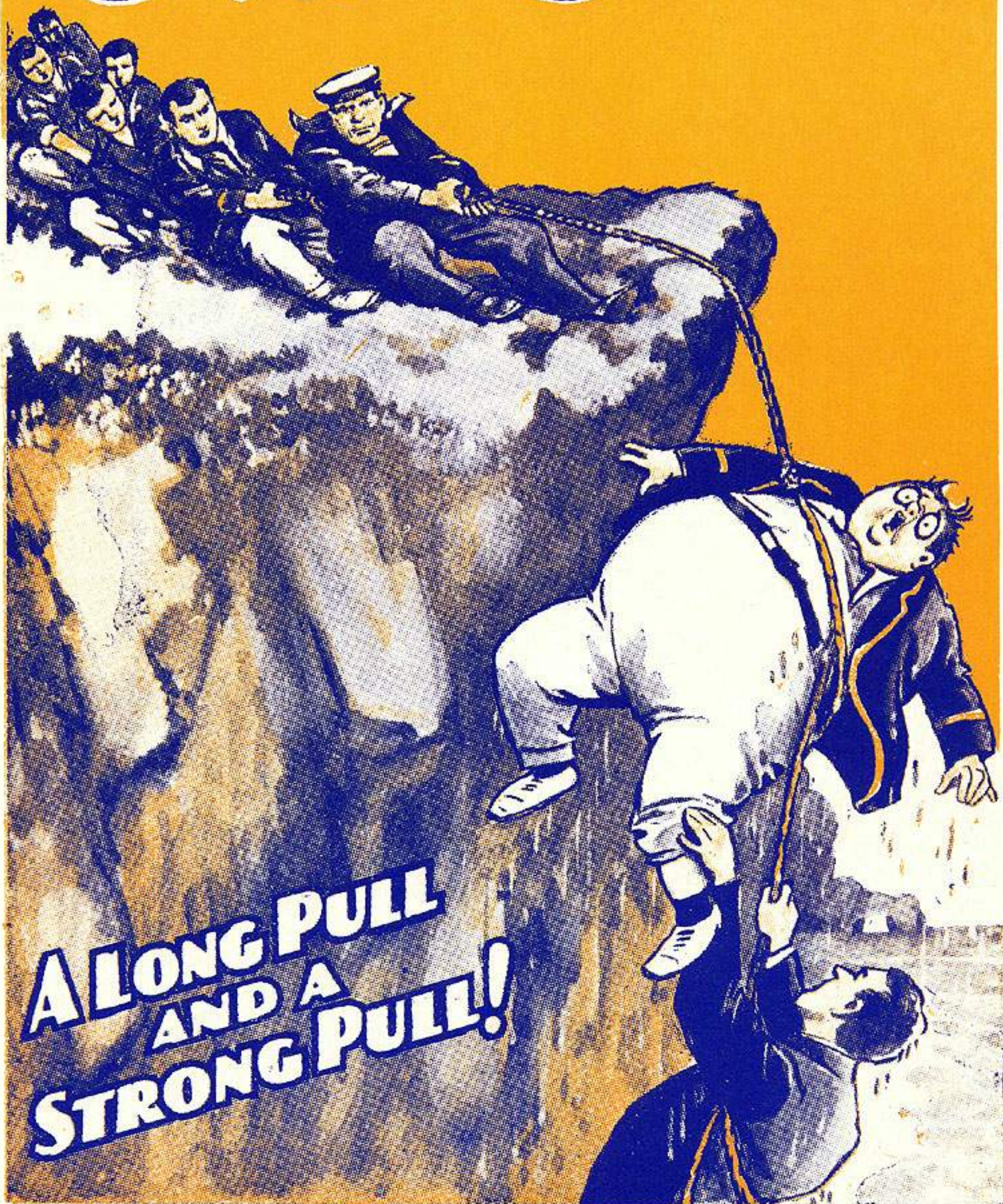


**HARRY WHARTON & Co. and FERRERS LOCKE** in a Full-o'-Thrills Cover-to-Cover  
Story of School and Detective Adventure

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



**A LONG PULL  
AND A  
STRONG PULL!**

# The Boy Who Knew Too Much!

By FRANK RICHARDS



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### No Admission!

"MERRY Margate!" groaned Bob Cherry.

Splash, splash, splash!

"Well, we haven't had much rain, this August!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"We're getting enough now!"

Splash, splash!

It was coming down!

Straw hats and light summer clothing were not much protection against a heavy downpour. The Famous Five of Greyfriars were getting wet.

Hitherto, during their holiday at Margate, that celebrated resort had justified its reputation as the home of record sunshine. Now, all of a sudden, the weather had changed. And the change made the chums of the Remove realise the truth of the ancient proverb that it never rains but it pours!

It poured, and it splashed and dashed.

A fine evening, after a blazing day, had tempted Harry Wharton & Co. to walk along the promenade, along the sea-front, from Margate, as far as Kingsgate. At that end they turned inland, to saunter back to Margate by the country lanes. And then it came on!

Rain-clouds blotted out the remains of the sunset. Rain came down, hard and heavy! And, only too plainly, it was coming down harder and heavier before it stopped—if ever it did!

Bob peered through rain and gloom. "Anybody know where we are?" he asked.

"The knowfulness is not terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

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"Somewhere in Kent!" said Frank Nugent.

"Fathead!"

In the damp circumstances, it had been quite natural for the juniors to take a short cut, across fields, to save time. Unluckily, it had not saved time, but quite the reverse.

They had not emerged into the expected road. They had emerged into a lane which, during the day, had been dusty, but was now a sea of mud. Dim hedges, weeping trees, surrounded them. Not a light twinkled anywhere. If there were habitations in that part of the Isle of Thanet, they could see nothing of them. They lived, and moved, and had their being, in a world of rain and shadowy gloom.

"Put it on," said Harry Wharton. "If we keep on, we're bound to get somewhere, at any rate."

The five tramped on.

Splash, splash!

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly.

"What—?"

"Look, my beloved 'carers! A light!"

"Oh, good!"

A light came suddenly into view, twinkling through wet trees. The Greyfriars fellows groped and splashed towards it. Any sort of a shelter was more than welcome; and surely anybody would be willing to let them stand under a roof while the skies poured down at such a rate! They had no doubt about that, and they headed hopefully for the light.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's a gate!" exclaimed Bob.

A wooden gate stood wide open. Beyond was a garden, across which the light twinkled from a window. Dimly they could make out a small bungalow—evidently one of the innumerable holiday bungalows that dotted

the outskirts of Margate and Broad stairs.

They tramped up to the front door. There was a small trellised porch, which gave some slight shelter from the rain, though not much.

Bob groped over the door and found a knocker. He started to use it at once.

Knock, knock!

They were glad to hear the sound of a quick movement within the bungalow. An inner door opened, and footsteps came quickly to the front door. Huddled in the little porch, drenched by the rain, the juniors were glad to hear the occupant of the bungalow coming so promptly.

A lock clicked, and the front door was drawn open. There was no light in the hall, but a glimmer came from an inner doorway. In that glimmer a man appeared—a slim man with a dark, pointed beard. He spoke quickly, before the schoolboys could say a word; and, evidently, before his eyes made them out in the gloom.

"E tardi! Sono le dieci! E tempo di partire! Perche—"

He broke off sharply, his dark brows coming together in a black frown, as he made out the dim figures in the porch. Obviously, he had been expecting someone; and, at the knock, had supposed that his visitor had arrived.

Harry Wharton & Co. knew that the language he spoke was Italian; but the words they could not follow. They could see that the dark-bearded man was a foreigner. Apparently he had been expecting, and waiting for, a visitor of his own nationality.

"Sorry—" began Wharton. "We—"

"Who are you? What do you want?" The man spoke English now.

"How dare you knock at my door? Go away at once!"

He stared past the juniors into the rainy gloom, as if to see whether anyone else was coming. Then he grasped the door, with the obvious intention of shutting it in the faces of the school-boys.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob Cherry warmly. "I say——"

"Go away! Go away at once!"

"Haven't you noticed that it's raining?" asked Bob.

"Che! What?"

"Sorry to bother you," said Bob, "but look how it's coming down! Do you mind if we step inside till the worst of it is over?"

The dark-bearded man did not answer. He flung the door to, and it slammed and locked. Bob, who had his head in the doorway, backed just in time to save his nose.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated.

"Hospitable sort of blighter!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"The hospitality is preposterous!" groaned Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "That ridiculous dago is a more execrable outsider even than the esteemed dago Muccolini at the absurd circus."

"I've a jolly good mind," said Bob, "to kick his jolly old door right in!"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Harry Wharton. "Come on—the brute won't give us shelter! I suppose he can see that we're not tramps, blow him!"

And, turning from that inhospitable door, the juniors tramped away, wet and weary, back to the gate.

There they halted, as a gust of wind blew a flood of rain into their faces. Rain was swamping down in the muddy lane.

Johnny Bull gave an angry snort.

"Look here, we're not going through this! If that unwashed spaghetti-chewer won't let us stand in his putrid bung, we can get into a shed. There are two or three sheds there."

Harry Wharton paused. He did not like the idea of taking shelter on a man's premises, without the man's leave.

But the rain was coming down in torrents now. And, really, there could be no harm in standing under the roof of a shed.

"Let's!" he said.

Turning again, the juniors tramped back towards the building. But they did not follow the path to the front door. At the side of the bungalow was a large shed, with a sloping zinc roof, only a few feet from the house, with a small hut beside it. They headed across damp grass for the sheds.

The larger shed proved to be locked. It was probably used as a garage, if the tenant of the place had a car. But the little hut at its side opened to Bob's hand. There was a musty smell within, and a flower-pot dropped from a slatted shelf and cracked on the concrete floor, as Bob groped round in the dark. Evidently, it was used as a gardener's shed. Whatever it was, the chums of the Remove were glad to get into its shelter. They crowded into the dark interior of the hut.

"What the thump's that I'm treading on?" grunted Johnny Bull. "Ow! Wow! Whooooh!"

"What the thump——"

"Ow! It's a beastly rake! Wow!"

Johnny Bull rubbed his nose.

It was the head of a rake he had trodden on—which had caused the handle to fly up, and the handle had smitten Johnny fairly on the nose.

There was a subdued chuckle from the other fellows. Johnny Bull did not chuckle. He breathed hard and deep.

"Never mind—we're out of the rain!" said Bob. "Thank goodness for that, at least! That macaroni-scoffer can't mind if we stand in his shed; and if he does, it doesn't matter. Anyhow, he doesn't know, and he blowed to 'him!"

And the Famous Five, packed in the dim and dismal interior of the little hut, watched from the grimy windows, and waited for the rain to stop.

But they looked like being booked for a long wait. It did not stop! It came down harder and harder. But they could only wait—and they had to make up their minds to that!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Strange Mystery!

**T**HE flashing head-lights of a car stabbed the gloom with sudden brilliance. The car grunted to a halt at the gate on the muddy lane.

Looking across the dark, wet garden, the juniors could see nothing of the car or its driver; and only for a few moments did they see the bright lights. Switched off suddenly, the light vanished, leaving the darkness darker than before.

**Realising only too well what will be his fate if Billy Bunter tattles about his spying activities Signor Muccolini determines to still the fat junior's tongue once and for all. But, cunning as the Italian is, he's no match for Ferrers Locke, when it comes to a battle of wits!**

"That's the jolly old visitor that dago was expecting, I suppose!" remarked Bob Cherry. The juniors had been ten minutes or so in the hut, when the car stopped at the gate. "No good asking that chap for a lift—what?"

"Hardly, if he's anything like the man in the bung!" said Harry Wharton, with a laugh.

They heard the door of the car bang, and a sound of tramping footsteps on wet earth. The man who had come in the car, was tramping up the drenched gravel path to the bungalow.

Not a gleam of light came now from the car. Every light on it had been shut off, for what reason the schoolboys could not guess. It was scarcely prudent to leave the car totally unlighted in that dark lane.

Knock!

The little hut was not more than thirty feet from the front door of the bungalow. Clearly through the rain came the sharp rap of the knocker. They heard the door open; and this time a light shone out into the rain and the gloom.

The Greyfriars fellows were not in the slightest degree interested, either in the man of the bungalow, or his visitor. But they were looking from the window of the garden hut, and from that window there was a view along the front of the bungalow.

So, when the light shone from the

doorway, they saw the man who stood under the trellis at the front door—a rather bulky figure, with a hat slouched over his head, and a raincoat muffled up round his neck.

Little of his face was to be seen; but on that little the light shone full, revealing a swarthy complexion, a beaky nose, a bushy black moustache.

And the juniors, as they saw it, ejaculated together:

"Muccolini!"

They had seen that swarthy face, with its black bush of a moustache, a good many times before. It was the face of Signor Muccolini, the proprietor of Muccolini's Magnificent Circus, now at Margate.

The hard, harsh voice of the black-bearded man within reached their ears.

"E tardi, Muccolini!"

The juniors did not understand Italian, but the word "tardi" spoke for itself, as it were, from its similarity to the English word. The man with the black beard was telling Muccolini that he was late—the same remark he had made to the juniors, ten minutes ago, before he saw who they were.

"Sono soltanto le dieci!" snapped the circus-master.

"Ed un quarto!" grunted the other.

"Ma, non fa niente! Entrate! Debbo andare tosto!"

Signor Muccolini strode into the house while the other was speaking. The door closed, and the light was shut off. Only the twinkle from a window fell faintly into the rainy gloom.

"So it's jolly old Mucky, calling to see another dago!" said Bob. "Any good knocking again, and claiming old acquaintance?"

The juniors chuckled at the idea. Certainly they were well acquainted with Signor Muccolini. But their acquaintance with him was hardly on a friendly footing. They had, in fact, had trouble with the bullying circus-master, three or four times, at least; and were likely to have more trouble with him if they fell in with him again.

"What rotten luck!" said Nugent. "Might have asked anybody else for a lift! Not much good asking that dago!"

"ardly!" said Harry Wharton.

"Blow this rain! Is it ever going to stop?"

"Doesn't look like it!" said Bob.

"We're here for another half-hour at least, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless we trot out and pinch the dago's ear!" chuckled Bob. "No end of a jest on Mucky—what?"

"The jestfulness would be rather too terrific!" grinned Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Blow the rain!" growled Johnny Bull. "Not a coat or an umbrella among the lot of us! We've got to stick it."

Harry Wharton looked hopefully from the grimy window of the hut. The rain seemed, for a moment or two, to be easing off. Then came another flurry, and torrential splashing.

"Oh, blow!" he growled.

It was cold, dark, damp, and dismal in the garden shed. More uncomfortable quarters it would have been difficult to find. Still, it was a shelter from the downpour. They waited.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob suddenly. "That's another car coming! Look!"

Flashing headlights came up the dark, wet lane. They revealed, as they came, the signor's Singer, standing unlighted at the gate.

The juniors expected to see the lights swerve round the halted car. Instead of which, they stopped; and were immediately switched off. All was suddenly dark again.

"Another visitor for the dago!" grunted Bob. "That car's stopped! It's raining dagos! Blow 'em!"

"Blow 'em!" agreed Wharton.

But if it was another visitor for the dago in the bung, he did not seem in a hurry to appear.

The second car had stopped; but no one came in at the gate.

Nothing could be seen in the wet gloom; and it was not easy to trace sounds in the splashing of the rain; but the juniors could hear that an engine was running, and it sounded to them as if the car was moving on. Though why a motorist should have switched off his lights before passing a halted car in a dark lane, was a very strange mystery.

But they were soon sure of it.

The sound died away up the lane; the car was gone; in absolute darkness. It was so surprising that the Greyfriars fellows wondered what it could possibly mean.

"There's something jolly weird about that!" remarked Bob. "Why the thump has that chap driven on in the dark?"

"Goodness knows!" said Harry, quite perplexed.

Minute followed minute, and there was no sound, save the heavy splashing of rain. The juniors dismissed the mysterious motorist from their minds, and watched eagerly for a sign of the rain ceasing off.

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Bob suddenly.

"What—"

"Look—at the window—at the bung! Who's that?"

Startled, the juniors stared at the bungalow window, from which the twinkle of light came from a lamp within. The window was covered by a curtain, through which the light faintly shone.

Against that dim light a shadow moved.

In amazement they watched it.

A rather tall man, muffled in a raincoat, as the signor had been, was close outside the window. But they could not suppose that it was Muccolini. The figure was much slimmer than the Italian's. And there had been no sound of an opening door.

That lurking figure at the window had arrived without a sound; the juniors had not heard the faintest sound of a footstep.

Close to the window the figure seemed pressed against the glass, as if seeking to peer within through some chink of the curtains, or endeavouring to catch the voices from the room within.

"Well, that beats the hard!" murmured Frank Nugent. "Where did that sportsman spring from, all of a sudden?"

"By gum!" Wharton caught his breath. "That's the man from the second car—ten to one! That's why he went on in the dark! He's parked his car up the lane, and come back on foot!"

"But why the thump—"

"Look!"

The front door of the bungalow suddenly opened. Light shone out into the rain. Signor Muccolini had been, perhaps, a quarter of an hour in the house. Now, it seemed, he was leaving.

Bob Cherry gave a breathless chuckle.

"By gum! If that's Mucky coming

out, he will spot that sportsman at the window!"

"He's gone!" breathed Wharton.

The tall, lean figure at the glimmering window vanished. It had fitted into the darkness, as the front door opened. A moment more, and the bulky, beefy circus-master emerged into the rain.

"Arrive derci, Signor Canaletti!"

The circus-master spoke the words over a beefy shoulder, as he tramped down the wet gravel to the gate.

The door shut, and all was dark again. But the juniors could hear the signor starting up his car; the lights came on again, and revolved in a half-circle. Muccolini was turning his car, to drive back the way he had come.

The flashing lights disappeared down the lane, and the buzz of the car died away in the distance.

Signor Muccolini had gone back to Margate.

Of the lean man who had lurked by the window the juniors saw nothing. He had taken prompt cover, and neither Muccolini nor the man he had called Canaletti had seen anything of him.

But as the sound of the circus-master's car died away in the rain, that shadowy, lean figure appeared again; the juniors spotted it passing the glimmering window towards the front door.

"Well," said Bob, "if that's a jolly old visitor, he's carrying on in a jolly weird way! I suppose he can't be a burglar?"

"He doesn't seem to mind getting wet, whatever he is," said Nugent.

The juniors were utterly puzzled and a little uneasy. The proceedings of the lean man in the raincoat were mysterious enough, and undoubtedly looked as if he was up to no good. His present proceedings were more puzzling than ever. He had disappeared into the gloom after passing the window, but they were sure that he was at the front door, close by the wet trellis there.

He did not knock—it was clear that he was not going in; he was no visitor for Canaletti, as the circus-master had been. What he was up to was an utter puzzle.

Obviously, he did not mind getting wet, as Nugent had remarked. The rain was coming down on him as he stood in the darkness by the door of the bungalow. He seemed to be waiting there—why, none of the juniors could begin to guess.

The glimmering light in the bungalow window went out. Not a gleam came from the building now. The juniors heard the front door open, but no light shone forth. Canaletti, the black-bearded man, was coming out into the rain, and leaving the bungalow in darkness behind him.

What followed made the juniors jump.

They heard a startled exclamation in Italian:

"Dio! Chi e'?"

There was a heavy fall and a sound of scuffling. For a second the juniors in the garden hut stood transfixed. Then Harry Wharton tore the door open.

"Come on!" he panted.

They knew what had happened. The lean man in the raincoat, lurking in the dark by the door, had leaped on Canaletti like a tiger as he stepped out, bearing him backwards into the hall.

There, in the darkness, they were struggling, the black-bearded foreigner underneath. Inhospitable and surly as the foreigner in the bungalow had been to them, the Greyfriars fellows were not likely to let that go on without intervening.

They rushed breathlessly through the rain and reached the front door of the bungalow, standing wide open. Within, in the darkness, two clutching figures rolled, fighting desperately.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Bunter Is not Pleased!

**B**ILLY BUNTER stood at the door of a gaudily painted caravan in the circus field, and blinked out at falling rain through his big spectacles. He grunted, and grunted again.

Bunter, evidently, was not enjoying the weather.

Circus life in the fine weather had a lot of attractions, but under heavy rain it had a lot of drawbacks.

It had been hardly worth while for the Magnificent Circus to give a show at all that evening. Marco had performed with his lions; Samson, the strong man, had done his feats of strength; Wiggles, the contortionist, had tied himself into knots; Zara, the queen of the ring, had done her wonderful riding act; Tippetty Tip had cracked his time-worn wheezes—to such a thin crowd that the takings were hardly likely to pay for the lighting.

As for the side-shows, they had been literally a wash-out.

Billy Bunter did not care two hoots or one whether the big tent filled or not. Signor Muccolini's business was nothing to him. Neither did he care whether the side-shows did any business, with one exception.

That exception was the ventriloquial side-show, in which Professor Billo, otherwise Billy Bunter, gave the British public value for their money.

That especial side-show was, of course, important, being Bunter's. Hitherto the fat Owl of Greyfriars had done very well as a circus ventriloquist.

That ventriloquial side-show had been Tippetty Tip's before Bunter blew in. Bunter did it better than Tippetty—which was, perhaps, a consolation to the clown for being pushed out of his show by the fat junior. On the other hand, perhaps it was not.

But on this rainy evening, Bunter might as well have left that side-show to its just owner for all the use it was to him. Absolutely nobody had come in to hear Professor Billo ventriloquise. Fourpence a time was charged for admission to that show, and Bunter had not taken a single coin.

He had shut down in disgust and retired to his van, like Achilles to his tent.

Bunter had a very comfortable van—the best in the circus. It was Signor Muccolini's, and he had turned the signor out of it for his own behoof.

How Bunter had got away with that remarkable proceeding was a mystery to all in the Magnificent Circus.

There was by this time not a man in the circus company who did not guess that the fat schoolboy had, in some mysterious manner, got the Italian circus-master under his podgy thumb—how, nobody could guess. But it was only too clear that when Bunter said "Jump!" Mucky had to jump! The circus company had the evidence of their eyes and ears to tell them that much.

Now Billy Bunter stood blinking out of his caravan with a discontented blink. The rain came down hard and fast. Three miles from the circus field it was coming down on Harry Wharton & Co.—which would not have bothered Bunter at all, if he had known it. But the fact that it was coming

down in the circus field bothered him very much.

"Blow it!" growled Bunter.

It was a very comfortable caravan—much more comfortable than a tent; and Mucky had put up in a tent ever since Bunter had snaffled his van. But Billy Bunter did not want to stick in that caravan. Neither did he want to venture out in the wet. Neither did he want to go over to the big circus tent and watch the performance that was going on. Only half a mile away was Margate, with its many attractions—teashops, restaurants, pictures. But William George Bunter did not want to walk half a mile in the rain.

"Here, Parker!" called out Bunter, as a man passed in his view under a dripping umbrella. "Hold on!"

Bunter. "You just listen to me, Parker! Take a message to Muccolini for me! Tell him I want the car!"

"The boss ain't on in the show to-night," answered Parker. "He's put another man in as ring-master this evening."

"Where is he, then?"

"Dunno!" said Parker. "But I know I got to get Rajah ready!"

And Parker plunged on in the rain and disappeared.

Bunter snorted. It was seldom that Signor Muccolini cut the circus show—he generally acted as ring-master. But, according to Parker, he was not in the circus tent that evening. If he had gone out, it was most likely that he had gone in his car—which, therefore, would not be available for Bunter. The fat

on with Zara, taking no heed whatever of the fat junior squeaking from the van.

"Beast!" breathed Bunter.

Bunter had to make up his mind to it. There was nobody available to obey his lordly behests, and he had to go himself.

He struggled into a raincoat, pulled a cap down over his fat ears, put up an umbrella, and barged out into the rain.

Grunting and snorting, he picked his way through splashing puddles in the direction of Signor Muccolini's tent. He was glad when he reached it, and plunged in out of the downpour. A swinging lamp was burning there, but the tent was unoccupied.

Bunter blinked round him, with feelings almost too deep for words. Signor



"Keep off!" yelled Bunter. "Help!" Hardly knowing what he did, in his terror, the fat junior flung forward the screen. It crashed over Signor Muccolini, and burst as it struck his head. "Spia, spia!" hissed the Italian, as he crouched, with the torn screen round his neck.

Parker was one of the menagerie attendants. Like most of the men belonging to the circus, he did not like taking orders from Billy Bunter. Apparently deaf, Parker plunged on through the rain.

"Do you hear me, Parker?" roared Bunter wrathfully. "Come here at once! Do you want the boot?"

Parker did not want the boot. And he was aware, as all the circus was aware, that Tippity Tip, the clown, was under notice to quit for having offended Bunter. Breathing hard, Parker turned towards the van from which Bunter was blinking out through his big spectacles.

He would have enjoyed hooking the fat junior out and rolling him in the rain, but he did not venture to do so. Signor Muccolini, for some unknown reason, was prepared to sack a man at Bunter's request—or order. Parker did not want to go on his travels when Tippity went, so he came up to the step of the caravan.

"Well?" he grunted. "I've got to see to the elephants—"

Blow the elephants!" snapped

Owl of Greyfriars snorted, and snorted again.

Still, it was possible that Muccolini was in his own tent, Bunter reflected.

"Parker!" he shouted.

But Parker was gone.

"Beast!" hissed Bunter.

He watched from the caravan for somebody else to appear to take a message. But everybody who could get out of the rain had got out of the rain. For some time there was nobody to be seen. Bunter had almost made up his mind to go himself—his last resource—when two figures loomed up, heading for the gate on the road.

They were Marco and Zara. Their turns being over, they were evidently going into Margate, regardless of the rain. Both of them were muffled up against the wet, and the big lion-tamer was holding an umbrella over the queen of the ring with assiduous care.

"Here, Marco!" squeaked Bunter.

Marco glanced round.

"I say, go to Mucky's tent and tell him—"

Bunter did not finish. Marco walked

Muccolini was not in the tent; evidently he had cut the show that evening to go out—of course, in the car. He was not likely to be walking in such weather.

"Beast!" grunted Bunter.

It was like the signor's cheek to be out when Bunter wanted him. It was like anybody's cheek to do anything that displeased William George Bunter. He blinked morosely round the tent.

It was a large, square-built, comfortable tent. The signor, who had plenty of money, "did" himself very well. There were several very comfortable chairs, and Bunter—after a blink out into the rain—sat down in one of them. The tent was as good as the caravan, if a fellow had to wait—and Bunter hoped that the signor would come in. Anyhow, he was not keen on another tramp through pouring rain to get back to his van.

He sat in an easy-chair, pulled a screen round him to keep off the draught—of which there was a lot—grunted, and settled down. He was feeling very annoyed. If he was kept

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waiting long it would be too late to go to the pictures.

But he heard, at last, the sound of a car. Mucky was coming back. A few minutes later he heard the Italian tramping into the tent, and rose to his feet and blinked round the corner of the screen.

He was about to speak—but he did not.

What he saw, as he blinked round the screen, caused him to stand dumb with surprise, blinking in amazement at Signor Muccolini through his big spectacles.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### What Bunter Saw!

**S**IGNOR MUCCOLINI had secured the tent-flap behind him as he entered. He threw off a rain-drenched hat and coat. Then he turned to a table on which lay a large, heavy leather suitcase.

It was at that moment that Bunter's eyes, blinking round the screen, fell on him. From an inner pocket the Italian had taken a large envelope—and from that envelope he poured the contents on the table—and Billy Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his spectacles at the sight of a thick wad of banknotes.

Standing at the table, the signor counted the banknotes one by one, flicking the corners as he counted.

Bunter could see that they were banknotes; but he was not near enough to see the denominations. But if they were only five-pound notes it was a large sum of money, for there were at least fifty of them, probably more.

The Italian's profile was turned towards the staring fat junior behind the screen. He could read the expres-

sion of greed on the swarthy face. With hawk-like eyes, Muccolini counted the notes—Bunter watching him blankly.

Evidently the circus master had not the faintest suspicion that anyone but himself was in the tent. The screen round Bunter's chair had hidden the fat junior from his eyes when he entered.

Now, had he looked round, he would have seen him; but he was not looking round, his greedy attention was concentrated on the wad of banknotes.

Bunter stood blinking. The fat Owl was as inquisitive as a jackdaw. And this was more than enough to excite Bunter's curiosity.

Where on earth had Muccolini got all that money?

He had been out. But he had not been to a bank—banks were all closed long ago. Bunter wondered dizzily whether the Italian had come back from a robbery. Really, it looked like it.

Having counted the banknotes, Muccolini unlocked the suitcase, evidently to pack them away in safety. Bunter heard him mutter to himself:

"Cinque cento! Buon! Buonissimo!"

Bunter did not know that cinque cento meant five hundred, but he guessed that the Italian was muttering, in his own language, the sum he had counted over. He knew that it was a large sum.

Carefully the signor packed the wad of banknotes into the suitcase, closed it, and locked it, and restored the key to his pocket.

Then he looked round him—and almost jumped clear of the ground at the sight of an astonished fat face staring at him.

The look that came over the Italian's swarthy face was terrifying. His black eyes flamed, his teeth gleamed through

his black bush of a moustache. He made a spring towards the fat junior, rather like a wild beast.

"Here, I—I—I say—" gasped Bunter.

In that moment of alarm and fury the Italian had forgotten that he was under Bunter's thumb. Scared out of his fat wits by the ferocity blazing from the swarthy face, Bunter jumped back.

"Spia! Spia!" hissed the Italian.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

A savage clutch would have been on him in a moment more. Hardly knowing what he did in his terror, Bunter flung forward the screen, and it crashed on the Italian, stopping his fierce rush.

The signor stumbled and fell. The screen crashed over him and burst as it struck his head.

The dark head, the swarthy, furious face, came through. The Italian gave a roar of rage as he crouched with the torn screen round his neck.

Bunter made a bound for the door.

He quite forgot at that moment that he had the upper hand of Signor Muccolini—that the dago had to jump when he said jump. The murderous rage in Muccolini's face almost chilled the blood in his fat veins. The one thought in Bunter's terrified mind was to get out of reach of the clutching, dusky hands.

But the signor had fastened the tent-flap securely. Bunter's nerveless fat fingers fumbled with it frantically.

He heard the Italian, behind him, hurl the screen aside and leap to his feet. The fat junior gave a yell of terror.

"Keep off! Help! Help!"

"Silenzio!" hissed Muccolini.

"Help!" yelled Bunter.

"Silenzio!" With an effort the Italian controlled his passionate fury. "Non fa niente—it is all right—there is no harm!"

For a moment or two the Italian's fierce rage had been out of his control. But he was very quick to regain his self-control as the terrified fat junior yelled for help. In the circus camp he could not deal with Bunter, as it had been in his mind for a moment, to deal with him.

Bunter blinked round at him. "You keep off!" he panted.

Muccolini kept his distance. Immediately the spasm of mad rage had passed his one idea was to keep Bunter quiet. He knew what Bunter had seen—and he did not want all the circus to know.

He stood breathing hard; but he did not approach the fat junior, and Billy Bunter's fat confidence revived.

The foreign beast had lost his temper, but he knew that he had to toe the line. Once before Mucky had lost his temper and kicked Bunter out of the circus. But he had been glad to make his peace again. Now prudence was once more getting the upper hand.

"I say, you keep off, you savage beast!" said Bunter, watching him warily. "You lay a finger on me and I'll have the whole crowd here in a jiffy."

"No—no—it is nothing!" panted Muccolini. "I was startled—I did not know anyone was here. What do you here?"

"I came to tell you I wanted the car, blow you!" growled Bunter. "As you were out I waited for you. Why shouldn't I?"

The Italian's black eyes glinted at him. Whether Bunter had been spying, or whether he was in the tent by chance, it came to the same thing—he had seen what he had seen.

"It is all right—it is no matter!" said Muccolini, breathing hard. "You have seen—"

Bunter grinned.

# CAMP and CARAVAN



**H**IGH-HO! for the broad highway and a happy holiday of fun and adventure with the chums of St. Jim's. If you've had a holiday, take another with Tom Merry & Co.! They're just off on a caravan tour of the highways and byways of the South Coast, and you're guaranteed the time of your lives. You'll vote it the best and cheapest holiday you've ever had! Pay a visit to your newsagent to-day and see about it!

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"I saw you counting over your money like a rotten miser!" he answered. "I'd jolly well like to know where you got it, too."

"I have seen a friend," said Muccolini, watching him like a cat. "He has paid me a debt. That is all."

"Well, I don't trust you," said Bunter. "Looks jolly fishy to me. If I hear to-morrow that a bank has been robbed in Margate I shall jolly well know what to think!"

Muccolini laughed.

Probably it was a relief to him to see that the fat and fatuous Owl did not even remotely guess the source of that wad of banknotes.

"You can cackle!" granted Bunter. "But I can jolly well tell you I don't like the look of it! That's plain English!"

"But you will say nothing of what you have seen, signorino?"

"I jolly well shall, if I hear that there's been a robbery!" said Bunter warmly. "Do you think I'd keep that sort of thing dark?"

"You will hear nothing of the kind, fool! It was a debt repaid—"

"Well, if that's all, all right," said Bunter. "That's no business of mine—but I tell you plainly, I think it looks fishy. Now what about the car?"

"The—the car?"

"Yes—the Royal isn't shut yet, and I can get supper there, too—a jolly good supper. I want the car."

Muccolini looked at him.

"Va bene!" he said.

"For goodness' sake, don't jabber that lingo at me," said Bunter irritably. "Can I have the car or not?"

"Si, si! I will give order at once."

"You'd better!" grunted Bunter.

Five minutes later Bunter rolled away in the circus-master's car. As he rolled away he was thinking, chiefly, of supper.

There were dark thoughts in the mind of the Italian as he paced his tent after the fat Owl was gone. There was a chill of fear in his heart, and in a nature like Pietro Muccolini's, fear easily turned to ferocity. And he had cause to fear. He despised Bunter as a fat fool, who could not see what was plain under his nose; but there was a limit even to Bunter's fatuous obtuseness. So far, Bunter had known the signor's secret, without in the least guessing the real nature of it. Would he guess now?

He had seen Muccolini taking secret photographs of an aerodrome on the coast. He had supposed, at first, that Muccolini feared to be heavily fined for using his camera in forbidden places. But the way the Italian had knuckled under to him, caused Bunter to suppose, further, that Mucky feared not a fine, but a term of imprisonment, for what he had done.

That was as far as Bunter's fat brain had worked.

Not for a moment had a suspicion crossed his mind that Pietro Muccolini was a foreign spy, engaged in accumulating secret information for foreign enemies.

Had Bunter guessed that, had he even suspected it, he would have acted very differently. Unscrupulous young rascal as he was, he would have recoiled from any association with the spy, in horror and loathing.

But he had not even dreamed of it.

In his fatuous belief that it was a case of a cheeky, ignorant foreigner recklessly overstepping the law, Bunter saw no harm in keeping the incident dark—especially as it enabled him to hook on to the Magnificent Circus for the holidays. Of the seriousness of the matter, he had not the remotest idea.

Muccolini had, so far, felt safe. So

long as he toed the line, Bunter would say nothing—unless he guessed the truth, which he was too stupid to do.

But now—

Could even a fool like Bunter fail to understand, after what he had seen? And if the truth dawned on his obtuse mind—

Muccolini felt a cold chill at the thought of what would follow. He would guess—he would surely guess—if not sooner, then later. And if he did, Pietro Muccolini was a lost man.

Darker and darker grew the swarthy face, as the Italian paced his tent, thinking and thinking.

Billy Bunter, sitting at a well-spread table at the Royal, was enjoying his supper. He would not have enjoyed it could he have known the dark and desperate thoughts that were thronging in the mind of the Italian spy.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Fight in the Night!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO., blinded by the rain and the gloom, crowded at the open doorway of the bungalow in the hilly lane.

They could see nothing.

There was no glimmer of light in the house. Canaletti, the black-bearded foreigner, had turned out all lights before he opened the door. And outside there was only rain and shadow.

From the blackness of the narrow hall within came the sound of panting breath, scuffling and struggling.

Peering in the shadows, with thumping hearts, the Greyfriars juniors tried to make out what was going on.

The two men were fighting fiercely, rolling over as they fought. The harsh, panting voice of the foreigner came from the darkness.

"Chi e? Chi e?"

There was no reply to the question from the lean man who had leaped on him like a tiger. The foreigner was asking: "Who is it?"—but the assailant did not waste his breath in answering.

Whether the two men were enemies, or whether the assailant was some prowler of the night, seeking to rob in a lonely place, the Greyfriars fellows had no idea. But if it was the latter, they were the fellows to lend the attacked man a hand, harsh and inhospitable as he had been to them.

"Got a light, anybody?" panted Wharton, striving in vain to pierce the gloom within.

Bob Cherry got out a matchbox, and struck a match. But the rain extinguished it instantly.

He struck another, shading it with his palm. For a moment it flickered, before it, too, went out.

In that moment the juniors had a glimpse of the scene in the hall of the bungalow.

The black-bearded foreigner was down on his back. The lean man, his jacket wildly crumpled, his hat fallen off, had him pinned down, with a knee on his chest. There was a gleam of steel—the black-bearded man had a drawn knife in his hand. But the assailant had his wrist in a grip of iron, preventing him from using the weapon.

The match went out, and the wild scene was blotted in darkness again.

But the glimmer of the match had caught the eyes of both the combatants; both of them knew, for the first time, that others were on the spot. In the breathless struggle they had not heard the footsteps or voices of the schoolboys crowding round the door.

Now they knew that others were there. The foreigner did not call for help, as might have been expected if he was attacked by some lawless assailant. But the voice of the lean man was heard for the first time.

"Stand back! Whoever you are, stand clear!"

The voice was panting, breathless, but obviously English. Whoever the lean man was, he was not a foreigner.

"For goodness' sake, get a light somehow!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"Half a tick!" gasped Bob. "Hold your hat, one of you!"

Nugent held his drenched straw hat to protect the match, heedless of the rain on his head. Bob struck the match, and this time it burned.

It was but a glimmer, but it showed up the scene. They saw the knife fall from Canaletti's hand, as the lean man twisted his wrist. Then they saw the assailant's hand groping over the black-bearded man, pinned to the floor. They saw a black leather letter-case dragged from an inner pocket.

Canaletti gave a scream of rage.

"Ladro—ladro!"

The sight of the leather case, in the hand of his assailant, seemed to redouble his strength and fury. With a terrific effort he wrenched himself away from the knee that pinned him down, closed with the lean man, and renewed the struggle.

The match went out.

But the juniors had seen enough to banish their doubts that it was a case of robbery. The lean man had in his hand the leather case he had forcibly torn from the foreigner.

There was a sound of a stumbling fall.

One of the combatants had gone down in the dark, which, the juniors could not see.

But, almost in the same moment, a leaping figure came out of the doorway, rushing out wildly, bareheaded, into the rain.

"Stop him!" panted Wharton.

The fleeing man crashed into the juniors.

That he was the man who had seized the letter-case, and that he had broken away from the other, and was making off with it, seemed certain. There was no reason, so far as they knew, why the foreigner should rush out of his own house in frantic flight.

Nothing doubting that it was the assailant who was seeking to escape with his plunder, they grabbed the shadowy figure on all sides.

The man went down heavily, struggling and kicking, and Wharton, groping, felt the leather case in his hand and tore it away from his grasp.

"I've got it!" he panted.

"Hold the brute!"

"I say, hold him—"

But it was not easy to hold the struggling man. He wrenched and tore like a wild beast, dragged himself loose, and bounded away into the darkness. The juniors were left panting and staggering, Bob sprawling headlong in the muddy gravel.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob, as he scrambled up. "I say—"

"Look out!"

From the dark doorway came the other man, leaping. As he came, he flashed on the light of an electric torch.

To the amazement of the juniors, they saw that he was not the black-bearded foreigner.

It was the assailant!

The man who had fled into the rainy darkness was not, after all, the man who had attacked Canaletti and grabbed his letter-case.

Evidently, the blackbearded man had

grabbed it back again, and fled with it, leaving his assailant in the bungalow.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Harry Wharton as he realised that he had torn that letter-case from the hand of the owner, who was fleeing with it.

The light flashed, for a second, on the faces of the juniors, wet with rain. Then the lean man rushed by in pursuit of the fugitive.

Tramping footsteps in the mud and rain rang back. In a twinkling, the man was gone—but the staring juniors could see the flash of his torch in the dark lane, as he hunted for the man who had fled.

It vanished.

"Well," gasped Bob, "this beats the hand! What the thump—"

"I've got the letter-case!" gasped Wharton. "My hat! I thought it was the thief getting away with it, and—"

"Get inside," said Johnny Bull. Johnny was a practical fellow, and it was a sensible suggestion. The drenched juniors crowded into the hall of the bungalow.

Bob struck a match, found a lamp, and lighted it. The hall was a scene of wild confusion—rugs crumpled, chairs knocked over, crunched hats and a broken umbrella lying on the floor. Standing at the open doorway, the chums of the Remove looked out anxiously.

What was best to be done in the strange circumstances, they had no idea. Wharton had the leather case, and he could only hope that the man would come back to the bungalow, when he would be able to return it to him. It was a large, fat case, evidently full of papers. He slipped it into an inside pocket for safety. If the assailant came back, he was certainly not going to be allowed to get hold of it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as there was a tramp of hurried feet on the gravel.

"Which?" said Nugent.

"We'll see in a tick! If it's that pickpocket, stand ready to collar him."

"You bet!"

A figure loomed up in the light now burning in the little hall. It was not that of the black-bearded foreigner. It was that of the lean man who had attacked him.

Harry Wharton & Co. made a movement—their first natural impression being that it was a thief who had come back to the lonely bungalow for plunder. But as the light shone on the lean man's face they dropped their hands. They knew that face, now that they saw it in the light.

The lean man stepped in.

"You young asses!" he said.

And the Famous Five gasped, with one voice:

"Ferrers Locke!"

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Luck!

**F**ERRERS LOCKE slammed the door, and stood staring grimly at the amazed juniors. The famous Baker Street detective was breathing hard and deep. Strong and sinowy as he was, the struggle had told on him.

Harry Wharton & Co. could only stare at him blankly.

From what they had seen, they had never doubted that the lean man who had attacked the foreigner and torn his letter-case from him, was a breaker of the law. And it was Ferrers Locke, the

celebrated detective—not a breaker, but a pillar of the law!

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The crumbliness is terrific!" gurgled Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "Esteemed and ridiculous Mr. Locke—"

"It—it—it's you, Mr. Locke!" panted Wharton.

"We—we never knew—" gasped Nugent.

"Hadn't the foggiest idea!" said Johnny Bull. "We took you for a burglar, or a pickpocket, from what we saw, Mr. Locke."

"What the dickens are you boys doing here?" exclaimed the Baker Street detective sharply.

"That's an easy one," said Bob, with a grin. "Hadn't you noticed it's a rather damp evening?"

Locke was dripping with rain. He was a good deal wetter than the juniors. Harry Wharton hurriedly explained how the party had taken shelter from the rain in the garden-hut beside the bungalow.

"And then—from what we heard—and saw—" he went on. "I hope we've done no harm by barging in, Mr. Locke."

"None!" said Ferrers Locke. "It is not your fault that that scoundrel has got clear with the papers—"

"The papers!" repeated Harry. "In that leather case, do you mean?"

"You saw it?" asked Locke. "Yes—that was what I wanted. As you have seen so much, I have no doubt you guess, easily enough, that I was shadowing Muccolini, and tracked him here, to his interview with the other foreign rascal."

"Yes, we can see that now!" said Harry.

"The scuffiness is preposterous!" admitted the Nabob of Bhanipur.

The juniors could understand clearly enough now. They were already aware that the Baker Street detective had been watching Muccolini.

They knew, or at least they had no doubt, that Locke suspected the circus-master of being a foreign spy—and from what they knew of Billy Bunter's antics at the circus, they had no doubt that it was the case.

It was easy enough for them to guess, now, that Signor Muccolini had visited his confederate at that lonely bungalow to hand over to him the information he had collected—and no doubt to receive from him the reward of his treachery.

Locke had tracked him there and, after he was gone, had seized on Canaletti to get possession of the papers.

It was all clear enough now, and Harry Wharton smiled as he slid his hand into his pocket. It was, after all, fortunate that the Greyfriars juniors had been on the scene. Canaletti had vanished into the rainy night, and but for Harry Wharton, he would have taken the papers with him. As it was, the leather case was in the pocket of the captain of the Remove.

"The papers aren't gone, Mr. Locke!" said Harry.

"They are gone!" said the detective. "I seized the letter-case from that foreign rascal, as you seem to have seen—but he snatched it back, and ran before I could get hold of him again. I have failed to find him, in the dark—he is gone."

"Look here!"

Ferrers Locke gave a violent start as Wharton drew the leather case from his pocket.

He stared at it blankly.

"What—" he almost stuttered. He seemed unable to believe his eyes.

"I got it away from him when he bolted," explained Harry. "You see, Mr. Locke, we thought—"

Locke almost snatched the leather case from his hand. He stepped to the lamp, turning his back on the juniors.

They saw him open the leather case, and there was a rustle of papers as he sorted them over.

For two or three minutes, Ferrers Locke was concentrated on the papers, and seemed to forget the presence of the Greyfriars juniors.

Bob Cherry winked at his friends, behind the detective's back.

"This is where we do a song and a dance!" he murmured. "We're the chaps to deliver the goods, what?"

"We are—we is!" grinned Johnny Bull.

The juniors could not help feeling elated. They could realise, very clearly, that the papers in that leather case were important. They did not need to see them to know that they contained information collected by a spy, to be transferred abroad for the use of a foreign enemy in case of war.

Locke turned to them at last. His face was grave and serious, but his eyes were gleaming. He closed the leather case, and slipped it into his pocket.

"Thank you, Wharton!" he said quietly. "You have been of more service than you probably guess. These are the papers I wanted! If you boys had not been on the spot—"

"Never in the cart, ever in the van, for that is the way of a Greyfriars man!" sang Bob Cherry.

Ferrers Locke laughed.

"You will say nothing of this, of course!" he said. "I have trusted you before, and I can trust you again."

"Of course," said Harry.

"Mum's the word!" said Bob.

"The mumfulness will be terrific and preposterous, honoured sahib."

"And now," said Locke, "Canaletti is not likely to return—whoever let him this bungalow is very unlikely ever to see him again. But the sooner we are gone the better. My car is parked up the lane—and if you would like a lift—"

"Corn in Egypt!" said Bob.

"What-ho!" said Frank Nugent.

"Come, then!"

The light was turned off, and the detective and the Greyfriars juniors left the lonely bungalow. They groped through rain and mud, till they reached the detective's car—parked under the dripping trees some distance up the lane.

It was a close fit for five passengers; but they packed in, and Locke drove away. He let the car out with a rush and a roar, and they whizzed away through rain and darkness.

In a very short time the lights of Margate were glistening round them through the rain. Ferrers Locke stopped at the corner of Harold Street, off the Northdown road, where the Greyfriars holiday party had their lodgings.

"Good-night!" he said.

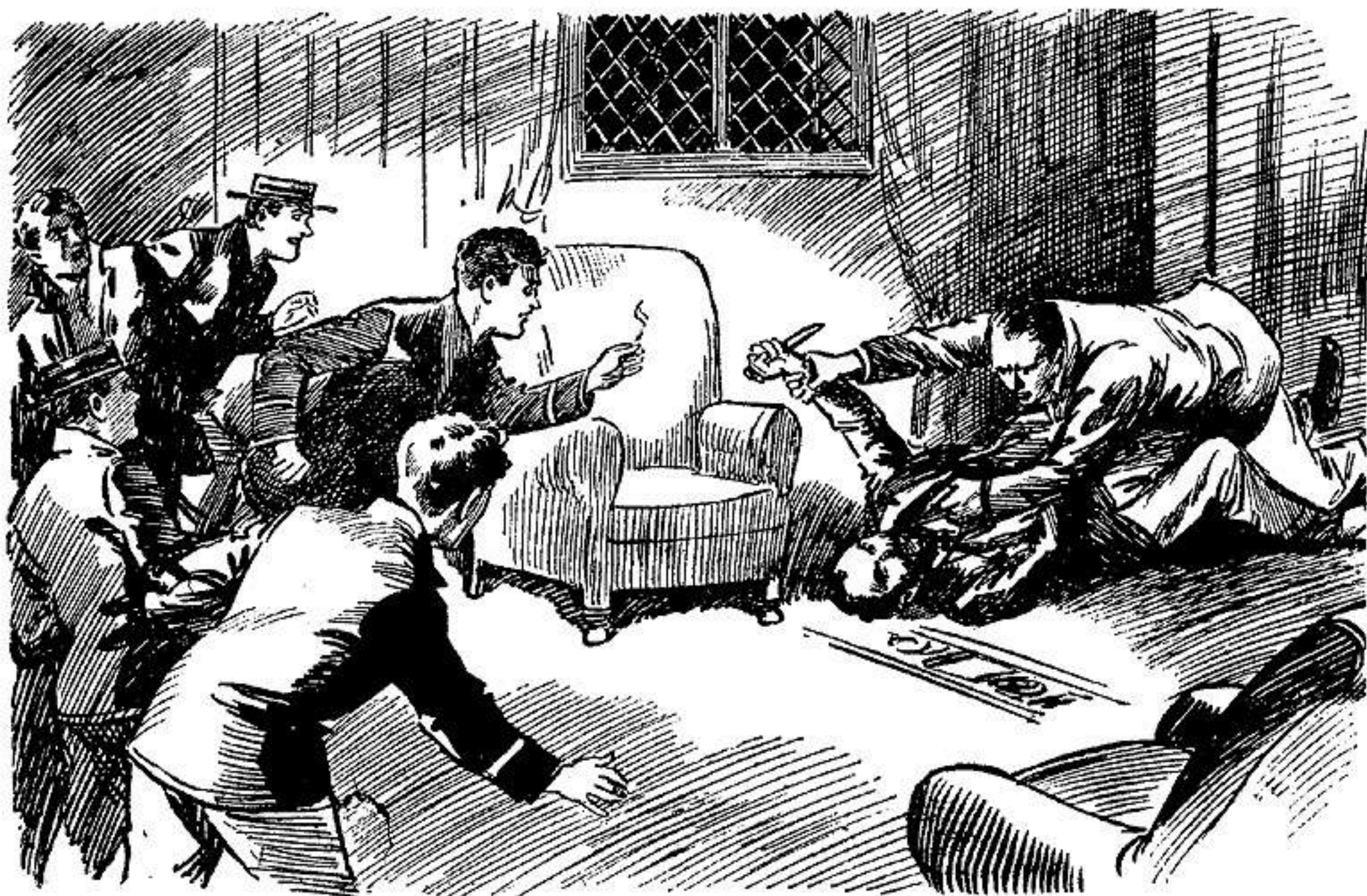
The juniors tumbled out of the car.

"Good-night, sir!"

The car flashed away and vanished.

Harry Wharton & Co. scuttled up the street, through the rain, to their lodgings. They were wet and they were muddy—drenched with rain and caked with mud—but they were glad, all the same, that they had been out that rainy evening. Quite inadvertently, but very fortunately, they had lent a helping hand in closing the net round the circus spy.





In the light from the match, Harry Wharton & Co. saw the knife gripped in Canaletti's hand, as the lean man twisted his wrist. Then they saw the assailant's hand grope over the blackbearded man, pinned to the floor, and withdraw a letter-case from his inner pocket. "Ladro—ladro!" Canaletti gave a scream of rage.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Shabby Man!

**T**IPPITY TIP leaned on the gate of the circus field, and idly watched the man coming down the road from Margate.

It was a bright and sunny morning—a glorious summer's morning after the rain of the night. Everything was fresher for the rain, after a long, hot, dry month. It was a morning to make any man feel cheerful.

But Mr. Tip, generally as cheerful as any man in the Magnificent Circus, or out of it, had a morose expression on his chubby face.

That bright morning Mr. Tip was looking on the universe with a pessimistic eye.

Tippity was under notice to quit. The order had gone forth—from Billy Bunter! Tippity had had the unheard-of audacity to check Bunter! He had offended that high and mighty youth very seriously. And the boss, who really seemed to have no will but Bunter's, had sacked him.

Only by Bunter's gracious permission was Tippity allowed to stay on a few more days while the signor filled his place.

Tippity could read in the daily papers that prosperity was returning in leaps and bounds after the great slump. He had proof of it in the excellent business that the Magnificent Circus was doing. Nevertheless, Tippity knew that jobs were still hard to get. And he was used to the Magnificent Circus. He did not like the signor—nobody in the circus did—but he liked everybody else in the company, and he did not want to leave Marco and Zara and Wiggles and Samson and the rest, and still more he did not want to be "resting" instead of getting on with a job.

So Tippity's usual cheery, chubby face was morose.

But though Tippity was down on his luck, or perhaps because of it, he could feel sympathy for another man down on his luck. And the man coming along to the circus field had well-known and easily recognised signs that fortune had overlooked him in the distribution of her favours.

Tippity guessed that he was coming along, looking for a job, and was sorry for him. Mucky was not the man to take on a hand he could possibly do without. Rather was he the man to save a salary by making one man do the work of two. The hard-fisted Italian was the very last man to be interviewed successfully by a man down on his luck.

"Mornin'!" said Tippity politely, as the man stopped by the gate.

He was a rather tall man, rather lean in figure. He was dressed respectably but shabbily. His boots had been mended, and mended again; his clothes had been carefully repaired in many places; his old bowler hat had been carefully doctored to make it look a little less like a remnant from a dust-heap. Tippity knew the signs; he had, so to speak, been there himself. All the more for that reason Tippity was very polite.

"You belong to this circus?" asked the man.

"Jest at present," said Mr. Tip. "I'm its chief attraction."

"Any chance of a job?"

"Sorry old thing, I should rather say not!" answered Mr. Tip. "I'd hand you mine if you was a clown, and put in a word for you."

"Leaving?" asked the man.

"Boot!" said Tippity.

"Well, I suppose I could speak to Mr. Muccolini," said the lean man. "I've heard that the boss here is an Italian gentleman."

"An Eytalian all right," agreed Mr.

Tip. "But whoever told you he was a gentleman was a-pulling of your leg."

The man smiled.

"I'm not saying anythin' agin the man who pays me my salary," went on Mr. Tip, "but a meaner, nastier, greasier sort of blighter would be hard to find."

He glanced round. Signor Muccolini had come out of his tent, and was speaking to Parker.

His tone was loud and bullying, as it very frequently was in addressing the circus hands.

Pietro Muccolini was the man to take full advantage of the fact that jobs were hard to get.

"That's the sportsman," said Mr. Tip, with a jerk of his thumb towards the circus-master. "Sort of man you'd like to work for—what?"

"Beggars can't be choosers," said the lean man. "I think I'll try my luck. I'm good with horses, and that ought to be useful at a circus."

"Well, here he comes; you can try your luck," said Tippity. "If you'd do two men's work for half a man's salary, Mucky would take you on if he was short of a man, but he ain't."

Signor Muccolini, looking round, sighted the man at the gate, speaking to Tippity. He came down the path with his usual swagger.

The signor was not in a good temper that morning. Billy Bunter, no doubt, was the chief cause.

He could not venture to "take it out" of Bunter. But he could venture to take it out of others, and he did.

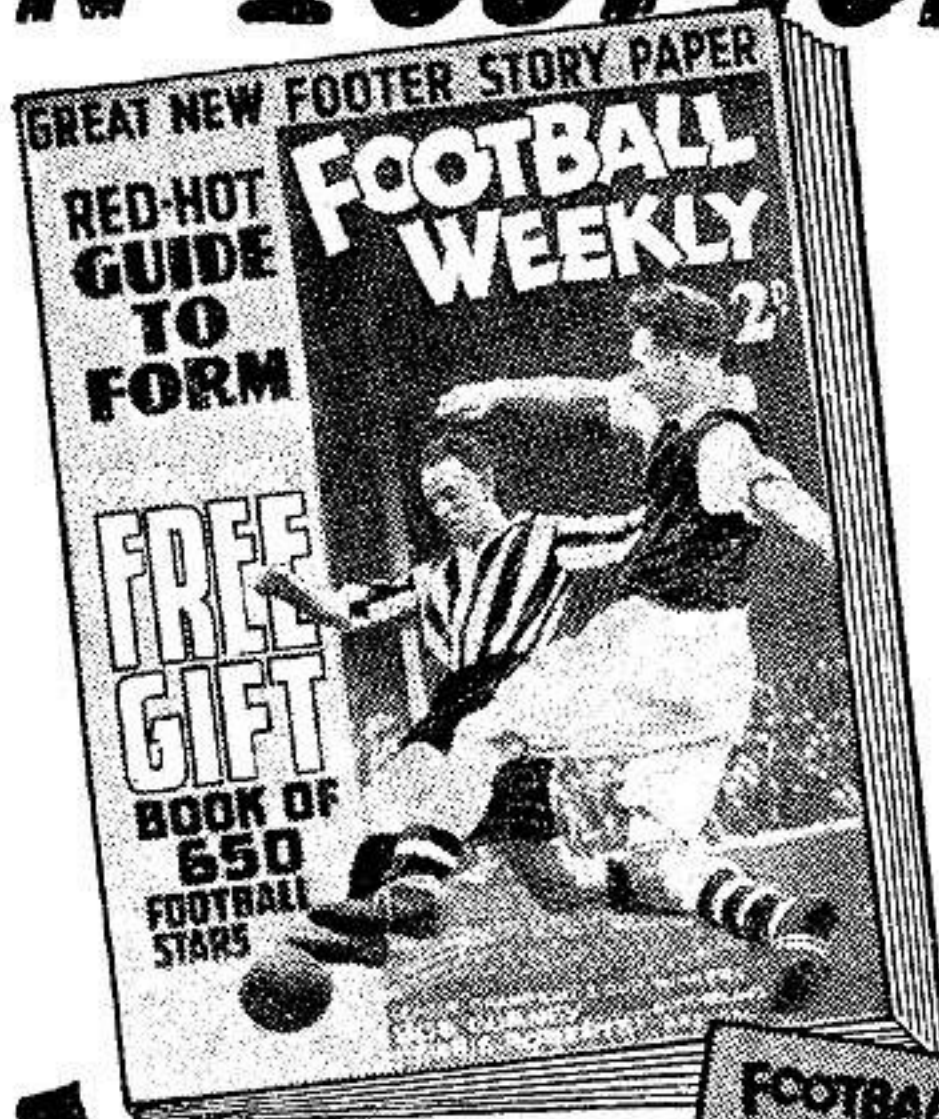
Leaving Parker wishing that he could afford to hit the greasy dago in the eye, Signor Muccolini came down to the gate and stared at the lean, shabby man over it.

"Who are you?" he snapped.

"Name of Robinson, sir!" said the lean man, taking off his hat. "John

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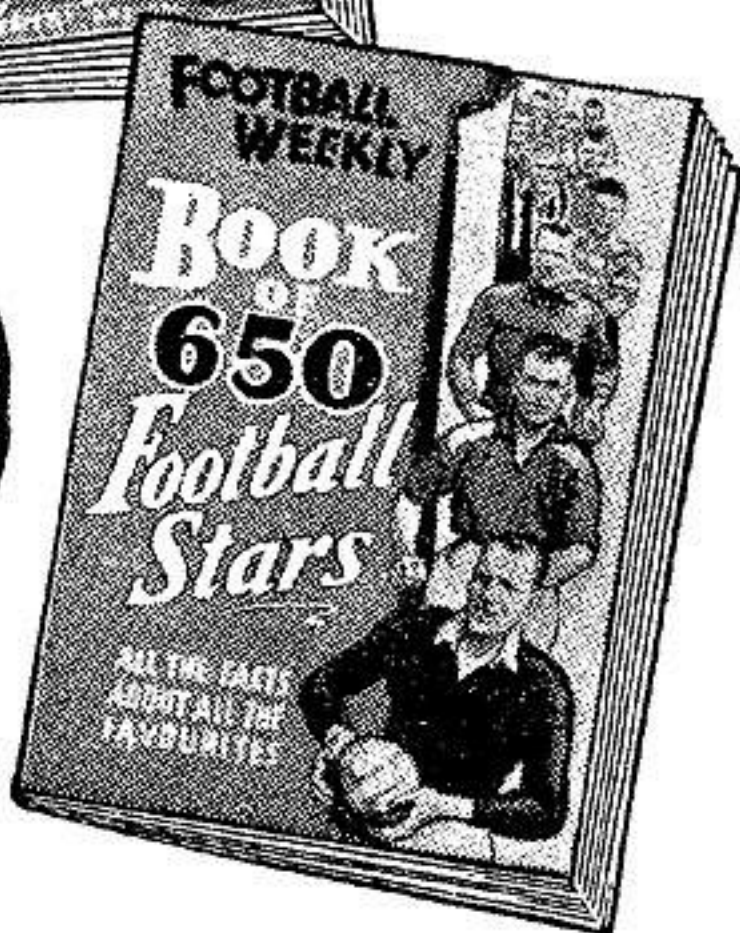
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Robinson, sir, and a very useful man with horses, if you wanted—"

"No hands wanted here!" snapped the signor.

"If you'd give a man a chance, sir—"

"I tell you no hands are wanted here! Clear off, and don't hang about my circus!" snapped Muccolini.

And he turned his podgy back on the applicant for a job and stalked away again.

The lean man looked after him curiously.

"Nice, ain't he?" said Mr. Tip. "Polished manners, and all that. Sort of feller you like at first sight!"

"Well, there's nothing doing, I suppose," said the lean man.

"Hold on," said Tippity, as John Robinson was turning away, and Mr. Tip's hand slid into his pocket. "If the luck's bad, and five bob would 'elp—"

"Thank you kindly, sir!" said the lean man. "You're very good, but it's not so bad as that. Thank you all the same."

With a nod to Tippity he walked away down the road.

But he did not go very far. At a little distance there was a wayside wooden seat, and Mr. Robinson sat down on it. He unfolded a newspaper and became deeply interested in the advertisement columns.

Tippity, from the distance, gave him a commiserating look. He knew what an unemployed man was likely to be feeling like, as he scanned the dreary advertisement columns, and it was borne in on poor Tippity's mind that very soon that dreary occupation might be his own.

He walked back from the gate with a thoughtful and overcast brow. He paused at the sight of Billy Bunter descending from his caravan.

Bunter, in white flannels and a handsome straw hat, was looking quite "posh." He blinked at the clown through his big spectacles with a disdainful blink.

"I say—" began Tippity.

"Don't talk to me!" said Bunter haughtily.

Mr. Tip breathed hard. He knew that it was only necessary for Bunter to speak a word to the boss for the "sack" to be washed out. But it went deeply against the grain to ask Bunter to speak that word. He made an effort.

"Look 'ere, young Bunter," he said, "you've got me the push, after bagging my show—"

"You had the cheek to make a rotten fuss about my taking over the ventriloquial show," said Bunter. "You chucked a can of paint at me! You can't expect me to overlook that."

"Well, it was my show!" said Tippity. "But never mind that. Keep the blooming show, and be blowed to you! Look here, everybody in this blessed circus knows that Mucky feeds from your hand. Goodness knows how you done it, but you got him under your thumb. What about putting in a word for a man?"

Billy Bunter blinked at him.

He was lofty and haughty, as became a blue-blooded aristocrat of the tribe of Bunter, but he was, after all, good-natured, and he could make concessions to anyone who was sufficiently civil. But such a one had to be very civil—very civil indeed.

"Well, if you're sorry for your dashed impertinence I'll think about it," he said. "But mind, no more cheek. I'm not standing any cheek from a circus clown. Any more of your low impudence and I'll— Yarooooop!"

It was reckless of Tippity, in the circumstances, but he really could not help

it. He gave Billy Bunter a sudden push on the widest part of his extensive circumference, and the fat junior gave a startled howl and sat down.

It was rather unfortunate for Bunter's posh flannels that he sat in a puddle left by the last night's rain.

Splash!

"Woooooogh!" spluttered Bunter, as water and mud splashed up round and over him. "Ooooh! You cheeky rotter—Oooogh!"

"Sit there, you fat snail," growled Tippity, "and be blowed to you!"

"Ow! Beast! Ow!" gasped Bunter.

Tippity Tip stalked on, leaving the fat Owl to wriggle out of the puddle. He wriggled out—dripping!

He scrambled back to his van, to change those muddy bags, in a state of wrathful fury, inexpressible in words.

"Well, you've done it now, Tippity!" remarked Wiggles, who had witnessed that little scene. "You've been and gone and done it!"

"I 'ave!" assented Mr. Tip. "And I'm glad I've been and gone and done it, Wrig! I tell you that fat bladder of lard would make me swear, if I knowed any words! I tell you, Wrig, he gets my 'air off! I can't stand his cheek, and I won't, not if it's the sack every day of my natural life!"

"How does the boss stand it?" asked Wiggles.

"I ask you!" replied Mr. Tip.

That the boss was able to stand the fat Owl's cheek more patiently than Mr. Tip was clear.

A little later the circus-master was seen in conversation with Bunter, at the door of his van. After which they walked out of the circus field together, apparently on the best of terms—and Wiggles shrugged his shoulders, and Tippity Tip sniffed as they went.

And as they walked along the road to Margate, the lean, shabby man, who had given his name as John Robinson, folded his newspaper, rose from the wayside seat, and moved off in the same direction.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Black Treachery!

**B**ILLY BUNTER was surprised.

He was also pleased.

Several times, as he rolled along by the side of the beefy, swarthy Italian, he blinked up at Muccolini's face, through his big spectacles. Each time he read in that swarthy face a friendly geniality that was really surprising in the circumstance.

Hitherto, Signor Muccolini had toed the line; but it had been with ill-suppressed impatience and irritation; and every now and then his savage Southern temper had blazed out. He had hardly ever been able to speak to Bunter with bare civility.

Even the fact that his obvious dislike of the fat junior made the circus company wonder more and more why he tolerated Bunter at the circus, could not make "Mucky" succeed in hiding his feelings.

But now there was a change—a surprising change. And Bunter was glad of it. Everything on a friendly footing was really much more agreeable.

And everything seemed on a very friendly footing now. Not only was the Italian exuding good-humour. But he had suggested a picnic on the sands—the kind of suggestion that Bunter was bound to view with complete and hearty approval.

That the circus-master himself was keen on picnicking on the sands did

not seem probable; but there was no doubt that Billy Bunter was keen on it. He was keen on any function that included foodstuffs.

To call in at the best place in Margate for the best picnic-basket that money could buy; to seek a comfortable spot on the sunny sands, and guzzle the same—what could be more attractive than that?

Bunter began to think that Pietro Muccolini was not, after all, such a beastly dago as he had considered him. If he was going to keep on like this, Bunter was prepared to be quite friendly.

Obviously, it was much more comfortable all round if the man toed the line good-humouredly, instead of continually cutting up rusty.

It was surprising, but pleasing. And that the Italian had any hidden motive behind his new friendliness did not occur to Bunter's fat brain for a moment.

He did not even connect this sudden change with what he had seen in the signor's tent the previous evening. What connection could there be? None that Bunter was likely to penetrate.

Surprised, but satisfied, and very merry and bright, Bunter rolled along by the side of the beefy Italian, down the Northdown road.

The lunch-basket was duly purchased—Bunter saw to the packing of it, on a liberal scale—and the signor paid for it, careless of the cost, though all the Magnificent Circus knew Muccolini to be very close with money.

This was the sort of thing Bunter liked. He grinned happily as he rolled down to the front with the circus-master.

Neither of them had the faintest idea that a lean, shabby man was loafing along some distance in the rear. If they had happened to see him, they would have taken no note of him. Shabby men, evidently hard up, had no interest for Bunter or Muccolini. But, in point of fact, they did not observe him at all. If either of them happened to glance round, John Robinson was gazing into a shop window, or turning round to look behind him, or out of sight behind an omnibus or a taxicab, or stopping to scan his newspaper. John Robinson—if his name was John Robinson—was an old hand at this game.

On the golden sands of Margate, Billy Bunter prepared to sit down and begin on that lunch-basket. But the signor walked on, and Bunter rolled with him.

In the dense crowd on the beach they were less likely than ever to observe John Robinson behind them. As they passed along the Cliftonville front the shabby man was still at the same distance, unnoticed.

There were a good many people about, but the crowd was thinner, and grew thinner farther on. Bunter might have noticed—but did not—that most of the people on the beach, extending towards Broadstairs, were coming back into the town.

All that Bunter noticed was that it was hot and very sunny, and that the signor seemed to be bent on taking a jolly long walk.

Why they couldn't sit down at once and start on the grub Bunter did not see. Possibly the signor preferred a more secluded spot for a picnic. That was all right, of course, but Bunter did not want a long walk. Long walks had never appealed to the fat Owl of Greyfriars.

"I say, are we going much farther?" he asked, at last, puffing and panting, as he tramped on soft sand, under the glare of the sun.

"Poco, poco!" said Signor Muccolini, smiling. "A little pleasant walk, to a very pleasant shady spot under the cliffs, signorino."

"Oh, all right!"

Bunter plugged on.

Bright and fine as the day was, there was nobody on the beach now, at a distance from the town.

It did not occur to Bunter's fat brain that that was because the tide was coming in. When it came in, it would wash against the cliffs, and the whole beach between Margate and Kingsgate would be under water.

There was plenty of time, however, to walk along and clamber out at the end to the promenade that stretched along the sea-front on the top of the chalk cliffs.

Two or three times now Signor Muccolini glanced back over a beefy shoulder.

Certainly he had not the remotest suspicion that he was shadowed. But for reasons of his own—dark and desperate reasons—he preferred that even a casual eye should not follow him.

But the coast was clear.

The shabby man had not followed on after the crowd on the beach thinned out. He could not have done so without revealing himself conspicuously to the Italian, as the only person following along the beach.

He had turned off the beach, and ascended to the promenade on the cliffs above.

On the upper promenade, which was, of course, out of reach of the tide, there were plenty of saunterers—though most of them were sauntering homeward for the lunch-hour.

Keeping on along the cliff path, the shabby man every now and then glanced down over the edge, at the beach, to keep Muccolini and his fat companion under observation.

But if a figure appeared occasionally on the sky-line, it did not worry Muccolini. He had the beach to himself, and that was what he wanted.

"Here we stop," he remarked, at last; and Billy Bunter, who was getting hotter and hotter, more and more fatigued, was glad to hear it.

There was a deep gully in the chalk cliff. It offered a pleasant shade from the sun.

The signor walked into it, and Bunter rolled after him, with great relief. He was more than glad to get out of the glare of the sun and let his tired fat limbs sink down on a bank of soft sand.

Sitting in the sand, leaning back against the rock, Bunter fanned his fat and perspiring face with his straw hat.

The gully extended about twenty feet back from the beach—a split in the face of the towering chalk cliff. Sand was piled in it, in ridges, with masses of seaweed; plain evidence that the tide washed right into it. But Billy Bunter was not thinking about the tide.

He had not given that a single thought; but had he done so, he would have supposed that the signor knew whether it was safe to walk along under the cliffs or not.

As a matter of fact, the signor did—only too well!

Muccolini sat on a lump of chalk and lighted one of his black cigars. He smiled at Bunter—such a smile as Cæsar Borgia might have worn, when he welcomed a guest to a poisoned banquet!

Bunter fanned his crimson, perspiring face.

"It is very pleasant here—pleasant and shady!" remarked the signor. "Much better than the crowd on Margate beach."

"Oh! Yes!" gasped Bunter. "But I'm jolly tired!"

"Now you may take a rest—a long rest!" said Muccolini. "Dio mio—si, si, a very long rest, signorino."

Some strange tone in his voice made Bunter blink at him. But the dark, greasy face was still smiling.

"Well, we may as well begin," said Bunter. "It's jolly near dinner-time. I suppose that's why there's nobody about."

"That is, of course, the reason!" assented the signor. "It is always so at the seaside—one minute, there is a great crowd—the next, everybody is gone—the call of food! It is amusing."

"Well, a chap wants food at meal-times, I suppose," said Bunter, beginning to unpack the lunch-basket. "I don't believe in being late for meals, myself. I say, this is ripping!"

Bunter began on the most delicious of cold chickens. It seemed to melt in his mouth. His fat face beamed over it.

"Aren't you starting?" he asked. "I say, this is primo!"

"I think I will walk a little before I eat!" said Signor Muccolini. "But do not wait for me."

"No fear!" agreed Bunter. He was not likely to wait. "I've had enough walking in this dashed sun. I say, you might open that bottle of lemonade."

Signor Muccolini obligingly opened the bottle. He stood for a few minutes watching Bunter as he guzzled. With the corner of his eye he watched the sea.

The tide was coming up the beach—almost noiselessly, for it was a fine, calm day, with hardly a breath of wind. But it was creeping up—faster and faster—and a very quick walk was needed now, to get out at the end of the beach before the incoming water reached the cliffs.

"Now I will walk a few minutes," said Muccolini.

He strolled out of the gully, with a leisurely saunter.

He disappeared round the bulging cliff.

But the moment that bulging cliff hid him from Billy Bunter's eyes, the leisurely saunter was abandoned. Signor Muccolini started at a swift stride, with which Bunter could not possibly have kept pace, had he accompanied him, hurrying on towards Kingsgate.

Swiftly as he strode, the spray reached Signor Muccolini in places where bulging rocks forced him farther out towards the sea. The stride was soon changed to a run.

There was a dark, cruel grin on his swarthy face as he went. Bunter, sitting in the gully, was busy—expecting the signor to reappear every moment, so far as he gave him any thought at all. But he did not, naturally, give him more than a passing thought, with his fat attention concentrated on foodstuffs. Had he emerged from the gully now—it was too late—he could never have reached the end of the beach before the tide came up to the cliffs.

Muccolini had calculated well.

Swift as he was, he had to lose no time to get clear before the tide pinned him against the towering chalk. He was wet with spray when he clambered up the steps from the beach, at the Kingsgate end—half a mile from where he had left Bunter. And his white teeth gleamed through his black bush of a moustache, as he went. The fat schoolboy, who knew too much, would never tell what he knew—now!

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## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### The Man on the Cliff!

"SPRINT!" said Bob Cherry.

"Not in this sun!" said Johnny Bull.

"Want to be late for lunch?"

"I'm not Bunter! Blow lunch!"

"Oh, get a move on!" urged Bob.

"Race you back to Margate!"

"Fathead!" said four voices in unison.

Bob Cherry, as usual, was full of beans, and bursting with exuberant energy. But no other member of the Co. was prepared to sprint a mile or more, in the blaze of the summer sun, after a long walk.

Harry Wharton & Co. had gone along to Ramsgate that morning on the bus. From Ramsgate they had walked to Broadstairs. From Broadstairs they were now walking back to Margate—and lunch, which seemed likely to be a little late.

They had got as far as the little hamlet of Kingsgate, and were starting along the broad promenade that ran along the top of the cliffs to Margate. Green meadows were on their left, the rolling blue sea on their right, coming in fast to the cliffs—washing up the steps that led from the beach below.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's a chap who's cut it pretty fine!" remarked Bob, as he spotted a man coming up from the beach, the water washing the steps behind him as he came.

"Must have run for it, I should think!" said Harry Wharton. "It's jolly dangerous to be caught down there in the tide. Precious few places where the cliffs can be climbed from below!"

"It's the jolly old dago!" said Bob at the second glance. "Mucky, for short!"

The Famous Five looked rather curiously at the circus-master, whom they had seen the previous evening calling at the lonely bungalow.

Signor Muccolini, it was clear, had taken a walk along the beach from Margate, and had got out only in time to keep clear of the tide.

He did not glance towards the group of schoolboys, at a distance on the cliffs. He hurried on across the grass that lay between the sea-steps and the streets of Kingsgate, and disappeared into one of those streets.

The Famous Five walked on their way along the front.

It was a very pleasant walk, and though they were ready for lunch, nobody was keen to adopt Bob's suggestion of sprinting. A few people passed them, evidently hurrying in to meal-time; after which, they had the place to themselves.

"Trot!" suggested Bob.

"Rats!" said Nugent.

"The ratfulness is terrific, my esteemed and energetic Bob!" said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"What about crawling on our hands and knees?" asked Bob sarcastically.

"Ass!"

The juniors walked on. About half-way to Margate, Bob Cherry came to a halt, his eyes fixed on a figure on the edge of the cliffs.

"That man's got a nerve!" he remarked.

And the Co. looking at him, agreed that he had. In that deserted spot, the man on the cliff edge was the only figure to be seen.

He was a rather lean, long-limbed, shabbily dressed man. He was stretched on the very edge of the cliff, where it overlooked a very steep gully, a split extending down to the beach below. His head was over the edge, and he seemed to be staring down the

perpendicular rock into the gully beneath—evidently not subject to giddiness.

The Greyfriars fellows stopped and looked at him, wondering what he was up to. Evidently there was something on the beach that attracted his interested attention, to cause him to peer down, in so very perilous a position.

"Something's going on there!" said Bob, his face becoming serious. "My hat! Somebody caught in the tide, perhaps!"

Harry Wharton whistled.

"I hope not!" he said. "Nobody could get up that cliff. And the tide's right in now—nobody could get along that beach. That man Muccolini must have cut it rather fine—and that was a quarter of an hour ago."

The juniors' faces were very serious as they thought of that awful possibility. It was easy enough, in Margate, to get information about the tides; but there were plenty of careless holiday-makers who never gave it a thought.

The lean man backed from the cliff-edge as they watched him, and rose to his feet, casting a hasty glance up and down the promenade.

As he spotted the five schoolboys looking at him, relief flashed into his face. He waved to them, and they hurried towards him.

"Is anything the matter down there?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, as they came up.

"A boy caught in the tide!" said the shabby man briefly.

"Good heavens!"

The lean man's keen eyes dwelt for a second, sharply and searchingly, on the faces of the juniors. Perhaps John Robinson was wondering whether they would recognise him as a man they had seen before.

But there was nothing familiar in his looks to the eyes of the Famous Five of Greyfriars. For a moment it had flashed into Wharton's mind, that there was something in the lean, athletic figure. But the face was quite strange to him. So far as he knew, he had never seen that rather sallow, sandy-browed face, with its straggling moustache, before. The shabby man was—or, at least, looked—an absolute stranger to the schoolboys, who knew Ferrers Locke so well.

Bob Cherry dropped on hands and knees, and crawled to the edge of the chalk. The shabby man's eyes turned on him swiftly.

"Take care!" he rapped.

"O.K.!" answered Bob, and, putting his head over the edge, as the lean man had done, he stared down.

"Bunter!" he gasped.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Nugent blankly.

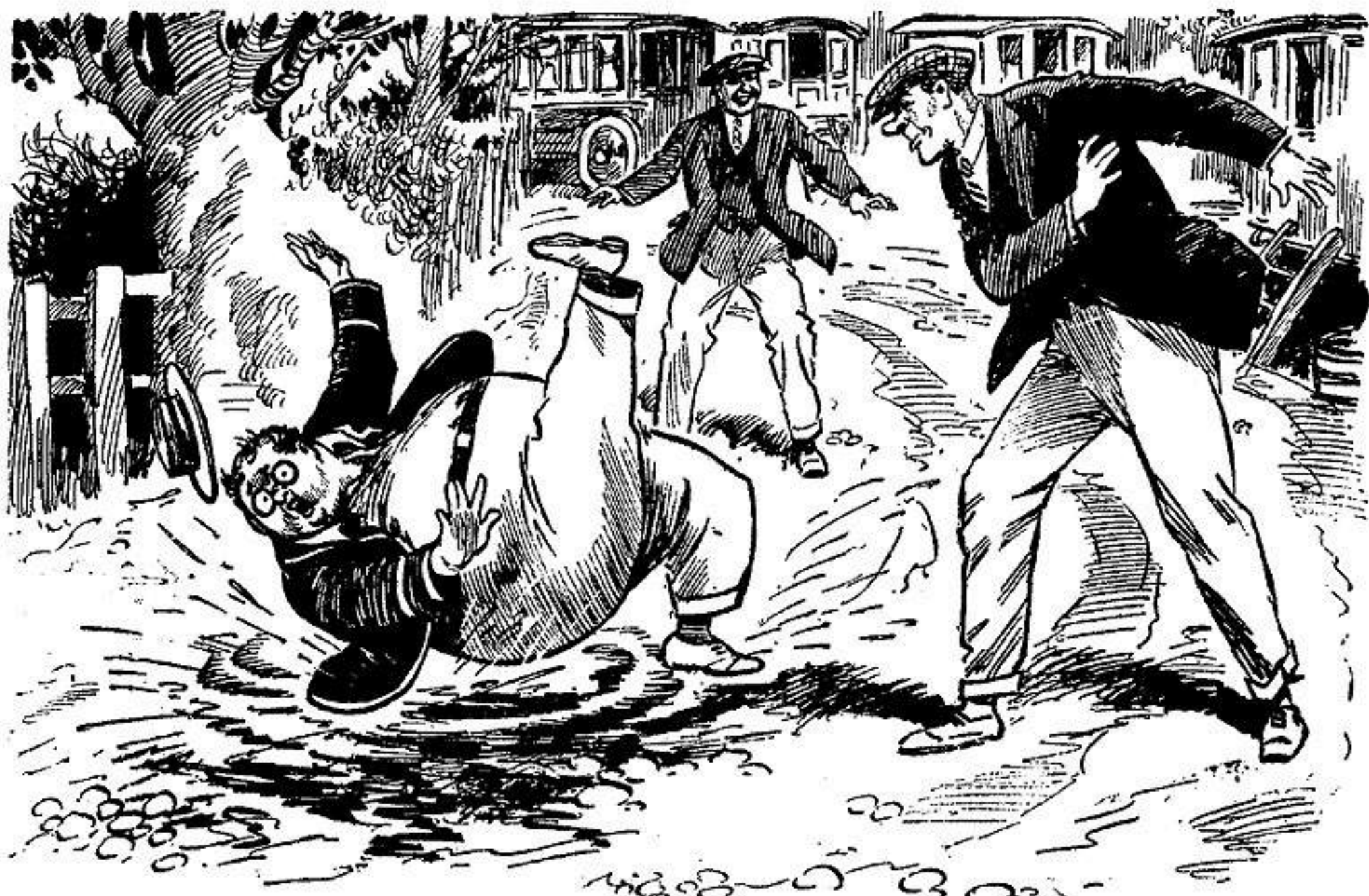
"That fat idiot!" exclaimed Wharton, aghast.

"You know the boy below?" asked the shabby man, with a rather curious glimmer in the keen eyes under the sandy brows.

"Yes, rather!" panted Wharton. "He belongs to our school! Oh, the ass—the fathead—isn't it just like him to get caught in the tide! We've got to get him out of it, somehow!"

The chums of the Remove had pale faces now.

They had to get Bunter out of it—if they could. But could they? Only too well, they knew it was impossible. Sixty feet of almost perpendicular, slippery chalk, dropped sheer to the foot of the gully. Here and there, an active climber with a nerve of iron could have found hold. But no human being could have climbed that cliff from the beach. In a dozen other places, it was practicable



Tippity Tip gave Bunter a sudden push, and the fat junior uttered a startled howl, and sat down. *Splash!* "Wooooooogh!" spluttered Bunter, as he sat in a puddle, and water and mud splashed up around him. "Sit there, you fat snail," growled Tippity, "and be blown to you!"

to a hardy climber; in that spot, hopelessly impracticable. Pietro Muccolini had chosen that spot with cunning care. "We've got to save him—good heavens, we've got to!" panted Bob. His face was as white as chalk.

The lean man raised his hand and pointed. In the distance a little building could be seen.

"Cut off, and get a rope from the coastguard—and the man himself, if you can!" he said curtly.

Wharton panted.

"There's no time—no time for that! Good heavens, he will be drowned like a rat in a trap, long before we can get back—"

"I'm going down for him!"

"What! You can't—"

"Don't waste time! Cut off, I tell you, or two lives will be lost instead of one!" rapped the lean man.

Wharton stared at him for a second. The man looked shabby, commonplace—evidently in hard luck—an unemployed man. Clearly his commonplace exterior hid a lion's heart and a nerve of tempered steel.

"You mean it?" gasped Harry.

"Hurry!" snapped the lean man.

He flung himself down on the cliff-edge again. And Harry Wharton, losing no more time in words, started at a desperate run for the coastguard station, the only spot where there was any hope of help—while his chums remained to lend any assistance they could to the man who was going down the cliff.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Trapped by the Tide!

"PRIME!" said Billy Bunter.

Life was looking good to Billy Bunter. Bunter was always prepared to enjoy a spread. Now his walk had made him

hungry: and the spread was one of the very best. With a beaming, fat face, the Owl of the Remove tucked into it, and the foodstuffs vanished at record speed—while the sea crept closer and closer, and Bunter's big spectacles never turned towards it.

He rather wondered, by this time, why Muccolini did not come back to the gully. But he did not bother his fat head about that. The dago could please himself. If he was fool enough to stroll on the beach instead of joining in this gorgeous spread, it was his own lookout.

It was the splash of spray that drew Billy Bunter's attention to the sea. He gave a little jump as the water sprinkled his podgy neck.

"Ooooooh!" said Bunter.

He blinked through his big spectacles.

Right across the mouth of the gully was a sheet of water, curling and splashing in. Billy Bunter dropped knife and fork and stared at it, his eyes bulging through his big spectacles. "Oh crikey!" he ejaculated.

He rose to his feet, blinking at the advancing water.

He did not, for the moment, realise his full danger. His fat brain was not quick on the uptake. But he could see, at least, that he was going to get wet.

"Oh, that silly ass!" gasped Bunter. "That silly fathead—he never thought about the tide! Just like an idiotic foreigner!"

Bunter had not finished his lunch. He had eaten, so far, enough for four fellows. But he did not think of finishing it now. Even his fat brain realised that the sooner he got out of that, the better.

He left his lunch-basket where it was. He did not even cast a backward glance of regret at an iced cake and a bag of jam tarts. He wanted to get round the

corner of the cliff, and get round quick, before the water got any deeper.

But he did not get as far as the corner of the cliff. The water was washing ten or twelve feet up the narrow gully, which sloped steeply to the sands. The foot of the cliff was already seven or eight feet under the sea. Nobody could have got round, except by swimming.

Bunter backed from the spray, thunderstruck.

He could not get round the cliff, at either side of the gully. Against the whole line of cliffs, the sea was now dashing. For half a mile, on either side of that gully, there was no footing—only water: save in other deep gullies into which the sea had not yet flowed. The strongest swimmer could only have fought for his life till he was exhausted, and drifted dead and drowned against the chalk.

"Oooooogh!" stuttered Bunter, between his chattering teeth. "That fool—that dummy—that idiot—bunking and leaving me here! Oh, the rotter!"

Had Billy Bunter been conscious of his unscrupulous rascality in trading on his knowledge of Muccolini's secret, he might have suspected the truth—that the treacherous Italian had tricked him there to his death.

But Bunter was very far from realising that he had acted unscrupulously; and quite as far from understanding the deadly hatred and deep fear of the man he had kept in terror.

Bunter's view, in his dealings with Muccolini, was that one good turn deserved another—he kept the signor's secret, and the signor toed the line, allowed him to hook on to the circus, and put up with his airs and graces.

That Muccolini disliked him, he could not fail to know; but so obtuse and

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(Continued from page 13.)

so self-concentrated was the fat Owl, that he had been quite taken in by the Italian's false show of friendliness that morning.

Not a suspicion of the real truth came into his scared mind. That fool, Muccolini, had walked him along the beach, forgetting about the tide—as Bunter himself had done. And seeing the tide come in, he had cut and run without coming back for Bunter, like the sneaking cowardly dago that he was. That was Billy Bunter's impression.

It was clear, at all events, that the Italian was not coming back—that he could not have come back now, if he wanted to.

The tide came rolling into the gully. Farther out, the sea was calm enough, but in the narrow gully in the cliff the waters dashed and splashed with a dull, deep roar.

Bunter backed hastily away to the furthest and highest of the rocks in the gully, his terrified eyes on the advancing water.

Within a few minutes it was over the spot where he had sat at lunch—the lunch-basket was washed to and fro on the dashing water.

"Oh lor!" groaned Bunter. Faster and faster, deeper and deeper! Bunter's view was bounded by the chalk cliffs on either side, and the limitless sea extending in front. Far away on the sea was the smoke of a steamer, going along to Broadstairs or Ramsgate. A steamer crowded with care-free holiday-makers—too far off to catch any glimpse of the hapless fat junior hemmed in by death against the cliff.

The water splashed over his feet, and he shuddered.

His fat face, generally ruddier than the cherry, was white as chalk. His eyes dilated behind his spectacles.

He knew what was coming to him, and his fat heart was frozen with terror.

In utter desperation, he tilted back his head and blinked up at the tall cliff behind him. It rose almost like the wall of a house, broken here and there in little ledges and crevices. An Alpine mountaineer could not have climbed it to the top—Bunter could not have climbed six feet up.

He leaned against the chalk, groaning with horror.

He did not know that on the top of the cliff above, a shabby man who called himself John Robinson was looking over the verge.

John Robinson had been quite perplexed at first, when, shadowing the circus-master from Margate, he had seen him walk along the beach, farther and farther. The lean man was shadowing Muccolini; he was not interested in Bunter; and he could divine no reason why the fat junior was walking with the Italian that morning. Every now and then he glanced down

to keep Muccolini in sight: keeping pace on the promenade above. But when at length he looked down and missed them from sight, he waited and watched—and he was rewarded by the sight of Muccolini hurrying on alone.

Then he guessed. The Italian had left Bunter behind—not on the open beach where he could be seen, but in some embayment of the cliff, where he was out of sight. And the tide was fast coming in!

Muccolini was the lean man's game; but just then he gave no further thought to the Italian.

He moved back along the cliffs, peering over from moment to moment, to locate the exact spot where Bunter had been left. He had found it, and was looking down when Harry Wharton & Co. came along the promenade. If he had thought of shouting to Bunter to run, it was too late for that; the fat junior was already imprisoned in the gully by the tide.

Unaware that he had been seen from above, Billy Bunter leaned feebly on the chalk, blinking in horror at the devouring tide, coming closer and closer, washing and splashing over his feet, over his fat knees.

A wave drenched him to the waist, and he staggered, and clung frantically to the wet chalk, hardly able to keep his footing.

The wave receded; but it came again and again, and the water swirled and bubbled round the wretched fat Owl. He gave a wild howl:

"Help!" There was no help, and he knew it. If there was anyone on the promenade over the cliffs he would be unable to hear that cry from below, unless he was at the very verge. And even if the cry was heard, there was no means of reaching Bunter.

But, unexpectedly, there came a shout from above:

"Hold on, Bunter!" "Oh!" gasped Bunter. Clinging to the cliff, he tilted back his head again and blinked up through his wet spectacles. There was something on the edge of the cliff, sixty feet above. It was a head leaning over. He knew Bob Cherry's voice.

"Ow! Help!" shrieked Bunter. "I say, you fellows! Help! I say, I'm being drowned! I say—Help! Oh, help!"

"Hold on!" "Ow!" "Help's coming, Bunter!" roared Bob. "Hold on, for goodness' sake!"

Another wave came dashing in, washing over the fat junior from head to foot. But he was clinging with both hands to a point of rock, and the water receded, leaving him drenched, but holding desperately on.

He panted wildly for breath. Something was moving on the cliff. He was dimly conscious of it. It dawned on him that it was a man—climbing down! Help was coming—if it was of any avail! Again the water washed over him, but he clung on like a limpet. As the sea receded again, he blinked up mistily through wet spectacles. It was a man climbing down—a lean man, active as a mountain goat.

Four faces above watched breathlessly.

The lean man swung down—and down—and down! There was scarcely any foothold, but he found handhold on ledges and edges, in fissures and crevices. Down—and down—and down—till he was forty feet from the watchers above—twenty feet over the

tide that washed round Billy Bunter. And then—

White faces watched, above, in anguish, as he groped for a hold where there was no hold.

He slid! At the point he had reached there was no hold for hand or foot—and he could climb up again to safety—or he could slide down the remaining twenty feet and share Bunter's fate!

He slid down!

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Fight for Life!

"GRRRRRGCH!" gurgled Billy Bunter.

A rush of water covered his head, and he gasped, and spluttered, and gurgled for breath. He clung desperately to the rock: but his fat fingers were slipping. Something grasped him and held him as he slipped. Bunter was too confused to know what it was, or even to realise that he was held.

But the water washed back again, sinking to the level of his waist. He gasped and gurgled, and blinked wildly.

It was a hand—a hand with slim fingers that were as strong as steel—that grasped his fat shoulder, and held him back from death. The lean man, cramped against the cliff, was holding Bunter with one hand, grabbing an edge of wet chalk with the other.

He had reached Bunter—in time!

"Hold on to me!" His voice, even at that moment, was calm, cool; it came sharp, staccato, without a quiver in it. Who the man was, where he had come from, Bunter did not know or care; he knew that this stranger was there to save him, if he could. He grasped hold of the lean man—a securer hold than that on the wet and slippery chalk.

"I—I—I say!" groaned Bunter. "Save me! I say—"

"Hold on and save your breath!" The waves thundered in again.

Far above, four Greyfriars juniors stared down, with colourless faces. Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh watched, their hearts like lead, as the rolling waters covered both Bunter and his rescuer from sight.

Would Wharton never be back with help—would help never, never come? Too late—too late—if it did! Only a swirl of wild waters met their horrified gaze below, foaming in the narrow, deep gully.

But as the waves washed back two figures came in sight again from the waters—the lean man, holding to the rock, Bunter clinging like a cat to the lean man. Alone, the fat junior would have been washed helplessly away. But a strong hand held him back from death as the waters tore at him.

Bob Cherry panted. "Look—they're still holding on!"

He lifted his head, and looked round. Far off, in the direction of the coastguard station, two figures could be seen, running—Harry Wharton and a burly man at his side, with a coil of rope over his arm. They were running hard towards the spot—help was coming at last. Too late! Too late! Bob groaned as he stared down again.

The water was over the two now at the bottom of the gully. Waves washed two or three feet over their heads, and sank, only to the level of their faces. But the watching juniors

saw the lean man's head rise—he was climbing. Bunter's weight hung on him like lead—but he was climbing. Even in those wild moments, in the very shadow of death, he had picked a place where inequalities of the chalk gave some kind of a grip—and he was clambering up.

"Oh, good man!" breathed Bob. "Good man!"

Bunter was holding on, like a sack on the lean man's shoulders. He was half-senseless now; but there was no danger of his losing his hold—his grip on the man was the convulsive grip of terror. And the lean man, with the heavy weight of Bunter dragging on him, the sea sucking at him, the spray dashing over him, was climbing—inch by inch, foot by foot, followed by the hungry sea.

How he clamped himself to the wet chalk, and avoided being torn away, as wave after wave crashed on him, the juniors above could hardly understand. It seemed as if his limbs must be of iron, as his nerve was of steel.

Higher and higher—till hold failed and only smooth chalk stretched upward above him. He could climb no farther, but he could hold on. With one arm jammed into a crevice, the other hand holding on to Bunter, the lean man lay against the cliff—out of reach of the tide, but washed and drenched every moment by waves that rose and receded.

"Hold on!" panted Bob.

The man was holding on. It was all that he could do. So long as his iron strength lasted, he could hold on, and hold Bunter back from death—but he could make no further effort to save either himself or the schoolboy.

Unless help came, he was a dead man!

But help was coming! That desperate clamber from the hungry sea had given it time to come!

Harry Wharton came, panting, almost sobbing for breath after his desperate run, and sank down on the cliff-edge.

"Are they—?" he panted.

"They're alive—they're holding on—quick with that rope!" gasped Bob.

The coastguard was already uncoiling the rope. It slithered down the cliff-face. The burly man leaned coolly over space, guiding the rope down—so that it dangled near the man who clung to the cliff below.

Then he turned to the waiting juniors behind him.

"Hold the rope, you lads!" he rapped. "Stand ready to pull when I say pull!"

"We're ready!"

The chums of the Remove grasped the rope, as if for a tug-of-war. They were ready to pull when the word came.

The coastguard, leaning over, watched. Could the man below, clamped desperately on the wet chalk, get the rope and handle it?

He could—and did!

As the rope touched him, he grasped it with his right hand. Holding to it with that hand, his feet jammed against the cliff, he succeeded in making a loop a little way from the end of the rope.

Bunter's fat arms were clinging convulsively round his neck. The fat junior's eyes were shut behind his spectacles; but his grip was as tenacious as that of an octopus.

As coolly and quietly as if every moment was not fraught with the most fearful peril, the lean man then

worked the loop down round Bunter, getting both his arms through it.

Then, as it took the weight, it tightened. Gripping hold of the tail end of the rope, the lean man signalled to the waiting party above.

"Pull!" shouted the coastguard.

His own muscular grip was on the rope. And the Famous Five, putting all their strength into it, backed and pulled.

The strong hempen rope easily stood the strain. And the Famous Five bore it manfully. There was the weight of a man and a fat schoolboy to be pulled up—and it needed every ounce of their strength.

But they were strong and sturdy, and they were going all out. And the coastguard was a powerful man.

With six pairs of hands pulling hard, the rope came up the cliff, dragging its burden farther and farther from the leaping sea.

Slowly, steadily, foot by foot, the juniors backed and backed, pulling harder and harder, till the swinging figures below jammed on the edge of the cliff.

Then, while the Famous Five still pulled their hardest, the coastguard's strong hand grasped Bunter and dragged him over the verge, and the lean man along with him.

They rolled at last on the grass of the cliff-top.

Then the Famous Five rushed forward and unloosed the rope from Bunter.

The fat junior's eyes opened behind his spectacles wildly.

"Ooooooh!" he gasped.

"Safe now, old man!" said Bob.

"Ooogh! I say, you fellows—Help!" moaned Bunter. "I say—Ooogh!"

His eyes closed again behind his spectacles. He lay unconscious in the grass.

"A close shave, sir!" said the coastguard, with a curious look at the lean man, who had risen to his feet without assistance and stood panting.

"Quite! Thank you for coming to my help!"

"I'm glad that young gentleman brought me word, sir! You went down that cliff for the boy! Some nerve, sir!"

The coastguard, as he spoke, had his eyes curiously on the lean man's face. And the juniors, as they turned from Bunter, looked at him and stared.

The lean man had gone down the cliff, with a sallow complexion, sandy eyebrows, and a straggling moustache. The struggle in the sea had made a startling change.

The sallow complexion had been washed off, the straggling moustache was left in the sea, and only one of the sandy eyebrows remained; the other had gone with the moustache. It was no wonder that the coastguard gazed at him curiously.

But there was more than curiosity, more than amazement, in the faces of the Famous Five as they gazed blankly at the lean man; for he was no longer a stranger to their eyes.

"You!" gasped Harry Wharton.

The lean man gave him a quick look. The disguise, which had been so effective that it had deceived the eyes of the juniors who knew him so well, was gone now. He understood.

"Yes, sir," he said quietly. "Robinson—John Robinson! That's the name, sir, if the stout young gentleman would like to know it when he comes to. As you're friends of his, no doubt you'll look after him."

And Ferrers Locke hurried away.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### All Clear!

**S**IGNOR MUCCOLINI smiled as he stepped from a taxicab at the gate of the circus field.

There was more than his usual swagger in his look as he strode into the field. He stopped to glance at the caravan, of which the fat Owl had dispossessed him, and his smile widened, his teeth gleaming through his black, bushy moustache. But he walked on.

Bunter was done with that caravan now; but it was not the signor's game to let anyone at the circus suspect that he knew anything of the hapless fat junior's fate. He stopped to speak to Marco.

"Has the grasso porco come in," he asked—"the fat pig?"

Marco grinned. That description was sufficient to indicate that it was Bunter to whom the signor alluded.

"I haven't seen him," answered the lion-tamer. "Didn't he go out this morning with you, Mucky?"

Mucky shrugged his beefy shoulders.

"I left him on the beach, eating," he answered. "Dio mio, he is always eating! I have thought of giving him a turn as the world's greatest eater, but—Cospetto—it would ruin me in bills for the food! But I wish to see him. I have thought of a new idea in the ventriloquism—to make him useful. If you see him when he returns, send him to my tent."

"Right-ho!" said Marco.

The signor went to his tent. He fastened the doorway, opened the locked suitcase, and sorted out the wad of banknotes, counting them over again, with greedy eyes. There was no inquisitive fat schoolboy to spy on him now.

"Cinque cento!" muttered the Italian.

"Five hundred pounds for a few photographs, a few sketches, a few sentences! Dio mio, it is worth the risk! And the risk—what is it? Who shall suspect a travelling circus-master—a showman? Nessuno! Only the fat pig knew, and he did not understand. But if he had talked—" The black eyes glittered. "But he will not talk now! That chattering tongue is silent!"

He locked up the banknotes again, sat down, and lighted a cigar, and grinned through the smoke.

There was no twinge of remorse in the swarthy rascal's hard heart. The mental picture of the fat junior, drowned like a rat in a trap, gave him not a single qualm.

Only for his own safety was the Italian concerned. And he was safe.

When it was learned that a schoolboy had been caught in the tide and drowned under the cliffs, how could there be any suspicion of foul play?

Such accidents had happened before, and would happen again, so long as holiday-makers were careless and thoughtless.

Muccolini had no connection with the matter, except that he had walked to the beach with Bunter. If he were asked, it would be easy to explain that he had left the schoolboy lurching on the beach and walked on to Kingsgate, never doubting, of course, that Bunter would walk back to Margate before the tide came in.

Malicious, unscrupulous, ruthless as he was, Muccolini was far too cowardly to think of a crime with his own hands. No man could act as a spy unless there was a yellow streak in him, and in Muccolini the yellow streak was very strongly developed. He would never have dreamed of using the favourite weapon of his country—the knife. He

placed far too high a value on his worthless neck.

But treachery came to him as easily as breathing. "Safety first" was his motto; but, safety assured, he balked at nothing.

And even if this deadly scheme failed, he was safe. Even if, by some miraculous chance, the boy escaped, he had nothing to fear. He had done nothing except walk along the beach with Bunter, and leave him lurching while he continued on his way. Not only was there no proof of guilt, but there could hardly be suspicion. Even Bunter was not likely to suspect that he had been deliberately trapped; at the worst, he would suppose that Muccolini had been alarmed by the incoming tide, and had run for it, leaving him to take his chance. No one else would know even so much as that.

But the scheme could not fail. How could it? Even if the boy succeeded in attracting attention from the promenade over the cliffs—unlikely at midday—no one could descend or ascend at the spot the plotting rascal had so carefully selected. No; there was no escape for the young rascal who knew too much. The danger of his chattering tongue was removed for ever.

Muccolini was easy in his mind now.

He would not have been so easy had he known that Bunter's tongue had chattered rather freely already. At Folkestone he had lost his temper and kicked the fat junior out of the circus, and he had passed a day of dread till Bunter came back.

He did not know that, during his brief absence from the circus, Bunter had hunted out the chums of the Remove, and found Ferrers Locke with them, and that he had babbled in the presence of the Baker Street detective. Muccolini was a cunning man, and guarded against chances; but he could not guard against a chance like that.

If he had ever heard of Ferrers Locke, he certainly was not thinking of him, and it never crossed his wary mind for a single instant that he was watched and shadowed by a detective who never failed to trail down his quarry.

There was no fear, there was no remorse; there was only satisfaction in the spy's ruthless heart. The sea had done for him the work he was too cowardly to do for himself, and he was safe. It was "all clear" now!

Nothing could have saved Bunter—unless, indeed, the Italian had been watched in that walk along the beach by a shadower keen enough to guess why he had left Bunter behind.

And that possibility was so remote that it never even entered Pietro Muccolini's mind.

He stepped out of the tent at last and looked round the camp. It was his cue to affect to know nothing of the reason of Bunter's absence. The news that he had been "found drowned" was going to take him by surprise.

"Tip!" he called out.

"'Ere!" answered Tippity.

"Tell Bunter I want to see him."

Mr. Tip gave the Italian a surly look. He did not like being sent on messages to the fat fellow who had bagged his side-show in the circus and influenced Mucky into sacking him.

"Blow Bunter!" he answered.

"Che! What?" snapped Muccolini angrily.

"Oh, come off!" said Mr. Tip. "I said 'Blow Bunter,' and I mean blow Bunter! And if it comes to that, blow you, too!"

"Cospetto! You are insolent!"

"Think so?" said Mr. Tip. "Well, you can't 'ave it both ways, Mucky! So

long as I'm on your salary list, you can throw your blooming weight about as much as you like, and I ain't stopping you. But if you sack a man, you sack him; and if you think he's going to hop when you say 'Hop,' you're going to be disappointed!"

"Fool!"

"Same to you, with knobs on!" retorted Tippity. "If I'm going on Saturday, I ain't going to pay you compliments afore I go, Mucky! I've stood more from you already than a white man ought to 'ave to stand from a dago! Go and wash your neck, and be blowed to you!"

Signor Muccolini strode at the clown, with a furious face. The big beefy Italian towered over Tippity.

But Tippity faced him coolly.

Tippity was no longer a man who had to be careful not to be sacked. He had got the sack, so there was little more for him to be careful about.

"Ands off, Mucky!" he said. "You lay a greasy paw on me, you ice-cream dago, and see what will 'appen to you. I've been wanting to hit you in the eye for dog's ages! You've only got to ask for it now!"

And the beefy circus-master stopped in time.

"Go!" he snarled. "Get out! I am done with you! Get out!"

"I'll please myself about that!" said Tippity cheerfully. "My time ain't up yet; not unless you want to give me full pay to Saturday for nothing! And that ain't in your nature."

"Get out of my sight!" roared Muccolini.

"Pleased!" retorted Tippity. "You ain't pretty to look at, Mucky!"

And the clown walked away.

Muccolini scowled savagely after him, and then called to Parker. Parker had been looking on, grinning—but he ceased to grin, quite suddenly, as the black eyes flashed at him. Parker had not got the "push," and did not want it.

"Find Bunter, and send him to me!" snarled Muccolini.

"Yes, sir!"

Parker went in search of Bunter. But he returned in ten minutes with the information that Bunter had not yet come in.

"The fat fool!" snapped Muccolini. "Where is he, all this time? I told him I had to see him this afternoon."

Parker made no reply to that. From the way Bunter had carried on at the Magnificent Circus, he did not suppose that the fat schoolboy would pay much heed to what Muccolini told him.

"See him as soon as he comes in, and tell him I want him!" snapped Muccolini.

"Yes, sir!"

Parker went down to the gate to look out into the road. Muccolini retired into his tent. He had given the impression, in the circus, that he was expecting Bunter back, and was impatient to see him. Certainly no one in the Magnificent Circus could dream that he knew, knew only too well, that Bunter would never come back.

He grinned as he sat and smoked a black cigar. If he heard the sound of a taxicab on the road, he did not connect it with Billy Bunter. There was a surprise coming to him shortly.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Very Much Alive!

**B**ILLY BUNTER stepped from the taxi, at the gate, and paid the driver. Parker, looking at him over the gate, grinned. Bunter had left the circus in the

morning, looking very posh. He did not look very "posh" when he came back.

His erstwhile natty white flannels were sadly crumpled and muddy and damp. His hat was missing. There was no longer a cheery grin on his fat face. That face expressed the extreme of bad temper.

Evidently, Bunter had landed in trouble during his excursion that day. He looked very much the worse for wear.

Parker opened the gate for him. Bunter acknowledged that service with a grunt as he rolled in.

"Mucky wants to see you, sir!" said Parker.

"Does he?" said Bunter with a sneer. "Then you can tell Mucky to go and eat coke!"

"Hem! I think he's waiting for you in his tent, sir!"

"Let him wait!" said Bunter. "Think I want to jaw to a dashed dago, after what I've been through? Tell him he can wait—and tell him, too, that he's a sneaking, rotten, cowardly foreigner! Tell him I've no use for a cowardly dago who cuts off and leaves a fellow to be caught in the tide! Tell him I was jolly nearly drowned, and it's all his fault, and I jolly well wish the tide had caught him, too, before he skedaddled, the sneaking funk!"

Having thus unburdened himself, Bunter rolled away to his caravan, leaving Parker staring.

"My eye!" said Parker.

He headed for the circus-master's tent, though certainly not with the intention of delivering Bunter's message in Bunter's words!

"Seen fatty?" he asked with a grin as he met Tippity Tip. "Seen him? He's come back in a nice temper, that fat freak has!"

"I saw him!" said Tippity. "He looked it! Looked as if he's been getting a bath with his clothes on!"

"So he has, from what he said. He says that the boss cut off, and left him to be caught in the tide!"

Tippity whistled.

"I wouldn't put it past the dago!" he remarked. "Jest what he would do, if there was any danger, if you ask me, Parker."

"I believe you!" grinned Parker.

"P'r'aps that's why the boss has been so anxious to 'ear if he'd come in," remarked Tippity. "He's never been keen to see him afore, that I know of."

Parker nodded, and went on to the signor's tent.

He put in his head, and found Muccolini stretched in a deckchair smoking a black cigar. The Italian glanced at him. He supposed that Parker had come to report, again, that Bunter had not come back.

"Has not Bunter returned?" asked Muccolini.

"Oh, yes, he's come, sir!" answered Parker. "But he says—"

Parker broke off.

He had no idea that the Italian was expecting an answer in the negative—counting on it with absolute certainty. He had no idea of the effect that an answer in the affirmative would produce. The effect it produced made Parker jump.

Signor Muccolini bounded from the deckchair, so suddenly and violently that it was knocked over. His cigar dropped to the ground.

He glared at Parker furiously.

"Fool! Lying fool! What did you say?" roared Muccolini. In his rage he advanced on the man with clenched hands.



Parker backed promptly out of the doorway of the tent. His first impression was that Muccolini had gone suddenly mad.

"Porco—matto—infante—bugiardo!" roared the Italian. "You say that he has come back?"

"He's come all right," gasped the astounded Parker. "Just rolled up in a taxi, sir—"

The amazement in the man's face recalled the infuriated Italian to himself.

Bunter had come back! Against all probability, against all possibility, he had escaped, and he had come back! That was driven into Muccolini's mind, and he realised that he was betraying himself.

But the effort he had to make to control his fury, and recover his self-possession, was visible to the eye. He had been utterly startled and thrown off his guard by the unexpected information that Bunter had come back—Bunter, whom he had firmly believed to be drifting under the cliffs among the seaweed.

Parker, amazed, stared at him, a strange expression coming over his face. That Muccolini had not expected to see Bunter again, that he was astounded and unnerved by his return, was plain to Parker. He could hardly help connecting that, in his mind, with Bunter's statement that Muccolini had left him to be caught in the tide.

Muccolini pulled himself together. He read the dawning of suspicion in the man's face, and it was a warning to him.

He tried to speak calmly, but with all his efforts at self-control, there was a shake in his voice as he spoke again.

"Send the fat fool to me!" "I've told him you want to see him, sir!" said Parker. "He says he won't come. He's gone to his van."

"Non fa niente! I will see him later! You may go!" breathed the circus-master.

And Parker went—greatly wondering. Signor Muccolini stood panting in his tent. Was it possible that Bunter had come back?

He tramped out of the tent, and stamped across to Bunter's caravan. Many eyes were on him as he went. Parker was speaking to Tippetty Tip and Wiggles, and all three of them looked curiously at the Italian as he passed.

Muccolini did not heed them.

He reached Bunter's van. He could hear someone moving inside, but the door was closed. He hurred it open.

"Oh!" came a startled exclamation from within.

Billy Bunter blinked round, through his big spectacles. He was beginning to change out of his damp clothes when the door was hurred open. His eyes gleamed through his spectacles at the Italian.

Muccolini's glinting black eyes almost devoured him. Bunter had been in the water—he could see that. How had he got out of it alive? By what miraculous chance had he escaped that deadly trap?

"Oh! You!" said Bunter, savagely. "You rotten dago!"

It was almost impossible for the Italian to control his fury, as he looked at him. There was no mistake—it was Bunter—damp, but obviously none the worse, otherwise, for what had happened.

"You sneaking funk!" went on Bunter.

"Che cosa e?" panted Muccolini. "What—what is a matter?"

"What's the matter?" hooted Bunter. "You cowardly rotter, you jolly well

know what's the matter! You bunked for it, and left me to be caught in the tide! You jolly well knew it was coming in long before you got off the beach! Mean to say you didn't?"

In the midst of his rage and fury, it was a satisfaction to the Italian to see that Bunter suspected no more than a cowardly desertion.

"Think I don't know?" hooted Bunter. "I never thought about the tide, and I dare say you didn't, but you jolly well knew when you bunked and left me to it! You knew I couldn't get

away when you got away yourself, you rotten cowardly dago! I might have been jolly well drowned, and it would have been your fault—your fault entirely!"

"I—I—I—!" "Oh, don't make rotten excuses," snarled Bunter. "Nobody expects a dago to have much pluck, but there's a limit, and cutting off and leaving a fellow to be drowned is jolly well over the limit, I can tell you. Catch me going on the beach with you again!"

(Continued on next page.)

## GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

This week our long-haired poet gives you a pen-picture in verse of **WILLIAM WIBLEY**, the amateur actor of the Remove, who shows every promise of becoming a star of stars in the theatrical world.

(1)

This evening I toddled along to have tea  
With old Wibley—William's his handle—  
And an actor-manager bold is he  
To whom no Garrick or Beerbohm Tree  
Could possibly hold a candle.  
I found him arrayed in a costume of red  
With a periwig perched on his powdered head,  
He was playing a character part, he said,  
In Sheridan's "School for Scandal"!



(2)

Now Wib, as is very well known to you all,  
Is a clever and capable fellow  
At any old subject theatrical,  
For he's happy to stride on the stage and bawl,  
And even, at times, to bellow!  
At making-up Wibley's a wonderful chap,  
Discomfort he doesn't regard a scrap,  
He'd lather black boot-polish over his map  
Before going on as Othello.



(3)

While some were enjoying the afternoon  
sun  
At cricket or swimming or tennis,  
Or landing on Popper's old island for fun  
(As Bulstrode and I before dinner had  
done,  
In spite of the gamekeeper's menace),  
Old Wibley was busy with greasepaint  
and glue,  
He said: "I will practise a make-up  
on you,  
I'll make up your features as Shylock  
the Jew,  
In Shakespeare's 'The Merchant of  
Venice.'"

(4)

I answered "O.K.," and the silly ass cheered  
And straight way began to get action.  
He painted my features with gum, as I  
learned,  
Then brought out a long and unspeakable  
beard  
Which he clamped on my jaw in a fraction.  
"Leggo!" I exclaimed through a forest of  
hair,  
I struggled, but Wib held the face fungus  
there  
Till it stuck to my jaw, then he rose from the  
chair  
And chuckled with great satisfaction.

(6)

But here the door opened and Wingate  
appeared.  
"You're wanted!" he said, with a  
whistle.  
He stared with surprise, for I looked very  
weird  
In my ordinary togs with a cascade of beard,  
And a nose like a carpenter's chisel.  
"The Head wants to see you at once,"  
Wingate said.  
"Old Popper is there, and he looks rather  
led,  
I fancy he's made a complaint to the Head!  
He's waiting, so you'd better mizzle!"



(5)

He then began work on my classical nose  
With some sort of clay, rather plastic.  
He moulded the shape of my beak as he  
chose,  
He pulled it and pushed it, because, I sup-  
pose,  
He thought it was made of elastic!  
I gurgled and gurgled, attempted to shriek,  
But nothing could save me, or rescue my  
beak,  
"And now what it wants," said the fatheaded  
freak,  
"Is a touch of theatrical mastik!"

(7)

The island, of course! I was spotted and  
caught!  
And now I was getting the chopper!  
I clawed off the hoko old Wibley had wrought,  
But the beard didn't seem to behave as it  
ought,  
That beard was an absolute stopper!  
I tugged and I wrenched, but I couldn't  
displace  
That beard from its limpet and leechlike  
embrace,  
And I'm sorry to say it was still on my face  
When I went to the Head and old Popper!



(8)

I opened the door—and a silence  
ensued!  
I fancy they doubted their eyeses!  
I stammered: "I—I really don't mean  
to be rude,  
But I can't get it off, it's too jolly well  
glued!"  
Their faces were worth several prizes!  
The Head clutched my collar and caught  
up his cane,  
And then there were howls of  
considerable pain!  
But wait till I see that ass Wibley again,  
I'll teach him to practise disguises!

"I—I did not know—I—I went——"  
 "Yes, I jolly well know you went!" sneered Bunter. "You saw the tide coming in when you turned the corner out of that gully, and jolly well bopped and left me to it! I know all right!"

The signor was glad, at least, that that was all that Bunter knew.

"But—but—but—you seem to have—to have got away—you were not caught——"

"I jolly well was!" snorted Bunter. "Shut in that gully by the tide, and I couldn't climb out. If a man hadn't come down for me and held me till my friends got a rope from a coastguard and let it down, what do you think would have happened to me? And it would have been your fault."

"A—a—a man came down—a man came down that cliff!" gasped Muccolini. He could not believe it, though the fat junior standing there before him, was proof of it. "What madman attempted——"

"Blessed if I know who he was," answered Bunter. "He happened to be up on the cliff, and spotted me, and my friends came along and helped him. I was pretty far gone afterwards, after they got me up, and he went away without stopping to speak to me. He left them his name—Robinson! I dare say I shall see him again—I dare say he will try to stick me for something for what he did! A man would, of course! If he does I shall stand him something decent—a quid, at least! He was rather a clumsy sort of ass—I got bumped horribly coming up the cliff—I'm bruised all over! Still, he got me out of it and if I ever see him again I shan't be mean about it."

"I would like to see him!" breathed Muccolini, his nails digging into his palms. "Oh, I would like to reward him for what he has done."

"Gammon!" retorted Bunter. "Fat lot you care! I dare say you'd be just as pleased if he'd never got me out! It would be like you! Now clear off, and leave a fellow to change! I was soaked to the skin—I could hardly totter along when my friends helped me away to get a taxi! I've had an awful time, and it was all your fault—absolutely your fault from beginning to end! Now leave me alone, blow you!"

The door slammed in Muccolini's face.

The signor walked away from the van. His hands were clenched, his nails digging in the palms as he went. He had said that he would like to see the man who had rescued Billy Bunter—to wreak upon him, somehow, his bitter rage! In point of fact, he was destined to see him—he was going to see quite a lot of John Robinson.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Watcher on the Sands!

BOB CHERRY grinned.

"Seen that sportsman before?" he asked.

His friends looked round as Bob nodded towards a man who sat on the beach, at a little distance.

The Famous Five were sitting in a cheery row on a seat facing the sea. They had walked out after tea, to breathe the invigorating air of Margate, watch the endless crowds, and listen to the band. And Bob grinned as he spotted the man on the sands; and his chums grinned, as they followed his gesture, and spotted the man also.

He was not a man on whom, in other

circumstances, they would have bestowed a second glance. He was lean, and shabby, with a sallow complexion, sandy eyebrows, and straggling, untidy moustache. He had a newspaper in his hands open at the advertisement columns, and anyone glancing at him casually, would have guessed that he was an unemployed man looking for a chance to spot a job.

That would have been the impression of the Famous Five had they noticed the man at all, but for the happenings of the day on the cliffs. As it was, they knew Mr. Robinson again—and knew whose identity was concealed behind his commonplace exterior.

"Mum's the word!" whispered Harry Wharton. "If he wants to speak to us, he will do so—can't he too careful."

"He hasn't noticed us here," said Johnny Bull.

"Bet you he has! I fancy he noticed us before we noticed him," said Harry. "Anyhow, keep off the grass!"

"Oh, yes, rather."

The lean, shabby man did not seem to have given any attention to the Greyfriars juniors, as they came along and sat down. But Harry Wharton had no doubt that there was little passing within range of his eyes that escaped the attention of Ferrers Locke.

"Taking it easy after his strenuous stunts on the cliffs?" remarked Bob Cherry. "I dare say he feels the need of a rest."

"More business than pleasure, I think!" said Harry.

"Doesn't look it!" said Bob, with a stare. "You don't fancy he's really reading those jolly old advertisements, do you?"

"Hardly! But I fancy he's looking through a slit in the newspaper and he's got an eye on somebody on the beach!"

"Oh crikey!"

The chums of the Remove looked past the spot where the detective sat on the sand. Plenty of other people were sitting and lying about and endless crowds passed and re-passed. Margate, at the end of August, was not quite so full as earlier in the month, but it was still crowded. Who, among those almost innumerable loungers and passers-by, was the object of Locke's attention, was rather an interesting question to the juniors.

It was rather thrilling to see the famous Baker Street detective at work, if he actually was, as Harry guessed, at work now. Certainly, he did not look as if he was, but they would not have expected him to look as if he was!

They did not intend to approach him, or to draw any sort of attention to him. Locke trusted to their discretion, and they were discreet enough. But there was no harm in watching the game, as it were—and they watched with keen interest.

"The esteemed and execrable Mucky!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. And he made the slightest of gestures in the direction of two men who were standing on the sands, talking, some distance in front of the disguised detective.

Continual passers hid them every other moment. But the juniors saw that one of the men was Signor Muccolini.

The other they did not know. He was dark and swarthy like the signor, and evidently an Italian also—his chin bluish, as if recently shaved clean.

They were too far away for even the murmur of their voices to be heard—but the people passing near must have heard them. But if they were speaking

in Italian, as doubtless was the case, the passers-by were not likely to understand much of any snatches that reached their ears.

The juniors exchanged smiling looks. Locke, it was clear to them, was shadowing Muccolini. They had no doubt that he had been shadowing him that morning, when he became aware of Bunter's peril, and rescued the fat Owl from it. Now he was keeping the man in sight again, keeping an eye, through a slit newspaper, on his conversation with the other Italian.

"By Jove!" murmured Harry Wharton suddenly. "That man Mucky's talking to—I fancy we've seen him before."

"I don't know him!" said Bob.

"I think he was sporting a beard when we saw him before!" said Harry, in a low voice. "You can see by his chin that he's accustomed to having a beard there, though he's clean-shaven now."

Bob whistled.

"The dago at the bung!" he murmured. "The man that Muccolini called—what did he call him? Cau-opener, or something——"

"Canaletti!" said Harry.

"That's it!" said Bob. "By gum! Perhaps he's telling Mucky how he lost these jolly old papers last night."

"Whatever he's telling him, Mucky doesn't look pleased!" grinned Nugent.

That was plainly enough to be seen. There was a dark scowl on the face of the circus-master, and it darkened more and more as he listened to what the blue-chinned man was saying.

"What beats me," said Bob, in a whisper, "is why—hem—John Robinson doesn't bag that dago. He knows all about him now—he must, as he's got the papers that Mucky took to the other dago at the bung."

"That's so," agreed Harry; "but what he knows isn't proof for a court of law. I should think Muccolini was cautious enough not to put anything on those papers to fix them on him if they fell into wrong hands."

"You bet on that!" said Johnny Bull. "The papers are enough to fix Canaletti, as they were found in his possession; but ten to one there's nothing in them to point out Mucky."

"I suppose not," agreed Bob. "And that's why John Robinson is still watching Mucky instead of snaffling him—what? But he could snaffle the other scoundrel now, if he liked."

"Perhaps that's why he's watching Muccolini," said Harry quietly. "He may have worked it out that they would get into touch after the papers were lost, and by shadowing Muccolini he gets sight of the other blighter."

"Oh gum!" said Bob, with a deep breath. "Bet you that's it! He got word to Mucky some time to-day, and appointed to meet him here. Less likely to be noticed in a crowd like this than anywhere else—what? Now he's telling him he's got to do his job over again, and tipping him to look out for danger—what?" Bob chuckled, quite pleased with that effort at deduction. "But I say, Locke—I mean Robinson—is a private detective. He's not got power to arrest anybody."

"A word from him would be enough to the people who have," said Harry. "He must be in touch with the police here. I'll bet you that if he wants that blighter with the blue chin, there's a plain-clothes man not very far away from him at this very minute."

"Oh crumbs! Then we may see something if we stay here," murmured Bob. "We were thinking of the pictures, but



"Gurrrrrgh! Oooogh! Leggo! Beast! Woooogh!" spluttered Billy Bunter, as Wharton grabbed him and squeezed an orange down his fat neck. "You fat, cheezy, burbling, blithering rotter!" roared Wharton. Bunter wriggled, gurgled, gasped and howled. But Wharton held him fast.

if there's anything in that, old bean, this is going to be better than the giddy films."

"Much better!" grinned Nugent.

"The muchfulness is terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

The Famous Five felt a keen, suppressed excitement.

In the midst of that careless, buzzing holiday crowd, they felt that a drama was unfolding under their eyes. The hum of merry voices, the sounds of careless laughter, the strains of a jazz band, sounded along the beach. Merry Margate was merry and bright! But there was drama, under the careless gaiety of the seaside, at that spot, and at that moment.

If the denouement was coming, the chums of the Remove were very keen to see it. They would have been glad to lend a hand in laying a foreign spy by the heels. They waited and watched.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! They're going!" murmured Bob.

The two Italians separated.

Signor Muccolini walked up the beach to go back into the town. His brow was black as he went. Whatever it was that his confederate had told him, the circus-master's look showed that it had disturbed him.

The other Italian walked along the beach, affecting to saunter in a leisurely way.

Harry Wharton & Co. glanced at the lean, shabby man. Both the Italians were going in different directions, and they wondered what Ferrers Locke would do.

The lean man had his face deep in the newspaper as Muccolini passed quite near him.

He did not even glance after the circus-master. Muccolini, at the moment, was not his game. Muccolini had served his purpose in guiding him unconsciously to the man he wanted.

The shabby man rose from the sand, put the newspaper under his arm, and moved off on the track of Canaletti.

"No harm in walking in the same direction!" whispered Bob.

Harry Wharton nodded.

The Famous Five rose from the seat and moved off in the direction the Baker Street detective had taken. There was no reason why they should not stroll along the beach, as hundreds of other people were doing. But as they strolled they kept wary eyes on a figure that nobody else paid any attention to—a lean figure surmounted by a shabby bowler hat!

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Snaffling a Spy!

"SEE that!" breathed Bob Cherry. "Plain-clothes men!" murmured Harry.

Signor Muccolini had disappeared from the beach, no doubt going back to his circus. The blue-chinned Italian was sauntering along with a careless air, smoking a cigarette. A dozen paces behind him the lean, shabby man kept pace, and a dozen paces behind the lean man the Famous Five of Greyfriars strolled, assuming a casual manner, but with eyes very much on the alert.

They saw the shabby man stop and speak to a couple of rather hefty-looking men, one of whom had a telescope levelled at the sea, picking up a distant pleasure steamer.

Had anyone observed him, had Canaletti looked round, it could only have appeared that he was making some remark about the telescope and the steamer on which it was trained.

But the Famous Five knew that that shabby man was named Ferrers Locke, so they guessed that it was not a casual remark he was making.

It was only for a moment or two that the disguised detective stopped. Then, following Canaletti no farther, he turned abruptly away and walked up the beach to go into the town.

The man with the telescope shut it up, put it under his arm, and walked along the beach with his companion—after the blue-chinned Italian.

The Famous Five exchanged a joyous grin.

As clearly as if Ferrers Locke had told them they knew what was going on, and they knew that the drama was approaching its climax.

It did not suit Locke's plans to reveal himself in the matter. Having spotted his man, he handed over the arrest to officers of the law. That he had already placed the captured papers and a charge of espionage in the proper quarter, there could be no doubt. Against Muccolini there was as yet no proof on which he could be taken. Against Canaletti there was ample proof. It might have been difficult to prove that the circus-master had taken those incriminating papers to the lonely bungalow. But it was easy to prove that they had been in Canaletti's possession.

Once Locke had actually seen the papers, and learned beyond doubt their real nature, Canaletti was a "wanted" man, and Locke had shadowed Muccolini to "get" him.

And quite ordinary as those two hefty-looking men appeared, the chums of the Remove had not the slightest doubt that they were plain-clothes officers, that Locke had indicated the blue-chinned Italian to them and that the arrest was to take place when Locke was off the scene. Locke's connection with the affair was not to transpire until his case was complete, and it would not be complete till Muccolini was in the net.

"By gum, this is getting thrilling!"

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murmured Bob, as the juniors strolled on after the two stalwart men who had now taken up the trail of Canaletti.

"The thrillfulness is preposterously terrific!" declared Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "I am on the esteemed tender-hooks!" By which the Nabob of Bhanipur probably meant tenterhooks.

"And among all these hundreds of jolly old Margateers we're the only ones that know that there's anything on!" murmured Bob. "But what the dickens are they waiting for? Why don't they bag their bird?"

"John Robinson doesn't want to show up in this, fathead! They're leaving it till he's done the vanishing trick."

"Oh, of course! Well, we're going to be in at the death, anyhow. If they want any help we're the chaps they want!" grinned Bob.

Mingling with the holiday crowd, the juniors strolled on, their hearts beating. They noticed that the two stalwart men had quickened their pace, and were overtaking the foreigner.

As they drew nearer to him they separated, one passing on either side of the blue-chinned Italian.

Evidently the climax was at hand.

For a moment or two those two hefty men kept pace with the sauntering foreigner, one on either side of him; then they closed in, so suddenly that Canaletti had no warning of what was coming, and had him by the arms. From which it was to be guessed that they had heard of the knife that had been dropped in the lonely bungalow, and surmised that Canaletti might have another about him. If he had, he had no chance, for the moment, to use it. His arms were pinioned in a muscular grip, and he was powerless.

He uttered a startled exclamation in his own language. The colour wavered in his blue-chinned face. Then he struggled.

"Better go quietly, sir!" said one of the officers civilly. "Please walk with us off the beach. We've got a taxi waiting quite near."

"Perche! Why? What do you mean? Let me go!" screamed the Italian, struggling savagely.

There was an excited buzz from a hundred throats. The attention of the crowd was turned on the scene at once. Harry Wharton & Co., quite near at hand, watched breathlessly.

The Italian, with a desperate effort, dragged his right arm loose. There was a sudden flash of steel in the bright sunshine.

Evidently the dusky rascal was desperate. He did not need telling what the charge was: his guilty conscience told him that. He was thinking only of escape, by any wild and desperate means. The knife slashed savagely round him, and the two plain-clothes men hardly escaped the savage slash. As their grasp loosened, he leaped away from them, and bounded along the beach with the fleetness of a deer.

Swift as he was, Bob Cherry was as swift.

As the Italian bounded away Bob made a flying leap after him, crashed into his back, and sent him spinning forward, headlong.

The blue-chinned face crashed on the sand.

"Oh, good man!" gasped Harry Wharton.

He rushed on, his comrades with him. But they were not needed. The two plain-clothes men were on the sprawling Italian like hawks on their prey. His arms were grasped again, the knife wrenched away; the swarthy rascal dragged to his feet. As he strove to

struggle the handcuffs clicked on his dusky wrists.

Amid a roar of excitement from the crowd he was hustled away, a swarm of people following, till he was pushed into a waiting taxi, which was promptly driven off.

"Well," said Bob, "I don't think the rotter would have got clear—but I'm glad we had a hand in snaffling him! What?"

"Hear, hear!" said the Co.

And the clowns of the Remove felt very satisfied with themselves and things generally as they continued their walk along the beach of merry Margate.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### John Robinson Looks In!

ZARA, the queen of the ring, pulled in her horse at the gate of the circus field in the bright, sunny morning.

The queen of the ring had been for her usual morning ride, and she looked a graceful, pretty picture as she came cantering back down the road. A shabby, lean man, loitering near the gate, touched his shabby old bowler hat respectfully and opened the gate for the gipsy girl to ride into the field.

Zara gave him a nod of thanks and a smile, and walked her horse in at the gateway. Then she pulled in again, with another glance at the shabby man. Her eye had noted his appearance of respectable poverty, and her kind heart was touched. She noted, too, that he had a newspaper under his arm, open at the dismal advertisement columns.

"Thank you, my friend!" said Zara. "Wait—I think I saw you here yesterday. Did you not speak to Tip, the clown, at this gate?"

"Yes, miss!" answered the shabby man.

"You are unemployed?"

"Just at the moment, miss, I've got nothing on, but hanging about this circus looking for a job here, if there's one to be had."

"I thought so! Wait!"

Marco, the king of the lions, had already spotted Zara coming in. The big lion-tamer came down to the gate with his long strides. Zara made a beckoning gesture to him with her riding whip, and he hurried up.

The lean man glanced at him, and at Zara, and smiled faintly. A less keen man than John Robinson would have seen how matters stood between the king of the lions and the queen of the ring.

There had been a storm in a teacup between Marco and Zara, owing to the fat Owl of the Remove; but it had blown over, leaving them better friends than ever. And it was settled now that Zara was going to become Mrs. Bill Williams just as soon as Mr. Williams—otherwise Marco—could start in a circus of his own. Marco had made good money as a lion-tamer, and had carefully banked a good deal of it, and he had high hopes of getting going on his own—with Zara, which seemed to Marco a prospect of the seventh heaven, and a little over.

That little romance leaped to the eyes of the lean man as he watched Zara and Marco, and he smiled a very kind and pleasant smile. Ferrers Locke had seen much of the hard side of the world, and the sight of youth and hope and happiness was very pleasing to him.

"Yes, Zara, what is it?" asked Marco, with a glance at the shabby man. He remembered having seen him speaking to Tippetty the previous day.

"This poor man is looking for work!" said Zara. "Speak a word for him to the signor, Marco! What can you do, my good man?"

"I can look after horses, miss!" said the lean man, touching his hat again.

"Mucky may be able to make use of a man who can deal with horses, Marco!" said Zara. "He ought to, Marco. Some of the men have too much to do."

Marco smiled rather ruefully. Signor Muccolini was the man to get the utmost out of anyone he employed, and certainly not the man to bother about whether anyone had too much to do. It was not much use expecting, or asking, the dago to act decently, but Zara's word was law, and Marco nodded.

"I'll speak to Mucky!" he said.

Zara nodded, gave Marco and the lean man a smile between them, and rode on into the field.

Marco stood looking after her. The lean man stood waiting. The king of the lions had momentarily forgotten his existence. But the lean man did not mind, he smiled as he waited for Marco to remember him.

Not till the graceful form of the queen of the ring had disappeared from sight did Marco turn to the man at the gate.

"I'm afraid there's not much doing, my man!" he said. "I'll put it to the boss! Wait here a few minutes."

"Thank you kindly, sir."

The lean man waited, leaning on the gate, as Marco crossed the field towards the signor's tent.

As he stood there his eyes scanned the circus camp and fixed on a gaudily painted caravan. That gaudily painted van, once the signor's, now Billy Bunter's, seemed to have some interest for him.

Marco looked into the signor's tent.

Muccolini gave him a scowl.

The signor was not in a good temper that morning. The failure of his dastardly scheme for ridding himself of Bunter the previous day made him morose and savage. And his interview with Canaletti had given an edge to his temper.

He did not fear arrest. There was nothing in the papers he had handed to his confederate to incriminate him; he was too cunning for that. And even if taken by the police, Canaletti would not betray him—he dared not. But the episode was very disturbing and a little alarming, and it left the signor in his blackest mood.

That was not a favourable mood for Marco. Mucky greeted him with a scowl to begin with before he had time to open his mouth.

"There's a man here asking for a job, signor," said the lion-tamer. "He says he can handle horses."

"Cospetto! Is that what you have come to say?" snarled the Italian. "Is my circus a labour exchange?"

"You want another man with the horses, boss!"

"I think I am the judge of that!" snapped Muccolini. "Tell the man to go. I have no use for him!"

"He looks a decent sort of chap, and unemployed—"

Muccolini shrugged his shoulders.

"I am here to run a circus, not to solve the unemployment problem!" he answered. "In my own country it is solved—we have a Duce who can govern. Here it will never be solved. You have no Mussolini."

Marco grinned.

"Mussolini's methods would not do here," he said. "Getting up a war in Africa to get shut of the unemployed in Italy may suit your Duce—but it would not suit us. And even such a rotten game as that does not solve the problem—it only puts off the solution to a later date."

"Have you come here to talk politics?" snarled Muccolini. "Go back

to the man and tell him to go, or he will be kicked out! Basta!"

Marco gave a grunt and walked back to the gate. The lean man looked at him as he came, and Marco shook his head.

"Nothing doing," said the lion-tamer. "But—" He slid his hand into his pocket as Mr. Tip had done the day before.

"Thank you, sir, but no!" said the lean man. "Perhaps you could give me a chance of speaking to a young gentleman of the name of Bunter. I think he might put in a word for me."

"Bunter?" repeated Marco. His knitted brows revealed what he thought of Bunter. "Yes, if Bunter would speak for you I've no doubt it would be all right—he has a lot of influence with the boss. Do you know Bunter?"

"I was of some assistance to him yesterday, sir!" said the lean man apologetically. "He was caught in the tide between Margate and Kingsgate, and I was able to help him a little—"

Marco started. "Oh! You're the man who pulled Bunter out of the sea!" he exclaimed, looking at the sallow, sandy-browed man with great interest. "We've all heard about that. You must have risked your life going down that cliff."

"There was a bit of risk, sir!" admitted the lean man. "I left my name with the young gentleman's friends, and I dare say he will remember it—John Robinson. If I could see him—"

"Come with me!" said Marco. "Even Bunter can't forget a thing like that! And he can do anything he likes here."

The lean man followed him to the gaudily painted caravan. As it was past eleven o'clock Bunter had turned out and breakfasted. Breakfast, however, seemed to have left one or two little spaces in his capacious interior, and Bunter was not the man to leave them empty. He was sitting in his van, steadily working through a large packet of chocolates when Marco looked in.

"Here, Bunter!" said the lion-tamer. The fat junior blinked at him.

"Here's a chap to see you—" "If it's one of those beasts tell him to cut!" answered Bunter. "I don't want to see any of them. I'm not going to have them making out that they did anything."

"It's Robinson—" "Eh? Who's Robinson?" "The man who got you out of the sea yesterday," grunted Marco.

"Oh!" said Bunter. "Him? I remember they said his name was Robinson! Oh, all right, I'll see him! Tell him he can step in."

Marco gave that gracious permission to the lean man, who was waiting by the van. Then he walked away, leaving John Robinson to interview Billy Bunter.

**THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.**

**Bunter Works the Oracle!**

**B**ILLY BUNTER blinked at John Robinson as that shabby gentleman stepped into the van, respectfully removing his shabby bowler.

It was rather an uneasy blink. He knew the man again; but now that he saw him more clearly, with leisure to note exactly what he looked like, he could not fail to perceive that John Robinson, though quite respectable-looking, looked very hard up.

Gratitude was not strongly developed in Billy Bunter's fat nature. Still, he was not wholly impervious to it. He knew that this man Robinson had run

a terrible risk to save him. He hardly dared think of what would have happened had not Robinson been on the spot. So far as Bunter was capable of thankfulness at all, he was thankful to John Robinson.

At the same time, he dreaded that the man, evidently hard-up, was going to make a lot of what he had done, and "stick" him for something as a reward. Professor Billo, the circus ventriloquist, was not so short of money as Billy Bunter had habitually been. But Billy Bunter was not keen to part with any cash made by Professor Billo.

So his feelings were very mixed as he blinked at the shabby man through his big spectacles.

"Oh, good-morning!" said Bunter. "Good-morning, sir!" said John

Robinson. "I hope you're none the worse for your ducking yesterday!"

"Not a bit!" said Bunter. "I'm all right! I got jolly wet, of course, and those beasts nearly walked me off my legs, getting me to the taxi afterwards. I've got some bruises. Still, that wasn't really your fault, I dare say."

"Oh, no! I hope not!" gasped Mr. Robinson.

"You bumped me a good bit, getting me up the cliff," said Bunter.

"D-d-did I?"

"Still, I dare say you were a bit excited," said Bunter, making allowances, as it were. "Everybody can't keep cool in a fearful danger, like me. Of course, I never lost my head for a moment. Still, I'm a Public school man, you know—and we never do!"

"Oh!" "Have a choc?" said Bunter. "Look here, have two?"

The previous day Bunter had told Signor Muccolini that he was prepared to stand his rescuer a "quid." But the first effervescence of gratitude had died down. A quid after all, was a quid! At the present moment, Bunter seemed to estimate the value of John Robinson's services at two chocolate-creams!

"No, thank you, sir!" said the shabby man. "The fact is, I came here to—"

"They're jolly good chocs," said Bunter. "Still—"

He paused. "Look here—" He paused again. "Dash it all, I'm jolly well not going to be mean! I never was mean! I've got a ten-bob note you can have, Robinson."

"You are very generous, sir—" "Well, I think I can say I always have been," said Bunter fatuously. "It's always been my weakness, really. I mean it, Robinson—ten bob—"

"I'd rather not take any reward, sir, and, at the same time thanking you for your generosity!" said Mr. Robinson. If there was any tone of sarcasm in his voice, Bunter did not notice it. Sarcasm was an absolute waste on William George Bunter.

The fat junior beamed on him. He really was prepared to go to the length of a ten-bob note! Still, he undoubtedly (Continued on next page.)

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preferred to keep that ten-bob note in his own pocket.

"That's right!" he said approvingly. "Always be independent! I say, I really wish you'd have some of these chocs. They're good!"

"I'm looking for a job, sir!"

"I hope you'll find one!" said Bunter, kindly.

"I'm pretty good with horses——"

"If I were at home at Bunter Court, I'd speak to the head groom," said Bunter. "But——"

"I thought, sir, you might speak a word for me to the boss of this circus," suggested Mr. Robinson. "Any sort of a job, sir, and I'm not particular about the wages. Work is what I want!"

Billy Bunter beamed still more effulgently.

Really and truly, he was willing, more than willing, to do anything he could for this man Robinson, who had not only saved his life, but was treating him with the respect that was his due. The only difficulty was, that he did not want it to cost him anything. He did not mind if it cost anybody else anything. That was a trifle light as air.

"My dear chap!" said Bunter, "don't say another word! I'll go and see Mucky as soon as I've finished these chocs."

"You think you can manage it, sir?"

"Think?" repeated Bunter. "I know I can! Don't you worry about that! I can do anything I jolly well like in this circus! Don't you worry!"

Bunter scoffed chocolates, blind to the curious look in the keen eyes of the lean man. His statement that he could do anything he liked in that circus would probably have surprised John Robinson, had not John Robinson happened to be Ferrers Locke!

"I'll wait outside, then, sir!" said Robinson.

"That's right!" nodded Bunter. "Shan't keep you long!"

The shabby man waited patiently and respectably by the van. Billy Bunter kept him waiting, only till he had finished the last chocolate in the packet.

That important business concluded, Bunter was at leisure to attend to the lesser matters. He rolled cheerfully out of the caravan.

"Come along," he said, with a kind and patronising nod to John Robinson. "I'm going to see you through. Don't you worry!"

Bunter rolled off to the signor's tent, followed by John Robinson. His fat face wore a cheery grin as he went.

To repay his debt of gratitude by so easy a means as getting a man a job in Mucky's circus, was quite a pleasant idea to Billy Bunter. If Mucky did not like it, he could lump it. He jolly well had to toe the line, anyhow.

Likewise, it was agreeable to show off his importance to John Robinson. Bunter was a power in the Magnificent Circus, and saw no reason for disguising that fact—rather, he preferred to advertise it far and wide. John Robinson was going to see that Bunter was a man who said "Do this!"—and he doeth it!

Leaving Mr. Robinson waiting outside, Bunter walked, or, rather strutted, into the signor's tent.

Muccolini had greeted Marco with a scowl; and he greeted Bunter with a blacker one. But Mucky's scowls had no terrors for the fat junior, who had the dago under his thumb.

"What do you want?" muttered the Italian.

"Something I want you to do for me, Mucky," answered Bunter breezily.

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"I've got a man here who wants a job in——"

"Assurdo! Tell him to go!" snarled Muccolini. "Dio mio! Am I never to hear the last of him?"

"I want you to give him a job in the circus, Mucky!" said Bunter calmly. "He's the man who fished me out of the sea yesterday——"

"What?" yelled Muccolini.

"After you bunked, and left me to it!" said Bunter scornfully. "Well, he's out of a job, and he wants me to do something for him—see?"

"Mai, mai! I——"

"I'd like you to oblige me, Mucky, by giving the man a job," said the fat Owl calmly. "Suit yourself, of course."

"Do you think I have money to pay every beggar who comes to the gate!" snarled Muccolini.

Bunter grinned.

"Well, you're not short of cash, judging by what I saw you counting over the other night!" he said, with a wave of his fat hand towards the locked suitcase. "You've got plenty there."

"Silenzio!" hissed Muccolini. "Fool—furfante—silence!"

Bunter gave him a haughty blink.

"I've told you before, Mucky, that I don't like you calling me names," he said. "I'm not standing dashed cheek from a dago! Cut it out, if you know what's good for you!"

The signor glared at him with burning eyes. He glared at the shabby figure visible through the opening of the tent.

He recognised the lean man with the straggling moustache, who had spoken to Tippetty at the gate. So that was the man who had saved Bunter? If the Italian hated anyone at that moment as much as he did Bunter, it was the man who had saved Bunter's life. Gladly he would have picked up his circus-whip and driven Mr. Robinson out of the camp with it. But he made no movement to do so. He had to tolerate this—he had to tolerate everything, till his time came. It would come.

"I've no time to waste," went on Bunter. "I'm going down to the beach this morning. Are you taking the man Robinson on, or not?"

Signor Muccolini choked.

"Yes or no!" snapped Bunter.

"Si, si!" breathed the Italian. "Yes, if you ask it—I will take him on! Yes, I will find a job for him. Si, si!"

"That's all right, then," said Bunter. "And mind, I know how jolly stingy you are, Mucky. Pay him decent wages. And look here, be civil to him, too. If I hear that you've been giving him any of your old buck, you'll hear from me. Got that?"

"Cospetto!"

"The man did me a service," said Bunter loftily. "I'm not the chap to forget it. He's respectful, too—the sort of thing I like to see in the lower classes. A very decent sort of man altogether. I want you to treat him decently, Mucky, considering what he did for me, and it was all your fault that he had to do it, too. Don't let me hear that you've been bullyragging him, that's all."

Bunter rolled out, leaving the circus-master shaking with suppressed rage. He gave John Robinson a benevolent and patronising nod.

"It's all right, my man," he said. "I've made it all right for you with Mucky. You can go in and see him."

"Thank you kindly, sir."

"Oh, don't mench!" said Bunter graciously, and he rolled away.

John Robinson went into the signor's tent.

It was not Mucky's game to let Robin-

son, at all events, see that he was acting against his will, under dictation from a fat schoolboy. He controlled his passionate temper in dealing with the shabby man.

John Robinson was engaged to help with the horses, and to make himself generally useful. When he left the signor to report himself to Parker, and begin his new duties, Muccolini's black eyes glinted after him. But he shrugged his beefy shoulders.

It was, after all, only a trifling matter—it would not last long. Bunter had escaped one deadly snare—he would not escape the next. And when that "furfante" was gone, it would be easy enough to kick John Robinson out of the circus again. It was irritating—one of the many irritations he had to endure from the fat Owl—but, after all, only a trifle.

So, at least, it seemed to Pietro Muccolini. He would hardly have regarded it as a trifle, had he known that Ferrers Locke, the detective of Baker Street, was now installed in the circus—that a sleepless eye was on him at close quarters. But Pietro Muccolini was not to know that—till the blow fell.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Not Taking Any!

"SCHOOL——" said Bob Cherry. "Oh, don't!" remonstrated Nugent.

"But school——"

"The don'tfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Bob," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"But school——" repeated Bob.

"Chuck it!" said Johnny Bull.

The Famous Five were still at Margate, some days after the arrest of Canaletti. But their stay at that happy resort was drawing towards a close. Summer holidays were long—but the end was visible, as it were, on the horizon. Blazing August was giving place to soft September.

"School," recommenced Bob cheerfully, after so many interruptions. "School again in a week or two, my beloved 'carers. And though we've had ripping hols, I shan't be sorry to see myself back at Greyfriars."

"Well, nobody wants the hols to end, I suppose," remarked Harry Wharton. "But Greyfriars is the next best thing. Footer next term."

"Yes, that's so," said Johnny Bull. "And seeing all the chaps again—Smithy and Toddy and Brownney, and even Fishy——"

"And old Hazel!" said Bob.

"And Hazel's sister Marjorie, at Cliff House!" added Nugent, with a grin.

Bob's face was a shade ruddier, as his comrades chuckled. It was very probable that Bob had been, at the moment, thinking less of Hazeldene of the Remove than of Marjorie of Cliff House School.

"And Bunter!" said Bob hastily, perhaps to change the subject. "Jolly old Bunter—bright old Bunter—the one and only, and then some."

"That's the fly in the ointment!" said Johnny. "Ripping if he would stick to the circus, and give Greyfriars a miss."

The Famous Five were walking along a lane from Margate, and the flag over the circus tent fluttered above the trees in the distance.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, there's the jolly old circus!" said Bob. "Is that why you wanted to come this way, Wharton? Want to give dear old Bunter a look-in?"



As Muccolini stepped from his tent, two shadowy figures loomed up and grasped him by the arms. One was a police-inspector and the other a constable. "That is your man!" said a cool, quiet voice, as a tall, lean man approached. "Who—who are you?" panted Muccolini. "I am Ferrers Locke!" said the Baker Street detective.

Harry Wharton nodded. His face became thoughtful.

"The fact is, I'm a bit worried about that fat idiot," he said. "We're leaving Margate now. You fellows are going home, and Inky is coming to Wharton Lodge with me, till the school opens again. I—I was thinking Bunter might come, too."

The Co. stared at the captain of the Remove, quite blankly. Often and often Billy Bunter had barged in at Wharton Lodge, in holiday time, and had been tolerated there more or less patiently. But this really was asking for it.

"Potty?" inquired Johnny Bull. "You don't want Bunter."

"Does anybody ever want him?" said Harry, with a smile. "No! But, as I said, I'm worried. I've been thinking over that affair on the cliffs the other day—and the more I think of it the less I like the look of it."

"Bunter got out of that all right," said Bob. "You're not going to take him under your wing in case he wanders along the beach and gets caught in the tide again, I suppose?"

"He didn't wander on his own, old chap!" said Harry quietly. "Muccolini was with him. And—and I can't help thinking—awful as it seems—that that brute of a dago knew the danger he was taking him into."

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Bob.

"Well, look at it!" said Harry. "Bunter's got the man under his thumb, though he doesn't understand how the matter stands. It's more serious than Bunter imagines—but the dago knows how serious it is. He can't get rid of Bunter, and we know that he's an unscrupulous scoundrel. It looks to me as if he led Bunter into danger—and left him to it."

The Co. were silent. It did look like it, they had to admit; though no fellow

liked to think that even Muccolini's villainy could go so far.

"If that's how it is," went on Harry, "that treacherous brute may be playing another trick of the same kind. Bunter's really asking for it, in sticking there against the man's will. He hasn't the sense of a bunny rabbit, of course; or he wouldn't do it. I don't like the idea of leaving Margate, and leaving him with that dago."

"So you're going to land yourself with him, to keep his fat carcass safe," grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, I've stood him before, and I can stand him again," said Harry. "If he will come to my place, I'll take him there when we go—and fix it with my uncle. We shouldn't like to hear that something had happened to him."

"That's so," agreed Johnny.

The chums of the Remove walked into the circus field. Tippet Tip spotted them, and came up with a cheery grin.

"Jest in time to say good-bye," said Mr. Tip. "I'm going to-morrow. If you want to see an entertainment to-morrow evening, jest look in at this 'ere field."

"Something special on?" asked Bob.

"Yes. I'm going to kick that fat frog all round the circus afore I go," explained Tippet, "and if the dago butts in, I'm going to kick the dago arter him!"

The juniors chuckled. Evidently Mr. Tip was finding consolation for the sack.

Leaving his friends in conversation with the clown, Harry Wharton went over to the gaudy caravan, on the step of which a fat figure was seated. Billy Bunter had a bag of oranges on his knees. He was disposing of them in his usual elegant manner. Bunter's way of eating an orange was to push his fat face into it, and chew. A considerable quantity of orange decorated his fat face, as a consequence.

He blinked up at Wharton—a disdainful blink. He was not, apparently, glad to see the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, you!" said Bunter. "I rather expected to see some of you fellows, after what happened the other day. If you're going to make out that you did anything—"

"We're leaving Margate to-morrow, Bunter," said the captain of the Remove, interrupting the fat Owl.

"Good!" said Bunter. "Sooner the better!"

Wharton breathed hard.

"How would you like to wind up the hols at Wharton Lodge, Bunter?" he asked.

Bunter stared at him.

"I'll watch it!" he said. "So that's what you're after, is it? I can see myself leaving this circus, to put up with your grumpy old uncle and your fussy old aunt! He, he, he! If you're hard up for somebody to stay with you, sorry, and all that; but you're not getting me!"

"You fat idiot—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You can't stick on here much longer, anyhow," said Harry, keeping his temper, though with difficulty. "The hols will soon be over."

"I don't suppose I shall go back to Greyfriars next term," said Bunter cheerfully. "I'm all right here. I'm doing a jolly good turn, and I've got Mucky feeding from my hand. He's not going to part with me—he, he, he! You can go back and grind Latin with old Quelch—and say: 'Yes, sir, oh!' and 'Please, sir, no!' He, he, he! I'm sticking on here!"

Wharton paused.

"You can cut!" said Bunter. "I'm not going to give you any of those oranges, if that's what you're waiting for."

"You burbling porpoise!" roared Wharton.

"Yah!"

"I've a jolly good mind——" Wharton paused again.

Bunter evidently was not to be reasoned with; and kicking him, though satisfactory in itself, would serve no useful purpose.

As he stood, his eyes fell on a lean man, with sandy eyebrows and a straggling moustache, in his shirt-sleeves, carrying a bucket of water in his hand.

Wharton started.

His eyes fixed on the lean man. Billy Bunter blinked round in the direction of his glance.

"Is that a new man here?" asked Harry, as carelessly as he could.

"That's Robinson," said Bunter. "The man who helped me up the cliff a few days ago. He was rather a clumsy ass—bumping a fellow on the cliff; still, I felt bound to do something for him. He wanted a job, and I fixed it up with Mucky."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

He smiled. He had no doubt that John Robinson had been glad of a chance to get himself installed inside the Magnificent Circus. The fat and fatuous Owl had come in useful to Ferrers Locke.

The lean man passed on, with his bucket of water, without a look at the Greyfriars junior. And Wharton smiled.

He was relieved in his mind now. With Ferrers Locke in the circus, Bunter, obviously, was safe, and there was no need to carry self-sacrifice to the extent of taking the obnoxious Owl home with him to Wharton Lodge. Neither was it necessary to give him a warning, which he would probably not have heeded. Whatever the treacherous dago might scheme, he was not likely to get by with it under the eye of the Baker Street detective.

"What are you grinning at?" demanded Bunter. "That man Robinson isn't a bad sort—very civil and knows his place. I've got him a job. I believe in being kind to the poor when they know their place. That man does, or I should have done nothing for him."

"You burbling idiot!"

"Oh, chuck it!" snapped Bunter. "Look here, get out! You're not getting me to Wharton Lodge. I tell you that plain! I don't like your old grumpy hunks of an uncle——"

"What?"

"Or your fussy old frump of an aunt——"

"You cheeky fat rotter!"

"And I can't stand you, either, if you want it plain!" said Bunter. "Like your cheek, I think, to butt in on me here, simply because you know me at school! But you always were a pushing sort of a boulder, Wharton! And you're not going to have any of these oranges, if you stand there till I've finished the lot! And now we're speaking plain, I can jolly well say——Grrrrrrrrgggh!"

Billy Bunter wound up with a wild gurgle, as the captain of the Remove grabbed him with one hand, grabbed an orange with the other, and squeezed it down the back of his fat neck!

"Gurrrrrgh! Oooogh! Leggo! Beast! Wooooogh!" spluttered Bunter.

"You fat, cheeky, burbling, blithering rotter!" roared Wharton.

"Wurrrgggh!"

Another orange was squeezed down the fat neck, and another, and another. Billy Bunter wriggled and gurgled and gasped and howled. But the oranges followed one another, squashing down his back, till the last one was gone.

Then he was sat down, with a bump, and Wharton walked away, feeling better.

Bunter sat and spluttered.

"Urrgh! I'm all sticky! Beast! Wurrgh! I say, kick him out! I say, some of you kick that beast out! Wurrgh! Groooooogh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. said good-bye to Mr. Tip, and walked out of the field, leaving the clown, and a good many others, grinning, and Bunter gurgling horribly.

Bob Cherry winked at the Co. as they walked down the lane.

"Fixed it up with Bunter?" he asked. "I noticed that you parted with him on fearfully friendly terms."

"The fat idiot!" growled Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all right," said Harry. "No need to bother about Bunter—there's a new hand employed in the circus now——"

"What the dickens has that got to do with it?" asked Bob.

"His name's John Robinson!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Co.

"So it's all right," said Harry. "Bother Bunter! I fancy he won't be staying there so long as he thinks. John Robinson isn't likely to be long on the job. Bother him, anyhow!"

And the Co. walked away, dismissing Bunter from their minds. There certainly was no need to bother about Bunter, so long as John Robinson had a job at Muccolini's Magnificent Circus!

## THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Blow Falls!

"DIO mio!" breathed Signor Muccolini.

He caught his breath.

A pallor crept into his swarthy cheeks. In the light of the swinging lamp in his tent, he looked ghastly.

It was late in the evening. The performance in the big tent was over—the crowds streaming out of the field and down the lane. The signor, who had been, as usual, acting as ring-master, had returned to his tent in a satisfied frame of mind.

The circus was doing good business at Margate; the takings that evening had been good, as usual. The signor made more by spy-work than by running a circus; but he made the circus pay, and all was grist that came to his mill. He had quite a little sum—the takings at the box-office—to pack away in the locked leather suitcase, safe there till it could be banked on the morrow.

But when, after fastening the tent flap, he unlocked the leather suitcase, a change came over his swarthy face.

He forgot the purpose for which he had unlocked it. Greedy as he was, money mattered little to him at that moment.

He stared into the suitcase with starting eyes and paling cheeks. Every vestige of colour seemed drained from his swarthy face.

In that suitcase the signor kept many things, as well as cash. Among others, photographs, plans, sketches; all sorts of accumulated information in his work

as a spy, as well as correspondence from his employers—written in a foreign language, but dangerous if it was seen.

The suitcase was large and heavy—too heavy to be easily moved; it was secured by a special patent lock; and it had never even crossed Muccolini's mind that his secrets were not safe in it. But now——

One glance into the interior told him that it had been opened in his absence.

The lock was intact; special patent lock as it was, some skilful hand had opened it, without leaving a sign.

But there were signs enough in the case, for some of the papers were missing. By whose hand had they been taken?

Many remained—more than enough to convict the Italian of treacherous spy-work, if they fell into the hands of the authorities. But some were gone—taken, as he knew without even thinking about it, as evidence against him, perhaps to justify the issue of a warrant for his arrest!

He stood with a heart of ice.

This had been done while he was cracking his whip in the ring—someone had entered his tent and done this.

"Who?"

Not that fat fool—but who? What unknown enemy had tracked him out? The police?

For years he had snapped his fingers at the police—laughed in his sleeve at them. They had never thought of suspecting a travelling showman with a circus!

Now he knew that he had been suspected—watched—shadowed. Who could have known, suspected, even dreamed, of what was in the suitcase, unless he had been closely watched, his habits studied? Had that fat fool, after all, chattered in the hearing of someone keen enough to see that there was something in his babble?

It mattered little enough now. He was suspected—he was known. Not once had he suspected that he was shadowed; it had been done skilfully. But it was not to be doubted now; suspected, shadowed, known for what he was! Proofs were in the hands of the unknown shadower; proofs were there in abundance, if the police came. There was money—much money—in the suitcase; it had not been touched. But the papers—the letters and papers that could send him to penal servitude for ten years!

He wiped his greasy, sweating brow.

The sudden danger, when he had never dreamed that he was not safe, almost stunned him. Craven terror was in his heart. To the evildoer retribution must always come in the long run! The circus spy had had a long run—but now it had come!

"Dio mio!" repeated the signor, and his beefy limbs shook.

He cast a fearful glance round him. Someone—a detective, he could hardly doubt—had tracked him—had visited his tent during the performance in the circus—had done this, and then——

What was the next step? Arrest—trial—condemnation—utter ruin and disaster! If he had a hope left, it was that there might yet be a chance of escape before the toils closed in on him.

That, and that only—to cut and run, abandoning everything, leaving his circus, leaving all he had—in a desperate attempt to get out of the



country and save his liberty! And was there time for even that?

Escape! Five minutes ago he had been feeling secure, prosperous in his circus, prosperous in his spy-work—secure, and piling up the money he loved! Now—escape, if even that was possible! Escape in what he stood up in, with what money he could cram into his pockets—leaving everything! It was a stunning blow to the secret spy.

But he knew there was no time to lose! Even at that moment the footsteps of the officers of the law might be at the door!

A few minutes sufficed. Torn with terror and rage, he dared not linger! They might be there already—they might have watched him leave the circus tent—they might have followed him!

He turned out the light.

With a trembling hand, Pietro Muccolini drew the tent-flap aside, and looked out into the starry evening.

The last of the crowd was clearing off, in the distance. From somewhere he heard the voices of Marco and Tip-pity Tip talking. He could see moving figures in the dusky field. Was there anyone at hand?

He stepped from the tent, his heart quaking.

If he could get to his car—

Shadowy figures loomed in the dusk. Pietro Muccolini started back, panting—and, even as he did so, he was grasped.

A police-inspector in uniform, and a constable—and they had him by the arms. The beefy man sagged in their grasp. His eyes fixed on another figure—that of a tall, lean man, with clear-cut features, and cool, keen, scornful eyes. He was a stranger to Muccolini; but there seemed something vaguely familiar in the lines of that lean, athletic frame. But he did not recognise John Robinson.

"That is your man!" said a cool, quiet voice.

"Who—who are you?" panted Muccolini.

"My name is Ferrers Locke!"

"Dio mio!"

"You have known me," added the Baker Street detective, "as John Robinson!"

The Italian's eyes burned at him.

He understood now.

"What is the charge?" he breathed.

The inspector smiled slightly.

"I arrest you, Pietro Muccolini, on the charge of spying, and criminal correspondence with a foreign Government," he said. "I have a warrant here. It is my duty to warn you that anything you may say will be taken down, to be used as evidence."

A groan was the only answer.

The man who had swaggered, bullied, and hectored, in the circus, was led away—sagging, cringing, his knees quaking under him. A closed car drove down the dark lane to Margate, and in it sat Signor Muccolini, a prisoner, with handcuffs on his wrists, and black despair in his heart.

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

### Boots for Bunter!

"O H crikey!" said Billy Bunter. The circus was buzzing with it the next day.

Muccolini's Magnificent Circus had lost its master. It had also lost its new hand with the horses—John Robinson; but nobody noticed that trifling detail.

Signor Muccolini was arrested.

charged—in the hands of the police. No man was guilty till he was found guilty by judge and jury; but in all the Magnificent Circus, from end to end, there was no doubt.

Least of all did Bunter doubt.

At last—at long last—it dawned on his fat brain what was the real nature of the secret on which he had stumbled. He had never been able to understand why Mucky was so terrified of what he knew—though he had taken plenty of advantage of his terror. But he understood now. It was quite an amazing discovery to the fat Owl of the Remove.

Now that he knew what Muccolini was, Bunter was glad, as all the circus was glad, that the law had got him!

But, after the first surprise, Bunter did not give that much thought. His

fat thoughts, as usual, were concentrated on W. G. Bunter.

That was going to make a big difference to him. No doubt the circus would carry on—indeed, he had already heard that Marco was to carry on, in the signor's place, for the present. If Mucky went to chokey, as there was no doubt he would, most likely the circus would be sold. As likely as not, Marco would get it, and get it cheap. He knew that the king of the lions had long been planning to start a circus of his own. This would be rather a golden opportunity for Marco.

Billy Bunter had been quite a big noise in the Magnificent Circus. He realised that that was over.

He was nobody now. The power was  
(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.

**S**ATISFACTION is everything in this great world of ours. But to satisfy everybody is beyond even the powers of your Editor. It isn't often that I get a "grouse," but I do sometimes, and I rather welcome them, inasmuch as they give me an idea of my readers' likes and dislikes. The letter of complaint this week, although being far from inoffensive, comes from a reader giving the nom de plume of "Bloater," and who, apparently, hails from Yarmouth, as his letter bears the Yarmouth post-mark.

"Bloater" informs me that he is not altogether satisfied with the introductions of girls in our Greyfriars yarns, and is of the opinion that a great number of our boy readers must feel the same way about it. I am afraid, my Yarmouth chum, that I entirely disagree with you in this respect, as not one letter of complaint, other than your own, has reached me yet.

This surely indicates—especially with the MAGNET circulation increasing every week—that the introduction of girls occasionally in our stories is, if anything, proving popular. Of course, there must be one or two readers who don't approve of this and that, but it would be a poor world if our likes and dislikes were all the same.

As I have already pointed out, my job as Editor is to try to please everybody. Surely my friend must realise that were I to grant his request, I should not be "playing the game" with my girl readers—and these run into many thousands!

Talking about girls, reminds me that I have an extra-special treat in store for the fair sex next week. Harry Wharton and his staff on the "Greyfriars Herald" have "downed tools"—for one week only—and handed over the reins to the girls of Cliff House. So you can look out for something unusual in next week's centre pages of the MAGNET.

Ever heard of the expression "Yorkshire grit"? No? Then wait until you read:

## "JOHNNY BULL ON THE RUN!"

By Frank Richards,

next week's great, new, cover-to-cover story of the chums of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton & Co.'s holidays are fast drawing to a close, and lessons will soon be the order of the day again. Lucas Bull thinks differently, however, as far as his cousin, Johnny Bull, of Greyfriars, is concerned. Left in charge of the big works in Yorkshire, during the absence of Johnny Bull's father, Lucas considers it high time that Johnny should put in some time at the works, under his orders, picking up the business. But there's nothing doing, so far as the Greyfriars Removite is concerned. That Johnny Bull is not quite so soft as his cousin takes him to be, is proved in this stirring story of Yorkshire grit and pluck! Look forward to it, chums—it's going to be a real winner!

As there are still a great number of my chums who have not yet read the stories dealing with the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., I feel that I must again introduce our school-companion paper—the "Gem"—in which these yarns are appearing. For instance:

### "WHO SHALL BE CAPTAIN?"

which is the title of the grand yarn now on sale, tells of the election for the junior cricket captaincy, and Harry Wharton's fight to gain the coveted position. His rivals are Bob Cherry and Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove. Who wins the honour of leading the cricket eleven is told by our own author—Frank Richards. Sample this yarn, chums, and let me know what you think of it!

What do I consider the best day in the year?—asks Ben Brooks, of Margate. Well, Ben, Bank Holidays and Christmas Day would come out somewhere near the top if it came to a question of a ballot. But what about September 1st—the great day when the "Holiday Annual" is to be seen on the bookstalls? This year's bumper five-shillingsworth is going to beat all its predecessors. Make a note of its contents:

Three long, complete stories of Greyfriars St. Jim's, and Rookwood; shorter tales to suit all tastes; numerous articles, sparkling poems, and a host of other good things. Make a special note of the date, chums—September 1st—and be one of the first to get this value-for-money Annual.

Meet you all again next week.

YOUR EDITOR,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,490.

gone from his fat hands—the glory had departed from the House of Israel, so to speak.

After visiting Margate and partaking of an ample feed, Bunter rolled back to the circus.

Fascinating fellow as he was, he realised only too clearly that he was not popular there, and that he was likely to gather in a harvest of more kicks than ha'pence. He blinked round him uneasily through his big spectacles as he entered the field, and approached the tent in which Professor Billo was wont to give his ventriloquial side-show.

Rather a change was going on there. Tippet Tip, with a grin on his cheery, chubby face, and a paint brush in his hand, was painting out Professor Billo's notice to the public.

"I say, look here!" protested Bunter. Tippet Tip looked round at him.

"Oh!" he said. "You!"

"You leave that alone!" said Bunter, with a rather forlorn attempt at bluster. "You jolly well know you're sacked! You're going to-day!"

Tippet Tip chuckled.

"Am I?" he said. "Guess again, fatty! Mucky ain't 'ere now, image! Mucky's in the stone jug, porpoise! He's going to stay there, fish-face! Marco's going to carry on, lump of lard! I fancy he'll be buying the circus, podge! Think he's got any use for you, you yoman balloon! Guess again, Falstaff!"

"Look here——"

"I got my side-show back again," grinned Tippet Tip, and Marco's told me to stick on. See? Why, if Marco gets 'old of this 'ere circus, we're all going to enjoy life, we are—and you ain't in the picture, you bloater! No!"

"Beast!"

Tippet Tip put down the brush. "I was going to kick you all round the field, like I told them young gents, afore I left," he said. "I ain't leaving, now—but I'll kick you all round the field jest the same."

Billy Bunter did not stay to argue. He departed—and after him rushed Tippet Tip, kicking.

Thud, thud, thud!

"Yaroooh! Help! I say, Marco—I say, Zara—stop him!" yelled Bunter.

Marco and Zara were sitting by the queen of the ring's van, in conversation—very deep, and apparently very agreeable conversation.

Bunter's frantic yells interrupted that agreeable conversation. The king of the lions jumped up, and the queen of the ring stared at the fleeing fat Owl, and laughed.

"I say, stop him—yaroooh—help—keep him off!" shrieked Bunter, dodging round the massive figure of the king of lions.

Marco chuckled.

"Hold on, Tippet!" he said. "Let him out! We're going to see the last of him—let it go at that!"

"Well," said Mr. Tip. "I'd rather see him off with my boot! But if he's going——"

"Urrgh!" gasped Bunter. "Beast! I'm not going! I—I say, Marco, you're going to stick to me, ain't you?"

Marco glanced towards the gate.

"That gate's a hundred yards!" he said thoughtfully. "I give you one minute's start, Bunter!"

"Eh?"

"Line up here, all of you!" called out Marco. "Bunter's got one minute's start for the gate!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a crowd on the spot at once. Billy Bunter blinked at them, and blinked at the lion-tamer.

"I—I—I say——" he gasped.

Marco looked at his watch.

Be sure and read:

### "WHO SHALL BE CAPTAIN?"

By Frank Richards

this week's great yarn dealing with the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. in the

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"Start!" he said. "You've got a minute——"

"I say——"

"Time's going!"

"I say, old chap——"

"Ten seconds gone——"

"Beast!"

"Fifteen seconds——"

"Look here, I'm jolly well not going—I can jolly well tell you——"

"Twenty seconds!"

"I'm jolly well going to stick here as long as I jolly well like!" roared Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you——"

"Thirty seconds! Half that minute's gone!"

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

And he started. He scuttled for the gate. He was half-way to it when Marco put back his watch.

"Time!" he said.

There was a rush.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter, as he

heard the tramp of many feet behind him.

He put on speed. He flew; he raced! But the feet were close by the time he got to the gate. How many boots lifted him out of the gateway he never knew! It seemed to him about a million!

"Yaroooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whooooop!"

"Give him a few more!"

"Yarooop!"

Bunter did not stay for a few more!

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

Five cyclists, on the road out of Margate, grinned at the sight of a fat, breathless, spluttering figure.

"Jolly old Bunter!" grinned Nugent.

"The esteemed and execrable Bunter!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had heard the news in Margate. They knew that the circus spy's game was up, and that Ferrers Locke had got his man; and they had no doubt that it meant the end of Billy Bunter's career as a big noise at the circus. Now they had evidence of it.

It was not because he liked exercise that the fat junior was puffing and blowing along the lane. Evidently, there had been boots behind him.

Which, in the opinion of the Famous Five, was exactly what Bunter deserved. They were leaving Margate that day on their jiggers, and fortune favoured them with a last glimpse of Bunter before he went.

Billy Bunter blinked at the bunch of cyclists.

He waved a fat hand.

"I say, you fellows!" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, stop! I say, I've left the circus! I've turned that lot down! I say, Harry, old chap, you misunderstood me yesterday! I'm accepting your invitation, old chap—I'm coming—stop for me—Beast!"

The Famous Five waved their hands and sped on, and Billy Bunter stood blinking after five vanishing cyclists!

THE END.

(Next week's ripping yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled: "JOHNNY BULL ON THE RUN!" You can take it from me, chums, it's a real good 'un! As the demand for the MAGNET is greater than ever these days, take my tip and order your copy to-day!—ED.)

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# THANKS TO FRANK FEARLESS!

Third and Last Instalment of Dicky Nugent's Bright and Breezy Serial: "FOR MOLLY BIRCHEMALL'S SAKE!"

"Burleigh! My birchrod!" Doctor Birchemall's voice rang out across Big Hall at St. Sam's like a thunderclap.

A shudder ran through the assembled skool. It was a tense, dramatic scene. In the body of the hall were serried ranks of St. Sam's fellows, expectant and uneasy to a man. On the raised platform above them towered the majestic figure of the Head. At his side stood Burleigh, the kaptin of the skool, Fossil, the porter, and, last but not least, the handsome, athletick yungster on whom all eyes were turned in silent simperthy—Frank Fearless of the Fourth!

A breathless hush settled on the assembly as Doctor Birchemall grabbed the birch which Burleigh proffered. The Head swished it through the air with a grunt of satisfaction.

"A worthy instrument with which to dust the trows of a depraved yung raskal!" he mormered, gloatingly. "Fearless!"

"I—I, sir!"

The skool gasped. The Head glared. "Fearless! How dare you! Fancy saying 'I, I, sir!' to your headmaster! You should say 'Hallo!' or 'What's up!'"

"Sorry, and all that, old sport!" grinned Fearless. The Head's face turned almost purple with pashua. A grate noddid vein stood out on his forrid.

"You'll be sorrier still for this dispertinence in a minnit, Fearless! I'll make you howl and shreek for the mercy you will never get! Boys!" he cried, turning to the assembled skool. "My words shall be brecf. I have summoned you to this hysteric hall to witness the degradation of the wretched youth who cowers before me now!"

"Shame!"

The Head snorted.

"Shamo, be blowed!" he said. "Fearless deserves all that he's going to get, and a jolly site more! Knowing full well that I had forbidden my dawter Molly to act for the screen, he deliberately helped her to defy my order—with the result that I have had to order her never to darken my doorstep again! His nefarious conduct has wrecked the happiness of my family circle—and, believe me, boys, I am now going to get square with him! Fearless! I am about to birch you black and blew! After that, I shall eggspel you with ignominy!"

"Who's he when he's at home, sir?" asked Fearless, with a wink at his pals in the hall. "I don't remember meeting a chap called Ignominy before!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" roared the Head feveriously. "Fossil! Hoist this foolhardy lad on your shoulders!"

"Suttinly, sir!"

The skool porter turned round to obey the order. The next moment he had the shock of his life!

Fearless had never been the sort of fellow to be led like a lamb to the slawter, and he didn't intend to submit without a struggle on this occasion. As Fossil turned to him, the cheery Fourth Former reached out with a listening-like movement and grabbed him by the ears. An instant later, Fossil was lying full-length on the platform, wondering dizzily how he had got there!

A ringing cheer from the skool greeted Frank's neat little bit of work. Then there was a ringing war-whoop from Doctor Birchemall.

"Collar him! Squeeze him! Grab him! Why, I'll spifficate him! I'll—"

The Head went from words to deeds. Waving his birchrod wildly, he made a dive at the yung rebel.

But Fearless was ready. As the Head rushed at him, he ducked and rushed at the Head.

Biff!

The sound of Frank's napper butting Doctor Birchemall could be heard all over Big Hall! The Head dumbled up like a jack-nife and went down for the full count, gasping like a newly landed fish.

"Woop! Groooo! Nab him!" he panted feebly. But already Fearless had taken a flying leap into the body of the hall and was scooting for the eggst at top speed.



# The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 204.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

September 5th, 1936.



## Aftermath of Maths Master's Masthead Vac! "Heave-ho, Me Hearties!" in Form-Room

Larry Lascolles, our maths master, has just come back from an extended summer holiday, spent yachting in the North Sea. And we have an idea that Larry's experiences before the mast are going to leave their mark on him for some time to come. You could tell he was different as soon as he arrived. He walked with a nautical roll and his hat was cocked on the side of his head. Skinner even says he was chewing a quid of tobacco; but this has not been confirmed.

The first man he met was Mr. Prout, who is always particularly pompous with Larry. Poor old Prout nearly swooned when Larry cheerfully addressed him as "shipmate!"

Up went Larry to his room—and the next thing we knew was that he was complaining to the housekeeper that nobody had yet attended to his armchair, which had a "list to starboard!"

Larry's next move was a spectacular one. It happened to be raining and there was a stoppage in the guttering over his window, causing an overflow to splash down on to the window-sill. Larry looked out and saw what was wrong. In another instant he was out of the window and climbing up the ivy to the guttering to put it right!

Oh, yes, Larry has come back with the sea in his bones right enough! What we're wondering now is how he's going to behave in the Form-room.

We don't mind if he yells "Heave-ho, me hearties!" at us, and he's welcome to do a sailor's hornpipe in front of the class if he feels like it.

But we shall strongly object if he tries to teach us maths with the aid of a rope's end!

## Next Week's "Greyfriars Herald" SENSATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Sit back and prepare for a staggering piece of news, chaps!

Next week, Harry Wharton will relinquish the Editorship of the "Greyfriars Herald"! But keep your seats and don't get in a panic.

It's for one week only—and we have an idea that the novelty of the "Herald" which the Temporary Editor is preparing will be such as to compensate fully for Wharton's week off!

Naturally, your first question is "Who IS the Temporary Editor?"

You'll never guess in a month of Sundays, so we'll tell you right away.

The name of the Temporary Editor is MARJORIE HAZELDENE!

Marjorie believes she can edit the "Herald" as well as any boy—and Wharton is giving her a chance to prove it!

All the contributors will be Cliff House girls. But we've stipulated that they must write about Greyfriars and not about Cliff House. It will still be the "Greyfriars Herald"—but with a very decided difference!

Don't miss this unique number, whatever you do—and don't forget to let us know afterwards what you think of Marjorie's editorial effort!

### DENIAL.

Coker fell into the water when he and his pals Potter and Greene went fishing.

We are asked to deny that it was an attempt by Potter and Greene to drown their "sorrow!"

A couple of masters and several prefects tried to grab him as he passed, but they mite just as well have tried to grab an eel! Fearless cut through them like a nife cuts through butter, and in the twinkling of an eye he had vanished from the hall!

While the prefects, headed by Burleigh, set off on his trail, Mr. Lickham, of the Fourth, and Mr. Justiss, of the Fifth, lumbered up on to the platform and helped the Head to his feet again and supported him while he gasped out a few last words to the skool.

"Boys!—Ow!—The skool—wow!—is—poof!—dismissed!" he panted. "Even if Fearless is caught—grooo—I shall be unable now—ooch!—to do justiss to him! Dismiss!"

And the buzzing skool dismissed!

"Shall we take you to the sanny now, sir?" asked Mr. Justiss.

Doctor Birchemall shook his head.

"Impossible, Justiss. I—huh!—have to check up the skool fees—groooo!—which have been paid in for the new term. Perhaps—hah!—you will assist me back to my house instead."

And the two masters accordingly helped him back to his residence across the quad—watched at a respectful distance by crowds of grinning juniors.

It was an inglorious end to the Head's attempt to get his own back on Frank Fearless.

But what was going to be Frank's next move? That was the question on everybody's lips in the studies and the Common-room that nite.

The general opinion was that Fearless had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. As Jack Jolly put it, the Head, who had previously been meerly simmoring with anger, was now boiling with rage, and he certainly wouldn't let Fearless stew in his own juice; so that altogether it was a pretty kettle of fish!

Meanwhile, what of the hero of the hour? Unbeknown to the skool, Fearless was quietly hiding under a rododendron bush near the gates—waiting for darkness to cover up his movements. What he was going to do, he didn't quite know, but he saw that his best plan for the time being was to lie low and say nothing.



Several times he saw seniors searching for him in the quad, and once someone actually brushed against the bush—a ruffly-dressed man who was a stranger to Fearless. Fearless wondered who he could be.

Then, at last, nite fell and Fearless rose. He crept cautiously across the turf to a little side-gate in the wall, and was just about to use the gate to help him climb up the wall when he had a surprize. A key turned in the lock and the gate was opened from the outside. Then Fearless saw a dim figger that he reckernised at once.

"Molly!" he cried.

It was Molly Birchemall—the Head's dawter and the bewitching cause of all the trouble.

"Why, it's Fearless!" whispered Molly Birchemall.

"What are you doing here?"

"I mite ask you the same question!" retorted

Fearless jestingly. "Didn't ur father forbid you ever to darken his doorstep agin'?"

"Quite trew," sighed Miss Molly. "I don't intend to do so, anyway. I've come bak for my belongings, and I'm going to climb in through one of the winders."

"Climb in through the wizer, eh?" remarked Fearless, frowning. "That's hardly a job for a yung lady like you, Miss Molly. You'd better let me do it for you."

And Fearless led the girl across the dusky quad to the house from which the stony-hearted pop had driven her. And then—

They both saw it together—a dark, sinister figger, climbing through an open winder on the ground floor of the Head's house!

Molly Birchemall gripped her escort by the arm.

"A berglar!" she gasped.

"Yes, I've seen him before. He brushed up against the bush where I was hiding earlier in the evening!" said Fearless, between his teeth. "I mite have guessed! To-nite is the nite when your father counts up the fees recomid for the new term. That's what that raskal is after!"

And without further ado, the plucky Fourth Former broke into a run!

He made straight for the f at door, ran up the steps and turned the handle. Torchunitly, the door was unlocked, and he was able to enter the house without raising an alarm.

In the hall, he pawed for a moment; and then a hard, metallic voice from the direction of the Head's study urged him forward again.

"Ands up or I fire! And gime the spondulicks, quick!"

"Yarooo! It's a berglar!" yelled Doctor Birchemall.

A moment later, Fearless burst into the room. The berglar wheeled round with a savvidge oath, his finger closing on the trigger of a vishous-looking pistol. But ere he could fire, Fearless had planted his fist right between the scoundrel's eyes!

Wallop!

"Ow-ow-ow!" shrieked the rook, crashing to the floor like a log.

"Fearless!" roared Doctor Birchemall, as Fearless seized the pistol which had dropped from the thief's nerveless hands. "Fearless, my brave, brave lad! You have saved the skool from an incalculable loss!"

"Well, it certainly looks like it, sir!" lafled Fearless, when his eyes fell on the heaps of munny that lay all over the table. "I jolly glad I turned up when I did!"

Then there was a rush of fat. Miss Molly had brought help and a score of masters and prefects galloped in, brandishing ashplats and kriket-bats. They soon took charge of the berglar; and some of them wanted to take charge of Fearless, too. But the Head stopped them.

"Jentlemen, if you please!" cried. "Hands off Fearless!"

"But—but we thought you wanted him captured, sir, so that you could birch F. Black and blew!" eggshclaimed Mr. Lickham.

The Head coffered.

"All that belongs now to the past," he said. "I want all St. Sam's to know that I misjudged the lad. He is a hero of the first water. I freely forgive him for the wrong he thoughtless'ly did me!"

"Grate pip!"

"And what about your dawter Molly, sir?" asked Frank Fearless.

The Head wiped his eye with a corner of his somewhat grimy handkercheef.

"Now that I see things in a low light, Fearless, I can see how harsh I have been with the poor girl! If only she were here now, I would—"

"Pop!" trilled Molly Birchemall happily, as she tripped into the room.

(Continued at foot of next col.)

## I THINK GIRLS SHOULD PLAY FOOTER

Declares CLARA TREVLYN

If there's one thing that gets my goat, it's to hear boys swanking to girls about playing footer.

Even the best of them do it. Harry Wharton and his pals are all good scouts; but even they give us pitying kind of looks when we breathe the name of their sacred game.

"Poor fish!" they seem to say. "You can't play footer—and for that reason you'll never be more than half alive!"

My answer to that is—Rats!

If only we had the chance, some of us would play footer as well as any of you boys. We can kick, can't we? And we can jolly well use our brains, too, much as some of you doubt their existence!

I think girls should play footer. I really do.

Of course, Miss Primrose would have fifty fits at the mere idea; and some girls—Marjorie Hazeldene, for one—haven't any ambition to play footer, anyway. But all the same, it's a rattling good wheeze!

As a matter of fact, when on



holiday I've often had a game with other girls in the garden at home; and, without boasting, we're not at all bad, either. We don't do so much barging and charging as you boys, but what we lack in brawn we make up for in brain. I've a shrewd idea that some of us have got the makings of snappy scientific footballers in us!

Just wait till girls' schools change their moth-eaten ideas and start footer. THEN WE'LL SHOW YOU!

(Fraid you'll have to wait a long, long time, Miss Trevlyn!—ED.)

## HOLIDAYS DO YOU GOOD?—NOT LIKELY! Says BOB CHERRY

The idea that holidays necessarily do chaps good is, in my opinion, sheer bosh!

Have a look round the school before holidays begin and another after they're over and you'll see what I mean for yourself!

You couldn't imagine a healthier or cheerier crowd than the crowd on Friardale Station last breaking-up day.

After a long term spent in stuffy class-rooms and musty labs, the fellows were as fit as fiddles. Long exposure to the rays of their Form-room ceilings had tanned their complexions till they were as brown

as berries. Weeks of poring over books and burning the midnight oil had made their eyes keen, straightened their backs and broadened their shoulders. I can tell you, lads, they looked great!

But what a change I saw when I met the same crowd on the platform at Courtfield Junction after the hols!

Weeks and weeks of open-air life had made them look wan and weary. Long exposure to the rays of the sun had taken the tan from many a face and made it pale and pasty. Much hiking and biking and swimming and sport had made

their eyes tired and curved their backs and narrowed their shoulders. Oh, they did look a dud old lot!

It will take a good term of hard work to give them that healthy, bright-eyed look again. But they'll get it back right enough.

"Molly! My dawter!" cried the Head joyously. "All is forgiven! Welcome back to your home, my dear!"

Father and dawter embraced affectionately, and Miss Molly looked as if she would have liked to embrace Fearless, too. But with so many spectators about she felt far too shy to do that.

And that, as Fearless remarked afterwards, was that! The clouds had rolled by and everything in the garden was lively once more. And everybody felt jolly glad that things had turned out so well for all concerned.

Eggsept, of course, the berglar—and nobody troubled much about him!

You see!