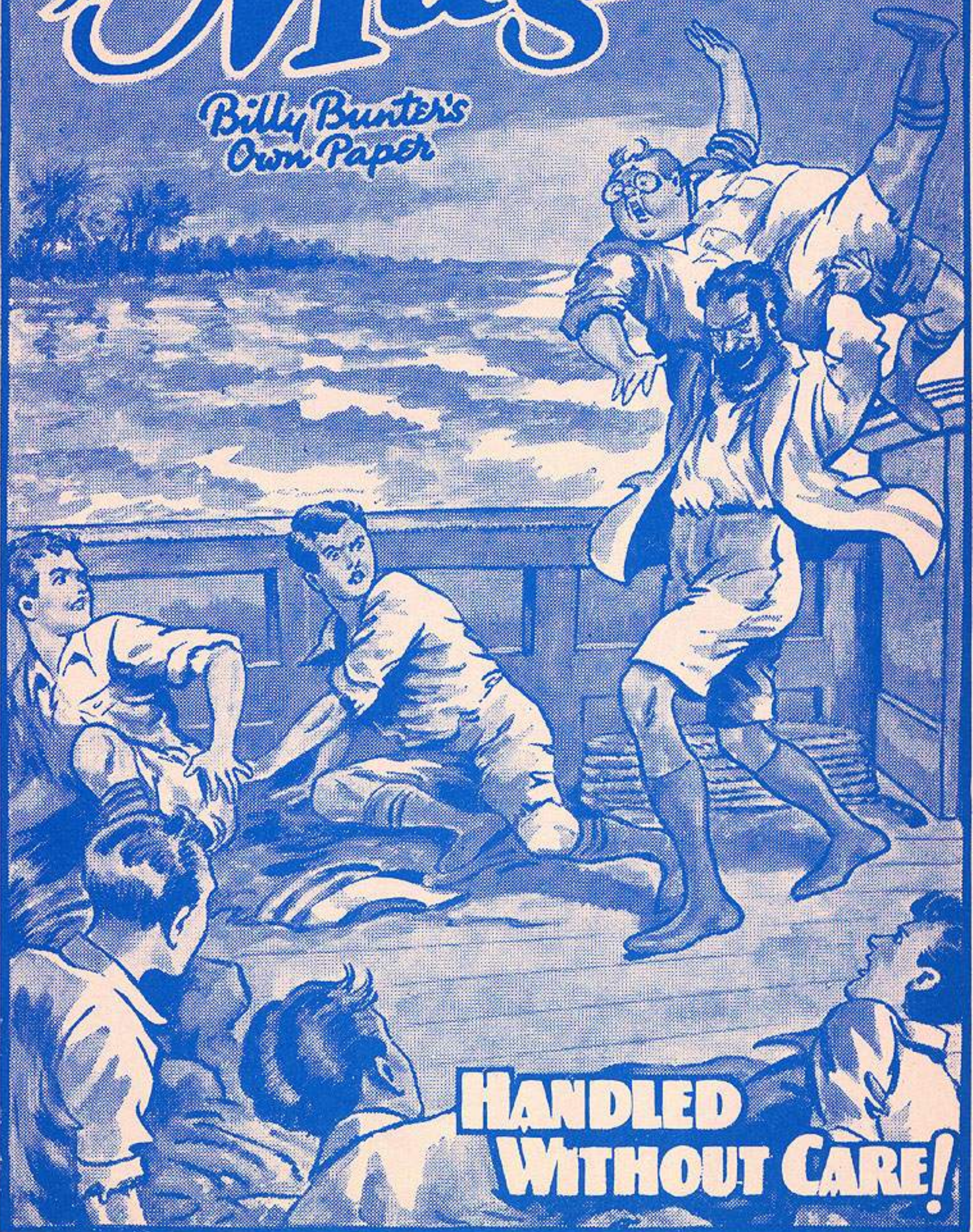


Greyfriars Chums in Southern Seas! Thrilling Holiday Adventures of... Harry Wharton & Co.

The Magnet^{2D}

Billy Bunter's
Own Paper



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WITHOUT CARE!**

Second Prize-Giving This Week! Claim Now!



THIS WEEK'S "FOOTER-STAMPS!"



STOP! This is the end of the September "Footer-Stamps" Competition, and up to 300 more of the Free Footballs are now going to be given away to the readers who have scored the highest number of "goals" with "Footer-Stamps" so far.

First of all, there are ten more stamps here, depicting six different actions on the football field. Cut them out and try to score another "goal" with them, or use the stamps to finish off any partly completed "goals" you may have.

TO SCORE A "GOAL," remember you have only to collect a complete set of the six stamps (numbered 1 to 6), made up of the following movements: **KICK-OFF—DRIBBLE—TACKLE—HEADER—SHOT—GOAL.** (Note that the "goal" stamp by itself does not count as a "goal.")

If you want to score some other quick "goals" to swell your total, remember that "Footer-Stamps" are also appearing in "GEM" and "MODERN BOY" each week.

Now, when you have scored as many complete "goals" as possible with the stamps you have collected, write your total ("goals," NOT separate stamps) in the space provided on the coupon below.

Add your name and address to the coupon also, then cut it out whole and attach your sets of goal-scoring stamps only to it. Post in a properly stamped envelope to:

MAGNET "Footer-Stamps" (September), 1, Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), so as to reach there not later than **FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1938.**

OVERSEAS READERS—you are in this scheme also, and special prizes are to be awarded for the best scores from pals outside the British Isles. In your case, send in as directed above, but note that the closing date is extended to **MONDAY, JANUARY 2nd.**

Now, when you have sent in your September "goals," keep any odd stamps you have in readiness for the October competition which starts next week. More "Footer-Stamps" will be given, and still more of our Prize Footballs will be offered.

RULES: Up to 300 Footballs will be awarded in the September contest to the readers declaring and sending in the largest number of "goals" with "Footer-Stamps." The Editor may extend or amend the prize list in case of too many ties.

Each "goal" must consist of a set of "Footer-Stamps" Nos. 1 to 6, inclusive—all claims for prizes to be made on the proper coupon (given this week). No allowance made for any coupon or stamps mutilated or lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence! No one connected with this paper may enter, and the Editor's decision will be final and legally binding throughout.

(N.B. "Footer-Stamps" may also be collected from the following papers: "Gem," "Thriller," "Sports Budget," "Champion," "Modern Boy," "Detective Weekly," "Triumph," "Wild West Weekly," and "Boy's Cinema.")

..... The MAGNET

"Footer-Stamps" (September)

Write in bold figures the number of "goals" you have scored with "Footer-Stamps" and attach your sets of goal-scoring stamps to this coupon.

I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Name.....

Address.....

N.B. No responsibility taken for incorrect totals.

Ever since Lord Mauleverer, the schoolboy millionaire, and his schoolfellows from Greyfriars have been in Southern Seas some secret enemy has been engineering attacks on the holder of the Mauleverer title and fortune. But little does Mauly realise that the enemy behind the attacks is none other than his cousin, Brian, the bad hat of the family!

The MAN BEHIND the SCENES!

By FRANK RICHARDS



Having first recognised the bound figure of Ysabel Dick in the bows of the lugger, Mr. McTab turned to the Greyfriars party. "Glad to see ye all back safe and sound!" he said cheerily.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

And Bunter!

"THAT!" said Billy Bunter.

"Just that!" agreed Lord Mauleverer.

Billy Bunter breathed hard. He breathed deep! He seemed at a loss for words to express his feelings. Not only his eyes, but his very spectacles, gleamed with indignation.

Lord Mauleverer regarded him with a placid smile. Harry Wharton & Co. grinned.

"You—you—you——" gasped Billy Bunter.

"Yaas?"

"You—you idiot!"

"Thanks!"

"You ass!"

"Thanks again!" said Lord Mauleverer imperturbably. "Go it!"

"You dunny!"

"What about takin' the speech as read?" suggested Lord Mauleverer. "Or you can tell me the rest when we get on board!"

"I'm jolly well not going on board!" roared Billy Bunter. "If you think I'm sailing in that—that—that old wash-tub, Mauly, you're jolly well mistaken, see?"

Barney Hall, the trader of Tonga, standing on the deck of his lugger in the lagoon at Pita, glanced up at the little crowd of schoolboys on the coral wharf, and scowled.

Possibly Barney did not like hearing his lugger described as an old wash-tub!

It was a burning day in the Pacific.

Bunter, as was usual since the Greyfriars party had arrived in the South Seas on that holiday trip, was nearly melting! Perspiration clotted his forehead, and ran in little trickles down his fat cheeks. Bunter almost steamed! Perhaps that added to his irritation. There was no doubt that he was fearfully annoyed.

Harry Wharton & Co. had landed that morning at Pita, which was in the Kalua group of islands. They were on their way back to Kalua-alua-lalua, Mauly's own island, after a trip in

Stirring 35,000-word Schoolboy-Adventure Yarn, Starring HARRY WHARTON & CO., the World-Famous Chums of GREYFRIARS.

which there had been shipwreck and wild adventures among cannibals.

They were anxious to get back as quickly as they could; for there was no doubt that Mauly's manager, Mr. McTab, must have been extremely anxious about them. Naturally they wanted to relieve his anxiety.

Bunter was not bothering about that. Seldom, indeed, did Billy Bunter bother about any less important person than W. G. Bunter.

Pita was the chief island of the group; it was no end civilised; it had an hotel, shops, and a post office; it

was a place where Billy Bunter could have made himself quite comfortable for a time. The hotel, indeed, looked very comfortable and inviting, after what the Greyfriars castaways had been through in the past two or three weeks. All Bunter needed was somebody to foot the bills; and as he was Lord Mauleverer's guest, that, of course, was up to Mauly!

Instead of which, the Greyfriars fellows had no sooner landed from the cutter Sea-Cat, than they looked for another vessel to carry them on to Kalua-alua-lalua; and as there was only one vessel available, they had settled on that vessel.

The Famous Five were not fearfully keen on sailing in that dingy old lugger. Mauly, probably, was still less keen. But it was the only craft available for Kalua-alua-lalua; and Barney Hall was prepared to carry them, for a consideration, and that was that!

The chief point was to get back to Mauly's island before that kindly Scots gentleman, Mr. McTab, quite gave them up as lost!

At least, that seemed the chief point to Lord Mauleverer, Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

To Billy Bunter it did not seem the chief point. It did not seem a point at all!

They had left Bunter feeding at the Grand Pacific Hotel, while they looked for a craft for Kalua. That hotel was not, perhaps, so grand as its name

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implied; but the "grub" was good, and Billy Bunter surrounded large quantities of the same. Having struck a bargain with Barney Hall, they collected Bunter, and walked him down to the wharf, where the lugger was making ready for sea.

Barney was on the point of sailing, which struck the Famous Five and Mauly as really lucky! In fact, he was now only waiting for the passengers to embark.

But at this point, there came a hitch in the proceedings! Billy Bunter seemed hardly to believe either his eyes or his spectacles as he blinked at that lugger.

It was old; it was dingy. The scent of copra clung to it lovingly. Other scents mingled with that of copra. A cockroach could be seen enjoying the sunshine on deck—a hint of what was to be seen on a closer inspection. Barney Hall, in shirt and shorts, as dingy as his lugger, did not look attractive.

Certainly, had there been any other craft to be had, the Greyfriars party would have preferred that other craft. But it was a case of any port in a storm. They had to go in the lugger, or wait! So they were going in the Tonga lugger. Bunter, if he could help it, was not!

The fat Owl of the Greyfriars Remove fairly gurgled with indignation.

"That old wash-tub!" he repeated, heedless of the angry stare of Barney Hall—unobservant of it, in fact. "That—that—that putrid old dustbin! If you fellows think I'm going on that filthy old barge, you're mistaken! See? Mistaken!" hooted Bunter.

"Mr. Hall's waiting!" said Bob Cherry. "Come on!"

"Let him wait! I'm not coming! Why, it's worse than that rotten cutter. That was clean, at any rate!" hooted Bunter. "Why can't we take that steamer?"

"Because it's going to Sydney, fat-head!"

"Well, there's a ship yonder—a brig or something—"

"That's going to Samoa."

"Well, look at that schooner—"

"That's going to Tahiti."

"You see, old fat bean, only this lugger is going anywhere near Kalua," explained Lord Mauleverer. "We're lucky to get it! We shan't be more than a day or so on it, if the wind holds good."

"I shan't be a minute on it!" roared Bunter. "See! I'll stay here till I can get a decent ship!"

"Oh, all right!" sighed Lord Mauleverer. "If you really prefer it—"

"I do!" said Bunter firmly.

Lord Mauleverer glanced at the Famous Five.

"You fellows think that you could bear it if you have to lose sight of Bunter for a week or so?" he asked.

"We'll try!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The tryfulness will be terrific!" declared Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"What a treat!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'd better come, Bunter, you fat ass!" said Harry Wharton.

"Shan't!"

"You'll land in some trouble as soon as our eyes are off you, you blithering ass!" said Frank Nugent.

"Yah!"

"Well, come on, you men," said Mauly. "The skipper's lookin' a bit impatient—he's losin' the wind while we're talkin'. Good-bye, Bunter!"

"Here, hold on!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "I shall want some cash,

Mauly! I lost all my cash when we were shipwrecked—"

"The whole threepenny-bit!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! I say, Mauly, I can do with twenty pounds—"

"Eh?"

"Or perhaps a little less," said Bunter, moderating his transports, as it were. "But I hope you're not going to be mean, Mauly, after pressing me to come on this holiday, and a rotten holiday it's been, so far. I can jolly well tell you that if I'd known we were going to be shipwrecked, and cast away on a cannibal island, and mixed up with filthy beachcombers, and savage Dutchmen, and all that, you'd never have got me on this trip!"

"How I wish you'd known, old fat bean!" sighed Mauly.

"Yah! As the matter stands, I'm stony, all my money having gone down in the Flamingo!" said Bunter.

"I wonder if that was what made the schooner sink?" remarked Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "Such a mass of bullion and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You shut up, Cherry! I dare say I could manage on fifteen quid, Mauly, till I see you again. If you've got that much left—"

"I haven't, old top! But I'll hand you all I've got left," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Don't be an ass, Mauly!" growled Johnny Bull.

"You shut up, Bull!" hooted Bunter. "Mauly can do as he likes, I suppose, without you barging in."

"Well, fools and their money are soon parted!" said Johnny Bull, as Lord Mauleverer groped in his pocket.

"That's all right," said Mauly placidly. "I've settled with Mr. Hall for the trip, and I shan't want any more money till we get to Kalua. Bunter can have all I've got left. He's more than welcome. Here you are, Bunter."

Bunter stretched out a podgy paw.

Lord Mauleverer placed a coin in it, turned away, and walked across the gang-plank to the dingy deck of the lugger. The Famous Five followed him.

Billy Bunter was left staring, like a fellow transfixed, at the coin Mauleverer had placed in his fat paw.

"Look here, Mauly!" yelled Bunter.

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

"What's this?" yelled Bunter.

"Eh? Don't you know a sixpence when you see one?" asked Mauly in surprise.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Famous Five roared.

"You—you—you idiot!" yelled Bunter. "Wharrer you mean by lendin' me sixpence? Think I can put up at the hotel here on a tanner?"

"Haven't thought about it at all, old fat man! I told you I'd give you all I had left. That's all I've got left!"

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

"Why, you—you—you silly idiot!" roared Bunter.

"Spend it carefully, old chap!" advised Lord Mauleverer. "Make it last! Now, Mr. Hall, we're on board, if you're ready to cast off."

"Stop a minute!" yelled Billy Bunter.

He rolled on the gang-plank, as Barney Hall made his Tonga boys a sign to take it in. He rolled on the deck of the lugger in great haste. Bunter did not want to sail on that lugger. He wanted to put up at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and wait for a decent ship! But he did not want to be left behind at Pita, with a total sum

of sixpence to see him through! Very much indeed he didn't!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Sailing with us, after all?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It appeared that the Greyfriars party were not, after all, going to lose Billy Bunter's fascinating company. Bunter was peeved. Bunter was shirty. Bunter was fearfully annoyed. But Bunter was on board Barney Hall's lugger when it pulled out of Pita and rolled and wallowed away westward for Kalua-alua-lalua.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Bags the Bunk!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I say—" roared Bunter.

"Don't!" urged Lord Mauleverer. "You've said enough for one day, old fat man!"

"Too much!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"The too-muchfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

"I say—"

"Is he wound up?" asked Frank Nugent.

"I say—"

"What about booting him?" asked Johnny Bull. "We never booted him enough when we were on that cannibal island. We can make up for it now."

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "What do you think, Bunter?"

"Beast!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were sitting, or standing, about the deck of the lugger, watching the red sunset as the sun went down to the sea.

Barney Hall stood by the boat-steerer, aft, smoking a black cheroot, and giving no attention to his passengers.

Barney was not accustomed to passengers on his lugger, and he had little accommodation to offer them. All was grist that came to the mill of the Tonga trader, and he was as willing to carry the schoolboys, as to carry bags of copra or pearl-shell or ivory nuts. But if they chose to take a passage on such a craft, they had to shift for themselves and make the best of it.

Harry Wharton & Co. were prepared to make the best of it. All they wanted was a lift to Kalua in the shortest possible time. They really did not expect to find first-class liners at their disposal among the scattered isles of the Pacific.

Space was cramped on the lugger. It was a smaller craft than the Sea-Cat, on which they had arrived at Pita. Worse than the cramped space was the general dinginess. Barney Hall's was not a clean craft. Neither Barney, nor the two brown-skinned Tonga boys who formed his crew, seemed to care whether cockroaches crawled on the hot planks, or whether the mixed scents of many cargoes thickened the atmosphere.

But it was not a long trip; the juniors hoped to land at Kalua-alua-lalua by the time the sun set again. And cramped and dingy and smelly as the lugger was, they were sailing merrily home, which was the chief thing.

While the juniors watched the glorious sunset on the Pacific, and chatted about their adventures on the cannibal island of Koo-koo, Billy Bunter had been doing some exploring, unheeded by the juniors, or by the crew of the lugger.

It was simply impossible to make oneself comfortable on that lugger. But Bunter, naturally, wanted to make himself as comfortable as possible. Bunter's personal comfort being the most important matter within the limits of the

universe, he naturally gave it deep thought. The other fellows did not—but Bunter was only too sadly accustomed to their selfishness.

"I've been looking in the cabin, you fellows!" said the fat Owl. "It's simply putrid. There's only one bunk! The cabin ain't as big as a Remove study at Greyfriars. There's beetles in it. I suppose I shall have to put up with the beetles."

"Well, if the beetles can put up with you—" said Bob.

"You silly fathead! There's only one bunk! I suppose I'm to have it?"

"Suppose again!" suggested Bob.

"If you think you're going to bag that bunk, Bob Cherry, when there's only one bunk on this beastly old tub—"

"You blithering owl," said Harry Wharton, "we're all camping on deck to-night. The cabin belongs to the skipper."

"I'm going to have that bunk!" said Bunter. "You've got me on this rotten old tub. I've got to sleep! I decline to sleep on deck. I'm going to have that bunk—such as it is! You can tell that man Hall, Mauly. If he wants to be paid extra for it, pay him. I don't believe in being mean."

Without waiting for an answer, Billy Bunter rolled away to the little cabin of the lugger.

It was not much of a cabin. It was small, it was stuffy, and it had a lot of things in it. The other fellows, as a matter of fact, would not have accepted the offer of the bunk in that cabin, if Barney Hall had pressed it on them—which he did not think of doing. They greatly preferred to sleep on deck in the fresh air, under the twinkling stars, as the Tonga boys did.

Bunter preferred the bunk. As he preferred it, he was going to have it.

Leaving Lord Mauleverer to fix the matter with Barney Hall, Bunter rolled down the step into the cabin and took possession.

Lord Mauleverer gazed after him placidly till he disappeared, and then forgot his fat existence.

His lordship had other matters to think of, which seemed to him of more importance than even the fat comfort of William George Bunter.

"I expect we shall be at Kalua by to-morrow night," he remarked. "This craft touches at only one place, before Kalua—one of the islands in the group. We don't seem to be makin' a fearful speed—"

"About four knots!" grinned Bob.

"Yaas, it's not one of those ocean fliers!" agreed Mauleverer. "Still, we were lucky to get a lift, the very day we landed at Pita."

"That's so!" said Harry.

"We've had a tough time!" went on Mauleverer. "We left Kalua on a trip down to Suva, and never got there, owing to those rotters Van Dink and Ysabel Dick. The Flamingo's gone to the bottom, and we've been cast away on a cannibal island—and we should be there still, I suppose, if we hadn't persuaded that Lukwe skipper to give us a lift on his cutter. After all that, I suppose you fellows won't be fearfully keen on any more trips among the islands."

The Famous Five smiled. They knew what was in Mauly's mind.

His chief object in coming on that holiday in the South Seas was to look for his missing cousin, Brian Mauleverer.

Nothing whatever had been heard of Brian, the bad hat of the family; and, in hunting for him, Mauleverer and his friends had fallen into a series of wild

adventures and deadly perils and hair-breadth escapes.

"My dear chap!" said Bob Cherry. "The minute we get back to Kalua, we're ready to start again. If jolly old Brian is to be found before we get back to Greyfriars, we'll jolly well put salt on his tail."

"It's queer, ain't it?" said Mauleverer musingly. "Old Brian's knockin' about somewhere in the South Seas, without a bean to his name—and if those cannibals had gobbled me, or if I'd gone down in the Flamingo, he would be Lord Mauleverer, with oodles of oof. And he'd never have known—mightn't have heard of it for years and years. Queer, ain't it?"

"The queerfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, his dark eyes dwelling curiously on Mauleverer's thoughtful face.

The unexpected perils that had dogged Lord Mauleverer's steps ever since he had arrived in the Pacific Islands, had caused a strange suspicion to dawn in the keen mind of the Nabob of Bhanipur.

But he had said nothing of it, and he said nothing now. It was plain that no such thought was in Mauly's kind, simple mind.

"Well, what about turnin' in?" yawned Mauleverer, as the sun dipped below the sea rim, and darkness descended, almost at a swoop, on the Pacific.

And the juniors sorted out their blankets on the deck.

From the cabin came a rumbling snore, mingling with the creak of spars, and the eternal wash of the sea. Billy Bunter was sleeping, in spite of the beetles, as soundly as he had been wont to sleep in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars. And Harry Wharton & Co., with blankets and rugs on deck, were soon sleeping as soundly as Billy Bunter, though without the same musical accompaniment.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Wild Night for Bunter!

BARNEY HALL grunted, threw the stump of a cheroot into the sea, and rose from the taffrail.

One of the Tonga boys was at the tiller, the other sleeping in the bows.

It was eight bells—midnight—though bells were not sounded on the lugger. Barney was going to turn in. He gave a last glance round over the starlit sea, and grunted to the boat steerer.

"Keep her steady!"

"Yessar!" answered Soo.

Barney tramped away.

He had to pick his way a little carefully, for there were numerous sleeping figures on the deck, and the starlight was dim. The lugger burned headlights and one light on the mast; but there was no illumination on deck, save that of the stars, and none in the cabin.

But, having picked his way among the slumbering forms, Barney did not need a light in his quarters. It was little more than a stride from the step to the bunk, and the trader of Tonga was accustomed to throwing himself down in the bunk just as he was. If he ever changed his dingy garments, it was not often.

Had he paused at the doorway, he might have been warned by a rumbling snore that his quarters were already occupied. But he did not pause; he stepped in, and threw him-

self down in the bunk as he was accustomed to do.

The next moment he had a surprise. So had Billy Bunter.

"Gosh!" gasped Barney Hall, as he dropped on something that stirred and wriggled and yelled. "What the—Gosh!"

"Yaroo!"

Bunter had been fast asleep. He had been dreaming, happily, of a spread in Smithy's study at Greyfriars—one of the Bounder's lavish spreads, where there had been unlimited cake, and three kinds of jam.

From that happy vision in the mists and shadows of sleep, Bunter was suddenly startled, by something heavy crashing on him, flattening him down in the bunk almost like a pancake.

Bunter woke. He was not easy to wake, as a rule, but that woke him. He woke and yelled. His yell rang from stem to stern of the Tonga lugger, and far across the starry Pacific.

"Yaroooh! Ow! Ooogh! Yow-ow! Help! I say, you fellows, it's an earthquake! The ship's sinking! Yoo-hooop!"

"What the deep pit—" roared Barney Hall.

"Urrgh! Beast! Who's that?" shrieked Bunter, struggling wildly.

He realised that it was not an earthquake in the middle of the Pacific. Somebody had walloped down and squashed him.

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Rotter! You said you never wanted the bunk, Bob Cherry, you beast! Gerroff!"

Barney Hall was struggling up, amazed and enraged. In the darkness of the cabin he could not see Bunter. Neither could Bunter see him. The fat Owl lifted himself on one elbow, and hit out with a fat fist. He was bumped, he was winded; he was exasperated, and he hit out at random.

Some portion of the bulky person of Barney Hall was bound to catch that punch. As it happened, it was his nose that caught it.

His nose caught it hard. Bunter put a lot of beef into that punch. He had no doubt that it was one of the fellows larking, most likely Bob Cherry. And he hit out, hard!

Barney was struggling off the bunk, when that jolt landed on his nose. It helped him off.

It tumbled him over, and Barney landed on the floor with a heavy bump, to the destruction of five or six cockroaches, who were taking their walks abroad, and were instantly squashed out of existence.

Bump!

"Gosh!" gasped Barney Hall.

"Beast!" roared Bunter, from the bunk. "Rotter! Cad! Swab!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a sleepy voice from the deck. "Is that Bunter? What are you kicking up that row for, Bunter?"

"That fat ass—" came Johnny Bull's growl.

"I say, you fellows—"

Barney Hall scrambled to his feet. He dabbed his nose, which dripped red. He fairly spluttered with rage. He could not see Bunter, but he could hear him, and he knew which of his passengers was in the bunk—the one who had described his lugger as an old wash-tub! He clutched.

"By hokey!" gasped Barney Hall.

"You fat swab! Out of it!"

"Yaroo! Leggo! Oh crikey!"

In the brawny trader's grasp, Billy Bunter came out of that bunk like a

fat winkle from a shell. He came out, sprawling, yelling, with fat arms and legs flying in the air.

One swoop of Barney's brawny arms, and he was in the open doorway. Then he was hurled forth.

He flew!

For a wild and whirling second the fat Owl of Greyfriars went sky-rocketing over the deck. Then he landed.

All the Greyfriars fellows had been awakened. Some of them were sitting up. Bunter landed in their midst.

Wild yells rose from the campers on deck. Bob Cherry caught a fat foot with his eye, Frank Nugent bagged a fat elbow with his nose, Harry Wharton caught a fat paw on his chin. Other sections of Bunter caught other fellows. There was hardly one of them that escaped a casualty.

"Ow! I say, you fellows—oogh!" Bunter rolled and roared. "I say—yaroooh! I've banged my elbow on something—ow!"

"Urrrh! It was my nose!" shrieked Frank Nugent. "Ow! You've nearly smashed my nose—ow!"

"Blow your nose! I say—" "Slaughter him!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Scrag him!" "Burst him!"

"I—I—I say, you fellows, somebody's chucked me out of that bunk! I say, I've got a pain—"

"I'll give you another!" roared Bob Cherry. "And I'll give you a few more!" howled Nugent.

"Scrag the silly ass!" "Kick him!" "Jump on him!"

"Why, you beasts!" howled Bunter. "I say—yaroooh! I say—yoo-hoop! Leggo! Leave off! Oh crikey! Whoop!"

Bunter sprawled in the starlight in the midst of awakened sleepers, every one of whom seemed to have wakened in a bad temper. It was dim and dusty in the stars, and Bunter could see little or nothing. But the other fellows could see Bunter, and they gave him prompt and energetic attention.

Bob Cherry shoved a foot at fat ribs, and Bunter rolled. Frank Nugent yanked at a fat ear, and Bunter yelled. Johnny Bull smacked, and Bunter roared. Harry Wharton added a shove, and Bunter rolled on Johnny Bull. Johnny promptly rolled him back, and he landed on Bob Cherry, and Bob rolled him off, and he rolled into the scuppers.

There he brought up against the rail, and roared.

"Ow! Wow! Yow! Wow! Wooh!" "Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "This reminds me of a jolly old poem! There was a sound of revelry by night—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I say, you fellows— Ow! I say! Wow! I say, I've been turned out of that bunk! I believe it was that beast Hall! I say, where am I going to sleep? I say— Oh crikey!"

"Shut up!" roared Johnny Bull. "Beast! I say, that beast Hall has chucked me out!" howled Bunter. "Do you hear? Chucked me out!"

"Why didn't he chuck you overboard?" hooted Johnny Bull. "Go back again, and perhaps he'll chuck you overboard next time."

"Why, you rotter—" "Shut up!" roared all the juniors together.

"Shan't!" yelled Bunter. "If you

fellows think I'm going to be treated like this, I can jolly well say—Yoo! Whoop!"

A boot whizzed across the deck and landed.

Billy Bunter caught it with his fat chin and roared.

"Ow! Beast! Who chucked that boot? I say—"

"Do you want the other?" yelled Johnny Bull. "It's coming if you don't shut up!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter did not want the other! He shut up, and the Greyfriars fellows settled down to their blankets again.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Foes in the Offing!

"THAT swab!" growled Barney Hall.

It was the following morning; bright and sunny on the blue Pacific.

The heavy old lugger rolled on her way, making about four knots.

Harry Wharton & Co. had turned out at sunrise—and so, for once in his fat career, had Billy Bunter.

Bunter had, after all, slept on deck; and even after Barney left the bunk in the cabin Bunter did not think of annexing it again. But a fellow who continued to sleep on deck after everybody else was up was in considerable danger of being trodden on in the confined space of the Tonga lugger. Bunter was, in fact, trodden on several times before he decided to turn out. And he turned out in an extremely bad temper.

Washing had to be done at a tub standing amidships. That, however, did not worry Bunter very much; he was no whale on washing. There was rather a crowd round the tub, but Bunter made no effort to get in early and avoid the crush!

Breakfast on deck consisted of hard biscuit, canned pork and beef, and beans, washed down by coffee made in the little galley by a Tonga boy whose education in the art of making coffee seemed to have been rather neglected!

However, the Famous Five were not disposed to grumble, even if grumbling would have served any purpose. The sea air gave them a good appetite, and if the fare was rough, it was, as Bob Cherry remarked, lots better than what they had had on the raft after the sinking of the Flamingo. Moreover, if grumbling was any use, Billy Bunter was prepared to supply all that was required, and some over.

While the juniors sat about and ate, Barney Hall was staring across the blue waters astern, in the direction of Pita, which had long dropped below the sea-rim. No other land was expected to be sighted till the lugger put in at Uma, a small island on the way to Kalua, where Barney had a call to make. Some of the juniors glanced at the Tonga trader, as he scowled at some distant object on the sea and grunted.

"That lubber! I reckoned he was drowned. That beachcombing swab!"

Looking over the low rail of the lugger, the juniors could see a canoe in the distance, apparently out of Pita, as it came from that direction.

It was paddled by four brown Pita boys, but two white men sat in it under the shade of a little canvas awning.

The canoe was making better speed than the heavy old lugger and drawing nearer in the bright sunshine. Evidently, from his remarks, Barney recognised one of the white men in it and did not like him.

Bob Cherry rose to take a glance at

the canoe, though without any special interest. Then suddenly his eyes became fixed on it, and he uttered a startled exclamation.

"Oh, my hat!" "Anybody we know, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, looking up.

"Yes, rather! They're after us in a canoe!" exclaimed Bob. "They must have followed us from Pita—that Dutch scoundrel and the beachcomber."

"Oh!" The Famous Five were on their feet at once. They stared back from the rolling lugger to the canoe.

It was near enough for them to recognise the white men who sat under the awning. One of them was Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber of Kalua; the other, the Dutch freebooter, Van Dink.

The Greyfriars fellows stared grimly at their old enemies.

"They're not losin' sight of us then, old beans!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

Harry Wharton knitted his brows. "They ought to have been handed over at Pita, Mauly!" he said.

"Yaas, but it couldn't be done, old bean," said Mauleverer. "We made terms with that Lukwe blighter, Peter Parsons, when he took us off the cannibal island in his cutter; we agreed to call it a day if he landed us safe at Pita."

"I know! But—" "They're keepin' a jolly old eye on us," said Mauly placidly. "But they can't do us any harm—what?"

Barney Hall stared at the juniors. "You had trouble with them swabs?" he asked.

"Just a few!" answered Bob. "They scuttled the schooner Flamingo that we sailed from Kalua in. We had a pretty rotten time on a raft, and got chucked away on an island packed with cannibals."

"Gosh!" said Barney. "Might be there now if Peter Parsons of Lukwe hadn't taken us off in his cutter and brought us to Pita!" added Bob.

"Gosh!" repeated Barney. "Dandy Peter ain't the man I should reckon would take the trouble to pick up castaways."

Bob chuckled. "Oh, we persuaded him!" he said.

He did not describe the methods of persuasion used with Peter Parsons, the sea-lawyer of Lukwe. The Greyfriars castaways had been three or four days on the Lukwe cutter, and during those days they had had the upper hand of Peter Parsons.

Dandy Peter had joined up with their enemies, but he had had little profit out of it. He had been glad to escape the cannibals on Koo-koo's island, even at the cost of handing over the control of his cutter to the Greyfriars party. And as they had taken over all the firearms on board the Sea-Cat, and were never off their guard for a moment, Dandy Peter had had no chance of playing tricks, and had probably been glad to get shut of them at Pita.

It looked as if the Lukwe skipper was fed-up with his associates as well as the Greyfriars party, for he had landed Ysabel Dick and Van Dink at Pita at the same time, and pulled out again immediately in his cutter.

That the Sea-Cat was no longer at the disposal of the two rascals was plain from the fact that they were following the Greyfriars fellows in a canoe.

That they were following them there could scarcely be a doubt. It could hardly be by chance that they were on the same course.

"I had that swab on this lugger a few weeks ago!" said Barney Hall.



Billy Bunter stood staring, like a fellow transfixed, at the coin Mauleverer had placed in his fat paw. "What do you mean by lending me sixpence?" he yelled. "Think I can put up at the hotel here on a tanner?" "That's all I've got left!" said Mauly, walking away.

"Mr. McTab, at Kalua, paid me to take him off the island; and he gave me too much lip and I handled him! He jumped overboard, and I reckoned he was gone to the sharks—I never reckoned on seeing the swab again."

Barney scowled at the outcast of Kalua in the canoe.

Ysabel Dick was standing up now, shading his eyes with his hand and staring across the shining water, evidently having observed the row of faces looking over the rail.

The juniors could clearly make out his hard, seamed, sunburned face.

The fat Dutchman did not stir.

Van Dink was far from recovered as yet from the wound he had received in the trouble with the Greyfriars party near the cannibal island. He lay sprawling under the awning, only his little piggy eyes turning on the lugger and glinting as they fixed on the juniors.

Ysabel Dick sat down again.

"Blessed if I make out their game!" said Frank Nugent. "They can keep this craft in sight if they choose, but they can't do anything to us. They can't fancy they've got a chance at Mauly."

"Hardly!" said Bob.

"I say, you fellows, is that those beasts again?" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"All serene, old fat man!" said Bob.

"They can't worry us here! If they run us aboard we'll jolly well collar them and take them to Kalua."

"Not likely!" said Harry. "They're keeping their distance."

The juniors returned to their breakfast.

Barney Hall every now and then gave the canoe from Pita a scowling glance; but it did not draw nearer to the lugger.

It made a wide swerve on its course, as if with the intention of passing with a good offing and pulling ahead. That it was easy for the canoe crew to do,

for with the sail and four paddles it was making better speed than the heavy old lugger, and could easily have left the Tonga craft standing.

When the juniors looked at it again it was level with the lugger, but at a good distance off to starboard, and pulling ahead.

They watched it, with rather puzzled faces.

It looked as if Ysabel Dick had drawn near the lugger to satisfy himself that the Greyfriars party were on board, and, having ascertained that that was the case, had no further concern with them.

The canoe drew ahead farther and farther, till it was a mere speck on the sea, and finally vanished into the blue of the Pacific.

The juniors watched it till it was out of sight.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, "I suppose they must have some game on, but I'm blessed if I can spot it. They're not done with you yet, Mauly, if they can help it! But what the dickens can they do?"

"Nothin'!" said Mauly cheerfully.

It was quite a puzzle to the juniors. That they were not done with the outcast of Kalua, was fairly clear, but what his intentions were, it was hard to guess. Certainly neither he nor Van Dink would dare to follow the lugger as far as Kalua, where Mr. McTab would have had both of them seized and put in irons at once. Making an attack on the lugger was unthinkable; apart from Barney Hall and his crew, the juniors could have defended themselves, and, in fact, would have been glad of a chance to collar the two rascals and hand them over to the law. Moreover, the canoe had now shot ahead and disappeared from view.

"They wanted to make sure that we

were on this lugger!" said Harry Wharton, "but what next—"

"May be heading for Kalua to get there before us and skulk in the bush, as Ysabel Dick did before!" said Nugent.

"Blessed if I make them out!"

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

"Fathead!"

"Beast!"

Many times during the morning the juniors scanned the sea, as the lugger rolled heavily on its way. But nothing more was seen of the Pita canoe, and in the hot midday Uma was sighted, and Barney Hall ran his lugger down to the little island, and went ashore in the dinghy.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Lots of Cockroaches!

"**C**HEEK!" said Billy Bunter. "What's biting you now, old fat man?" yawned Bob Cherry.

"That beast has been paid to take us to Kalua, hasn't he?" yapped Bunter. "Now we're sticking here on this filthy lugger, in this beastly heat, while he goes ashore, blow him!"

"Can't expect the man to chuck his business on our account. Bunter," murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"Yah!"

It was hot on the lugger—it was smelly; it was altogether far from comfortable. The little atoll of Uma, which lay about half way between Pita and Kalua-alua-lalua, was inhabited chiefly by brown-skinned natives, but there was a white trader there and Barney Hall had business with him.

standing some packing-cases from Pita. The juniors had been aware that Hall had that call to make on his way to Kalua, and though they did not like the delay, they had no cause for complaint; moreover, Barney had told them that it would not mean more than an hour or two.

The lugger, like most small South Seas craft, towed its boat—a little dinghy which had rocked in the wake ever since leaving Pita. The Tonga boys had pulled it alongside and dropped a couple of packing-cases into it, and Barney had pulled away by himself, leaving the crew in charge of the lugger. There was little space in the boat for anyone, with the burly Tonga trader and two packing-cases.

There was no passage for a vessel even as small as the Tonga lugger, in the Uma reef, and the lugger therefore, remained hove-to outside the reef while Barney pulled in, in the little dinghy. The tropical afternoon was hot, not to say baking. The two Tonga boys lolled in what shade they could find, and chewed betel-nut and chattered in their own dialect. The Greyfriars fellows waited for Barney to return. They had hoped to reach Kalua that night, but it was clear now that the slow old lugger would not do it, especially with the delay at Uma. Not before noonday on the morrow, probably, would they raise Mauly's island and see Mr. McTab again. Still, they had been in luck, for they might have had to wait a week at Pita for any other craft.

Lord Mauleverer dozed gently in a deckchair. The Famous Five got what shade they could and looked at Uma—which was little more than a circle of rock and earth round a lagoon. Billy Bunter added a bunch of bananas, a

couple of coconuts, and a few oranges to his dinner, and groused. It was, in Bunter's opinion, cheek on the part of Barney Hall to keep them waiting like this on his putrid old lugger.

Whether it was cheek or not, Barney was doing it, and Billy Bunter having groused about that, and the dinner, and the heat, and the cockroaches, and the scents from below, finally sorted out a deckchair to go to sleep—which was always a resource for Bunter.

It was a dingy old deckchair, and when Bunter carted it on deck, two or three cockroaches dropped off it and scuttled away.

Billy Bunter was not a particular fellow in some things. He was managing to do without washing for instance, till they got to Kalua. But even Bunter jibbed at cockroaches, and he blinked anxiously over the canvas chair before he sat in it. Then he plumped down with a grunt.

"Look out, old bean," said Bob Cherry, glancing at him. "There's a horrid fat slug in that chair!"

"Urrgh!" gasped Bunter, and he bounded.

It was not easy for Bunter to bound after dinner. But he did bound. He was out of that chair in a twinkling.

He blinked anxiously at the chair through his big spectacles.

"Where is it?" he yapped, "I can't see a fat slug in the chair!"

"It's got out now," answered Bob, affably.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter looked at him. He gave him such a devastating blink that really his spectacles seemed in danger. Bunter had not only got up, which he never liked doing, but he had jumped up, which he liked still less! And it was only to learn that it was he, himself,

William George Bunter, who was the horrid fat slug to which Bob had alluded.

"You—you—you——" gasped Bunter, "You—you funny idiot!"

He sat down again.

"Look out, old fat man," said Harry Wharton, laughing, as a crawling black object appeared on the canvas within an inch of Bunter's fat ear, as he sprawled in the deckchair. "There's a cockroach——"

"Yah!"

"It's close by your ear, fathead!"

"Beast!"

Bunter was not to be caught twice! He remained where he was, blinking with disdainful scorn.

"You fat chump," roared Johnny Bull, "there really is a cockroach——"

"Yah!"

"You'll get it down your neck in a minute!" said Nugent.

"Oh, chuck it!" yapped Bunter. "Think you can pull my leg?"

"Well, if you like cockroaches——"

"Beast!"

"My esteemed Bunter, there really is an execrable and disgusting cockroach——" urged Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, shut up!" hooted Bunter.

The Famous Five gave it up at that. They watched, however, with some interest, as Bunter closed his eyes behind his big spectacles, and the cockroach crawled nearer to his fat neck.

It was about a minute later that Billy Bunter felt a tickling on that fat neck. The cockroach was investigating.

His eyes opened behind his spectacles.

"If you silly idiots don't stop playing silly tricks——" he began, "What have you——Ah! Oooogh! Groogh!"

Grabbing at his fat neck, Bunter's fat paw came away with a wriggling cockroach in it. He gave a gurgle of horror and threw the horrid insect away at once. He neither looked nor cared where he pitched it in his haste to get rid of it, and it landed in the open neck of Bob Cherry's loose shirt!

"Wooo-gooogooogoooh!" gurgled Bob.

He bounded.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter, "Have you got it? He, he, he!"

Bob did not answer. He was busy! He was going through fantastic gymnastics to get rid of that cockroach. He was wildly excited! Billy Bunter sat and cachinnated. Bunter seemed to think this frightfully amusing.

"He, he, he! I say, you fellows! He, he, he!"

"Oh crumbs! Urrgh! Ooo-er! Groogh! Oh crikey!" gasped Bob.

"He, he, he!"

Bob got rid of the horrid thing at last. He sat down again and fanned himself with a palm leaf. He was hot and crimson after the gymnastics. And he seemed to see nothing amusing in the incident. He glared at Billy Bunter's fat, grinning face!

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "I say, old chap, you looked fearfully funny, hopping about like that! Do it again! He, he, he!"

"You bloated image!" roared Bob.

"He, he, he!"

"I've a jolly good mind——"

"He, he, he!"

Bob sat and breathed hard and fanned himself. His face streamed with perspiration. Really, it was too hot for hopping about and hunting cockroaches.

Billy Bunter closed his eyes behind his spectacles again, a grin still lingering on his face.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh leaned

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over and took the palm-leaf from Bob's hand.

Bob stared at him.

Then he grinned, as the Nabob of Bhanipur reached across to Bunter and tickled a fat neck with the tip of the long leaf. He withdrew it instantly.

"Groooooogh!" came a startled gurgle from Bunter. He jumped, and grabbed at his fat neck. "Urrgh! Where's that beastly cockroach? I say, you fellows, I'm covered with them! Urrgh!"

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

Even Lord Mauleverer woke up to chuckle.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" howled Bunter, grabbing wildly at his neck. "Urrgh! Think it funny to have a cockroach down your neck, you silly idiots?"

"You seemed to think it funny a minute or two ago!" chuckled Bob.

"Urrgh! Beast! I say, you fellows, where's that beastly cockroach?" yelled Bunter, still grabbing. "I say, can you see it? Urrghhh!"

"It's gone, I think!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

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

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "The filthy boat seems to be swarming with them! All your fault for coming on this putrid lugger, Mauly!"

"Yaas."

"You're a silly idiot, Mauly!"

"Yaas."

"And a rotten beast!"

"Yaas."

It was some time before Billy Bunter settled down again. However, he did settle down again, and his little round eyes closed once more behind his big round spectacles. Whereupon Hurree Jamset Ram Singh leaned forward again, and the tip of the long palm-leaf tickled a fat neck.

"Yaroooh!"

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

"Laugh!" shrieked Bunter. "Funny to be smothered with filthy cockroaches, ain't it? Urrghh! I believe it's gone down my back——"

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

That cockroach certainly had not gone down Bunter's back, as it was not a cockroach at all, but a palm-leaf, still in the dusky hand of the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Ooogh! I can feel it tickling my back!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was Bunter's turn to do some gymnastics. He struggled out of the deck-chair, and wriggled and jerked and wrestled to shake out that imaginary cockroach, amid howls of laughter from the Famous Five.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I—I think it's gone! I can't feel it now, anyhow! Oh crikey!"

He sat down again. But this time it was some minutes before the fat Owl could compose himself to slumber. He had a horrid feeling that there were cockroaches to right of him, cockroaches to left of him, cockroaches all over him.

But he found repose at last, and in a few more moments a snore would have announced that slumber's chain had bound him. Then the tip of the palm-leaf tickled his fat chin, and he bounded.

"Urrghh!"

Bunter sat up, grabbing at his chin. But the cockroach was gone; Hurree Singh had jerked the palm-leaf back again at once, and it lay across his knee.

"Oh crikey! I shan't get a wink of sleep!" gasped Bunter. "Fat lot you fellows care, you cackling owls! You like to see cockroaches crawling all over

a fellow! Urrghh! I say, did you see where it went?"

"It's on Inky's knee, I think!" gasped Bob Cherry.

The palm-leaf certainly was.

"Oh! Hope you like it, Inky! He, he, he!"

And Bunter sprawled once more, and wooed balmy slumber. And as soon as his eyes had closed behind his spectacles the palm-leaf came into action again, and tickled the tip of his little fat nose.

"Urrgh! That's another beastly cockroach!" shrieked Bunter, grabbing at his nose before Inky had time to jerk the palm-leaf away.

Bunter grabbed the palm-leaf and blinked at it, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles.

The expression on his fat face made the juniors shriek.

"Why, you—you—you beasts!" howled Bunter. "'Tain't a cockroach at all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's that beast Inky——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a palm-leaf——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you—you—you—you——" gurgled Bunter.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

He heaved himself out of the deck-chair, gathered it up, and rolled along the deck out of reach of tickling palm-leaves, leaving the Famous Five yelling.

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Business for Barney Hall!

"YOU!" growled Barney Hall.

He scowled at the beach-comber of Kalua.

Barney had finished his business with the trader of Uma, sampled his bottled beer, and was tramping down the beach to the dinghy which he had left on the sand while he was ashore.

A man was seated on the gunwale of the little boat, and Barney, recognising him as he drew nearer, scowled. The trader of Tonga had no use for beach-combers.

Barney Hall was a good deal of a ruffian, and he had had a finger in every shady kind of business that was carried on in the islands. Generally he was a trader, but he had poached pearls in his time, he had kidnapped Kanakas, and in lonely waters he had supplied himself with stores from other vessels, with a "gun" in his hand. But if he was a bully and a ruffian, he had only scorn and contempt for the loafers and loungers who "combed" the beaches; and he had a special "down" on Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber of Kalua.

Mr. McTab, manager and magistrate on Mauly's island, had paid him to take Ysabel Dick off Kalua when the outcast was deported from the island. Barney had made him turn to on the lugger, and "hazed" him hard and heavy for shirking work, and the outcast had escaped by leaping into the sea—which, Barney had supposed, was the last of him—a matter that did not trouble Barney very much.

But he had not evidently been drowned, for here he was; and Barney, remembering the "lip" the outcast had given him on his lugger, was strongly inclined to kick him along the beach of Uma. There was a threatening scowl on his rugged, bearded face as he tramped towards the dinghy.

Sprawling in the sand close at hand was the fat Dutchman, Van Dink.

Barney gave him no heed. He had no quarrel with the Dutchman; indeed, Van Dink was rather a man of his own kidney.

"You!" repeated Barney. "You lubberly swab! Get off that boat! Combing beach here on Uma, now you're kicked off Kalua?"

Ysabel Dick gave him a black and bitter look. But he controlled the desire to snap back savage and angry words.

"I'm here to speak to you, Hall," he said quietly.

"Save your breath!" grunted Barney.

"You're open to trade, I suppose?" snarled the beachcomber.

"Trade!" repeated Barney. His manner became less bullying and threatening. "What sort of trade? What's this game? I raised you in your canoe this morning. Did you get ashore here to get word with me?"

"Just that!"

"Well, you can yarn, I suppose!" grunted Barney ungraciously. "Cut it short! I've got to get back to my lugger. I've got passengers this trip anxious to get to Kalua. What's the trade? Picked up something on the beach—before the owner found it?"

The outcast of Kalua breathed hard. He had been another kind of man in other days; and if he had lost everything else, he had not lost pride of caste. Beachcomber as he was, low as he had fallen, it was hard for him to tolerate rough talk from a ruffian like Barney Hall. He seemed to hesitate whether to carry on; and the Dutchman broke in, with a grunt.

"Ach! Speak, will you? Hall's our man! Wat is er? Speak!"

"Sit down and listen!" snarled the beachcomber. "It's worth your while, Barney Hall. You do not often make a hundred pounds on a trip in your lugger!"

Barney stared at him.

"A hundred pounds?" he repeated. "Gosh! Who's lost a hundred pounds on this beach?"

"Will you be civil?" said the beach-comber, between his teeth. "Do you want to make a hundred pounds or not?"

Barney grinned, and sat down on the dinghy.

"Ay, ay," he answered. "I'll give you while I smoke a cheroot." He paused to light one. "You can spin your yarn. I've seen you more'n once, Mr. Ysabel Dick—long ago at Pita, and then at Kalua, combing the beach and cadging drinks! You were kicked off Kalua because the old Scotsman fancied you'd tried your hand at kidnapping that young lord who's now on my lugger! Have you been making money in that line? You've none of your own, I'll lay to that!"

"Van Dink is standing in with me!" snarled Ysabel Dick. "He has money if I have not."

Barney glanced at the sprawling Dutchman. He remembered him as the man he had taken to Kalua in search of Ysabel Dick, and who had been arrested by order of Mr. McTab as soon as he reached the island. His manner became a little more civil. That the pair of them were rascals—one a worthless loafer, the other a ruffianly free-booter—did not matter to Barney if he saw a chance of doing a spot of profitable trade.

"Put it plain!" he grunted.

"Lord Mauleverer is on your lugger," said Ysabel Dick.

"Ay, ay! I've heard from the boys that you scuttled the schooner they sailed on from Kalua——"

"Never mind that! Give me a chance of getting Lord Mauleverer into my hands, and it's worth a hundred pounds."

"Gosh!" said Barney.

"I'm not asking you to take a hand

in it," went on the outcast of Kalua. "You stand clear! The boy stands between me and a fortune. I was not always a beachcomber in the islands," he added, with a savage sneer. "His life is not threatened; no harm will come to him. I could have taken his life, had I been capable of it—more than once. It would have served my purpose better; it would have been safer—"

"Ach! Much safer!" grunted the Dutchman.

"Safer or not, I could not stand for it, and I will not," said the man from Ysabel. "But if he disappears from all knowledge—on some lonely island or reef—that will serve my purpose."

"Then the old Scotsman had it right when he kicked you off Kalua," said Barney Hall. "You were after the boy?"

"I've said so. A hundred pounds. You've done worse deeds for half the sum!" snarled Ysabel Dick.

Barney Hall's rugged brows wrinkled thoughtfully. A man who had kidnapped and sold Kanakas at ten pounds a head was not likely to be shocked or angered by the proposition. He was considering it.

"Money down?" he asked.

"Yes—yes, money down, and more to follow, to keep your tongue quiet!" snarled Ysabel Dick.

"Gosh!" said Barney. His eyes gleamed under his rugged brows.

"It's square that the boy's life ain't in danger?" he asked. It seemed that even the ruffian of Tonga had his limit.

"Yes, yes, yes! I tell you he has been in my hands more than once, and either time I could have—"

"I reckon I couldn't stand for it," said Barney. "He's a decent lad, I reckon—the pick of that bunch. I reckon you ain't the man to put him out, either; but I ain't so sure about your Dutch friend."

"I am running this!" growled Ysabel Dick. "Van Dink is standing in with me for a share of what comes to me. If he laid hands on the boy I would put a bullet through his head. I've come near that already."

A Dutch oath came snarling from Van Dink.

"It looks good," said Barney slowly. "But how'd you work it? There's seven of them packed on my lugger, and all but one are hefty lads, able to take care of themselves. From what I've heard of their talk, they've done it, too; they got the upper hand of Peter Parsons, of Lukwe—and he's no baby. Dandy Peter ain't standing in with you now?"

"No. He had enough of it; he's turned us down and cleared," muttered Ysabel Dick. "I've got to handle it. Easy enough if you stand in. You steer clear; you know nothing afterwards. You'll be another night at sea before you make Kalua. In the night Mauleverer will disappear from your lugger—that is all. It can only be supposed that he has gone overboard—and that will see me through."

"He ain't going overboard from my lugger, Mr. Beachcomber!" said Barney Hall grimly.

"I've said that his life is in no danger. He will disappear while the others are sleeping; I shall take your boat. Van Dink will be in the offing with a craft to pick us up. All you've got to do is to keep your eyes shut, and keep your crew's eyes shut."

"That's easy! But how'd you reckon to be on my lugger to get him? The craft's crowded fore and aft; a rat

couldn't be hidden from sight. If they saw you on board—"

"You tow your boat," grunted the beachcomber. "I shall be in the boat, under a canvas cover."

"Gosh!" said Barney.

"You're going back in an empty boat. Stick me under the cover. Leave me there when you tie on to your lugger."

"Gosh!" repeated Barney.

"At midnight they will be sleeping—on deck. I shall pull the boat alongside. Leave it to me. You will see nothing—know nothing. But at Kalua you will report that Lord Mauleverer disappeared unseen in the night. He will be alive and safe—but his death will be reported. That will see me through. And you will know enough to make it worth my while to keep your mouth shut," added the beachcomber bitterly.

Barney Hall sat silent, thinking, for several minutes; then he rose from the dinghy and threw away the stump of his cheroot.

"Is it a trade?" asked Ysabel Dick.

The Tonga trader nodded.

"It's a trade!" he answered.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Not Edible!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here he comes!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five looked over the low rail of the lugger. Lord Mauleverer turned his head without rising from his deckchair; Bunter was snoring, no longer disturbed by cockroaches.

The chums of the Greyfriars Remove were glad to see the dinghy pulling back from Uma. They were anxious for the slow old lugger to roll on its way again.

Barney Hall came pulling back. He had gone alone in the dinghy to land on Uma, to do his business there. If he was not returning alone there was nothing to indicate the fact.

A canvas cover, which belonged to the boat to protect it from the weather, had been folded up under a thwart when he went ashore; now it had been unrolled and spread out, and covered a part of the interior of the dinghy.

So far as they noticed that circumstance at all, the juniors could only suppose that Barney had something in the boat that he desired to protect from the burning blaze of the sun—probably provisions of some kind.

They were not likely to suspect what was hidden under that canvas. They had not forgotten Ysabel Dick and the Dutchman, but it was hours since the Pita canoe had disappeared on the sea.

Certainly it did not occur to them that the outcast of Kalua had picked up information at Pita and got ahead of the lugger to wait for Barney Hall at Uma. Still less were they likely to suspect the peculiar stroke of business the ruffian had done ashore—unsuspected by Barney himself till his talk with Ysabel Dick.

They watched Barney as he pulled out from the reef, only glad to see him returning, to get under way again for Kalua-alua-lalua.

The Tonga trader pulled alongside, and Soo threw the towrope, which he made fast at the bow of the dinghy; then he spread out the canvas cover farther, so as to cover the whole of the dinghy, and clefted it down to the sides.

If there was anything packed under

the canvas cover it appeared that he was going to leave it there.

There was nothing surprising in that, with space on board the lugger so extremely limited, with seven unaccustomed passengers.

Having clefted the boat cover, Barney Hall clambered on board, the backward kick of his foot sending the dinghy sliding along astern to its accustomed place for towing.

No one on board the lugger thought of giving it another glance.

"Off again!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully, as Barney Hall grunted orders to the Tonga boys, and the lugger got under way.

The wind was steady, though not strong. The old lugger wallowed on at its usual four knots.

As Uma was left behind, the juniors looked back at the little atoll—not with any special interest, but because it was the only thing to be seen on the boundless, blue Pacific.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob suddenly. He pointed to a canoe that shot out from the reef.

"Those rascals again!" exclaimed Harry.

"Is that the same canoe?" asked Nugent.

"Looks like it to me. They must have put in at Uma—and they're following us again!" said the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

The Famous Five watched the canoe keenly. They were sure it was the same canoe that they had seen in the morning, and which had shot away and left the lugger rolling astern. They could recognise the brown-faced Pita boys in it. The awning was now drawn more closely in, however, and they could not see who was under it, though they could see that somebody was.

"That's the canoe!" said Johnny Bull. "The rotters seem to be parking themselves out of sight—but we jolly well know they're there!"

"The knowfulness is terrific," declared Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Yaas; not much doubt about it," agreed Lord Mauleverer. "Are they goin' to follow us to Kalua—or what?"

It was quite a puzzle to the Greyfriars party.

They could not see who was under the awning, but they had not the slightest doubt that Ysabel Dick and the Dutchman were there.

Apparently the canoe had put in at Uma, and was now taking up the pursuit of the lugger again.

"Blessed if I make out their game!" said Bob. "If they have the nerve to follow us to Kalua they'll be nailed the minute they run into the lagoon. The McTab of McTab will be jolly glad to snaffle them again."

"The gladfulness would be preposterous!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "That cannot be their absurd game."

"Then what the dickens are they up to?"

"Esteemed goodness only knows."

"Anyhow, we know those two scoundrels are on the canoe!" said Harry. "It's a bit too late for them to keep out of sight."

"Yes, rather!"

Barney Hall gave the juniors a curious look. They had no doubt that both the rascals were in the canoe, as they had been in the morning. They were not likely to dream how much nearer at hand one of the rascals was!

The canoe was moving fast. Even with only a mat sail, it sailed faster than the heavy old lugger; and some of the Pita crew were helping the sail with their paddles.

As on the previous occasion, it made a

wide swerve to steer clear of the lugger and shot ahead.

In great amazement the juniors watched it draw ahead, and disappear across the blue water in the direction of distant Kalua.

It was out of sight at last, leaving the Greyfriars fellows in a state of puzzled astonishment.

Unless their enemies meant to reach Kalua ahead of them, they could not understand what it meant.

That could only mean that they planned to skulk in the bush on Kalua, and wait and watch for another chance at Lord Mauleverer.

If that was the game, it was a desperate one, and not likely to meet with much success.

As soon as the juniors arrived, Mr. McTab and the native police would be combing Kalua for the two rascals; and if they were in the bush, they would be rooted out of it sooner or later.

Anyhow, the canoe was gone now, and the Greyfriars fellows dismissed it from mind.

The lugger rolled on under the burning sunshine of the hot afternoon. Billy Bunter was still snoring. Barney Hall gave all his attention to sailing his craft, and carefully avoided a word with the juniors. Every now and then, his glance wandered to the dinghy that rocked at the end of the towrope astern. Billy Bunter's snore did not cease till the inner Bunter warned him that it was near a meal-time.

Then he sat up, set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked at the crowded deck.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter. "Hasn't that beast come back yet?"

"What?"
"Look here, we're not going to hang about all day while that beast Hall is loafing ashore!" hooted Bunter. "Sickening, I call it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.
"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! How long are we going to wait for that beast to get back, I'd like to know!"

"You potty porpoise!" yelled Bob. "The skipper got back more than two hours ago, and we're ten miles from Uma."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter.

He heaved himself out of his deckchair and blinked round. Then he observed that Barney Hall was standing by the boat-steerer, and that Uma was out of sight under the sea-rim.

"Oh!" repeated Bunter. "Well, what about tea? I'm hungry!" He sat down in the chair again. "Fearfully hungry!" he added impressively.

"Like some pork?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter promptly. "I say, you fellows, the way the niggers cook pork is a treat. I've told you so before. It was worth coming to the South Seas for, really! I never knew they had pork on this beastly lugger! I say, is it fresh?"

"Quite!" answered Bob. "Didn't you notice that fat pig that was brought on board at Pita?"

"Eh? No! I never saw it!"

"Well, we jolly well did—"

"Well, I'm not always thinking about grub like you fellows," said Bunter. "But, I say, is it a whole pig? I know they cook the pigs whole—but on this lugger, I don't see how—"

"Yes, it's a whole pig, and a specially fat one!" answered Bob. "Don't you fellows remember noticing that specially fat pig that came on the lugger at Pita?"

"Yes, rather!" answered Johnny Bull.

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Fattest porker I've ever seen!" remarked Nugent.

"Well, I never noticed it," said Bunter. "But, as I said, I'm not one of those fellows always thinking about grub. It's not much I eat, as you know. Still, I could jolly well do with some pork now! Where is it?"

"In that deckchair!" answered Bob.

"Eh?" Bunter blinked round him. "Which deckchair?"

"The one you're sitting in!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wharrer you mean?" roared Bunter. "You said there was a specially fat pig—"

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

"What are you cackling at?"

howled Bunter. "I can't see anything to cackle at! What do you mean, Cherry, you dummy? How could a fat pig be in this chair when I'm sitting in it?"

"How couldn't it?" answered Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you—you— you— you, silly idiot!" gasped Bunter, as Bob's playful meaning dawned on his fat brain.

"You—you—you silly chump! You—you idiotic beast! You—you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

And he rolled out of the deckchair and sorted out canned beef. Billy Bunter could eat almost anything; But obviously, even Billy Bunter could not eat the fat porker that had come on board at Pita.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Man Behind The Scenes!

SNORE!
Billy Bunter was not asleep.

Certainly, it sounded as if he was. That rumbling snore generally indicated that Bunter was deep in the embrace of Morpheus.

And Bunter, after packing away canned beef, and other things, had

parked himself in the deckchair, with the intention of going to sleep.

Watching the strangely coloured fishes that glided under the clear water, or the fleecy clouds that dappled the deep blue of the sky, or the gorgeous hues of the sunset in the west, did not appeal to Bunter—having eaten, there

(Continued on next page.)



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was, so far as Bunter could see, nothing to do but to go to sleep. And it was fearfully hot.

Nevertheless, he was not sleeping. Having slept more than half the day already, even the fat Owl did not find it so easy as usual to drop off into balmy slumber. He was doing his best when Harry Wharton and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh moved along the lugger and leaned on the rail near him, speaking in low tones.

Then Bunter snored!

Lord Mauleverer was seated in his deckchair at a little distance, placidly watching the intricate patterns of the clouds in the blue. Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Bob Cherry were hanging over the rail forward, watching darting fish in the water. And the fact that Hurree Jamset Ram Singh quietly drew the captain of the *Remove* away, revealed to Bunter that he had something to say, which was not for the general fear—for which reason, Billy Bunter snored, to give the impression that he was asleep!

That was one of Bunter's happy ways. Inquisitiveness was a part of his attractive nature. At Greyfriars, Bunter was a great man at keyhole work. There were no keyholes on board the *Tonga lugger*. But if fellows chose to talk private affairs close by Bunter, fancying that he was asleep, that was their own look-out, and Bunter was not the man to put them wise.

On that crowded lugger it was not easy to speak out of the general hearing. But as Bunter's eyes were promptly shut behind his spectacles, and as he was snoring, that spot seemed safe. Moving farther away from Bunter meant moving within hearing of fellows who were awake. And neither Harry Wharton nor the nabob suspected that Bunter was awake.

"Go it, Inky!" Wharton was saying. "What the dickens have you got to say that everybody can't hear?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh glanced at Bunter. Reassured by the snore, he went on in a low tone.

"It is a terrifically difficult matter, my esteemed Wharton! I do not know whether to tip Mauly or not."

"But what—" asked Harry, mystified.

"It flashed into my debilitated brain when I was ponderfully thinking it over," explained Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"What did?" asked Harry.

"You are aware, old bean, that the excellent Mauly is looking for that missing relation of his, who is an execrable bad hat—and disappeared long ago in those delectable regions—"

"Brian Mauleverer—yes!"

"He has not found him!" murmured the nabob.

"Not likely to, either!" answered Harry. "It's like looking for a needle in a haystack. The man seems to have gone to the bad, and there can't be much doubt that he had the decency to change his name, so as not to drag the name of Mauleverer in the mud. If that's so, Mauly isn't likely to get track of him."

"Quitefully so!" agreed the nabob. "But as Mauly has not likewise changed his name, it would be easy for the bad hat to get on Mauly's track."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Harry Wharton. "Quite likely that he might hear about Mauleverer being in these parts. But what—"

"He does not love the esteemed Mauly very much."

"Hardly! He was kicked out of the family in disgrace, and went to the bad in the South Seas! From what we've

heard of him, he seems to be a pretty thorough rotter, so he would hardly like Mauly! Might even be rotter enough to be pleased if Mauly had gone down in the *Flamingo*—as it would leave him earl in Mauly's place—I shouldn't wonder."

"Exactly!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Now, it has been a terrific mystery why a beachcomber and a Dutchman should have set out on the track of the esteemed Mauly! Both of them are rascals; but why should they want to harm our esteemed chum?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"We've puzzled over that often enough, Inky, without finding an answer! Ask me another."

"But they must have a reason," said Hurree Singh.

"I suppose they must have—of course, they must have! I can't guess what it is, as neither of them ever saw Mauly before we came out here for the holidays." Harry Wharton gave a start. "You don't mean that you've guessed the reason, Inky, why those two villains are after Mauly?"

Billy Bunter almost ceased to snore, in his keen interest!

Harry Wharton was a little excited.

The deadly enmity of Ysabel Dick and Van Dink, to so inoffensive a fellow as Lord Mauleverer, had puzzled and utterly perplexed all the Greyfriars fellows. Mauleverer as much as any of them.

If Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had put his finger on the mystery, Wharton was very eager to know—and so was Billy Bunter!

"I thinkfully opine that I have spotted it," said the nabob. "But I am telling only you, my esteemed Wharton, to hear what you think."

"I understand! Go ahead!"

"Several times we have wondered whether those two rascals could have been put on Mauly's track by some enemy—"

"Yes, but Mauly hasn't any enemies," said Harry. "How could a chap like old Mauly have an enemy—especially one so bitter as to want him knocked on the head, or marooned on a lonely island."

"But consider it, my esteemed chum—if Mauly was knocked on his absurd napper, or if he disappeared and was supposed to be pegfully out, Ysabel Dick and the Dutchman would stand to gain nothing—"

"Yes. That's the puzzle—"

"But somebody else would stand to gain a whole hatful!"

"Eh? Who?"

"The esteemed bad hat of the family, who will be Earl of Mauleverer if Mauly does not go back to England."

Harry Wharton jumped.

"Inky!" he ejaculated.

"Think it over, my esteemed chum!" murmured Inky. "Mauly has not found the esteemed Brian—but it is quite likely that Brian has spotted Mauly! Somebody has put up those two rascals to get rid of Mauly!"

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Harry Wharton. "But—but—but we've no proof, old man, that Brian Mauleverer knows that Mauly is in the South Seas at all—and—and if he did, could he be such a villain—Inky—"

Harry Wharton broke off.

The idea had not occurred to him before; but now that it had occurred to Hurree Singh, it struck him with surprise and horror, but at the same time, with the force of truth.

Indeed, he realised that he would have thought of it himself, but for the circumstance that nothing had been seen or heard of Brian Mauleverer, and that no

one supposed or suspected that he even knew that Lord Mauleverer was in the Pacific at all.

But if he knew—

Now that he thought of it, Wharton realised that it was quite possible that Brian knew.

The bad hat of the Mauleverer family was, more likely than not, skulking under a name not his own. But Lord Mauleverer, of course, was sailing under his own colours, so to speak. He was not likely to hear news of Brian, if Brian was using a borrowed name. But Brian was quite likely to get news of him!

He had got the news—and, keeping behind the scenes, he was engineering the attack on the present holder of the Mauleverer title and fortune.

"Oh!" gasped Harry.

Bunter quite forgot to snore, this time. He was as startled and as keenly interested as Harry, in this solution of the mystery of Mauly's peril.

"Oh!" repeated Wharton. "Inky, old man, I—I—I believe you've spotted it—it looks—but—but—for goodness' sake not a word to Mauly!"

"That is why I consultfully spoke to you on the Q.T!" explained the nabob. "I think that I have spotted the esteemed nigger in the woodpile—the absurd Polonius behind the arras, as esteemed Shakespeare would say—but the excellent and ridiculous Mauly might not—"

"He wouldn't think so, Inky—he couldn't! Old Mauly can't believe harm of anybody, even when it stares him in the face! I'm afraid you're right—but I'm sure that Mauly wouldn't think so—and he would be fearfully offended at the idea—"

"It would be a terrific disaster to offend the esteemed and fatheaded Mauly!" agreed Inky. "But to put him on his absurd guard—"

"Not a word, old chap—not a syllable! We can think this over—not a word to Mauly! The man's his relation—his cousin—he knows he's a bad hat, but he couldn't and wouldn't believe—"

Harry Wharton broke off suddenly. It had dawned on him that Billy Bunter, whom both the juniors had supposed to be fast asleep, was no longer snoring.

Looking at the fat Owl, Harry saw that his eyes were wide open behind his spectacles—staring with excited interest in what he had heard! The captain of the *Remove* stood dumb.

He had cautioned Inky to say not a word of that startling suspicion. And Bunter had heard! Which amounted to exactly the same thing as telling every fellow within reach of Bunter's tongue.

In mingled rage and dismay, Harry Wharton stood dumb, staring at the fat Owl.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Lawyer-cane for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER grinned. Bunter, at least, was pleased! The Peeping Tom of Greyfriars had had the luck this time! He had wondered, inquisitively, what the two juniors had to say, which others were not to hear. But he had never dreamed of anything so interesting and exciting as this! Bunter was fearfully bucked.

"You prying, spying little beast!" said Harry, in choking tones. "You were listening—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Oh, my esteemed hat!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You—you—" Harry Wharton



"Yaroooh! Ow! Oooogh! What—yow-ow! Help!" yelled Bunter, as Barney Hall landed on top of him, flattening him down in the bunk almost like a pancake. "I say, you fellows, it's an earthquake! The ship's sinking! Yoo-hoop!"

clenched his hands, almost convulsively. Generally he managed to keep more or less patient with the fat Owl's peculiar manners and customs. But this was the limit.

Wharton had little doubt that the nabob was right—that there was a secret enemy behind the attacks on Mauleverer, and that that enemy was his cousin Brian. But he knew that Mauly would not think so—and he knew that such a suggestion would offend Mauleverer.

Not unless the thing could be proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, could it be told to Mauly; and so far, it was merely suspicion.

The chums of the Remove had their own opinion of the bad hat of the Mauleverer family; but they had, of course, never stated it to Mauly. Mauly hoped and believed that there was some good in him, and that with a helping hand he might get back to the right path.

It was like Mauly to think so; and they would never have said a word to rob him of his kind and simple faith. To tell him that they suspected the bad hat, his near relation, of plotting against his safety, even his life, was impossible. It was nothing more or less than a mortal offence.

And now Bunter knew—and it could not be kept back!

The look on Harry Wharton's face startled the fat junior. Even the short-sighted Owl could see that it spelt danger, and he ceased to grin.

"I—I say, you fellows, I never heard what you were saying!" said the fat Owl hastily. "Not a syllable! I hope you don't think I'd listen."

"You execrable and atrocious fat scoundrel!" breathed the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, really, Inky—"

Harry Wharton, his eyes glinting, scanned the fat Owl's face. Was it possible, after all, that Bunter had only just woke up, and had heard nothing? Certainly he had seemed sound enough asleep.

"You were not listening?" breathed Harry.

"That's an insulting question!" answered Bunter, with dignity. "I hope I'm not the fellow to listen! You might—"

"If you heard—" muttered Harry, clenching his hands.

"I—I say, of—of course I didn't!" exclaimed Bunter. "Think I'd pretend to be asleep just to hear what you fellows were saying? The thought never crossed my mind! I never knew you were going to talk about Mauly—"

"About Mauly!" said Harry, between his teeth.

"Never dreamed of it, and shouldn't have wanted to hear if I had! I never heard a word—not a syllable! I never even heard you mention the name of that sweep, Brian Mauleverer—"

"The execrable fat rotter has heard it all," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh quietly, "and now the fat is in the absurd fire!"

"I say, I never!" gasped Bunter, quite alarmed by the expression on Harry Wharton's face. "Not a word! Besides, you can trust me, I suppose! I shan't say anything to Mauly about his Cousin Brian putting up those beasts to nab him! I—I wouldn't!"

"You prying rascal!" breathed Harry.

"Oh, really, Wharton, I never heard anything, and I'm not going to tell Mauly what I heard, either! I can't say fairer than that! And if you're going to get into one of your beastly tempers, Wharton, I can jolly well say— Yaroooh! Yaroooh! Oh crikey! Yaroooooooh!"

Billy Bunter roared as he was grabbed and upended out of the deckchair.

He smote the deck with a terrific bump.

He sprawled there, roaring.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What—"

Bob Cherry and the other fellows stared round in surprise. Barney Hall, sitting on the taffrail, stared. The two Tonga boys stared. Lord Mauleverer sat up and stared. All eyes on the lugger were fixed on Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton did not heed staring eyes. He was not finished with Bunter yet by any means.

Bunter had heard it all. Bunter was going to tattle what he had heard, and, as likely as not, cause a breach between Lord Mauleverer and his friends. Bunter was going to get for once what a Peeping Tom and a Paul Pry deserved! Bunter was going to have a lesson that he had long needed!

"I say, you fellows, keep him off!" yelled Bunter frantically.

"Harry—" exclaimed Nugent, in astonishment.

"What the dooce—" ejaculated Mauleverer blankly. "Wharton, old chap—"

"Yaroooh! Help! I say, you fellows, draggimoff!" shrieked Bunter.

"Wharton, old bean—" gasped Bob.

Harry Wharton had grasped up a thick lawyer-cane which Barney Hall kept on deck for occasional use on the Tonga boys. It came in handy to use on Bunter.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

Bunter rolled and roared.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

The captain of the Remove put his beef into it. Under staring, astonished eyes, he swiped and swiped with the lawyer-cane.

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(Continued from page 13.)

Bunter yelled frantically. Mr. Quelch, at Greyfriars, had never handed it out like this. The severest "six" from Loder of the Sixth was a mere jest in comparison. The enraged captain of the Remove seemed to think that he was beating carpet.

He swiped and swiped.

Bunter bounded up. Not generally active, he bounded like the lightest and most active kangaroo. Not often swift, he raced like a startled deer.

He fairly whizzed along the deck of the lugger.

But it booted not. After him rushed the captain of the Remove, still swiping.

Swift as Bunter was, Wharton kept pace. And at almost every step the lawyer-cane swiped, and rang like a pistol-shot, eliciting yell after yell from the fat Owl.

Bunter dodged into the bows, with the lawyer-cane swiping behind. In the bows he doubled, and shot back along the deck, yelling. After him shot Wharton, swiping.

"Yaroo! Help! Keep him off!" raved Bunter. "I never heard a word—Yaroo! I say— Oh crikey! Yoo-hoop!"

Swipe, swipe!

"Harry—" shouted Nugent.

"Wharton, old man, gone mad?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Stop, you ass—"

Bunter scuttled aft.

Harry Wharton rushed after him. But his friends, amazed and a little alarmed at this startling outbreak, grasped him in passing and held him back.

"Hold on!" stuttered Bob.

"Wharton—"

"Let me go, you dummies!" panted Harry. "I'm going to take the skin off him! I'm going to teach that fat scoundrel not to spy and pry! I—"

"But—" gasped Nugent.

"My dear chap—" urged Mauleverer.

"Will you let me go?" roared Wharton savagely; and he wrenched himself away from detaining hands and rushed after Bunter again.

Bunter had had a brief respite. He blinked back at the enraged, exasperated captain of the Remove in sheer terror. He hoped that his friends would hold him back. He gave a terrified squeak as Wharton broke loose and rushed after him again, the lawyer-cane gripped in his hand and fury in his face.

There was no escape for Bunter. There was no room for dodging and chasing on so small a craft as the Tonga lugger.

Then, in sheer desperation, Bunter had a brain-wave. He had to get out of the reach of that lawyer-cane—and astern of the lugger, bobbing in the wake, was the towed dinghy.

Bunter made one frantic grab at the tow-rope, so frantic that it jerked the little boat alongside with a single sweep. As it rocked under the rail, the fat junior hurled himself headlong into it.

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He landed on the canvas cover of the boat, and sprawled there, spluttering, and the dinghy immediately slid back to the end of the tow-rope as the lugger pulled on.

Hardly a moment later, Harry Wharton would have reached him. But Bunter was out of reach, and the captain of the Remove glared over the rail, clutching the lawyer-cane, at the dinghy bobbing astern.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery!

"GOSH!" gasped Barney Hall.

He stared at Bunter.

What had happened had happened so suddenly and so swiftly that the Tonga trader had been unable to make a single movement to intervene.

His eyes fairly bulged as he stared at Bunter sprawling headlong on the canvas cover of the dinghy—and what was hidden beneath it.

What was hidden beneath it was not likely to remain hidden much longer.

"By hokey!" breathed Barney.

Under that canvas cover lay Ysabel Dick, the outcast of Kalua, hidden from sight. Bunter must have crashed fairly on the hidden beachcomber—much to his surprise, no doubt.

For hours Ysabel Dick had lain there—still, silent, unseen, unsuspected—waiting for night to carry out his plan; a plan that could scarcely have failed, as no one could have dreamed of an attack in the middle of the lonely ocean, far from land, far from any other vessel. But Barney did not think that the beachcomber's cunning plan would be carried out now. He could only stare in blank dismay at the sprawling Owl on the dinghy.

Bunter was still yelling. But it was not only from the swipes of the lawyer-cane. Barney could guess, if the juniors did not yet know, that the startled Owl had discovered that there was somebody else in the dinghy.

Harry Wharton put his hand on the tow-rope. But the rest of the Co. rushed up, grabbed him, and held him.

"Look here, what's this about?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"I'm going to thrash that fat rascal!"

"You've done that."

"He hasn't had enough yet—"

"Don't be an ass, Wharton!" growled Johnny Bull. "Whatever the fat fool may have done, he's had enough, and too much! What has he done, anyhow?"

"Never mind that! I'm going—"

"You're not!" said Bob curtly. "Keep your temper, old man! Bunter's enough to make anyone lose his temper, but there's a limit."

"Yaas, chuck it, old man!" urged Lord Mauleverer. "What the jolly old dooce can the fat ass have done to get your rag out like this?"

Harry Wharton panted. But he threw down the lawyer-cane. Possibly Bunter had had enough. Anyhow, thrashing the fat Owl would not undo the harm that had been done. The captain of the Remove was still intensely angry, but he let the lawyer-cane drop to the deck.

"I say, you fellows, help!" yelled Bunter.

"All right, you fat chump!" called back Bob Cherry. "There's no more to come, you blithering owl! What have you been up to?"

"Help!" yelled Bunter. "Pull on that rope! I say, you fellows, help! I say, there's something alive in this boat!"

"Wha-at?"

"I can feel it moving!" shrieked

Bunter. "Oh crikey! I say, there's something alive— Oh crikey! Help! Pull me in, you beasts!"

"Is the fat chump mad?" asked Johnny Bull. "How can there be anything alive in the boat?"

"Help!"

"By gum, there is, though!" exclaimed Bob, staring. "Look! You can see the canvas moving. There's something wriggling under it!"

"Great pip!"

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter. He forgot even the lawyer-cane in his startled terror. "I say, will you pull me in? I say, there's somebody in this boat! Will you pull me in?"

In sheer wonder the Famous Five grasped the tow-rope, and pulled the dinghy alongside.

Barney Hall half-rose from the taff-rail, but sat back again. It was impossible for him to prevent the discovery now, and the beachcomber's game was up. Barney's game now was to think out some explanation—if he could—that would see him personally clear. Barney did not want trouble with the magistrate on Kalua when he arrived there.

The dinghy rocked under the low rail, and all the juniors could see, plainly enough, that there was someone hidden under the canvas cover.

It was a startling discovery, for not a fellow on board had dreamed of anything of the kind, or even glanced at the dinghy till Billy Bunter took refuge in it.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Who the dickens—" said Nugent.

"Some Kanaka stowaway—"

"I say, you fellows, help me out!" shrieked Bunter, clutching wildly at the lugger. "I say, keep that beast Wharton off—"

"Fathead!"

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull grasped the fat junior, and hooked him on board.

Bunter landed, gasping, on the deck, bounced up, and bolted to the other end of the lugger.

Wharton did not heed him; his eyes were on the dinghy. And there was a grim look on his face.

"Keep hold of that rope," he said.

"Knot it to the rail, while we look into this—"

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. He knew what was in Wharton's mind. It had flashed into his own. "One of those rotters—"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob.

Harry Wharton shot a swift, suspicious look at Barney Hall. The Tonga trader did not meet his eyes.

Wharton breathed hard. Bunter and Bunter's prying were forgotten for the moment in the excitement of this discovery. If there was a man hidden under the canvas cover of the dinghy, Harry Wharton had little doubt that he could guess who it was.

Barney Hall started a little as Wharton took a revolver from his pocket. It had not occurred to him that any of the schoolboys were armed. That revolver had once belonged to Dandy Peter Parsons, of the cutter Sea-Cat, and had it remained in Dandy Peter's possession, it was probable that the Greyfriars party would never have landed safely at Pita.

With the revolver in his hand, Harry stepped down into the dinghy.

Barney Hall watched him with a sullen brow, his friends with breathless excitement.

The canvas cover had been split in several places by Billy Bunter's weight

crashing on it as it was cleated over the boat. Through the slits in the rough canvas, glimpses could be had of a hidden figure.

Not that the hidden man had any hope of remaining hidden now. He knew that he was discovered, and was struggling to get the canvas unfastened, and to release himself. He was panting and gasping as he moved, probably winded by the fat Owl crashing on him.

Harry Wharton, stooping in the dinghy, pressed the muzzle of the revolver to the canvas, against the figure beneath. The movements of the hidden man ceased abruptly.

"Keep still, you scoundrel!" said Harry, in a low, clear voice. "If you give any trouble, I'll put a bullet through you as soon as I'd shoot a mad dog!"

"A thousand curses!" came a muttering, enraged voice.

"You can pack that up! We've got you, you rascal, and if I see a weapon when you're hooked out, I shall fire!" said Harry. "You won't get a chance at Mauleverer this time, Ysabel Dick." "Ysabel Dick!" gasped Bob.

"It's one of the scoundrels—and it can't be the Dutchman!" said Harry. "Get a rope ready for the rotter! Mind, I mean what I say, Ysabel Dick. I'll shoot you through the head if you show a weapon of any kind."

A bitter, snarling oath was the only answer. But all the juniors knew now who it was hidden in the dinghy. They knew that savage snarl.

Johnny Bull sorted out a rope ready for the beachcomber when he was hauled on board. Bob Cherry dropped into the rocking dinghy, to whip the cover off. The other fellows stood ready to seize the outcast of Kalua. Wharton's face was set and grim.

He suspected—he could hardly help suspecting—that Barney Hall had a hand in this. It was impossible for the Tonga trader to have rowed the boat back from Uma, without knowing that a man was hidden in it. He must have been actually touching him as he sat at the oars. And Wharton remembered how Barney had carefully covered the boat and cleated down the cover before leaving it to tow. He was ready to deal with Hall, if necessary, but he was dealing with the outcast of Kalua first. And he meant every word he said. His finger was on the trigger, and he was ready to fire on the instant if Ysabel Dick had a weapon in his hand when he was revealed.

Bob dragged the cover loose, and dragged it aside.

The beachcomber was revealed, half-crouching, half-sprawling in the dinghy, his dark face convulsed with rage. But he was grasping no weapon. The muzzle of the revolver was hardly a foot from him, with Wharton's eyes gleaming over it.

Ysabel Dick, mad with rage as he was at this disaster to all his scheming, was not prepared for a desperate and deadly affray; but if he had been, he had no chance. Wharton was taking care of that. Had there been a weapon in the outcast's hand, he would have fired at sight of it as he had warned him. But there was no weapon.

"That skunk!" breathed Bob. "Chuck that rope down, Johnny!" Wharton stood over the beachcomber, his revolver levelled.

Ysabel Dick panted with rage. The rope dropped, and Bob caught it.

"Fasten the scoundrel's paws, Bob.

Lift a finger, you hound, and you'll be sorry for it!" said Wharton, between his teeth.

Ysabel Dick made no attempt at resistance as his hands were bound behind his back. Then he was hauled on board the lugger, and landed on the deck, and the dinghy allowed to drift back again to the end of its tow-rope.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Barney Hall Takes Orders!

BILLY BUNTER, squatted in the bows of the lugger, blinked along the deck through his big spectacles, and wriggled.

Bunter was breathless, and he was feeling severely the swipes of the lawyer-cane. Now that he was back on the lugger, he was in terror of more lawyer-cane; so it was a great relief to the fat Owl to see the general attention concentrated on the beachcomber.

Wharton seemed to have forgotten him—as, indeed, he had for the time. Never had Bunter been so glad to be forgotten.

Ysabel Dick stood slouching, with his hands secured behind his back, his face a picture of rage. He had been rather hurt when Billy Bunter's weight crashed down on him, and he was still gasping. But this blow to all his plans was overwhelming to the plotting outcast of Kalua.

No more than Barney Hall had he dreamed that his presence in the dinghy could, or would be discovered. All he had had to do was to lie there unseen till a late hour of the night, then pull the boat alongside by the tow-rope, and seize a sleeping victim. Lord Mauleverer would have been flung into the dinghy, the tow-rope cut, the lugger rolling on, and leaving him behind with his kidnapper—the others still asleep, or, if they awakened, unable to intervene. And now—

Only by an unexpected, unlooked-for chance could the beachcomber have been discovered in the towed boat—and that chance had accrued. And the outcast of Kalua stood with his hands bound, muttering breathless curses, surrounded by the Greyfriars fellows.

"Well, we've got the scoundrel!" said Bob. "But who'd have thought it? We thought he was in that canoe with the other rotter—"

"How the thump did he get into the boat?" asked Nugent, in astonishment. "I'm blessed—"

"Mr. Hall is going to tell us that," said Harry Wharton quietly. He turned to the Tonga trader, his brows knitted, and his eyes glinting. "Will you tell us what this means, Barney Hall?"

Barney muttered an oath. It was useless to profess ignorance of the beachcomber's presence in the dinghy. It was clear enough that he must have known that the man was there.

As the matter had turned out, Barney wished that he had never struck that bargain on the beach at Uma. But it was rather too late to wish that now.

"You know who this man is," went on Harry, in the same quiet tone. "He's the man Mr. McTab put on your lugger weeks ago, to be deported from Kalua for attempting to kidnap Lord Mauleverer. You recognised him in the canoe this morning. You've heard us say what he's done—scuttling the schooner, Flamingo, and joining

up with that scoundrel Peter Parsons, of Lukwe, to get us marooned."

Barney breathed hard. "You must have met him at Uma and brought him off in the boat!" went on Harry. "He's been hiding there ever since under the boat-cover. What were you going to help him do, Mr. Hall?"

"Nothing!" grunted Barney Hall. "He begged a passage to Kalua and paid for it, and I let him pack into the dinghy. I couldn't take him on board—and I reckoned he'd do no harm packed in the boat."

"Is that all?" "That's all!" grunted Barney uneasily.

"Do you think that we believe a word of that?" asked Harry Wharton, with a flash in his eyes.

Barney gave an angry growl. His story was lame enough, but he had to say something, and that was the best he could think of. Neither did the bully of Tonga relish the position of being called over the coals by a parcel of schoolboys. His savage temper was rising.

"I reckon this is my packet!" he growled. "I'll give a man a passage in my dinghy if I choose. You've paid me for this trip as passengers—you ain't bought my lugger that I know of. I run this packet, Mr. Wharton."

Ysabel Dick's eyes gleamed. He saw a chance of escape if the Tonga trader stood by him.

"I ain't got nothing to do with any trouble atween you, neither," went on Barney Hall, "and I ain't having a man tied up like a turkey on my packet. That man's going back into the dinghy, and if you've got anything agin him, like you let on, all you got to do is to hand him over to Mr. McTab when we make Kalua."

Harry Wharton gave a scornful laugh. "And I don't want any lip from a crew of schoolboys on my lugger, neither!" roared Barney Hall.

"You'll get some, all the same, and get it plain!" answered Harry Wharton. "That scoundrel bribed you at Uma to bring him along in the dinghy, and he was waiting and watching for a chance to carry on with his kidnapping game. You knew that, Barney Hall. You know as well as I do that he never intended to go to Kalua; and that if we put him back in the dinghy he will cut the tow-rope and clear—and the other scoundrel will pick him up in the canoe! I've no doubt you'd be glad to get shut of him, as it's turned out—but you're not getting shut of him, Mr. Hall."

"Who's giving orders on this lugger?" roared Barney.

"I am at the present moment!" answered Wharton coolly. "If you're afraid of what that villain may tell Mr. McTab when we hand him over at Kalua, that's your look out. We're keeping him on this lugger, and we're keeping him tied up safe, and you're not going to interfere, Barney Hall."

"Gosh!" said Barney, glaring at him. "I've taken the skin off a man's back for less lip than that!"

"You won't take any skin off mine!" said Harry Wharton. "You'll sail this lugger to Kalua with this scoundrel a prisoner in our hands."

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry. Barney Hall clenched his big fists and made a stride towards the juniors. His rugged, bearded face was red with rage. Barney was accustomed to running his lugger with a heavy hand, and was always ready to use his knuckles, and to back them up with a revolver-butt.

"Cast that man loose!" he roared.

"We shall do nothing of the kind,"

answered Wharton. "And if you dare to interfere we shall lock you in your cabin and sail the lugger ourselves."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob.

"Yaas!" remarked Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "Think it over again, dear man! More than enough of us here to handle you."

Barney Hall breathed rage. He was uneasy at his own part in the affair coming to light if Ysabel Dick was handed over to the magistrate on Kalua. But that was nothing to his fury at being defied on his own deck by a parcel of schoolboys.

The six juniors gathered round their prisoner, and the brawny ruffian of Tonga towered over them, with glaring face and clenched, brawny fists.

The juniors did not retreat an inch. Burly and brawny as the Tonga trader was, there were enough of them, as Mauleverer had said, to handle the ruffian if it came to the point. And Harry Wharton had taken the revolver from his pocket again. He was quite ready to deal with Barney Hall.

"Stand back, Barney Hall!" he said between his teeth. "Lay a finger on any fellow here and I'll put a bullet through your carcass!"

"Gosh!" said Barney Hall.

He halted, glaring like a wild animal. Barney had a "gun" in his pocket; but he could not, of course, think of handling it in a shooting affray with the schoolboys. If a bullying voice and brawny knuckles could not see him through Barney had to back down.

"You reckon you're giving a man orders on his own deck, you young swab?" he roared.

"I reckon exactly that," answered Harry Wharton. "We are taking this man a prisoner to Kalua, and you will not be allowed to interfere. Keep to sailing your lugger, Barney Hall—and get it into your thick head that we are not a Kanaka crew to be bullied. Stand back!"

Barney Hall stood for a moment or two breathing fury. The ruffian was almost irresistibly tempted to rush on the schoolboys, hitting out right and left, knocking them over like ninepins. No doubt the six of them could have secured him, hefty ruffian as he was; but there was equally no doubt that a fearful lot of damage would have been done before he was overpowered.

Harry Wharton was quite determined that it was not coming to that. If Barney Hall rushed, Barney Hall was going down with a bullet in his leg—and fortunately the ruffian realised that Wharton was in deadly earnest, and controlled his fury.

For a few moments he stood glaring, then, with a muttered oath, he swung away and tramped aft to the taffrail. And Ysabel Dick's brief hope died away.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Expected Happens!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Shut up, you fat rotter!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Harry Wharton compressed his lips.

He had forgotten Bunter in the excitement of the discovery of Ysabel Dick. But he had to remember him now.

The lugger was rolling on westward under the glowing sunset. Barney Hall, sitting on the taffrail, was scowling savagely, between rage and uneasiness. The dinghy rocked astern—empty now.

Ysabel Dick, with his hands bound behind his back, sat in the bows, his face savage and sullen. Barney Hall could

not help him, unless by such desperate measures as Barney never dreamed of taking, and the beachcomber's prospect was that of being taken a prisoner to Kalua and handed over to Mr. McTab.

Billy Bunter eyed the captain of the Remove uneasily.

"Look here, you beast, if you're going to be a beast—" he began.

"Shut up!" muttered Harry.

"Pitching into a fellow for nothing!" said Bunter warmly. "I've a jolly good mind to punch your head—"

"You fat fool!"

"Yah! I say, you fellows, fancy that villain being hidden in that boat all the time!" said Bunter. "If I hadn't found him out your number would have been up, Mauly."

"Yaas, it was jolly lucky that fat ass tumblin' into the dinghy!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "There's not much doubt that the rotter was hidin' there and waitin' for dark—what?"

"That was the game, of course," said Bob. "Waiting until we were fast asleep, and then catching us napping—no mistake about that. He might have got you away in that dinghy, Mauly."

"And the other rascal's hanging about somewhere, ready to join up with him again," said Johnny Bull. "That's why he passed us in the canoe. We shan't see him again—but you can bet he will spot the lugger's lights after dark and hang about for the villain we've got tied up."

"Yaas, they had it all cut and dried!" assented Mauleverer. "Plain enough now! If Bunter hadn't done the jumpin' act I might have taken a trip about midnight—what? How jolly lucky Wharton got after you with that lawyer-cane, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"But what the thump was the row about?" asked Bob. "What the dickens were you chasing Bunter all over the shop for, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton did not reply to that. His face was clouded, and the cloud was reflected on the dusky countenance of Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Bunter had had the lawyer-cane for his prying, and the captain of the Remove was feeling strongly disposed to give him some more. But any amount of lawyer-cane would not have stilled Bunter's tattling tongue.

"I never did anything!" explained Bunter. "Wharton got into one of his silly tempers for nothing. You know him! I had to change out of his study at Greyfriars, you know, because of his rotten temper. You remember that, Nugent? You had a scrap with him the day he came to the school—"

"Shut up, idiot!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! I remember Bob scrapping with him, too—"

"Where's that lawyer-cane?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Go and fetch that lawyer-cane, Bunter! You haven't had enough!"

"Yah! Making out that a fellow was listening!" said Bunter. "As if I'd listen! Have you fellows ever known me to do anything of the sort?"

"Wha-a-t?"

"I ask you!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Is that why you whopped the fat chump, Harry?" asked Nugent.

"Yes!" said Wharton curtly.

"I never listened!" roared Bunter. "Not the sort of thing I would do! I never heard a word! Not a syllable! I was fast asleep! They jolly well knew I was fast asleep, or they wouldn't have been whispering just at my elbow. I never heard a word—how could I, when I was fast asleep?"

Four fellows looked curiously and

oddly at Bunter, and then at Wharton and Hurree Singh. They knew, now, the cause of that outbreak with the lawyer-cane. Bunter had pretended to be asleep, to overhear what Wharton and the nabob were talking about. But it was rather surprising and mysterious that they had anything to talk about which it mattered whether Bunter overheard or not.

"Besides, fellows shouldn't jaw right at a fellow's elbow if they don't want him to hear!" went on Bunter. "Not that I heard anything, of course. I told Wharton that I never heard him mention Mauly, or Brian Mauleverer, either. I'd forgotten there was such a chap."

Lord Mauleverer gave a little start.

Unnoticed by the group of juniors amidstships, the bound man in the bows lifted his head and looked at Bunter. It seemed as if Bunter's words struck Ysabel Dick strangely.

But the juniors were not looking at Ysabel Dick.

"Will you hold your tongue, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton, in a low, concentrated tone.

"Eh? I'm not going to tell Mauly!" said Bunter, blinking at him. "Mauly would get jolly waxy, I think! I know I should be, if a fellow made out that my own cousin was after my scalp."

Mauleverer gave another start.

"You'd better shut up, Bunter!" he said quietly.

"That's all right," said Bunter. "I'm not going to tell you anything, Mauly. I'm not going to tell any of the fellows—you specially! I'm not a chap to tattle, I hope! Besides, I never heard anything! That was only Wharton's beastly suspiciousness—he couldn't take a fellow's word. I was fast asleep, and dreaming, too, when I heard Inky telling Wharton that it was your cousin Brian who put up those rotters to nab you. I mean, when I never heard him," added Bunter hastily. "I couldn't, could I, when I was fast asleep at the time? I mean to say—leggo, Bob Cherry, you beast!"

Bob Cherry grabbed the fat Owl by the neck, and spun him over.

Bunter went rolling along the deck, yelling.

Three members of the Co. had heard him, in utter astonishment—and Lord Mauleverer with compressed lips. Bob realised that Bunter had said enough—in fact, a little too much.

Bunter was not saying any more. He was yelling instead.

Six juniors were silent—with mixed feelings. Wharton's face was crimson; Hurree Singh's deeply worried; Nugent's, Bob's, and Johnny Bull's surprised and dismayed—Mauly's hard set. Only Bunter's howls broke the troubled silence.

Without speaking, Lord Mauleverer rose to his feet and left the group. He moved away as far as he could, and then leaned on the rail, looking out over the sea, his back to the other fellows.

The Famous Five sat dumb.

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter scrambled up. "I say, look here, if you think—"

Johnny Bull, in silence, stepped to him, and kicked.

Bunter yelled, and scuttled.

Then Johnny rejoined the dismayed group. He fixed his eyes on Harry Wharton's crimson face.

"Is that what you and Inky were talking about, when that spying little beast heard you?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"But—dash it all, old Mauly will get his back up now, and no mistake," muttered Bob Cherry. "What on earth put such an idea into your heads?"



Bunter gave a terrified squeak as Wharton rushed after him, a lawyer-cane in his hand, and fury in his face. In sheer desperation, the fat junior leaped over the rail, to land head-first in the dinghy bobbing astern!

Wharton shrugged his shoulders angrily and impatiently.

"It's true!" he snapped.

"Harry, old chap—" murmured Nugent.

"Think it over for yourselves!" said Wharton. "I never thought of it till Inky put it to me—and it made me jump, too! But I knew at once that he'd got it right! So will you fellows, if you think it over."

"By gum!" said Johnny Bull, with a startled face. Evidently his thoughts were already at work.

"But—" stammered Bob. "You—you think—"

"It's as clear as daylight, now we've thought of it!" said Harry impatiently. "Why should two strangers run such risks, tracking down a chap they'd never seen before? Van Dink risked his neck—Ysabel Dick a long term of imprisonment. They're not mad, I suppose—they must have had some reason! We couldn't guess what their reason was! Now we've guessed it! That's all."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob. "You—you think—the relation that Mauly came out here to look for—oh, my hat!"

"Who else stands to gain by Mauly going to the bottom of the Pacific, or being supposed to have gone to the bottom of the Pacific? Nobody but Brian Mauleverer!" growled the captain of the *Remove*. "We knew already that he was a bad hat, and a dashed unscrupulous rascal! We should have thought of him at once, if we'd seen or heard anything of him out here—"

"Perhaps, yes, but we haven't—"

"No! He's keeping behind the scenes! That's what Inky thought—and when he told me it made me jump—but, as I said, I knew in a minute that he had his finger on it! Somebody put up those two scoundrels to

snaffle Mauly! Well, who would or could want to?"

The Co. were silent.

But their looks showed that they did not need to think it over very long. The fact was, that only the suggestion was needed.

The determined enmity of Ysabel Dick and Van Dink towards a fellow like Lord Mauleverer was utterly inexplicable. Obviously there must be some reason for it—and a powerful reason. If the bad hat of the Mauleverer family was lurking behind the scenes, setting them on, there was the reason!

There was a long silence.

Harry Wharton broke it.

"Inky guessed it," he said. "He consulted me, whether he should let Mauly know! Mauly ought to be put on his guard against that villain. But—Mauly isn't the fellow to believe it. He couldn't get it down! It's plain enough to us—it won't be plain to Mauly."

"No fear!" muttered Bob.

"Inky and I had settled not to speak to Mauly—no good putting the old chap's back up!" said Harry. "But, knowing how the matter stood, we could have taken care that that villain did not get a chance at him. Now we know the facts, we know what to look for. Ysabel Dick and Van Dink aren't the only lawless scoundrels in the Pacific. They've failed—but there are plenty of others for that villain to set on—and now we know, we can guard against that. But—"

The captain of the *Remove* broke off.

The Famous Five had not the slightest doubt that they knew now how matters stood. Mauleverer's mysterious peril in the South Seas had been inexplicable—but now it had been explained! Somewhere behind the scenes lurked Brian

Mauleverer—pulling the strings—unseen, hitherto unsuspected—they had no doubt of it!

They could have no doubt! They could only wonder that they had not thought of it before.

But Mauly! What was Mauly going to think?

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

High Words!

HIGH in the deep, dark blue heavens hung the Southern Cross, sparkling like a mass of jewels. A myriad gleaming stars were reflected in the deep blue of the sea.

The lugger rolled heavily on, making three or four knots, Barney Hall scowling aft, the bound beachcomber sprawling in the bows.

The Greyfriars fellows, amidships, had an eye open for Barney Hall, in case the Tonga skipper thought of making some attempt to loosen Ysabel Dick, now that night had fallen.

They had no doubt that somewhere ahead on the dusky sea the Dutchman was standing by in the canoe, watching for the lights of the lugger—perhaps for some special signal arranged with Barney Hall. And they were going to take the very best care that the outcast of Kalua had no chance of escaping and joining up again with his associate.

Since Billy Bunter's revelation, Lord Mauleverer had not approached the other fellows, or spoken to any of them.

He was leaning on the rail, and watching the sea, silent; and for an hour he had not stirred. What thoughts were passing through Mauly's mind the Famous Five could only conjecture, with uneasy misgiving. It was hardly to be doubted that Mauleverer was

deeply hurt and offended, and it scarcely seemed possible to set the matter right.

Harry Wharton glanced at him many times, and, at length, he went along and joined him where he leaned on the rail.

Mauleverer did not look round at him.

In the starlight, Harry could see that his face was set, and looked a little pale.

"Mauly, old man!" said Harry quietly.

"Yaas!"

Lord Mauleverer answered quietly. But his tone was changed.

"Look here, old man," said Harry. "Don't get your back up! I know it's a shock to you—but a fellow can't help thinking what he thinks, and believing what he believes."

Mauly looked round at that.

"You think my cousin, a blood-relation, put up those scoundrels to snaffle me, to step into my shoes?" he asked.

"Yes!" said Harry, directly enough.

"I can't say so for certain, of course, as we've seen nothing of Brian; and there's no proof, if you come to that, that he knows you're in the South Seas at all. But I've no doubt of it."

"And the others think so?"

"Yes!"

Mauly turned to the sea again.

"I suppose you can't get it into your head, Mauly!"

"No!"

"Inky asked my advice, and we agreed to say nothing to you, old chap. Not because it wasn't as clear as noon-day to us, but because—"

"You think it's as clear as noon-day?"

"Well, yes, old chap."

"You're a fool, then!"

"Mauly!" Harry Wharton gave a start, and stared at the schoolboy earl. This was altogether new and startling language from old Mauly. "What—what did you say?"

"Don't I speak plain? Fool!"

Wharton breathed hard.

"I don't think I'm the fool here," he said quietly. "You're a good chap, Mauly, and you can't believe harm of anybody, and your friends like you all the better for it; but anybody who knew the facts, as we know them, would say that it's you who are the fool for not seeing the plain truth as we do!"

"Rot!"

"It would be better for you to know, if you could only see it," went on Harry. "It would be safer for you to know where your danger lies. Only because I knew you couldn't believe it, I thought you'd better not be told—and you'd have been left to find it out for yourself, but for that prying, babbling fat fool—"

"I'm glad Bunter babbled! I'm glad to know what you fellows think! You see, I know now what to think of you."

"Mauly!"

"I won't tell you what I think! You came here as my guests, so I can't. But I'd rather you didn't speak to me any more than you can help."

Harry Wharton was silent.

He had feared that old Mauly would take it badly. But he had not expected him to take it so badly as this!

"You're askin' me to believe," went on Lord Mauleverer, "that a man of my own blood would plot and scheme to put me out of the way for the sake of my rotten money! Brian's a bad hat. He's sailed pretty near the wind more than once. But if I were in the water there, with a shark comin' for me, Brian Mauleverer would jump in to help!"

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Harry could say nothing in answer to that.

If Lord Mauleverer could believe that of the bad hat of the family, he was, perhaps, to be envied, for the simple faith which, according to the poet, is better than Norman blood. But his friends were not likely to agree.

"I've said you're a fool! Like me to make it clear?" There was something like a sneer in Mauleverer's tone—Mauly, who had never been known to sneer in his life.

Wharton coloured.

"If I'm wrong, Mauly, and if Inky's wrong, too, you know as well as I can tell you that it's only friendship for you that caused us to bother our heads about it at all."

"Yaas! I don't value that kind of friendship much! If the idea came into your head, you ought to have chucked it out again—that would be friendship! I don't call it friendly to insult a chap."

"If we're wrong," repeated Harry, "we should be glad, jolly glad, to know we're wrong! It seems clear enough to us—the only possible explanation of what has been happening ever since you got to the South Seas. But if, as you say, I'm a fool—"

Wharton compressed his lips.

"Make it clear, then," he said. "After what you've said, Mauleverer, you know, of course, that you won't be bothered by us as guests any longer—we shall quit the same hour that we set foot on Kalua. But we shall go, thinking exactly what we think now, unless you can give us some reason for thinking otherwise."

"I've said you're a fool, and now I'll make it clear!" said Lord Mauleverer icily. "You fancy that old Brian is behind the attacks on me—that he's put up Ysabel Dick and the Dutchman to make an end of me, to step into my place at home. They're actin' on his instructions—what?"

"That's what it looks like to us, Mauly."

"Do you fancy that he's hired two dashed rascals and given them two different sets of instructions?"

"Eh? No! Of course not!"

"Then how do you explain that the Dutchman, Van Dink, has tried more than once to finish me off, while the beachcomber has been schemin' to get hold of me and maroon me out of sight on some lonely reef?"

Harry Wharton did not answer.

"Both would suit Brian's game, equally well, I know that!" said Mauleverer sarcastically. "If the Dutchman puts me under the Pacific, or if Ysabel Dick sticks me where I shall never be found, and my death is legally presumed, it comes to the same thing for Brian. But I want to know, if Brian's pullin' the strings, as you fancy, do you fancy that he's pullin' two different sets of strings—hirin' the Dutchman to knock me on the head, and the beachcomber to maroon me? Is that sense?"

Still Wharton did not answer.

His belief was unchanged; but, at the same time, there was no answer to be made to Mauleverer's argument. It was, as he said, not sense!

If Ysabel Dick and the Dutchman were hired, and set on, by a rascal planning to step into Mauleverer's shoes, obviously they would both be playing the same game. Yet, so far from playing the same game, the beachcomber had, more than once, restrained the ferocity of the Dutch freebooter, and, indeed, had run risks, rather than allow Van Dink to carry on.

"Nothin' to say?" asked Mauleverer, in the same sarcastic tone.

"I can't explain that, Mauly!" said Harry. "But—"

"But you think just the same?"

"Yes!"

"That's that, then!" said Lord Mauleverer. "You can't help what you think, and I can't! But I want any fellow who thinks as you do to keep his distance from me."

"Mauly—"

"Don't I make my meanin' clear?" asked Lord Mauleverer, very distinctly.

Harry Wharton bit his lip hard. His own anger was rising fast; but he controlled it. He did not want a row with Mauly.

"Quite clear!" he said. "I'll take you at your word!"

He turned and left Mauleverer.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Boot For Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows, is anything up?" It dawned on Bunter after breakfast.

Billy Bunter had snored through the night. The twinges of the lawyer-cane having faded away, there was no reason why Billy Bunter should not sleep in peace—and he did.

It had been a night of calm repose for Bunter!

It had not been quite like that for the Famous Five! For one thing, they had had to keep watch in turns, lest Barney Hall should make some attempt to release the prisoner and give him a chance of getting away in the dinghy. But, in any case, sleep would not have come easily, with this new and unlooked-for trouble on all minds.

Lord Mauleverer had not spoken a word of his own accord to any member of the Co. If one of them addressed him, he answered civilly; but as his voice seemed to come from the deepest depths of a refrigerator, they were soon tired of that, and left him alone—as he evidently desired.

Morning came—a bright sunrise, that dawned on clouded faces on board the Tonga lugger.

Barney Hall, if he had thought of it, had found no chance in the night; and the beachcomber was still a bound and scowling prisoner. Nothing had been seen of the Dutchman in the canoe with the Pita crew—if he had hung about on the lugger's course, as the juniors believed, waiting and watching for his confederate, he had been disappointed.

The juniors breakfasted on deck; Mauly keeping apart from the rest.

Billy Bunter was still industriously gobbling when Ysabel Dick was unbound, to allow him to take a meal.

Harry Wharton watched him, with a revolver in his hand, while he was unbound; and the expression on his face warned the outcast of Kalua not to give trouble. In his present mood, the captain of the Remove would have knocked him down with the butt of the revolver almost as soon as have looked at him, and his look showed as much.

After the meal, the beachcomber's hands were knotted behind his back again, and he was left scowling.

Billy Bunter was still gobbling. But even Billy Bunter ceased to gobble at last, and gave attention, when his fat mind was free from more important matters, to the fact that something was "up."

He blinked at Lord Mauleverer, who was sitting by the taffrail near the scowling Tonga skipper. Then he blinked at the Co. Then he inquired whether anything was up.

Nobody answered Bunter.

The Famous Five were in a worried and troubled mood. By the afternoon

they expected to make Kalua-alua-lalua.

In the present state of affairs, on unfriendly terms with the fellow as whose guests they had come out to the Pacific Islands, they were eager to reach Kalua—and get away from it again! The sooner they shook the dust of Mauly's island from their feet and headed for home, the better.

But it was a dismal and utterly rotten ending to their holiday in the South Seas with old Mauly.

The worst of it was that there was no help for it! The facts of the case were clear to them—and not clear to Mauly! They could have wished that the facts had never become clear to them, as it had turned out. But they could not, of course, pretend not to see the facts now that they saw them! Neither could they wonder that old Mauly was deeply offended.

Only the clearest proof could have made him believe what they believed. There was no proof.

It was, in fact, a thing that spoke for itself, and needed no proof. Unfortunately, it did not speak for itself so far as Mauly was concerned.

It would have been uncomfortable enough had they known the facts, and left Mauly out of the knowledge. But even that had been rendered impossible by Bunter's prying and babbling.

Bunter, apparently, had forgotten the whole matter. He blinked from clouded face to face, puzzled.

"You fellows deaf, or dumb?" he inquired. "I asked you whether there was anything up."

"Shut up!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"You fellows been rowing with Mauly?" asked Bunter. "What's he sticking over there by himself for?"

"Will you shut up?"

"No, I won't!" answered Bunter. "Bit thick, I think, all you fellows sitting round scowling and quarrelling. Nice for me! You stick me on this filthy lugger without caring a bean whether I'm comfortable or not. Then you start rowing and scowling. Nice for me, I must say!"

Bunter gave an indignant grunt. "Fat lot you care about me, any of you!" he added. "I say"—it seemed to dawn on Bunter's fat brain at last—"I say, has Mauly got his back up because of what Wharton and Inky said about his cousin?"

No answer. "Well, you can't be surprised!" said Bunter. "Nasty sort of thing to say about a chap's relations!"

"Will you shut up?"

"Well, this is pretty rotten," said Bunter peevishly. "Nice sort of finish to the holiday on Mauly's island, and no mistake. How the dickens are you going to finish out the holiday on Kalua if you and Mauly aren't going even to speak to one another?"

"You fat fool!" said Bob. "We shall leave Kalua the same day we get there. If there isn't a boat leaving, we shall hire one. Now shut up!"

"Oh crikey!" said Bunter. "And the last thing we'll do, before going, will be to kick you round the beach, you gabbling, fat pig!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"Now shut up, or I'll begin now!" Bunter rose to his feet. He gave the Famous Five a blink of disdain.

"Well, if you're going, I can't say I shall miss you much," he said. "I'm pretty sure that Mauly will be glad to be left with one real pal! You fellows can go and eat coke, see? I shall stick to old Mauly. There's such a thing as real friendship, though you fellows don't seem to understand it."

Johnny Bull made a movement with his foot, and Bunter rolled away, rather hastily. He rolled aft to join Mauly.

He gave him his most affable blink. "All serene, old chap," he said reassuringly, "I'm sticking to you! I'm not surprised that you can't stand that crew any longer. Bit of a mistake to ask them out here, what?"

"Will you shut up?" asked Mauleverer.

"Eh?"

"If you don't, I shall kick you!"

"Why, you beast—I mean, don't be shirty, old chap! I'm turning that lot down, same as you are!" explained Bunter. "Sticking to you like glue, old chap! I never was a chap to let a pal down! You'll be all right with me looking after you, Mauly, if that relation of yours gets after you again——"

"What?"

"I—I mean—I don't mean—that is, I mean I don't mean—I mean to say—whoop! Stop kicking me, you beast!" yelled Bunter.

The fat Owl rolled away in haste. He had been going to bestow his fascinating company and his pleasant and genial conversation on Lord Mauleverer. Now he didn't! He left his lordship quite quickly.

He joined the Famous Five, with a frowning fat brow.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Oh, buzz off!" snapped Harry Wharton.

"I say, Mauly seems to be in a rotten temper this morning," grunted Bunter. "All your fault, Wharton, making out that his relation was after him—yaroooooooh!" Bunter roared. "If you kick me, you beast—whoo-hoop! I say, you fellows—yoo-hoop!"

"All together!" said Bob.

"Good egg!"

"Yarooooooooooop!"

Billy Bunter bellowed and bolted.

There was division in the hitherto happily united Greyfriars party; but on the subject of Billy Bunter there seemed to be no division of opinion; Mauly had booted him, and the Famous Five booted him! And the fact that he deserved it was no consolation whatever to Bunter.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. McTab Takes a Hand!

ANGUS McTAB, of that ilk, stood on the coral quay at Kalua-alua-lalua, and stared.

The old Scots gentleman's eyes were very keen and penetrating; but he seemed rather to doubt their evidence as he watched the Tonga lugger come rolling and wallowing into the lagoon.

On the dingy deck of that dingy old lugger, beside Barney Hall and his crew, seven figures were to be seen; the seven Greyfriars juniors who had sailed away from Kalua, a few weeks since, in the schooner Flamingo, to visit Suva in the Fiji Islands.

Mr. McTab had been getting anxious for news of them.

He had expected them back in little more than a week, or at the most a fortnight. Still, windjammers had to wait on the winds; and he was not yet alarmed on their account, only getting anxious for news.

No ship had come in from the Fijis, so far, so he had had no news from Suva, and never learned that the Flamingo had not arrived there.

Now he saw the Greyfriars party again, not coming up from the south in the Flamingo, but coming in from the east in Barney Hall's dingy old lugger.

Which was a great surprise to Mr. McTab; though it was also a great relief to him to see the schoolboys safe and sound, whatsoever craft they came back on.

But greater still was his surprise to see a slumped figure in the bows of the lugger, evidently with his hands bound, and to recognise Ysabel Dick!

Only too familiar to his eyes was the beachcomber of Kalua.

For long months had the man from Ysabel "combed the beach" on Kalua, an eye-sorrow to the neat, orderly, methodical and industrious Scot. He had been deported, in that very lugger, by Mr. McTab's order. He had come back in secret and made another attempt at kidnapping the "wee lord," and he had been sent away in irons, on the Flamingo, with Van Dink, to prison at Suva. Mr. McTab had had no doubt whatever that both the rascals had long been safe behind the bars there. And here was Ysabel Dick again—turning up like a bad penny!

"My gudeness!" said Mr. McTab, and he rubbed his eyes and looked again.

Clearly something had happened on that trip to Suva, of which Mr. McTab had known nothing.

He stood watching the lugger wallowing across the lagoon, coming to moorings at the coral quay. And as the gang-plank was put out, Mr. McTab hurried to it.

Barney Hall saluted him, with uneasiness in his rugged, bearded face. The bully of Tonga was a good deal afraid of the little Scottish gentleman; and he did not like meeting his penetrating eyes, in the circumstances. However, he hoped that the manager and magistrate of Kalua would be satisfied with his explanation that he had morely given the beachcomber a passage in his boat.

But Mr. McTab did not, at the moment, heed the Tonga skipper, beyond giving him a nod.

All his interest was concentrated in the Greyfriars party.

"Ye're all safe, I see!" said Mr. McTab, "but what's become of the Flamingo, and where is Captain Ka?"

"It's a long story, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer, as he shook hands with his manager. "But we're all safe and sound, and I think Captain Ka and his crew must have been picked up—they went off in the whaleboat before the Flamingo went down——"

"Went down!" ejaculated Mr. McTab.

"Yaas! Van Dink and Ysabel Dick got loose and took possession!" explained Lord Mauleverer. "They scuttled the schooner."

"My gudeness!"

"But we've got one of the rascals—here he is! You've had no news of the captain and crew?"

"None!" said Mr. McTab.

"I think they're safe," said Mauleverer. "They had the whaleboat and plenty of food and water. We've had rather a rough time, but here we are—not a penny the worse."

Lord Mauleverer walked across the gang-plank to the quay.

Billy Bunter rolled after him. Harry Wharton & Co. remained where they were.

And Mr. McTab shot a glance after Mauleverer and another at his friends. He knew immediately that there was trouble afoot among the schoolboy party.

However, he greeted the Famous Five warmly.

"Ye'll tell me about it later," he said.

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"Get up to the house, and I'll see that roguo safe."

Harry Wharton & Co. went on the quay rather slowly.

Mr. McTab gave them a curious look as they went, and then gave his attention to the scowling beachcomber.

Kololoo, the chief of the native police of Kalua, was called on board, and he marched Ysabel Dick ashore, and Mr. McTab followed him up the beach to the island gaol—quarters that the man from Ysabel had occupied before.

Having seen the beachcomber safely locked in, the manager of Kalua walked to the bungalow. He found the Famous Five on the veranda: Lord Mauleverer had gone to his room.

They were standing in a rather troubled group, and Mr. McTab smiled faintly.

He had spotted trouble at once, but he took it for granted that it was some schoolboy row that could easily be set right, and the kindhearted little gentleman was going to set it right.

"First of all, ye'll give me an account of what's happened since ye started for Suva!" he said. "Sit ye down and tell me."

The Famous Five sat down and told him.

Mr. McTab listened with a good deal of astonishment in his face, stroking his sandy beard while he heard the story of the scuttled schooner, the drifting on the raft, the cannibal island, and the rest.

"My gudeness!" he ejaculated, every now and then.

When the tale was told, he regarded the juniors with his keenly penetrating eyes.

"And now, what's the trouble?" he asked.

"Well," said Harry, uncomfortably. "It's very awkward, Mr. McTab. We've got a difference of opinion with old Mauly, and in the circumstances, there's nothing for it but for us to clear."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. McTab.

"You see, we can't very well stay on with Mauleverer, as we're not on speaking terms with him now!" explained Harry.

"Rubbish!" said Mr. McTab.

"That's how it stands, sir!" said Bob. "We want the first ship that pulls out of Kalua for Suva—to get the steamer home."

"Bosh!" said Mr. McTab.

"If there isn't a ship we must hire a craft of some kind, to run us as far as Suva!" said Nugent. "We've got to get off to-day."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. McTab, very decidedly. "You've not told me the cause of this deespute yet, which I'm perfectly sure I can set right."

"Better tell him!" said Johnny Bull. "In fact, we're bound to tell him. Mauly can't and won't understand, but Mr. McTab will, and he's got to see Mauly safe after we're gone."

Harry Wharton nodded slowly.

"Is it a matter that affects the safety of the wee lord?" asked Mr. McTab in astonishment.

"Yes!" said Harry.

"Then ye'll tell me, and at once."

The juniors exchanged glances. In view of Mauly's feelings on the subject, they were extremely unwilling to mention Brian to Mr. McTab. On the other hand, Mauly's safety was the first consideration, and in view of that, Mr. McTab had to know what they could tell him.

"I suppose you've been puzzled, sir, the same as we have, by those rascals, Van Dink and Ysabel Dick getting after Mauly," said Harry Wharton.

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"Surely puzzled!" admitted Mr. McTab.

"We think we know why they are after him, and Mauly doesn't agree! And—it's pretty certain that the man who set them on will set others on, if we've got it right! And we think we have."

"The thoughtfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Inky—I mean Hurree Singh—spotted it first, but we all know it's the fact," went on Harry. "old Mauly's fearfully offended—"

"But why?"

"Because we think the man who is at the back of it is a relation of his—his cousin Brian!" said Harry.

Mr. McTab gave a little jump.

"Mauly came out here chiefly to look for him," said Harry. "But the man doesn't know that, of course, as we've seen nothing of him. But though we've seen and heard nothing of him, we can't help thinking that he's somewhere about with his eye on Mauly."

"Tell me your reasons!" said Mr. McTab quietly.

He listened quietly, while he was told. He listened with the keenest attention, though the juniors could not read in his face what he thought about the matter.

"If ye're right," said Mr. McTab at last, "it was surely injudicious to mention it to the wee lord."

"We shouldn't have, only that fool Bunter heard us discussing it, and gabbed it out to him," explained Harry.

"And the wee lord has taken offence?"

"Yes."

Mr. McTab tugged thoughtfully at his sandy beard.

"There's a way of ascertaining the facts!" he remarked. "The Dutchman is out of reach, but the beachcomber is here in my hands, and he can tell us the truth."

"Not likely," said Harry. "The brute will say nothing!"

"He may not have any choice about that!" said Mr. McTab dryly. "I am magistrate on this island, my young friends, and not accustomed to having my orders disobeyed by evil-doers! I do not think that Ysabel Dick will refuse to put me in possession of the facts."

The juniors were silent. That Ysabel Dick knew how the matter stood, was, of course, clear, but they had not the slightest hope that he would reveal what he knew.

Mr. McTab rose from his chair.

"Say no more about leaving the island until the wee lord leaves to go back to school!" he rapped.

"But—"

"Leave the matter in my hands! I have nae doubt that I shall set it right."

"We'd be jolly glad if you could, Mr. McTab," said Bob ruefully. "It's pretty rotten to be on these terms with old Mauly."

"Leave it to me," said the manager of Kalua. "I shall question the men in the presence of all of you and of the wee lord, and he will state the facts. Ye may rely on the assurance of Angus McTab!"

With that, Mr. McTab left them—exchanging rather uncertain glances.

How Mr. McTab hoped to extract the facts from the sullen, savage beachcomber, they could not guess, and though they hoped that he could, they doubted it very much. Still, he left them with at least a spot of hope.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Putting the Question!

YSABEL DICK scowled savagely as the door of the island gaol was thrown open, and Kololoo entered with another Kanaka policeman.

Mr. McTab looked in at the doorway. The beachcomber was lounging on a bench, leaning against the wall, his stubby face black and bitter.

His reflections had not been pleasant, since he had been shut up in his old quarters. His eyes glittered at the Scotch manager.

"Is there a ship already," he jeered. "Are you sending me down to Suva again? A thousand curses—"

"That will do!" interrupted Mr. McTab. "Ye're not for Suva yet—there'll be nae craft for a week or more. Bring him along!"

"What—" began the beachcomber.

"Ye'll speak when ye're spoken to, my man!" said Mr. McTab tersely. "You feller boy, you takee that feller beachcomber along house."

"Yessar!" said Kololoo.

The two Kanakas pinned the beachcomber by the arms, and walked him out of the prison hut. His arms had been unbound, but he had no chance of resistance; either of the brawny Kalua boys could have handled him easily. He walked between them, scowling.

They led him away to the bungalow facing the beach, followed by Mr. McTab, and marched him up into the veranda.

The Famous Five were there, and Billy Bunter was adorning a Madeira chair with his podgy person.

The juniors looked at Ysabel Dick in silence as he was led in, and Bunter blinked at him curiously through his big spectacles. Lord Mauleverer was not to be seen.

Now that they were back on Kalua, Mauleverer was able to keep out of the way of his estranged friends, and evidently he was doing so.

Mr. McTab glanced round, and called:

"Bomoo!"

The house-boy appeared in the doorway.

"Request his lordship to step here!" said Mr. McTab.

"Yessar!"

Bomoo went along to Lord Mauleverer's room, which opened on the veranda.

Mauly stepped out a minute later.

His face was calm and placid, but there was a set expression on it, and he did not glance at his friends as he came along the veranda. He started a little at the sight of Ysabel Dick standing between the two Kanakas, and looked inquiringly at his manager.

"You want me, Mr. McTab?" he asked.

"Precessely!" assented Mr. McTab. "This man is going to be questioned, and I desire all of you to hear his answers."

"Very well, sir!"

Lord Mauleverer sat down at a little distance from the Famous Five. His look did not seem to indicate that he knew that they were there at all.

Billy Bunter grinned.

The situation was awkward and discomforting enough for everybody concerned, and the Famous Five were rather regretting that they had heeded Mr. McTab at all and had not left the bungalow at once. But to the fatuous fat Owl there seemed to be something amusing in it.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter in a stage whisper, "Mauly's got his back up with you! Ho, ho, he!"



Bob Cherry dragged the cover loose, and the beachcomber was revealed. "The skunk!" breathed Bob. Wharton stood over the beachcomber, his revolver levelled. "Chuck down a rope, Johnny, and we'll fasten the scoundrel's paws!" he said.

Harry Wharton & Co. made no answer to that. But Mr. McTab's eyes shot a glance at Bunter.

"Will ye be silent?" he asked.

"Oh, really, Mr. McTab——"

"Ye'll be silent," said Mr. McTab, "or I shall box your ears! Take your choice!"

Bunter's choice was soon taken. He gave the Scottish gentleman an indignant glare, and was silent.

"Now ye'll listen, all of ye, while I question this man!" said Mr. McTab. He fixed his penetrating eyes on the beachcomber's sullen face. "Ysabel Dick, ye've tried more than once, in collusion with another rascal not here present, to compass the kidnapping of his lordship, Lord Mauleverer, the owner of this island! Ye'd never seen the wee lord before he came to Kalua, and neither ye nor the Dutchman can have any personal grudge against him—from which it is clear that ye have been hired and set on to him by some villain at present unknown."

A peculiar, ironical grin came over the sullen face.

"Do you think so?" sneered the beachcomber.

"I do!"

"You can think what you like, Sandy!" said Ysabel Dick insolently. "You'll get nothing out of me!"

"You're speaking to a magistrate, my man, who has power to make ye speak!" said Mr. McTab calmly. "I'm asking ye the name of the man who set ye and the Dutchman on the wee lord's track."

"You can ask!" jeered Ysabel Dick.

"Will ye not answer?"

"No!"

"Kololoo, makee hand belong that

feller stop along rail belong veranda, along cord!" said Mr. McTab.

"Yessar!"

The two Kanaka policemen jerked Ysabel Dick to the veranda rail. He made a savage attempt at resistance, perhaps guessing what was coming. But he was twisted over the wooden rail at once, and his arms bound to it.

The Famous Five exchanged quick glances, and Lord Mauleverer made a movement as if to rise, but sat down again. They began to guess now what form the questioning of the beachcomber was to take.

"Will ye answer me now, Ysabel Dick?" asked Mr. McTab.

"No!" yelled the beachcomber.

"Kololoo, you takee lawyer-cane, hand belong you, and give that feller beachcomber two-five, along back belong him!"

"Yessar!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The beachcomber, bent and tied over the rail, was placed for a flogging.

Kololoo swung the lawyer-cane in the air, and brought it down with all the power of a brawny arm.

It fairly crashed on the beachcomber's back, ringing like a pistol-shot. A maddened yell from Ysabel Dick followed the stroke.

Up went Kololoo's brawny arm again, and down came the lawyer-cane, crashing.

Mr. McTab had ordered "two-five," which was ten; and for that number of times the Kanaka's brawny arm rose and fell, swiping with the lawyer-cane.

The Famous Five looked on in silence. They could not feel much pity for the man who had schemed to maroon Lord Mauleverer on a lonely island and leave

him there lost to the world. Ysabel Dick had only to speak; and if he did not choose to speak, he could take what was coming to him. They looked on in grim silence till the tenth lash had rung on the beachcomber's back.

Then Kololoo lowered the lawyer-cane and looked inquiringly at Mr. McTab.

Mr. McTab gazed calmly at the writhing, squirming figure hanging over the rail, panting and gasping and cursing.

"Will ye answer me now, Ysabel Dick?" he inquired.

And he waited.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Name!

MR. McTAB waited—a long minute.

There was silence in the crowded veranda, broken only by the gasping and panting of the beachcomber.

But he did not speak.

"I've given ye time, my man," said Mr. McTab calmly. "I'm asking ye if ye will answer me now?"

A fierce oath was Ysabel Dick's answer.

"Kololoo!"

"Yessar!"

"You give that feller two-five along back belong him!"

"Yessar!"

The Famous Five were grimly silent. They could not have interfered with the magistrate of Kalua had they wished to do so. But they had no wish to do so. Mr. McTab's measures were drastic enough, but they could see no other way

of extracting the truth from the beachcomber.

But Lord Mauleverer rose quickly to his feet.

"Hold on!" he said.

Kololoo glanced at him, and paused before delivering the next stroke, with an inquiring look at his master.

Mr. McTab turned his glance on Mauleverer.

"Sit down, my lord!" he said.

"I can't stand this!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Let the man go! I'm the person concerned, the danger's mine; and I'd face a hundred such dangers rather than see a man beaten like a dog! Stop it, sir!"

"I've told ye to sit down, my lord!" answered Mr. McTab, unmoved.

Lord Mauleverer compressed his lips.

"I don't want to say anythin' unpleasant," he said; "but this island happens to belong to me, and I've a right to have my wishes respected, Mr. McTab."

"Pairfectly so, my lord!" said Mr. McTab. "The island of Kalua is your property, and, with the exception of certain districts allotted to the natives, everyone here is yere tenant. I have the honour, my lord, of being in your service as manager of your plantations and your shipping. If your lordship is not satisfied, your lordship may discharge me, and ye'll find my accounts exact, I trust, to the last wee bawbee. But I am also magistrate on this island, my lord, with powers derived from the High Commissioner of the Pacific, resident at Suva!"

"But——"

"I'm sorry to interrupt ye, my lord, but let me finish!" said Angus McTab. "Ye may discharge yere manager as soon as it pleases your lordship, but ye canna interfere with the magistrate of Kalua any more than any native boy on the beach! I order ye to sit down!"

"Mr. McTab——"

"I order ye to sit down, Lord Mauleverer," said Mr. McTab; "and if ye rise to yere feet again before these proceedings are over, I shall order a Kanaka to hold ye down in yere chair!"

Lord Mauleverer looked at the little Scottish gentleman.

This was a startling new line for the manager of Kalua to take with his lordship. But there was no doubt that Angus McTab meant every word he uttered. Mr. McTab was a man of few words, none of them idle.

Lord Mauleverer sat down again.

"Kololoo you hear my order, ear belong you?" said Mr. McTab.

"Yessar!"

And the lawyer-cane swiped again, and ten heavy swipes, one after another, landed on the beachcomber's back.

The howls and yells of Ysabel Dick rang far beyond the building. Natives on the beach stared, grinning, towards the bungalow. Barney Hall, on his lugger, stared.

Not till the tenth stroke had fallen did Kololoo desist. Then the lawyer-cane was lowered, the beachcomber hanging, groaning, over the rail.

Mr. McTab waited a full minute, as before. Then he spoke.

"Will ye answer now, Ysabel Dick?"

"I will say nothing!" hissed the beachcomber.

"That's as ye will!" said Mr. McTab.

"I canna force ye to speak if ye persist in yere wicked obstinacy. But if ye value the skin on your back, I surely advise ye to do so. Kololoo!"

"Yessar!"

"You give that feller two-five, back belong him."

"Oh gum!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"Oh crikey!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

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"Silence, if ye please!" said Mr. McTab.

There was grim silence. At that point, no doubt, all the juniors would have been glad to stop the proceedings, little pity as they had to waste on the schemer and plotter and kidnapper. But Mr. McTab was adamant; and they had to admit that he was right. To allow Lord Mauleverer to continue in danger, because a plotting rascal did not choose to confess, could not be right. The rascal had only to speak. But what the juniors thought on the subject was a matter of no moment. Mr. McTab was giving orders on Kalua.

The lawyer-cane swiped again, hard and fast.

But at the third stroke there came a yell from the beachcomber. Flesh and blood could endure no more.

"Stop!"

Mr. McTab made a sign, and Kololoo held back the lawyer-cane.

"Will ye speak?"

"A thousand curses——"

"Will ye speak?"

"Yes!" groaned the beachcomber.

He had had to come to it! Twenty-three lashes had scored his back—and as many more, or twice as many, were yet to come, unless he jumped to orders. He had to jump. There was no help for it.

"I'll 'hear ye," said Mr. McTab quietly, "and I warn ye, before ye speak, to tell me no falsehoods. I'm not a man easily deceived, and if I catch ye in a lie, ye get fifty lashes before I question ye again. Take your time before ye speak, and speak the truth, if there's truth in ye!"

Ysabel Dick was untied from the rail and stood between the two Kanakas—now rather supporting him than securing him. His face was white and drawn, his eyes burning, and he sagged between the two Kalua boys.

Mr. McTab waited patiently. He was a patient man. For several minutes there were only gasps and groans from the outcast of Kalua.

Looking at him, the juniors wondered whether he was thinking and would dare to venture upon an attempt at lying.

They did not envy him, if he did. Twenty-three lashes had reduced him to obedience; and Mr. McTab had promised him fifty if he lied. He was not likely to run the risk.

"Who set ye on to seize the person of Lord Mauleverer with lawless violence?" asked Mr. McTab.

"He knows, or would know if he was not a fool!" snarled Ysabel Dick.

"His friends know already——"

Lord Mauleverer made a sudden movement. Then he sat very still.

Harry Wharton caught his breath.

It was the truth that was coming!

"The man's name?" rapped Mr. McTab.

"The name!" said the beachcomber, with savage bitterness. "It is the name of the man who has nothing while Herbert Mauleverer has everything—it is the name of the outcast of his family who asked for help when he was down and out and was refused! It is the name of Brian Mauleverer."

The Famous Five did not look at Mauly.

He sat very still.

The beachcomber looked at him with a savage sneer.

Mr. McTab was silent for a few moments, in thought, before he spoke again.

"If ye've told the truth, it's well for ye," he said. "If ye've spoken with a false tongue, ye'll repent it. Take him away!"

Ysabel Dick was taken away at once. His gasping groans died away as the

Kanakas led him back to the island prison.

There was a dead silence in the veranda of the manager's bungalow when he was gone.

Lord Mauleverer rose to his feet and without a word or a look to his friends, went quietly down the veranda steps and disappeared among the palms.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Going!

THE stars, coming out in a vault of darkest, deepest blue, glittered down on the lagoon of Kalua.

By the coral quay lay Barney Hall's lugger, a black shadow on the glimmering waters.

Five figures sat on the coral wall at the back of the quay, looking on the starlit lagoon.

It was a couple of hours since that strange scene in the veranda of the manager's bungalow. Nothing had been seen of Mauleverer.

Harry Wharton & Co. had waited a little time, wondering whether he would return.

Now that he knew the truth, painful as it was to him, they hoped that the trouble would blow over. Surely, now that he knew it, he could hardly lay blame on them for having known it also; and it was their belief that Brian Mauleverer was the "villain of the piece" that was the sole cause of offence.

Gladly, more than gladly, they would have welcomed a word from old Mauly, to bridge the gulf that had opened between them—all the more because they knew what a painful shock it must be to him when he could no longer doubt.

But Mauly did not return.

They left the bungalow at last, and went down to the quay. Mr. McTab had gone along to the Planters' Club, as was his custom in the evening, expecting to see them again when he returned for supper.

They were not sure that he would see them again!

Whether Mauly still clung to his own belief, in spite of the beachcomber's confession, or whether, in his stress of mind, he had forgotten their existence, they did not know. But they knew that unless Mauly made the first step to heal the breach, they could not remain under his roof another night, or on his island an hour longer than could be helped.

To leave without delay was all that remained, and they had the comfort of knowing that Mauly, whether he chose to believe it or not, knew now who his real enemy was, and would be on his guard; and that Mr. McTab knew, and would take measures to secure him from Brian Mauleverer's knavery.

There was no vessel in the lagoon except Barney Hall's lugger, and they discussed taking a passage back to Pita in it, where they could pick up some craft for Suva and the steamer home.

They were far from keen on another trip on the dingy lugger, or on having anything further to do with Barney Hall; but it looked like a case of any port in a storm. There was time, at all events to discuss the matter, as the Tonga trader was not pulling out till the morning.

The last red gleam of sunset had disappeared behind the hill of Kalua; and the Famous Five, not in the happiest mood, sat on the coral wall, looking out at the starry lagoon.

"It's rotten!" said Harry, breaking a long silence. "I hate parting with old Mauly like this; but there's no help for it."

"The chap's an ass!" said Johnny Bull. "He knows the facts now, if he didn't before, and it's up to him to own up to it."

"McTab knows, anyhow, and he will see that the rascal Brian doesn't get at Mauly after we're gone!" said Harry. "As we've made up our minds to it, the sooner we fix it up the better. It's no good seeing Mauly again—"

"Looks as if he's keeping clear till we've gone!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I think we ought to see him before we clear!" said Frank.

"Can't go hunting him all over Kalua, to get the marble eye when we find him!" grunted Johnny.

"No; but—"

"I say, you fellows!" There was a fat squeak, as a podgy figure came rolling down the starlit beach. "Oh, here you are! I've been looking for you everywhere!"

"Now go and look for somebody else!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Buzz off, anyhow!"

"Beast! I say, you fellows, I didn't hear what you were saying, but are you clearing off?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Not before supper, I suppose?" asked Bunter.

"Idiot!"

"Ain't you hungry?" asked Bunter.

"Dummy!"

"Well, you can call a fellow names," said the fat Owl. "But I can tell you, you're missing something. There's roast chicken for supper."

"Fathead!"

"There is, really! I asked Bomoo what there was for supper, and he told me," declared Bunter. "I should think you'd be glad of some decent grub, after what we've been through. Roast chicken—"

"Shut up!"

"I'm telling you what there is for supper. Roast chicken and baked yams, and a pie—"

"Hook it!"

"And pineapples—"

"Buzz!"

"And a jelly—"

"Travel!"

"Well, I thought you fellows would like to know, after the muck we've been eating for weeks," said Bunter. "We've had practically nothing decent, except the turtle on that island. That was good. I must say that was good—fine! But excepting for that—"

"Do dry up, old fat man!" said Harry.

"I say, you fellows, I think you're rather fools to go," said Bunter. "The grub here is first-rate. Mauly's a bit of a trial, I know. I just spoke to him, and what do you think—he didn't even answer! Just walked on as if a fellow wasn't there! Nice manners to a guest, what? Not the way I treat a guest at Bunter Court."

"Has Mauly come in?" asked Harry.

"Eh? Yes! I spoke to him on the veranda," answered Bunter. "He seemed worried about something—I don't know what—"

"You don't know what?" ejaculated Bob.

"No; do you?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Shirty, too!" said Bunter. "I can understand him being shirtly with you fellows, as you've rowed with him; but I haven't rowed with him, have I? But he just looked at me, when I spoke to him, as if I wasn't there, and stalked on! Stalked!" said Bunter, in an aggrieved tone. "Just stalked off into old McTab's room—"

"Has McTab come in, then?"

"No; he's jawing up at the Planters with the other old fossils. I went to tell Mauly that McTab wasn't there, and he shoved me—" said Bunter. "Just shoved me out of the doorway! So I came away and left him to it—I've had enough of his rotten, bad manners."

"You blithering owl!"

"Not that yours are much better!" added Bunter scornfully. "I say, you fellows—"

"Look here, if Mauly's come in, we'd better go and speak to him, and tell him we're off!" said Bob. "Must do the civil thing, even if the old ass has got his silly back up!"

"Come on, then!" said Harry.

The Famous Five slipped off the coral wall and walked up the path to the bungalow.

Billy Bunter rolled after them.

A light was burning in the veranda, but Mauleverer was not to be seen there. The door of his room was open; but he was not in the room. The door of Mr. McTab's room also was open, and, remembering Bunter's statement that Mauly had gone into the manager's room, Harry Wharton looked into that apartment from the veranda. But it was dark and vacant. He called to Bomoo: but the house-boy had not seen Mauleverer.

"Not here!" said Harry, knitting his brows. "If he's been in, he's gone out again. Sure you saw him, Bunter?"

"Eh? Yes! I left him in old McTab's room—"

"Oh, rot!" grunted Johnny Bull. "What would he want in McTab's room? Anyhow, if he's been in, he's gone again—he's not bothering his silly head about us. Let's get out!"

The Famous Five looked at one another. Then, in silence, they went down the steps again, their minds made up.

Billy Bunter blinked after them over the veranda rail.

"I say, you fellows, are you really going without supper?" he squeaked.

The juniors walked on without answering that question.

Billy Bunter blinked after them! He gazed after them! He stared after them.

"Well!" said Bunter. "My hat!"

He had told them that there was roast chicken for supper! And there they were—walking off, as if that was a matter of absolutely no moment! It was quite beyond Billy Bunter's comprehension: and he gave it up!

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Luck for Ysabel Dick!

YSABEL DICK stirred, and sat up on the plank bed in the island gaol.

There was a sound of a key turning in the lock of the door.

The beachcomber had not been sleeping. He had been lying there, still aching from the lawyer-cane, and a prey to bitter thoughts. He had not expected anyone to visit the gaol, after he was locked in for the night: and he sat up, staring.

The door opened; and a wave of bright starlight flooded into the dusky room.

It was Lord Mauleverer who stood in the starlight, in the doorway, and the outcast of Kalua stared at him, blankly.

"You!" he muttered. "Lord Mauleverer—you!"

"Yaas."

The schoolboy earl stepped in. The beachcomber half-rose, and then,

with a twinge of pain in his back, sat down again on the plank bed. His eyes, glittering in the starlight from the doorway, were fixed on the schoolboy earl of Greyfriars.

"You!" he repeated, in a bitter voice. "What do you want, Lord Mauleverer? Why are you here?"

"I have come here to release you!" answered Lord Mauleverer quietly.

Ysabel Dick gave a violent start.

"You have come here to mock me, do you mean?" he asked.

"No!"

"Then what do you mean?" snarled the beachcomber. "I am the man that would have kidnapped you and marooned you on Spanish Reef! If I get out of this—and I may—look out for yourself, Lord Mauleverer!"

"Oh, quite!" said Mauleverer calmly. "I understand all that! You're the sort of brute that bites the hand that feeds you, what? Never mind that! I want a few words with you—and then you can walk out—"

"And your friends are not at hand to seize me?" sneered Ysabel Dick. "The Kanakas are not watching?"

"No!"

Ysabel Dick peered at the schoolboy earl's face. He could see that Mauleverer was speaking sincerely: and he was utterly perplexed.

Mauleverer leaned on the doorpost, his eyes thoughtfully on the stubby, sullen face of the outcast of Kalua.

"I've tied up a canoe in the shadow of the quay," he said. "I've packed food and water in it. You can get out of the lagoon now it's dark—an' reach another island by dawn."

"And why—"

"And carry a message for me!" said Mauleverer quietly.

"A message?" repeated the beachcomber. "To whom?"

"To the man whose name you gave to Mr. McTab."

Ysabel Dick gave another start. He rose to his feet, his eyes strangely on Mauleverer's pale, set face.

"To Brian Mauleverer?" he muttered.

"Yaas."

"And you are not mocking me?"

"Why should you think so?"

Ysabel Dick laughed—a low, strange laugh. His own eyes were full of mockery.

"Give me the message, then!" he said. "I will answer for it that it shall not fail to reach Brian Mauleverer." He laughed again. "You may count upon that, my lord."

"You saw what happened on the lugger—and you heard!" said Lord Mauleverer in a low voice. "I quarrelled with my friends, because they knew what I could not believe. It was the truth."

"It was the truth!" assented the beachcomber. "You would have guessed it when you first found yourself in peril in these seas if you were not a fool. You would have guessed that—and more! But the message?"

"Tell old Brian—"

"Who?" stuttered the beachcomber.

"Brian Mauleverer, I mean—tell him that we had his letter, written from Pita, and it was not turned down, as he may suppose—it was answered, but he seems to have drifted on from Pita and never got the answer. At least, there was no further word from him. Tell him that I came out to the South Seas these hols chiefly to look for him and find him, if I could. That if I had found him, I wanted to give him a helping hand and set him on his feet again."

The beachcomber did not speak. His eyes remained fixed, as if riveted, on the face of the Greyfriars junior.

"Tell him," went on Mauleverer in the same quiet tone, "that that offer's still open. Tell him that blood is thicker than water and that I shall forget what he has done."

The beachcomber seemed hardly to breathe.

"Tell him," went on Mauly, "that I shall be on Kalua two or three more weeks, and that if he comes to me I shall be glad to see him. That I shall stand by him as his friend and give him a leg-up. That if he cannot come to Kalua, to let me know where and when I can see him, and I will come. And that he has nothing to fear from me."

The beachcomber's voice came huskily. "It is false! It is false, because it cannot be true! You will not trick a man into your hands so easily as all that, Lord Mauleverer."

Mauleverer gave him a glance of calm contempt.

"That will do from you!" he said. "Carry the message as I have given it; Brian will understand, if you do not!"

"You think he will believe it?" muttered Ysabel Dick.

"Yaas."

"He will not believe one word," said the beachcomber. "He will know that it is a trick."

"That's the lot!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I advise you to get goin'. I've borrowed the key of this place from Mr. McTab's room at the bungalow; but if he misses it your chances will be slim. I'm givin' you your freedom as the only means of gettin' in touch with old Brian—"

"Old Brian!" repeated the outcast. "Is that how you speak of the man who has so nearly doomed you to lifelong solitude on a desert island, Lord Mauleverer?"

"Yaas."

"It is a trick—a trick!" said the beachcomber hoarsely. "But what is your game in telling me this? You have me safe—"

"Give that message to old Brian—surely even a rascal like you will do that much in return for your liberty!" said Mauleverer.

The beachcomber gave a discordant laugh.

"Brian Mauleverer will know what you have said, Lord Mauleverer—do not doubt that!" he said. "He will think as I do—that it is a trick!"

Lord Mauleverer pushed the door wide open.

"Your way's clear," he said. "Cut—while you've got the chance! That's the lot, Ysabel Dick!"

Mauleverer stepped back, turned, and walked away.

Ysabel Dick made a quick step to the doorway. He stared out into the starlight, barred by the black shadows of the palms. Lord Mauleverer was disappearing in the direction of the manager's bungalow.

The beachcomber's eyes swept round. The hut was not guarded; he was free to go, and a canoe awaited him—with every chance of getting clear if he lost no time before his escape was discovered. Yet he stood as if rooted in the doorway, staring after the schoolboy earl of Greyfriars.

"Mauleverer!" he panted. "Herbert!"

But Mauleverer was already out of hearing and he did not turn his head. A moment or two more and the dark shadows of the palms had swallowed him from sight.

A moment longer the beachcomber hesitated, his stubbly, seamed face working strangely. Then, shutting the door of the prison hut after him, he darted away, and was lost in the shadows.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

The Clouds Roll By!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Who—"

"Mauly!"

"Oh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were crossing the coral quay towards the spot where Barney Hall's lugger was moored.

A patter of running feet on the sand of the beach caught their ears, and they looked round—at a hurrying figure in the starlight.

It was someone coming down from the manager's bungalow at a rapid run, and as it came nearer they recognised Lord Mauleverer—putting on a speed that was very unusual in his lazy and placid lordship.

The Famous Five came to a halt.

They had had the impression that Mauly was keeping out of their way—little guessing how he had been occupied. But this did not look like it! Seldom or never had his lordship put on such a sprint.

"Oh, here you are!" gasped Mauly, as he came breathlessly up. "I've just seen Bunter, and he says you're missin' supper. I shouldn't recommend that! Regular meals, you know, good for the digestion and all that—what?"

The Famous Five looked at him rather uncertainly. This looked like the "old Mauly" again.

"You fellows got your backs up?" asked Mauly.

"Hadn't you?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Yaas."

"Well, you ass—"

"But I've got it down again," explained Lord Mauleverer amiably.

"Good example to follow—what? Down they go—eh?"

"You silly ass!" hooted Bob Cherry.

"And then some!" agreed Lord Mauleverer. "I owe you men an apology! You had it right, and I got my back up. Couldn't help it. I don't get shirty often! Overlook it this once—what?"

"Oh!" said Harry.

"I'm really sorry!" said Mauleverer. "A fellow can't say more than that, can he? But it was no end of a shock to me. I just couldn't get it down, and—"

"I quite understand that," said Harry Wharton. "But when a fellow knows a thing, Mauly, he knows it, and it's not much use getting stuffy with him for knowing it. Now you know it."

"Yaas." Lord Mauleverer winced visibly. "I know it now. You fellows tumbled to the facts; I didn't. Not the sort of thing a fellow would tumble to easily, you know. Look here, I'm sorry! I've said so, and I say so again! I'll keep on saying it, if you like. I'll have it set to music, and sing it to a ukulele if that will make you feel better—"

"Fathead!" roared Bob.

Lord Mauleverer grinned.

"That sounds like my old familiar friend!" he remarked. "May I take it from that that you're goin' to wash out all offences, and carry on just as if I hadn't been a pig-headed ass, with no more sense and no better manners than Bunter?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"We're glad enough to wash it all out if you are, Mauly. We—we rather thought you were keeping out of the way."

"Oh, gad! Nothin' of the sort! I had to do some thinkin'; and then I had to borrow somethin' from Tabby's room—no good till after dark; and then there was somethin' else to do; and then I missed you, and asked Bunter, and he said you were missin' supper, so I cut after you. From what Bunter says, you shouldn't miss that supper. He's got it from Bomoo—straight from the horse's mouth, you know—roast chicken, and baked yams, and—and—I forget the rest, but Bunter can tell you—"

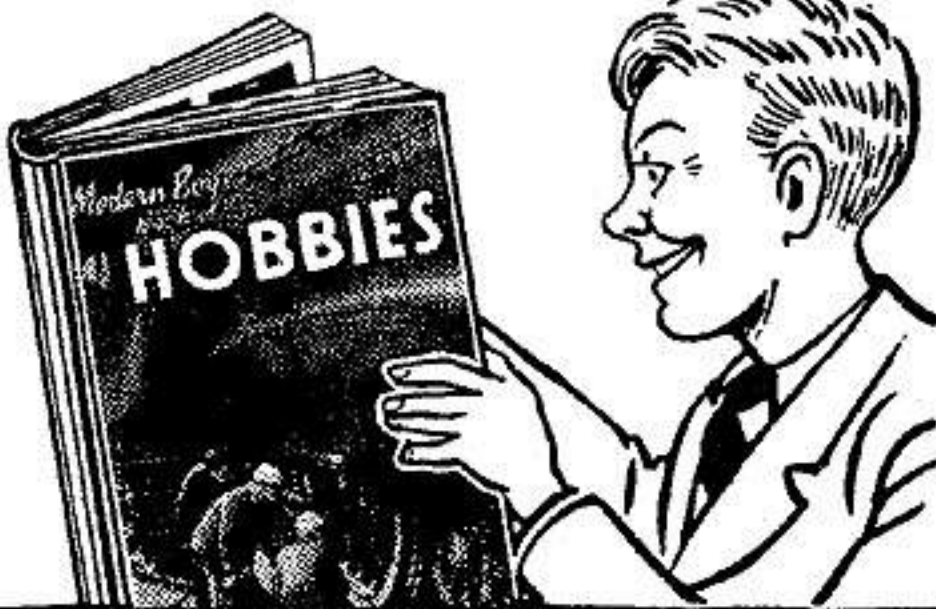
"Ass!"

(Continued on page 28.)

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The GREYFRIARS GUIDE



ALL ROUND GREYFRIARS. Courtfield Common

(1)
Hiking back down Friardale Lane,
Past the gates of Greyfriars School,
There's a duckpond green and cool,
And it's better to refrain
From examining the pond,
That's unless you want some slime:
If you do—well, now's the time!
Courtfield Common lies beyond.

(2)
From the common there's a view
Of the sea, and as we go
Rabbits scuttle to and fro,
Or it may be fro and to!
Wide and breezy, built of chalk,
Courtfield Common's just the place
For a jolly paper-chase,
Or a quiet evening's walk.

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS. Skinner's Sketch-Book



When Skinner draws his quaint cartoons
He makes the other fellows giggle,
But Skinner's victims often wriggle
To see their faces like baboons!
He draws the Head and Quelch and
Prout,
But doesn't leave his works about!

His sketch-book's hidden in his den
And seldom lent to anybody.
But once he showed the book to
Toddy,
Who showed it to some other men,
And after that its fate was weird,
In point of fact, it disappeared.

Now some unprincipled young wretch,
Whom we've had no success in
catching,
Spent quite a happy time dispatching
To each original the sketch
Which Skinner had, with many a
grin,
Made slightly uglier than sin.

Then came the storm, and Skinner
bagged
From Wingate, Carne, and Gwynne a
licking,
From Loder, Bolsover, and Bull a
kicking,
And by the Fifth was soundly ragged;
While Hacker, Wiggins, Prout, and
Twigg
Rushed in to Quelch and danced a
jig!

But Quelch had got no less than five,
And each was uglier than the others,
So therefore, like a band of brothers,
They all agreed to flay alive
This boy who dared to raise a laugh
At Dr. Locke's majestic staff!

Then Skinner's quivering remains
Were carried out where Coker waited,
And after he'd been spifflicated
He was a mass of aches and pains,
And since that awful afternoon
He's not attempted a cartoon!

(3)
Courtfield Council School play here
On a level little pitch,
Paying nothing for it, which
Really isn't very dear!
But the long road beckons us,
Sturdy walkers, let's stroll down
On the road to Courtfield town.
Wait! Here comes the motor-bus!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

EUSEBIUS TWIGG, B.A.,
Master of the Second Form.

T is for Mr. TWIGG, the master
Whose work is almost a disaster,
Or so, at least, it might be reckoned
To be obliged to teach the Second.
His voice is rather thin and squeaky
And fags can copy it when cheeky.
To imitate old Twigg is easy,
An Oxford accent, rather wheezy.
A quaint moustache, and always adding



Beneath your coat a bit of padding,
You have the master's living image.
In Form he deals with many a
scrimmage
As fags, the noisy little rotters,
Fight furiously for pens and blotters.
But Twigg has dealt with their offences
And STILL he hasn't lost his senses!

RANDOM RIDDLE

What's white on top and brown
underneath, and gets very hot in warm
weather? A wolf in sheep's clothing.

ANSWER to PUZZLE
"AN ANNUAL THAT ATTRACTS
ALL L.A.D.S."—The HOLIDAY
ANNUAL, of course. Have you got
yours yet?

A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that
if any Remove fellow has any money in
his pocket it is due to some miscalcula-
tion on the part of Fisher T. Fish, and
he is requested to give his name to the
aforesaid Fish immediately, when the
matter will be adjusted.

A frog was once seen hopping into
Mossoo's study. It is believed that
financial worries caused it to take this
terrible step.

Skinner, who was seen packing
exercise-books in his bags to-day, said
he was practising A.R.P.—Ashplant
Receiving Precautions.

When Smithy was caught using
Quelchy's phone to-day he explained
that he was ringing up his father, and
Quelchy let him off. Luckily he had
already given "his father" instructions
to put ten bob each way on Brutebeast
in the three-thirty.

PUZZLE PAR

NNNULTHTTTRCTSLLLDS.
Put the SAME VOWEL as many
times as necessary between these
letters in order to make a
sentence which describes a grand
book JUST PUBLISHED.

Answer at foot of col. 2.

If Coker saw a tramp attacking a
Cliff House girl what letter of the
alphabet would he exclaim?—Letter B.
("Let 'er be.—C?")

In what month does Coker talk least?
—In February, because there are only
twenty-eight days.

Who is the smallest soldier in the
Army?—The sentry who sleeps on his
watch.

It is rumoured that Bunter once went
to Coker and said: "I say, Coker, old
fellow, would you mind whopping me
now, because I'm going to snaffle your
hamper for tea to-day, and I'd like to
get the whopping over first so that I can
enjoy the spread with an easy mind."
However, it's only a rumour.

The MAN BEHIND THE SCENES!

(Continued from page 26.)

"All serene—what?" asked Lord Mauleverer. "If my apology isn't sufficient, I'll throw in a few more—any old thing!"

"Clump!"

"Seriously, I'm sorry, and I want you fellows to overlook it and carry on," said Lord Mauleverer. "Isn't that good enough?"

"Quite, fathead!"

"The quietness is terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Mauly!"

"Come on, then!" said Mauleverer; and the Famous Five, much relieved in their minds, and glad enough to be on the old friendly footing, turned their backs on Barney Hall's lugger.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, coming to an abrupt halt as a canoe suddenly shot out from the shadow of the quay and flashed into the starlight on the lagoon. "By gum! Is that—"

His eyes almost bulged after the figure in the canoe as it shot away in the glimmer of the stars, making for the reef passage.

"What—?" asked Harry Wharton, looking round.

"The beachcomber!" gasped Bob.

"My dear chap, he's under lock and key—"

"I tell you, it was Ysabel Dick in that canoe!" exclaimed Bob. "He's got away somehow—"

"By gum! If you're sure—"

"Of course I'm sure, ass! Didn't you see him, Mauly?"

"Yaas. Come on, or we shall be late for supper!"

"Mauly, you ass," exclaimed Harry. "if that rascal has got loose we must give the alarm at once!"

"No, don't!" urged Mauleverer. "You see, he didn't exactly get out; he was let out. I borrowed Tabby's key to let him out!"

"What?" yelled the Famous Five.

"You did?" gasped Wharton.

"Yaas. I've been so busy that I've been neglectin' my guests! I apologise again!"

"You blithering idiot!" roared Johnny Bull. "What have you let that villain loose for?"

"Eh? To carry a message to a relation of mine—you see, he's the only man who knows where to find the man."

explained Mauleverer. "It's all right—I had to get a message through, to let old Brian know that he needn't worry and—"

"What!" shrieked the Famous Five.

"Come on!" urged Mauleverer. "We shall be late for supper at this rate; and if Bunter has to wait for supper I shall lose his friendship. Come on!"

The Famous Five looked at one another and looked at Lord Mauleverer, and then followed him up the coral path to the bungalow.

Far out on the starry lagoon the canoe had already vanished; the beachcomber was gone. Lord Mauleverer, obviously, was glad that he had got clear; and the Famous Five, though far from sharing his feelings, could hardly do anything but leave the matter where it was.

Mauly, with a faint smile on his face, led them up the steps into the veranda.

"He, he, he!" greeted them as they arrived. Billy Bunter grinned at them. "I say, you fellows, supper's ready! He, he, he!"

"What are you letting off that alarm clock for, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Eh? I'm not letting off an alarm clock, you ass! Wharrer you mean?"

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" echoed Bunter.

"There it goes again!" said Bob.

"Yah!" Bunter understood that it was his musical merriment that Bob had mistaken for an alarm clock. "Cheeky ass! Yah! I say, you fellows, I jolly well knew that you were gammoning! He, he, he! You didn't take me in. You may have fancied you did, but you jolly well didn't! He, he, he!"

"Take you in!" repeated Harry Wharton. "What are you burbling about now, you bloated burbler?"

"He, he, he! I jolly well knew you weren't really going to miss supper!" declared Billy Bunter. "As if any fellow would! I jolly well knew you'd come back in time for supper!"

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

They had, undoubtedly come back—and, equally undoubtedly, they were in time for supper. But really it was not the prospect of roast chicken that had driven them back. Bunter, however, had no doubt on the subject.

"Trying to pull a fellow's leg!" he said. "I jolly well knew! He, he, he! You needn't have cut after them like that, Mauly; they'd have turned up all right! He, he, he!"

Mr. McTab looked out of the doorway.

"Supper, laddies!" he said genially.

Billy Bunter shot into the dining-room.

Mr. McTab smiled very genially as the Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer followed him in in a cheery crowd. The trouble, he could see was over; the clouds had rolled by, and the Greyfriars fellows were on the old friendly footing again—which was a pleasant sight to the kind-hearted Scots gentleman.

There were cheery faces round the supper-table. Shiniest, if not brightest, was that of Billy Bunter. After shipwreck and disaster, cannibal islands, and dingy luggers haunted by cockroaches, there was roast chicken, baked yams, a pie, pineapple, and jelly—and if that was not happiness, William George Bunter would have liked to know what was!

THE END.

(Don't miss the final yarn in this exciting holiday series. It's entitled: "SAVED BY A FOE!" and is, undoubtedly, one of Frank Richards' greatest stories.)

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Boys may now enter between the ages of 15 and 17½ years. Full particulars are contained in the illustrated

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COLD STEEL AND HOT FOOTER!

Slacker Suddenly Puts Pep into Game and Gets Goalie Guessing. Short St. Sam's Shocker.

By **DICKY NUGENT**

"Grate pip! Look at what's coming!" Jack Jolly gasped out these words. It was Wednesday—a half-holiday at St. Sam's—and the kaptin of the Fourth and his merry men were lining up on the footer field for the first Form match of the season against the Fifth. Burleigh of the Sixth, the referee, was just about to blow his whistle for the start of the game; but he pawed at Jolly's words and looked round instead. Burleigh fairly blinked at what he saw. Yawnington of the Fourth, the slacker who Doctor Birchermall, the headmaster, had vowed to make fit, was dragging himself wearily down towards the footer pitch from the School House. He was dressed in footer clothes, as though he meant to join in the game; and this alone was enuff to make the footballers rub their eyes. But what really surprized everybody was the Head himself. Doctor Alfred Birchermall had been seen in many weird guises; but he had never been seen in anything quite so weird as he appeared in now. He wore footer shorts, a sweater, and a blazer; his head was adorned with a speedway rider's crash helmet; and he carried in his hand a glittering sword with which he jabbed at Yawny at frequent intervals!

The footballers simply roared, as they watched the commical cuple. "Ha, ha, ha! What a site!" "Are you going to a carnival, sir? Or are you doing it for a wager?" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Silence, boys!" ordered the Head, as he and his languid protegy reached the footer pitch at last. "There is nothing to laff at—"

"Your mistake, sir!" chortled Jack Jolly. "If you'll borrow a mirror and have a look in it, you'll soon see plenty to laff at!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

TOPICAL TALKS ON SOCCER
By **H. VERNON-SMITH**, Our Snappy Sports Reporter

Footer has started at Greyfriars and there will be many hard-fought games and, let's hope, many smashing victories for the Remove side, before we break up for Christmas. We are all as keen as mustard to make this a record season—inspired, more than anything else, by the thought of the hundreds of thousands of Greyfriars fans all over the world who are interested in our efforts!

This season, I propose to write a regular weekly sports review for the "Herald," so that our outside supporters may be kept well informed of the latest results and thus be able to follow our fortunes more

closely than in the past. In my weekly summary I intend to give results of recent games, up-to-date league tables, brief reviews of the games and news of the players. There is no actual league, as you know; but the teams I propose to include in my chart all play each other regularly and there is no reason why the results should not be tabulated just as though a league existed. Our first home fixture this year is with Rookwood. It is rumoured that Rookwood have a team strong enough to beat all comers. Tom Brown, who bumped into Jimmy Silver during

the vac., tells me that the cheery Rookwood skipper was not concerned at all with the result of the match. His only worry was, by how many goals was the Rookwood team going to win? I have often in the past admired Silver's optimism; but I must say that I never realised fully what a super-optimist he is till Brown told me this! I'm afraid his optimism is going to receive a rude shock when he brings his team to Greyfriars next week. But I had better not crow yet, in case of accidents. We will wait and see!

Look out for my contribution in the next merry number of the "Herald," you men! (That goes for you, girls, too!) And make up your minds to follow our footer fortunes regularly this season! Cheerio!



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 311.

EDITED BY FISHER TARLETON FISH.

September 24th, 1938.



YAWP? I GUESS I CAN!

Your 100 Per Cent Go-Getter Editor Addresses You All.

Greetings, folks! Here's your old pal Fisher T. Fish yawping at you some more. With most of the galoots back for the new term, this joint begins to look kinda brighter again, and I'll tell the world it's time it did. For a sociable sort of a guy like me to have to spend most of the summer vacation in such a dump is just too bad. I'll allow though that it ain't been too unbearable this year. I spent part of the time at Margate; and, although Margate ain't no Palm Beach or Atlantic City, I guess it's a nifty enough place for a guy that likes a little zip in his recreation.

Besides which, I had a whole heap of callers at Greyfriars on account of my being Temporary Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald." The number of guys who called, in passing, with stories and news items for the columns of this paper just got me dizzy, I'll tell a man!

It was good to meet the guys and exchange a bit of back-chat. But if you figure they toted any worth-while script, you got another guess coming. As for trade—nix! I got the well-known frozen mitt from every galoot, soon as I mentioned inserting their stuff at the usual advertising rates. This place surely is a pain in the neck to a slick American business go-getter!

Wharton and his bunch have not yet hit Greyfriars. Thanks for the cheers, buddies! It surely does a guy good to know his efforts as the editor of a world-famous juvenile paper meet with such appreciation.

If things go the way I want them, you fans that have been rooting for me all these weeks will get your wish—and F. T. F. will replace Wharton as Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" for keeps. Then everything in the garden will be just dandy, I'll tell the world!

It's gonna be a tough struggle. Now that the term has started, there's a big crowd of would-be's whooping to take the job away from me. But I'm stuck right where I am, and I guess I'll take a lot of shifting. If I stick tight enough, you may yet have F. T. F. editing your Christmas Number!

Here's hoping!
FISHER T. FISH.

The Head silenced the roar with a majestick wave of his somewhat grimy paw. "Quiet, please! Silence!" he cried. "Let me explain the why and the wherefore of this introusion. The fact is, boys, I have decided to make Yawnington play for the Fourth this afternoon. And I myself am going to referee the game!" "The dickens you are!" ejaculated Burleigh. "But how can you referee a game of footer, sir, when you don't



know the difference between a half-back and a goal-post?" "Ha, ha, ha!" "The Head snorted. "I know quite enuff about football to referee a game, Burleigh, don't you worry!" he said. "Without boasting, I may say that what I don't know about football is not worth knowing. Why, when I was at Oxbridge I used to play footer for my college regularly." "Indeed, sir!" remarked Burleigh

dryly. "And I suppose you used to score more runs at it than anybody else in the team!" "Exactly, Burleigh!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Enuff!" snorted Doctor Birchermall. "We will proceed with the game. Jolly! Yawnington is going to take your place in the team; so you had better hop it!" "But look here, sir—" "Buzz!" roared the Head, in a tone that brooked no argument. And Jack Jolly retired and sat down disconsolately on the pavilion steps to watch the game.

"I suppose that applies to me, too, sir!" grinned Burleigh, as Jolly tramped away. "But just to satisfy my ouriosity before I go, would you mind telling me what's the idea of the sword?" Doctor Birchermall smiled grimly. "With plezzure, Burleigh. The idea is to stick it in Yawnington whenever he needs encurrigement!" "And the crash-helmet, sir?" "That, Burleigh, is in case the ball hits my napper. It will protect my brane from injury." "Impossible, sir!" declared Burleigh. "How on earth can you protect what you haven't got?" "Ha, ha, ha!" Doctor Birchermall glared; but Burleigh had wisely bolted, and the Head decided to let him go and get on with the game. Fe-e-e-ep!

for the Fourth. When the Fifth Form players saw the Head charging along behind Yawny, brandishing a sword, they scuttled away before him like frightened rabbits. Consequently, the yelling slacker had a clear course all the way down the field; and as the goalie also dashed for safety, all Yawny had to do, was to dribble the ball into the goal.

"GOAL!" "Good old Yawny!" "Three cheers for the ref!" "Ha, ha, ha!" The crowd simply shrieked. But Doctor Birchermall took it all with grate seriousness. "That's the idea, Yawnington!" he cried approvingly. "I told you you could play footertif you tried. Keep it up, my boy!" Snore!

It Has A Suspicious Flavour!

We are told that Dicky Nugent became so engrossed in writing this week's St. Sam's spasm that he absent-mindedly filled up his fountain-pen with ginger-pop and quenched his thirst with a bottle of ink. We can hardly swallow it ourselves!

"Bless my sole! The yung raskal has fallen asleep against the goalpost!" ejaculated the Head, in amazement. "Wake up at once!" Another jab from the sword was quite enuff for Yawny. He woke up with a howl and sprinted back to his place at quite a serprizing speed. That comical start to the game was tippical of the play that followed. Yawny kept on plodding; and the Head kept on prodding; and as he grew more and more careless where he prodded, the Fifth Formers kept further and further away from him. The result was that whenever Yawny got the ball, a goal was a certainty. He scored six more goals in the first half and another five in the second!

Fearless also managed to score a cuple, and Bright got one. All that the Fifth could put up against this was one solitary goal; and the game ended, amid yells of larfter, with the score 15-1 in favour of the Fourth! It was a triumph for Yawny; there was no doubt about that. But Doctor Birchermall was still shaking his head thoughtfully, as he stalked back to the Schoe! House.

Yawnington woke up with a vengeance! He shot forward like a boolit from a gun—with the Head in close attendance. More by luck than judgment, he kicked the ball, as he went, and the Fourth Form supporters' larfter turned to cheers. "Go it, Yawny!" "You're all over them!"

Bunter As A Locksmith!

"REMOVITE" writes to suggest that as Bunter is so handy at raiding chaps' studies, he ought to make a good locksmith. Well, it's true that he always "bolts" his food. And there are a number of things (such as going hungry) that he "bars." On the other hand, he has never yet been known to "shut up." On the whole we think he might choose a more suitable trade. Footer will have to go. We

may yet see the unique spectacle of Wingate and Blundell and other giants of Big Side exercising their muscles in a wildly exciting game of basketball. When they really want to let themselves go, no doubt they will indulge in a riotous afternoon at hockey! Of course, we shall all tend to become a little girlish and "catty." You can imagine the sort of talk that will go on in the Rag. Something like this:

WHARTON: Like my new tie, Bob? CHERRY: Perfectly sweet, old chap! The caroty colour goes awfully well with your gravy eyes! How do you like the new way I'm doing my hair? WHARTON: Topping, old bean! It must be frightfully awkward to know what to do with a wiry mop like you've got!

Study furnishings will most certainly undergo changes. Footer will have to go. We

whoopee! We're in for a high old time at this old school if Greyfriars goes co-ed. But don't get too upset, chaps. It may never happen! (Next week we hope to print a reply to Tom Brown by one of the Cliff House girls.)

RATS AND MICE AND ALL THINGS NICE

Weird and Wonderful Epistle from WUN LUNG

(Translated into appropriate English by Dick Rake)

Honoured and respected Father,—Wun Lung get your nicee letter, tankee you velly much. Also tankee for heavenly money-order which you sendee unworthy and abominable son.

Wun Lung get on plenty fine. Like Gleyfiars velly much. English food tickle Wun Lung no end, what you tinkee? Example—Gleyfiars boys eattee eggs—yet never birds' nests! Also eattee pork—yet never nicee lats and mice! Wun Lung no savvy stlange way of English eattee! Wun Lung tinkee English boys velly fine. Bob Chelly, he Wun Lung's great hero. Hally Wharton also plenty big shiend. Wun Lung just findee one or two not so nicee. Bolsover he plenty

big bully; Bunter, he stealee poor Chinee's glub, poor Chinee payee out plenty often. Nasty Skinner, he pullee Wun Lung's leg. One time, Wun Lung capture bad English boys, givee Chinee torture, makee bad boys howl and shleik! Wun Lung's master, Quelchy, he velly stern; but tleat poor little Chinee kind and nicee. Teachee Wun Lung quite a lot, what you tinkee! But still Wun Lung findee much he no savvy. Hop Hi fit and well, also Wun Lung. Both send love and respect to honoured father and mother, and blothers and sisters. Me lite again soon.

WUN LUNG.

WHOOPEE WHEN GREYFRIARS GOES CO-ED!

Dropped Footer and Dropped Stitches Forecasts

TOM BROWN

Co-education at Greyfriars! Boys and girls in class together! Just think of it! It hasn't happened yet; but it's a distinct possibility of the future. If you can believe the newspapers, several big boys' schools are to turn "mixed" in the near future. It may happen at Greyfriars. The time may come when Greyfriars and Cliff House join forces and become one school! What do you think about that, fellows? How do you react to the prospect? If it does happen we shall certainly see some startling changes in the old routine. I can imagine, for instance, the exciting atmosphere of the Rag becoming a lot more subdued and polite. Instead of punching each other's noses, we shall give each other frigid looks and toss our heads disdainfully. If provoked beyond endurance, we shall have to slap each other lightly on the cheek and then weep on each other's necks!

angle altogether, and invent a really tipping wheeze that will get him through the test with flying oullers!" (In next week's rib-tickling instalment, Doctor Birchermall has a staggering brainwave for getting over his difficulty. Don't miss it!)

Wharton: Like my new tie, Bob? Cherry: Perfectly sweet, old chap! The caroty colour goes awfully well with your gravy eyes! How do you like the new way I'm doing my hair? Wharton: Topping, old bean! It must be frightfully awkward to know what to do with a wiry mop like you've got! Study furnishings will most certainly undergo changes.

Footer will have to go. We

coming round and rapping us on the knuckles for dropping a stitch. It will seem odd, too, when Monsieur Charpentier starts tearing his hair because we've put too many currants in our buns. But no doubt we shall get used to it in time! Clothes, of course, will become an increasingly important factor in our young lives. The probability is that the subject of clothes will quickly replace sport as a topic of conversation. I can just picture myself rushing breathlessly into a group of chaps, yelling: "Look at the ducky waistcoat I picked up in Chunkley's bargain basement, you fellows! Only one-and-eleven-threel! Are you all jealous?" Whoopee! We're in for a high old time at this old school if Greyfriars goes co-ed. But don't get too upset, chaps. It may never happen! (Next week we hope to print a reply to Tom Brown by one of the Cliff House girls.)

