dusky junior came out on D Deck with the calendar in his hand.

"The esteemed Bunter desires something to eat."

"Eh? What? Even Bunter's not going to eat that, is he?" asked Bob, in astonishment.

"Presumably so," answered the

nabob gravely. "He asked me to take him some dates—"

"Dates?"

"And I am taking him three hundred and sixty-six—this being a leap year!" explained Hurree Singh.

Bob stared for a moment, and then roared:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, buck up, Inky!" came an impatient squeak from State-room No. 17.

Hurree Singh re-entered Bunter's state-room. With a face as serious as if it had been cast in bronze, he handed the calendar to the fat junior in the upper berth. Bunter took it, and stared at it.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Dates."

"Dates?" howled Bunter.

"Dates," assented Hurree Singh gravely. "On the top page is the present esteemed date—February 10th—"

"You silly ass!" yelled Bunter.

"On the next page is another date—"

"You howling idiot!"

"And on the next—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell outside the state-room door.

Harry Wharton & Co. look forward to the long trip to Rio as a great adventure. Before long they find that deadly danger is relentlessly tracking their footsteps—in the form of O Lobo, the Wolf of Brazil!

Billy Bunter sat up. Evidently he was not going to get any dates—except those in the calendar, which even Bunter could not eat. He grasped the calendar in a fat hand and hurried it.

Bang!

"Ow!" gasped Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, as he sat down suddenly. It was rather a bulky and heavy article, and it smote a dusky nose hard and heavy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

"Ho, ho, he!" cackled Bunter.

"Ow! Wow!" gasped Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. He had not foreseen that outcome of his little joke on Bunter! "Ow! You blithering and preposterous fathead! Ow!"

"He, he, he!"

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh scrambled to his feet; with one dusky hand he rubbed a damaged dusky nose, with the other he grabbed up the calendar. The next moment that calendar banged on a fat chin and dropped in the bunk beside Bunter.

Billy Bunter's fat giggle was changed quite suddenly into a terrific yell.

"Yaroooh!"

He rubbed the fat chin and clutched at the calendar to hurl it back; but Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh did not wait for it, he stepped quickly out of the state-room. With the missile clutched

in a fat hand, and a vengoful gleam behind his big spectacles, Bunter blinked at the open doorway.

"I say, Inky, old chap, come here a minute!" he squeaked. "I say, I ain't going to chuck this at you if you put your head in! Nothing of the kind! I say, old fellow—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle! I say, come back a minute, old fellow! Just look in a tick, will you, old chap?"

But Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh's dusky face did not reappear. Apparently he was disinclined to follow the example of the fly that walked into the spider's parlour. A chuckle was heard, then receding footsteps.

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

And he laid his head on the pillow. There was a roaring of sirens, a trampling of feet, and a buzz of voices, but they did not interest Bunter. He was going to sleep till the Comet steamed into Boulogne, the first stop on the long voyage to South America. A life on the ocean wave had no attraction for William George Bunter; he only wished that he could have slept till the steamer moored in the harbour at Rio de Janeiro. He couldn't quite—even Bunter—but he was going to do his best. And the hefty snore of the Owl of the Remove mingled with the buzz of the engines as the Comet slid out to sea.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Nice Cake I

"TROVAO!" ejaculated Joao Frulo.

"Eh?" ejaculated the Famous Five of the Remove.

They were on D Deck with the Brazilian gentleman in whose company they were travelling out to Brazil to visit their old pal Jim Valentine, once of the Greyfriars Remove.

Senhor Frulo stared at the sky, which was calm and blue. The weather was all that the chums of the Remove could have desired for the beginning of their voyage. It was a February day, but calm and sunny and spring-like. The sea was almost as smooth as a pond; there was no danger of the dreaded mal de mer—even for Billy Bunter after his many breakfasts.

Mr. Frulo generally spoke English when he was with the Greyfriars fellows, but in moments of surprise he dropped into his native Portuguese. Harry Wharton & Co. knew a few words of that language, which they had picked up from Jim Valentine in his days at Greyfriars School. Valentine had studied Portuguese, in the hope of going out to join his uncle in Brazil. But "O trovao" was a new one to the chums of the Remove.

"What you call tunder!" said Mr. Frulo.

"Tunder!" repeated Harry Wharton, puzzled.

"In your beautiful English language—tunder," said Mr. Frulo.

He had the Famous Five beaten for a moment. Their acquaintance with the beautiful English language was fairly extensive, but they had never

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(New readers should turn to page 7.)

heard of "tunder." Then Frank Nugent guessed it.

"Oh—thunder!" he said.

"Sim, sim! Yes, yes!" said Mr. Frulo. "It is one puzzling ting! The wezzer shall be good, yet I hear o trovao—tunder."

Whereat the Famous Five grinned.

They were standing near the open doorway of No. 17. From within proceeded the deep and heavy rumble of Billy Bunter's snore. Evidently it was that rumble which the Brazilian mistook for the roll of distant thunder.

"Only Bunter, Mr. Frulo," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Look in! No charge to see the sleeping beauty!"

Joao Frulo looked into the state-room. Billy Bunter, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, was snoring as if in rivalry with the drone of the engines. Joao Frulo stared at him in surprise, and then his coppery countenance relaxed into a grin.

Bob Cherry picked up a cake of soap which Wharton had unpacked from his cabin trunk. Bob was in great spirits that morning—as he generally was—and the sea air added to his exuberance. He thought that Hurree Singh's little joke with the "dates" was worth developing.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Wake up, Bunter!" he roared.

Snore!

Bob tapped the fat Owl on the tip of his fat little nose; then Billy Bunter's eyes opened behind his spectacles.

"Beast!" he murmured. "Lemme alone! 'Tain't rising-bell!" Evidently in the mists and shadows of sleep Bunter had forgotten that he was now far from school.

"Like a cake?" bawled Bob.

Bunter's eyes opened wider. He did not want to wake up, but the word "cake" was a magic word.

"Well, sit up, old fat man!" said Bob. "I've got a cake here—a nice little cake—just about a mouthful for you."

But Billy Bunter did not lift his fat head from the pillow. He wanted a cake—Bunter always wanted a cake, if obtainable—but he was too lazy to move if he could help it. Moreover, after his disappointment about the dates, he was not sure of the cake.

"If you've really got a cake—" he said.

"One of those nice little cakes," said Bob. "It's Wharton's really, but he doesn't want to eat it—"

"Not at all!" said Harry. "Bunter can have it."

"Well, if it's only a mouthful, you can put it into my mouth," said the fat Owl. "No need for me to sit up."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. He was quite willing to oblige. Laziness had often had unpleasant results for Bunter. Now it was going to have some more!

The other fellows at the doorway watched, with grinning faces. Mr. Frulo stared quite blankly. He had not had time yet to grow accustomed to the playful ways of the Greyfriars Remove.

Bob peeled the wrappings off the cake of soap and approached the fat junior extended in the upper berth. Bunter's capacious mouth was wide open, ready for the reception of the cake.

Bob shoved it in.

"There you are, old fat man!" he said. "Nice little cake—"

"Groooooogh!"

"Like it?"

"Urrrrgh!"

It looked as if Bunter did not like it; it sounded also as if he didn't! A moment ago he had been too lazy to sit up; now he sat up quite suddenly.

"Urrrrgh!" spluttered Bunter.

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"Gurrgh! Beast! It's s-s-soap! Gurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a cake, old fat bean! I told you it was a cake! What sort of a cake did you think it was?"

"Gurrgh!"

"Wharton gave sixpence for that cake—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrgh! Beast! Wurrgh! Rotter! Beast!"

"Dash it all!" said Bob. "Some fellows are ungratefull! Inky brings him dates, and I bring him a cake, and all he can do is to call us names!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Mr. Frulo chuckled explosively. The expression on Billy Bunter's fat face was enough, at that moment, to make a stone image smile.

They crowded out rather hastily, as Bunter grabbed the cake of soap and took aim; it dropped on the deck behind them.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bring me a glass of water to wash my mouth!" howled Bunter. "Call the steward! Look here— Wharton, you beast—"

Harry Wharton stepped into the state-room and kindly provided the fat Owl with a glass of water. It was quite a nice little cake that Bob had jammed into Bunter's mouth, and really, taken externally, it would have been useful to Bunter; taken internally, however, he did not seem to find it nice, or to care for the flavour.

He glared at the captain of the Remove over the glass of water with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. No doubt that was Bunter's way of expressing thanks for being waited on.

"Don't go!" he snapped. "Wait and take the glass! Do you want me to drop it on the floor? You'd like me to tread on bits of broken glass, wouldn't you?"

"Well, buck up!" said Harry. "Why not turn out, old fat man? It's ripping on deck, and the sea's as calm as a pond."

"Yah!"

"Like me to wake you up when we get to Rio?" asked Harry.

"Yah!"

Wharton picked up the calendar which lay in the berth.

"Not going to 'at these dates?" he inquired. "Then I'll take it back to Inky's room."

"You jolly well won't!" declared Bunter. "As Inky's given me that calendar, I'm keeping it! Stick it up there for me where I can see it. Taking off a page every day will make this rotten voyage seem shorter. See?"

"It will be short enough," said Harry. "We get to Rio on the 25th."

"Call that short!" grunted Bunter. "Fifteen days—"

"You fat Owl! If you don't like the voyage, why did you come?"

"Well, we got out of lessons!" said Bunter. "I'd rather go to Brazil to see that chap Valentine than have lessons with Quelch."

"Valentine would be flattered!" said Wharton sarcastically.

"Oh, don't jaw!" said Bunter. "You fellows are all jaw, like a sheep's head. Take this beastly glass! Stick up that calendar where I can see it without getting up."

Harry Wharton fastened up the calendar by the berth, so that the fat Owl had it in view. Bunter closed his eyes again behind his spectacles.

"Mind you wake up on the 25th," said Harry, laughing.

"Yah!"

"If you're still asleep at Rio—"

Grunt!

"The steamer goes on to Buenos Aires—"

Snore!

Wharton chuckled, and left the cabin. Billy Bunter often overslept himself—indeed, he always did, when there was no rising-bell to awaken him, and no friendly hand to jam a wet sponge on his fat face. But even Billy Bunter was not likely to snooze on till Rio was reached.

Bunter snored, and was content, while the Famous Five walked the deck with Mr. Frulo, and enjoyed the sunshine and the sea-wind, and Mr. Frulo told them about the "fazenda"—the plantation in Brazil where Jim Valentine lived with his Uncle Peter.

They were never tired of hearing about Brazil, which they were soon to see. The Channel was calm and smooth—nobody was seasick, and the Comet glided into the harbour at Boulogne, where more passengers were to be taken on board—with no time to disembark. Then Johnny Bull looked into State-room No. 17.

"Bunter!"

Snore!

Johnny looked at him. Then he looked at the big calendar pinned up over the berth. Then he grinned.

He stepped in, and tore off a number of leaves, till he came to the 25th. Crumpling the torn leaves in his pocket, he went back to the deck—leaving the rather startling date of February 25th to stare Billy Bunter in the face when he woke.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Some Sleep!

"BUNTER!"
"Bunty!"
"Bunt!"
"Esteemed and idiotic Bunter—"

"Wake up, grampus!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Wake, Baby, wake!"

Billy Bunter opened his eyes. He did not awake in a good temper. He had been dreaming that he had arrived at Rio, and found a shortage of food there. It was an awful dream.

Bunter had been doubtful, from the beginning, what the food would be like in Brazil. Jim Valentine, in his letter to his old friends at Greyfriars, had mentioned quite a lot of things, but he had not mentioned the food. That, in Bunter's opinion, was the kind of silly ass he was—leaving unmentioned the only thing that really mattered.

A doubt like this naturally weighed a good deal on Bunter's mind. It came out strong in his dreams—an awful nightmare-vision of a place where there was not enough to eat!

So he awoke peevish.

Five faces were crammed in the doorway of State-room No. 17. Five voices shouted at Billy Bunter. He blinked and snorted.

"Wharrer you waking me up for?" he demanded.

"Don't you want to get out at Rio?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Rio!" gasped Bunter.

"Do you want to go on to Buenos Aires?" asked Nugent.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Who'd have thought it?" said Johnny Bull. "Even Bunter's never slept a fortnight on end before."

"A fuf-fuf-fuf-forenight!" stuttered Bunter.

"It's the sea air that's done it, perhaps," suggested Bob Cherry. "Anyhow, Bunter will have to wake up now."

"You silly asses!" roared Bunter. "I

haven't had forty winks yet! We ain't anywhere near Rio!"

"Can't you see the ship's stopped?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Has it?" gasped Bunter. He was conscious now that the Comet was no longer in motion.

"Has it?" repeated Bob. "Fancy even Bunter sleeping through a voyage across the Atlantic, you fellows."

"I haven't!" yelled Bunter.

"Shows what he could do at Greyfriars, if there wasn't a rising-bell!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Aren't you hungry, Bunter, after your long sleep?" asked Nugent.

"Eh? Yes! I'm hungry—fearfully hungry! But I haven't—"

"I'd never have believed that Bunter could go a couple of weeks without food!" said Bob.

been asleep a fortnight, you rotters—we haven't got to Rio, you ticks—you're trying to pull my leg, you cads—"

"Good-bye!"

"Buck up, for goodness' sake!" shouted Bob. "There goes the siren!"

A long-drawn howl from a rusty-throated siren made day hideous for a long moment. It came from one of the three or four steamers in the harbour of Boulogne. Bunter, however, was unaware of that little circumstance. The five juniors rushed off helter-skelter, like fellows who had no more time to lose.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows! I say—Beasts!"

He sat and blinked.

Bunter knew that he was a good sleeper. There were many things that Bunter fancied that he could do, and

He blinked—and blinked again. With every passing day a page was supposed to be torn from that calendar. Could Bunter really have slept on and on, while the fellow in the other berth removed, every morning, a page from that calendar? It looked like it!

"February 25th!" gurgled Bunter.

"Oh lor'!"

He rolled out of the berth. He blinked out of the door into the sunshine. The Famous Five were not to be seen. Neither was Mr. Frulo. As a matter of fact, the chums of the Remove had walked the Brazilian gentleman away to B deck, where they were all out of Bunter's sight.

But although Bunter could not see the Greyfriars party, he could see plenty of other people coming and going. There was a gangway run to the quay, and



"Urrgh! Mein Gott! Urrgh!" gasped the German gentleman, as he received Billy Bunter's charge on a large waistcoat. Then he went over backwards, his sult-case, rug, umbrella, and guide-book scattering in all directions.

"I tell you I haven't—"

"Fancy Bunter snoring away, day after day—"

"Only fancy!"

"I haven't!" shrieked Bunter.

"But he's got to turn out now!" said Bob. "Turn out, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" hooted Bunter.

"Well, please yourself," said Harry Wharton. "After all, you men, Bunter would be a horrid nuisance on the trip up-country to Valentine's plantation. Let him stay on the steamer."

"Not a bad idea!" said Johnny Bull. "After all, Bunter can make any trip a success, by keeping out of it."

"Hear, hear!"

"Come on, then; we've no time to lose. We mustn't miss Mr. Frulo."

"And there's the baggage—"

"And the Customs—"

"Come on! Good-bye, Bunter!"

"Good-bye, old chap! Pleasant voyage!"

"Boasts!" howled Bunter. "I haven't

couldn't. But when it came to sleeping, he had all the rest of Greyfriars School easily beaten. He had never really put it to the test, how long he could sleep if left undisturbed. But it seemed really impossible that he could have slept a couple of weeks. He had heard of such things happening, but he had never expected anything of the sort to happen to him.

But the Famous Five had rushed off, like fellows in haste to get ashore before the steamer re-started. And Bunter was fearfully hungry. He felt, at least, as if he had eaten nothing for a very long time. Still, he could not quite believe that he had really slept through the voyage to Rio de Janeiro!

Then his eyes fell on the calendar over his berth. His eyes almost popped through his big spectacles.

The date on the calendar had been February 10th when he went to sleep. It was now February 25th.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

passengers and porters were coming on board. Bunter, still with a lingering doubt in his fat mind, rushed up to a steward and caught him by his sleeve.

"I say, have we got there?" he gasped.

The steward blinked at him.

"Looks like it, don't it?" he answered, and he jerked his sleeve away and went on.

The steward, naturally, supposed that the fat young gent was asking him whether they had got to Boulogne! He was not likely to guess that Bunter wanted to know whether they had arrived at Rio de Janeiro, a few hours after gliding down the estuary of the Thames!

But to the startled fat Owl, his reply was convincing. Bunter spluttered with wrath. The beasts had gone ashore, and left him on board. That was certain now, to Bunter. They were going to get off to the Valentine planta-

tion, leaving him on the steamer to go down to Buenos Aires, and then back to England—and lessons at school. Not if Bunter knew it!

Bunter made a rush for it!

He did not even think of baggage—he hadn't much, anyhow. His own fixed idea was that he wasn't going to be left on the steamer! They were not going to get rid of Bunter so easily as all that!

He rushed.

As there was no disembarkation at Boulogne, and the stop was only made to take fresh passengers on board, Bunter's proceedings excited surprise.

It was one-way traffic on the gang-plank to the quay; and the excited fat Owl barged into the passengers coming on board, to their surprise and annoyance.

Two or three stewards shouted to him, a seaman shoved him, a porter barged him, and an excited French passenger screamed at him. Bunter heeded not. He barged along the gangway like an escaped hippopotamus. A stout German, with a suitcase in each hand, a rug over one shoulder, an umbrella under the other, armed with a red-covered guide-book, barred Bunter's way, filling all the available space. But Bunter had to get by, and he did!

The German gentleman received his charge on a large waistcoat. He gave one horrid gasp:

"Urrgh! Mein Gott! Urrgh!"

Then he went over backwards.

Suitcases, rug, umbrella, and guide-book, were strewn around the German gentleman as he lay on a podgy back, and clasped two large hands in anguish to his extensive waistcoat. He had a pain under that waistcoat, to which another pain was added as Bunter trod on it.

Bunter had to get by; and if a

German gentleman sprawled in Bunter's way, Bunter had to tread on him—and he did! Trodden on, the plump German gasped and gurgled more horribly than before. But Bunter was by!

Now he had a clear path. The stout German was at the tail of the line of passengers coming aboard. He rushed on.

In another moment, Bunter would have been on the quay, and charging into Boulogne-sur-Mer, under the impression that it was Rio de Janeiro. But a late-comer suddenly rushed for the gangway—a dark, black-bearded man with a slouched hat. He met Billy Bunter in full career, and both of them went sprawling headlong on the quay.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

"The Wolf!"

"O H, my hat!"
"That blithering ass!"
"Bunter! Stop!"

From a distance, Harry Wharton & Co. spotted the wild and weird proceedings of the Owl of the Remove with dismay.

They had played that little joke on Bunter, to turn him out of his berth—never dreaming that he would fail to discover the facts when he got out on deck, especially as they had seen him speak to a steward.

That the fat Owl, with a French seaport staring him in the face, would imagine that he had got to South America, had not occurred to them! They were as surprised as every other observer, by the fat Owl's dramatic dash to get ashore in France.

"Bunter!" they roared in chorus, but the fat Owl did not even hear.

"Que ha? Do que se trata?" ejaculated Mr. Frulo. "What is? What is a matter?"

"That potty porpoise——"

"That blithering bandersnatch——"

"After him!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"If he gets lost in France——"

"The howling ass!"

"The frabjous jabberwock!"

Leaving Senhor Frulo staring blankly the chums of the Remove scuttled away after Bunter. But the fat junior had too good a start. They were nowhere near him, when he barged across the gangway, leaving a havoeked German gentleman sprawling and spluttering behind him.

"Stop!" shouted a voice. "Nobody goes ashore here! Stop!"

But the Famous Five did not heed! They had to recapture Bunter. They scuttled on the gangway.

The plump German was sitting up by that time. In a bewildered state, he was gurgling, "Mein Gott! Was den? Mein Gott!" and groping for suitcases and rug and guide-book and umbrella.

Even in their haste to recapture Bunter, the Greyfriars fellows did not feel entitled to tread on him, as the fat Owl had done. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull grasped him by the arms, and heaved him to his feet. Wharton and Nugent and Hurrce Singh wound round him, and rushed on after Bunter.

Voices shouted from the steamer—more voices from the quay! An excited French crowd gathered round, exclaiming and gesticulating. On the quay sprawled Bunter, and near him sprawled the dark, black-bearded man, whom he had brought down with a charge as deadly as any ever seen on the football field.

"Bunter!" gasped Wharton.

He grabbed the fat Owl, and heaved him up. Bunter grabbed at his spectacles, which had slid down his fat little nose, and set them straight.

"Ow! Leggo! Oh, is that you, you beast? You jolly well thought I was going on in the steamer—yah!"

"You howling ass, get on board!" roared Wharton. "This is Boulogne, you blithering idiot, not Rio!"

"Yah!"

"Do you want to land in France?" shrieked Nugent.

"Tain't France—it's South America——"

"Oh, you howling fathead——"

"Beast!"

"Take the blithering idiot back!" panted Harry. "He seems to have damaged that dago—get him on the steamer!"

"Look here, leggo!" howled Bunter, as Nugent and Hurrce Singh jerked him back to the gangway. "I tell you, I'm not stopping on the steamer—I ain't going on to Boonos Airs—see! I'm getting out at Rio with you fellows——"

"Come on, you burbling chump!"

"Come on, you terrific ass!"

"I say, you fellows—ow! Don't lug me about like that, you beasts—ow! Wow! Leggo my ear, Inky, you rotter! I'm coming, ain't I?"

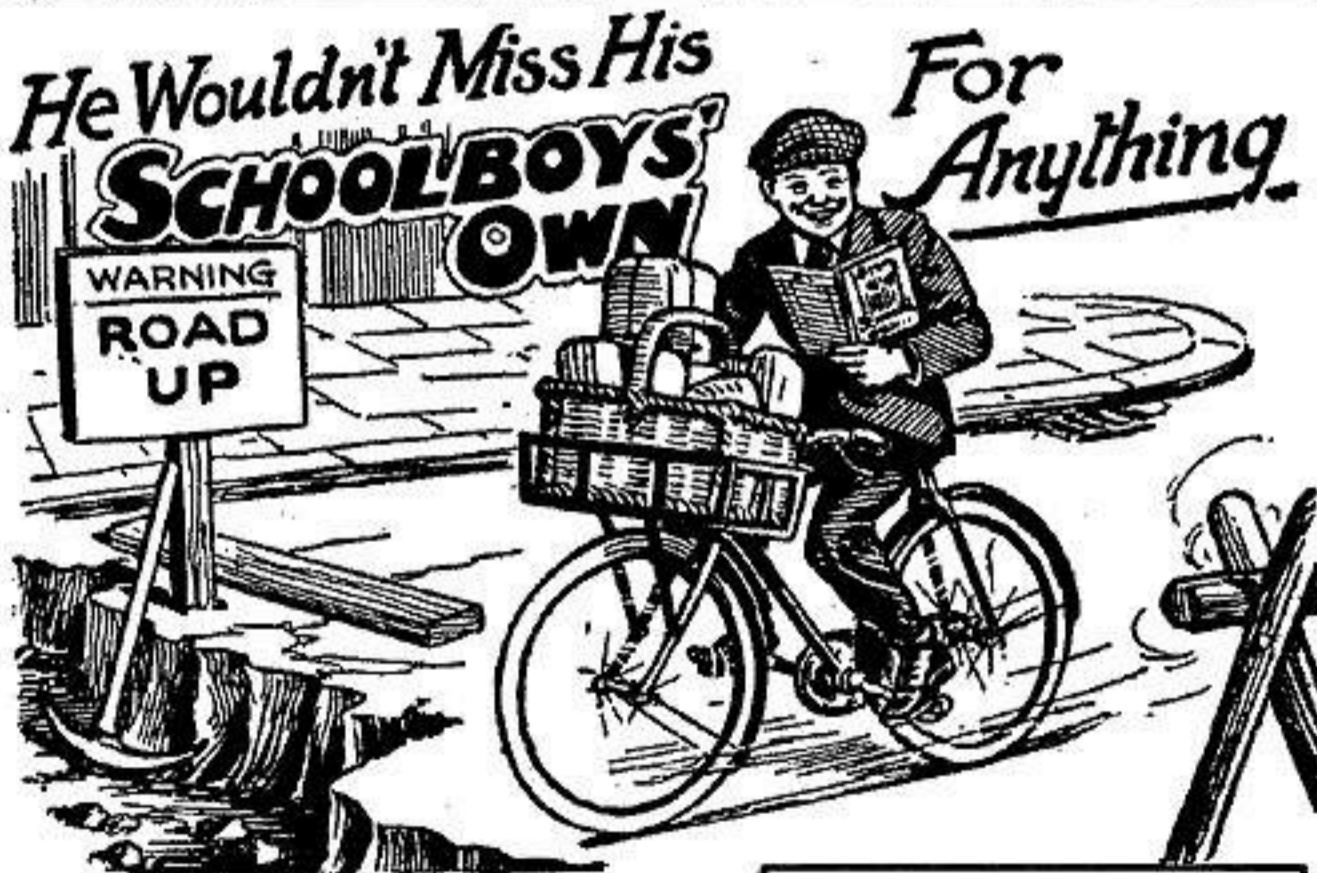
And Bunter came.

Harry Wharton bent over the black-bearded man who had been floored by Bunter.

The man was leaning on his elbow now, gasping for breath, his dark face burning with rage. Wharton's intention was to help him up, and tender an apology on Bunter's account. But as he looked at the dark, savage, swarthy face, he gave a cry of astonishment.

"O Lobo!"

It was the Wolf—the Brazilian bravo



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who had followed Mr. Frulo from South America and striven to intercept Jim Valentine's letter to his chums at Greyfriars!

Wharton stared at him blankly.

He had seen nothing of the bravo since the day the juniors had left the school to join Mr. Frulo in London, and prepare for the voyage.

Evidently, O Lobo was now going back to his native land; and had taken his passage on the same steamer as the Greyfriars party; with the difference that he was joining it at a French port.

"You—you scoundrel!" exclaimed Wharton, his eyes flashing at the swarthy rascal.

O Lobo stared up at him, and gave a start. His black eyes glittered at the Greyfriars junior.

"So you are still following us!" exclaimed Wharton. "And we should never have seen you, but for that ass barging you over! You dare to set a foot on this steamer, and see what will happen to you, you rascal!"

"Nossa Senhora!" panted O Lobo.

Wharton turned his back on the ruffian, and ran up the gangway after his friends. Billy Bunter, still protesting, was led back to D deck. The fat Owl was still not sure that this was not a trick to send him on to Buenos Aires, while the other fellows got off at Rio!

"Quo ha? Qua ha? What has? What to do?" exclaimed Mr. Frulo, in his imperfect English.

"O Lobo—that man Bunter floored on the quay is O Lobo," gasped Harry. "He was coming on this steamer!"

"Corpo de Deos!"

"He is wanted by the police for attacking you at Greyfriars, Mr. Frulo, when he was after Jim Valentine's letter. If he comes on board, you have only to speak to the captain, and he will be put under arrest."

"Sim, sim!" assented Mr. Frulo. "O Lobo, he is one bad man—he mean mischief—he does not want that my young master's friends go to come to the fazenda in Brazil! Nao!"

From D deck, the Greyfriars party kept a keen watch on the gangway. Billy Bunter, unheeded, rolled back to his state-room, in the worst temper of his fat career. But the dark-featured, black-bearded bravo from Rio Rexo did not cross the plank from the quay.

Plainly, it had been his intention to sail for Rio in the same steamer with the Greyfriars party. On a crowded steamer, it would have been easy enough for a passenger, travelling in a different class, to keep out of sight.

But now that he had been seen and recognised, it was clear that O Lobo had given up the idea. He had disappeared in the crowd on the quay, and he was not seen again.

The juniors watched till the gangway was taken in, and the Comet got under way. But they saw nothing more of the Wolf. And when the Comet churned out to sea again, O Lobo was left behind in France.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

In The Bay Of Biscay, Oh!

"THE grub's good."

Billy Bunter made that announcement the following day after lunch. Bunter was sitting in a deck-chair, leaning back, with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat—an attitude that a novelist might have described as one of unaffected grace.

He had been looking thoughtful.

The other fellows were sitting about, listening to Senhor Frulo, who was telling them about Brazil, and the fazenda he managed for Jim Valentine's uncle. Bunter's thoughtful expression seemed to hint that he was listening to the Brazilian planter with attention. As a matter of fact, he wasn't. His thoughts were on more important things.

Bob Cherry asked Mr. Frulo whether he had ever seen an armadillo dillowing in his armour—a question that rather puzzled the man from Brazil. However, he launched into a description of the manners and customs of that interesting creature, the armadillo, only to be interrupted by Bunter's remark.

"Don't jaw, old fat man!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Take a nap," suggested Nugent.

"The napfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed fat Bunter," agreed Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I wish you fellows would give a chap a chance to speak," said Bunter peevishly. "I was saying the grub's good."

"Well, you ought to know," said Johnny Bull. "You've sampled more than the rest of us put together."

"And then some," remarked Bob.

"I think I shall like this trip all right, after all," said the fat Owl. "The grub certainly is good on these steamers. And if the grub's all right,

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everything's all right. We've had a good lunch."

"You mean you've had a good many?" asked Bob.

"No, I don't," hooted Bunter. "I don't think I had more than four helpings of anything, and there weren't more than six or seven things to choose from. If you fellows will stop talking, I think I could sleep a bit."

A nap after lunch suited Bunter. He needed a rest after his performances at table. Five separate and distinct glares were fixed on the fat Owl. Mr. Frulo blinked at him curiously as he had done many times before. The copper-complexioned gentleman from Brazil liked the Famous Five, and they got on with him famously; but he never seemed quite able to understand Bunter. Billy Bunter's manners often failed to make a good impression on strangers.

"Mr. Frulo's telling us about Brazil," said Bob.

This was a hint to Bunter to be a little more civil to the senhor.

"Well, I don't want to hear about Brazil," grunted Bunter. "I shall see enough of the rotten place when I get there."

"Agradeco-lhe," murmured Mr. Frulo, with polite sarcasm.

The Famous Five knew that he was saying "Thank you!" in his own tongue. Bunter didn't know, and didn't want to. But the chums of the Remove, who had rather more regard

for manners than Bunter had, glared at the fat Owl.

Mr. Frulo rose from his chair.

"I will walk one walk, and smoke one smoke," he remarked; and with a nod to the juniors, he sauntered along the deck, with a black cheroot going strong.

"Thank goodness that chap's left off talking!" remarked Bunter, heedless of glares. "I say, you fellows, that was a jolly good pie at lunch! I—I say! What's the matter with the ship?"

The steamer gave a little roll. Bunter sat up. Hitherto, the weather had been wonderfully calm for the time of year. On a sea as calm as the Serpentine, Billy Bunter was a good sailor. On a sea less calm than the Serpentine, he was a very bad one; having, in fact, too much cargo on board.

"Nothing the matter with the ship, fathead!" said Harry. "But four or five helpings of six or seven different things may cause trouble on the Bay of Biscay."

"Oh crikey!" said Bunter, blinking anxiously round the horizon. "I say, is there going to be a storm? I say, look at that cloud!"

"That isn't a cloud, ass; that's a mountain!"

"Oh, don't talk rot!" grunted Bunter. "Think I'm going to believe that there's a mountain sticking up out of the sea?"

"It's in Spain, ass! It's a long way off, but it's a mountain in Spain."

"Rot!" said Bunter. "I say! Is this really the Bay of Biscay? It doesn't look like a bay to me. Nothing like Pegwell Bay."

"Oh, my hat! It's a bit bigger than Pegwell Bay. The sea between France and Spain is called the Bay of Biscay, fathead, from Biscay on the Spanish coast."

"Pile it on!" said Bunter, with a fat wink. "I know more about geography than you do. There ain't any sea between France and Spain; they're joined by land. The mountains of something-or-other. Let's see—not the Himalayas—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I know it ain't the Himalayas; they're in China."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"I mean in India, or—or somewhere. It's the Alps between France and Spain. Or is it the Apennines?" asked Bunter.

"Make it the Pyrenees," suggested Nugent.

"Well, it might be," conceded Bunter. "Anyhow, it ain't the sea, and you can't pull my leg—see?"

"Between the west coast of France, and the north coast of Spain—"

"Oh, blow the coast of France and Spain!" said Bunter. "You can't teach me anything about geography. And you're jolly well not going to make me believe that the sea here is a bay, because I know it isn't. And I can jolly well say—Groogh!"

"What are you 'grooging' for?"

"Urrgh! N-nothing! I didn't feel a qualm, or anything. I wish this putrid ship wouldn't roll, though."

"Ships do roll in the Bay of Biscay," grinned Bob Cherry. "You'll lose your last lunch, Bunter."

"Beast! Shut up, and let a fellow go to sleep!" Billy Bunter closed his eyes behind his spectacles.

The weather was still quite good, though there were clouds in the direction of the Spanish coast. But there

was, undoubtedly, a roll on the sea, and the steamer rocked to it a little. It did not trouble the Famous Five at all. They had had only one lunch each. But there were many lunches parked within Billy Bunter's fat circumference, and a little rocking seemed to him a lot. Some of those lunches seemed to be getting on bad terms with one another. The rocking of the Comet was not calculated to rock Bunter to sleep.

"There's a song about the Bay of Biscay," said Bob Cherry. "It goes rather like this." And Bob sang:

"Loud snored the dreadful Bunter,
Who grub in tons devours,
The fattest farmyard grunter
Has no such parking powers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter's eyes opened behind his spectacles.

"Beast!" he murmured.

The steamer gave a little lurch. Bunter sat upright again. A sudden paleness came over his fat face.

"Urrgh!" he remarked.

"Hungry?" asked Bob.

"Owl No!"

"I'll get you something, if you like. What about a nice cut of fat pork?"

"Oooo-er!"

"Or a good deep drink of cod-liver oil."

"Grooogh!"

"Shut up, Bob, old man!" said Harry, laughing. "Bunter's got it coming. Shall I call a steward, old fat man?"

"No, you beast!" gasped Bunter. "I'm not seasick! I never am seasick! I'm a good sailor; not like you fellows! If you're making out that I look sick, I can jolly well say—Ooogh—oooggh—ooer!"

Bunter gasped, gurgled, and groaned. His many lunches were now, not merely on bad terms with one another, but on fighting terms. What seemed to Bunter like a volcanic eruption, was going on under his extensive waistcoat.

But he was not going to admit it—not Bunter. He sat very still, hoping that if he did not move it would pass off.

"I'll get you a glass of water," said Nugent.

"Who wants a glass of water? You'd better get one for yourself. You're looking rather green, Frank Nugent."

"Isn't he nice, and isn't it a pleasure to look after him," remarked Bob Cherry. "How they must love him at home! And how I wish they had him there!"

"Urrgh! Beast! Wurrgh! I'm not feeling s-s-sick!" gurgled Bunter. "If you make out that I'm l-l-looking s-s-sick, it's only your rotten jig-jig-jealousy because I'm a gug-gug-good sailor—groogh! I've never felt better in my—urrgh—life—Oooch!"

Another rock of the steamer, and Bunter felt what could only be described as a wave of horror pass over him. Those lunches were getting rebellious. The fat junior's jaw dropped, and his eyes had a glassy look behind his big spectacles. He seemed hardly to breathe.

"Let's walk him along the deck," said Johnny Bull. "It may pull him round."

"D-d-don't touch me!" gasped Bunter.

"Like to be helped to your berth, then?"

"If you touch me, I'll—Gurrgh!"

"You'll whatter?"

"Gurrgh—urrgh—wurrgh! Wow!

I—I say, you fellows, go and tell the captain to keep the ship from rolling about like this! The company ought to sack him for it! Urrgh! I've never been s-s-sea-sick in my life, and I'm not going to begin now—Urrgh! Burrgh!"

"Poor old Bunter!" said Bob.

"You can shut up, Bob Cherry! There's nothing the matter with me—nothing at all! I never felt bub-bib-better! Urrrrrrgh!"

There was another roll, and Billy Bunter suddenly collapsed. For a fellow who had never felt better in his life, he looked fearfully sick. The other fellows gathered round him sympathetically, and piloted him to his room, and heaved him into his berth. Bunter lay there and gurgled and groaned, and longed for death to end his misery.

The sounds that came from the fat Owl might have moved a heart of stone. Really, the steamer rocked very little on the swell of the Bay of Biscay, and nobody else seemed worried. But it seemed to William George Bunter that he was passing through the valley of the shadow of death! Lunch after lunch was lost, till he felt as empty as a drum, and still he gurgled and guggled, and groaned and moaned. Another roll of the steamer drew a faint, anguished squeak from the upper berth in State-room No. 17.

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"I—I—I s-s-say, you fellows, is the ship going down?"

"No, old chap!"

"Owl!" groaned Bunter. "I wish it was!"

"Buck up, old man—"

Groan!

"It will pass off—"

Moan!

"You'll be better soon—"

Gurgle!

"Poor old Bunter!"

"I—I say, you fellows, g-g-go and tell the captain I want to go ashore at once!" groaned Bunter. "At once, mind!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Tell him I wish his beastly ship would sink, and that I think he ought to be hanged!" groaned Bunter.

"Who's taking that message to the skipper?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Don't stand grinning there, you beasts! Go and tell that villain of a captain to get his putrid ship into port, and let me get off! Do you hear? I only want to get off this filthy ship! Just that! I can stand anything if I can only get off this rotten, beastly ship!" groaned Bunter. "Don't stick there, you silly idiots, go—"

The "silly idiots" went—though not to carry Bunter's complimentary messages to the commander of the Comet! Billy Bunter, left to himself, groaned and moaned, and moaned and groaned. He did not crawl out of his bunk till the Comet was steaming down

the coast of Portugal, and the Bay of Biscay was left far behind. But the lesson was not lost on Bunter! Breakfast was his next meal—and at breakfast, he kept himself well in hand, and ate only enough for four!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Doesn't Like Earthquakes!

"LISBON?" asked Billy Bunter.

"Yes!"

"Don't think much of it!"

"Fathead!"

"Well, I mean, compare it with Margate!" argued Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co., looking at the capital of Portugal, as the Comet steamed up the estuary of the Tagus, did not think of comparing it with Margate!

The terraced city, rising on her seven hills, was a magnificent sight in the warm afternoon sunshine.

"How long do we stop here?" asked Bunter.

"Passengers get a run ashore for about three hours," answered Harry.

"That won't be long enough for me," said Bunter decidedly. "I suppose the steamer can wait, if we're not back?"

"Yes; I can see the skipper waiting, when he has a date to keep at Madeira," grinned Bob Cherry. "Better go and tell him before we go ashore. He may agree to hang on for you, old fat man! On the other hand, he may not! The betting is on the not!"

Sniff from Bunter.

"We've paid a jolly lot of money for this trip!" he said. "I don't see hurrying back in two or three hours, to please a dashed steamer skipper. In fact, I shan't do anything of the kind."

"Then you'd better not go ashore!" said Harry.

"I jolly well shall!" retorted Bunter. "I'm going to send some picture post-cards home. If a fellow takes the trouble to go to a place, he may as well let people know he's been there! I've heard of a place called Cintra, and another place called Belem, near Lisbon, and I'm going to both—"

"There won't be time!"

"There will have to be time!" said Bunter calmly.

"You howling ass—"

"Oh, give him his head!" grunted Johnny Bull. "If he gets left behind, all the better. We were asses not to let him rip at Boulogne."

"Beast!"

"Mr. Frulo is coming ashore with us," said Nugent. "He's going to show us round the city. He's been here before, from Brazil."

"Better get a guide who speaks the language!" said Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! The language is Portuguese in Portugal, the same as in Brazil, blitherer! Brazilians speak Portuguese, fathead!"

"Silly asses, then!" retorted Bunter. "I never could understand why foreigners speak that silly lingo. Why they can't talk plain English beats me. Listening to that old ass Frulo is like listening to a monkey cracking nuts!"

"Shut up!" hissed Bob. Senhor Frulo was standing at a little distance on the deck, watching the seven-hilled city rise to view, and smoking his eternal black cigar. He did not seem to hear Bunter; but it was very probable that he did, all the same.

"Shan't!" said Bunter. "Look here, I'd rather leave that copper-faced old bounder behind. I don't like him. Several times, when I've spoken to him, he hasn't even answered me. Only this morning, I asked him whether they ever



"What is left of you will be picked up at the foot of these battlements!" said O Lobo, gripping Wharton in his strong arms. Kicking wildly, the Greyfriars junior landed a foot under the bearded chin. The ruffian gave a howl and staggered, his grasp relaxing. "Help!" shrieked Wharton.

wash in Brazil, and he pretended not to hear me, and just walked away."

"Portugal," said Bob Cherry, imitating the instructive voice of Mr. Quelch in the Form-room at Greyfriars, "is the ancient ally of England; and there has always been peace and friendship and mutual esteem between the two countries. Visitors to Portugal should be careful to imitate the invariable politeness and obliging affability of the inhabitants! Do you fellows think Bunter can be trusted to keep the jolly old friendly alliance going strong?"

"Hardly!" grinned Nugent. "A few visits from a few Bunters would soon make an end of it," said Bob. "I think Bunter had better stop aboard—for political reasons."

"Hear, hear!" "Yah!" said Bunter. "I'm going ashore, and if you think I've got a lot of politeness to waste on a lot of unwashed dagoes, you're jolly well mistaken, see? I'm jolly well going to go—"

Bump! Bunter did not see who hooked his fat leg. But he knew that somebody had hooked it, because he sat down on the deck of the Comet with startling suddenness, and a bump that nearly shook the steamer.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter. He sat and roared. Harry Wharton & Co. moved along the deck, and left him to sit and roar.

Seven-hilled like Rome, Lisbon rose terrace upon terrace, magnificent to the view. The Comet moored at the Alcantara Quay. Senhor Frulo, who had made many trips from Rio to Lisbon, and knew the capital of the "old country" well, pointed out objects of interest to the juniors. Then he went to his state-room to make some preparations for the trip ashore.

Not till he was gone did Billy Bunter rejoin the Famous Five. When he came rolling along the deck, the first remark he heard was from Bob Cherry, in a loud whisper:

"Don't tell Bunter!" The fat junior halted. The Famous Five, standing in a group with their backs to him, did not, apparently, know that he was there! If there was something they were not going to tell Bunter, Bunter was the fellow to stand behind them and listen, and find out what it was!

"Well, if Bunter's going ashore, he ought to know!" said Johnny Bull. "He wouldn't like to be caught in another earthquake."

"Was it a very bad one?" asked Nugent.

"Well, pretty bad—no end of houses knocked over, and sixty thousand people killed!"

"Here in Lisbon!" "Yes, here in Lisbon! Must have been a fearful sight," said Bob. "The whole city shaken up and every building rocking to its foundation."

"Better not mention it to Bunter!" said Harry Wharton.

"No fear! After all, it's over, and there may not be another earthquake while we're here. Bunter can take his chance with the rest of us."

"No reason why he shouldn't!" said Harry.

"Well, we might warn him—"

argued Johnny Bull. "Not a word!" said Bob. "He would only think we were pulling his leg. Don't tell Bunter!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the backs of the Famous Five with a ferocious blink. It seemed that there had been an earthquake at Lisbon, the whole city rocked, and sixty thousand people killed! And these beasts were going to let him get

ashore without giving him the tip!

"Beasts!" suddenly roared Bunter. The Famous Five spun round, with quite a dramatic air of surprise.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! I didn't see you, Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. Which was perfectly true. He had not seen Bunter; he had only heard him grunt as he came along.

"So you think you're going to get me ashore, to be swallowed up in an earthquake, you rotters!" hooted Bunter. "I can tell you that you're jolly well not! See?"

"My dear old porpoise, it looks all right to-day," said Bob. "Ten to one there won't be any more of it! What do you fellows think?"

"Well, I don't know about ten to one," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "Say two to one! I'm chancing it, anyhow."

"Chap can only die once," said Johnny Bull philosophically. "Still, I think Bunter ought to know, as I said."

"Well, I jolly well know now!" howled Bunter. "You silly asses can go among earthquakes if you like; but not me!"

"Now, look here, Bunter," said Harry Wharton. "Mr Frulo has arranged to take the whole party round Lisbon, and you can't very well stand out."

"Yah!" "It wouldn't be polite to Mr. Frulo!" urged Bob.

"Blow Mr. Frulo!"

"Bunter had better come," said Harry decidedly. "Unless he locks himself in his state-room, we'll jolly well bag him and hike him ashore, whether he likes it or not. If there's another earthquake he can chance it with us."

"Where are you going, Bunter?" called out Bob. "Stay here with us—we're going in ten minutes."

"I—I've got to get something from my state-room!" gasped Bunter. "I—I'll be back in a minute."

Bunter vanished.

Ten minutes later Joao Frulo was ready to take the party ashore. Bob ran along to State-room No. 17 and banged on the door. That door was fastened inside.

"Bunter!" roared Bob.

"Yah!"

"Come out, you fat frog! We're just starting!"

"Beast!"

"You'll miss the earthquake—I mean, the sights of Lisbon——"

"Rotter!"

"Will you come along, you fat frump?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "I jolly well won't! Go and eat coke!"

Bob Cherry rejoined his friends, grinning.

"The fat one, he come not?" asked Mr. Frulo.

"No; he doesn't like earthquakes!" explained Bob.

Mr. Frulo jumped.

"Earthquakes!" he ejaculated.

"Yes; he heard us talking about the great earthquake of Lisbon, when sixty thousand people were killed. It seems to have put him off Lisbon!"

"But that was one long time ago!" gasped Mr. Frulo. "It was in eighteen century—in 1755——"

"We didn't mention the date!" said Bob blandly. "Bunter seems to have an idea that it was a bit more recent than that! Anyhow, he doesn't like earthquakes, and he's staying behind."

Mr. Frulo stared for a moment, and then grinned a dusky grin. He went ashore with the Famous Five; what time Billy Bunter, safely locked in his state-room, listened for rumblings and roarings which might announce that the earthquake was at it again! He heard no such sounds, and doubtless he would have been relieved of his fears had he been aware that the great earthquake at Lisbon had taken place in 1755!

But Billy Bunter was unaware of that little circumstance; and he wondered whether the reckless fellows would come back alive. That, of course, did not really matter very much so long as Billy Bunter was all right!

Bunter was all right, safe in his state-room, and, without Bunter's fascinating company, the Greyfriars party were all right; so everything was all right—a state of affairs that seldom obtains in this imperfect world!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

In The Grip Of The Wolf!

"PRACA DO COMMERCIO!" said Mr. Frulo, with a wave of his black cigar, leaving a trail of blue smoke in the air. "What the English call a Square of a Black Horse."

The juniors looked with great interest round that famous square of the famous city of Lisbon.

In the centre stood a great bronze statue of King Jose I, from which the praca, or square, took its foreign name, though to the natives it was the Square of Commerce.

"Here," went on Mr. Frulo, with another wave of his cigar and another trail of blue smoke, "is where a king shall be keel!"

This was, so to speak, a new one to the chums of the Remove. They had to think a little before they grasped it.

"Oh! I see—a king was killed here!" said Harry at last.

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"Sim, sim! There was then a King of Portugal, and in this square so celebrated they shoot him completely dead!" said Mr. Frulo cheerfully. "Now we walk one little, and you see the Square of the Roly-Poly!"

They walked to the Praca de Dom Pedro, where the pavement was laid in curved lines of alternate black and white—looking so irregular that the juniors trod on it with care—and were quite surprised to find it perfectly flat. English sailors, Mr. Frulo explained, had given it the name of Roly-Poly Square!

Then they walked down the great Avenida da Liberdade, under the rows of palm-trees. In that great avenue were endless crowds, and innumerable groups of people, many of them military men in brilliant uniforms, standing about talking. It rather gave the English schoolboys an impression that in Lisbon most people had nothing to do but to stand about and talk!

Amid the constantly passing and re-passing crowds Harry Wharton once or twice glimpsed a dark face with a black beard and a beaky nose. Such faces were to be seen in hundreds, if not thousands, and he did not heed it particu-

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larly. But suddenly, as he caught a pair of jetty eyes fixed on the party from under the brim of a shady slouched hat, he realised whose that dark, cruel face was.

"O Lobo!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Eh, what?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"O Lobo!" repeated Mr. Frulo.

"Nao! Isso e impossivel! Nao!" "We left that brute behind at Boulogne, Harry!" said Frank Nugent dubiously. "He can hardly have got ahead of us to Lisbon."

"Where?" asked Bob.

"He's gone now!" said Harry. The bravo had disappeared in the crowd. "But I saw him! It was O Lobo."

The juniors looked round them, startled at the idea of the Brazilian bravo being at hand. But the Wolf had gone.

"You're sure?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Quite!" said Wharton positively. "I believe he has been following us for some time. Of course, he knew that the Comet would put in at the Tagus, and he could guess easily enough that we should want to go ashore. But what the dickens is his game?"

"He is one very bad man!" said Mr. Frulo gravely. "In the Rio Rexo, in Brazil, he is one bandit—one very bad

person! He do not want that my young master's friends go to Senhor Valentine's fazenda—why, I know not. For that he try to take one letter that I bring."

"It's jolly queer," said Harry, knitting his brows. "Jim Valentine said something in his letter about his uncle having struck lucky and about some lawless characters spying on him. It looks to me as if there's something going on at the Valentine plantation, and O Lobo doesn't want visitors from England to see what it is."

"But he can't be thinking of stopping us!" said Nugent. "He tried to intercept Valentine's letter that Mr. Frulo brought to Greyfriars; but now we've started he can't stop us."

"I don't see how he can, certainly," confessed Wharton. "But he's on our track, and I've not the slightest doubt that he's watching us now."

"Here he can do nothing!" said Mr. Frulo cheerfully. "But the time he pass, and if we go to see the so celebrated Fortress of St. George we must come to go with some considerable quickness."

"Lead on, Macduff!" said Bob.

And Mr. Frulo led the way to the celebrated old fortress that looks down on Lisbon; one of the few ancient buildings that escaped destruction in the overwhelming earthquake of 1755.

The juniors had had a good walk already; and it was a long and steep climb up the hill behind the city to where the old Moorish fortress stood.

Through narrow, tortuous streets, up endless rugged steps, they went, and by the time they arrived at the fortress they felt that they had earned the magnificent view that was to be seen from the ancient battlements.

Mr. Frulo talked to the sergeant of the guard, and the party passed in, conducted by a soldier. Lisbon, from the top of the fortress on the steep hill, spread out like a map before their eyes—a wonderful sight.

They looked down on the Tagus, with its endless shipping; they could see the Comet moored at the Alcantara, where Billy Bunter was still safe in his state-room, listening for sounds portending an earthquake; they could see the great squares and avenues, and unending houses with white walls and red roofs, and here and there a building that gleamed yellow or blue or green.

The juniors separated, to wander about different parts of the ancient building, some of them interested in the trophies of old wars—guns taken from the French in the Peninsular War, when the Portuguese and the British troops fought side by side against Napoleon.

There were other visitors in the fortress, and Harry Wharton, lingering on the battlements after his friends had gone to "see the guns," had a sudden glimpse of a dark face with a pointed black beard.

It disappeared at once behind a huge buttress. But that it was the face of O Lobo, the captain of the Greyfriars Remove felt certain. He made a sudden dash after the disappearing Brazilian, and as he passed round the buttress, he came face to face with O Lobo, crouching back against the thick stone wall.

"So it is you you scoundrel!" exclaimed Wharton, stopping hardly three feet from the man from the Rio Rexo.

O Lobo did not speak.

His black eyes flashed for a split second to and fro. No one was in sight. He made a sudden, tiger-like

spring, and his grasp fastened on the Greyfriars junior.

Almost before Wharton knew what was happening, he was dragged down in the corner behind the buttress, a sinewy knee was planted on his chest, and a dusky hand gripped his mouth to silence him.

He struggled wildly.

But the Wolf was more than twice as strong as the Greyfriars junior, sturdy as he was. Wharton was pinned helplessly, and silenced by the savage grip on his mouth.

O Lobo's jetty eyes glittered down at him.

Wharton panted and choked. He had not foreseen such a desperate act—at any moment a tourist, or one of the citadel guard, or one of his friends, might have come along the battlements. Even now, helpless in the bravo's grip, he could not guess what the ruffian intended.

"So I have you!" came in a hissing whisper from the Wolf. "You saw me on the Avenida, I think! Is it not so? Silence, little senhor! If you contrive to call, I will twist your neck like that of a macaw!"

Wharton could not speak; he could only stare up at the dark, savage face bent over him. The grip on his mouth changed to his throat, a hard and cruel thumb grinding into the skin.

"You will be silent—speak only in a whisper!" muttered O Lobo. "Your life is mine to take—and if you knew me on the Rio Rexo, you would not take chances with me, little senhor!"

Wharton gasped for breath.

He did not attempt to call out. The savage thumb on his windpipe would have choked utterance instantly. He was utterly at the mercy of the desperado from South America.

"Now speak!" breathed O Lobo. "You go to Brazil, to the fazenda on the Rio Rexo, to join the young Valentine?"

"Yes!" muttered Wharton.

"He tell you something in a letter, the letter I fail to take, though I track Joao Frulo from Rio to Inglaterra! Yes?"

Wharton did not answer that.

The jetty eyes gleamed a savage threat at him.

"You will answer!" hissed O Lobo. "The boy Valentine, he tell you—what does he tell you? He tell you about os diamantes?"

Harry Wharton started. Jim had told him in the letter that Peter Valentine was "on to a good thing," and hinted at danger from certain lawless characters on the Rio Rexo. But he had said nothing more; and there had been no mention of diamonds.

"Os diamantes," he knew, meant "the diamonds." That diamonds were

mined in Brazil he, of course, knew. And he could guess, now, the nature of the "good thing" to which Uncle Peter Valentine was "on."

"You will answer me!" hissed O Lobo. "Speak in a whisper—but speak!"

Wharton panted.

"Valentine said nothing about diamonds!" he gasped.

"It is false—false!" snarled O Lobo. "Os diamantes—you know of the diamantes—the diamonds?"

"I know nothing!"

"Then why go to Brazil?" demanded O Lobo. "You are a schoolboy—you and your friends—you were at school when Joao Frulo arrive at Greyfriars in Inglaterra. Why is it that you leave while others remain at school? It is not a holiday for all—only for you—why, then?"

"It will be the Easter holidays in a few weeks, and our headmaster allowed us to leave sooner, to pay a visit to Jim Valentine."

"A visit! Pah! You go so far, to a strange land, to visit?" jeered O Lobo. "To Rio—then up-country, hundreds of miles—to visit—for nothing?"

"Yes. Jim Valentine is our friend—we want to see him again—"

"I do not believe you!" muttered the Wolf. "You have other reasons for going, and the young Valentine has other reasons for calling in his friends—estou certo! Certo—certo! But even if it is true—"

"It is true, you rotten rascal!" said Harry contemptuously. "If you were anything but a lying cur yourself, you would know it, too!"

"True—it may be true! And the young Valentine said nothing of diamonds—nothing of danger—"

"Nothing of diamonds, and little or nothing of danger! But," said Harry quietly, "if Jim Valentine was in danger, we'd go all the sooner, and all the faster! That wouldn't stop us!"

The Wolf gave him a glare, and then his evil, dark face broke into a savage grin.

"Schoolboy talk!" he said. "You do not know the Rexo—nossa senhora! You do not even know Rio—and in Rio men disappear, and no one knows how or why. In the Rexo life is cheap, little senhor! I who speak have killed men, more in number than my fingers and toes!"

Looking up at the hard, dark, ruthless face, Harry Wharton could well believe it. He could imagine what the swarthy ruffian was like, in the forests of the "sertao"—the untrodden wilds of inner Brazil.

"Hearken!" breathed the Wolf. "You are nothing to me—you and your schoolboy friends! Live to a hundred

years, for all I care! But on this side of the Atlantic—understand me well! In Brazil you will not live, but die!"

"We'll take our chance of that!" said Harry coolly, though his heart was beating hard.

The jetty eyes glittered at him.

"You will cross the Atlantic?"

"In the Comet, certainly!"

"You will land at Rio?"

"Naturally."

"You will go to the Valentine fazenda?"

"Yes, if a hundred, or a thousand, of your sort of scoundrels stood in the way!" retorted Wharton.

The black beard parted, showing a gleam of white teeth, in a snarl like a wild animal's. The thumb pressed harder on the boy's throat.

"One more chance I give!" said O Lobo, in a hiss like a snake. "Give me your word, the English word of honour, to keep off the steamer—to return to your own country with your friends—and you may live to a thousand years! That is all I ask!"

"Too much!" said Harry. "We're going on!"

"There is danger at the fazenda on the Rio Rexo—danger in the air, in the forests, and the quintas, in the screech of the macaw, and the howl of the puma—danger at every step—"

"Do you think you can frighten me with that?" said Harry disdainfully. "If Jim Valentine is in danger, his friends will be glad to stand by his side!"

"You will not turn back?"

"No!"

"Then, little senhor, you will not live to step on the steamer one more time!" said O Lobo between his teeth. "What is left of you will be picked up at the foot of these battlements."

His grip suddenly tightened on the schoolboy's throat, silencing him. Harry Wharton was swung, in the ruffian's strong arms, across from the buttress to the battlements, and swung across the ancient time-worn stone.

He resisted with all his strength.

Beyond the old stone battlements was a steep slope of the hill on which the Citadel of St. George was built—a fall was instant death on hard rock. And it was the bravo's intention to fling him over, to whirl down to death! In the ruffian's powerful grasp, he was almost powerless; but he gripped at the old rough stone, and clung—and O Lobo, with a curse in his own language, strove to drag him loose and hurl him over.

As much by luck as by intention, the junior, kicking wildly, landed his foot under the bearded chin, as he sprawled, struggling, on the top of the stone

(Continued on next page.)

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parapet. O Lobo gave a howl, and staggered, his grasp relaxing.

Wharton tore himself loose, and scrambled down, on the safe side of the parapet, panting wildly for breath. In an instant, O Lobo was springing at him again, like the puma of his native land.

"Help!" shrieked Wharton, as the ruffian grasped him again.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a roar.

Never had Bob Cherry's cheery roar sounded so welcome in the ears of his comrade.

"Help!"

"Wharton! What—" Then Bob, as he saw what was happening, came up with a rush. He was only in time to save his chum, crumpling in the grasp of the sinewy bravo.

A clenched fist, with all Bob Cherry's beef behind it, crashed into the dark, bearded face. O Lobo released Wharton, and rolled over on the rugged stones. In an instant he was on his feet again, glaring at the two juniors like the wolf whose name he bore. But there was a pattering of feet, as Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent came running up, and after them Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

For a second O Lobo stood, panting, glaring; then he turned and ran. Harry Wharton leaned, gasping for breath, against the stone battlement, his friends gathering round him.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

No Luck For Bunter!

"O QUE—o que!" ejaculated Mr. Frulo, coming up breathlessly. "O que!"

It sounded as if Mr. Frulo was saying "O.K." But he was only ejaculating "What, what?" in his own tongue.

Harry Wharton, gasping for breath, his hand pressed to a dark bruise on his throat, where a dusky thumb had gripped, tried to smile.

"All right!" he panted. "All serene! He's gone!"

"Who go?"

"O Lobo!"

"Nossa senhora!" exclaimed Mr. Frulo. "E possivel? He attack?"

"He would have pitched me over the parapet if Bob hadn't come up!" gasped Harry.

"Corpo de Deos! Which way he go? He shall be find—he shall be catch—he shall come to go in one prison!" exclaimed Joao Frulo excitedly. "Vamonos!"

He rushed away, calling to the soldier who was conducting the party over the citadel, and who was taking a little rest in the shade of a buttress. The juniors followed more slowly. Wharton had far from recovered from his struggle with the bravo.

"You've had a narrow escape, old chap!" said Frank, pressing his arm. "But who could have thought—"

"That rotter means to stop us from joining Jim Valentine, if he can," said Bob. "Goodness knows why—but he means business!"

"I think I know why, now," said Harry. "He fancies that Jim has told us something about a discovery of diamonds—from what he said to me. I don't know what's happening at the Valentine plantation—but I'm jolly sure that Jim is in some danger there. There's some plot on, to keep his friends away from him—and O Lobo won't stick at much to get away with it."

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"We won't give him another chance!" said Bob. "We'll stick together like oysters after this, when we trip ashore."

The juniors descended to the gateway. They found Mr. Frulo there in animated talk with the sergeant of the guard. Both of them were talking at about 60 m.p.h. to an accompaniment of the waving of dusky hands. But there was no sign of O Lobo, and it was clear that he had escaped.

"He come to go, my young ones!" said Mr. Frulo, in disgust. "All that this head of a pudding know, is that one person pass in haste and go to depart. He is one goner; and it is time that we return back to a ship!"

The Greyfriars party descended the hill, and an electric tram took them back to the Tagus.

From the rattling tram the juniors had a view of one of the ancient customs of the city of Lisbon, that seemed oddly out of keeping with anything so modern as an electric tram. A cow lumbered down the street, stopped at a door, and was milked on the spot for the customer. Mr. Frulo informed them that, in the early morning, they might have seen innumerable cows, even in the busiest streets, driven along and milked at the doors—that being the system of delivering milk.

A siren was hooting when they reached the Comet.

They had had a busy few hours ashore in Lisbon, and had enjoyed it; but after his adventure in the old Moorish fortress, Wharton was not sorry to find himself back on D deck on the steamer. Neither was he sorry to see the Tagus, and the innumerable wharves and quays, ships and fishing craft, sink out of sight astern, as the Comet churned out to the Atlantic—leaving O Lobo behind!

The door of No. 17 state-room was still locked when Wharton tried to open it, as the Comet churned out to sea. The juniors had almost, or quite, forgotten Billy Bunter. Apparently he was still locked in No. 17.

Wharton banged on the door.

"Bunter, you fat ass, let me in!" he shouted.

"Ow! I—I say, have you got back alive?" came a gasping squeak from within. "I say, is the ship sinking?"

"Sinking!" gasped Wharton.

"I can feel it moving! I say, I thought a fellow would be safe from an earthquake on a ship! Are we going down?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. Apparently Bunter had mistaken the motion of the steamer getting under way, for the effects of an earthquake shock!

"Beast!" howled Bunter. "Are we going down?"

"Yes, rather!" roared back Bob. "We're going down fast!"

"Oh lor'!"

"But we're only going down the Tagus—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"We have to go down the Tagus to get to the sea!" explained Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" yelled Bunter.

The door of No. 17 opened, and the fat Owl of the Remove blinked out through his big spectacles. He blinked round him uneasily; but the sight of the banks of the Tagus gliding by reassured him.

"Oh! There hasn't been another shock?" he asked.

"Yes, I've had a shock!" answered Bob.

"Oh lor'! A bad one?"

"Fearful!"

"Where did it happen?"

"Here—when you opened the door and I saw your face!"

"You silly idiot!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, there hasn't been another earthquake shock, you silly ass?"

"Not exactly!" answered Bob. "You see, it's a jolly long time since the last—the one you heard us talking about—about a hundred and eighty years or so. Since then they've used no other!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—you blithering idiot!" gasped Bunter. "Mean to say there hasn't been an earthquake here for a hundred and eighty years?"

"About that—I wouldn't be particular to a few months!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave the chuckling juniors a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. He realised that his fat leg had been pulled, and that the alarming conversation he had overheard had been intended for his fat ears.

"Beasts!" he roared. "I've a jolly good mind to punch your head, Bob Cherry!"

"Somebody fetch Bunter a ladder!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave a snort, and rolled away. He decided not to punch Bob's head—which was rather out of his reach, anyhow. But the fat Owl was feeling very wrathful; and there was more than one way of killing a cat. Bob Cherry sat down in a deckchair, outside his state-room on D deck, Billy Bunter blinking at him morosely from a distance.

A gleam came behind Bunter's spectacles. Quite a brilliant idea flashed into his fat brain. A pin—a good long one—pushed through the canvas back of a deckchair, was calculated to make a fellow jump. It was exactly what a beast deserved for pulling Bunter's podgy leg!

The fat Owl rolled away in search of a steward from whom he could borrow a long, sharp pin.

Meanwhile, the Famous Five, once more forgetful of Bunter, watched the shores of the Tagus estuary fading away, as the steamer churned on to sea. Mr. Frulo came on deck, and they joined him, and strolled away along the promenade with the Brazilian gentleman. But Bob Cherry's deckchair did not remain long unoccupied.

A stout German passenger came along—the plump Rhinelander whom Bunter had floored at Boulogne a few days ago. That German gentleman had seen Bunter several times, and every time he had seen him he had given him an inimical glare. Bunter, not liking his looks, had steered clear of him. Now he was destined to establish contact once more.

The plump herr, seeing a deckchair vacant, sat in it. His ample form filled it to capacity.

Having adjusted his German glasses on his German nose, he opened his German guide-book, and was soon immersed in the contents—every now and then glancing up at some object of interest on the banks of the Tagus, and giving a nod; but giving much more attention to the guide-book than to Portugal, after the manner of German tourists.

Then Bunter came stealthily back to D deck.

Keeping carefully behind Bob's deckchair, the stealthy Owl surveyed it through his big spectacles.

Nothing was to be seen of Wharton



The sharp end of the pin went through the canvas into a podgy back. "Urrgh! Mein Gott! Donnerwetter! Yooooop!" roared the hapless passenger, bounding out of the deck-chair with remarkable swiftness.

or Nugent, Hurree Singh or Johnny Bull—which was, of course, so much the better for Bunter's vengeful purpose. He could not see Bob in the deck-chair, but he could see that somebody was sitting in it—and who could it be but Bob, whom he had left sitting in it ten minutes ago?

Carefully, cautiously, warily, and stealthily, Billy Bunter crept up behind that deckchair, a two-inch pin, with a very sharp end, in his fat fingers.

He scarcely breathed as he reached it! Had Bob Cherry still been seated in that canvas chair, there was no doubt that he would have been taken by surprise when Bunter got going! As it was, it was the German gentleman who was taken by surprise!

Bunter paused a moment to select his spot, and thrust with the pin!

Everything went according to plan. The sharp end of the pin went right through the canvas, and about half an inch into the podgy back of the hapless individual seated thereon! The only trouble was that it was not Bob Cherry, but quite a different person!

A wild roar, that would have done credit to the Bull of Bashan, resounded over D deck and several other decks of the steamer Comet!

"Urrgh! Mein Gott! Donnerwetter! Yooooop!" roared the stout gentleman from the banks of the Rhino.

He had a lot of weight, but he lifted it with remarkable swiftness. He bounded out of that deckchair as if it had become suddenly red-hot!

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "That's for— Oh crikey! 'Tain't Cherry! Who—what—yaroooooh!"

"Ach—ach! Donner und blitzen!" shrieked the German gentleman, spinning round at Bunter. "Pig-dog, you poke me with pins in mein leg! Ach!"

He grasped his guide-book and leaped at Bunter.

Whack!

"Yooooop!"

Whack!

"Yaroooh! Help! Oh crikey!"

Billy Bunter fled for his fat life. After him flew the German gentleman, crimson with wrath and smiting frantically with the guide-book!

How many swipes Bunter dodged he never knew—indeed, he could hardly have counted the swipes he didn't dodge! They were many, and they were hard, and they elicited wild howl after wild howl from the hapless Owl of the Remove.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, as Bunter flew by, with the German at his heels, smiting. "Is that a foot-race?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, hold him!" shrieked Bunter. "I say, help! Rescue! Stop him! Chuck him overboard! Yarooooh!"

"What the thump—"

The wild chase passed on, Harry Wharton & Co. staring after it blankly. Bunter had no time to stop and explain. He flew—and the German gentleman flew.

Up and down one deck after another, up and down staircases, up and down and round about the Comet flew Bunter and his infuriated pursuer. It was sheer luck for Bunter that the German gentleman, pursuing him down the stair to F deck, slipped on the brass edge of a stair, and did the remainder of the steps in one! It gave the fat Owl a breathing space!

Bunter dodged back to D deck and No. 17 state-room. He staggered in, banged the door, and locked it. Then not until hunger drove him forth, did Billy Bunter emerge into the open again.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Landing At Funchal!

"MADEIRA next!" remarked Bob Cherry. Billy Bunter sat up and took notice.

"Madeira?" he repeated. "Oh, good!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Getting interested, old bean?" asked Bob, in surprise. It was the first time that Billy Bunter had displayed much interest in the strange scenes and sights that interested the other fellows very keenly.

"Well, I like Madeira!" said Bunter. "Never knew you'd seen it," said Bob.

Billy Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles. He was taking a rest in a deckchair after lunch on D deck of the Comet, and had been nodding off to sleep, when Bob's remark aroused him.

"You silly ass!" said Bunter. "Of course I've seen it—and eaten it, too!"

"Eaten it!" shrieked Bob.

"Yes—lots of times, fathead! I like it!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at Bunter. The Owl of the Remove had the appetite of an ostrich, and could eat almost anything. But his statement that he had eaten Madeira was really too steep. Even William George Bunter could not have eaten an island thirty-eight miles long and fifteen miles wide, with nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants!

"You've eaten Madeira!" stuttered Bob Cherry. "Potty—or what? Only about half Madeira would pack inside your waist-line, old fat bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bunter peevishly. "Look here, where is it? I've had a fairly good lunch, but I could eat a little Madeira now."

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"But Madeira isn't little—it's big!" said Bob.

"Well, we can cut it, I suppose."

"Cut it?"

"Yes, ass! Don't you know how to cut a cake? Gone silly?"

"A—a—a cake?" gasped Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Bunter, evidently, was talking of another kind of Madeira, not the island of that name. It was Madeira cake of which the fat Owl was thinking. His thoughts ran naturally to cakes!

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter. "Look here, if you've got a cake, where is it?"

"Who's talking about a cake, you blithering ass?" gasped Bob.

"You were!" said Bunter warmly.

"You said 'Madeira next'—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crikey! The steamer's stopping at Madeira next—the island of Madeira, belonging to Portugal!" roared Bob.

"You silly ass! Were you talking about an island? I thought you were talking about a cake! Fathead!"

And Bunter leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes again behind his spectacles. He was interested in Madeira cake, but not in Madeira Island. His interest in the conversation evaporated at once.

Harry Wharton & Co., however, were very keen to see that wonderful island in the Atlantic, where they were to stop for a few hours, as they went "rolling down to Rio." The mountains of Madeira were already in view, looming against the bluest of skies. Five Greyfriars fellows watched them as they rose nearer and clearer—while Billy Bunter napped, and did not waste a single blink on them. Bunter had no use for scenery.

Bunter was asleep, and dreaming a happy dream of a spread in Lord Mauleverer's study at Greyfriars, when Bob tapped him on a fat shoulder.

"Funchal!" said Bob. Bob thought that even Bunter ought not to miss the magnificent sight, as the Comet steamed into the harbour of Funchal in Madeira.

Bunter opened his eyes behind his spectacles.

"Eh?" he grunted. "What?"

"Funchal!" said Bob.

"Funchal yourself, you cheeky beast!" said Bunter. "Wharrer you calling me names for, blow you?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. The juniors were doing some practice at the Portuguese language, with the help of Mr. Frulo, in readiness for arriving in Brazil, and were picking up a good many useful phrases. Bunter, apparently, supposed that "funchal" was some uncomplimentary word in Portuguese that Bob was applying to him!

"Get up, you fat slacker!" said Johnny Bull. "Don't you want to see Funchal as we go in?"

"Who is he?" asked Bunter. "I don't know anybody named Funchal."

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"Oh crumbs! He's the capital of Madeira!" gasped Bob.

"You silly ass! Have you woke me up to look at a rotten foreign town?" hissed Bunter. "Blow Funchal! Bless Funchal! Go and eat coke!"

"Oh, go to sleep, fathead!" grunted Bob. "Stay asleep all the while we're there, for goodness' sake! Next time you take a holiday, you'd better travel into the dormitory at Greyfriars, and stay in bed there!"

"Yah!"

Bunter snored while the Comet steamed into Funchal. Unluckily, he was wide awake when the steamer came to her moorings and it was time for passengers to take the stipulated trip ashore. The ever affable Mr. Frulo was ready to conduct them and show them the sights, but there was little doubt that he would have been better pleased had Bunter remained asleep on the steamer.

"Any earthquakes here?" remarked Bob Cherry, as the party stood waiting for the launch to take them ashore.

"He, he, he!" from Bunter. Even the fat and fatuous Owl was not to be caught twice with the same bait.

"There's a lot of bullocks about the streets, I believe," said Harry Wharton.

"If a mad bull got after Bunter—"

"He, he, he!"

"Excited bullocks are dangerous," remarked Johnny Bull, "and any bullock might get excited if he saw Bunter! His face, I mean!"

"Yah!"

"Well, look here, Bunter," said the captain of the *Remove* seriously. "Madeira is a Portuguese country, where everybody is awfully polite, and if you let us down with your rotten bad manners, you'll get kicked!"

"The kickfulness will be terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!"

"Oh, don't talk rot!" grunted Bunter. "If your manners were anything like mine, you'd do. I'm jolly well going ashore, and I'll eat all the bullocks we run into!" added Bunter derisively.

And Bunter packed on the launch with the Greyfriars party. He had two good reasons for wanting to go ashore at Madeira. First, he suspected the other fellows of wanting to leave him on the ship. Second, he wanted to send off a batch of picture postcards, to let less lucky persons at home know that he was at Madeira, and make them jealous if possible. With these two worthy objects in view, Bunter was not likely to stay on the Comet.

However, when the launch stopped at the landing-steps at the stone jetty, Bunter blinked at them rather morosely.

"Is this where we get out?" he demanded. "Rotten sort of place! Those steps are all wet and slippery."

"That's because the sea's wet!" explained Bob Cherry. "Next time you come, telephone ahead for a dry sea to be got ready—"

"You silly ass! Why can't they have a proper quay here?" grunted Bunter.

"They didn't know you were coming. If you'd dropped the Portuguese Government a line in time—"

"Beast!" howled Bunter. "Look here, I'm not going to slip on those rotten stone steps! What about two of you fellows carrying me?"

"We're not steam derricks."

"You cheeky ass!"

"Oh, let's carry him!" said Johnny Bull. "Why not? Isn't the whole giddy universe run on Bunter's account? What are we here for, except to make ourselves useful to Bunter?"

"Well, that's sense!" said Bunter, with an approving nod. "First time

I've heard you talk sense since we left Greyfriars."

Bob Cherry stared at Johnny Bull for a moment, and then grinned.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "Let's!"

Other passengers were landing at the jetty steps without trouble. But Bunter had to be helped, and Bob and Johnny helped him. Sturdy fellows as they were, they had to exert themselves to heave up Bunter's weight.

But they heaved it up, and carried him. Wharton and Nugent and Hurreo Singh looked on with grinning faces. Bunter evidently supposed that he was going to be carried safe on the jetty. The other fellows did not suppose so.

Joao Frulo blinked at the scene in astonishment. Other passengers stared, and grinned. Bunter did not mind. He was getting proper attention at last, from a lot of beasts who seldom treated him as he was entitled to be treated. It was all right for Bunter.

But it did not continue all right! Up the stone steps went Bob and Johnny, with their heavy burden—feeling, like Cain of old, that their burden was greater than they could bear. But they did not bear it long. On the third step they let go Bunter.

Bump!

"Yooooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell.

"Yow-ow! You clumsy asses, you've let me drop!" howled Bunter. "You silly beasts, I believe you did that on purpose!"

"You believe we did it on purpose?" gasped Bob.

"Yes, you beast!"

"Fancy Bunter guessing that one! What a brain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, wait for me. I say—don't walk off while a chap's talking. Look here—"

But the Greyfriars party passed on with Mr. Frulo, and Billy Bunter had to heave up his own weight. He did the rest of the steps unaided. In the circumstances he did not want any more aid from Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, and like Coriolanus, alone, unaided he did it.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Jolly Good Custom At Madeira.

"CARRO!" said Mr. Frulo.

"Carro!" repeated Billy Bunter. "I suppose that means a car! I can't see any car!"

"Em linha direita, little senhor!" said the patient Mr. Frulo. "That is to say, straight in front of you."

Billy Bunter blinked at a sort of sledge, drawn by a powerful bullock, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles.

"We're not going in that!" he gasped.

"We are—we is!" said Bob Cherry.

"I'm not!" howled Bunter.

"Walk then, old fat bean—but you'll find the cobblestones a bit tough. Cobbles to right of us, cobbles to left of us, cobbles in front of us!" said Bob cheerfully. "I really think that the chap who built Funchal must have been a cobbler!"

"I'm not going to walk!" howled Bunter. "Call a car! I say, you fellows, ain't there any cars in Madeira?"

"Of course there are, fathead!" said Harry. "But the roads outside the town are too rocky for cars in most places, and people get about in these sledges. Hop in!"

"Shan't!"

"Then stand there as an ornament to the landscape!" said Bob. "If you won't ride and won't walk, the only thing is to stand still. And with all thy faults I love thee still."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Frulo and the juniors packed into the sledge, which was a specially large and roomy one for the party. Bunter decided not to remain as an ornament to the landscape, and wedged in after them. The bullock heaved it along, and the native driver walked beside the animal.

"Lot of asses we look, in this idiotic thing!" grunted Bunter.

"One of us does!" admitted Bob. "But it's all right, old son—nobody expects you to look anything but what you are."

"Beast!"

Bunter found the bullock-sledge quite comfortable, after all; certainly better than walking on the endless cobbles of Funchal, in strange winding streets that were sometimes like ravines. A drive round the quaint old town had plenty of interest for the Famous Five, and they liked the bullock-sledge for its novelty, at least; while Bunter found that the chief drawback was the jolting that prevented him from going to sleep. Billy Bunter's idea of foreign travel seemed to be to look at the scenes with his eyes shut.

"Here we walk!" said Mr. Frulo at length.

The bullock-sledge stopped on the steep hill above the town. It had crawled up gradients that looked all but impossible, and the schoolboys alighted on a path on a precipice overlooking the town and roadstead. The view was glorious, and even Billy Bunter gave it one blink. Madeira looked like a dream-island of beauty set in a blue, blue sea.

"I say, you fellows, did you bring anything to eat?" asked Bunter, after bestowing a single blink on the beauties of Madeira.

"Eat!" repeated Bob. "There's the bullock—"

"Eh?"

"Didn't you say you'd eat all the bullocks we ran into?" asked Bob. "Well, run into that one, and eat it!"

"Can't you talk sense?" roared Bunter. "Have you got any chocolate? Or toffee? Or anything?"

"There's Madeira—you like Madeira! Chance to eat it, now you're standing on it!" suggested Nugent.

"Beast!"

Bunter had come ashore with a good many chocolates stacked in his pockets. But he had devoured them during the drive in the bullock-sledge. He wanted more. Scenery was all very well, but a fellow couldn't eat scenery. Bunter grunted discontentedly as he rolled along a lovely lane set in many-hued flowers and shady trees.

Suddenly he stopped. Mountains and seas and brilliant flowers did not appeal to Bunter; but he had come upon a scene which really did interest him. It was the sight of a picnic-party.

Seated under a tree by the wayside were half a dozen natives of Funchal, with dusky smiling faces, a large basket in their midst, from which they were extracting eatables, and disposing of the same in the usual way.

That was the sort of scenery that William George Bunter could appreciate. It went straight to his heart.

He blinked, a longing and yearning blink, at the happy picnickers. The smiling dark-skinned group looked up, as the party came along, exchanged glances, and one of them rose and came

to the roadside, lifting his hat and bowing with great politeness.

The Portuguese bowed again, still deeper, and waved a dusky hand towards the picnic-basket. He spoke in his own tongue, which the foreigners did not understand; but there was no mistaking his meaning. He was inviting the Greyfriars party to join in the picnic.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Do they ask strangers to join them in a feed in this jolly old island?"

"Sim, sim!" said Mr. Frulo, smiling. "It is a custom of the country!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I don't think much of foreigners, as a rule, but that strikes me as a jolly good custom!"

"It would!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"In Madeira," explained Mr. Frulo, "if you take one picnic, it is the custom to offer to anyone who may pass—"

"Fine!" said Bunter.

"It is also the custom to decline with politeness," added Mr. Frulo.

"What rot!" said Bunter.

"I see," said Harry Wharton. "Then we'd better render thanks and pass on."

"That is most usual!" assented Mr. Frulo.

And he rendered thanks in Portuguese, and the juniors followed him on—

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with one exception. That exception was Bunter!

The polite custom of offering a share in a picnic to a chance passer-by struck Bunter as the best thing he had heard of since leaving home. The custom of politely declining the hospitable offer struck him as sheer lunacy—especially when a fellow was hungry! Bunter could see that there were cakes in the big wicker basket! Bunter was not the fellow to refuse hospitality so generously offered! Not Bunter!

"Sim, sim!" said Bunter. "Agradecolhe!" Bunter had picked up "Yes, thank you!" in Portuguese from Mr. Frulo. It came in useful now.

The native gentleman looked at him as if slightly surprised. Probably he had made that polite offer some hundreds of times, and had never had it accepted before. But Portuguese politeness was equal to any strain. After the first involuntary glance of surprise, he bowed deeply and assumed an expression of gratification, as if Bunter had satisfied his dearest wish in life.

"Yes, rather," went on Bunter, "I mean, sim, sim, sim! I say, those cakes look jolly good!"

The Funchal gentleman bowed him gracefully to the spot where the pic-

nickers sat round the wicker basket. Momentary surprise glided over the smiling, dark faces, but they caught on at once, jumped up, and bowed to Bunter as if that fat and fatuous youth had been a prince, raising their hats, and making him welcome. One of them gave him a seat, another waved away mosquitoes, another placed the wicker basket in front of him; all of them begged, by gestures, to fall to!

Bunter did not need begging. He fell to at once. Cakes and fruits, bananas and oranges and mangoes followed one another on the downward path at a rate that must have astonished the Funchal picnickers.

Meanwhile, the other fellows had gone on about a hundred yards before they missed Bunter. Then they looked round for him, and missed him.

"Where's that fat ass?" asked Bob. "Where's that blithering idiot?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"The wherefulness is terrific!" "Can't let him get lost, and lose the steamer," said Harry. "Better try back for him!"

"Sim, sim!" assented Mr. Frulo.

The party retraced their steps, looking for Bunter. They soon sighted him, sitting under the tree, one fat hand holding a cake to his mouth, the other groping in the basket for a bunch of bananas to follow it.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob. "There he is! Bunter, you fat villain, hop out of that, you podgy cormorant! Come along!"

Bunter did not answer. He was too busy for speech! He gobbled sweet, sticky cake, and did not even blink round at the exasperated juniors.

The native picnickers were no longer picnicking. They were gazing at Bunter! Probably they were wondering where the fat foreigner was stacking it all. Well filled as that big wicker basket was, the hungry Owl was travelling through it at a great rate.

It was to be hoped that the natives had already taken the edge off their appetites, for it did not look as if anything would be left for them.

But the unfailing politeness of the Portuguese stood the strain. They had invited the fat stranger to join in the feast, and he seemed to have taken the invitation as more serious than a customary act of formal politeness. They played up! Not one of them touched anything further. They left it all to Bunter! And, except for the flasks of wine, Bunter was able to deal with it all. He gobbled and gobbled!

"Bunter!" roared Bob. "You fat villain, hop along!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Bunter, you cormorant—"

"Bunter, you fat porker—"

"Esteemed and disgusting Bunter—"

Billy Bunter blinked round over his fat shoulder. He was annoyed.

"I say, you fellows, you cut off!" he said. "You'll find me here when you come back! I say, this grub is jolly good, and they seem to want me to have the lot! You fellows get on; I don't want you!"

"Hook him away by the neck!" growled Johnny Bull.

But that was scarcely practicable, in the presence of the polite Madeira people. Bunter had to be left to it—and they left him. Mr. Frulo, shrugging his shoulders almost up to his ears, walked on, and the juniors went with him, and Bunter was left to gobble. The only consolation was the prospect of kicking him hard, and kicking him often when they got him back on the steamer!

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter thoroughly enjoyed the one jolly good custom he had discovered in foreign parts.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

After the Feast, the Reckoning!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came back along the path about an hour later.

They would have walked back to the spot where the bullock-sledge waited, by a different route, to see as much as they could during their brief stay in Madeira; but they could not leave Bunter on his own, so they came back the same way.

They found the fat Owl of the Remove alone by that time. The Madeira picnickers had gone, no doubt having had—with all their politeness—enough of Bunter's fascinating company. The wicker basket remained—empty! Bunter, sitting under the tree, had his back to the trunk, his straw hat tilted over his fat face, and was evidently sleeping after his uncommon exertions. A deep and rumbling snore greeted the Greyfriars party as they arrived.

All round Bunter were scattered relics of the biggest meal ever—crumbs of cake, banana-skins, all sorts of fragments—and round his head buzzed flies, no doubt attracted by the remnants left sticking on his fat face. Heedless of flies, he slept and snored.

"Wake him up!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Leave it to me!" said Bob.

He picked up the big wicker basket, inverted it, and jammed it suddenly down over Bunter's head.

It was quite a large basket. It came

down over Bunter's fat shoulders and imprisoned his podgy arms. The Owl of the Remove awoke with a start and a squeak.

"Ow! Wharrer marrer? Oooogh!"

Bunter struggled to his feet, with the wicker basket on his head. It shut off the daylight, and Billy Bunter was in bewildered darkness. A wildly alarmed squeak came from the interior of the basket.

"Ow! What's happened? Is it an earthquake? Oh crikey! I say, help! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. They were feeling inclined to kick Bunter, but the sight of the fat Owl tottering with the basket on his head made them roar with laughter instead.

"Ow! I say, you fellows—I say, I've got something on my head! I say—" Bunter grabbed at the basket, discovered what it was, and hooked it off. He blinked wrathfully at the yelling juniors. "Beasts! Playing rotten tricks on a fellow as soon as he closes his eyes! What have you woke me up for?"

"Time to get down to Funchal, fat-head! Come on!"

"I'm not going back yet."

"Want to miss the steamer, ass?"

"Blow the steamer!"

Bunter sat down again. He was not sufficiently rested yet after his exertions with the picnic. As a matter of fact, Bunter really did need a rest. He had parked the foodstuffs not wisely, but too well. Seldom had even Billy Bunter loaded up so recklessly over the Plim-soll line.

His weight was always a little troublesome to carry along; and now Bunter felt that it was really impossible.

But necessary as a rest was to Bunter, there was no time for it. As he

closed his eyes behind his big spectacles, Johnny Bull jammed the toe of a boot into his fat ribs, and he opened them again.

"Ow! Beast! Lemme alone!"

"Get up, you fat frog!" roared Bob.

"Shan't!"

"We shall have to leave you behind if you stick there, you frabjous owl!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Do!" grunted Bunter. "It would be like you! Leave me here, after all I've done for you! Clear off, and be blowed to you!"

"But you go to miss a steamer, little senior!" said Mr. Frulo.

"Tell the captain to wait for me."

"Isso e impossivel—"

"Don't gabble that lingo at me! If you can't talk plain English, shut up!"

Evidently Bunter had not wakened in a good temper. Mr. Frulo gave one of his tremendous shrugs, which almost buried his ears in his shoulders. Harry Wharton & Co. were strongly tempted to take the fat Owl at his word. But they could hardly leave him alone in Madeira; and there was another resource.

"All kick together!" said Johnny Bull.

It was quite an efficacious method. All five of the juniors kicked together, and Billy Bunter bounded up like an indiarubber ball. He roared as he bounded.

"Now dribble him back to the go-cart!" said Bob.

"Good egg!"

"Ow! Beasts! Keep off! Yarooht! Stop kicking me!" yelled Bunter. "I'm going, ain't I? Ow! Beasts! Wow!"

And Bunter went. After him went the Famous Five, letting out a foot occasionally to keep him going. Joao Frulo followed, clucking.

Bunter made quite good speed back to the spot where the driver waited with the bullock-sledge. Much as he despised that vehicle, he was glad to reach it and plump down in it. He gasped for breath and fanned himself with his hat and grunted spasmodically as the bullock pulled the sledge down the winding ways back to Funchal.

"Like us to carry you again?" asked Bob Cherry, when they reached the steps of the jetty, where the launch was waiting to take them out to the Comet.

"Beast!" grunted Bunter. He did not want to be carried. He rolled down the steps unaided to the launch and rolled on board.

He sat with a frowning brow as the launch throbbed on its way back to the steamer. Between the blazing sunshine and his exertions that afternoon Bunter's fat face was crimson; but as the launch buzzed on, the crimson faded out of his fat cheeks, and was slowly but surely replaced by a chalky hue, tinged with green.

"Gurrrgh!" said Bunter.

It was the only remark he made during the trip back to the steamer. He was beginning to wish that he had not taken such extensive advantage of the hospitality of the picnic party on the hill above Funchal. After the feast there was a reckoning—and the motion of the launch warned Bunter that the hour of reckoning was nigh.

But he felt better when he clambered on board the steamer lying motionless on a sea as smooth as glass. He rolled away to D Deck and sat down in a canvas chair; he kept very still there hoping that all might yet be well.

It might have been, had the Comet remained motionless at Funchal. But the steamer was about to put out to sea

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again to resume the voyage down to Rio, and Bunter's respite was brief.

The first rock of the moving steamer made Bunter jump. He knew what was coming. He had been through it once, and now he was going through it again. It was what he had asked for and deserved, but that consideration was of no comfort whatever to Bunter.

"We're off!" He heard Bob Cherry's voice on the deck. "Next stop Teneriffe. We shall get there to-morrow, so we'd better kick Bunter now. If we kick him now and kick him again in the morning and kick him as soon as we get to Teneriffe he may behave himself next trip ashore."

"We'll try, anyhow," assented Harry Wharton.

"Where is the fat bounder?"

Groan!

"Oh, there he is!"

The Famous Five came round Bunter's deckchair and saw him. A kicking was due—and Bunter had never grown to like being kicked, often and earnestly as he asked for it. But he made no movement to escape; he sat and gazed at the chums of the Remove with glassy eyes behind his big spectacles.

"Roll out of that chair, you fat frump!" growled Johnny Bull. "We're going to kick you to the end of the deck and back again."

Groan!

"The kickfulness is going to be terrific, my esteemed, fat Bunter!"

Groan!

"Did you leave those chaps at Funchal a single bite out of their own basket, you podgy cormorant?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Urrgh! I wish I had!" groaned Bunter. "I—I think the mangoes didn't agree with me. I only had six. Or was it seven? Perhaps eight. And the cheese was rather strong. I wish I'd left that cheese alone. Groogh!"

"We're waiting to kick you."

"Wurrgh! Perhaps it was the bananas!" groaned Bunter. "I only had about a dozen, but they may not have agreed with the cheese, or—the mangoes, or—the cakes. Those cakes were rather sticky. It can't have been the oranges; I like oranges, and I only had ten or twelve, anyhow. I wonder if it was the chestnuts? I don't believe it was the dried fish; that was jolly good. But—but—but there's something that doesn't agree with me. Owl Ooogh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at a greenish, pasty face and decided not to kick Bunter. It was clear that the unhappy, fat Owl had enough coming to him.

"I—I say, you fellows," moaned Bunter, "can't you get the captain to stop the ship? I shall be all right in a few hours. Ooooh! Ooo-er! It was the cheese—I'm sure it was the cheese. Woooogh!"

It was evidently something. Whether the dried fish did not agree with the sticky cakes, or whether the oranges disagreed with the chestnuts or the mangoes, or whether the bananas disliked the cheese, or whether the whole lot of them were starting a free fight inside Bunter, it was only too clear that Billy Bunter was booked for trouble.

Instead of kicking him, the juniors gently helped him to his bunk in State-room No. 17, where they left him to suffer for his sins—and, to judge by the moans and groans that echoed out over D Deck, Billy Bunter was getting all he deserved and a little over.

(1)
Now listen to the tale I'm going to tell you,
The sad and sorry story I reveal.
And if you don't feel sympathetic—well, you
Must have a heart of platinum and steel!
I went to interview Frank Nugent (major),
I thought I'd find him generous and kind,
For anyone less warlike, I would wager,
You'd have a long and weary search to find.

(2)
So that is why I "kinder guessed and reckoned"
I'd have no job to get this interview.
I found that Nugent minor, of the Second,
Was present in his brother's study, too.
Young Dick, whose brain is creditably nimble,
Was asking for a loan of two-and-six,
Said he: "I owe the tin to Mrs. Mimble!
And now I'm broke and in a beastly fix!"

(3)
Said Frank: "I'll pay your bill for you to-morrow,
I'm going to the tuckshop for a cake!"
Then Dicky muttered, in a tone of sorrow,
That possibly he'd made a slight mistake.
Confessing, in a story long and rambling,
He didn't owe the cash to her, of course.
And Frank, in angry tones cried: "You've been gambling!
You've lost that money on a beastly horse!"

(5)
Then Dick said Aubrey Angel ran a sweep-stake,
The tickets for the draw were half-a-crown!
And Frank declared: "I'll give that cad a keepsake!
I'll black his eye and knock the rotter down!
And listen, Dick, the next time you are trying
To tell a yarn, just keep it truthful, see?
I simply hate to hear a fellow lying,
I want a chap to tell the truth to me!"



(7)
And that, I hate to say, caused all the shindy!
He didn't seem to like the truth at all!
And when he heard it, he turned rather "windy."
In fact, he knocked my head upon the wall!
The fellow who insults his minor Dicky
When Frank's around, will swiftly bite the dust!
And so that interview proved rather sticky!
Now don't you think that's horribly unjust?



GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

Next to be introduced to you by our clever poet is
FRANK NUGENT,
Harry Wharton's study-mate in the Remove Form.



(4)
Though Franky gave a brother's benediction
To Dicky's story of a tuckshop bill,
As soon as he discovered it was fiction,
He rated the young rascal with a will.
"You lying little sweep!" he said, severely,
Regarding with a glare the hapless youth,
"I'd like to say you shouldn't have it, merely
To teach you how to tell the solid truth!"

(6)
When Dick had gone, Frank turned to me,
inquiring:
"Well, what d'you think of that?" His tone was grim.
And I remembered what he was desiring:
That nothing but the truth would do for him!
So I replied: "The dingy little rotter!
The lazy, good-for-nothing little beast!
You ought to give it to that rascal hotter!
I'd give the sweep a wallop, at least!"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Trip On Teneriffe!

"CANARIES?"

"Yes!"

"I can't see them!"

"You can't see the Canaries?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

It was the following day, and the Comet, under brilliant sunshine, was steaming southward in full view of the giant Peak of Teneriffe, rising to the clouds like some mighty pillar supporting the heavens. If Billy Bunter had ever learned in the geography class at Greyfriars that Teneriffe was one of the Canary Islands, and that the Canary Islands were called the Canaries, he had forgotten the same. Anything that Mr. Quelch, at Greyfriars, succeeded in jamming into Bunter's head was regarded by Bunter as something to be got rid of as soon as possible. Which was not the way to acquire knowledge.

Billy Bunter blinked round him, up and down and round about the Comet, as if he expected to see the Canaries on the deck of the steamer. They were not visible there, and Bunter gave a grunt.

"Pulling my leg?" he grunted. "I jolly well can't see any canaries, anyhow! There ain't any on the steamer, that I know of."

"On the steamer!" repeated Bob.
"I should have heard them sing—"
"Sing!" gasped Bob.
"Canaries sing!" said Bunter. "You don't know much, Bob Cherry, but you ought to know that much!"
"Some Canaries don't sing!" gasped Bob. "Those we're looking at now don't!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, if there are any canaries about, where are they?" demanded Bunter warmly.
"There!" roared Bob, taking the fat Owl by the back of the neck and facing him round towards the Peak of Teneriffe. "See that?"
"Owl Leggo! Think I'm going to believe that's a bird?" sneered Bunter. "I may be a bit short sighted, but I can see that that's a mountain all right."
"Oh crumbs! That's the peak!" roared Bob. "Haven't you ever heard of the peak—the celebrated peak—?"
"I've heard of Peek Freen—"
"Eh?"
"They make jolly good biscuits—"
"Oh crikey! The Peak of Teneriffe!" bawled Bob. "Teneriffe is an island, and it's one of the Canaries. See?"
"Oh, tell us some more!" said Bunter sarcastically. "I'm likely to believe"
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that an island is a bird! Pile it on!" "Those islands are called the Canary Islands," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "The Canaries for short! Now have you got it?"

"Oh!" said Bunter. Perhaps some dim recollection of some of Mr. Quelch's geographical instructions rose from the depths of his fat brain. "I—I see! Oh, yes, I know all about the Canary Islands! You fellows needn't fancy you can teach me geography. They—they—they're islands, and—and—and they're somewhere or other, and they were conquered by somebody—I forget when—and they belong to somebody, or else to somebody else—I forget which—"

"Listen to the oracle!" grinned Frank Nugent. "With a stack of knowledge like that, Bunter ought to be a school-master."

"Well, I fancy I could teach you fellows something," said Bunter. "I'm pretty good at geography. Quelch doesn't think so, but he's rather an old ass! I say, do we go ashore at Teneriffe?"

"We land at Santa Cruz for another little trip."

"Why not at Teneriffe?" asked Bunter.

"A fellow so jolly good at geography ought to know that Santa Cruz is the capital and seaport of Teneriffe!" grinned Nugent.

"Oh, I see!" said Bunter. "Of course, I knew that! Well, look here, you fellows, when we go ashore at Sandy Crocks—did you say Sandy Crocks?—there's no need for that old chump Frulo to come with us. I've picked up a lot of Portuguese, and I can do the talking. See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at now?" roared Bunter.

"The Canaries happen to be Spanish," said Harry, laughing. "You'd better drop that Portuguese you've picked up, and pick up some Spanish instead."

"Oh, Spanish, are they?" said Bunter. "Well, I knew they were something-or-other; I was just going to say so. You fellows can't teach me geography!"

Dom Joao Frulo came up to the juniors as the Comet churned into the harbour of Santa Cruz, with a cheery grin on his brown face. He looked as if he had something agreeable to impart.

"It is a bad and a good news, little senhores," he said.

"That sounds rather a mix-up, sir!" said Harry, smiling.

"There is one trouble in an engine!" explained Dom Joao. "This will cause one delay, which is bad news for a captain! Yes! But it is a good news for my young friends, for it will make to go to stay one total day at Teneriffe, and so because, it will be possible to visit celebrated peak."

"Oh, good!" said the Famous Five in chorus.

They had looked for only a few hours at Teneriffe, as at Lisbon and Madeira. Keen as they were to reach Brazil, and their old pal Jim Valentine, they were glad of a chance to scramble over the Peak of Teneriffe. Except for touching at Pernambuco, it was the last stop before Rio.

"There's the jolly old Mole!" remarked Bob Cherry. "It's grown a bit since Blake was here."

"Mole?" said Billy Bunter. "Are there moles at Teneriffe?"

"One, at least, and that's it," said Bob, pointing to the Mole, where the

landing was to be made. "That's where Blake made the Dons hop."

"Who's Blake?" asked Bunter.

"Chap you know?" Bunter's knowledge of history seemed on a par with his acquirements in the geographical line.

"Well, I'd have liked to make his acquaintance!" grinned Bob. "But as he pegged out some centuries ago, there was nothing doing, see? Blake, you burbler, was the jolly old admiral in Cromwell's time, and he attacked the Spaniards here in—in—in— When was it, somebody?"

"Sixteen hundred and something!" said Nugent.

"That wouldn't do for Quelch!" said Bob. "But it will do for Bunter! Blake banged away at the Dons here in sixteen hundred and something, Bunter, when the Mole was a mere baby only a few yards long. Now it's full-grown. Somebody else did some banging here, too—"

"Nelson!" said Harry Wharton.

"That's the chap—Nelson! Ever heard of Nelson, Bunter?"

"Of course I have!" grunted Bunter. "You fellows can't teach me history! Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar Square!"

"Oh crikey! Did he sail up the Strand to do it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Make it Trafalgar, old fat bean!" said Nugent.

"And what was Nelson doing here?" asked Bunter.

"Banging away at the jolly old enemy," answered Bob. "You see, it was in the days when people used to fight when they went to war—no modern style about jolly old Nelson—no retreats according to plan, or unavoidable delays in getting at the other man—or consolidating the jolly old position! Nelson just went for his man, and knocked him out, or the other man knocked him out! So he generally got by with it!"

"Here, my beloved 'carers, you behold the scene of Horatio Nelson's only defeat—a defeat worth all the wonderful victories lately won in Abyssinia! This is where he lost his arm!"

Even Billy Bunter was a little interested by the scene of the exploits of the two greatest admirals in British naval history.

But the fat Owl forgot Blake and Nelson when the steam-launch came to take the passengers ashore.

"Are we going on a rotten launch again?" he demanded.

"If you don't like the launch, there's another way, old chap!" said Bob.

"Then I'm going that way! What is it?"

"Swim!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter; and he decided at once that he would not go that way.

He rolled on to the launch.

To the Famous Five there was a thrill in landing where Nelson had landed, under hot fire, and lost his arm. Billy Bunter, however, was thinking of more important things.

"I hope there's a first-class hotel here, if we're staying the night on shore!" he remarked. "Know anything about the grub on Teneriffe?"

"I know there's a fat grub just landed with us!" answered Johnny Bull.

"Yah!"

Mr. Frulo led his charges on from the Mole, and even Billy Bunter was pleased to be satisfied at the sight of

a large and handsome motor-car, hired by Mr. Frulo for the party.

The driver talked Spanish, and Mr. Frulo Portuguese; but they seemed to understand one another, though the Greyfriars fellows understood neither. Roomy as the car was, it was well-filled when the whole party had packed in it; and Billy Bunter sarcastically inquired whether Bob Cherry could not hang one of his feet out of the window—which, according to Bunter, would have made ample room for everybody.

It was true that Bob's feet were not small; but that was an exaggeration. It was also true that Billy Bunter was double-width; he needed enough space for two, and took enough for three. But Bob appeared to take the suggestion with good-humoured seriousness.

"Well, let's see what can be done!" he remarked.

And he lifted one of his feet. It was undoubtedly a good size in feet!

Instead, however, of pushing it out of the window, as Bunter had sarcastically suggested, Bob let it fall again, rather heavily.

Perhaps it was by accident that it dropped on Bunter's foot! On the other hand, perhaps it wasn't!

Bunter bounded.

"Yaroooooh!" he roared.

Mr. Frulo looked round, startled, from his seat in front.

"Que ha? O que! What is a matter?" he exclaimed.

"Only Bunter exercising his vocal cords," explained Bob. "Go it, Bunter!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow! You clumsy ass! Wow!" roared Bunter.

"Encore!" said Bob encouragingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Beast! Wow!"

"Fine! Keep it up!"

"My foot's squashed! Ow! Keep your hoofs to yourself, you beast! Ooogh!"

"Bravo! Listen to the band, you fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter sat and nursed his foot, and did not make any more sarcastic suggestions about disposing of Bob Cherry's. The car buzzed on, leaving Santa Cruz behind.

Passing La Laguna, the ancient capital, it buzzed on to Orotava, a run of twenty-five miles on a good road. Great peaks, dominated by the vast Peak of Teneriffe, rose against the bluest of blue skies. Billy Bunter, uninterested in peaks, blinked impatiently from the windows.

"When the dickens are we getting to it?" he exclaimed peevishly at last.

"We're not getting to it in the car," answered Harry. "We shall have to go on mule-back."

"Oh crikey! And when?" roared Bunter.

"To-morrow morning."

"You silly ass!" shrieked Bunter. "Do you think I can go without grub till to-morrow? I'm hungry already!"

"Eh? There's no grub on the peak!"

"The peak! Who's talking about peaks?" hooted Bunter. "Blow the peak! I was asking you when we get to the hotel!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Evidently there was a misunderstanding. Five fellows were looking forward to going to the famous peak; Bunter was looking forward to his next meal, upon which his fat thoughts were concentrated.

"Oh cackle!" snorted Bunter. "Look here—"

"We stop the night at Orotava," said Harry, laughing. "We go up the peak by mules, in the morning, and back to Santa Cruz by car, in the afternoon. You'd better give the peak a miss, Bunter. It's tough going."

"If you think you're going to leave me out, you're jolly well mistaken! I'm a bit better at hill-climbing than you fellows, I hope!"

"Oh crumbs!"
The car ran into Orotava at last, and stopped at the hotel selected by Mr. Frulo, much to Bunter's relief. To his further relief, the food was good.

Billy Bunter sat down to the largest dinner ever eaten in the island of Teneriffe, and the smiles returned to his fat face. He ate, and ate, and was happy. And when he rolled off to his room and slept and snored, the inhabitants of Orotava might almost have fancied that the peak had re-awakened to volcanic activity!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

On and Off!

"BUNTER!"
Snore!
"Bunter!"
"Beast!"

"Oh, let him snooze!" said Johnny Bull. "He'd rather snooze than go up the peak! We shall find him asleep when we get back!"

"Good! Let's!"
Five voices had shouted at Bunter in the rosy morn. Getting up at daylight was not in Bunter's line. But as the Famous Five turned away from the door, to leave him to it, Bunter sat up. He wanted to go on snoring; but he was not going to be left behind.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter. "Wait for me!"

"Start in ten minutes!" called back Harry Wharton over his shoulder. "Better take it out in sleeping, old fat man! And you can put in any extra time feeding!"

"Yah!"
Bunter dressed in a hurry. He did not like peaks; he hated getting up early; and he loathed exertion. But he was not going to be left out. Not Bunter!

Breakfast was a rapid meal. Bunter lost no time, but he had eaten hardly enough for two when the other fellows went out to the car; and the fat Owl, grunting, followed them. Packed in the car again, the Greyfriars party rolled out of Orotava, heading for the peak.

"I jolly well knew you were pulling my leg!" grunted Bunter. "I jolly well knew we were going in the car! I'll eat all the mules we ride!"

"You haven't eaten the bullocks at Madeira yet!" said Bob. "You don't keep your promises, Bunter."

"Oh, don't be an ass! I say, you fellows, I don't mind climbing mountains if it can be done in a car!"

"The car goes as far as the Portillo," said Harry, laughing. "We get the mules there! It's as far as a car can go, till they extend the road."

"Gammon!" said Bunter.

However, when the car had climbed the steep gradients to the Portillo, even Bunter had to be convinced. The Greyfriars fellows turned out cheerfully, where a guide and a group of muleteers, or arrieros, stood with a bunch of mules, ready saddled for the trip. Mr. Frulo had made all arrangements overnight, and everything was ready.

"As mulas!" said Mr. Frulo, with his

beaming dusky smile, pointing to the group. "Here one will take one mule! Yes! The small fat senhor will perhaps prefer to sit in a car!"

Snort from Bunter! He would have preferred to sit in the car, so far as that went. But if anybody preferred to leave him behind, that was enough for Bunter—he was going!

"I'm going!" he said. "Look here, get me a decent gee! Why can't we have horses instead of those rotten mules?"

"Do you fall off a mule quicker than off a horse?" asked Bob.

"Oh, cheese it! I'm accustomed to a decent mount when I ride. You should see me back the bunters at Hunter Court—I mean, the hunters at Bunter Court!"

"I've seen you back the donkeys at Margate—more off than on."

"Horses," said Mr. Frulo patiently, "are of the more rare in this island. Also, the mule is of a considerable superior sureness of foot—"

"Mules are safer than horses, on paths like the slant of a roof, you fat ass!" said Johnny Bull.

"I dare say you fellows would worry about that!" sneered Bunter. "What you want is a little pluck! Well, if I've got to ride a mule, for goodness' sake give me one with a little spirit. Something with some go in it."

That was sheer swank on Bunter's part. The only steed on which Bunter could have sat safely, was a clothes-horse. But Mr. Frulo nodded.

"You ride very good, little senhor?" he asked.

"I'm the only fellow here that can ride—what I call riding!" answered Bunter. "Pick out a good one for me."

"Sim, sim!"

Mr. Frulo picked out a good one for Bunter. Whether he took the fat Owl's swank seriously, or whether he had a larking desire to teach him a lesson, his smiling dusky face did not reveal. He picked out a good one, and Billy Bunter was hoisted into the roomy saddle by the combined efforts of a guide and an arriero. The mule looked round at him, apparently taking Bunter's measure. But he stood quite firm on his legs, till Bunter started to ride.

What happened next might have been the Great Earthquake of Lisbon over again! That was the impression it made on Bunter.

How, and why, he departed from the mule's back, Bunter never knew. But he knew that he did depart, after the mule had put up a performance like a catherine-wheel, for he found himself sitting down on the island of Teneriffe. It was unfortunate that a cactus plant was growing where he landed. Of all the wonders of the vegetable world, a cactus is the most unpleasant to sit upon.

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter's roar might almost have been heard on the Comet in the harbour of Santa Cruz! It woke thousands of echoes in the rocky canadas surrounding the Peak of Teneriffe.

"Ha, ha, ha!" followed another roar, from the juniors, the guides, and the arrieros.

"Ow! Help! Wow! I'm punctured, I'm—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wow! Rescue! Oh crikey! Beasts! Wow!"

The Famous Five

were already on mule-back. But Mr. Frulo rushed to Bunter's help, and dragged him up. The fat Owl twisted and wriggled wildly. The cactus seemed to have had an effect on him rather like that of Mr. Quelch's cane at Greyfriars. He wriggled and writhed, as if he had been leaving Quelch's study after an unusually severe "six."

For several minutes Billy Bunter seemed to be understudying the young man of Hythe, who was shaved with a scythe, and did nothing but wriggle and writhe.

The mule, placid again, gazed at him. But placid as he was, there was a gleam in his eyes that told that he was ready for another acrobatic performance.

"Get on your giddy gee, Bunter!" chortled Bob Cherry. "The first performance was fine! We're waiting for the second house."

"I'm not going on that wild beast again!" howled Bunter. "I don't want a mule that goes off like crackers!"

"You like uma mula that do not have so much spirit?" smiled Mr. Frulo. "But you ask uma mula with some spirit, and I t'ink—"

"Oh, can it!" snapped Bunter. "Look here, I'll jolly well walk! You're not getting me on one of those rotten mules again."

"You walk on a foot?" asked Mr. Frulo. "Yes! Very strong ones can walk up the Peak of Teneriffe, and perhaps you are one of the very strong ones. Sim, sim! Vamo-nos! Let us go!"

Billy Bunter did not want to walk. But still less did he want to try his luck on mule-back again. The party started with a clattering of hoofs, a shouting of the muleteers; and the fat Owl of the Remove toddled on behind. Looking back ten minutes later, the Famous Five saw Bunter at a halt.

Bob Cherry waved a hand at him.

"Come on, Bunter!" he roared.

"Beast!" came floating back.

"You can hang on my mule's tail if you like!"

"Yah!"

The party rode on, and Billy Bunter turned and walked back to the car. On second thoughts, proverbially the best, Bunter preferred to do his hill-climbing sitting in a halted car. It was much more comfortable.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Peril on the Peak!

"KEEP with the others!" said Harry Wharton.

The muleteer grunted.

For several hours the party had been ascending paths that wound wildly, amid great lava rocks and scattered pumice, in a scene of such ruin and desolation as their eyes had never beheld before.

The old volcano, in its more active days, had smitten the surrounding country as if with a giant's hand, rending rocks and hills asunder. Barren canadas, a desert of glaring rocks, surrounded the party as the active mules clambered on.

Still high above them, and seemingly

(Continued on next page.)

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unattainable, rose the vast peak, soaring to the clouds, a height of twelve thousand feet. Here and there, the ruggedness of the winding route caused the riders to separate. To every mule there was a muleteer, walking with the animal. And several times it struck Harry Wharton, oddly enough, that his own muleteer was carelessly, or more than carelessly, erring from the right path.

Each time, he called him to order, and the man grunted, and drove the mule back to the others. Wharton gave him several sharp glances.

Guides and muleteers on Teneriffe were trustworthy men, but it began to seem to Wharton that his own particular man was not up to the reputation of the island. He could not help suspecting, at last, that the man was intentionally seeking to separate him from his friends.

That could only mean mischief—perhaps robbery. Such a thing, so far as he knew, was unknown on Teneriffe, and Mr. Frulo, who was very careful of his young charges, certainly had no doubts. But it began to look like it.

The muleteer did not, on close observation, look like the others. The rest were cheery and smiling, but this man strode along in complete silence, his eyes on the ground. The slouched hat on his head half hid his face, and the lower part was covered by a bandage, under which a black beard jutted. A bandage was nothing uncommon, and Wharton had taken no heed of it. But between the bandage and the slouched hat, he could see little or nothing of the man's face; only his manner indicating that he was surly.

At a spot where the path was freer, Wharton pushed on his mule, and rode close beside Frank Nugent. The muleteer hurried after him.

"Anything up?" asked Frank, noticing the frown on Wharton's face.

"Blessed if I know," answered Harry. "I've got an idea that that arriero, as they call him, is trying to get me away from the party. Three or four times he's nearly branched off with my mule."

Nugent stared.

"Why the dickens should he?" he asked.

Harry Wharton coloured a little. He disliked to seem nervous. And it was possible that he was mistaken.

"My dear chap," said Frank, "if a muleteer led his customer off into the hills and robbed him, he couldn't live on Teneriffe afterwards. And what else could he be up to?"

Wharton nodded; and as the path narrowed again, dropped back. Nugent was right, of course. And he was vexed with himself for having displayed an uneasiness, more in keeping with Billy Bunter's character than his own. But he was not wholly easy in his mind. And he resolved to take care that the muleteer did not succeed, if it was indeed his object to get him away from the rest of the party.

On a steep, winding path by the edge of an ancient crater, the riders strung out in single file. At this point the muleteers led the mules, with a hand on the bridle. And whether by accident, or design, Wharton's mule slowed down to the tail of the party.

The guide and Mr. Frulo were out of sight ahead, round a vast mass of lava, the other riders following them. There was a sharp turn in the path, almost at right angles where a gigantic mass of lava rose high.

Coming up to it at last, Wharton was, for the moment, out of sight of

his comrades, who had all turned the angle.

Another moment and he would have been in their sight again had they glanced round. But in that moment the grip of his muleteer on the bridle dragged the mule to a halt.

Wharton caught his breath.

"Get on!" he exclaimed sharply.

The muleteer made a gesture, stooped, and began to examine one of the mule's hoofs.

On such a road it was only too likely that the animal had picked up some fragment of lava, and needed care. The man's action seemed innocent enough; and again Harry was almost ashamed of his doubt and uneasiness.

He sat in the saddle, waiting impatiently.

From beyond the great lava rock, the clattering hoofs of the mules ahead grew fainter to his ears. As one minute followed another the sound died away more and more, and Wharton's heart began to beat a little unpleasantly.

If the muleteer was merely examining the mule's hoof for a stone, to proceed when it was removed, all was well. But if he meant treachery, he was keeping Wharton back till his comrades were out of hearing of a shout for help. And more and more it was borne in on the Greyfriars junior's mind that it was treachery that was intended.

Yet he still doubted, for what Nugent had said was reasonable enough. A muleteer who robbed his customer was a ruined man on Teneriffe, and the gain could not be worth the loss.

In any case, he could not proceed while the man was holding back the mule. And the idea of shouting to his friends to come back, for a probably imaginary peril, did not appeal to him. But as he waited he slipped his hand into his pocket where he had placed a chunk of pumice-stone, which he had intended to take home as a souvenir of Teneriffe. If the man meant treachery, he had a use for that chunk.

The muleteer rose at last. Only echoes came back now of the party in advance, hidden by the lava rocks.

"Vamo-nos!" he said.

He dragged the mule round, and started back along the path by which they had come. Steep and rugged as the path was he went at a trot, and the mule trotted with him.

"Stop!" shouted Wharton, dragging on the reins.

There was no doubt now.

"Nao!" snapped the muleteer.

Wharton's heart pounded. In the Canaries a muleteer would have answered "No" like a Spaniard; but the man answered "Nao" in Portuguese. And the sudden terrible truth flashed into the schoolboy mind.

"O Lobo!" he panted.

The man with the bandaged face laughed—a horrible laugh. He gave no other heed—leading the mule down the path at a reckless pace.

It was in vain that Wharton dragged at the animal. The mule went where it was led—by a strong and sinewy hand. Back, down the steep, winding path among the lava rocks, it went clattering. Wharton gathered all his strength for a mighty shout. He knew that his comrades would be out of hearing by that time; but he shouted, with all the force of his lungs.

"Help!"

O Lobo laughed again. Evidently the Wolf of Brazil counted on his victim as being safely in his hands, and considered no further disguise needed. He did not fear anyone hearing Whar-

ton's shout on the lonely rock path amid the desolate canadas of Teneriffe.

"You villain, let go!" panted Wharton.

O Lobo, with his free hand, pushed back the slouched, black felt hat, revealing the upper part of his dark face. Then, with a jerk, he tore the bandage away. There was no injury under the bandage. It had been, as Wharton knew now, used only as a disguise. The strong sunlight blazed on the dark, savage face of O Lobo—only too easily recognised now.

He looked at the schoolboy in the saddle and grinned, with a flash of white teeth through black beard and moustache.

"Que pena, senhor!" he chuckled. "A sad thing for you that you knew me not sooner. You think I am left behind in Lisbon. Sim! You do not expect to see me once more in Teneriffe! But there are swift steamers, senhor—swifter than the Comet!" He laughed. "You stop at Madeira, and I gain time to reach Teneriffe the first. Oh, yes!"

Wharton held the reins with his left; his right hand in his pocket, gripped the pumice block. It was the only weapon he had.

His heart was beating thickly, but he kept a cool head. Only too well he knew that his life was at stake. What the bravo had failed to do in the old Moorish fortress above Lisbon, he planned to effect in the desolate canadas of Teneriffe. And there was no help—no help. The captain of the Greyfriars Remove needed all his courage.

"You are surprised to find me a muleteer," grinned O Lobo. "Sim—sim! There is a muleteer in Orotava who break his leg in an accident, senhor. He lend his mule and his place to an honest man, who desire to earn an honest penny—I to pay him half my gains. He is one simple man." The bravo laughed again. "Senhor, it was easy—so easy! It is not fated that you reach Brazil—you or your friends. You will never see the young Valentine, senhor. You will never help to keep os diamantes from the hands of O Lobo! Nao!"

Wharton did not speak. He was waiting his chance—a chance to crash the stone on the greasy dark head in the black felt hat. It was the only chance he had for his life, and he knew it.

O Lobo chuckled loud and long. Bravo and ruffian as he was, there was something almost infantile in his satisfaction at the success of his own cunning.

"I arrive ahead; I wait," he went on. "I know well you trip ashore. I think I find a chance in Santa Cruz. Then I find that you stay for the night; that you drive to Orotava, to ascend the peak. That is good luck I had not looked for. Nossa senhora—such good luck for me."

He grinned up at the silent boy in the saddle.

"Such good luck!" he repeated. "Sim—sim! While you sleep in Orotava the night, I follow. I find out; I make my plans. Behold me a muleteer!" He chuckled. "But a muleteer no longer. That is used and done with. Do you know where you go now, little senhor? Do you think your friends will sail on the Comet, and leave your fate undiscovered behind them at Teneriffe?"

Wharton was silent.

All the time the bravo was mocking



The native picnickers gazed spellbound at Bunter, wondering where the fat foreigner was stacking all the good things. Well-filled as the wicker-basket was, the hungry Owl was travelling through its contents at a great rate. "Prime!" said Bunter, munching away.

him, he was leading the mule downward on the steep path, winding among the lava masses. The distance between the junior and his friends was lengthening. There was no hope of help from them.

But he had a faint hope of meeting some wayfarer, even on such a solitary way. He was aware that other passengers from the Comet, also taking advantage of the steamer's delay, were visiting Orotava, and it was possible that some of them might come up the peak, or, at least, across the canadas at the foot of the mighty mountain.

It was a faint hope, but it was something, and Wharton was glad to put off the final desperate struggle as long as he could, in the hope of seeing a human face amid the lava stacks.

The jeering voice of the bravo went on:

"No; they will not sail without their friend. You, or any of the pack, it mattered little to me—anyone would serve my turn. It chances to be you, *senhor*—your ill-luck. Many days will pass before they find what remains of you, little *senhor*, lying at the bottom of a cliff. Nao; they will not go down to Rio on the Comet."

The mule trudged on. O Lobo, while he spoke, glanced round as if in search of a way he knew.

Wharton could guess that he intended to take him off the main path before he dealt with him, and he was determined not to be taken into the untrodden wilds of the lava desert.

As soon as O Lobo turned the mule from the path the struggle was coming. Meanwhile, he sat silent in the saddle, calm—with the calmness of desperation. He was nerving himself for a fight for his life.

"Will they go on, after they have learned your fate?" The jeering voice

went on: "I think not, little *senhor*. The death of one will be a lesson for the rest. I think they will turn back. But I shall watch for them in Rio—be sure of that. And if they come it will be to find death on the soil of South America. But you—you came to Teneriffe to find a lava tomb!"

He stopped the mule where a path jutted off, deep into a rocky gully. The animal turned obediently at his pull.

The moment had come!

As the mule swung round into the shadowy gully, Harry Wharton released his feet from the stirrups, and flung himself from the saddle.

He landed on his feet, panting. Instantly O Lobo let go the mule and leaped at him.

He was on the watch for some such attempt to escape, and ready for it. If Wharton had tried to run, the outstretched hand of the bravo would have clutched him back before he had taken two steps. He knew it, and he did not run.

"Nao se va embora—do not go!" grinned O Lobo, as he grasped the junior by the shoulders. "Nao—" He broke off, with a yell, as Wharton's hand flashed from his pocket, and struck full at the dark face with the heavy chunk of pumice-stone.

Crash!

A blow from a fist would not have stopped the muscular ruffian; but the chunk of stone was unexpected, and it took O Lobo by surprise. The heavy stone crashed full in the dark, bearded face, and there was a spurt of blood as it crashed—and the bravo went over backwards as if he had been shot.

Screaming with pain and rage, O Lobo crashed on his back on the rocks, and Harry Wharton, with the speed of a deer, tore down the steep, rugged path in desperate flight.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

For Life Or Death!

HARRY WHARTON ran his hardest down the steep, rugged, winding path up which the mules had laboured.

It was many long miles back to the Portillo, where the car had been left, with Billy Bunter sitting in it. But it was the only way to safety. It was useless to scud after his friends, now a good deal more than a mile away; on the steep upward path he would have been recaptured very quickly. Downward he had a chance—if a slim one!

He ran for his life.

O Lobo, dazed by the crash of the pumice block in his face, sprawled on the lava, panting and cursing.

Blood was streaking his savage face as he staggered to his feet.

He glared after the fleeing schoolboy, and made a stride towards the mule as if with the intention of mounting for pursuit. But he turned back again at once. On such a path even the sure-footed mules of Teneriffe had to move at a walk, and a mount was useless to him. Wharton was bounding from rock to rock, lava ridge to lava ridge, taking a thousand chances—on a path that was like the slant of a roof. The most desperate chance was better than what lay behind.

Had he looked back he would have seen O Lobo bounding in pursuit, a short, keen "faca" in his hand, the keen blade of which gleamed in the sun.

He would not have needed a second glance to tell him what was coming to him if the pursuing bravo succeeded in gaining ground. But he did not need a sight of the flashing knife to tell him.

He ran on desperately, and after him came the bravo, leaping and springing.

Harry Wharton had gained a full minute's start by crashing the pumice

block in the ruffian's face—and in a minute's space he had cover quite a distance on a steeply sloping path where progress was rather by leaping than running. And he was keeping his distance, for the time at least.

A dozen times loose stones rattled by him, dislodged by the bravo in pursuit. And then suddenly a stone whizzed by his head—so close that he knew that it was not a falling stone. The pursuer had hurled it in the hope of bringing him down, and only the swiftness of his movements had saved him.

Another rugged stone whizzed, and grazed his shoulder, clattering down on the lava. Then another, that struck his arm and gave him a pang of pain; but did not make him pause. Rather it spurred him on.

But each time O Lobo stooped to grasp a missile, he lost a few seconds, and seconds counted for much in that race for life and death.

More than a mile of wild and rugged steps flew under the schoolboy's feet; but the path, wild as it was, was well marked, and he did not miss it. Far away, at moments, he had glimpses of Orotava shining in the sun. If he could only reach the Portillo where Bunter sat in the car, and guides and muleteers would be found—ready help if they knew his danger!

Only sheer desperation enabled the schoolboy to keep ahead, and he knew that now the bravo was gaining. The Wolf knew, as well as Wharton, that explorers might chance to come up that lonely path, and the nearer they drew to the starting-place of the ascent the more likely it was. He was exerting himself to the utmost and gaining now at every leap.

Where the descending path turned sharply round the base of a precipitous cliff Harry Wharton slowed a little. His heart was pounding as if it would burst, and he knew that he could never win that wild race. A half-formed thought was in his mind of turning at bay; with a rock for a weapon, before his strength was quite exhausted. But he was still running hard as he came round the base of the jutting cliff—and then suddenly came a terrific shock.

What he crashed into he did not even see. But he crashed and hurtled over, and went headlong down on the lava.

He lay dazed, helpless, hardly able to stir, exhausted. But he could see and he could hear, and what he saw was a bucking mule with a stout German gentleman clinging wildly to its back, and what he heard was:

"Ach, ach, ach! Mein Gott! Donner und blitzen! Ach, ach!"

Wharton lay panting.

It was the stout German passenger of the Comet. Wharton had crashed into his mule and set the startled animal bucking, and the muleteer in attendance was dragging at the animal, taking no heed of the sprawling schoolboy.

"Ach! Was den? Ach!" spluttered the stout German.

Bump!

He rolled off the startled mule. He landed in a sitting position, hardly a yard from Wharton, and blinked at him over his glasses.

"Urrgh!" he gasped. "Ach! Vun of tem poys—ja, ja wohl! Tat fat one, he knock me ofer mit meinsel at Poulogne, afterwards he poke me mit a pin in mein leg! Ach! Now you knock me ofer on a mule, also tat I pang on te rocks mit meinsel after! I tink tat I trash you, pig-dog!"

There was a stout stick in the hand of the stout German, and he gasped to his feet, with the evident intention of using it.

Wharton could not speak—but he raised his hand and pointed up the path where it wound round the cliff.

The fat German blinked at him, and then turned his glasses in the direction to which the boy pointed.

"Ach!" he stuttered.

Round the base of the cliff, bounding, knife in hand, murder in his dark face, came O Lobo.

Wharton made an effort to struggle up; but he sank back. The stout German stood as if turned to stone at the unexpected and startling sight of the bounding bravo. His pale blue eyes widened like saucers behind his glasses.

"Mein Gott!" he gasped.

At the sight of the German tourist, and the arriero contesting with the restive mule, O Lobo slacked pace for a moment or two. Then he came leaping on.

He gestured with the drawn knife to the German to stand aside, and came straight at the boy now helpless at his mercy.

"Pig-dog!" roared the stout herr. "Tat you stand pack mit yourself after!"

And as O Lobo, heedless, came rushing on, the German whirled his big stick and lashed out with energy.

The stick crashed on the bravo's arm and sent the knife spinning. With a howl of rage, O Lobo made a spring at the German.

But he staggered back from another lick from the big stick. A third lick sent him backing, grinding his teeth with rage.

The stout German followed him up, handing out swipes with the stick with an activity that showed that he had not entirely run to fat. O Lobo sprang, and sprang again, like the wolf he was, but each time a crashing blow sent him back—and then he backed and dodged, and finally took to his heels and ran.

After him barged the fat German, brandishing his stick. But in a couple of minutes he was winded, and he halted, gurgling for breath, while the agile bravo vanished into the lava rocks.

The arriero, having controlled the mule, came to Wharton's help, and raised him to his feet. Wharton stood leaning on the muleteer's arm, panting, when the stout gentleman came back, puffing and blowing, but victorious.

"Thank you, sir!" gasped Harry. "You've saved my life!"

"Ja wohl!" assented the stout gentleman. "I tink so! Goot! You make me to fall ofer mit meinsel on a mule, but I am glad tat I save you te life! Ja wohl!" He gave the junior a friendly grin. "You lose your friends, isn't it? You gum along mit me, and we find tem again once more after."

And the stout gentleman, having heaved himself on the mule again to proceed on his way, Harry was glad to go back in his company. He was safe in the company of the German and the arriero, and he was anxious to rejoin his friends. He had no doubt that they had missed him, and that somebody would be coming back to look for him.

He was right; for about half a mile up the steep path, Mr. Frulo appeared from among the lava rocks, leading Wharton's mule, which he had evidently found wandering there. The Brazilian's coppery face beamed with relief and satisfaction at the sight of the junior.

"Que felicidade para mim! What a happiness for me!" exclaimed Mr. Frulo. "I find one mula that have no rider, I tink some accident go to come—but you are all serenity—yes?"

"Yes," said Harry, smiling. "All serene now, sir! This German gentleman saved me from O Lobo—"

Mr. Frulo jumped.

"O Lobo! Here in Teneriffe!" he ejaculated. "Do that bad man turn up like one very bad penny? What goes to happen?"

Wharton explained—and Mr. Frulo listened with many excited gestures and ejaculations. Then he volleyed thanks in Portuguese to the German gentleman; and the stout Teuton volleyed back German and broken English; both of them bowing all the time, like a pair of Chinese mandarins, while Wharton waited for them to get through.

Finally, he remounted his mule, and followed Mr. Frulo up the path, the stout German plodding on more slowly behind. A mile farther up, they rejoined the Greyfriars party, who had halted to wait while Mr. Frulo went back to look for Wharton. And never had the captain of the Remove been so glad to find himself among his friends again.

Billy Bunter awoke.

It was a jerk in his fat car that awakened him.

"Wow!" said Bunter, as he woke.

He was asleep in the car when the climbing party came back to the Portillo. Bunter had had quite a happy morning—alternately eating and napping; and he was fast asleep, dreaming of the lunch he had packed away when Bob Cherry awakened him by the simple process of tugging at a fat car.

"Beast!" said Bunter. "Been to the top?"

"Not quite!" grinned Bob.

"Slackers!" said Bunter. "I'd have gone to the top if I'd cared to go at all! You fellows were always slack!"

"The slackfulness of the esteemed Bunter is also terrific!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Yah! Don't tread on my feet, Bob Cherry, you clumsy ass! Can't you get into a car without treading on a fellow's feet?"

Apparently Bob couldn't! At all events, he didn't! Perhaps he did not like being called a slacker by a fellow who had sat in a car while the other fellows were climbing steep hills!

The Greyfriars party packed into the car, and rolled back to Orotava. There they stopped for tea; and then drove the twenty-five miles back to Santa Cruz and the Comet.

When they embarked on the launch at the Mole, and put off to the steamer, Harry Wharton looked back at the crowds on the Mole—and was not surprised to see a dark, evil, bearded face, with a gash on the swarthy cheek where a stone had struck, watching them as they went. O Lobo was there, powerless to harm them now, scowling as he watched the launch throb out to the Comet. But in a few minutes the dark, evil face was lost in the crowd, and Wharton dismissed it from his mind. The Wolf was left behind, and the Greyfriars party hoped to see nothing more of him before they reached Brazil.

Under the sunset, the Comet churned out to sea, and Harry Wharton & Co. watched the Peak of Teneriffe sinking to the Atlantic astern. It was the last sight of the Old World. Before them stretched the vast Atlantic, with no more land till South America was reached; and now, at last, they were really "rolling down to Rio!"

THE END.

(Now look out for next week's thrilling yarn in this spanking fine series: "THE WOLF OF BRAZIL! It will be the best treat you've ever had, chums. Make sure of next week's FREE GIFT ISSUE of the MAGNET by ordering your copy WELL IN ADVANCE!")

START READING THIS STIRRING NEW THRILLER TO-DAY!

THE LOST SQUADRON!

By
GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

The Derelict!

WITH a thunderous roar of high-powered engines a squadron of night bombers takes off to fly from Kranston Aerodrome, on the Kent coast, to Edinburgh. During the flight there comes a terrific electric storm, accompanied by a gale.

After battling through the night over an expanse of water, Squadron-Leader Akers and his youthful navigation officer, Flight-Lieutenant Ferris, eventually land on a desolate stretch of rock and sand. Taking their bearings, they make the terrible discovery that they are on the Goodwin Sands, and that England has been submerged beneath the sea, and the ocean bed has risen up.

Picketing the bomber down, they set out on a tour of exploration, during which they light a fire and partake of a meal of cooked fish.

Throughout the afternoon they continued their exploration, and when dusk was beginning to swathe in grey shadow rocks, boulders, and seaweed-covered wreckage, Ferris suggested a return to the machine.

"I don't know," said Akers dubiously. "What about making camp somewhere and pushing on in the morning?"

"No, thanks!" replied Ferris, with a shudder. "I vote we get back to the machine and sleep in the cockpit."

"We might find a cave of sorts and build a big fire at the entrance," suggested Akers. Then suddenly he broke off and exclaimed: "What's that?"

He raised a pointing hand, and, staring in the direction indicated, Ferris saw, far away in the distance, a tiny light, gleaming blood-red through the deepening dusk.

"What on earth can it be?" demanded Ferris.

"I don't know," replied Akers. "It looks to me like the masthead light of some stranded ship. If it is, it means that there is someone else alive, besides ourselves. Come on, we'll find out!"

They set off through the fading light, picking their way between great boulders and traversing long, flat stretches of sand.

With the coming of dusk, the silence of this barren land had become eerily intensified. The gulls, which throughout the day had wheeled with raucous cries above the pools, had now gone to rest, and nothing broke the deathly stillness which brooded over desolate land and distant sea.

Nor was this solemn hush without its effect on Ferris. The incidents of the day, the pools, the wreckage, and the whole dreary panorama which had continuously unfolded itself, had served to keep his mind from dwelling too much on the terrible catastrophe which, less than twenty-four hours ago, had swept away the world he had known and all those who were near and dear to him.

Now, with the dusk, there came again realisation of the dreadful tragedy and horror of the night which had passed, and he became very silent.

Noting the change in him, Akers tried to rally him, speculating upon what they would find when they reached the



"Cut dat out, Coles!" panted the burly negro, grasping the automatic. "I guess you asked fo' what you got!"

distant light which they were steadily approaching.

Grief-stricken, Akers himself was, and heavier of heart than he had ever thought it possible for a man to be. But he knew that for the sake of the youthful Ferris he must not give way; knew that he must keep a brave heart and a stiff upper lip until Time, the great healer, had dulled in his companion the first awful despair and sadness.

But his present efforts to draw Ferris into conversation failed dismally, and, coming to the conclusion that under the circumstances it was probably better to leave him to his thoughts, Akers himself relapsed into silence.

Dusk was now deepening into the cold and shadowy luminosity of a starry night, and as they neared the small and unwinking blood-red light which had beckoned them through the dusk Akers saw that his first assumption had been correct, and that it was indeed the masthead light of a stranded ship.

Dark and bulky against the blue-black sky loomed the long hull, lying at no great angle, bridge, wheelhouse, and

galley gone, and only a stump of a foremast left.

At the top of the rear mast hung a lighted lantern, token that there was life aboard. As Akers paused in the black shadow of a rock to take careful stock of the derelict, he decided that she was a big freighter, of about some four thousand tons burden.

"Come on," said Ferris. "Aren't we going aboard?"

Some instinct, which seemed both unreasonable and indefinable, caused Akers to hesitate.

"Yes," he said guardedly, "but we'll have a look round first. I'd rather like to know who's aboard before we introduce ourselves."

Moving silently forward across the firm sand, he and Ferris circled the great hull, discovering that it was leaning against a massive boulder, which had cruelly penetrated its warped and twisted plates.

Not a sound came from the vessel. Nothing at all to tell of anyone aboard save a faint glimmer of light shining through the saloon skylight.

Further investigation by Akers led to the discovery of a rope-ladder trailing down from the deck to the sand. Gripping one of the rungs, Akers turned to Ferris.

"Move as quietly as you can!" he said.

Ferris nodded and followed Akers up the short length of ladder to the sloping deck. Then, stealthily and warily, they crept forward to the saloon skylight, through which they peered.

Below them, illumined by the sickly light of a hanging oil lamp, were four men, seated round a table, on which was spread a large chart. One was a big, burly fellow, close-cropped of head, and clad only in dirty shirt and trousers. Another was a huge negro, naked to the waist, and with great, gleaming arms asprawl on the table in front of him. The remaining two were also big, muscular fellows, dirty and unshaven of face, and, like the first man, clad only in shirt and trousers.

"What do you make of them?" whispered Ferris.

"They're certainly a tough-looking lot," responded Akers. "Come on, we'll go down!"

Followed by Ferris, he moved quietly to the saloon ladder, and, descending, stepped into the cabin, where the four men were seated.

At sight of him and Ferris the four stared for a moment in dumb astonishment. Then, blundering to his feet, the one with the close-cropped head rasped, in nasal American twang:

"Where'n thunder have you come from?"

"From out there," replied Akers, with a backward jerk of his head. "Like you, we lived through the upheaval."

"Yeah?" said the other, his little eyes taking close stock of his two visitors. "Upheaval, you call it?"

"What else?" responded Akers.

"Waal, to us, mister," replied the other, "it was just one mighty big tidal wave, what picked us up and dumped us down on this blamed island, the name and location of which we ain't figgered out yet."

"Nor are you likely to," returned Akers, glancing towards the outspread chart. "This island, as you call it, is the ocean bed."

"I don't get you!"

"The storm during the night," explained Akers, "and the tidal wave you mention were accompanied by a great subsidence of the earth's crust. England has gone, submerged beneath the sea, and this land we are now on is the ocean bed which was forced up by the subsiding of the land mass."

The American stared at him for a moment, then turned to his companions and tapped his head.

"He's loopy!" he said.

"It may appear so to you," said Akers evenly. "But what I am telling you happens to be the truth. Have any of you ever sailed these seas before?"

"Yeah, sure we have!" replied the American roughly, turning to him again. "All of us!"

"Then have you ever heard of the existence of such a land as this?" inquired Akers. "Were you aware, any of you, that in English waters there existed a vast territory of sand and rock strewn with seaweed and wreckage?"

"No, we weren't!" retorted the other. "But that don't alter our opinion, mister, that this is an island

what we've been washed on to, and we'll find it somewheres on the chart afore we're through!"

"I tell you, you will never find it on the chart," repeated Akers steadily. "Or, at least, you never will until you alter the colour of that expanse of blue which marks the English Channel!"

"Aw, shut your mouth!" snarled the American. "You're mad! Where're you from, anyways?"

"Say, lissen, Coles!" growled the negro, sitting leaning forward in his chair over his folded, muscular arms. "S'pose you jest keep yo' mouth shet for a li'l whiles? I ain't so blamed sure this feller's mad, an' I'm gonna hear jest what he's gotta say! You carry on, boss," he proceeded, addressing Akers, "an' don' take no notice of Coles! You was sayin' that this heah land is de ocean bed?"

"Yes," assented Akers, "it is. I understood your friend Coles"—he indicated the American—"to say that this vessel of yours was caught by a tidal wave. Have you any idea what your position was when the wave hit you?"

"All we knows for sartin, boss," replied the negro, "is dat we was steam-in' up Channel bound for London river. Us is stokers, yo' see, an' us was below when de wave come!"

"Which is how we happen to be alive," cut in Coles. "We were trapped down there, and couldn't make the deck like the others did!"

"Coles," said the negro patiently, "I've asked you to shet yo' haid. Th' full tale of our sufferin's down in dem flooded bowels of de ship will never be knowed, so quit talkin' about dem! Now, boss," he went on, "us was steam-in' up Channel when de wave caught us!"

"And it deposited you on this land of sand and rock," proceeded Akers. "Is there any island of this size in the English Channel?"

"No, sah," responded the negro promptly. "Dere is not, an' dat's a fact!"

"Exactly," agreed Akers. "Therefore, what I tell you is correct. This is the ocean bed, forced up by an enormous subsidence of land. Men," he went on earnestly, "I know it sounds incredible, but it is only too true!"

Impressed by his quiet, convincing tones, the four listened in silence while he told them of how, during the night, the heavens had been torn and rent by lurid flame and crashing thunder, and of how, when the storm had passed, he and Ferris had found themselves cruising over a desolate waste of waters. He told, also, of how they had landed with the dawn and taken their bearings, and, stepping to the table, he showed them on the chart just where those bearings had proved their landing to have been made.

"It was on the Goodwin Sands," he said, "with no sign of other land in sight!"

"I b'lieves you, boss," said the negro, with finality, as Akers concluded. "There ain't no other explanation. De ocean bed is rose up for sure, an' us is fixed firm an' hard upon it. What about you, Coles? Is you still dis-b'lievin'?"

"It sounds a blamed tall yarn to me!" growled Coles, "but I reck'n it's the only one what explains our location!"

The negro turned to the other two men.

"An' you, Sam?" he demanded. "An' you, Huck? Is you satisfied dat what you've heered is de truth?"

Sam and Huck stolidly assented that they were satisfied.

"So England has gone, mister, has it?" said Coles, turning to Akers, with a grin.

"I have just told you it has!" assented Akers curtly.

"Waal," sneered Coles, in a slow and deliberate drawl, "maybe you gents' views is different, but I'm aimin' to say that I ain't grievin' any. Nossir, I sure ain't, for if there was one country what I always reckoned was jest plain, low-down ornery dirt, it was that samo England—"

Smack!

The clenched fist of Ferris shot out, taking Coles full on the mouth and sending him staggering back, his thin lips spouting blood.

With eyes ablaze, Coles recovered himself, withdrawing a heavy automatic from the inside of his shirt. Before he could bring the gun to bear on Ferris, however, the negro hurled himself from his chair, and, closing with him, wrenched the weapon from his grasp.

"You cut dat out, Coles!" he panted. "I guess you asked fo' what you got!"

A Council Of War!

"**H**E hit me!" shouted Coles furiously. "He hit me, the dirty Britisher—"

"Yeah, 'course he hit you!" assented the negro, still holding the struggling man. "Ain't you got no sense, tryin' to crab his country what has gone lost beneath the waters. Now you quieten down, Coles, 'cos you ain't gettin' yo' gun back, not nohow, an' you ain't kickin' up no rumpus beah 'till us has sat down an' decided what is best to do fo' all of us!"

"You take your hands off'n me!" shouted Coles. "D'you hear, you nigger, you lemme go!"

"I'll let you go soon's ever yo're quiet, Coles," promised the negro, with a grin. "Now, it ain't no use you goin' on this aways, 'cos I ain't loosenin' you till yo're ready to behave yo'self!"

Strong though the burly Coles was, the negro was the stronger, and Ferris marvelled at the ease with which those mighty black arms, with their rippling muscles, held the cursing, struggling man.

After a time Coles seemed to realise the futility of his struggles, for he quietened down.

"All right, curse you!" he growled. "Take your hands off'n me, an' there won't be no trouble!"

"If dere is, Coles," promised the black, releasing him, "I'll land you such a bash over de haid wid dis heah gun dat you won't never make no trouble no more!"

Sullenly and without a word, Coles flung himself into his chair, and, re-seating himself, the negro looked at Akers and Ferris.

"Now, gents," he said, "you've told us how we come to be heah, an' we b'lieve you. Will you tell us now jest what you figger us oughta do?"

"There is nothing any of us can do except wait to be rescued," replied

Akers. "It can only be a matter of days, or a week or two at the most, before ships or aeroplanes come to ascertain what has happened."

"You're sure of dat?"

"Absolutely sure of it," replied Akers. "There is one suggestion I might make, however," he went on, "and that is that you establish a camp by the edge of the sea and keep a good look-out during the day and a fire going at night. The latter will attract any ship cruising along the coast."

"You say we should do dat," said the negro slowly. "Ain't you gonna stay around wid us, den?"

Akers glanced at the sullen Coles.

"I think it would be advisable if we went our way, and left you to go yours," he said.

The negro leaned forward across the table.

"Say, lissen, boss," he said pleadingly. "Us is jest four iggerant an' unceddicated men, an' I knows I'm speakin' for Sam heah, an' for Huck, when I say dat we would take it as real good of you if you would stay around an' sort of take command, an' show us what is best to do. Ain't dat so, Sam? Hey, Huck?"

"Sure!" assented Sam and Huck.

The negro indicated the chart outspread on the table in front of him, and there was something strangely pathetic about his gesture of hopelessness.

"All day long, boss," he went on, "us've bin porin' over this heah chart, tryin' to figger out jest where us is. But it ain't bin no use. Den you show up an' explain everythin' jest plumb marvellous. Stay around, boss, an' take command, for dis is a plumb awful jam to be in, an' we want someone wid intellect an' sense to git us outa it. Coles ain't got no sense at all. He figgered us was cast away on an island!"

"Which is what anyone else would have figgered!" snarled Coles.

"Yes, I agree with you there," nodded Akers. "You could scarcely have been expected to arrive at the actual truth!"

"Well, boss, stay around!" pleaded the negro. "Coles won't shoot off no more dumb cracks about England. An' there's mighty good bunks aboard an' good grub, for we've got plenty of stores. What about it, boss?"

Akers glanced inquiringly at Ferris.

"Suits me," said the latter, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I'm not sleeping out in the open if I can help it! And I could do with a meal and a jolly good sleep, Akers!"

Akers nodded and turned to the black.

"Very well," he said, "we'll stay here for a day or two, at least. During that time we will establish a camp by the sea and make everything ready for signalling the first ship or machine which we sight."

The negro lumbered to his feet.

"That's fine, boss!" he grinned, his thick lips parting to show a gleam of white teeth. "Now jest you sit yo'selves down, an' Sam an' me'll git you some grub." He hesitated, glancing from Coles to Ferris. "If you'd like Coles to apologise, sah," he said to Ferris, "you've jest gotta say so!"

"No, that's all right!" smiled Ferris. Stepping forward, he held out his hand to Coles. "Come on, Coles, we're all up against it, so we may as well be friends and pull together."

"I'se watching you, Coles!" rumbled the black.

There was a menace in the words

which was not lost on Coles. Surlily he took the hand of Ferris in a limp, brief clasp.

"Guess it's O.K. with me, mister!" he muttered.

He relapsed then into sulky silence. While the negro and Sam went off to the wrecked galley to prepare a meal for their guests, Akers seated himself at the table and learned from the stolid Huck that the derelict was the s.s. Boston, bound from New York to London with general cargo.

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

AS you will have already discovered, chums, this issue contains another set of "Living" Pictures for your Magic Spectacles. Last week's issue of the MAGNET contained the first strip of pictures, together with the Marvellous Magic Spectacles. If you missed this DOUBLE FREE GIFT ISSUE, you can still get a copy by sending threepence in stamps to our Back Number Dept., Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

The two free pictures given with next Saturday's MAGNET are bound to interest every one of you. The first portrays Abyssinian sharpshooters ready to engage an Italian patrol, and the second shows Italian war tanks in Abyssinia, advancing through difficult country. You can only make sure of adding these spanking fine pictures to your collection by ordering next Saturday's MAGNET well in advance.

The first reader to wade in with a query this week is Harry Thomas, of Stockton-on-Tees. He's been rather puzzled by

A GOOD OLD TEASER.

and he and his chums have been arguing about it. This is the question:

A man looked into a photographer's shop window, and saw a portrait there. Pointing to it, he said: "Sisters and brothers I have none, but that man's father is my father's son." Now what relation was the man in the portrait to the speaker? Try this on your chums. It is rather interesting to see what different answers they will give. Actually, it is quite a simple little problem, but it seems to puzzle quite a lot of people. Have a shot at it yourself. If it's got you beat, you'll find the answer at the end of this little chat.

Here is a paragraph I came across the other day, which may interest some of you. It concerns

THE MAN WITH FIVE THOUSAND SOLDIERS!

And they're all tin soldiers! A London business man has made a hobby of making and collecting toy soldiers. For thirty years he has been at it, and now he has five thousand of them. They were shown at an exhibition recently, and made an amazing sight. All the soldiers are correctly modelled with proper uniforms, badges, and equipment, and are arranged in specially designed "sets." These sets depict such historical events as the Charge

Suddenly Coles spoke.

"How long did you say it would be afore us is rescued?" he growled.

"Not more than a few days, I imagine," replied Akers shortly. Then, because there had seemed a certain directness in the question, he added: "Why do you ask?"

"Aw, nuthin'!" grunted Coles. "I was jest wonderin', that's all!"

Long after Akers and Ferris and his three companions had turned in that

(Continued on next page.)

of the Light Brigade, the meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo, and scenes from the Great War. There are also many modern sets, such as the Trooping of the Colours, the Changing of the Guard, and so on.

No wonder it has taken him thirty years to get together such a wonderful collection!

Here is another paragraph which may interest you. It concerns

THE SALMON GLOBE-TROTTER!

A young salmon was caught in a net off Bergen, Norway. It was marked, and then let loose. A little while afterwards it was caught again off the coast of Scotland. It had travelled 400 miles, and if it came direct it must have averaged twenty miles per day. Sea trout frequently travel across the North Sea, while River Tweed trout are often caught on the Dogger Bank, three hundred miles away. The curious thing is that Scottish fish seem to travel further afield than those of any other country.

Have you ever heard of

"THE FOUR-MINUTE LAKE,"

chums? Tom Sheldon, one of my Brighton readers, came across the expression in a story, and asks me if I can tell him what it means. The "four-minute lake" was created in 1925, in Wyoming, and gained its name because it took only four minutes to form the lake. An entire section of a mountain fell in a tremendous landslide, and blocked the Gros Centre valley to a height of 400 feet. The river which ran through the valley rose at a terrific rate, spreading over the landslide and forming the lake. Eventually the lake reached a depth of 220 feet, a width of a mile, and a length of four and a half miles!

Now for next week's feast of fiction—and it's something grand, I can tell you. Frank Richards starts the ball rolling with a yarn that is calculated to make you sit up and take notice. It's simply packed with "the goods," and is entitled:

"THE WOLF OF BRAZIL!"

Harry Wharton & Co. are keen to get on to Brazil, and to the plantation up-country where they are to meet Jim Valentine, once their pal in the Greyfriars Remove. But there is peril in their path in the shape of O Lobo, the Wolf from Brazil, who is desperately resolved to prevent the Greyfriars party reaching their destination. You can look for something extra-good in this long complete school tale. You won't be disappointed!

Furthermore, there'll be a jolly double-page "Greyfriars Herald," and more thrill-packed chapters of Geo. E. Rochester's great masterpiece. Our special rhymester winds up the programme with another of his "Interviews."

The answer to the "teaser" above is: The portrait was that of the speaker's son.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,462.

night, Coles sat smoking in deep and brooding thought.

When eventually he flicked his final cigarette-end away and rose to his feet to seek his bunk, there was a peculiar smile on his bruised and swollen lips.

The Second Day!

AKERS and Ferris were up early the following morning, and, after a cold sluice, and a shave with razors found them by the negro, they went on deck.

The morning was fine and warm, with a gentle breeze, redolent with the tang of salt and seaweed, and far to the south the sea shimmered golden in the early sun. From the wrecked galley came the appetising odour of frying bacon.

"It smells good!" commented Ferris, sniffing appreciatively.

"Yes," assented Akers, who, with puckered eyes, was gazing westwards over the desolate stretch of barren rock and sand. "What do you make of those things yonder, Ferris?"

"Dunno!" grunted Ferris, staring towards where, far in the distance, the tops of two cylindrical objects showed above the rocks. "They look to me like the smoke-stacks of a ship."

"Yes, I think they are," nodded Akers. "I wonder if Jim's got any glasses?"

The negro whose name they had learned was Jim Crow, was summoned from the galley where he was cooking breakfast.

"Glasses, boss?" he beamed, in response to Akers' request. "Sure!"

With that he disappeared below, to return with a pair of powerful binoculars which he handed to Akers.

"It is a ship," said Akers, the binoculars pressed to his eyes. "A large liner, I should imagine, by the size of the stacks."

"Yeah, it is a liner, boss," nodded Jim. "We looked at dem funnels yesterday through de glasses, an' we was all agreed on dat."

"You didn't go to her?" questioned Akers, handing the glasses to Ferris.

Jim shook his head.

"No, sah," he answered. "It's a mighty long way, an' us wasn't feeling any too good after de plumb awful time us had had aboard dis heah hulk."

"Well, we'll have a look at her after breakfast," said Akers.

"But ain't we gwyne to 'stablish a camp by the sea, boss?" asked Jim.

"That will have to wait," replied Akers. "That vessel yonder has obviously been cast away, and there may be people aboard her injured or in need of assistance."

"O.K., sah," nodded the black.

"Reck'n us might have thought of dat

yesterday if us hadn't bin so hazed, not bein' able to figger out where us was. Golly! Dere's that bacon burning!"

Jim rushed off to the galley, and a few minutes later Akers, Ferris, Huck, and Sam were seated at breakfast down in the saloon where they were-joined by Coles.

Unwashed and unshaven, Coles was not a prepossessing sight, nor did his sullen uncommunicativeness make him any the more pleasant a table companion. He ate in silence, washing down his breakfast with great gulps of coffee. When he finished, he rose without a word and lounged up on deck.

He was up there, leaning against the stump of wrecked foremast, a short pipe between his lips, when Akers and Ferris appeared on deck.

"Jim," said Akers, inserting his head into the wrecked galley, "make us up a few sandwiches, will you?"

"Sure!" assented Jim readily.

"What's the idea?" growled Coles, slouching forward.

"We're going to have a look at that liner," replied Akers, indicating the distant smoke-stacks.

"Whaffor?"

"There may be people there in need of assistance," explained Akers patiently.

Don't Forget

Two More

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NEXT WEEK!

Coles was silent a moment, then, taking his pipe from his lips, growled:

"Jim and me'll come with you."

"There is really no need," began Akers, who was far from relishing the prospect of Coles' company. "We will be back as soon as possible—"

"We're coming with you!" cut in Coles roughly.

And, accompany them he did, bringing Jim along with him whilst Huck and Sam remained aboard.

The big negro displayed an almost child-like exuberance during the walk, exploring pools, vaulting over rocks, and singing snatches of songs. Even had the submersion of England meant anything to him, which it did not, his was not the mind which could take in one iota of the horror and tragedy of that dreadful catastrophe.

To him the whole thing was extraordinary and most astonishing; of course, but he accepted it with the same simple, unquestioning wonderment with which he would have viewed Mount Vesuvius in eruption.

Such marvels of Nature were beyond

him, nor was he interested in the why and the wherefore of them. All he knew was that earthquakes and volcanoes and typhoons just happened, and now that the ocean-bed had risen up he gambolled on it as happy as a schoolboy on holiday. Not even the surly Coles, following some distance in the wake of Akers and Ferris, could lower his spirits. Shuffling his bare feet in rhythmical dance on the sand and snapping his fingers, he continued to sing.

"Aw, can it!" snarled Coles.

"Say," grinned Jim, "you ain't half got de blues, Coles! Why don' you snap out of it?"

With that he again lifted up his voice in song to the accompaniment of snapping fingers and shuffling feet.

"Stop that blamed row, will you?" burst out Coles furiously. "If you've gotta sing, go and sing to them two fellers in front."

Jim subsided, glancing at him curiously.

"You ain't got much use for dem two fellers, Coles?" he said questioningly.

"Why should I?" rapped Coles. "If there's one thing I hate worse'n pizen it's a haw-haw Britisher!"

"They ain't haw-haw!" retorted Jim. "They've bin mighty nice an' friendly to me an' Sam an' Huck. You doan' wanna stand out on 'em, Coles. It ain't gonna get you nowheres."

Coles made no response.

"You an' me, Coles, have sailed together for mighty near a year now," went on Jim, breaking the silence which had fallen between them, "an' I ain't never noticed dat you was partic'lar fond of walkin'. Whaffor you come along like dis to de liner?"

"Reck'n I just wanna have a look at it," said Coles shortly.

The negro nodded.

"Coles," he said deliberately, "you've got somethin' on yo' mind. I ain't goin' to ask you what it is, 'cos I doan' reck'n you'd tell me, an' if you did you'd most likely lie. But if yo're still broodin' over dat smack on de mouth what you got from Mr. Ferris, den you take a word of advice from me an' forget it, 'cos I ain't standin' for no rough stuff, see?"

"You boss around here, then?" sneered Coles.

"No, I ain't boss," returned the black. "Mr. Akers is boss, 'lected so by Sam an' Huck an' me, an' I ain't gonna have our peace'ble relations brought to a sudd'n end by you, an' doan' you forget it!"

(It looks as if Coles is going to cause a heap of trouble, doesn't it? Whatever you do, chums, don't fail to read the next exciting instalment of this gripping adventure yarn in next Saturday's MAGNET, which will contain another set of pictures for your Magic Spectacles.)

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Another weird and wonderful instalment of Dicky Nugent's staggering serial:

"St. Sam's in the Strattersphere!"



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 176.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON

February 22nd, 1936



Barks Our Military Expert

If there's one lesson above all others to be earned from the recent guerrilla warfare between Greyfriars and Highcliffe, it's this: that Greyfriars has simply GOT to re-arm!

At hand-to-hand fighting, we've no equals anywhere.

Then they started walking and Temple started talking. There's only one subject on which Temple can talk at any length and that subject is himself—and Temple, believing himself to be in the presence of a deep admirer, let himself go.

He told her how good he was at sport, and what a popular chap he was, and how much the Head and Mr. Capper liked him, and how superior the Fourth were to the other Forms on account of his inspiring presence.

He was interrupted at last, however, much to his surprise, by the young lady herself! And when that young lady let herself go, didn't she tell Temple a thing or two!

Temple turned pink, red, and purple in turn. Then, losing all patience, he forgot his manners, told his girl friend to shut up, and pulled her hat over her eyes.

The next minute he had a shock. Instead of swooning or going into hysterics in the time-honoured manner, the girl with the curls began to set about Temple with her broom.

Temple fled. The young lady chased him, getting in a blow as and when she could. And in this order they duly reached the school gates and started the crop of sensational rumours that have been buzzing about since!

And that, my infants, is the beginning and end of the story of Temple's Valentine romance.

In case you may ask how I got hold of my information, I suppose I'd better mention in conclusion that the "young lady" in the story was a disguised Remove chap. To be precise, MYSELF!

Highcliffe Air Force men, from remote heights at the tops of trees, dropped flour and soot bombs till Colonel Cherry's force was almost wiped out, and there was naught left for the scattered remnants to do but to retreat!

Even where our chaps haven't trouble from the air to contend with, they have to stand up to slings and peashooters of much greater range than their own and water-pistols about three times as powerful as the antiquated Greyfriars models.

It's all very well for pacifists like Alonzo Todd to shout the odds about turning the other cheek and all that kind of thing. But while other schools continue to look on war as the real means of settling inter-school differences, it's simply potty of us to try to disarm on our own.

The best thing we can do is to start re-arming on modern lines at once. We ought to have a highly-trained army armed to the teeth with the very latest in pea-shooters, squirters, and slings; and—in readiness for the summer season—a navy capable of protecting our interests all the way from Popper's Island to the boathouse.

When we've got those other schools will start respecting us again, and Greyfriars chaps will be able to walk abroad without fear!

Discussing burglars the other day, Bolsover remarked that anybody who took his watch would be in for a rotten time.

Bolsover's study-mate Dupont confirms that it's the rottenest timekeeper in the Remove passage!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Jack Jolly woke up with a start in his bunk in Professor Potty's wonderful rocket. He had been dreaming of the good old days when he and his pals used to live in the World, and for a moment he wondered where on earth he was. Then he remembered that he wasn't on earth at all, but on the planet Mars!

Boom! Boom! Boom! "What the merry dickens—"

The captain of the Fourth got out of his bunk and looked out of the window. What he saw made him wince with astonishment.

"Few! Come and have a look, you fellows!" he cried. "There's a procession of Martians about a mile long outside—and they've brought a jazz band with 'em!"

Merry and Bright and Fearless and Barrell soon woke up and rushed over to the window, and Mr. I. Jollifell Lickham, the master of the Fourth, quickly followed them. The last-named uttered a yell of fear, as his eyes fell on the procession.

"Yarooooo! Help! Murder! Perlice! Go and tell 'em I'm not here, somebody!"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't be of much use, sir!" laughed Frank Fearless. "As you know already, the Martians don't understand our language!"

"Ow-wow! I don't like the look of 'em!" groaned Mr. Lickham. "Wake up, Doctor Birchmell, Jolly, and we'll see what he thinks!"

Jack Jolly nodded and went over to the bunk where the roared and majestic headmaster of St. Sam's was still snoring away.

"Wake up, sir, we've got visitors!" he cried, giving the Head's beard a powerful pull.

Doctor Birchmell, without opening his eyes, gave a yell.

"Woooooop! Go 'way and lemme alone, bust you! 'Tain't rising-bell!"

Jack Jolly grinned. "Wake up, sir. We're not at St. Sam's now. We're on the planet Mars and there's a wacking grate crowd of Martians outside!"

"Oh crums! I'd forgotten where I was!" gasped Doctor Birchmell. "Shan't be a jiffy, Jolly!"

He tumbled out of his bunk and hastily donned his trowis, then went over to the window.

An extraordinary site met his gaze.

Thousands and thousands of the four-legged creetchers who lived on Mars were gliding along towards Professor Potty's rocket on their rollers. At the head of the procession was a Martian band, carrying musical instruments that looked like nothing on earth.

As previously mentioned, the Martians' heads were underneath their bodies instead of on top, and it was awfully comical to see them blowing away at their weird instruments and beating time with their feet on wacking grate drums just as if they were doing it upside down.

What took the Head's eye, however, was an important-looking Martian who was being drawn along on a kind of tank in front of the band. Doctor Birchmell, with his unanny instinct for putting two and two together and making five, immediately sensed that the Martian on the tank was rather a big noise on the planet.

"W-w-what do you think of it all, sir?" asked Mr. Lickham.

"Think, Lickham? Well, the first thought that occurs to me is that we are being highly honored this morning."

"Why shouldn't I speak English?" roared the Martian, in a voice like thunder. "Am I not Ig, the King of Mars? Have I not lissened to English broadcasts?"

In a cuple of jiffies the Head had finished dressing and was stepping out of the rocket.

Jack Jolly & Co. chuckled to see that each step carried him forward about ten yards. It was a funny thing that yewman beings weighed much less on Mars than on the Earth and, consequently, walked rather like figgers in a slow-motion film. The Law of Gravity was different—and the results quite upset the gravity of Jack Jolly & Co.!

Whenever Sammy Bunter approaches his "major," Billy, with a smile of brotherly affection, "W. G." is sure Sammy wants to borrow something. Bunter minor rarely succeeds—though the other day "W. G. B." lent him a smart new raincoat. But it turned out, later, that it was Johnny Bull's raincoat! Bull "showered" his wrath on both Bunters!

Harold Skinner executes his caricatures like lightning. When "Mossoo" Charpentier left the Form-room for a few moments, Skinner dashed off a rude caricature of the French master on the blackboard. When "Mossoo" saw Skinner's "lightning" effort, his voice "thundered" and his eyes "flashed"—but Skinner had "bolted" to "earth"!

Fisher T. Fish appeared in the rag in "black face" make-up, and danced and sang American songs, strumming on a banjo. Getting fed up with Fishy's nasal twang plus the "twang" of the banjo, Bolsover hurled a cushion, whereupon Fisher went "blacker" still! Bolsover had broken what might have been the first of a "string" of engagements! No "notes" for Fishy!

When the Head reached the Martian on the tank, he boughed low.

"Good morning, your honner!" he cried.

And then he had a shock. He hadn't anticipated that his words would be understood by any Martian; in fact, the idea of a nollidge of the English langwidge egg-sisting amongst such naked savvidges hadn't occurred to him as even a bare possibility.

So you can just imagine his serprize when the Martian roared back in perfect Oxbridge English: "Hail, English dog!"

through our marvellous receiving-sets for years? Have I not practised speaking English morning, noon, and nite?"

"I don't know," said the Head innersently. "Have you?"

"I have! Why, only two nites ago I lissened in to a broadcast account of your flight from the Earth!"

"M-m-my hat! Did you?"

"I did—and, what's more, I made up my mind that if you landed on Mars, I'd make such an egg-sample of you that nobody from the Earth would ever want to come here again! Dog of an Englishman! You had better prepare to die!"

For the first time since his arrival on the planet Mars, Doctor Birchmell showed signs of uneeziness.

"Yooooop! Lemme alone!" he gasped. "Look here, you beasty cadds, play the game!"

"Half a minnit! You've given me an idea!" said the Martian King. "Why shouldn't you play for your lives?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"There are seven of you—just enuff of you for a seven-a-side game of football!" cried the King of Mars. "Why not? I think it's a jolly good idea myself!"

"You—you mean you want us to play footer against a Martian team?"

"Impossible! We play on two legs and you, pre-

sumably, on four legs—so our two respective styles of play could never be on all fours."

"Pah! Little difficulties like that will soon be overcome when the game gets into its stride!" said the King of Mars. "You'll play—whether you like to or not! If you win, you can all have your freedom. If you lose, then you'll die!"

"Yarooooooo!"

"Cheer up, sir!" cried Jack Jolly. "You can rely on us to play the game of our lives—particularly as the game's FOR our lives! Never say die!"

The Head shrugged. "Very well, boys. It's a case of Hobson's choice, in any case. Did we bring our footer clobber?"

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"Good egg! Then we'll play, boys, as we've never played before!"

In less time than it takes to toll, the St. Sam's team, proudly wearing their St. Sam's cullers, were marching on to the field. The Martians, who had evidently picked up a lot from the wireless broadcasts from the Earth, had a pitch marked out for football and fielded a side of seven themselves. But when it came to playing, the St. Sam's fellows soon found that what the Martians didn't know about footer would have filled volumes.

It wasn't long before Jack Jolly & Co. had taken the mezzure of the home team, and by half-time the score was 3—0 in favor of St. Sam's. Three more goals were piled up in the second half, and the

visitors were just contemplating themselves on winning their freedom, when a garstly axcident ruined things completely.

Mr. Lickham, who hadn't played footer since William the Conqueror's time, or thereabouts, suddenly found the ball at his feet, and gave it a pitey kick without pawing to think which way he ought to kick it. And, by sheer bad luck, the ball

struck the King of Mars and knocked him spinning!

"Oh crums!" gasped the master of the Fourth. "Now I've done it!"

And he had, too! The game stopped as if by magic, and crowds of Martians, players and spectators alike, swarmed on to the field and closed round the St. Sam's egg-players.

Jack Jolly & Co. put up a ferocious struggle, but all to no avail. The Martians soon overwhelmed them, then dragged them off to a forbidding-looking cave, and forbade them to leave it.

The hearts of the egg-players sank to zero as they saw that their captors' rage was at boiling-point. They wondered what was going to happen; and the site of the Martians sealing the entrance with a wacking grate bader didn't make their bold spirits any bolder.

Darkness fell on them and one thought was uppermost in all minds—that they were in a dickens of a hole and that the outlook was a black one!

Don't miss the last instalment of Dicky's serial in next week's "Herald."



WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



Whenever Sammy Bunter approaches his "major," Billy, with a smile of brotherly affection, "W. G." is sure Sammy wants to borrow something.



Harold Skinner executes his caricatures like lightning. When "Mossoo" Charpentier left the Form-room for a few moments, Skinner dashed off a rude caricature of the French master on the blackboard.



Fisher T. Fish appeared in the rag in "black face" make-up, and danced and sang American songs, strumming on a banjo.



Marjorie Hazeldene and the girls of Cliff House were among the crowd which cheered Harry Wharton to the echo when the Remove XI presented him with a specially autographed football in appreciation of his successful captaincy.



When Bessie Bunter called at Greyfriars to collect half-a-crown owed her by her brother Billy, Vernon-Smith offered to settle the debt—and got his face slapped!



Bob Cherry says it is remarkable how Loder of the Sixth always manages to keep a scowl on his face. Loder's face lit up for a second the other day, however, when he thought he had backed a winning horse—but when he found it was a misprint, and he had lost his money, his scowl was worse than ever.

WILLIAM WIBLEY tears veil off

TEMPLE'S VALENTINE ROMANCE

Just to dispose of all the conflicting rumours that have been going the rounds about Temple's Valentine romance, I'm going to tell the truth about it. The facts are as follows:

On Valentine Day, Temple received a good old-fashioned Valentine card with pictures of hearts entwined, roses, and forget-me-nots scattered all over the place, and a sloppy poem about the moon and June and soon and flowers in bloom stuck in the middle.

Temple was not, of course, surprised. The only thing that surprises him is that more girls don't fall for his elegant and well-groomed charms.

What did take him aback a little, though, was to read a note on the back of the card: "Meet me to-morrow at five by the lightning-riven oak in Friardale Woods!"

After carefully thinking it out, Temple could only conclude that his fair and anonymous admirer had decided not to allow maidenly modesty to stand in the way of a meeting with her hero any longer.



On the following afternoon he rigged himself up like a lord and sailed along to the trysting-place. Sure enough, there, by the lightning-riven oak, was a young lady with golden curls, rosebud lips, pearly teeth, and all the rest of it. She smiled as soon as Temple appeared and dropped her eyes modestly to the ground.

Temple was completely captivated!

After introducing himself, Cecil Reginald proposed a trip to the Friardale bunshop for tea.

Who Wants a Footballer?

The Fifth Form Football Club are willing to transfer one of their players to any other club. Name: H. Coker. Present position: Loft Out-side. Plays a "sound" game—you can hear him all over the field!—Apply: G. BLUNDELL, Fifth Games Study.

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!



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