

A Rollicking Fine Complete Story  
of HARRY WHARTON & CO. in this

**FREE GIFT ISSUE!**

# The Magnet <sup>2<sup>nd</sup></sup>



**MAGIC PICTURES FREE WITH THIS ISSUE!**



THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT IN THIS GRAND SCHOOL YARN!

# The WOLF of BRAZIL! By FRANK RICHARDS



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### When the Stormy Winds Do Blow!

"O H!" gasped Harry Wharton. He awoke suddenly. And he awoke with a jump. All was dark! In the lower berth in No. 17 State-room, on D deck of the steamer *Comet*, Harry Wharton had been sleeping as soundly as in the old dormitory at Greyfriars School.

Far from Greyfriars now, the chums of the *Remove* were rolling down to Rio.

Billy Bunter, in the upper berth, was not sleeping soundly.

Billy Bunter, as a rule, was pretty good at sleeping. It came second on his list of the joys of life; eating came first.

But on this particular night slumber deserted Bunter. The *Comet* had struck a rough patch of weather in the South Atlantic. Big ship as she was, she rocked and rolled.

Billy Bunter was not sea-sick. He had got his sea-legs by that time. But he was alarmed.

Every time a big wave smote the *Comet*, the fat junior jumped in his berth, and wondered whether the steamer was going down.

Three or four times he had called to Wharton without receiving a reply. He had called to Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, who were in the next state-room, with a communicating door that was left open. Neither from them had he received any reply.

With the selfishness to which Billy Bunter was sorrowfully accustomed, they slept on, heedless of the fat junior's state of funk.

But Harry Wharton was awake now

It was not Bunter's fat squeak from above that had awakened him. It was something jamming into his neck.

He sat up with a gasp. "Oh! What the thump—" "Are you awake now, you beast?" inquired the voice of Billy Bunter from the darkness.

"Yes, you ass! Did you wake me? Something bunged into my neck—" "It was this umbrella—" "What?"

"You see, I called you about twenty times, and you didn't wake up. Then I remembered I'd left the umbrella hooked on the bunk. Lucky, wasn't it? So I poked you with it—" "You fat owl!" roared Wharton.

He rubbed his neck. Bunter, leaning over from the upper berth, had poked him there with the umbrella to awaken him. It had been quite an efficacious method. Rip van Winkle himself would probably have awakened, with the business-end of an umbrella jabbing into his neck.

"I say, old chap—" "You potty ass!" howled Wharton. "You've nearly punctured my neck! What the thump do you mean by jabbing me in the neck?"

"I didn't know it was your neck! I was just jabbing to wake you! How was I to know you'd get it in the neck? It might have gone in your eye—" "You—you—" gasped Wharton. "I have a jolly good mind to turn out and give you six with your fatheaded umbrella!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—" "Shut up, and let a fellow go to sleep, fathead!"

"I—I say, old chap, don't go to sleep! It's a bit awkward leaning over and poking you—I might pitch out—" "You poke me again," said the captain of the *Greyfriars Remove*, in concentrated tones, "and there will be a dead porpoise lying about this cabin soon afterwards."

"I say, old fellow, is the ship going down?"

"Is that what you've woke me up to ask?" yelled Wharton.

"Yes, old chap! I say, think we'd better get out and get to the life-belts? I—I—I think the ship's going down."

Harry Wharton did not answer that. He had been awakened, after midnight, by the sharp ferrule of an umbrella jabbing into his neck, because Billy Bunter fancied that the steamer could not rock and roll a little without being in danger of going down.

Words were inadequate. Action appealed to the captain of the *Remove* more than words.

He sat up in the darkness, groped outside his bunk, and got a grip on the umbrella in the fat hand above.

Having gripped it, he jerked at it, suddenly and hard.

The umbrella had a crook handle, and Bunter was holding it by the crook. But that sharp and sudden jerk wrenched it from his fat paw.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter, very nearly tumbling out of the bunk. "What—" "Swish!"

Crack!

The umbrella, in the hand from the lower bunk, swished through the air. The crook handle landed on a fat head leaning out of the upper bunk.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

He forgot that the ship was going down, for the moment! He clasped a fat hand to a fat head and roared.

Crack!

The umbrella smote again, but this



time it landed only on woodwork. Bunter's head had popped back out of reach, like that of a tortoise into its shell.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Wow! Wharrer you up to, you silly ass? Ow! My napper! You've nearly knocked my brains out! Ow!"

"Never knew you had any——"  
"Beast!"

"Lean over again, can't you?"

"Eh! What for?"

"I want to give you another swipe!"

"Yah! Beast!" Bunter did not lean over again.

"Well, I've got the broolly now," said Wharton, "I'll keep it—and if you wake me up again, look out for it! Go to sleep, you fat ass!"

"I say, old chap——"

"Shut up!"

"We're in danger——"

"Will you let me go to sleep?"

"I believe the ship's going down——"

"If you say another word I'll get out to you and bust the broolly over your fat head!" roared Wharton.

Billy Bunter was silent!

He did not even retort "Beast!" Wharton's voice sounded as if he meant what he said; and the Owl of the Remove did not want the broolly "busted" over his head.

Wharton settled down to slumber again. Bunter, quite unsettled, listened to the roar of the sea, the roar of the wind, and swayed to the swaying of the rocking steamer.

How Wharton could sleep in the imminence of such fearful danger was a mystery to Bunter. The answer to that one was that Wharton was not in a state of funk, and did not believe that there was any danger.

But to Bunter, danger was imminent. Bunter knew that if a ship rolled on its beam beyond a certain angle, it was bound to turn over. The exact danger point he did not know: but every time the Comet rolled to a mighty Atlantic billow, he dreaded that danger-point was reached, and passed—and that the steamer was about to turn turtle.

Encompassed by such fearful perils, Bunter was not likely to sleep: or to let anyone else sleep if he could help it.

For five minutes or so Bunter repressed his terrors—the danger of the umbrella being nearer than the danger of going down! But a mighty roll of the Comet made him clutch hold and squeak. For a long, awful moment, the fat Owl of the Remove quaked in terror of the fatal rush of water, swamping the steamer fore and aft. There was no rush—and he breathed again. But he had no doubt that it was nearly the finish.

He leaned over and yelled:

"Wharton! I say, Wharton, you beast, you gerrup and get me a life-belt, see? You help me out to the boats—do you hear? I'm not going to be drowned to please you! You'd jolly well like me to be drowned, I know that! Wake up, you beast!"

No answer.

"Will you wake up?" howled Bunter.

Wharton remained asleep.

Bunter felt bitterly the loss of the umbrella. With that, he could have awakened the beast in the lower bunk. He had to wake him somehow. He was

not going to stay in that bunk, to be drowned like a rat in a trap when the ship went down. And with the steamer rolling and pitching, he did not feel equal to climbing down unaided.

He remembered that he had parked a tin of toffee under his pillow—a prudent precaution against possibly waking up hungry in the night. In his terror of descending to the watery realm of Davy Jones, Bunter was not, for once, thinking of eating. He had another use for the tin of toffee.

He groped for it, found it, and hung over the edge of the bunk. It was not easy to take aim in such difficult circumstances, but luck favoured Bunter. The toffee-tin flew from his hand and landed on the head of the sleeper below.

Crack!

"Whoop!"

Harry Wharton jumped out of slumber again.

"Ow! What——"

"I say, old chap——" squeaked Bunter.

"Is that you again?" shrieked Wharton.

"Yes, old fellow! I say, gerrup, old chap, and help me out of this bunk, and get me to the life-belts. You can go back to bed afterwards. I don't mind if you get drowned, old chap! Help me out!"

"I'll help you out!" gasped Wharton.

**Harry Wharton & Co. are fast nearing Brazil, where they are to meet Jim Valentine, once their pal in the Greyfriars Remove. But at every step they are menaced by the relentless cunning of O Lobo—the WOLF of BRAZIL!**

He grasped the umbrella by the ferrule end and reached up with the crook. The crook hooked over the fat neck of the fat Owl, leaning above.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "What——"

He jumped as contact was established. Wharton tugged.

"Yarooop!"

Bunter had asked to be helped out of his bunk. He was helped out—hooked out by the umbrella! There was a bump on the floor of No. 17 State-room, on D deck of the steamer Comet—a bump that nearly shook the steamer. It was succeeded by a roar that nearly drowned the bellow of the sea.

"Yoop! Whoop! Wow! Beast! Oh crikey! Yarooooh!"

"Now shut up!" said Harry. "I've helped you out, and you can go to the boats, or go to Jericho, but if you wake up again I'll scalp you!"

And he laid his head on the pillow again.

Billy Bunter staggered up, clutching hold of the dressing-table, which was fortunately fixed in its place. For a long minute or two the fat Owl clung there, while the Comet rocked and rolled, then, clutching at the bulkhead for support as he went, he groped his way through the open communicating

doorway into the next state-room. Giving up Harry Wharton as a bad job, the Owl of the Remove went farther in search of help in the awful danger that threatened.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Going Down Fast!

**B**OB CHERRY, in No. 18, was fast asleep.

He was dreaming that he was back at Greyfriars, on the football field, and charging Smithy off the ball. He was startled out of that agreeable vision of slumber by a fat hand clawing over his face in the dark.

"Oooogh!" gasped Bob.

"I say, old chap——" came a gasping voice. "Is that you, Bob, or the other beast?"

"Bunter, you blithering Owl——"

"Oh, it's you, old fellow! I say, get up at once! The ship's going down!" gasped Bunter.

"G-g-going down!" stuttered Bob.

"May go any minute! I say, I want to get a life-belt on—and get into a boat. They're leaving us behind!"

"Oh crikey!"

"It's the captain's duty to look after the passengers first, you know, but he's forgotten all about us——"

"Come a bit nearer, Bunter! I can't get you with this pillow where you are."

"Beast!" howled Bunter.

He groped at the other bunk. Johnny Bull awakened suddenly as the bed-clothes were dragged off him.

"Oh! Ah! Oooogh! What the thump—— Is that you larking, Bob, you silly ass?" hooted Johnny.

"It's a mad porpoise got into the cabin," answered Bob.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Bunter! What are you up to?" roared Johnny Bull.

"The ship's going down, old chap."

"Is it? Well, whether it is or not, you are!" said Johnny Bull, and he swiped with a pillow.

The steamer did not go down. But Billy Bunter did! He went down with a bump and a roar.

"Now wait a minute," said Johnny Bull. "Wait till I get out! I'm going to kick you back to your own room."

There was a sound of rapid movement in the darkness. Billy Bunter did not wait for Johnny Bull. He squirmed away to another communicating doorway, on the other side of the cabin, which led to No. 19, occupied by Frank Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

There, as he staggered in the dark and clutched about for support, his hand came in contact with an electric light switch. He pressed it at once, and flashed on the light.

"I say, you fellows!" howled Bunter.

Two startled faces looked at him from the bunks.

"What the dickens——" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"What the terrific thump——" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows, the ship's going down! I—I came in to warn you, not because I want you to help me out to the boats!" gasped Bunter. "I say, get up at once! There's not a second to spare——"

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"You howling ass—"  
 "You preposterous fathead!"  
 "I tell you we're in fearful danger!" howled Bunter. "I want you to help me to the boats—you know I'm short-sighted, you beast! I say, you fellows, get up and lend a fellow a hand—"

"If I get up I'll lend you a foot, you flabby funk!" roared Nugent. "Shut up, and go back to bed!"

"Ow!" gasped Bunter, as the steamer rolled, and he lost his footing and sat down.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Ow! Oh crikey! Help!"  
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry's face looked up through the doorway. "Has Bunter tipped you that the ship's going down? He's right—she's going down fast!"

"What?" gasped Nugent and the nabob together.

"To Rio!" added Bob, in a lower voice, that did not reach Bunter.

"Oh, you ass!"  
 "Buck up, Bunter!" roared Bob. "Get a move on, old fat man! Like me to help you? You can't shift all that fat by yourself. I'll help you!"

"Ow! Help me up—wow—"

"I've got you, old chap!"  
 Bob Cherry had got Bunter—by a fat ear! He pulled, and the Owl of the Remove came to his feet, with a yell.

"Ow! You silly ass! Don't pull my ear off!" yelled Bunter.

"What does your silly ear matter at a time like this?" exclaimed Bob.

"Come on! You know the ship's going down, don't you?"

"Ow! Yes. Help!"

"Come on!"

Nugent and the nabob, entering into Bob's little joke, jumped out of their bunks and followed on, to No. 17.

Johnny Bull joined them on the way. Harry Wharton, just dropping off to sleep again, started up as the light flashed on in No. 17, and stared blankly at the Co.

"What the dickens—" he exclaimed.

"Buck up!" roared Bob. "There's time to get to the boats before the ship sinks—"

"I suppose there is, fathead, as she isn't sinking."

"My dear chap, she's going down! This way, Bunter!" Bob threw open the door of No. 17, and the cold Atlantic wind blew in. "Get the purser, Bunter—you know the way. Run for it!"

He helped Bunter out on to the swaying deck. The fat Owl blinked round him in wild alarm. The deck slanted, and the buffeting of the waters was loud and continuous. To Bunter's terrified mind, the Comet was about to turn turtle in a chaos of wild waters. There seemed to be no sign of alarm on the ship—which was curious, to say the least, if she was in danger of sinking. But Bunter felt enough alarm for a whole ship's company.

"I say, hold me!" he gasped. "I say, don't leggo! I say, help me along to the purser's room and make him get me a place in the boat—"

"This way—"

Bob hooked Bunter along to the door of the purser's room. Bunter hung on that door and banged; and Bob, leaving him to it, scudded back to No. 17. He did not want to interview the purser personally. He was willing to leave that to Bunter on his own.

Bunter banged, and banged.

The door slid open, and an astonished purser stared out. Bunter staggered in at the doorway as the ship rolled,

clutched at the purser, and hung on to him.

"Help!" he gasped.

"What the blanky-blank!" gasped the purser. "Sea-sick! Want a steward or—"

"Boats—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Help me to the boats—"

"Bub-bub-bub-boats!" stuttered the purser.

"Ow! Yes! Help! Where's the captain? Help! Get me a place in a boat!" yelled Bunter. "I'm not going to be left behind!"

"You can't go off in a boat!" gasped the amazed purser. "Do you think we have boat trips at this time of night?"

"You silly fool—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"The ship's going down!" shrieked Bunter. "Help me to the boats! I'm jolly well going in the boats! I'm not going to be drowned."

"My eye!" said the purser.

"Help!"

"The ship ain't going down!" yelled the purser. "Do you think the passengers wouldn't be called if the ship was going down? Go back to bed, you young idiot!"

"I won't! I—I'm not going to bed, when—"

"Well, I am!" said the purser. And he unhooked Bunter's frantic clasp, pushed him out of the doorway, and shut the door on him.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. Another roll of the steamer caught him, and he sat down.

He did not get up again. He crawled along on his fat hands and knees back to No. 17. Clearly there was no help to be had from the purser. Bunter would have hunted out the captain if he had known where to find him. As it was, he crawled back to his stateroom.

The door was open, and the light gleamed out. Billy Bunter blinked in, through his big spectacles, at five fellows in pyjamas, who were yelling with laughter. At the sight of his fat face and his eyes popping through his big spectacles the yells redoubled.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter come back to save our lives!" roared Bob Cherry. "Save us, Bunter! The ship's going down!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked! The purser's conduct was really extraordinary, if the ship really was going down. Bunter was smitten with doubt. And the sight of the fellows in No. 17 confirmed that doubt. Even Billy Bunter realised that the Famous Five of the Remove would not have been howling with laughter on the verge of taking the final plunge down to Davy Jones' locker!

"I say, you fellows!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I don't believe the ship's going down at all!" gasped Bunter. "You said it was, Cherry, you beast!"

"So it is!" answered Bob.

"The purser said it wasn't!" hooted Bunter.

"Then the captain can't have told him our destination," answered Bob.

"We've all paid our fares to go down—"

"Eh?"

"To Rio!"

"Wha-at?"

"And we're going down—"

"Beast!"

"To Rio!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, hanging on to his bunk, glared at the hilarious five, with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. It was clear, even to the funky

fat Owl, by this time, that the steamer was not going down to the bottom of the sea. She was certainly going down to Rio—but there was nothing alarming in that!

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

"You're not going back to bed!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "We're going down fast—to Rio!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled into his bunk. The Famous Five, chuckling, went back to bed. There were no more alarms that stormy night. Satisfied at last that the Comet was not going down, Billy Bunter closed his eyes, slept, and snored; the fat Owl ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Billy Bunter Does Not Go Ashore!

"LAND?"  
 "Yes!"

"Beast!" said Bunter.

It was the following day, and after a rough night, the skies, a smiling blue, beamed down on the Greyfriars voyagers, and the swell left on the sea did not bother them. Bunter, coming up after lunch, found the Famous Five standing at the rail, looking at a blur that rose out of the blue sea. Dom Joao Frulo, the planter from Brazil, was pointing it out to them. Billy Bunter rolled up and joined the group. He turned his eyes, and his spectacles, on the dark mass that showed over the sea, and inquired whether it was land—to which Harry Wharton replied in the affirmative. Bunter's rejoinder rather surprised the captain of the Remove.

From Billy Bunter's point of view, all the Greyfriars fellows were more or less "beasts." Still, Wharton could not see anything particularly beastly in the statement that land was land.

"What's biting you now, fatty?" asked Bob Cherry.

"You told me Teneriffe was the last stop," said Bunter, with an accusing blink at the Famous Five. "I jolly well know your game! You want to keep me from going ashore at the next port!"

"You silly ass!"

"Yah! I say, what's that land called?"

"Cape Verde Islands."

"Well, I'm going ashore at Cape Verde!" said Bunter. "You can jolly well try to pull my leg, if you like; but you jolly well won't get by with it. See? When do we go ashore?"

"Fathead!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're not going ashore at Cape Verde, because—"

"Because you don't want me?" sneered Bunter. "Well, I don't want you, if you come to that! Stick on the steamer, if you like."

"The stickfulness will be terrific," grinned Hurreo Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Mean to say you're not getting a run ashore, you fellows?" demanded Bunter.

"No; because—"

"Well, please yourselves. I'm going. Are you going, Mr. Frulo?" Billy Bunter blinked at the Brazilian gentleman, who was staring at him.

Dom Joao Frulo never seemed quite able to understand William George Bunter. The man from Brazil had a wide and varied experience of places and people, but the fat Owl of Greyfriars seemed to be a new one to him. He was now staring at Bunter with a puzzled expression on his coppery face.



"Nao, nao!" he replied. "Isso e impossivel—"

"I wish you'd speak English!" grunted Bunter. "Can't you talk plain English, instead of that idiotic lingo?"

Mr. Frulo gave him a fixed look. He was a good-natured and kind-hearted man, as the juniors had soon learned during their trip with him out to Brazil to join Jim Valentine. And he was polite, like almost all people of Portuguese race. But both his kind heart and his politeness seemed to fail him sometimes in dealing with W. G. Bunter.

Now, instead of answering Bunter's question, he turned and walked along the deck, leaving a blue trail of smoke behind him from the cigar.

Bunter blinked after him.

"Has that chap gone deaf?" he inquired.

"You're jolly well not!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"I'll jolly well show you!" said Bunter. "I'm going to my cabin now to get ready, and as soon as the ship stops, I'm going ashore, and you jolly well won't stop me, see? I'm my own master, I hope."

"Not quite. You see—"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter.

And he rolled away to No. 17, to get ready for the trip ashore. He was quite determined that he was going. His mind was irrevocably made up on that point.

He left the other fellows grinning.

On the voyage out, the steamer had stopped in succession at Lisbon, Madeira, and Teneriffe, and the juniors had had a run ashore. But it was not stopping at the Cape Verde Islands—which rose out of the sea, only to sink

faded into the sea. They would have been glad of a nearer view, but that was impossible. And, anyhow, they were keen to get on to Brazil, and to the plantation up-country, where they were to meet Jim Valentine, once their pal in the Remove at Greyfriars.

Bunter having left them, Mr. Frulo strolled back and rejoined the juniors. He was telling them about the "fazenda" or plantation, where Jim Valentine lived with his Uncle Peter, on the Rio Rexo, far from the city of Rio de Janeiro, where they were to land, when Bunter reappeared on deck.

Billy Bunter was, in his own opinion, at least, a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever, in his shore-going rig.

Certainly he was better dressed than usual.

Wharton's best trousers were, perhaps,



"I'll help you out of your bunk with pleasure, old fat man," said Harry Wharton. He grasped the umbrella by the ferrule end and reached up with the crook. The crook hooked over the fat neck above. "Ow!" gasped Bunter, as Wharton tugged. "Whoop!" Bunter had asked to be helped out, and he was helped out—by the umbrella!

"Perhaps he doesn't like to hear his native language described as an idiotic lingo!" suggested Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Well, that's what it is, ain't it?" said Bunter. "The way these foreigners cackle to one another in their silly languages makes me tired. I've never made out how they understand one another. It's just the same on the wireless—you turn on a foreign station, and hear them jabbering in some silly lingo you can't understand. Lot of dummies, if you ask me. If I turn on Radio Paris, I always get a lot of idiotic French—"

"What do you expect them to speak in Paris?" asked Bob. "Chinese?"

"Oh, don't be an ass! Look here, if you fellows stick on board, I can go ashore on my own—in fact, I'd prefer it. I'm going, anyhow."

again therein as the Comet churned onward. Teneriffe, in the Canaries, had been the last of the Old World at which the Comet touched. Of the Cape Verde Islands they had only a distant glimpse in passing.

That was why the chums of the Remove were not going ashore! Billy Bunter, unaware of that circumstance, proceeded to prepare for landing.

Bunter liked to be rather a nut when he went ashore. He dressed himself with unusual care for the occasion. His own wardrobe being rather limited, he made a generous selection from five others. So for the next half-hour he was very busy in State-rooms Nos 17, 18, and 19, wandering from one to another, like a lion seeking what he might devour.

Harry Wharton & Co. continued to watch the Cape Verde Islands as they

a little tight; and Johnny Bull's jacket pinched a little; but Nugent's waistcoat had been made to fit by slitting the back. Hurree Singh's panama hat looked nice; so did Bob Cherry's necktie, tied on one of Wharton's clean collars. And Nugent's tan shoes fitted Bunter pretty well. Thus arrayed, and feeling rather like Solomon in all his glory, the fat Owl rolled up to the group of juniors.

"Haven't we stopped yet?" he demanded.

"Not yet," grinned Bob.

"How long before we stop, then?"

"Three or four days."

"Oh, don't talk rot!" howled Bunter. "With land in sight, it can't be more than a matter of hours. You can't stuff me. You can take this from me—I'm going ashore at Cape Verde."



"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" snorted Bunter. "I'll jolly well show you whether I can't do as I jolly well like! I say, you fellows! Where's that land got to? I can't see it now."

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

As the Cape Verde Islands were sinking astern to the north-east, it was not surprising that Bunter could not see them, by blinking ahead to the south-west. Even with the aid of his big spectacles, he couldn't.

"Oh, cackle!" snorted Bunter. "I'm going ashore, all the same. You'd like to pull my leg, and leave me on the steamer. Yah! I'll show you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter grunted angrily, and rolled away. He did not go back to his cabin. They were boasts enough to leave him there, without telling him when it was time to go ashore. He walked the deck, and kept a wary eye open. But the wariest of eyes, and the biggest of spectacles, failed to pick up islands that had now faded out of view astern.

Bunter bagged a steward at last, to obtain information. He grabbed the man's arm as he passed along the deck.

"I say! When do we stop?" he demanded. "How long before we put in at Cape Verde?"

The steward blinked at him.

"We don't put in at Cape Verde, sir," he answered.

"What?" gasped Bunter.

"Next stop Pernambuco—last stop before Rio," said the steward; and he went on his way, leaving Bunter blinking.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five; and Mr. Frulo grinned.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

And he rolled away to State-room No. 17, to get out of his shoro-going clobber. Harry Wharton's trousers and Johnny Bull's jacket certainly looked nicer than Bunter's own, but they were rather tight, and Bunter did not want to keep them on till the Comet reached South America.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER

Plucky!

"WHAT you want, old chap, is a little pluck."

"What?"

"Pluck!" said Bunter, firmly and calmly.

Harry Wharton looked at William George Bunter, with a very expressive look.

Under a sunset of blazing purple and gold, the Comet was churning the Atlantic, southward for Brazil. They were passing the Equator now, and in little more than another day they expected to see the vast continent of South America rising from the ocean. Sitting in deck-chairs under the golden sunset, the chums of the Remove were talking of their adventures during the trip ashore at Teneriffe, where they had clambered up the famous peak.

Billy Bunter hadn't done any clambering. If there was a mountain to be climbed, Bunter preferred to do his bit by sitting down at the foot thereof.

On Teneriffe, Harry Wharton had had a narrow escape from O Lobo, the Brazilian bravo, and had had to run for his life. It had been a thrilling adventure—rather too thrilling for

the captain of the Remove to wish it to be repeated. The juniors were debating whether it was possible that O Lobo, the Wolf, could have got ahead of them to Pernambuco, the next stop. But it seemed unlikely. Billy Bunter listened to the talk with an expression of scorn on his fat face.

"I think not," said Mr. Frulo, shaking his head. "That very bad man, O Lobo, follow me to Inglaterra, and seek that I take not my young master's letter to his friends at a school. Yes. He do not want that the young senhores go to come to meet the young Senhor Valentine at Boa Vista. Nao. But he is leave behind at Teneriffe, and now he can do what you call, in English, nix."

"But we left him behind at Boulogne, sir," said Harry, "and he got ahead of us at Lisbon. We left him behind there again, but he cut ahead at Teneriffe."

"That was because we make a stop at Teneriffe, and he have time to go to come to a Teneriffe," said Mr. Frulo. "But from Teneriffe we go to come to Pernambuco, and there is no stop on a way, so now he is what you call a behind-hand."

"That's all right," said Bob. "We've really dropped the brute this time, unless he nips across by air, which isn't probable."

"He's a sticker," said Harry. "We found out at Boulogne that he had taken a passage on this very steamer. And goodness knows what would have happened if we hadn't spotted him. I shouldn't be surprised if he turned up at Pernambuco. He's got some desperate reason for wanting to keep us away from the Valentine plantation, and he's shown that he won't stick at much. I should have been a goner on Teneriffe, if Herr Blitz hadn't turned up and driven the rotter off."

It was then that Billy Bunter weighed into the conversation.

Scorn had been growing more and more expressive on Bunter's fat face. And now he put it into words.

Wharton's fixed stare did not disconcert the fat Owl. He blinked at the captain of the Remove through his big spectacles, and sniffed.

"Pluck," he repeated—"that's what you want! That Brazilian fellow, Lobo, has got you all in a tremble."

"You fat idiot!" said Harry.

"Be a man!" advised Bunter. "I'm not afraid of the fellow. Do I look as if I were afraid of him, like you, old chap?"

"Who's afraid of him?" roared Wharton.

"You are, ain't you?" said Bunter. "Why, my dear chap, I haven't given him a thought since we left Teneriffe!"

"You'll give him plenty of thoughts if we run up against him at Pernambuco, you fat blitherer!" said Bob Cherry.

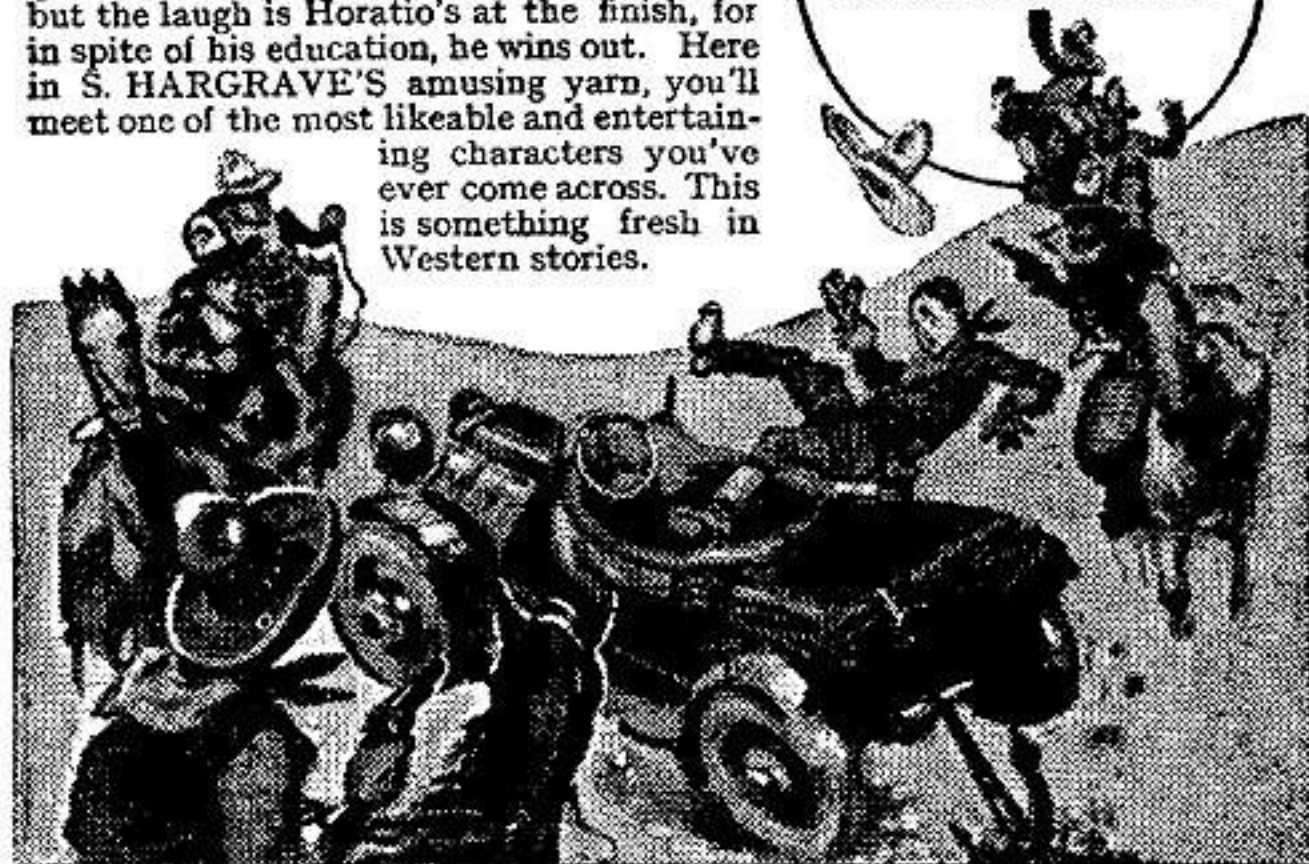
"I'd be jolly glad to," said Bunter calmly. "If he'd had me to deal with on Teneriffe, he wouldn't have got away so easily. Wharton ran away from him. I don't want to be rough on a chap who happens to be a bit of a funk. But, really, you can't say it was Greyfriars style—running away from a rotten foreigner."

Harry Wharton sat silent, his cheeks red with vexation. Had Bunter been anybody but the fat and flabby ass he was, he would probably have been the recipient of a punch on his fat nose. But the fat and fatuous Owl was not worth punching. The captain of the Remove did not speak. Mr. Frulo rose from his deck-chair, and strolled along the deck, as he generally did

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when Bunter added his dulcet tones to the conversation.

"You blithering, blithering ass!" said Frank Nugent. "O Lobo had a knife when he got after Wharton."

"I dare say Wharton imagined the knife," said Bunter calmly. "Fellows in a funk will fancy anything."

"Even that a ship is going down, when it rolls a bit," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Yah. Besides, suppose he did have a knife?" said Bunter scornfully. "Do you know what I should have done? I should have knocked him spinning, and taken the knife away from him. Why didn't you, Wharton?"

Wharton made no reply to that. It was easy enough to explain why an unarmed schoolboy had not knocked down a hefty ruffian armed with a knife. But Wharton disdained to answer.

Bunter sniggered. At the moment, with hundreds of miles of Atlantic between him and the Brazilian bandit, Billy Bunter was not afraid of O Lobo. Bunter was always as brave as a lion, while danger was far away. When danger drew nigh, he more closely resembled a rabbit. At the moment it was far away. So for courage, a lion had nothing on Bunter.

"Pity I wasn't there," he remarked. "If you fellows had treated me decently, I should have gone up the Peak of Teneriffe with you, and then I should have been on the spot to protect you, Wharton. Keep with me at Pernambuco, old chap. I'll see you through."

Harry Wharton rose from his chair, and walked away after Mr. Frulo.

Billy Bunter blinked after him.

"I say, you fellows, is Wharton shirty about anything?" he asked.

"I wonder!" said Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"That chap's got a rotten temper," said Bunter, shaking his head. "Blessed if I know how you stand him in the study at Greyfriars, Franky."

"Oh, shut up, you fat ass!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! If Wharton's stuffy because I can't stand a fellow being funky, I'm sorry—but there it is! What he wants is a little pluck, as I told him! Can you fellows see me running away from a rotten foreigner?"

"Can't see you doing anything else!" said Bob.

"The runfulness would be terrific."

"Well, I only hope we shall run into the man again!" said Bunter valorously. "I'll jolly well show you! I'd just like a chance at him! I'd let him see that we're not all funks at Greyfriars!"

"Oh, kick him!" growled Johnny Bull.

"If Wharton had had my pluck," said Bunter, "that blighter, Lobo, would have been bagged at Teneriffe, and you fellows wouldn't be so jolly nervous about meeting him in South America. What a pity I wasn't on the spot!"

"You may have a chance yet!" said Bob. "O Lobo had taken a ticket on this very steamer, and he sheered off because he was spotted. Suppose he got on board at Teneriffe without our spotting him?"

Bunter started.

The bare idea of the Brazilian bravo having boarded the Comet unseen, and sailed in the steamer, was enough to deprive Bunter, for the moment, of all his lion-like courage. And that, it was known, had been the bandit's original intention.

But the fat junior quickly recovered. "Rot!" he said. "I heard Wharton say that he saw the brute standing on

the Mole at Teneriffe, when we came off in the launch. He couldn't have got on the steamer. The fact is, I wish he had! I only wish he'd show up this very minute! I'd knock him down fast enough, and hold him till he could be handed over to the captain and put in irons. His knife, if he's got one, wouldn't frighten me," added Bunter sarcastically.

Johnny Bull rose to his feet.

"I'm going to kick him," he said. "No fellow can be expected to stand Bunter, without kicking him once a day at least! Jim Valentine must have forgotten what he was like when he asked him to come out to Brazil with us—not that he really asked him. He only said the fat freak could come if he liked, and he had to barge in! I'm going to kick him. Get out of that chair, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" retorted Bunter.

"Then I'll jolly well tip you out of it!"

Bunter got out of the chair with a bound. But he did not stay to be kicked. He bolted along the deck.

At a safe distance he turned to hoot: "Yah! Funks!"

Then he vanished to another deck in haste.

Harry Wharton came back when he was gone, and dropped into his chair. His face was a little set in expression, and Frank Nugent touched his arm.

"You don't mind that blithering ass' bletcher, surely, Harry," he said.

"Well, no, but—"

### READERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

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"Bunter's bletcher is going to stop!" said Bob Cherry. "I fancy his courage will peter out a bit when he sees O Lobo on the steamer."

Wharton stared.

"O Lobo isn't on the steamer," he said.

"Not at present," agreed Bob. "But he's coming to-night."

"How can he, fathead, when we're hundreds of miles from land?"

"Quite easily—if I haven't forgotten what old Wibley taught me about making up as a bandit, in our jolly old theatricals at Greyfriars," answered Bob. "When Bunter sees O Lobo, I don't think he'll stop to look at him very closely."

The Co. stared at Bob for a moment, and then there was a roar of laughter. Mr. Frulo, coming along the deck, stopped and smiled.

"You have one small joke along with yourselves, little senhores?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!" answered Bob. And the little joke was told to Mr. Frulo, who chuckled as he listened.

Billy Bunter, at dinner that evening, noticed that the Co. seemed to be in a smiling mood. He even suspected that there might be some little joke on. But he did not suspect what it was. And that night he rolled into his bunk, without the remotest anticipation of the awful events that were to eventuate during the dark hours.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### An Alarm in the Night!

THE night was warm. Warmer and warmer latitudes greeted the Comet as she churned on ever southward. The Atlantic rolled calm under the stars. Doors were slid wide open to admit the breeze from the sea into the stuffy state-rooms.

Billy Bunter, in No. 17, slept and snored. Harry Wharton, in the lower bunk, did not sleep—he smiled. He was wide awake, but displayed no sign of alarm when a dark-cloaked figure slipped into the cabin from the adjoining room.

The gleam of a flash-lamp shot through the dark.

Bunter's snore suddenly ceased.

He had awakened.

The dark-cloaked figure had caught up a cushion, and tossed it into the fat Owl's bunk. The sudden bump jerked Billy Bunter out of the land of dreams. The light was shut off.

"Urrgh!" grunted Bunter. "What's that? Wurrgh! What beast woko me up! Gurrgh!"

"Rise!" came a deep, husky voice from the dark.

Bunter jumped.

He had been about to close his eyes again. Now he propped them wide open, and peered into the gloom.

"Who—who—who's that?" he stuttered.

"Corpo de Deos!" came the husky voice. "Do you not know?"

"Oh crikey!"

"Get out of that bunk, Senhor Bunter."

"I—I say, I—I— Oh lor'! Wharton! I say, Wharton, you beast, wake up! I say, there's somebody in the cabin!" howled Bunter.

No reply from Wharton. He did not wake, as he was not asleep. But he gave no sign.

"Silence!" came the deep voice. "One cry for help, and you die the death of a dorg—I mean, a dog!"

"Who—who—who is it?" stammered Bunter, peering into the darkness of the state-room with terrified eyes.

"Have you ever heard of O Lobo?"

"Oh crikey!"

"Rise, or my knife—"

"Yaroooh!"

"Your life hangs on a thread! Ha! Did you know that I was at hand when you said that you did not fear O Lobo? Ha!"

"Oh lor'! I—I say, if—if you want Wharton, he's in the other bunk! I—I say, you lemme alone! Ow!"

"I want you!" came the deep voice. "Get up!" The flash-lamp gleamed again on Bunter's fat, terrified face.

In the glimmer of the light, Bunter had a glimpse of a dark, cloaked figure, with the face wholly hidden by a black mask.

Through the eye-holes cut in the black cloth of which the mask was manufactured, two eyes gleamed.

"Wharton! I say, you fellows! Bob! Johnny! Wake up!" yelled Bunter. "It's O Lobo! He's on the ship! Help!"

"Silence, on your life!"

Holding the flash-lamp in one hand, the cloaked intruder grasped the fat Owl of the Remove with the other. Bunter was rolled out of the bunk.

He made a wild grab at the fellow in the lower bunk to awaken him. Billy Bunter did not fear O Lobo, or a dozen of him, while he was on the sea and O Lobo on the land. But when O Lobo



was on the steamer, and in his state-room, it was quite a different proposition. The fat junior was in dire terror now.

"Ow!" gasped Wharton, as a groping fat hand clutched his hair. "Wow! Leggo!"

"Wake up!" gasped Bunter. "It's Lobo—here—"

"Rot!" said Harry.

"I tell you he's here—he's got hold of my arm!" howled Bunter.

"Well, knock him down. That's what you were going to do, if you met him, wasn't it?"

"Ow! He's got a knife, you idiot!"

"Take it away from him, as you were going to do, if you met him on Tenerife," suggested Wharton.

"You silly idiot, get up!" shrieked Bunter.

"No fear! If he doesn't want me, why should I get up? If he wants you, he's welcome to you."

"Beast!" yelled Bunter.

"Turn on the light, and let me see you knock him down and take his knife away. Bunter!" suggested the captain of the Remove.

"Ow! Oh lor'! Help!"

"Silence, senhor!" came the deep voice. "My knife—"

"Yaroooh!" roared Billy Bunter, as the tip of a fountain-pen was pressed to a fat rib. "Ow! Stop! D-d-d-don't! I—I say, I—I'll do anything you like! Tick-tuck-take that knife away! Ow!"

"Ha! This trusty blade will drink your blood—"

"Ow!"

"Unless you swear—"

"Oh lor'!"

"When the boy Wharton was in my hands," came the deep voice, "I promised him life if he would give up the journey to Brazil, and return to England without seeing Jim Valentine. He refused! Will you swear to do so?"

"Oh! Yes! Yes, rather!"

"Or die the death of a porpoise—I mean, a dog—"

"Yes! I—I don't want to go to Brazil!" wailed Bunter. "I don't want to see Jim Valentine! I—I don't like the chap! I—I'd rather go back to England! I—I would, really! I—I'd like to get back to school! I want to get back to my lessons, you know! I—I say, gerraway!"

"You swear to turn back at Pernambuco, if I spare your life?"

"Ow! Yes!"

"Take a solemn oath before I plunge this pen—I mean, this deadly knife—into your layers of fat! Swear by the beard of your grandfather, and the whiskers of Aunt Tabitha's tabby cat—"

"Oh dear!"

There was a sound from the adjoining cabin. Had Bunter been a little less terrified, he would have noticed it, and wondered who was chuckling. But the cloaked, masked figure in the glimmer of light, the sharp point pressed on the sleeve of his pyjama jacket and pricking his fat arm, scared the Owl of the Remove almost out of his fat wits. He was conscious of nothing but blue funk.

"Will you swear?" came the threatening deep voice.

"Ow! Yes! Anything you like!"

"Corpo de baccy-pipe! Swear!"

"I—I—I swear!" gasped Bunter.

"By the beard of your grandfather—"

"Bub-by the bub-bib-beard of my gog-gig-grandfather—"

"And the whiskers of Aunt Tabitha's tabby cat—"

"And the woo-woo-whiskers of Aunt

Tabitha's tut-tut-tabby kik-kik-cat—" stuttered Bunter.

"Can I trust you?" hissed the cloaked one.

"Ow! Yes! Wow! Oh lor'!"

The masked man stepped back. He threw the light of his flash-lamp full on Bunter, revealing the fat junior nearly bursting out of blue-striped pyjamas, blinking in terror as he hung on to the bunk. As if by chance he moved so as to leave Bunter a clear space to the door.

The door stood wide open, as Bunter was thankful to see. He cast a longing blink at the doorway.

"You have sworn!" said the cloaked, masked man. "But can I trust you? No! I mean, no! Better, perhaps, to plunge this deadly blade—"

Bunter did not see the deadly blade in the gloom behind the gleaming flash-lamp. Had he known that it was only the nib of a fountain-pen, no doubt it would have relieved him of his terrors. But Billy Bunter was unaware of that.

He gave a sudden gasp as he received a poke in the fat back from the junior in the lower bunk.

"Ow!"

"Go for him, Bunter!" said Harry.

"Knock him down—"

"Shut up, you idiot!" gasped Bunter.

"Take his knife away!"

"Oh dear!"

"Hold him till he can be handed over to the captain and put in irons!"

"Oh lor'!"

"Where's my trusty automatic?" muttered the masked man, fumbling under his cloak. "It will be safer to blow his brains out—if any! A bullet through the brain-box—"

Bunter made a bound.

He reached the open doorway, and headed for D Deck like a kangaroo.

"Stop!" came the deep voice.

"Hold on, Bunter!" yelled Wharton.

"Don't leave me to it! I want you to protect me!"

Bunter heeded neither voice. He bounded out of No. 17 State-room, and flew.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a yell of laughter. The electric light flashed on, and Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh came out of the adjoining cabin. "O Lobo" peeled off the mask and cloak, and revealed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, I wonder whether Bunter will keep that jolly old oath?" remarked Bob. "He's sworn by the beard of his grandfather and the whiskers of his aunt's tabby cat—"

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

"Good thing for us if he does! I don't think I should grieve a lot if Bunter turned back at Pernambuco!"

"Not a lot!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

Bob stepped to the cabin door, and looked out into the dusky starlight.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he roared. "You can come back, Bunter! O Lobo won't shed your fat this time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where the dickens has he got to? I can't see him!" exclaimed Bob.

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

That little jape had been planned to give Billy Bunter a much-needed lesson. But the japers had not calculated on Bunter fleeing forth into the night, in the light and airy garb of pyjamas, and vanishing from sight. But that was what the fat Owl had done. He was gone, vanishing like a ghost at cock-crow, and was not seen again.

The Famous Five, almost weeping with merriment, waited for him to

return. But Billy Bunter did not return.

He was, apparently, making a night of it!

So they went back to bed at last, leaving the fat and fatuous Owl to his own devices.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Won't Believe It!

SNORE!

William Jones, steward on board the steamer Comet, had the surprise of his life soon after dawn the following morning.

Passing along the boat-deck, Mr. Jones was astonished to hear a whirring, rumbling sound from one of the boats.

It came from under the tarpaulin cover of the boat, and sounded as if a roll of thunder had somehow got imprisoned there.

That, of course, was impossible! It seemed equally improbable that a grampus had got on board and tucked himself away under the boat-cover. What it was, was a mystery to Mr. Jones—a mystery that he proceeded at once to elucidate, by turning back the tarpaulin and peering into the interior of the boat.

Then Mr. Jones almost fell down in his amazement.

Extended in the boat was a fat figure in blue-striped pyjamas, with a fat head resting on a fat arm, snoring! What Mr. Jones had heard was not a stray roll of thunder, or the snorting of a grampus. It was the snore of Billy Bunter, fast asleep and going strong.

"Coo!" ejaculated the amazed Mr. Jones.

For a long moment he stared at the sleeping beauty. Then he called another steward, and the other steward stared, too. Two or three hands came along, and they stared also. One or two early passengers arrived, and contributed stares Bunter was getting an audience.

Snore

Bunter did not wake. It was, in fact, at a very late hour that he had fallen asleep, and he had some leeway to make up.

In his wild flight the night before, Bunter had got on the boat-deck and bumped into a boat! In the full belief that O Lobo was after him with a knife, Bunter's fat wits had worked quickly for once. It was exactly the hiding-place he wanted! He had jerked the cover unfastened, crawled into the boat, and drawn the tarpaulin over him.

There Bunter had lain palpitating, listening in terror for the footsteps of the Brazilian bravo.

He had heard footsteps! They were those of one of the watch, who had heard something, and stepped along to see what it was. After that, there was silence. Only the wash of the sea, the throb of the engines, came to Billy Bunter's straining ears. At last he had fallen asleep.

Once asleep, he stayed asleep—and snored; which led to his discovery by Mr. Jones in the sunny morning!

Why Bunter was there, and what he fancied he was up to, was a mystery to Jones and the other persons who arrived on the spot.

They stared at the snoring fat Owl, quite astonished to see him there.

"It beats me!" said Mr. Jones. "Anyhow, he can't stay here!" And Mr. Jones grabbed the sleeping beauty by podgy shoulder and shook.

"Urrrgh!" gurgled Bunter.

"'Ere, you wake up!" said Mr. Jones.

"Urrgh! Lemme alone! 'Tain't





The angry black gentleman made a knee for Billy Bunter, and twisted the fat junior across it. Then his right hand rose in the air and came down on Bunter's trousers like a flail. Smack! "Yaroooh!" The smack rang out like a pistol-shot. Louder still rang the yell of Billy Bunter.

rising-bell, you beast!" murmured Bunter. "I'm not getting up yet! Urrgggh!"

Shake, shake, shake!

Bunter awoke. He blinked at Mr. Jones; and, suddenly remembering, gave a fearful yell.

"Yaroooh! Kee' off! Keep that knifo away! Help!"

"Nightmare, I s'pose!" said the puzzled Mr. Jones. "Ere, you wake up! Where do you belong to? What's the number of your cabin? I'll see you there."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. He realised that this man was not O Lobo. "Oh! I say, is—is—is ho here? Where is he?"

"Who?" gasped Mr. Jones.

"Lobo!" gasped Bunter.

"Balmy, I s'pose!" said Mr. Jones. "Here, you be quiet! There ain't any lobby 'ere—you're on the boat deck! You get out of that boat, see?"

Bunter sat up and blinked to and fro. He saw a number of astonished and grinning faces; but he saw no sign of O Lobo. He realised, too, that it was broad daylight, and that he must have slept for some hours under the boat-cover.

"Oh!" he gasped. "He was after me last night—"

"You'll have somebody after you, if you walk about the ship in pyjamas," said Mr. Jones. "Here, you get back to your cabin before the ladies are about."

He heaved Bunter out of the boat.

"Whore's your cabin?" he demanded.

"No. 17, D deck!" gasped Bunter.

"But, I say, I'm not going back there! That villain may be there—he's murdered them all—"

"Eh?"

"I'm not going there—"

"You are!" said the steward. "Come on! If you're balmy, it's for your friends to look after you. I ain't a

blooming lunatic asylum attendant. This way!"

"Better get the doctor to him, steward," said one of the passengers. "The poor boy seems to be insane."

"Mad as a 'atter, sir, if you ask me!" said Mr. Jones, and he took a very firm grip on a podgy shoulder, to lead Bunter back to No. 17 on D deck.

Five juniors, already up and out, were grouped on D deck when the fat Owl of the Remove arrived there.

Bob Cherry gave a roar.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You know this feller, sir?" asked Mr. Jones. "I believe I've seen him about the ship—he's a passenger. If you know him—"

"The knowfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"It's all right, steward," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You can leave him with us—we'll look after him."

"Well, if he's balmy—" said Mr. Jones doubtfully. "Sounded like it to me. He was talking about a lobby on the boat deck, and a knife! What was it—nightmare? I found him asleep in a boat."

"Sheer fatheadedness!" said Bob Cherry. "It's all right, Bunter isn't mad—only a harmless idiot!"

"Well, all right!" said Mr. Jones, and he departed, casting a doubtful backward glance or two as he went.

"I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter.

"I say, was ho caught?"

"Who?" asked Harry.

"That beast Lobo—did you get him?"

"Not quite!"

"Mean to say you let him get away?" exclaimed Bunter. "Then he's still on the ship? Have you told the captain?"

"Ha, ha! No."

"Why haven't yo—" yelled Bunter.

"They've got to get hold of him at once. At once, do you hear? He's got to be seized, before he sticks that knife into the lot of us! He nearly stuck it into me last night—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" yelled Bunter. "You jolly well know he did—you were awake, Wharton! Skulking in your bunk, and never turning out to help a fellow! He had a knife—"

"Didn't you take it away from him?" chortled Johnny Bull.

"I—I was going to, but—but—"

"Didn't you knock him down?" howled Nugent.

"Oh, shut up! Look here, the captain's got to know, at once. They've got to search the ship for him!" yelled Bunter. "I tell you, Lobo's on the steamer! You know he is, Wharton—"

"I know he isn't!" chuckled Harry.

"You saw him!" shrieked Bunter.

"I don't remember seeing him!"

"Why, you—you—you idiot!" gasped Bunter. "You know he was there! He had a knife—if you'd had the pluck of a mouse you'd have grabbed it away from him when he was sticking it into my arm—"

"Why?" asked Bob. "Wharton didn't want it, he's got a fountain-pen of his own!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. "A fuf-fuf-fuf-fountain-pen?" stut-tered Bunter. "Wharrer you mean?"

"Just what I say!" answered B5b. He drew from his pocket the deadly weapon that so terrified the fat Owl the night before, and held it up. Bunter blinked at the fountain-pen. "There's the jolly old knife, fatty."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see, O Lobo last night was really a chap named Cherry, got up in a mask,

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to puncture your swank!" explained Bob. "He punctured it all right."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the yelling juniors. He blinked round at Mr. Frulo, who was chuckling explosively.

"You!" gasped Bunter.

"Little me!" agreed Bob. "And if you hadn't been a shivering funk, you fat freak, you wouldn't have been taken in for a minute."

"I—I don't believe it! You can't pull my leg! It was that villain Lobo, and you've got to tell the captain—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't you understand our lives are all in danger, with that villain on the ship?" shrieked Bunter. "He's got to be seized—"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob. "You blithering fat idiot, it wasn't O Lobo—he was left behind at Teneriffe, you blitherer—it was me—"

"It wasn't! Think you could have taken me in? As soon as I'm dressed I'm going to find the captain and tell him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Famous Five.

Bunter rolled in to Cabin No. 17. He left the chums of the Remove almost in hysterics. Bunter had been japed as a punishment for his fat swank, but it had not occurred to them for a moment that he would not believe that it had been a jape, when it was explained to him. But he didn't!

The fat Owl of the Remove either could not, or would not, believe that he had been scared out of his fat wits by a Remove fellow with a black cloth over his face and a fountain-pen in his hand! Bunter was convinced that O Lobo was, somehow, on board the Comet; and he went in fear and trembling of the black-bearded Brazilian bravo popping out from behind every corner.

Which, in the opinion of the Famous Five, was the cream of the joke, and it made them howl.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Sitting on Bunter!

"PERNAMBUCO!" said Joao Frulo, with a wave of his black cigar, trailing smoke in the hot atmosphere.

"South America, at last!" said Bob.

The chums of the Remove gazed with the most intense interest. It was their first view of the vast continent of South America—a land full of the strangest romance to their minds.

Where the Comet now churned and throbbed and left smoke against the sky, Spanish galleons had sailed in the old days, and stout ships from English ports had sailed, too, and battered the lordly masters of the Spanish Main. Portuguese caravels had rolled before the wind, and slave ships from the coast of Guinea had brought their cargoes of human suffering to the hard-fisted planters, on the waters that swelled and rolled round the schoolboys, standing high on the great steamer.

Slavery had long been a thing of the past in Brazil, though Mr. Frulo, whose grandfather had been an overseer on a slave plantation, had told the juniors many tales of that horrible institution. But it had left a heritage behind in a swarming black population.

Black faces, and faces of every shade from black to white, met the eyes of the Greyfriars juniors as the steamer ranged up to the quay. White men and black, mulattoes, quadroons, and octoroons, half-breed half-Indians; all sorts and

conditions of mixed races seemed to be there.

"I say, you fellows, when do we get ashore?" asked Bunter, blinking at the quay. "They look a scrubby lot, so far as I can see. I dare say every one of them has a knife about him—"

"Or a fork!" suggested Bob.

"Oh, don't be an ass! Look here, you fellows, I've been thinking this out," said Bunter. "I don't see staying on this steamer to go on to Rio, now that we've reached South America. Why not make the rest of the trip by land?"

"Like to walk it?" asked Bob. "It's only a little over a thousand miles, I believe."

"I've heard that there are railways in Brazil—"

"Oh crikey! You're accumulating a fearful lot of knowledge!" gasped Bob. "Listen, you men! Bunter's heard that there are railways in Brazil! He'll tell us next that there are houses and roads and streets! And trams!"

"I don't know whether there's a railroad all the way," went on Bunter. "But if not, we can ride! You fellows know how I ride, and you can manage to stick on somehow—"

"We know how you rode the mule at Teneriffe," said Johnny Bull. "On and off—generally off!"

"Don't waste time now with your silly jealousy, Bull, because I can ride and you can't!" said Bunter peevishly.

"Look here, we're going to finish the trip on land. I'm not staying on the steamer to be murdered!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That villain Lobo is on board, as I've told you—"

"Give us a rest!" implored Bob Cherry. "We've told you, a dozen times, that Lobo was little me with a fountain-pen for a deadly dagger—"

"You can tell me all the whoppers you like, but I shan't believe them!" retorted Bunter. "I know what I know! And I can jolly well tell you that I'm finishing this trip by land!"

The Famous Five chuckled. How long it might have taken to travel by land down the coast of Brazil, from Pernambuco to Rio de Janeiro, they did not know—but they had no idea of putting it to the test. It was three days in the steamer, the distance being over a thousand miles. Brazil was a bigger country than it looked to Bunter from the deck of the Comet!

Moreover, they would have been much more likely to run into O Lobo on shore than on the sea. Bunter persisted in believing that it was the Wolf who had turned up that night in No. 17—but the other fellows were not likely to think so.

Bunter had told his tale of horror on the Comet, and been rewarded only by stares and chuckles. He could not get the purser, or the stewards, or any man on board, to believe that a Brazilian bravo had attacked him in his bunk in the small hours. All Bunter succeeded in doing was to spread the story of the jape among the passengers, and afford them a good laugh.

To the fat Owl, however, it was not a laughing matter.

He took the greatest precautions when he went to bed. He left the electric light burning at night in the cabin. He fastened the door. And, first-rate sleeper as he was, he woke and woke and woke, listening for the creeping footsteps of the bandit. Which caused great hilarity among the other fellows. It was in vain that Bob showed him the black cloak and black mask, obviously of a amateur manufacture, that the dread visitant of the

night had worn. Billy Bunter refused to be convinced.

Even in broad daylight, on deck, the fat Owl would back his deckchair against a door or a bulkhead, so that he could not be attacked from behind! There was an end, at all events, of Bunter's swank on the subject. Not only was he terribly afraid of O Lobo, but he forgot to make any attempt to disguise the fact.

His latest idea made the juniors chortle.

It was an alarming and wearing life, from Bunter's point of view; and he wanted to get off the Comet, and get off quick.

"You can cackle!" he said wrathfully.

"Thanks, we will!" agreed Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'd cackle on the other side of your mouths if that brute Lobo turned up and tackled you, as he did me!" said Bunter darkly. "He nearly had me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's on this ship—"

"You howling ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He isn't on the ship, and never was! Can't you get that into your fat head?"

"He had a ticket for this boat, and he was coming on at Boulogne, only I spotted him!" said Bunter. "Well, he got on at Teneriffe—"

"We saw him left behind!"

"You couldn't have, as he's on board. Goodness knows what name he's going by—it's no good looking at the passenger list Lobo isn't a name—it's a nickname, and means 'Wolf.' He must have some name or other on his passport, and we don't even know what it is. So we can't spot him, so long as he keeps out of sight—and that's easy enough, with hundreds of people on the steamer. He's waiting for another chance at us—"

"I've no doubt that that was what he intended, if he hadn't been spotted at the start," said Harry. "But—"

"Well, that's what he's done!"

"Fathead!"

"I say, you fellows, do have a little sense!" urged Bunter. "Once we get ashore, we're all right! We can dodge that old ass Frulo—we don't want him. He's a silly old ass, anyhow!"

"Agradeço-lho!" said a voice at Bunter's elbow. "Thank you!"

The fat junior blinked round at Mr. Frulo. The copper-complexioned planter took off his hat and made the fat Owl a bow.

"Kick him, Mr. Frulo!" suggested Johnny Bull. "Bunter's asking to be kicked, and it's a pity to disappoint him when he's so earnest about it!"

But Dow Joao only grinned, and walked on. Five fellows looked at Billy Bunter as if they could have eaten him.

"Well, that old ass knows what I think of him now!" remarked Bunter. "After all, he's only an employee—a manager or something on the Valentino plantation. I believe in keeping these underlings in their place. Cheeky cads ought to be sat on!"

"You really think so?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes, I do!" retorted Bunter defiantly. "A cheeky cad ought to be jolly well sat on; and that's my opinion—if you ask me!"

"Well, it happens to be my opinion, too!" said Bob Cherry. He glanced round at the other fellows. "Do you fellows agree that a cheeky cad ought to be sat on?"

"Yes, rather!"



"The ratherfulness is terrific!"  
 "Hear, hear!"  
 "Well, I'm glad to hear you talking sense for once!" said Bunter, in surprise. "You don't often agree with me, but what I say is— Yaroooh!"  
 Five pairs of hands seized Billy Bunter and swept him off his feet. He plumped down on the deck, and roared as he plumped.  
 "Yow! I say, you fellows— Yaroooh! Gerroff!" shrieked Billy Bunter, as Bob sat on his podgy chest. "Wharrer you up to, you idiot?"  
 "Sitting on a cheeky cad!" answered Bob.  
 "You silly fathead! Gerroff, Bull, you beast! What do you fancy you're doing, you dummy?"  
 "Sitting on a cheeky cad!" answered Johnny Bull.

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And he sat!  
 "Ow! Gerroff!" shrieked Bunter. The Famous Five did not get off. They got on. They all sat on Bunter, and the fat Owl almost disappeared from sight.  
 From under the five, as they sat, came a series of agonised squeaks and gasps and gurgles. They did not heed. Bunter had asked for it—in fact, begged for it—and that for which he had asked was bestowed upon him.  
 Mr. Frulo, coming back along the deck with his cigar, stopped to gaze at the strange scene.  
 "Que ha! What you do?" he inquired. "Is this also one small joke?"  
 "Bunter asked for this!" explained Bob.

"He asked that you sit upon him!" ejaculated the Brazilian planter, in surprise.  
 "Yes; begged for it!"  
 "The begfulness was terrific!"  
 "E possivel!" ejaculated Mr. Frulo. "Vossa merce suprendemo!"  
 And he walked on, quite puzzled by Bunter having asked for that strange treatment.  
 "Will you gorroff?" shrieked Bunter.  
 "Changed your mind?" asked Bob.  
 "Don't you think that a cheeky cad ought to be sat on?"  
 "Beast! Gerroff!"  
 But the Famous Five did not "gerroff." If Bunter asked to be sat upon, there was no reason, so far as they could see, why he should not have that for which he asked. So they sat tight.

Not till the Comet came to her moorings did they rise from their fat sofa—and a red and breathless Bunter wriggled to his feet. And the fat Owl had not even the solace of telling them what he thought of them, being too breathless to do anything but gasp.

**THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. Black and White!**

"**B**RAZIL'S jolly!" remarked Bob Cherry.  
 His comrades agreed.  
 Walking down a wide "avenida," shaded by big trees, with electric cars roaring by under a blaze

of sunshine, amid crowds whose complexions varied, from deep black, through brown to pale yellow and white, the chums of Greyfriars had their first view of a South American city—and they liked its look.

Bunter, rolling on, grunting, declared that it was hot. No doubt it was. But the juniors had not come to an equatorial country expecting to find it cold.

One circumstance struck the school-boys immediately, and that was that blacks and whites, browns and yellows, seemed to be on an equal footing in that country.

Having already paid a visit to the United States of North America, the juniors could not help being struck by the difference.

A gentleman with a complexion like that of the ace of spades, but expensively dressed in white ducks, with a Panama hat, jostled against Bob Cherry accidentally in the crowd. Immediately he raised his Panama, bowed gracefully, and apologised in voluble Portuguese. Senhor Frulo replied in the same language, with an

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equal flow of politeness; and the juniors, remembering that in a Portuguese country politeness came before everything, all raised their hats—except Bunter. Bunter grunted.

The black gentleman and the Greyfriars party, after four or five minutes of eloquence, parted with mutual esteem.

"Is it like that all over Brazil, Mr. Frulo?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Like what?" asked the planter.

"I mean, are the darkies and the white men always civil to one another?"

Mr. Frulo grinned.

"Brazil is a republic," he explained. "Here there is no colour bar; we are all Brazilians."

"It's a bit different in the United States," remarked Bob Cherry.

Mr. Frulo looked puzzled.

"The United States?" he repeated.

"I do not see. What is it you mean, little senhor? Here we are in the United States."

"Eh?"

The juniors blinked at Mr. Frulo, failing to understand, in their turn. The "United States," to their minds, as to most Europeans, meant the United States of North America, where dwelt the enterprising Yankee. But the term had a very different meaning to a Brazilian mind.

"I mean America—" said Bob.

"But this is America!" said the puzzled Mr. Frulo.

"Yankeeland," further elucidated Bob.

"Oh! Now I come to understand!" said Mr. Frulo, smiling. "But this is the United States of Brazil. There is also a United States of North America—yes! Sim, sim! Everyone has heard of the United States of North America. It is a great country, though not so great as Brazil. But here the United States is Brazil!"

The juniors knew, of course, that Brazil was a federation of great self-governing States, like the North American Union. But it was rather a new one to them that in Mr. Frulo's country the term "United States" meant Brazil.

"Yes," went on Mr. Frulo; "it is different in North America of the Yankees. There the black man has also been freed from slavery, but he is what you call under-dog; the white men look down the nose at him. Yes. Not so in Brazil, senhores! Brazil is a republic."

"But the United States of North America is a republic, too," said Bob.

"Sim, sim. But Brazil is a real republic!" explained Mr. Frulo. "With the Yankees it is what you call, in English, spoof! Here it is real!"

Certainly it seemed real enough, from what the Greyfriars fellows could see in the streets of Pernambuco. No doubt there were, in Brazil, old families who prided themselves on their pure white Portuguese descent. But the mass of the population was mixed—generally very much mixed, and nobody minded.

Only Bunter!  
 Bunter sniffed, and sniffed, and sniffed again. Bunter's aristocratic prejudices seemed ruffled.

"Rot, I call it!" he remarked.

"It's an hour since we sat on Bunter," observed Johnny Bull thoughtfully.

"What about kicking him?"

"The kickfulness is the proper caper," agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "I wonder what Fishy would say if he were here? Why, Fisher T. Fish says that in his country they won't let niggers travel in

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the same cars with white men! And look at them here."

"Fishy wants kicking as much as you do, old bean!" said Bob.

"Well, I don't believe in it!" declared Bunter. "I believe in keeping niggers in their place!"

Mr. Frulo looked at William George Bunter, with a touch of red through the copper of his cheeks.

"Little senhor, I also have one dash of the nigger—what you call in English touch of the tar-brush," he said quietly.

"You look it!" said Bunter.

Mr. Frulo drew a deep, deep breath. But he did not speak again, walking on with the juniors with Bunter rolling on behind. Bunter was one of the invited guests of his master at the Valentine plantation, and that was enough to secure him from Mr. Frulo's indignation. But how his temper stood the strain of Billy Bunter was a mystery to the Famous Five.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "If you speak again, I'll bang your silly head on one of these trees!"



Bunter grunted, and was silent. But silence did not agree with Bunter, and he was in a bad temper. On one of the bridges, which connect the three parts of the city of Pernambuco, Mr. Frulo stopped to ask directions from a passer-by—another black gentleman. The planter, accustomed to the manners of his own country, did not notice, or care about, the man's complexion. Bunter did.

"I say, you fellows, come on!" grunted Bunter peevishly. "I don't want to stand about here talking to a rotten nigger!"

The black man's dark eyes shot round at Bunter.

He was a big, brawny man, dressed in red-striped cotton trousers, cotton shirt, and an immense hat. Even Bunter might not have made that remark had it occurred to him that the dark gentleman understood English. Evidently, from the look that came over his face, the dark gentleman did.

Cutting off his talk with Mr. Frulo, the black man turned to Bunter.

"You say?" he asked.

The chums of the Remove coloured with vexation. Even had they shared the Yankee prejudice against colour, they would have considered it only decent to keep it dark in a country where it was out of place. But, apart from the discomfort caused by Bunter's bad manners, it was plain that there was trouble in the air.

The first black gentleman they had encountered had been a model of flowing courtesy. But this black gentleman was rather a rougher sort, and it was clear that he was very angry. In point of fact, the best-mannered man might have been annoyed by hearing himself described as a "rotten nigger."

Bunter backed away, rather alarmed. "I—I say—" he stammered. "You keep off! Don't you touch me, you black beast!"

"You say rotten nigger and black beast!" said the Pernambuco man, coming closer to Bunter as he backed.

"I—I say, you fellows—" gasped the alarmed Owl. "I say, keep him off!"

"Keep him off, yourself!" said Johnny Bull. "If ever a fatheaded tick asked to have his head smacked, you have!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

Mr. Frulo looked distressed. For his own part, he tolerated Bunter's bad manners with almost unvaried politeness. But the same toleration could not be expected from all the inhabitants of Brazil.

Harry Wharton raised his hat to the black gentleman, hoping that a soft answer might turn away wrath.

"We apologise, sir!" he said. "Don't mind that fat fool!"

But the dark gentleman was too annoyed to heed.

"Am I rotten nigger?" he said. "Am I black beast? A foreigner come to my country to insult me! I will beat him!"

"Go ahead!" said Johnny Bull cheerily. "Nobody's going to stop you! A few smacks will do him good!"

"I say, you fellows—" yelled Bunter.

A black hand, that was very sinewy and powerful, was laid on Bunter. He crumpled and yelled in its grip.

The juniors gathered round rather anxiously. They had no objection whatever to the native smacking Bunter's head for his insolence. But there was no telling to what length a hot South American temper might go. The prospect of a rough-and-tumble with an infuriated black man was not pleasant; but they could not stand by and see Bunter really damaged.

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Fortunately the black gentleman, angry as he was, did not think of treating a schoolboy as very probably he might have treated a grown-up man. Bunter was saved by that circumstance from the rough handling he would have received had he been older. But he got his punishment.

The black hand twisted him over, yelling. The black man made a knee for him, and twisted Bunter across it.

Then the other black hand rose in the air, and came down on Bunter's tight trousers like a flail.

Smack!

"Yaroooh!"

The smack rang across the bridge and the avenida adjoining like a pistol-shot. Louder still rang the yell of Billy Bunter.

Smack!

"Yoooooop!"

Smack!

"Yaroooh! Help!" roared Bunter, wriggling like an eel on the sinewy black knee over which he sprawled. "I say, you fellows— Whooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

So long as the angry native contented himself with that mode of punishment, the Famous Five did not feel called to intervene. Indeed, they hoped it would do Bunter good.

Smack, smack, smack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Whooop!"

The smacks and the yells rang far and wide. A crowd began to gather at once, staring at the scene, grinning and laughing.

Smack, smack!

"Wow! Help! Ow! Help! Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

It was awful for Bunter. "Six" from Mr. Quelch's cane at Greyfriars was nothing to this. The black gentleman seemed to fancy that he was beating carpet by the way he laid on the smacks.

But he ceased at last, rolled Bunter off his knee, and left him roaring. Then, rather to the surprise of the juniors, he raised his hat politely to the rest of the party and went on his way.

"Vamonos!" said Mr. Frulo hastily, anxious to get out of the grinning crowd.

"Ow! Yow! Wow!"

"Come on, Bunter!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

The Greyfriars party went on, over the bridge. Billy Bunter wriggled on after them. He wriggled and he writhed, and his fat voice was heard in continuous plaint.

Bunter was not enjoying that walk ashore in Pernambuco. But that smacking, as the juniors hoped, had done him good. Billy Bunter was very careful indeed to give no more offence to the descendants of Ham, who swarmed in Pernambuco. His aristocratic prejudices were carefully bottled up, to remain bottled so long as he sojourned in Brazil.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Peril at Pernambuco!

DOM JOAO looked at his watch. "There will be one just time for to come and to go!" he remarked.

By which Mr. Frulo meant that there was just time. The trip ashore from the Comet was brief and if the Greyfriars party were not on board in time, the steamer would pull out and go on to Rio without them. But there was just time to take the electric tram to Olinda, the seaside resort of Pernambuco, and get back; and the juniors were very keen to pack in all they could during their brief visit to the famous port.

"Keep with us, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton sharply, as Mr. Frulo led his flock to the tram.

Bunter was hanging back.

There was a sly gleam in the little round eyes behind the big, round spectacles.

This, Bunter considered, was his chance!

He had made up his fat mind to stay ashore at Pernambuco, and finish the journey somehow on land, in his fixed belief that O Lobo was somewhere lurking on board the Comet. Nobody would agree to that idea, but Bunter sagely calculated that the other fellows, beasts as they undoubtedly were, would not be beastly enough to go on to Rio without him, if he got lost, and leave him stranded. If the steamer was lost they had to stay in Pernambuco, with Bunter, and either go by rail or wait for the next steamer. Either of which courses would have suited Bunter.

And it was only necessary to suit Bunter; nobody else mattered! So the fat Owl had his plans cut and dried, and the scamper for the tram gave him his chance.

There was a crowd for the tram, and in that tram the Owl of the Remove dropped behind, dodged away, and scudded.

Arrived at the tram, the juniors missed Bunter.

Whether they visited Olinda or not without him, Bunter did not care. He knew that they would not take the steamer without him, and that was enough.

But he knew that when they missed him they were more likely to hunt for him than to go on the tram, and he made haste to get out of sight.

At a little distance from the tram-way he had noticed a small, dusky wine shop. Once out of sight of the other fellows, he headed for it.

In that little, dusky retreat he could remain doggo while the beasts looked for him—if they did look for him.

It seemed quite a masterly scheme to the fat Owl.

He grinned breathlessly as he stumbled down a worn wooden step into the dark little shop. He was prepared to make a purchase there as an excuse for remaining in the shop. He was going to stay there, anyhow, as long as he could. The other fellows could hunt up and down the hot streets of Pernambuco in the blazing sun—and serve them jolly well right!

The sudden change from brilliant sun to the dusky interior of the shop almost blinded Bunter.

He blinked round him through his big spectacles. There were only two men in the little shop, which reeked of the fumes of wine. One, in a leather apron, was apparently the wine seller. The other, who had his back to Bunter, seemed to be a customer. He was drinking red wine, and talking to the wine-shop keeper.

Bunter blinked at them. As his eyes became accustomed to the dusky gloom he saw that the customer in the wine-shop had turned his head, and was regarding him with a fixed stare from a pair of jetty black eyes.

That dark face, with its beaky nose and black pointed beard, and jetty moustache, struck Bunter as familiar.

He saw a derisive grin pass over the dark face. The black bearded man spoke a few words in Portuguese to the wine shop keeper, who disappeared through a back door.

Then he stepped towards Bunter, who blinked at him in growing surprise and terror.

"Desejo-lhe muito bons dias, senhor!"





"What are you up to, young feller-me-lad?" gasped the steward, holding Bunter by the lapels of his jacket. "What do you mean by shouting fire?" "Loggo, you beast!" shrieked Bunter, as the cabin door opened and a fat Frenchman emerged, hopping on one leg.

said O Lobo, with mocking politeness. "I wish you a good-morning, my young friend!"

Billy Bunter's fat heart almost died within him.

He knew the man now!

It was O Lobo, the Wolf of Brazil. The bandit who had followed Mr. Frulo to England, and had followed the Greyfriars party on their voyage out to Brazil—the desperado from whom Harry Wharton had so narrowly escaped on the island of Teneriffe!

Bunter had fancied that the bravo was on the Comet. Now, by sheer chance, he had run into him, in the wine-shop at Pernambuco.

Mr. Frulo was satisfied that the Wolf, left behind at the Canaries, could not possibly have got ahead of the steamer to Pernambuco, but here he was!

Terror froze Bunter to the floor. The bravo quickly placed himself between the terrified fat Owl and the low doorway.

"You!" breathed Bunter at last. "Oh crikey!"

"You have not forgotten O Lobo!" grinned the bravo, with a flash of white teeth through black moustache and beard. "Bom! And the others—where are they?"

"Oh lor'!"

"Where are they?" repeated O Lobo, with a savage snap in his voice that made Bunter cringe with terror.

"Oh dear! They're gone on the tram to Olinda!" groaned Bunter. "I—I stayed behind! Oh crikey!"

"How fortunate for me," grinned O Lobo. "This is a pleasant meeting, little senhor! I would rather that it had been one of the others. I think you are of little account. But you will serve my turn!"

Bunter's eyes dilated behind his spectacles.

He knew why the bandit had trapped Harry Wharton on Teneriffe. The captain of the *Remove* had barely escaped death at his ruthless hands. For some reason, which the juniors believed to be connected with a discovery of diamonds by Jim Valentine's uncle, O Lobo was desperately resolved to prevent the Greyfriars party from reaching the Valentino plantation on the *Rexo*. Threats having failed, he had resorted to more desperate measures. Now, as he said, Bunter would serve his turn, though he would have been glad to lay his hands on a more important member of the party.

Billy Bunter had schemed to stay behind at Pernambuco. He knew now, with horror, that he would stay there—for ever—unless he escaped the merciless clutches of the bandit.

And there was no escape! The wine-shop keeper, evidently a friend of O Lobo's, had disappeared. No one else was in the shop. Outside was brilliant sunshine, and passing crowds. Surely the bandit would not dare—

O Lobo himself, for a moment or two, was in perplexity. Whatever his secret plans, this meeting was entirely accidental—and a shop on a busy street was not the spot where he would have chosen to get one of the Greyfriars party into his hands. O Lobo would have preferred a lonely, shaded road, outside the city.

But he could see that Bunter was so petrified with fear that there was not likely to be any difficulty with him.

There was an alley beside the wine-shop that led into dim back streets, dark and obscure. Five minutes' walk would be enough to convey the fat junior to a spot where O Lobo could deal with him as he chose, and escape

afterwards without difficulty. The bravo's mind was quickly made up.

"Venha!" he said curtly, taking the fat junior by the arm. "Como!"

"I—I say—" stammered the wretched Owl.

"Vamonos—let us go!" grinned O Lobo. "Look!" He half-drew a knife from the back of his trousers. "You see? Keep in mind, little senhor, that if you call—if you resist—if you try to run, that knife finds your heart the same moment." He slid the "faca" out of sight again. "Now come! We go for a little walk—a small promenade. I show you some sights of this famous city."

He grinned hideously as he spoke. With a steel-like grip on Bunter's fat arm, he drew him away to the doorway.

"I—I say, I—I don't want to go!" groaned Bunter.

"Para mim o tudo o mesmo!" grinned O Lobo. "To me that is all the same! You come quietly, or my knife—"

Bunter tottered out of the shop by the side of the muscular bravo. His fat senses were swimming.

It was hardly a dozen paces from the wine-shop door to the opening of the dusky alley towards which O Lobo led Bunter—the alley that was to be the pathway to death for the wretched Owl. It was well for Billy Bunter that he never reached it.

He had taken cover in the wine-shop in case the Famous Five hunted for him instead of taking the tram to Olinda. Now he was out of his cover—and a sudden roar reached his ears.

"Bunter!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There he is!"

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(Continued from page 13.)

There was a rush as the Famous Five came up. Having missed Bunter at the tram, they were looking for him; but certainly, they never would have found him had he remained inside the wine-shop.

Now, however, he emerged into the brilliant sunshine, full in their view. And they came up with a rush.

The next moment they saw who his companion was.

Bunter gave an inarticulate shriek—O Lobo uttered a fierce oath in his own tongue. From what Bunter had told him in the wine-shop he had never dreamed that the fat junior's friends would be at hand.

"O Lobo!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"That villain!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Collar him!"

O Lobo released his grip on Bunter instantly. He leaped back, snarling like a wild beast.

"Get him!" shouted Johnny Bull.

But the bravo was already leaping into the dusky alley into which he had intended to lead Bunter. In a crowded street, with police within call and sight, he dared not draw his knife, though his dusky fingers itched to do so. He bounded into the alley and ran like a deer.

Bob Cherry was springing after him, when Wharton caught him by the arm and dragged him back.

"Stop, you ass!" panted Harry.

"Look here—"

"Do you want to be stabbed at the next corner, fathead! Stop!"

Bob halted. A moment's reflection was enough. Pursuit of the bravo into that network of dusky alleys meant a thrust from O Lobo's knife.

"Right, old man!" said Bob.

"We've got Bunter, anyhow! But, I say, O Lobo must have got ahead of us, after all—must have crossed by air! How the thump did he get hold of Bunter?"

"Oh lor'!" groaned Bunter. "I say, you fellows— Oh lor'!"

"What were you doing in that wine-shop, you fat ass?"

"Oh dear! I didn't dodge in there to get away from you fellows— Oh crikey! I—I was just taking a rest out of the—the sun! Oh crumbs! I never knew that beast was there! Oh scissors! I—I say, you fellows, you stick to me—don't you let me get lost again! Oh lor'!"

The juniors walked Bunter back to Mr. Frulo, and they boarded a tram for Olinda. Billy Bunter was no longer thinking of carrying out his masterly scheme for keeping the party back at Pernambuco. He was not dreaming now of dodging away from the other fellows! Not Bunter! That brief but terrifying encounter with the Brazilian bravo had been enough for Bunter—and during the remainder of their trip ashore they were in no danger of losing sight of him. Until they went back to the Comet, Billy Bunter clung closer than a brother!

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## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### A Night of Terror!

**S**WEEPING out in a wide loop from the South American coast, the Comet churned the Atlantic once more, southward for Rio.

On that great and wonderful city of the West the thoughts of the juniors were fixed. Bob Cherry cheerily chanted "Rolling Down to Rio," undeterred by the fact that he did not remember a lot of the words and had forgotten a lot of the tune. That did not matter much, for when Bob remembered a tune he seldom kept very near it when he sang, having a way of inadvertently putting in little things of his own and wandering about in all sorts of keys. And if his friends did not exactly enjoy his singing, they were always glad, at least, to hear him leave off.

Glorious sunshine streamed down on the sea and the steamer as the Greyfriars voyagers ran ever southward. It was hot, and grew hotter. But nobody complained—except Bunter; and even Bunter's dulcet tones were raised in complaint less than usual. For Bunter had a worry on his fat mind much more serious than even the tropical warmth.

O Lobo haunted Bunter's fat mind.

Having found the black-bearded bravo in Pernambuco, Mr. Frulo and the juniors had no doubt that he had crossed by air to get ahead of them. At all events, he certainly had beaten them to it. But that explanation was of no use to Bunter.

The meeting had convinced him of what he had not doubted before—that O Lobo had been on the Comet all the time! And Bunter believed that he was still on the Comet when the steamer pulled out of Pernambuco and throbbed away to Rio.

"You're a lot of silly idiots!" Bunter told the chums of the Remove, when the shades of night were falling and the steamer's lights gleamed over the starlit sea. The approach of night renewed the fat Owl's terrors. "I tell you, O Lobo was on the steamer all the way from Teneriffe—"

"Tell us a new one!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Yes, do!" urged Johnny Bull. "You know we've heard that one!"

"I tell you—" roared Bunter.

"Tell you what," suggested Bob Cherry, "tell us you're expecting a postal order! We haven't heard that one since we left Greyfriars."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter breathed hard through his fat little nose. With O Lobo's dark, evil face looking at him from every shadow and round every corner it was exasperating to have to deal with five doubting Thomases like this!

"I tell you," he howled, "he was on the steamer! He followed us ashore at Pernambuco and nearly got me—"

"You asked for it," said Harry, "and if we'd let you have your way and stop ashore he'd get you to a certainty. But you're all right here, fathead! O Lobo wasn't, and couldn't have been, on the steamer, because we saw him left behind in the Canaries. But he got ahead of us—"

"He crossed with us—"

"Oh, give us a rest!"

"And he's got back on the steamer, and—"

"Can it!"

"And he's here now—"

"Ring off!"

"The same as he was before, and watching for a chance to get at us—no most of all—"

"Why you most of all?" asked Bob.

"Well, the awful brute means to pot

one of us, to frighten the rest into going back to England; he told Wharton so at Teneriffe! Naturally he would pick out the most important chap in the party—"

"Oh crikey!"

"He's an awful villain, but he's no fool!" said Bunter. "I dare say he knows that you fellows wouldn't have the nerve to keep on without me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Do you want that awful villain to creep into the cabin with a knife, same as he did last time—"

"That was me, and it was a fountain-pen!" shrieked Bob.

"It wasn't! You can't gammon me!" snorted Bunter. "Don't talk rot!"

"My dear young friend—" murmured Mr. Frulo soothingly.

"Don't you talk rot, either!" snapped Bunter.

"You fat porker!" roared Johnny Bull. "Kick him, Mr. Frulo! Why the dickens haven't you ever kicked him?"

Mr. Frulo smiled, shrugged his shoulders almost over his ears, and left the group of juniors.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Say another word," said Johnny Bull in concentrated tones, "and I'll bang your head on that rail! Just one word!"

Billy Bunter gave him an infuriated blink through his big spectacles, and rolled into State-room No. 17. He switched on the light there and blinked round the state-room with searching eyes and spectacles.

On board the Comet the state-rooms were fairly ample—considering that they were on ship-board; but certainly there was no space in any of them for a man to be concealed—especially a burly man like the Wolf.

But Billy Bunter left nothing to chance. He blinked into every cranny that could have concealed a rabbit, or even a mosquito.

Satisfied, at last, that O Lobo was not in State-room No. 17, he rolled through the communicating doorways and searched State-rooms Nos. 18 and 19. Both were drawn blank; and, having rolled back to State-room No. 17, he searched State-room No. 17 again.

Not till then did Bunter turn in, and he carefully fastened both the communicating door and the outer door before doing so.

Even then he did not sleep.

If he had doubted, before the Comet put in at Pernambuco, that the Wolf was on board, he had no doubt now. He was absolutely certain that O Lobo was among the almost innumerable passengers of the Comet, under some name that the juniors had never heard. Certainly he was not likely to travel under such a name as O Lobo.

Whether any passengers had come aboard at Pernambuco the Greyfriars party did not know; they had only returned in time to jump on the steamer before she cast off. They quite expected to see O Lobo again when they reached Rio; but certainly they had no expectation of seeing him before then. As for his having come, as Bunter believed, in the steamer from Teneriffe, they knew that that was impossible.

Nobody but Bunter was uneasy—but the fat Owl was uneasy enough for the whole party, and a little over.

When the Famous Five came to turn in, Wharton found himself shut out of State-room No. 17, and he banged on the door.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter from his bunk. "Wow! Who—who—who's that?"

"I, you silly fathead! Let me in!"



"Oh, you!" spluttered the fat Owl. "I—I say, I'd rather not open the door. That beast Lobo may be waiting for a chance to pop in—"

"You howling ass, do you think I'm going to stay all night on deck?" roared the captain of the Remove.

"Well, it's a nice, warm night, old chap—"

"Will you open this door, you potty porpoise?"

"I—I say, you can turn in with one of the other chaps, Wharton. You can go two to a bunk, skinny specimens like you—"

"If you don't open this door I'll call the purser to open it, and bang your silly head on your bunk!"

"Beast!" Billy Bunter crawled out, and unwillingly opened the door. As soon as Harry Wharton had stepped in, he slid it shut again and clamped it fast.

"We're leaving the door open, you ass!" growled Wharton. "We want what air we can get."

"We're not!" shrieked Bunter. "You can be jolly well m-u-murdered if you like, but I'm not going to be, see?"

"Oh, you fat chump! Do you think O Lobo can jump across a hundred miles of water and land in this cabin?"

"He's on the ship!"

"Blitherer!" Wharton yielded the point, however, and the door remained fastened. He opened the communicating door into the next state-room.

"...cep that shut!" shrieked Bunter.

Wharton looked at him. The fat junior was in such a state of jumping nerves that it looked like hysterics coming on. Instead of kicking him, therefore, the captain of the Remove replied soothingly.

"Safer all together, fatty, if there's any danger! See? If Lobo does that hundred-mile jump, we shall want the other fellows on hand."

"Well, that's all right," said Bunter. "If the others will keep their doors locked—"

"Oh dear! It's pretty stuffy—"

"You can set the electric fan going. I'm not going to be shot and stabbed and murdered and assassinated and—"

"Oh, my hat! The little man would have a busy night if he put all that into the programme."

"Beast!"

However, the other fellows agreed to keep the doors fastened, to relieve the fat Owl's terror. Then they turned in, and five of the party were soon fast asleep. But Billy Bunter, who, in that line, could generally give any fellow any amount of odds, and beat him, did not sleep.

If he closed his eyes, and dozed, he soon woke again. With the light still burning, he could see that all was safe; but it booted not—after his eyes had closed a few minutes, Bunter had to open them, and blink about him like a fat rabbit.

It was not till after midnight that his snore was heard. And that snore, instead of being an unending melody, as usual, came in spasms. Every now and then it was cut off, as Bunter woke again to blink suspiciously from his bunk.

Harry Wharton was in sound slumber, dreaming that he was on the football field at Greyfriars, with O Lobo and Jim Valentine charging him off the ball, when he was suddenly awakened. A groping hand was clutching at his face, and a grasp on his nose awakened him instantly and effectually.

"Oh!" he gasped. "What—"

"Listen!" breathed Bunter. The fat

junior was out of his bunk, shivering in his blue-striped pyjamas, warm as the tropic night was.

"You unspeakable idiot!" hissed Wharton. "Do you think the ship is going down again, or what?"

"Listen!" moaned Bunter.

The wash of the sea without, the whirr of the electric fan within, made a good deal of sound. But Wharton, as he listened, heard another sound—that of a groping and fumbling outside the door.

He started a little.

Someone was attempting to enter the cabin from without. That was a certainty. It made him start; but only for a moment.

"You hear him?" breathed Bunter.

"Some passenger mistaken his cabin!" said Harry. "Go back to bed, fathead!"

"It's him!" said Bunter, fearfully and ungrammatically.

"Oh dear! Well, if it's a 'him,' I'll see who 'him' is!" groaned Wharton.

He jumped out.

"Don't open the door!" shrieked Bunter.

"My dear idiot, I'm going to see who 'him' is!"

"Stop!" yelled Bunter.

He grabbed Wharton, and dragged him back, in the desperation of funk. Wharton gave a yell as his foot slipped and he stumbled backwards, over Bunter. Bunter gave a louder yell as he sprawled on the floor, and the captain of the Remove sprawled over him.

"Yaroooh! Yooop! Oooop!"

"Oh, you silly ass—"

"Ow! Gerroff! Beast! Wow!"

Wharton scrambled up. Bunter, panting for breath, bounded to his feet and clutched his arm.

"Keep that door shut!" he howled.

"Well he's gone now!" said Harry. The groping at the door had ceased, and footsteps receded and died away.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter. "If I hadn't been awake he might have got in, and—"

"Then he would have found it was the wrong cabin, and gone off to his own, you howling ass, whoever he was."

"It was that beast Lobo—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" Wharton turned in again. "Look here, if you wake me up again, I'll set the door wide open, and then the Big Bad Wolf will hop right in, and you'll go the way of the three little pigs."

"Beast!"

But Bunter did not wake the captain of the Remove again. There were no more gropings at the door, and the fat Owl palpitated, between funk and drowsiness, till rosy dawn stole over the sea.

Wharton, when he turned out in the morning, grinned at a pasty, hollow face peering from the upper bunk. Bunter's night of terror did not seem to have agreed with him.

To Wharton's mind there was not the slightest doubt that the unseen person who had fumbled at No. 17 was a passenger who had mistaken his cabin, discovered his mistake, and gone. To Bunter, it was absolutely certain that the midnight visitor was the Wolf of Brazil.

The Famous Five, at breakfast, chuckled over the fat Owl's night of terror. But they would not have chuckled, had they seen the dark, evil face of the man who had crept away from the state-room door in the night.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter on the Track!

"LOOK here, Dou!" grunted Billy Bunter.

Dom Joao Frulo did not "look there."

He did not, as a matter of fact, realise that Bunter was addressing him, especially as he was speaking at the moment to Harry Wharton.

Bunter, being one of those fellows who knew everything without being told, had no use for instruction, and he was quite in the dark about modes of address in the Portuguese language. He knew that Spaniards were called "Don," and the Portuguese "Dom." Being somewhat similar, Bunter lumped them together.

He was not aware that "Don" and "Dom" can be used only before the Christian name. So, under the im-

(Continued on next page.)


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pression that he was speaking to Mr. Frulo in his own language, Bunter squeaked "Don!" and grunted with annoyance when Dom Joao did not even turn his head.

It was after lunch, on the Comet, and the steamer was making good speed under a blazing blue sky. Two days more, and the Greyfriars fellows would be at Rio—and preparing for the journey up-country to the Valentino plantation.

It was possible that Jim Valentino might have made the trip down to Rio from the interior, to meet the steamer, having been told by cable that the party were coming on the Comet. The juniors were looking forward eagerly to seeing their old pal of the Remove again.

Bunter was not thinking of Rio, or of Jim Valentino, but of his haunting dread of the bravo, O Lobo. After a sleepless night, Bunter had spent the morning asleep in a deck-chair. He had woken up in time for lunch, and his terrors, fortunately, had not affected his appetite; he had parked his usual remarkable quantity of the foodstuffs. But he was looking forward with dread to another sleepless night.

"Don!" squeaked Bunter. Senhor Frulo went on talking. He was telling the juniors about the Valentino "fazenda," of which he was manager, and where coffee and rubber, among other tropical products were grown. On the subject of rubber, the planter had interesting tales to tell, to which Harry Wharton & Co. listened with keen interest. Not so Bunter! That product had no interest whatever for Bunter, except in the shape of a hot-water bottle on a cold night.

"Look here, Don!" howled Bunter. Bob Cherry glanced round at him. "Can't you be quiet a bit, Bunter?" he asked. "And what are you yapping about, anyhow? Who the thump is Don? If you know anybody on the ship named Don, go and talk to him for goodness' sake."

"I'm speaking to Don Frulo!" yapped Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" Mr. Frulo grinned. "You honour me with remarks?" he asked. "Yes! I compliment you, little senhor, on your mastery of my language."

This was sarcasm, but it was quite wasted on Bunter.

"Well, I'm pretty good at languages," said Bunter. "My French is a bit better than our French master's, at Greyfriars. I mean, I get the true Parisian pronunciation better than he does. I'm rather a dab at that sort of thing."

"The dabfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"You blithering ass!" said Johnny Bull. "Don is a Spanish word. And it can't be put before a surname, anyhow."

"I fancy I know more about it than you do, Bull! You're only showing your ignorance, old chap! Look here, Don!" went on Bunter, fixing his big spectacles on the smiling, coppery face of Dom Joao. "What are we going to do about that beast, Lobo, who is hiding on this ship? Can't you ask the captain to have the steamer searched for him?"

"Nao," grinned Dom Joao. "Isso e impossivel. The captain he would laugh."

"It ain't a laughing matter!" hooted Bunter. "We had a jolly narrow escape last night! Look here, I've been over the passenger list, and there's a lot of foreign names in it. One of them

is the name that beast is going by—see? Now, I've got an idea."

"Whose?" asked Bob Cherry. "Eh? What do you mean, you ass?" "I mean what I say—whose? You never have an idea of your own, have you?"

"Yes, I have!" roared Bunter. "Take it away and bury it! Take it from me; it's no good!"

"I tell you I've got an idea," hooted Bunter. "We've got to find out whether any passengers came on board at Teneriffe. I've told you that Lobo's been on the ship all the time. He can't be stowing away; he's a passenger, and jolly well keeping out of our sight. Well, he got on at Teneriffe!"

"He didn't, fathead!" "He did! If we spot all the passengers that got on at Teneriffe we shall spot Lobo among them. See? That's what we've got to do. Then he can be collared."

Harry Wharton laughed. "Good egg!" he said. "Go and spot them! If you ask a steward, or the

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purser, he will tell you! Get on with it, Bunter!"

"Well, if you fellows are too slack to move, I'll jolly well do it!" said Bunter, and he heaved himself out of his deck-chair. Evidently the fat Owl was deeply apprehensive. His dread of O Lobo overcame even his laziness.

He rolled away to make that useful inquiry. Mr. Frulo smiled, and Johnny Bull grunted.

"What utter rot!" he said. "We know that O Lobo never got on at Teneriffe, as we saw him left behind there. What do you mean, Wharton?"

"I mean that I'd rather Bunter talked to the purser than to me!" answered the captain of the Remove.

"Oh!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter being now happily at a distance, Mr. Frulo resumed his talk. He was telling the juniors about the great rubber industry, cradled in Brazil.

"One time long ago," said Mr. Frulo, "Only Brazil could give you rubber—yes. Ah! They were great days—

great days! I was then what you call um rapaz—one small boy—but I remember—yes. Only in Brazil there was rubber, and when the great demand came, when there were motor-cars and bicycles, did we not roll in riches? Yes!"

He waved his cigar, trailing blue smoke.

"But the English—" he sighed. "What did they do?" asked Harry Wharton, with a smile.

"I've always thought of rubber as coming from the East Indies—Malaya, and so on," said Nugent.

"Sim, sim! But all from Brazil, to begin!" said Mr. Frulo. "They smuggle—seeds of the Hevea rubber tree out of my country—they plant them at—at—  
—Koo—"

"Koo!" said Bob. "In China?"

"Nao! Nao! In Inglaterra!"

"Oh! Kew!" said Harry.

"Yes, yes. Koo!" said Mr. Frulo. "The gardens of Koo! They plant—they grow—they make! In Malaya there were planters, who grow coffee; the coffee fail—they are in what you call in English, the soup! They think to go to come and try rubber in the place of coffee, which is no go. Seedlings from Koo—and behold, one huge, and great, and very tremendous industry grow up in British colonies, and plantation rubber of the English knock out Brazil rubber, which grow wild in forest. Yes."

Mr. Frulo shook a dusky head sadly.

"Rubber we shall gather," he said. "But do he pay? So much plantation rubber, the price, he is knock into one cocked hat. When I was rapaz—boy—what do a man give for rubber? Ten of your English shillings for one pound! What do he now give? One half of one shilling!"

"Sixpence!" said Bob.

"Six pences," agreed Mr. Frulo. "At such price, who will gather wild rubber in Brazilian forests? Rubber in Brazil, is, as you say in English, knock on a head with a kybosh. The riches, they fly! Once we spend with both hands, and the money come and go quick and easy. Now we take a buckle in the belt! And all because they smuggle away our seeds! Yes!"

Evidently Mr. Frulo remembered sadly the days of the "rubber boom," before the War, when money had poured into the Amazon Valley of Brazil almost as fast as the waters of that mighty river poured out!

"After all, though," said Bob, "if rubber had stayed at ten shillings a pound there wouldn't be many cars on the roads. It had to come, Mr. Frulo!"

"Yes, yes," agreed Mr. Frulo. "Now in Brazil, we plant rubber, like the English in Malaya. Still we gather wild rubber, a little—but also we plant! But at six pences the pound, do he pay? Nao! It is one hard life!"

"But you have coffee, too," said Harry.

"Coffee, also, these days, is what you call, in English, wonky!" said Mr. Frulo. "He do not pay! So much coffee, he is chuck away to keep price from falling through the floor. Shiploads of coffee are sunk in the sea. To get rid of so much! Then come native persons, who swim out and dive for coffee bags! Then we make to spoil before we sink! Such is coffee!"

"Something wrong with the brains at the top when that sort of thing happens!" said Johnny Bull. "I've heard of wheat being burned in the United States, for the same reason. Some Governments want kicking!"

Mr. Frulo grinned.



"Look here," said Johnny argumentatively. "You've got tons of coffee you don't want in Brazil. You want pig-iron and steel. In England we want coffee, and we've got tons of pig-iron and steel we don't want. Why can't we swap?"

"Because," grinned Mr. Frulo, "the brains at the top are what you call wonky! Governing persons use the chin instead of the brainbox. Also—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, my hat! Here's Bunter! Spoken to the purser, Bunter?"

"Yes, and—"

"Now go and speak to the captain!"

"Eh? What for?"

"Because your conversation's so nice when it's addressed to somebody else."

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "Look here, you fellows—"

"Can't you go and speak to the steward?" demanded Wharton.

"Do!" urged Bob. "I'll tip him afterwards, for standing it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you listen to me?" roared Bunter. "It's a bit more important than Don's gabble—"

Mr. Frulo rose and walked along the deck. That was his usual resource when he felt an almost irresistible urge to take Bunter by his fat neck.

"Now listen to me!" hooted Bunter. "I've found something out. A passenger, with a foreign name, came on at Teneriffe—a man calling himself Pons. That sounds French, but, of course, the beast would very likely use a French name. He's got a cabin on this very deck—No. 22, which was reserved for him."

"Well, ass, what about it?"

"He pretends to be ill, and keeps in his cabin," went on Bunter. "The purser says he has rheumatism. Gammon, of course—an excuse for keeping out of sight! We've seen nothing of him. Well, what does it look like?"

The juniors gazed at Bunter. Evidently, the fat Owl was convinced that he had made an important and alarming discovery. The Famous Five could see nothing alarming in it.

"What does it look like?" repeated Harry. "It looks as if a French chap named Pons is keeping to his cabin because he's got rheumatism. What about it?"

"Well, that won't do for me!" said Bunter. "As I know that Lobo is on the ship, it's pretty clear that man's Lobo! He has his meals taken to him in the cabin, and has never once shown up in the dining-room, or anywhere else, even on deck. Makes out he's got a gammy leg, or something. It's pretty plain, I think. Look at it!"

"We're looking!" said Bob. "Do you mean your face? We're looking at it! It's not pretty, but it's plain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you silly idiot!" gasped Bunter. "Now I'll tell you fellows what to do. Next time the steward goes to No. 22, and the door's open, you fellows rush in—"

"Rush in!" gasped Wharton.

"Yes; and bag him. Take him by surprise, you know—"

"Take a rheumatic Frenchman by surprise!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Yes, I've no doubt he would be surprised!"

"The surprisefulness would be terrific!"

"I tell you he's Lobo, playing possum!" hooted Bunter. "Of course he is! Can't even you silly duffers see it? Take him by surprise and get him—"

"Well, look here," said Harry, "if you're right—"

"Of course I am, fathead!"

"Well, you rush in and collar him!"

We'll wait outside to pick up what's left of you, when the rheumatic Frenchman has finished."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

Bunter did not adopt that suggestion. The rushing tactics, apparently, were to be left to the Famous Five, and if they did not do the rushing, there would be no rushing done. And clearly they had no intention of doing any rushing. Instead of that, they roared with laughter; and Bob Cherry requested Bunter to tell them another funny story! Instead of which, Bunter merely snorted.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Knows How!

RED sunset turned the Atlantic to a sheet of crimson. Night was at hand—and with the approach of night Billy Bunter grew more and more uneasy. Once or twice—greatly daring—the fat junior strolled past State-room No. 22

—where the mysterious French passenger was hidden from sight.

To Bunter's mind, at least, the unseen Monsieur Pons was mysterious, dark, and deadly. Bunter had no doubt that the unseen passenger was O Lobo, travelling under a French name. He had no doubt that the rheumatic leg which confined Monsieur Pons to his cabin, was mere camouflage—a pretext for keeping doggo.

The other fellows, glancing at Bunter as he peered at the closed cabin through his spectacles, grinned.

To their minds, there was nothing mysterious about a passenger keeping to his cabin if he was on the sick list. Moreover, the fact that that particular passenger had come on the ship at Teneriffe, was proof positive that he was not O Lobo—to everybody but Bunter.

But Bunter had no doubts. And his fat mind was filled with terror at the prospect of the pretended Frenchman creeping out of No. 22, and along to No. 17, in the dark hours—as Bunter was convinced that he had done the night before.

## GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

This week our long-haired poet chooses for his subject a character who really needs no introduction.

**DICKY NUGENT.**  
leader of the Second Form fags and author of the St. Sam's "shockers."

(1)

With comic writers numerous  
Our magazines abound,  
And boys described as "humorous"  
On every shelf are found;  
But when you take and search 'em all  
For characters of fun,  
You'll say that Doctor Birchmall  
Takes second place to none.

(2)

He has his own appliances  
To keep him at St. Sam's,  
He cares not for the sciences,  
Or school books or exams:  
His brain is a vacuity  
In all scholastic lore,  
He shows no assiduity  
In filling it, what's more!

(3)

The Doctor's speciality  
Is raking in the brass!  
His humorous rascality  
No villain could surpass;  
But though we chuckle fittingly,  
The humour isn't meant!  
It's all put in unwittingly,  
The fun's an accident!

(4)

For Dicky writes with gravity  
These tales of mirth and cheer,  
And Birchmall's depravity  
To him is quite sincere.  
Yes, that's the word—sincerity!  
For that explains at once  
The marvellous dexterity  
Of one who is—a dunce!

(5)

No, not a dunce! His density  
Is all his very own!  
It comes from his propensity  
For leaving work alone!  
He'd rather be victorious  
In blacking fellows' eyes  
Than stand aloft and glorious  
On Speech Day, with a prize.

(6)

Unhappily, this tendency  
At Greyfriars hardly pays,  
There's far too much dependency  
On masters and their ways!  
And Mr. Twigg's mentality  
Gives Dicky Nugent pain;  
He has such partiality  
To teaching—and the cane!

(7)





But Frank works hard and forcefully,  
And Dick, who's full of sloth,  
Persuades him most resourcefully  
To do the work of both.  
If Twigg sees this duplicity  
There's trouble in the act,  
And Frank, for his complicity,  
Is sent to Queleh and whacked.

(8)

So Dicky writes maliciously  
To give the brute a "dig,"  
Makes Birchmall act viciously  
To take it out of Twigg!  
This curious experiment  
May give his feelings ease,  
It gives our feelings merriment—  
So carry on, Dick, please!

(9)

But you, with great ferocity,  
Cry: "Stop your drivel, do!  
A truce to this verbosity,  
We want that interview!"  
Well, then, I saw him yesterday,  
And this is what he said—  
And really I confess to-day  
I'd— (No more space left.—ED.)



if the other fellows would have backed him up, Bunter would soon have had that mysterious passenger hooked out of the cabin, and shown up in his true colours. But they wouldn't!

It was Bunter or nobody—and the fat junior was setting his podgy wits to work to think out a plan, not involving any risk for his fat and important self. And at last, it seemed, the unusual pressure on Bunter's fat brain produced results!

He rejoined the group on D deck, and poked Mr. Frulo in the ribs with a fat thumb to draw his attention.

"I say what's the Portuguese for fire?" he asked.

"O fogo!" answered Dom Joao.

"O fogo!" repeated Bunter. "Oh, yes—O means 'the,' and fogo means 'fire.' Is that it? What's the Portuguese for flame?"

"A chamma!" answered Mr. Frulo.

"You mean o chamma?" asked Bunter.

"Nao, nao! Chamma, the flame, is of the gender feminine in Portuguese," explained Mr. Frulo. "It is, as you say, in English, shemale! But fogo, the fire, is masculine gender."

"What a rotten, silly lingo!" said Bunter. "So you say sometimes 'a' and sometimes 'o' when you mean 'the.' Same silly rot in French. But Portuguese is rather more fatheaded than French, isn't it?"

Mr. Frulo did not answer that polite question.

"O fogo! A chamma!" repeated Bunter. "Well, that ought to fetch him! But I'll say 'fire,' too, as the brute understands English, and it would sound more natural to shout 'Fire!' on an English ship."

The juniors stared blankly at Bunter.

"You're going to shout 'Fire!'" gasped Bob.

"That's the idea!" assented Bunter. "Rather deep, what?"

"Deep!" ejaculated Wharton. "You'll get into a jolly row if you give an alarm of fire for nothing."

"It ain't for nothing! It's to fetch

that brute Lobo out of his hiding-place!" explained Bunter.

"Oh crikey!"

"I mean, what would a man do if he suddenly heard an alarm of 'Fire!' outside his cabin?" argued Bunter. "Sure to rush out at once, what?"

"The surefulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"And pretty sure to kick the silly ass who gave the alarm, if there was nothing in it!" said Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows, you stand round ready to collar him!" said Bunter. "As soon as he pops out, bag him, see? You'll see at once that he's O Lobo."

"We shall see at once that he isn't," said Nugent.

"On, don't be an ass! I say, you go and shout 'Fire!' outside his cabin, Bob. I—I—I'll stand here, ready to call for help, see? You'll need help—and you can leave that part to me."

"I'll leave the lot to you, thanks!" grinned Bob.

"You've got more pluck than Cherry, Franky, old chap! Will you go and shout 'Fire!' outside No. 22?"

"Not this evening!" chuckled Nugent.

"What about you, Wharton?"

"Nothing about me, you born idiot!"

"Bull, old man—"

"Shut up, ass!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I say, Inky, you've got tons of pluck—more than all those sneaking funks put together! Will you go and shout 'Fire!' outside No. 22?"

"The shoutfulness of my esteemed self will not be terrific!" chortled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Bunter gave a snort of disgust.

"Blessed if I ever saw such a rotten lot of funks!" he snapped. "I say, Mr. Frulo, will you go and shout 'Fire!' Put it in Portuguese, too! Then he's sure to understand! It will bring him out, and—"

"Nao!" grinned Mr. Frulo. "I tink not! Nao!"

Another snort from Bunter.

Masterly as that scheme was for forcing the unseen occupant of No. 22

to show up, Billy Bunter seemed disinclined to carry it out himself.

But it was clear that nobody else was going to do so; and already the dusk of night was creeping up from the east. There was no time to lose, if Bunter was not to undergo another night of terror.

The fat Owl made up his fat mind at last.

"I say, you fellows, you be ready to bag him!" he breathed. "Don't you let me down, you know! The minute Lobo shows up, you rush at him—"

"We'll rush at O Lobo, all right, if he shows up!" grinned Bob. "But if a rheumatic Froggy hops out on one leg, we shall leave you to it, Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear young friend—" expostulated Mr. Frulo.

Unheeding expostulations, Billy Bunter rolled along the deck to No. 22. With a thumping heart, but with desperate determination, the fat junior approached the door and lifted a podgy hand to knock.

The other fellows watched him.

"Look here, we'd better stop that!" said Johnny Bull. "We can't let that blithering idiot carry on."

"He won't have the nerve to carry on!" answered Bob.

But Bob was mistaken. Extremity of funk supplied something like courage. Bunter had made up his mind, and screwed up his courage, such as it was, to the sticking-point.

He gave a loud knock. Then he shouted:

"Fire! Fire! O fogo! A chamma! Fire! Flames! Fire!"

A dozen startled exclamations were heard from various directions. Two or three stewards came running along, and two or three seamen, and half a dozen passengers.

There was a sound of movement inside the closed cabin. Evidently the unseen occupant had heard.

Bunter jumped back.

He flew!

He had roused O Lobo out—at all events he had roused somebody out! And he was anxious to be out of reach before that somebody got going!

But a steward, racing up the deck, caught him by the lapels of his jacket.

"What's this?" gasped the steward. "What are you up to, young feller-melad? What do you mean by shouting 'Fire!'?"

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Look here—"

"Leggo, you beast!" shrieked Bunter, wriggling in the steward's grasp, in terror of O Lobo leaping out of No. 22.

Forth from the cabin leaped a figure.

But it was not the black-bearded bravo of Brazil. It was a stout Frenchman, with a length of pyjamas showing under an ample dressing-gown, and a nightcap on his head.

He came out in a long hop, on one leg—the other being, no doubt, the limb victimised by that painful malady, rheumatism.

"Comment! A moi! A moi! C'est le feu! A moi! Help!" spluttered the Frenchman, as he hopped.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Le feu! Le feu! A moi! Help!"

"It's all right, sir!" gasped the amazed steward. "There ain't any fire—it's only this young idiot lark-ing—"

"Le feu—le feu—"

"Pas de feu, monsieur!" called out Harry Wharton, in his best Remove French. "Tout va bien! Rien!"

**HE'S TERRIFIC!**



**HE'S A SENSATION!**

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"Mais on ecoute—on crie—"  
 "It's this fat kid larking, sir," said the steward. "And if you have a fancy to smack his silly head for it, why, here he is, and I'm holding him!"

"Yaroooh!"  
 "Pas vrai, hein!" gasped the French gentleman. He hopped on his sound leg. "Zere is not a fire—zere is nozzings! Nom d'un nom' d'un chien!"  
 "I say, you fellows, help!" yelled Bunter.

Even Bunter could see that the hopping Frenchman was not a Brazilian bandit. Even Bunter realised that he had made a little mistake. If O Lobo was on board the Comet, he certainly was not the occupant of No. 22.

But Billy Bunter realised his mistake too late!

Had O Lobo shown up, all hands would have rushed to seize him. But nobody was going to rush to seize a French gentleman, justly exasperated, who had only one leg to hop on, and who had been set hopping on it by a false alarm.

"Zat garcon—il est fou—co garcon fou—"

"I say, keep off! I thought you were somebody else!" howled Bunter. "I say, it wasn't me! I say—Yarooop!"

He wrenched himself away from the steward, with a desperate wrench; but the clutch of the infuriated Frenchman was already on him.

Swaying on one leg, with severe pains shooting in the other, Monsieur Pons grabbed Bunter, and smacked his head right and left. He slapped and slapped and slapped, the rapid slaps sounding almost like the rattling of a machine-gun.

Slap, slap, slap, slap!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—" raved Bunter.

Slap, slap, slap!

"Help!"

Slap, slap!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh! Whoop! Oh crikey! Drag-gimoff! Oh lor! I say, you fellows—I say, you beasts—Yarooooh!"

Slap, slap, slap!

Bunter struggled frantically. Fortunately for him, the French gentleman slipped; and, having only one leg to stand on, went over. Bunter jerked away as Monsieur Pons hit the deck, and fled for his life.

A roar of laughter followed him. Bunter, too, was roaring—though not with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monsieur Pons was squeaking painfully, as the grinning steward helped him up, and helped him back to his cabin. The Frenchman's exertions had not done his "gammy" leg any good. He squeaked and squeaked and disappeared into his cabin again, still squeaking.

Bunter, looked in No. 17, gasped for breath, rubbed burning ears, and grunted and groaned. Harry Wharton & Co. laughed till they had to wipe away their tears.

Billy Bunter remained convinced that O Lobo was on board the Comet. But he made no further effort to root him out. The results of a mistake were altogether too painful.

**THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.**

**In Direst Peril!**

"OOO-ER!" gasped Bunter. He leaned over the side of his berth and listened. It was midnight again—midnight deep and dark. The Comet churned on through the tropic night,

gleaming with lights across the shadowed sea. A shaded bedside electric lamp burned in No. 17 state-room—nothing would induce Billy Bunter to remain in the dark.

Wharton was asleep in the lower berth. In the adjoining cabins, his friends were

fast asleep. Bunter was wide awake. Ears on board the Comet were so accustomed to the wash of the sea, the drone of the engines, that the effect was of silence, and other sounds were heard with distinctness. And Bunter's fat ears  
 (Continued on next page.)

**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.

**W**ELL, chums, and what do you think of this week's set of Magic Pictures? Absolutely topping, aren't they? You should have six pictures all told now, as well as the Spectacles. But this marvellous series of Free Magic Pictures is not finished yet. Next week's bumper issue of the MAGNET will contain two more pictures to add to your growing collection. The first is that of the crack train on the L.N.E.Rly.—"The Silver Jubilee"—at full speed; the second, the "Commodore Vanderbilt," hauling the fastest train in the United States. Don't miss 'em, whatever you do!

I strongly suspect Bert Graydon, one of my Hornsca readers, of attempting to "pull my leg." He wants me to tell him if there is

**A SENTENCE THAT CAN'T BE WRITTEN**

in the English language, and which can yet be spoken correctly? Yes, there is. But how can I tell him what it is if it can't be written? I'll have a shot at it, anyway. The sentence is: "There are three twos in the English language." Doesn't look sense, does it? And, no matter how you spell the word "twos," it still doesn't make sense, and, furthermore, it isn't correct, for there are not three "twos" in the English language. Yet if you speak the sentence it is correct. Actually, of course, it should be written: "There are three words in the English language with the same pronunciation as 'two.'" The three words are, of course, "two," "too," and "to." Neat little catch, isn't it?

While we are on this subject, here are a few more curious sentences. The first two bring in every letter of the alphabet, and are frequently used as typewriting exercises, or for testing typewriters:

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.

You will notice, though, that some of the letters are repeated. There is, however, a sentence which contains every letter in the alphabet without repeating a single one of them. It is:

J. Q. Plow might vex Z. D. Burk's fancy. There's rather an American flavour about that sentence, isn't there? I suppose most of you have noticed that the letter "E" is

**THE MOST FREQUENT LETTER IN ENGLISH.**

It is rather difficult to construct a sentence without the letter "E" appearing in it. This is well known to Secret Service men and others, who are called upon to solve ciphers and codes, and the constant recurrence of this letter often enables them to solve a cryptogram which would

otherwise be incapable of solution without a key to the cipher. Some time ago, however, an unknown poet wrote a little verse, which runs:

A jovial swain may rack his brain,  
 And tax his fancy's plight;  
 To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain  
 That what I say is right.

The curious thing about this little jingle is that the letter "E" never appears in it. Consequently, if that verse is written in cipher, it is one of the most difficult to decode.

Here is another interesting alphabet paragraph. You might have heard the expression,

**"ALPHABET PEPPER."**

Do you know what it means? Many years ago there was a Liverpool laundryman called Pepper. He wanted to give his daughter an unusual name. So this is what he called her:

Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Prudence Quince Rebecca Sarah Teresa Ulysses Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeno Pepper.

Thus the initials of her Christian names comprised all the letters of the alphabet. Her friends found this too much of a mouthful, and therefore she was known as "Alphabet Pepper," for short!

Now for a few

**RAPID FIRE REPLIES**

to questions fired at me by various readers.

**Is Ireland the Only Country that has No Snakes?** No. There are three parts of the world where there are no native snakes—and they are all islands. Ireland is one, and the others are Iceland and Hawaii.

**What is the Heat of an Ordinary Star?** The heat within a star is estimated to be two billion degrees Fahrenheit.

**Do Carrier Pigeons Fly at Night?** Yes. Carrier pigeons have recently been trained to fly during the hours of darkness. They are said to find their way by ear.

**Do Waves Travel?** No. They only move up and down. It is only the force that travels. You can prove this by throwing a piece of wood on the surface of a pool, thus causing the pool to ripple. The piece of wood will remain in the same spot, rising and falling with the ripples.

And now for next week's feast of fun and fiction: The Greyfriars yarn, which I have in store for you, is a real corker. Frank Richards fairly lets himself go in:

**"SHADOWED IN SOUTH AMERICA!"**

which has an equal amount of fun and thrills. The voyage to Brazil has been accompanied by unexpected perils—through which the Greyfriars chums have safely passed. But these are nothing compared with the exciting times that lie ahead of Harry Wharton & Co. in South America.

Then come further chapters of Geo. E. Rochester's first-rate adventure yarn, a chuckleful issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," and more snappy verses by the Greyfriars Rhymester. Don't forget that in this issue, you will also find more Free Magic Pictures.

YOUR EDITOR.  
 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,463.



were very much on the alert. So, faint as the sound was at the cabin door, it reached the fat junior in the upper berth.

Listening, with 'palpitating heart, Bunter could hear the fumbling and groping—the same sound that had been heard the previous night.

Someone was seeking to enter the cabin.

There was no doubt about it; and Bunter shivered with dread. He had parked his umbrella in his berth, in case it should be necessary to awaken Wharton. Leaning over, he poked.

"Urrgh!"

Harry Wharton came out of the land of dreams. He sat up, and, realising what had awakened him, breathed wrath. But he had no chance of grabbing the umbrella this time. Bunter jerked it back out of reach.

"I say, old chap," came Bunter's quivering whisper, "are you awake?"

"Yes!" hissed Wharton. "And just getting up to smash you into fifty million small pieces."

"Listen, old fellow!"

"Idiot!"

"He's at the door!" moaned Bunter.

Wharton, with one leg out of his berth, listened; the sound at the door was unmistakable. He could not help giving a start.

The previous night he had supposed that the man at the door was someone who had mistaken his cabin. But it was odd, to say the least, for the same mistake to occur again on the succeeding night.

"Can you hear him?" breathed the terrified Owl.

"Yes," grunted Wharton. "Some silly ass—"

"It's Lobo—"

"Fathead!"

"I tell you it's that awful villain—"

"And I tell you you're a blithering owl! I—" Wharton broke off, as a tap came at the door.

Stepping from his berth, he moved to the door. Bunter gave a horrified squeak. He leaned over and made a clutch at the captain of the Remove to stop him. Missing his clutch by a foot or more, he overbalanced, tumbled headlong out of the bunk, and distributed his fat person over the floor.

"Oooooogh!" gasped Bunter.

Unheeding, Wharton stepped to the door and opened it. Whoever it was tapping there, he was going to see who it was. The probability was that a steward had come along for some reason.

The door slid back, and he looked out.

Nobody was to be seen.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton, in surprise.

Had the man tapped and passed on, or what? Such a trick as a "runaway knock" was hardly imaginable on board the Comet. But certainly someone had tapped, and there was no one to be seen at hand.

Puzzled and irritated, Wharton stepped out and looked around him, while Bunter gasped for breath on the floor within.

From the dark shadow of a bulkhead a dark figure suddenly leaped; and before Harry Wharton knew what was happening, a grasp of iron was laid on him.

So swift, so sudden, so unexpected was the attack, that he had not the remotest chance to cry out or resist.

He was swept off his feet, dragged over into a patch of black shadow by the bulkhead, and before he could collect his scattered senses a scarf was knotted

round his head, covering his mouth, and effectually gagging him.

With his senses spinning in his amazement, the captain of the Greyfriars Remove struggled. But he was pinned down by a heavy man, and the grasp on him was like that of iron bands.

And then he knew!

He did not need the glimpse of a dark face and a black beard, the glitter of jetty eyes, in the dark, to tell him that he was in the desperate clutch of the Wolf of Brazil.

It was O Lobo!

The desperado was, after all, on board the Comet! Wharton knew that now—now that the murderous grip was on him, and he was powerless to resist it.

The swarthy face was bent lower over his upturned, staring eyes. He had a glimpse of white teeth gleaming through black beard. The hissing, whispering voice of the bravo came to his ears:

"Nossa senhora! My turn at last, little senhor! You escaped me at Teneriffe—will you escape me now?"

Wharton choked under the gagging scarf over his mouth. His heart was beating in great throbs.

It was O Lobo—ruthless as the brute whose name he bore. The shadow of death was over the schoolboy in his grasp.

Only too well he knew it. Only too well, he knew now that it had been O Lobo the previous night—not a mistaken passenger—at the door of No. 17.

In those fearful moments he knew what must have happened. O Lobo had not, as Bunter believed, been on the ship from Teneriffe; but it was clear that he had got on board at Pernambuco.

It had been, after all, simple enough. The man had his ticket for the voyage, his cabin reserved. He had intended to come on board far back at Boulogne, and had been spotted in time, and had fled. Since then he had tracked the Greyfriars party on their voyage southward.

Left behind at Teneriffe, he had contrived to get to Pernambuco ahead of them. After the encounter at the Pernambuco wine-shop he had disappeared into the alleys of the city, and the juniors had supposed that he had been left behind again when the Comet pulled out to sea.

Instead of which, Wharton knew now, only too well, that while the party were gone on their excursion to Olinda, the bravo, unseen and undetected, had boarded the steamer in the harbour—as a passenger, and had sailed in the Comet from Pernambuco.

He knew it now—too late.

Billy Bunter's terrors had not been unfounded. He had been mistaken as to how and when the bravo had got on board; but he had been right on the main point—O Lobo was there!

He was there—and Harry Wharton, silenced, powerless, crumpled in his powerful grasp, under the shadow of terrible death.

He saw the dark head lift again, as O Lobo peered cautiously, stealthily, up and down the deck.

A dim figure appeared—passing along by the rail; either a seaman or a steward; and O Lobo crouched over his victim, pressing a hard hand on the gagging scarf, till the figure passed on and disappeared. Then the deck was solitary again.

Again the bravo whispered, in sibilant tones of savage triumph.

"This time you do not escape me, little senhor! Nao! You drop into the sea—yes! Did I not warn you that you

would not live to reach Brazil? Did I not warn you that the young Valentine would wait in vain for his friends from Inglaterra? Os diamantes—you will never see them! You would have done better, senhor, to turn back at Lisbon, as I warned you!"

Wharton could not speak.

He was silent—helpless—his friends fast asleep; so near, yet so far. Only Bunter was awake—skulking in the cabin in overpowering terror. Harry Wharton knew that he was lost.

The bravo was only waiting to make sure that he was unobserved before he dragged him to the rail, to toss him into the sea.

It was a matter of minutes—perhaps only of moments—and the steamer would roll on down to Rio, leaving him to sink into the depths of the ocean behind.

And when he was gone—the others! Fast asleep—at the mercy of the treacherous human wolf from the Rexo. With despair in his heart Wharton strove to struggle. But he was an infant in the powerful grasp of the bravo of Brazil.

Again the bravo looked round, stealthily, and listened.

Then he rose and lifted the helpless schoolboy in his powerful arms, as easily as a child. He darted across to the rail, high over the surging sea. Resisting with all his strength, the captain of the Remove was swung over the rail, but both his hands fastened on it in a desperate clutch.

He heard a muttered oath from the bravo, and the ruffian grasped his fingers to loosen their grip. Madly, desperately he clung; but it was a matter of moments now, and dark death yawned beneath him as he swung over space, over the glistening, surging sea.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Hunted Wolf!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Bob Cherry's eyes opened, as the light glimmered on in his cabin. Johnny Bull awakened at the same moment. Both of them glared at the fat figure in blue-striped pyjamas, who had come in by the communicating doorway from No. 17.

But the palsied terror in Bunter's fat face disarmed them. He hung on to Bob's berth, trembling in every fat limb.

"Help!" he mumbled, in a croaking, husky whisper.

"For goodness' sake don't be such an ass, Bunter!" said Bob. "Go back to bed! Is Wharton awake?"

"He's got him!" groaned Bunter. "He'll be after me next—he's got Wharton!"

"Got him!" repeated Bob blankly.

"Yes. Oh dear! Oh lor'!"

"Isn't Wharton in his bunk?" asked Bob.

"He's got him!" moaned Bunter.

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Bob Cherry jumped out of bed. He did not believe for a moment that there was anything but blue funk the matter with Bunter. But he looked through the communicating doorway, to see whether Wharton was in bed—as he fully expected to see him.

To his surprise both bunks in No. 17 were empty, and Wharton was not to be seen there. And the outer door was half-open.

Wharton evidently had gone out of the cabin.

"Only this blithering idiot in a funk," growled Johnny Bull. "Wharton's there all right, I suppose."





Bob Cherry bounded across the deck towards the burly figure standing against the rail—tearing at the hands that gripped it from the other side. "Hang on, Harry!" he gasped. Then, clenching his fist, he struck out at Wharton's assailant with all his strength.

"He's not in the cabin," answered Bob.

"Oh!" Johnny Bull jumped out, and the two juniors went in to No. 17 together.

Bunter was left moaning, almost in a state of collapse.

"What the dickens——" grunted Johnny Bull. "He can't have gone out for a stroll on deck without his clothes—and here's his clobber——"

Bob Cherry stepped quickly out of the state-room. He did not, and could not believe that there was danger on the steamer. But Billy Bunter's panic had some effect on him, and he intended to make sure. Johnny Bull, grunting, followed him out.

A dark mass of shadow by the rail loomed against the sky. A faint sound, as of scuffling, came to Bob's ears.

His heart gave a sudden leap.

He bounded across, and reached a burly figure that was clamped against the rail—tearing at the hands that gripped it from the other side—the hands of someone hanging over the sea—over engulfing death!

It was fortunate for Harry Wharton that Bob, utterly amazed as he was, was quick on the uptake. He did not know that the dark figure was O Lobo's—he did not know that the hands clinging on the rail were his chum's.

He would have guessed, had he had time to think—but he had no time. He acted instantly—grabbing at the figure, grasping it, and dragging it backwards.

"Corpo de Deos!" came a snarling, startled voice—a voice he knew. And then he knew that it was the Wolf.

"Harry!" panted Bob.

He had no time for more—O Lobo

turned on him like a wild beast, and grasped him. Strong and sturdy as he was, Bob crumpled up in that fierce grip. He struggled madly.

Johnny Bull was on the spot in a split second. He grasped at the ruffian, and the two of them struggled with him.

They had their hands full; neither could go to Harry Wharton's help. But left to himself, the captain of the Remove was able to hang on, and to clamber back over the rail.

He heard the sounds of the fierce struggle, as he clambered. Three dark figures rolled and scuffled on the deck, as Wharton climbed back to safety and tore the gagging scarf from his mouth.

He panted for breath, and then his voice, in a desperate shout, rang far and wide.

"Help! Help! Help!"

He flung himself into the struggle.

O Lobo tore himself loose from Bob and Johnny, leaped up, and a cold, clear gleam of steel flashed in the gloom. The bravo's knife was in his hand now.

But it was at that moment that Wharton joined in, and his clenched fist crashed into the dark, evil face, and O Lobo staggered back, stumbled, and fell. The knife clattered on the deck.

"Help!" shrieked Wharton.

Shouting voices and running footsteps answered. Twenty ears at least had heard his first shout. Five or six seamen, two or three stewards came running up, calling out as they came.

"It's O Lobo!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Help!"

O Lobo staggered up panting, desperate. Frank Nugent and Hurreo Janset Ram Singh came running out of their cabin—and Mr. Frulo's voice was

heard calling. The dusky black-bearded face of the bravo from Brazil was convulsed with fury.

His game was up now.

It had been his game to lie low, to keep to his cabin, to work by treachery in the hours of darkness. But that game was up now, with a vengeance. He was in the midst of a shouting, alarmed crowd. From a steamer at sea there was no escape, and he backed against a cabin bulkhead, desperate, mad with rage, spitting like a cat.

"What's up?"

"What's the row here?"

"What——"

A dozen voices were speaking at once. Senhor Frulo, as he saw the dark, desperate face, gave a howl.

"O Lobo! The bandit!"

"Collar him!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Seize that man!"

"The bandit!" yelled Mr. Frulo. "Corpo de Deos! The bandit! Seize him!"

"O Lobo!" gasped Nugent. "Then that fat idiot, Bunter, was right——"

Hemmed in by the thickening crowd, O Lobo clenched desperate hands. A score of voices were demanding what was the trouble, and the juniors were answering all at once, and Mr. Frulo was waving wildly excited hands. The bandit's game was up; but, fierce and desperate, he made a sudden spring, and burst through the crowd.

Five or six hands grasped him as he leaped—but he wrenched loose, and darted away. Seamen, stewards, passengers, staggered right and left, from the Wolf's desperate rush, and he fled from D deck like a hunted beast.

"Nao se mexa!" shouted Mr. Frulo,

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as the juniors would have rushed in pursuit. "Go not! Stop yourselves with me!"

"Right-ho, sir!" said Bob. "They'll get him all right, unless he jumps into the sea! He can't get away from the steamer!"

"His number's up!" panted Johnny Bull.

"The upfulness is terrific!"

There was shouting and scampering all over the Comet, under the stars. As soon as the captain was informed of the state of affairs, a regular search was started. While the dark hours lasted, O Lobo was not found—but nobody doubted that he would be rooted out as soon as daylight came—unless, indeed, the desperate wretch threw himself into the sea to escape capture. Among the Greyfriars party not an eye closed again that exciting night.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Last of O Lobo!

"HAVE they got him?"

"Not yet!"

"Oh lor'!" groaned Billy Bunter.

It was the following day, and the Comet churned on under brilliant sunshine, ever southward to Rio. Next day the steamer was to moor at Rio de Janeiro, and the journey's end would be reached. Meanwhile, O Lobo, the bandit of Brazil, was still a free man on board the steamer—much to the discomfort and terror of William George Bunter!

By the captain's orders, search was going on; but, so far, the desperate man had kept out of sight. In some remote and obscure corner of the great ship, he was hiding like a hunted animal—and the Greyfriars fellows know why. O Lobo still hoped to escape from the trap into which he had fallen. If he could remain free till the steamer neared land, he had a chance, if a slim one. And, so far, he had eluded capture.

It was known now that he had come on the ship at Pernambuco. His cabin had been booked from Boulogne, under the name of Da Silva—which might have been O Lobo's real name, or an assumed one. When "Senhor da Silva" stepped on board at Pernambuco, naturally he had been given possession of the stateroom that had remained so long unoccupied.

The juniors, absent from the ship, had seen nothing of him; and no one else had any reason for regarding him with suspicion, or had, indeed, ever heard of O Lobo. It was easy enough for him to remain in his room, out of sight, on a plea of seasickness, leaving it only at night to attempt to carry out his treacherous plans.

And he had come terribly near to success.

The Famous Five had to admit that, but for Bunter's panic, their enemy would have got at them easily on the first night out after leaving Pernambuco. Indeed, at the finish, it was the fat Owl that had saved the situation. Had Bunter been sleeping and snoring, as usual, it was only too clear what would have happened. Wharton's hold on the rail would not have lasted a minute longer, had not his comrades arrived on the scene.

Far as they were from sharing Bunter's panic, the chums of the Remove did not feel at all easy in their minds, when the dusk of night descended again, with O Lobo still skulking in hiding somewhere on the steamer.

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They were as careful as Billy Bunter himself about fastening their rooms when they went to bed the next night. And Mr. Frulo did not go to bed at all, but sat up in his cabin, with an automatic at hand.

It was not likely that O Lobo would make any fresh attempt, as he could not emerge from his hiding-place without being seized at once. But the Greyfriars fellows left nothing to chance. Least of all did Billy Bunter! Bunter did not close his eyes till another dawn came flushing over the Atlantic.

Even when the new day came, the fat Owl declined to leave No. 17. He breakfasted there; and, having packed sufficient provisions in his capacious interior to last several fellows several days he fastened the door, stacked a couple of suitcases against it—and, at long last, slept and snored! He was still going strong when the Comet rolled down to Rio, and the chums of the Remove watched the shores of South America rising from the sea.

"Rio at last!" said Harry Wharton. The great city, stretched along the shore between the mountains and the sea, seemed like a fairy city, backed by mountains of the strangest shapes, and its immense bay studded with islands.

"Sim, sim! Rio at last!" said Mr. Frulo. He pointed with a dusky finger. "Behold the Loaf of Sugar!"

"The which?" ejaculated Bob.

"The Pao de Assucar—what you call in English the Loaf of Sugar!" said Mr. Frulo.

"Oh! Sugar-Loaf Mountain!" said Harry Wharton. And the juniors gazed with great interest at the famous hill that rose over the city.

There was plenty of bustle on board the Comet now. Many of the passengers were going on to Santos, Monte Video, or Buenos Ayres. But for the Greyfriars party, and a crowd of others, it was journey's end. In the excitement of watching Rio, as it came nearer and clearer into sight, the chums of the Remove forgot O Lobo.

But they were suddenly reminded of him as the steamer threaded its way into the bay.

A loud shout rang across the decks of the Comet, followed by a roar of voices, and a pattering of feet.

The juniors spun round, forgetting Rio for the moment. They had a glimpse of a figure, blackened from head to foot, thick with coal-grime; a startling figure in the glare of the tropical sunshine.

"O Lobo!" yelled Bob. "He's been hiding in the coal bunkers!"

The bravo did not approach the juniors—he did not even see them. A dozen men were rushing at him from different points, as he appeared on deck—emerging at last from his hiding-place, now that he knew that the steamer was near land.

Eluding half a dozen grasping hands, the bravo leaped upon the rail, and for a split second he stood there, panting, before he flung himself into the sea.

The juniors, from a distance, watched him, almost spellbound.

In a twinkling, he was gone from their sight, diving deep. They rushed to the side and stared over.

But they did not see O Lobo again.

The waters had closed over the desperate diver: and whether he was swimming under water, or whether he had gone down to his death, no one on board the Comet could tell. But there were innumerable boats and schooners and other craft on the bay, gliding among the islands: and plenty of cox to

screen the swimmer if he came up at a distance.

The steamer throbbed to a stop, and a boat was lowered. But in five minutes it was swung up to the davits again, and the Comet churned on. Alive or dead, O Lobo was gone.

Harry Wharton and Co looked at one another in silence. It was not pleasant to think of even so desperate a wretch going to his doom with such swift suddenness. But Johnny Bull shook his head.

"Man born to be hanged can't be drowned!" he said. "That's a jolly old proverb! He's got clear!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I—I hope he has," he said. "I suppose it means more trouble with him, but—"

"He had it all cut and dried," said Johnny. "He was hiding among the coal till he got his chance—and he's taken it! I dare say he's squatting in one of those boats astern now."

"More likely than not!" agreed Nugent.

"I dare say he'll chuck it now!" remarked Bob Cherry. "His game was to prevent us from joining up with Jim Valentine: and we've dished him—he can't stop us now. I hope old Valentine's been able to come down to Rio to meet us."

The juniors dismissed O Lobo from their minds again, and watched the swarming busy docks and quays, as the steamer glided in to her berth. Amid the innumerable faces, they hoped to see one they knew—the face of Jim Valentine, once of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Better call Bunter!" said Bob, with a grin. "He came in jolly useful with his funk, if with nothing else; and we can't let him go on to the Argentine. I'll give him a call!"

And Bob pounded at No. 17 stateroom, and roared:

"Bunter! Bunter! Bunter!"

Snore! rumbled from within.

"Bunter! Wake up, fathead! We're going ashore!" roared Bob.

"Oh," came a fat squeak, "I say, have they got that beast yet?"

"He's gone!" answered Bob. "Jumped overboard, old fat man—we've left him miles behind. Turn out, if you want to roll down to Rio, old barrel!"

"Sure he's gone?" squeaked Bunter.

"Yes—and the steamer will be gone, too, and you along with it, if you go on snoring!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter turned out and came on deck, as the steamer ranged up to the quay. He gave the great city of Rio de Janeiro one blink—and then blinked uneasily up and down and round about the Comet. Evidently, he did not feel quite easy in his fat mind.

"I say, you fellows, did you see that beast go?" he asked.

"The seefulness was terrific, my est o e m e d funky Bunter!" assured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Is he really gone, Mr. Frulo?"

Dom Joao grinned.

"Sim, sim! Yes! He come to go!" he answered. "Perhaps he go to drown, but I tink not: but he come to go."

"You can wash out the funk now, Bunter!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Who's funky?" demanded Bunter.

"Eh?"

"I'd like to know what would have happened to you fellows, but for my pluck," said the fat owl, warmly. "Keeping watch over you, protecting you, and saving your lives—and that's all you can put up in the way of

(Continued on page 28.)



# THE LOST SQUADRON!

By Geo. E. ROCHESTER.

## The Explosion!

**A**FTER battling their way through a terrific storm, Squadron-Leader Akers and his youthful navigation officer, Flight-Lieutenant Ferris, land with the dawn to 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.

Following a tour of exploration they meet up with four stokers from a derelict freighter—Coles, a burly American, Jim Crow, a negro, and two others known as Sam and Huck. Coles very soon shows his dislike for the two Britishers, and, in consequence, is called to order by the negro. Leaving Sam and Huck aboard the derelict, the remainder of the party set off next day in the direction of some smoke-stacks showing above the rocks in the distance.

To Akers and Ferris the walk was similar to their exploration of the previous day. All around them lay barren land, with here and there the blackened timbers of some long-lost ship rearing themselves gaunt and pathetic from out the sand.

There was one difference, however, which both noticed and commented upon. Yesterday the ground which they had traversed had been quite flat, but now it was becoming gradually uneven, sloping away in long inclines, then rising again to form wide dips, quite perceptible, but too shallow to be called valleys.

As they progressed, this unevenness in the contour of the ground grew steadily more pronounced, and the yellow sand began to be replaced by a wet and greyish mud.

It was towards midday, when the sun was high in the heavens, that, topping a long, boulder-strewn rise, Akers and Ferris halted abruptly. For there, below them, lying on her side in a great, sweeping hollow of mud and rock, was the mighty hull of a big liner.

From where they were standing Akers and Ferris had a full view of the dreadful havoc aboard. Masts had gone, and bridges, boat-decks, davits, and ventilators were one smashed and twisted mass of debris, out of which protruded the two black smoke-stacks which had been visible from the Boston.

The hull itself was badly holed below the waterline, and as Akers looked down on the torn and riven plates he expressed the view to Ferris that the ship had either sunk or been water-logged before being stranded.

As they stood there, gazing at the battered wreckage of what but two days beforehand had been a proud ship, they were joined by Coles and Jim.

"There ain't no one alive aboard her!" announced Coles with conviction, after taking a long stare at the derelict.

"No, I don't think there is," replied Akers. "But come on, we'll find out!"

Picking their way between the rocks and boulders, the party descended to where the ship was lying.

"The s.s. Renskyl," said Akers, gazing up at the mighty bows. "Any idea what line she belonged to, Coles?"



"What's that?" asked Akers, as a huge and sinuous black shape hurtled up from behind the rampart. "That?" cried the madman. "That's Aar Havig—my master—the king!"

"Yeah; the Lithuanian-American line, by her funnels," replied Coles. "German owned and good-class boats."

Access to the smashed and splintered decks was easily gained on the port side, and throughout the afternoon the four men carried out a laborious and systematic search of the derelict.

She was utterly and absolutely deserted, and, judging by the soaking condition of her interior, Coles agreed with Akers that not only had she been hit by the tidal wave, but for some time had been completely under water.

Below decks the scene was one of indescribable chaos and confusion, and the engine-room was a mass of warped and twisted steel, grim token of boilers which had burst.

Afternoon was merging into dusk when eventually Akers called the search off and suggested a return to the Boston.

"There is nothing more we can do here," he said, "and we ought to get back before darkness sets in."

The others agreed. While on the way back to the ship Coles touched the negro on the arm.

"Drop behind a bit, Jim," he muttered, with a covert glance at Akers and Ferris some paces ahead. "I wanna word with you!"

Akers stirred restlessly in his bunk. What had awakened him he did not know. Glancing at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch he saw that the hour was not yet midnight, and he composed himself again to slumber.

Then suddenly he tensed, listening with straining ears. Yes, he had not been mistaken. Someone was moving softly about on the deck above, and there was a stealth in the tread.

For a few moments Akers lay listening, then pushing back his blankets, he rose, and, quitting the cabin, cautiously ascended the ladder which led to the deck. The moon had swung up into a cloudless sky, bathing drear land and stranded wreck in cold, clear light.

Poking his head through the open hatch, Akers stared about him.

Nothing moved, nothing stirred to break the deathly hush which brooded



over all, and satisfied that the deck was deserted, Akers was on the point of perplexedly descending to his cabin again when his gaze suddenly fell on two figures moving away from the ship across the stretch of silvery sand.

For a long moment Akers stared, for in the light of the moon he had little difficulty in recognising the burly form of Coles, and the massive bulk of Jim Crow.

As he watched, the two men merged with and became swallowed up in the black shadow of the boulders which fringed the sand. Quickly descending the ladder, Akers wakened the sleeping Ferris.

"Get up!" he ordered.

"What the dickens for?" protested Ferris.

"Never mind now," retorted Akers. "I'll explain while you're dressing!"

Grumblingly Ferris rose, and as he and Akers donned their clothes, the latter explained how he had seen Coles and the negro making away from the ship.

"We're going to find out what they're up to," concluded Akers. "Coles is a dangerous fellow, and there's something fishy about this nocturnal jaunt of his."

"Perhaps they've only gone for a walk?" said Ferris.

"Don't be an ass!" snapped Akers. "Coles is not the sort to go for a walk at this hour of the night without some definite object in view."

"Yes, but what possible object can he have in view in a place like this?" demanded Ferris irritably, as he buttoned his tunic. "Which way were they heading?"

"The way we went this morning," answered Akers. "Towards the Renskyl."

"You don't suppose they're going back there, do you?" exclaimed Ferris.

"I don't know where they're going," responded Akers. "But I intend to find out. Come on, if you're ready!"

A few moments later he and Ferris descended the rope ladder which hung overside, and gaining the sand, set off in the direction taken by Coles and the negro.

"Are we going to follow them?" inquired Ferris. "Or do we catch them up and ask them where they're going?"

"We're following them," replied Akers determinedly. "It's a distasteful sort of thing to have to do, I know; but if we barge up and ask them where they're going, Coles is pretty sure to lie."

"Yes, I agree with you there," said Ferris. "But Jim's straight enough, don't you think?"

"Yes, as long as it suits him, perhaps," replied Akers. "Coles and he were very thick coming back from the Renskyl this afternoon, remember."

"Yes, I noticed that," responded Ferris. "Hallo, there they are, yonder!"

Away ahead, scarcely discernible against the dark background of rocks, were the moving figures of their quarry.

"We've got to be careful," said Akers. "We don't want them to spot us."

And careful they were, so careful indeed, that eventually their quarry led them to the Renskyl without apparently entertaining the slightest suspicion that they were being followed.

Dawn was almost at hand when, halting in the black shadow of a great boulder, Akers and Ferris saw the two men vanish round the giant hull of the liner.

"Now what do we do?" inquired Ferris.

"We wait!" snapped Akers.

A period of silence was broken by the sudden chop, chop, chop of an axe against woodwork. This continued for a few minutes; then came another silence broken suddenly by a loud and splintering crash.

"What on earth are they doing?" demanded Ferris.

"Hang on!" responded Akers grimly.

A further silence followed the splintering crash, then without warning the men appeared, moving hurriedly round the mighty hull to halt in the black shadow of the towering bows.

"Blowed if I can make head or tail of it," grunted Ferris. "What the dickens are they lurking there for—"

Boo-o-oom!

A dull explosion from the other side of the wreck cut in on his words and, hurriedly retracing their steps round the bows, Coles and Jim vanished from view again.

"Come on!" said Akers.

Stepping from cover, he and Ferris moved forward. As they rounded the giant hull, they saw their quarry bending over what appeared to be a big black box lying on the sand.

The soft going deadened the sound of their approach, and Akers was almost at Coles' elbow before he spoke.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

### The Break!

COLES straightened up and whirled, his face dark with passion.

"You?" he rasped.

"Yes," nodded Akers.

Recovering himself, Coles laughed harshly.

"So you've followed us here, hey?" he jeered. "Waal, if you must know what we're doing, mister, I'll tell you. We're helping ourselves to the contents of the purser's safe. Any objections?"

"Plenty!" retorted Akers.

"I kinda reckoned you would," sneered Coles. "That's why neither Jim nor me was cravin' your company any."

"And now that I am here?" questioned Akers evenly.

"Now that you are here," retorted Coles, "we'll have a showdown and get things fixed so's we'll know jest how we stand. But first I'm gonna see what's in here."

Turning again to the safe, the shattered door of which was hanging open, Coles produced jewellery, jewel boxes, and money, which he proceeded to stow away in his trousers pockets.

"What did you blow it open with, Jim?" asked Ferris, of the big negro.

"Dynamite, boss," replied Jim. "We had some cases of de stuff along wid our cargo. Dat's what put de ideah into Coles' haid."

"But how did you get the thing down on to the sand here?" demanded Ferris.

"Dat was easy," grinned Jim. "Coles spotted de safe when the four of us was searching de ship dis afternoon. She was lying undah de wreckage of de purser's cabin, and after we'd cut away de wood with an axe what we brought along with us, we levered her up an' give her a shove an' sent her crashing down de deck on to de sand."

"I see," nodded Ferris.

He watched with interest as, having stuffed his pockets full of the contents

of the safe Coles turned again to Akers and said truculently:

"I'm keeping this swag, see? Jim and me are gonna split it, so if you've got anything to say, you'd better get it off'n your chest right away."

"I have only this to say," said Akers evenly. "That swag, as you call it, is not yours, and you have not the slightest right to it."

"Ain't I?" jeered Coles. "Then who has gotta right to it? You jest tell me that, mister. The folks what owned it is drowned, and the folks what'll claim it'll be the owners of the vessel. What blamed right have they got to it, hey?"

"They will do their best to see that it is returned to the nearest of kin," said Akers. "But that is not the point. I am not going to have this looting—"

"Looting?" cut in Coles snarlingly. "This ain't looting, it's salvaging, as you'd blamed well know if you knew anything about the sea."

"Yeah, that's right, boss," seconded Jim. "It ain't lootin', it's salvaging, like what Coles says. He talked it over wid me las' evenin', an' I'se gotta admit that I reck'n he's right."

"Ho is not right," returned Akers.

"If he was merely taking possession of this stuff in order to hand it over to the proper authorities, it would be a different matter altogether. But as he intends keeping it for himself, it is stealing."

"Yeah, waal, you can call it what you like," interposed Coles, "it don't inatter a thing to me. You call it stealing, I call it salvage, and I reckon I've as much right to my opinion as you've got to yours." His voice rose belligerently. "An' lemme tell you something else, mister. When you said the other night in the saloon of the Boston that our rescue would only be a matter of days, I kinda figgered things out in my mind, and I decided that afore I was rescued I'd fill my pockets full as I could off'n ships what've bin cast away."

"That's c'rect, sah!" chimed in Jim. "The way Coles figgers it out is that he's only takin' what belonged to drowned folks what cain't need it ever no more. That ain't robbery, Mister Akers."

"It is, Jim," reiterated Akers. "When we are rescued, a proper authority will be set up to administer all property, valuables, and cargoes found on those wrecks."

"They can set up what they like!" cut in Coles roughly. "All I know is, I'm taking what I can find and sticking to it."

"Are Sam and Huck in on this with you?" questioned Akers.

"No, they're not," began Coles, "and they're not gonna be, neither!"

"Yes dey are, Coles," said Jim determinedly. "Sam an' Huck's gwyno to be in it now, whether you like it or not. You say dat bustin' open dese safes an' pocketin' de proceeds is salvage. Mister Akers says it's robbery. Waal, we're gonna have a meetin' an' see what Sam an' Huck says. We're either all in on dis or we ain't. It's gotta be one or de other."

"If you think I'm gonna do a split of the swag with Sam and Huck as well as with you, you're mistook!" snapped Coles.

"No, I ain't," retorted Jim. "Now dat dese two gents knows what we're doin', Sam an' Huck's gonna know, as well. An' if Sam an' Huck comes in wid us den dey shares de stuff wid us,



all fair, square, an' above board. I knowed all along dat you couldn't keep dis secretive, Coles, like what you was figgerin' on doin'!"

A meeting to decide the question as to whether appropriating valuables found aboard stranded derelicts was salvage or theft was duly held later that morning in the saloon of the Boston.

It was an extraordinary sort of meeting, and one not without its humorous side. Coles, having voted himself into the chair, opened the proceedings with a speech on the rights of man.

Delivered in shrill and nasal tones, it was a speech which left Sam and Huck gazing at him in blank surprise. For, not yet being fully aware of the events of the night, Sam and Huck were still somewhat hazy as to why the meeting had been called at all.

Having unburdened himself, Coles came to the point, and, with many colourful expletives and forceful phrases, demanded to know who the tarantation thunder had a better right to gold found on derelicts than the finders of it.

It was not, he pointed out, as though the folks who had owned it were still alive. He went farther. He demanded proof—and he demanded it there and then—that any of their relatives were still alive. For all the present company knew to the contrary, he opined, the whole world might have been submerged and everybody drowned.

"Then if that is so," commented Akers dryly, "what good do you expect your gold to do you?"

This rather stumped Coles for the moment. But only for the moment. What he had meant to emphasise, he explained, was that they had no proof as to the extent of the submersion and the gold and valuables lying about aboard the stranded wrecks might never be claimed.

Anyway, he concluded, it didn't matter if they were claimed. He was first on the scene, and he was going to pocket all he could find. Anyone who didn't agree with him could just go hang—only he didn't put it quite so politely as that.

He sat down then, and listened with a sneer and many an impatient movement as quietly Akers pointed out to the meeting just how hopelessly off the rails was Coles' theory that what they found they could keep.

When rescue came, reiterated Akers, a proper authority would be set up to deal with the question of these derelicts. Until then, they could explore as much as they liked, and take possession of as many valuables as they liked—but only with a view to keeping such valuables safe and undamaged until they could be handed over to the aforementioned authority.

"Waal," said Jim, rising when Akers had concluded, "we've heard what Coles has had to say, an' we've heard what Mister Akers has had to say. Dose who agree wid Coles hold up dere han's!"

He held up his hand, Coles raised his, and Huck's hand also crept up.

"Dose who agree wid Mister Akers will now raise dere han's," said Jim, the while Coles sat glaring at Sam, who was raising his hand, along with Ferris.

"Waal, now, dat makes three for Coles, an' three for Mr. Akers," said Jim, giving Sam a pained sort of look. "But I must say I'm s'prised at Sam!"

"So'm I!" snarled Coles. "Getting mighty partic'lar for a stoker, ain't he?"

"I know what's right, and I know what's wrong!" growled Sam.

"No, Sam, it ain't dat," said Jim earnestly. "It ain't a matter of right,

an' wrong. It's just a matter of opinion. Now, sah!" He turned to Akers. "You see how she lies. Dere's three for you an' three agin you. What's to do about it?"

"Only this," said Akers, rising. "Mr. Ferris and myself will carry out our original intention, which is that we leave you to go your way, and we'll go curs."

"That's fine!" sneered Coles. "An' take Sam with you, 'cos if he stays around heah his views is li'ble to get him his throat out."

"Ay. Well, it wouldn't be you what'd do the cutting, Coles," growled Sam. He turned to Akers and Ferris, and proceeded: "I ain't never cottoned on to this dock-rat, Coles, since we sailed from New York, and if you gents would care to have me along with you, then I'd be real glad to come."

Furious of face, Coles blundered to his feet.

"What's that you called me?" he shouted.

Fists clenched and muscles bunched, Sam looked at him.

"I called you a dock-rat," he said calmly. "Ay, come on, I can take all you can give me!"

"Say, lissen!" cut in Jim wearily. "Ain't we got enuff on our han's widout you fellers scrappin'? Shet your haid, Sam! An' you, Coles, you sit down, or, by golly, I'll crack yore blamed haid together!"

He turned to Akers.

"Lookin' at dis matter de way we do," he said regretfully, "I reck'n dere ain't no other way dan to part. An' if you ain't got no objection, sah, you'd best take Sam along wid you, for seemingly he ain't gonna fit in wid us. He's a good feller, an' will help you wid your stores."

"Stores?" repeated Akers.

"Sure!" said Jim. "You'll want stores, Mister Akers, so you'll take a supply from de stores aboard heah."

"Not blamed likely!" cut in Coles roughly. "These jaspers ain't getting any of our stores."

"Coles," said Jim patiently, "dere is times when you make me feel plumb sick. Mister Akers an' Mister Ferris has been good frien's to us, an' although we've differed on a matter of opinion, dere ain't no reason for us not to treat dem square. Dey takes dere share of de stores, an' I hopes, Mister Akers, an' you, Mister Ferris, dat we part on good terms."

"We do, as far as we are concerned, Jim," laughed Akers, taking the black's outstretched and massive hand. "We'll take Sam along with us."

Thus it was arranged, and within the hour, Akers, Ferris, and Sam, with packs on their backs, containing food and water, were ready to leave the ship.

"An' 'member dis, Mister Akers," said Jim, by way of parting, "although we've differed, you've always gotta frien' in Jim, an' I'm right heah, sah, if ever you wants me."

"Thanks, Jim!" said Akers soberly. "Now, don't forget to make a camp by the sea, with a bonfire ready to light, as a signal. Any day now we may be sighted by a rescue party in an aeroplane. Good-bye!"

### The Stranger!

**W**ESTWARDS tramped Akers and his two companions, westwards throughout the day, moving always through a dead and desolate land of rock, mud, and sand.

Neither Akers nor Ferris had the

slightest regret at the break which had come with Jim, Coles, and Huck. Rather they welcomed it, for, apart from being rid of the surly and impossible Coles, they were now free to explore this strange and barren country which had risen from out the ocean depths.

Their course took them by the Rensky, which they passed during the afternoon. From then on the ground became rougher and more uneven, wide, sweeping hollows giving place to deep, boulder-strewn valleys and seaweed-covered crevasses.

Often away in the distance they saw some rusted hull, with broken masts and trailing gear, and although on every such occasion they clambered on to a rock and sent a stentorian hail echoing across the grey and silent land, nothing ever answered, nor did they see any sign of life.

Sam had insisted upon taking the heaviest pack, and as he trudged along in stolid silence, Akers and Ferris found him more of an acquisition than an embarrassment. He was willing to do anything they asked, or fall in with any suggestion, and, inwardly, both of them voted him a very decent fellow.

With the dusk they came to a vast and rock-fringed plateau of sand, the flat and dreary surface of which was rendered more desolate by the grey, still waters of many pools, cold and silent in the fading light of day.

"We'd better be thinking about making camp," said Akers, coming to a halt. "What about those rocks over there?"

"Looks as good a place as any," commented Ferris, giving a hitch to the straps of his pack. "Come on!"

They moved forward towards the rocks which loomed vague and shadowy through the dusk half a mile or more away. They had covered about half the distance, when, without the slightest warning, a deep voice spoke behind them:

"Greetings, strangers!" So totally unexpected was that voice that, with one accord, Akers, Ferris, and Sam wheeled in their tracks to stare in amazement at the owner of it.

And as they stared, their amazement deepened, for it was indeed an extraordinary individual who had thus accosted them in the dusk.

Tall, bare-headed, and bare-footed, he was thin almost to the point of emaciation. His clothes hung on him in rags, the bottoms of his frayed and torn trousers flapping about his spindle shanks half-way between knee and ankle.

It was his features, more than anything else, that held the gaze of Akers, Ferris, and Sam. Eyes, dark and luminous, burned in deep sockets surmounted by wispy grey eyebrows. Thin and weather-beaten cheeks, pitifully sunken, and with the skin drawn tightly over the high bones, had their dreadful hollows accentuated by a great hooked and beak-like nose which jutted out above a thin-lipped mouth, and long, unshaven chin. Hair, grey and uncombed, hung down over ears and scraggy neck; and long, talon-like fingers were clutched around the wet ropes of a laden fish-basket carried on shoulders which, in spite of their apparent frailness, were straight and erect.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Akers, recovering from his first astonishment. "Who on earth are you?"

The burning eyes of the extraordinary individual were turned on him, and in deep, deliberate tones came the reply:



"I am the servant of Aar Havig!"  
"Aar Havig?" repeated Ferris.  
"Who's he?"

The gaunt and tattered stranger looked at him.

"He is the king of this domain," he answered, in the same deep tones, "and I hasten to him. For hungry he was when I left him, and in great rage will he be should I delay my return."

Akers and Ferris exchanged glances, whilst Sam took an uneasy backward pace. For there was, to say the least of it, something peculiar about this individual who had come upon them so silently and so strangely in the dusk.

"What was your ship?" asked Akers.  
"My ship?" repeated the man wonderingly.

"Yes; the ship aboard which you were cast away."

The other shook his head.

"I know not of what you speak," he said. "I was cast away aboard no ship. But I must go, else so deep will become the dusk that Aar Havig will fail to perceive my return."

"And then he'll be in a greater rage than ever, I suppose?" said Ferris facetiously.

To the watching Akers it seemed that for one fleeting instant a look of murderous fury blazed in the stranger's sunken eyes as he looked at Ferris. But almost immediately it was gone, and there was neither tremor nor emotion in the man's deep tones as he made reply:

"Always Aar Havig waits and watches!"

"Look here!" said Ferris impatiently. "Who are you, really, and who is Aar Havig?"

"I have told you," replied the other. "Aar Havig is king of this bare land, and I am his servant." He hesitated a moment, irresolute, then said: "But come, I will show you!"

He set off then towards the fringes of rocks, stalking barefooted through the dusk without so much as a backward glance to see if the others were following.

Sam grasped Akers by the arm.

"Say, mister," he said hoarsely, "he's mad, ain't he?"

"I certainly think he is," assented Akers grimly. "But, come on, we'd better go with him!"

"To salute Aar Havig?" grinned Ferris.

"Chuck it, man!" snapped Akers, and there was that in his tone which effectively silenced Ferris.

Not that Ferris needed much silencing, for he wasn't really feeling humerous, and his flippancy had been but an effort to squash a certain vague uneasiness which this tall and sinister stranger had roused in him. Who was the fellow, anyway, he wondered, as, with Akers and Sam, he followed in his wake towards the rocks: and who was this mysterious Aar Havig, whom he called not only master but king?

"Dashed if I can make head or tail of him!" he muttered to Sam. "And look at that fish basket he's carrying. It's crammed full of dead fish from the pools. There must be a crowd of them to eat that lot, Sam!"

"Ay," muttered Sam, "it's queer!"

"Queer," nodded Ferris, "is the word!"

Nearing the dark fringe of rock, the stranger suddenly halted, and turned to them with hand upraised.

In response to that imperious gesture, Akers and his two companions also halted. As they did so, a faint splashing of water came to their ears.

The noise, coming from behind the low rampart of rock, grew rapidly in volume until it was like that of some gigantic boiling cauldron. Then, without warning, a huge and sinuous black shape hurtled up into the dusk, twisting and writhing in frenzied contortion like some immense and dreadful demon, before it fell to disappear behind the rampart in a terrific shower of flying spray.

Stunned by the sight of that hurtling, monster shape, Akers and his two companions stood rooted to the sand. Then, recovering himself, Akers dashed forward and seized the stranger by the arm.

"What was that?" he cried hoarsely. "What was it?"

The strange individual laughed, and his sunken eyes glowed like live coals through the dusk.

"That?" he cried, and Ferris shuddered at his voice. "That was Aar Havig—my master—the king!"

Appalled, his face deathly white, Akers shrank back.

"Ferris!" he gasped.

But the madman heeded not his cry for Ferris. A step forward he strode, gripped Akers by the arm with fingers which clutched like a vice, and dragged him towards the rampart.

"I come, O Aar Havig!" he cried. "I come with a guest!"

He looked at Akers, his face diabolical in a fiendish grin.

"Aar Havig the Evil!" he croaked. "Aar Havig the Black!"

Another moment and Ferris and Sam were upon him, tearing at his arms, pulling him down, fighting desperately to release Akers from that vice-like clutch.

Whirling on them, his yellow teeth showing in an animal snarl, the madman fought back with a savage and berserk ferocity. His eyes were blazing, his lips foam-flecked, and from his throat came the dreadful snarling growl of a beast at bay.

He was forced to release Akers, however, and as though his very life was at stake, he clawed and kicked at Ferris and Sam, his yellow teeth snapping in wolfish fury the while he struggled frenziedly to tear himself free.

The basket on his back, its load now scattered on the trampled sand, seemed not to handicap him, so great was his maniacal strength, and, tearing himself loose in a sudden desperate effort, he turned and rushed away into the dusk.

(This brilliant story gets more thrilling with every chapter. On no account miss next week's Free Gift Issue of the MAGNET.)

## THE WOLF OF BRAZIL

(Continued from page 24.)

gratitude! Yah! What did you let him jump off the ship for? Why didn't you collar him?"

"Never had a chance, fathead!" said Bob.

"I'd have found a chance, if I'd been here!" sneered Bunter. "I jolly well wish I'd been up! He wouldn't have got away."

"You silly ass——" roared Johnny Bull.

"You can bellow at a fellow!" said Bunter, disdainfully. "Yah! Lot of funks—letting that villain get away, right under your noses! Why didn't you call me—I'd have tackled him fast enough——"

Hurree Janset Ram Singh winked at his comrades, stepped back, and stepped quietly behind Bunter.

"I don't want to rub it in," went on Bunter, "but I must say you fellows are a funky lot. That fellow Lobo seems to have you all stiff with funk! I fancy I'm the only fellow here who's not afraid of him—and I can jolly well say—urrgh! Help! He's got me! Help! Yaroooooh!"

Bunter broke off, with a fearful howl, as he was gripped from behind.

It was the dusky hand of Hurree Janset Ram Singh that gripped—but Bunter, having no eyes in the back of his head, was unaware of that little circumstance! That sudden grip at the back of his fat neck made the Owl of the Remove yell with terror.

"Ow! Help! I say, you fellows, help! He's got me!" roared Bunter. "I say draggimoff—help—mercy—it wasn't me—yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My esteemed Bunter——" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh, over a fat shoulder. And he released Bunter's collar.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Ow! Oooogh! You—you—you beast, Inky, you—you made me jump! You silly ass, playing rotten tricks on a fellow—urrgh! I—I knew it was you all the time——"

"Oh, my esteemed hat!"

"I never thought it was that beast Lobo! I'll bet I made you fellows think I was scared," said Bunter.

"Safe bet!" chuckled Bob. "You did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, pointing to a handsome, sunburnt face under a Panama hat on the quay. "Jolly old Valentine! Hurrah!"

And as the Famous Five stepped on the quay, Jim Valentine, once of the Greyfriars Remove, his face burned brown by tropical suns, but as handsome and pleasant and friendly as ever, rushed to meet them.

THE END.

(And so Harry Wharton & Co. have arrived safe and sound in Brazil. But what's happened to O Lobo? You'll be surprised when you read: **SHADOWED IN SOUTH AMERICA!** the next tip-top yarn in this thrilling series. You'll find it in Next Saturday's MAGNET which will also contain pictures for your Magic Spectacles!)



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DIVIDE UP YOUR DAY!

My advice to youngsters who want to get on is: Work to a programme! Map out how you're going to use your time well in advance!

Chaps who just do things in a haphazard way end up by doing nothing. But the man who draws up a time-table is bound to succeed. Loud cheers!

Just to give you an idea of the kind of thing I mean, here's an actual time schedule, drawn up by a Remove chap I know:

6.30 a.m. Rise. Cold bath. Run round quad. 7 a.m.-8.30 a.m. Greek. 8.30 a.m.-12.15 p.m. Brekker and classes. 12.15 p.m.-1 p.m. Latin. 1 p.m.-4 p.m. Dinner and classes.

4 p.m.-7 p.m. Tea and study of serious works on science and philosophy. 7 p.m.-8.30 p.m. Prep. and stroll round quad. 8.30 p.m.—Bedtime. Discussions on intellectual topics with fellow-students.

Of course, I don't put that up as the ideal programme for everybody. You have to draw up your own programme and after it as experience teaches you. In the case of the chap I'm quoting, he altered it quite a lot from time to time. After about a month, his programme was modified to the following:

6.30 a.m.—Rising-bell. Stay on in bed. Don't budge for anybody. Rising-bell-Brekker. Wash and dress. Avoid cold baths and exercise. 12.15 p.m.-1 p.m. Japes and larks. 1 p.m.-4 p.m. Dinner and classes. 4 p.m.-7 p.m. Tea, japes and study of comic papers. 7 p.m.-8.30 p.m. Japes. Cut prep. down to a minimum. 8.30 p.m.—Bedtime. Rough-house in Rag.

The chap I'm talking about tells me that his revised programme is an immense success. Of course, it's a bit of an effort for him to stick to it, but he manfully resists other temptations and sticks to the japes or rough-houses or whatever else happens to be in the time-table.

Really, you know, I think dividing up the day is a jolly good wheeze. What do you chaps think of it? (Words fail us!—Ed.)

**DRAUGHTBOARD MANUFACTURERS!** What offers for a couple of pairs of Bunter's trousers? Guaranteed to provide a good surface for about 1,000 draughtboards! Apply early! —MONTY NEWLAND, Surplus Clothing Dealer, c/o GREYFRIARS HERALD.

**GIVING HIM THE "BIRD"!** SMITHY: "I did a parachute dive off the roof of the School House just for a LARK but I don't CROW about it." SKINNER: "I can't SWALLOW that!"

In an ice-hockey match against Highcliffe, Harry Wharton & Co. showed greater speed and skill, though Courtenay and De Courcy set their side a striking example by scoring two early goals. Friars replied through Wharton (3), Cherry (2), and Vernon-Smith, who slammed the puck against the back of the net to score the sixth in the last minute!

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# The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 177.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON

February 29th, 1936



## AM I A WORM?

Asks SIDNEY JAMES SNOOP

No—NO—a thousand times NO! That's my answer to the question, Am I a Worm? I shouldn't have to answer such a question, really. But so many people seem to accuse me of being a worm that it seems to me it's about time I turned and spoke up for myself!

How the dickens can anyone compare me with a worm? Why, I don't resemble a worm in any way. To begin with, a worm crawls. I'm jolly sure I don't! I may cringe and fawn and flatter and bow and scrape—but crawl—never!

(Seems a jolly subtle distinction to us!—Ed.)

Then again, I make a point of never sneaking. It's true that I occasionally pass on information to the beaks. I did last week, when Bulstrode punched me on the nose. But I only do that sort of thing from a stern sense of duty, so you can't very well call it sneaking, can you? (CAN'T WE?—Ed.)

As to the suggestion that I'm a coward, nothing could be further from the truth. I remember a time when somebody yelled "Fire!" in the School House. Do you think I was the first man out of the building? Not a bit of it! I was only second! The fact is, I'm as brave as a lion when I'm roused. I once fought a ferocious fag who was a mere six inches shorter than I—and I didn't even insist on his having one hand tied behind his back! That'll give you a slight idea of the kind of chap I am (It does!—Ed.)

Another thing they imply when they call you a worm is that you're not intelligent. I know jolly well that I'm intelligent enough! Why, on one occasion, I read a whole book. I don't remember what it was about now, but I jolly well read it, anyway! (Phew! You've knocked the stuffing right out of us!—Ed.)

Worm, indeed! What a lot of rot!

A toad—possibly; but a worm—never! That's my answer to my critics!

(In fairness to Snoop, we ought to mention that he says this article is a forgery, written by someone else. But we're printing it just as we received it all the same—and changing the law of libel!—Ed.)

## BACK TO EARTH!

Last Laughable Spasm of Dicky Nugent's Great Serial: "St. Sam's in the Strattersphere!"



Doctor Alfred Birchmall and his six fellow-eggplorers from St. Sam's were in a dilemma. Although by no means haughty or proud, they were all stuck up on Mars! To make matters worse, none of them had the slightest notion how to get Professor Potty's rocket back to the earth again. And just to put the complete kybosh on things, the Martians had turned nasty and shut them all up in a dark and dismal cave!

The St. Sam's eggplorers were pondering over the situation when there came an amazing interruption.

"Good-evening, everybody! Before I read the news, there is one special announcement!"

"Lumme! It's a wireless!" ejaculated Mr. Lickham.

"So it is!" eggclaimed Doctor Birchmall. "We know already that the Martians listen in to the wireless from London. There must be a receiving-set in this cave!"

"Grate pip!" The eggplorers were astonished. But they were still more astonished when they heard the announcer say: "The special announcement will be made by Professor Potty, the sellybrated inventor, whose marvellous rocket, containing six yewman beings, was fired from the earth last week. I will now make way for Professor Potty!"

"It's the professor himself!" gasped Frank Fearless. "I wonder if he's got a message for us!"

That question was answered in two ticks, for Professor

Potty's first words were of the St. Sam's eggplorers:

"If this message reaches the ears of Doctor Birchmall and the others who were fired with him into the strattersphere, I want them to pay particular heed to what I say," rang out his voice across the cave. "In the event of their being stranded on the surface of the moon or hanging on to the tail of a comet or something without being able to get back again, they should all get back into the rocket at once. Having closed the doors and winders, they should pull the lever marked 'DON'T TOUCH.'"

"My hat!" breathed Jack Jolly.

"In the grounds of St. Sam's Skool I have fixed up a powerful electric magnet a million times as strong as anything known before," continued the professor's voice. "As soon as the lever marked 'DON'T TOUCH' is pulled, the current will, I hoop, evoke a response from the consecrated radio magnet inside the rocket, and bring the rocket back to the earth, where it will be caught in the nets that have

been fixed up to receive it!" "Few!" "That's all for the present," concluded the professor. "The magnet will be switched on in a few minutes time. Good-night, everybody!"

The St. Sam's eggplorers jumped to their feet. One thought was in every mind—if they could only get back to the rocket, they could get back to St. Sam's!

"Something has got to be done!" cried Doctor Birchmall. "We've simply got to get to Professor Potty's rocket."

"Hear, hear!" "Let's wait till the guards move the stone from the mouth of the cave and then overpower them!" suggested Merry.

"Ratts! Anyone who suggests waiting is an onion!" said Jack Jolly, sagely. "My own idea is that it would be a bolder move to move the bolder ourselves. What do you say, sir?"

For answer, Doctor Birchmall sprang to his feet with a ringing war-whoop. As he did so, he brought to light, much to the boys' surprize, a real outside in birchrods!

"With this in my hand, boys," he said, "I can face a million Martians! Up the rebbers!" "Hurrah!" Followed by the cheering adventurers, Doctor Birchmall made a furious rush at the big bolder that blocked the entrance to the cave, only to come to a stop with a feendish yell as he banged his prominent nose against the massive stone.

Head performed a dance round the cave, holding his dammaged nasal organ the rest put their shoulders to the bolder and pushed with all their mite.

In a cuppe of jiffies the stone rolled away from the opening. Doctor Birchmall promptly forgot his injuries and took his place in the vanguard, waving his birch feroshusly over his head as he did so.

"This way to viktory, boys!" he cried, and the eggplorers swept forward.

What a fight it was that followed! The Martian monsters, quietly recovering from their first shock of surprize, flung themselves in grate hordes against the rebel captives. But nothing could stop the onward rush of their yewman enemies.

The St. Sam's eggplorers reached Professor Potty's rocket at last. It was simply surrounded by Martians, but Doctor Birchmall and his merry men rushed at them, regardless of consequences.

Bang! Crash! Wallop! Thud!

Shreeks and wails of aggerny rang out from the Martians as Doctor Birchmall lashed out with his birch and his followers with their fists. The St. Sam's warriors went through the ranks of the enemy like a knife going through butter, and a mitey cheer went up as the Head reached their objective first.

"Hurry up, boys!" he gasped, as he opened the door. Jack Jolly & Co. needed no second invitation! In a brace of shakes they were all safe and sound inside the rocket.

Immediately afterwards, the Head slammed and locked the door, then tore over to the controls and gave

a violent wrench at the lever marked "DON'T TOUCH."

And a moment later, the adventurers felt themselves rising off the surface of the planet Mars!

"Hip, hip, hooray! We've really got away!" chortled the Head. Then he led the rush to the winder. Already the Martians looked like meer dots beneath the rocket—and it wasn't long before they had vanished altogether!

It was a joyous jerney back to the earth. Tubby cooked a topping meal out of their few remaining supplies of tuck and the time passed very piezantly in feeding and joking. They hardly had time, in fakt, to do the washing up before there was a terrific crash and the rocket came to rest in the nets that had been fixed up to receive it on Little Side at St. Sam's!

It was midday when they landed and the entire skool was soon on the scene—not to menshun movie camera-men and newspaper editors with fat checks for the returned heroes of the strattersphere!

The cheering was simply defening and nothing would satisfy the crowd but to carry them all sholder-high round the quad!

"Speech!" they yelled, when the ceremony had been performed, and Doctor Birchmall duly obliged.

"Jentlemen, chaps and fellows!" he cried. "Let us all adjern to the tuckshop. There you can order as much as you like entirely at my eggspense!"

And that was really the most satisfactory end you could possibly imagine to the amazing adventurers of the St. Sam's eggplorers in the strattersphere!

### WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



In an ice-hockey match against Highcliffe, Harry Wharton & Co. showed greater speed and skill, though Courtenay and De Courcy set their side a striking example by scoring two early goals. Friars replied through Wharton (3), Cherry (2), and Vernon-Smith, who slammed the puck against the back of the net to score the sixth in the last minute!



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### EVIDENTLY!

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