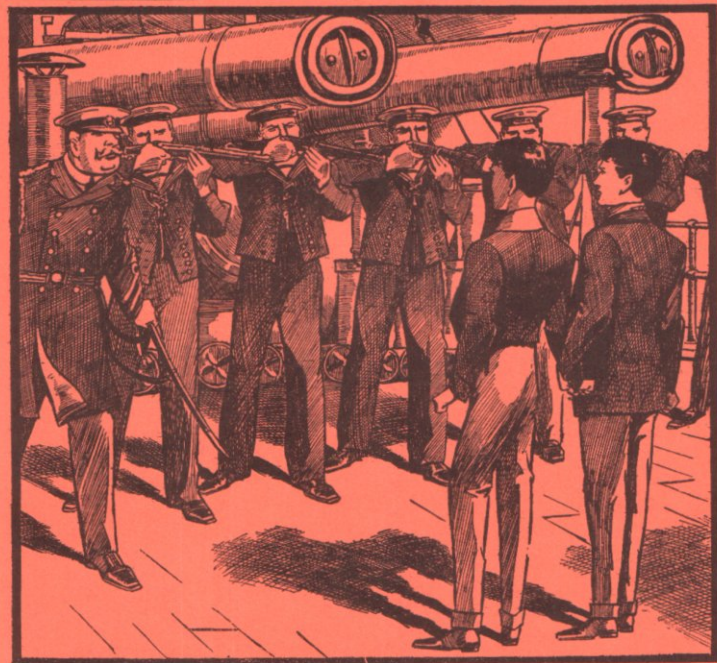
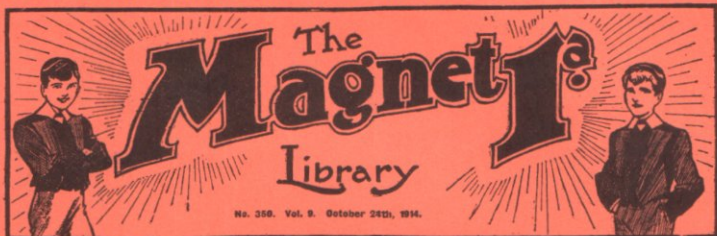


"FOILING THE FOE!"

A Grand Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. in This Issue.



"PILOT MY SHIP, OR —!"

A Thrilling Incident in the Splendid Long Complete School Tale in this Number.

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.



**The EDITOR'S WEEKLY CHAT
WITH HIS READERS.**

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"THE PHOTO PRIZE!"

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

In our next grand, long, complete story of the chums of Greyfriars, a local newspaper offers a prize for the best set of photographs taken by an amateur, and this leads to a photographic craze among the boys of Greyfriars. Billy Bunter takes part, and he is responsible for the taking of a photograph which puts Vernon-Smith, the one-time Outsider of Greyfriars, in an awkward predicament. Billy Bunter reaps a rich harvest from that photograph, but at last the Bouncer finds that the fat junior has been "spoofing" him, and the Owl of the Remove comes in for a very hot time. A certain junior, who wins

"THE PHOTO PRIZE!"

makes very good use of the money, and juniors and seniors alike participate in a grand celebration, on good terms with one another for a short time, at least.

COLOURED FLAGS.

Our cheery little companion paper, "Chuckles," contains quite a novel feature, which should especially appeal to all my patriotic chums, and to those whose hobby it is to collect emblems and designs. On the front page of "Chuckles" each week will be found a coloured reproduction of the flags of those nations which are playing such a prominent part in the historic war now raging on the Continent.

The drawings are splendidly executed and beautifully coloured, and it will be well worth your while to cut them out and retain them as souvenirs of the present crisis.

The flags of the Great Powers have already appeared, but your newsgang will probably be able to supply you with the requisite back numbers. The present issue of "Chuckles" contains the flag of Servia, and next week that of Japan, our powerful ally in the East, will appear.

Apart from this new feature, there is much entertaining reading matter to be found in this delightful little paper, while its satirical jokes are of the highest order.

You will be well advised, therefore, to place an order with your newsgang to-day for "Chuckles," the premier coloured comic, on sale every Saturday at one halfpenny.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

William S. (Manchester).—Yes, there is a First Form at Greyfriars. No. 225 of "The Magnet" Library was entitled "Down on His Luck." The characters you mention are all about fifteen years of age.

"The Inseparables."—The loyal tone of your letter afforded me great pleasure. I regret your first suggestion is impracticable at present. Mr. Richards' first task when he is free is to write a Harry Wharton tale for "The Boys' Friend" 3d. Library. Bob Cherry, although the best boxer in the Remove, has many rivals in this respect. Lord Maulverer can hardly be included among them, however. Very best wishes.

"A Constant Reader" (Ashford).—Your only remedy is to shave regularly.

J. T. Hayley.—I. Write to Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn. 2. Dick Rake has not left Greyfriars.

"Hancox" (Birmingham).—To do as you suggest would involve too much difficulty.

"Whiplash" (New Tredegar).—1. Coker's machine is a "Douglas." 2. Hunter weighs nearly 14st.

J. Page (Melbourne).—Many thanks for your letter and frank criticisms. Your suggestions shall be borne in mind.

S. Birch (Scotstown).—Messrs. A. W. Gamage, of High Holborn, London, W.C., will supply you with a Boy Scout's equipment.

H. Beresford (London, S.W.).—As regards "The Boys' Friend" 3d. Library you mention, further announcements will appear in due course.

"Inquirer."—I am afraid it is impossible to do what you suggest at present.

W. T. (Dorset) and H. E. (Manchester).—Write to Messrs. Glaisher, of 32, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., for their book "Advice on Ventriiloquism."

The Editor

NOW ON SALE!

Three New Additions to
**"THE BOYS' FRIEND"
3^D. LIBRARY.**

No. 277.

"PRIDE OF THE PRAIRIE!"

A Thrilling Story of the Wild West.

By **CLAUDE CUSTER.**

No. 278.

"BUFFALO BILL'S CIRCUS!"

A Splendid Story of Bill Cody, Scout.

By **CLAUDE CUSTER.**

No. 279.

"PETE'S CIRCUS!"

A Magnificent Story of Jack, Sam and Pete.

By **S. CLARKE HOOK.**

ASK ALWAYS FOR

**"THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d.
COMPLETE LIBRARY.**

**3 Splendid Long,
Complete Stories of**

**SEXTON BLAKE
(Detective),**

TOM MERRY & CO.

and

JACK, SAM & PETE

EVERY FRIDAY

IN

THE PENNY

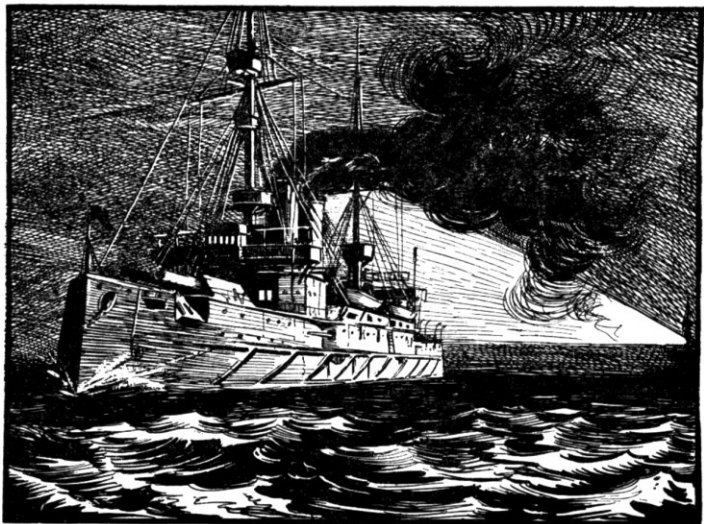
POPULAR.

A SPECIAL WAR SERIAL!

START IT TO-DAY!

A WORLD AT STAKE!

A Stirring Story of the Supreme Struggle between the
British Empire and its Hated Foe.



READ THIS FIRST.

A wonderful airship, named the Falcon, is constructed by two brothers, Thorpe and Dick Thornhill. It is offered to the British Government; but they remain indifferent to the Falcon's qualities. Major Seigner, a German officer, endeavours to purchase it for his Government, but the offer, magnificent though it is, is refused. The German, however, manages to steal the Falcon, taking with him Dick Thornhill and a young man named Tom Evans. The Britishers are taken before the Kaiser, who orders them to be imprisoned, after Dick has hotly refused to explain any of the secrets which the Falcon holds.

Meanwhile, Thorpe Thornhill, in the Night Hawk, a sister ship to the Falcon, gives chase to the German officer, his intention being to fly to the outskirts of Berlin, from whence he could make his attempt to liberate his brother, and regain possession of the Falcon. Meanwhile, little Tom Evans and Dick Thornhill, by swimming a river, manage to escape from the fortress. They clamber into a ship and come face to face with the most extraordinary man they ever set eyes on.

(Now go on with the story.)

On the Wings of the Storm,

Dick, obeying a sudden impulse, dropped his axe on the deck, and held out his hand, saying:

"I know we have taken an unwarrantable liberty with your craft, sir, but—" For a moment he paused, then,

determined to have no half measures, he added quickly: "But we are English boys, who have been imprisoned in Kiel fortress. Last night we escaped, and, seeing your boat at anchor opposite a fishing village, made bold to borrow it."

"The manikin looked Dick full in the face.

"You speak the truth, Englander—I see it in your eyes. The Germans kept you prisoner? Ah, then you love them not?"

A bitter smile crossed Dick's features, and, without waiting for him to answer, the dwarf continued:

"You like them not—I hate them! It was the Germans who slew my father and my brothers. You are welcome to the boat. Day and night, night and day, I pray that Germany may be plunged into war with some nation—I care not which so long as it gives me the chance of fighting against her. My body is small, but I can slay! I know it! I feel it in my blood whenever I think of that hated people."

Dick shuddered, despite himself, as he saw the fierce, almost maniacal rage kindling in the dwarf's eyes and distorting his face; but the next moment the spasm passed, and the speaker went on in a calmer voice:

"But you are safe now; the Germans will not follow you into Denmark."

"They would follow us to the end of the world if they could trace us. But you will soon have your wish. They are preparing for war with England."

"War with England!" shrieked the dwarf, performing a series of somersaults so rapidly that Dick could scarcely mark

his movements, and with an agility that filled Tom Evans with awe. "War with England! Then they will be crushed! The pride of Germany will be humbled in the dust. Who can stand against the Mistress of the Sea?"

Dick shook his head. "England could well hold her own against the whole world in arms on equal terms," he said proudly, if somewhat sadly; "but Germany has built six airships, the model of which was stolen from myself and my brother. With these she will be able to destroy our magnificent fleet without giving us an opportunity of firing a shot back in return."

The smile faded from the dwarf's lips; then a look of determination filled his face.

"Then it is your duty to reach England as quickly as possible," he said decisively. "I will help you—nay, more—I will accompany you. But promise me that if this war—"

He broke off, and pointed to the south, where the horizon was darkened by a dark mass of bubbling clouds; then, with a guttural cry, sprang to the halcyards, and cast them loose.

The next moment, with a roar like thunder, the gale swooped down upon them, heeling over the little vessel until her gunwale dipped beneath the waves. Then she righted, and scudded with bare mast onward towards the north, as Bjorn, flinging Dick aside, grasped the tiller, and broke into one of the weird, wild, old-time sea-songs of his roving forefathers.

Louder and louder shrieked the gale; louder sang Bjorn, his deep, rolling bass mingling well with the many voices of the storm.

On they flew, carried forward on the wings of the tempest, until, just as the sun sank beneath the horizon, Bjorn's song ceased; a bitter cry of despair burst from his lips, and he sprang to his feet.

Even as he did so, the boat crashed on the jagged teeth of a partly submerged rock, and the next moment the three were struggling in the waves.

Environed by Peril!

Half-blinded by spray, tossed about by the angry waves, Dick was confidently conscious of a tall, rugged, forbidding coastline stretching before him, then he was flung with terrific force upon a rock. He grasped at it, and his clutching fingers twined round the root of a stunted shrub growing on the verge of the sea.

As he did so a shrill yell of despair mingled with the roaring storm, and a heavy body hurtled through the air.

Instinctively he reached out his hand, and, clutching at the dark mass, seized Bjorn's body, who, scaling the cliff, had missed his footing, and would have fallen to his death but for Dick's detaining grasp.

"Let me go, Englisher! You cannot support me, and—alas!—I cannot climb; my leg is broken!" gasped the dwarf.

Dick's only reply was to tighten his hold upon the Dane, and then he clung like a limpet to the face of the rock.

It was evening when the boat struck, and all through that night Dick held on to the man he had saved, until, with the dawn, the storm passed away, and the outgoing tide allowed him to deposit his burden on a narrow stretch of sand at the foot of the cliff.

He had not seen Tom since the boat struck, and he feared that his brave little companion in so many adventures was dead. But barely had it grown light enough to see the top of the cliff than he heard himself hailed from above; and, looking up, a shout of joy burst from his lips as he saw Tom looking down upon him.

"There's a path to your right, Master Dick!" cried the boy excitedly.

Dick shouted back a reply; and, raising the dwarf in his arms, carried him as easily as though he was a child up the rocky path Tom indicated.

He found himself within half a mile of some fishermen's huts, where the boys were well received, and given what they so much needed—food and a bed.

The next morning they found the village was called Kemlin, and was situated on the opposite side of the Island of Zealand to Copenhagen, whither, having bade their hosts adieu, the two boys hastened, for Dick was anxious to reach England—or, at least, to telegraph a warning message to Thorpe Thornhill—leaving Bjorn cursing the broken leg, which prevented him accompanying them.

Fortunately, Dick's purse had not been taken from him, and Tom still had some of the money the German general had given him left. This sufficed to carry them to Copenhagen, and also to procure them each a suit of respectable clothes in which to appear before the British Consul.

At any other time Dick would have found plenty to amuse him in the quaint streets of the Danish capital; but the thought of the airships so near completion in Kiel Harbour haunted him day and night. And, having inquired the way to

the British Consulate, he strode quickly through the streets at a pace that gave little Tommy Evans as much as he could do to keep up with him, until they came to a street, from a second-floor window in which waved a large Union Jack. He quickened his steps, but came to an abrupt halt as Tom, grasping his arm, drew him on one side.

"Leave go, Tom!" he cried irritably. "What's the matter?"

"Look at that bloke on the other side of the street, Master Dick—the one looking in a shop window," whispered the boy. "Well, I see him, a fellow with a glazed peak to his cap."
"That's the joker! Do you know where I saw him last?"
"You've never seen him before, I should say," returned Dick.

"But I have, sir," returned Tom. "Honest Injun, I have!" He was with Seigner in Kiel, when they took me before the general who wanted to put Master Thorpe out of the way."

Dick hastily entered a newsagent's shop. Fortunately, there was nobody behind the counter at the time.

"Are you sure, Tom?"

"I'll take my 'davit on it, sir," returned the other.

At that moment the proprietor entered the shop, and, buying some writing-paper and envelopes as an excuse for being there, Dick dawdled about until he thought the man had gone; then, sending Tom on ahead, emerged from the shop.

As he did so he cast a hurried glance in the direction he had last seen the German spy. He was still there. Evidently believing that the British Consulate at Copenhagen would be the objective of the escaped boys, Seigner had given orders for it to be watched.

But it seemed as though the man had not seen them. And, not daring to enter the Consulate now, Dick followed Tom up a side street.

He soon came upon that youngster in a small square, hiding behind the statue of some Danish hero.

Tom beckoned Dick to his side.

"Keep still, sir," he whispered. "If that bloke is spying on us he will follow. We'll soon see."

They had not long to wait ere the man with the peaked cap walked swiftly by their place of concealment.

Clucking to themselves at the easy way they had thrown off the spy, they retraced their steps; but ere they had gone far Dick remembered the old proverb, "It is ill to whistle before you are out of the wood," for it soon became evident that wherever they went they were being followed. Seigner was too wary to trust one man on so important a mission.

However, in broad daylight, and in a friendly capital, the Germans dare not attack them; so, feeling hungry, they entered a restaurant, and were soon discussing a well-cooked and bounteous meal.

The restaurant was attached to a small hotel, and, deeming it unlikely that they would be able to leave Copenhagen that night, they engaged a bed, then sallied forth once more.

The time they were not followed, and they reached the Consulate without molestation. But a bitter disappointment awaited them, for the flag had been removed; and, on inquiry at the office, they were told that the Consul had left Copenhagen for the day. There was no one present to whom Dick dare entrust his great secret, so he turned sorrowfully away, and, going to the post-office, despatched a telegram to his brother.

Tired out with their long tramp, the boys retired early to rest, and were soon fast asleep.

About midnight, Dick awoke with a feeling of suffocation. He sat up in bed, and tried to draw a long breath, only to find his lungs filled with thick, dense smoke.
Springing to the floor, he drew on his clothes and rushed to the bed where Tom slept, for they had deemed it safer to share the same room.

"Wake up, Tom—wake up! The house is on fire!" he cried.

But already the suffocating fumes had laid their grasp on the sleeper, and it was with difficulty that Dick could awaken his companion; then, half leading, half carrying him, he rushed to the door.

A cry of horror broke from his lips, and even his brave heart chilled with fear. The door was locked. Without he could hear loud, excited voices, and the scurrying of quickly-moving footsteps; but no attention was paid to his hammering on the door-panels or his cries for help. Perchance they were drowned by the constantly increasing roar of flames.

They rushed to the window and flung it open. A fearful sight met their gaze. The whole of the lower part of the house was on fire; flames were bursting from every window. The street was packed with an excited crowd, dotted with the bright helmets of the firemen, who were hurling streams of water over the burning house.

"It is no good, Tom, old chap; escape is cut off in every direction!" cried Dick, in despair. "Did you lock our door last night?" he asked thoughtfully.

"Certainly not, Master Dick! Why should I?" demanded Tom.

"I thought as much, the German demons!" cried Dick angrily. "But look! What are they doing? What is that yonder? We may be saved, after all!" he added, leaning out of the window and wildly waving his arms; for coming towards them at a good pace was a tall fire-escape. But already the flames had eaten their way through the woodwork of the door, and the heat was rapidly becoming unbearable.

"Stand on the window-sill, Master Dick. Never mind me; I'm nearly done for," gasped Tom, sinking back into the room.

"Not much, Tommy, old boy! We'll live or die together!" cried Dick, raising his companion's almost inanimate body and dragging him to the window.

A mighty shout arose from the crowd below; but Dick, numbed with terror and almost suffocated, scarcely heard it. As in a dream he felt the charred window-sill over which he leaned shake as the top of the fire-escape touched it.

Then strength returned to him, and, with Tom in his arms, he clambered into the canvas shoot, to find himself, a few seconds later, safe in the street, surrounded by a cheering crowd of kind-hearted Danes.

"They are badly scorched, and their clothes are burnt to rags. Let them come with me, pompier; I have room and to spare in my house," cried a bystander, pressing forward.

Ill, bewildered, and not yet wholly recovered from the shock of waking to find himself in such deadly peril, Dick willingly accepted the invitation.

With many expressions of sympathy, the crowd made way for their would-be host, who led them from one street to another, until suddenly Tom, who was rapidly recovering from the effects of the fire, stumbled and fell.

"Aeh, little boy, you should look where you do go!" laughed the German.

Hastily Dick stooped down and picked his comrade up. "It's another on 'em—another of 'Seigner's lot!" Tom whispered hastily.

With his brain cleared by the presence of danger, Dick realised his folly in thus committing himself to the guidance of a stranger, and that stranger a German.

"What is it he says?" asked the German suspiciously.

"He has reminded me of another friend, sir, where, if you will excuse us, we will go," returned Dick politely.

"Aeh, no, no! You would not disappoint me, after coming so far?" See, my house is very near; it is only in this square!" cried the German, as they entered the very square to which the man with the peaked cap had followed them the previous day.

That settled it. Dick knew now that they had fallen into the hands of another German agent.

At that early hour the square was deserted. He must act at once, unless he would find himself hauled back to Kiel, or, perchance, killed where he stood.

A word to Tom, and, dodging behind the German, they turned and fled.

Then the true character of their pretended friend was revealed.

"Quick, Enlen, Dutcher, Naumann—after them, lads!" he cried, aiming a vicious blow at Dick's head with the stick he carried, and missing it by a hair's breadth.

In response to his cry a stream of men poured from an adjacent house, and the next moment, as they fled along the cobbled streets, the boys heard the clatter of their pursuers' footsteps behind them.

On they went, until at last the houses grew fewer and further between, and, when at last they ventured to pause for breath, they had left Copenhagen far behind them.

"We've spoofed 'em again, Master Dick!" cried Tom triumphantly, looking down the dusty road along which they had fled. "But whether away now?"

"Back to Kemlin," returned Dick decisively.

Then, as though to give the lie to Tom's previous remark, a loud report a hundred yards away startled the night air, and a bullet splintered the bark of a tree against which they leaned.

"By Jove, the brutes mean business! Come on, Tom! We must run for it again!" declared Dick.

And once more they sped swiftly westward.

A small town was reached; but they dare not stop, and, passing through, continued their way.

As they hoped they had thrown off their pursuers; but, on reaching a small hill and looking back, they saw three dark figures moving swiftly along in their wake. However, when, a few miles further, they flung themselves, exhausted, into a ditch, they waited in vain for their pursuers to come up, and an hour later continued on their way in the best of spirits, confident that they had thrown their foe off the scent.

But one of the German agents had been seated at the next table to them during lunch the previous day, eagerly devouring every word they said, and had gathered from their unguarded speech that they had come from the vicinity of Kemlin, whether they rightly conjectured the fugitives were returning.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 350.

NEXT MONDAY—

"THE PHOTO PRIZE!"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

Consequently, when, footsore and weary, the boys approached Kemlin, the Germans, accompanied by half a score of hired ruffians from Spjogo, were close upon their heels.

But the boys had returned to true, honest friends, for when the mob of scoundrels overtook them on the outskirts of the village, armed with cudgels and any weapons they could lay their hands upon, the village turned out to a man, and gave the German hirelings no sooner a thrashing that they were glad to retreat, with no worse injuries than a few broken heads.

Nor was this all. Ere daylight dawned the following morning the kindly fisher-folk had launched a boat and carried the boys over to the mainland, one of their number accompanying them to Rinkjoberg, where he had a kinsman, the possessor of a small brig carrying butter between Hull and Denmark, who willingly agreed to land the foreigners in the former town.

On the Tramp!

Overjoyed at the prospect of a speedy end to their toil and anxiety now England was reached, Dick Thornhill and Tom Evans landed in Hull.

But they were soon to discover that their troubles were not yet over.

Knowing well the importance of the information he had to give, Dick hastened to the police-station and told his strange tale.

Great was his dismay, however, when he found his story disbelieved, and himself put down as little better than a common impostor.

"At least, telegraph to the Government that Richard Thornhill has escaped from Kiel," he pleaded.

The superintendent of police at first jaded the idea, but finally consented; and Dick, now penniless, wandered the streets for some hours, returning now and again to the police-station.

Presently, instead of the negative that had hitherto greeted him, the sergeant to whom he applied told him that an answer had been received.

"What is it? Ah, you see I was no impostor! What do they say?" he inquired eagerly.

The grinning sergeant handed him a telegraph form. He scanned the contents: It ran:

"Who is Richard Thornhill? We have no record of such a name on our books."

"The stupid, blundering idiots!" Dick cried, dumbfounded.

"Until the Germans are actually destroying London, they will not listen!"

Then, unable to bear the witty comments of the police, he turned to Tom, crying:

"Come on, Tommy! They treat us as badly in England as they did in Germany; but we will make ourselves heard if we walk every inch of the way to London, and have to force our way into the Houses of Parliament at the end!"

Without another word, he led the way from Hull, and they commenced a long, weary tramp southward, obtaining a few hours' work where they could, and begging their bread where they could not.

Once a kindly old lady, to whom he applied for assistance, gave Dick a shilling to help him on his way. Sixpence of this went in bread, the other sixpence in a telegram to his brother, saying he was in England, and begging him to send assistance to the next town they came to.

But disappointment still dogged their footsteps. When the ragged, pale, attenuated little form asked at the post-office for a telegram, he was received with the haughty reply that there was nothing for him, as the King was not in town.

It was the eve of that May day now known as Black Friday—a day when England was to be awakened from her long-enjoyed security, to find herself menaced by the greatest danger which has ever threatened a great nation.

As though Nature herself was awaiting the coming catastrophe with bated breath, scarcely a breath of air swept down the dusty streets of London as Dick Thornhill and Tom Evans wended their way, weary and footsore, through the streets of the City on their way westward.

A wrong turning in the suburbs, instead of bringing them into Cornhill as they hoped, brought them to the Whitechapel Road.

Here, for the first time, they noticed that something out of the common was taking place, or about to take place, for the thoroughfare was crowded with the off-scouring of the gutters and the slums.

Many were British; but the mob was for the most part composed of the scum of Europe, who, in our blindness, we

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

allow to congregate like a festering sore in the very heart of our Empire.

Both Dick Thornhill and Tom Evans had heard the ordinary street spouter offer enough, and it is doubtful if they would have been the slightest attention to what was being said but for the words of a big, stout man, who, his back to where the boys stood, was roaring forth something in English with an unmistakable German accent.

"Friends, friends," he cried, waving his arms about and perspiring profusely, "brothers in adversity, how long will you be the yoke the rich have placed upon your shoulders? Be ready! Be armed! The time is coming—it is nearly here—when your tyrants in the West will have other things to think about than protecting their property! We Anarchists believe not in miracles, and yet the day of miracles is not yet over, for from over the sea help is coming through the air! Ere morning the first blow will be struck at the Government of the poor by the rich!"

Even with these words ringing in his ears, it is doubtful if Dick would have grasped their full significance had not the speaker turned round at that moment.

"Tom, you see who that man is? You hear what he says? It is Stromitz, Seigner's agent! He means that the German aerial fleet is already on its way to destroy England!" cried Dick, aghast at the discovery.

There was no answer, and, looking round, Dick saw that Tom had vanished, evidently separated by the crowd which thronged round the speaker.

But, if Tom was not there, another was—a dark, swarthy man, with a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, and fierce, dark, piercing eyes, which were fixed upon the English boy with a glance so full of malicious spite that Dick, shuddering, sought to move away, only to find that, at the first step he took, the Jew, whispering to a companion, edged towards him.

A few minutes later there was a commotion a yard or so from the speaker—a commotion which few noticed, and those who did thought it was only some impudent boy being pushed for cheek, and not a finger was raised to help Dick Thornhill as, with coat thrown over his head to stifle his cries, his arms swiftly bound together, he was passed from hand to hand, hidden from the few policemen present by the bodies of his captors, until at last he found himself being carried down a side street, whither he knew not.

At that moment, all unconscious of his brother's danger, Thorpe Thornhill had just entered Horsham's chambers in Piccadilly.

Captain Horsham was not visible; but a loud splashing in an adjoining room told that he was enjoying a tub ere dressing for his last bachelor dinner-party, for on the morrow he was to be married.

"All right! I came up on my new motor-cycle, and the police being conspicuous by their absence, I made rather better time than I thought I should," sang out Thornhill.

"Heard anything from Dick?" came from the inner room.

"The smile faded from Thorpe Thornhill's face.

"I'm losing hope, Harry. Now my wound has got well, I am going on different tactics. To-morrow I start directly for Germany. If the Government will not take the matter up, I will see what a direct appeal to the German Emperor will do."

"Then you still think that telegram from Copenhagen was a forgery?" persisted Horsham.

"I am certain of it. It was too clumsy a trick to catch the most innocent of jays. Dick would never have risked putting the German police on his track by sending a telegram direct to myself," returned Thorpe decisively.

"Why didn't he go to the British Consul?" asked Horsham.

"Ah, there you have it again—another certain proof that the telegram emanated from our dear friends on the other side of the German Ocean!"

Little Thorpe Thornhill knew that his projected journey would never be made, or of the fearful events of which he would be a witness and a prominent actor in at daybreak. Neither did he know that his brother's second telegram was lying neglected in the letter-box of his London chambers; for he had been very busy superintending the erection of another airship in some works at Chepperton, a small village on the Orwell, near Harwich.

A few minutes later Horsham, clad, and, as he expressed it, in his right mind, entered the room, just in time to welcome three friends, who, with Thorpe Thornhill, made up the little party.

Congratulations were poured upon him, for on the morrow he was to be mated to the woman of his choice.

It was a jovial party, and, the recherche dinner Horsham had provided over, they sat down to a game of bridge.

An hour or so later Thorpe Thornhill rose from his seat, leaving his partner to play dummy himself.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 350.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE GEM" LIBRARY, Every Wednesday, "THE PENNY POPULAR," Every Friday, "CHUCKLES," 14, Every Saturday, 2

"Awfully hot, Horsham! Can I have the window open?" he asked.

"Certainly, old boy; it is a bit close."

Thorpe walked to the window, and flung it open.

Often in the immediate future he recalled that moment; it was so typical of the time. Behind him, the excited voices of the bridge-players; before him, the almost empty street.

Having drawn in a few breaths of cool, refreshing air, he was about to return to the room, when a newsboy, bawling out the contents of his sheet, dashed into the road:

"Paper! Evenin' paper! Destruction of a British iron-clad! Mysterious affair! Paper! Evenin' paper! Communication with Continent interrupted!"

Those within the room heard the cry, but could not distinguish the words, and blank astonishment appeared on every face, as, with an exclamation of dismay, Thorpe Thornhill hastened into the street, and, thrusting half-a-crown into the astonished boy's hand, rushed back.

"Hydrophobia or jujamas, Thorpe?" asked Horsham, laughing.

But Thornhill did not answer. White-faced, his hand trembling so that he could scarcely read the closely-printed lines, he staggered to a gas-bracket, and spread out the fateful sheet.

"What is it, man—what has happened? What ails you?" cried his three friends, throwing down their cards, and hastening towards him.

"It means death—it means ruin—it means a disaster greater than any recorded in the history of the world! The Germans have struck the first blow. They have sunk the Formidable in the North Sea!" declared Thorpe, in hoarse, strained tones.

It was as though a bombshell had exploded in the middle of that happy, careless group.

"Nonsense!" was all Horsham could ejaculate, as, with a short laugh—a laugh such as never springs from a man's lips, except in moments of tense excitement, he snatched the paper from Thorpe's grasp; then a sigh of relief escaped him.

"You are German mad, Thorpe! It was simply an explosion on board. There is no word here of any other ships being present."

"Can't you read between the lines, or are you wilfully blind?" cried Thornhill irritably. "The Formidable, cruising in the North Sea, was near Germany. Read it—read it all from beginning to end!"

"Stop press," began Horsham. "Yacht Ariadne just put in at Hull, having passed H.M.S. Formidable fifty miles to the west of Heligoland. Warship reported all well. When the Formidable was almost hull down, those on board the Ariadne heard a loud explosion. Glasses being brought to bear upon the vessel, she was seen to be firing her guns, the reports of which reached the Ariadne. A few minutes later she seemed to split in pieces, and when the smoke cleared away she had vanished. A brig flying the Swedish flag about midway between the yacht and the doomed warship was also destroyed. Believing themselves to be in great danger from the same mysterious source, the yacht's head was turned towards England."

"Later. All communication with the Continent, except via France, has been interrupted."

"Well?" asked Thornhill, as the other lay down the paper.

"You have found a mare's nest, Thorpe!" declared Horsham deliberately. "This is nothing more than one of the cheap scares the halfpenny papers love to get hold of. At any rate, there will be nothing doing to-night, so let us go on with our game. Your deal!"

In the meantime, Dick Thornhill, bound, gagged and wrapped up in a large overcoat, had been carried into what had once been a large house in the East End, but which had now degenerated into a common lodging-house—or, to be exact, thieves' kitchen.

In vain he looked around him for someone to whom he could appeal for assistance, but every face bore the impress of crime and brutality stamped deep upon its every lineament; besides, they were aliens to a man.

Presently those who were carrying him halted before a door. One of their number rapped on his panels.

"Who knocks?" inquired a voice, in German, from within.

"One who seeks his heart's desire!" was the reply from without.

"And that is?"

"Britain's downfall!" was the ominous reply.

Then the door sprang open, and the party passed into a well-lighted room, the entrance to which was guarded by men armed with rifles and bayonets.

(Another splendid instalment of this grand serial next Monday. Order your copy Now.)

FOILING THE FOE!

A Grand,
Long,
Complete Tale
of
Harry
Wharton
& Co.
of Greyfriars,
and Dick
Trumper
of Courtfield.

By
**FRANK
RICHARDS.**



Bob Cherry's heavy hand descended upon the hat, and once more it was crushed over the eyes of the Owl of the Remove. Leaving Billy Bunter roaring and struggling with the hat, the Famous Five walked away, smiling. (See Chap. 4.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Very Serious Matter!

BILLY BUNTER came into No. 1 Study, in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, with a determined frown upon his face. His fat brows were wrinkled over his big spectacles, and there was a glint in his little round eyes that meant business.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, the owners of the study, were busy.

Wharton was packing sandwiches into a wallet, and Nugent was carefully wrapping up a spirit stove.

They seemed too busy to notice the entrance of the Owl of the Remove.

At all events, they went on with their packing, without looking round, oblivious of the glare of the fat junior.

"Got the spirit-flask, Franky?" Wharton was saying.

"Yes, rather!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Bob Cherry's got the cake," went on Wharton, apparently not hearing, "and Johnny Bull has the water-bottle. Inky's got the cold chicken and the sausages."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Pretty nearly time we started. Sure you've got the spirit-flask in that bag?"

"Quite sure," said Nugent.

"I say, you fellows——" roared Bunter.

The chums of the Remove looked round.

"Hallo! It's Bunter!" said Frank Nugent, affably.

"You jolly well knew I was here!" howled Bunter. "Look here. I've come in to speak to you fellows!"

"Fire away!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "No law

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against that! You can go on speaking while we go on packing. Lemme see—we shall want knives and forks."

"And plates," said Nugent.

"Yes, and plates."

"I know all about it," said Bunter. "I've seen old Trumper, and I know you've hired his boat."

"Go on! And some mustard," said Harry.

"Don't forget the pepper and salt."

"Right-ho!"

"And I'll tell you what," said Bunter, blinking furiously through his big spectacles; "if you think I'm going to be left out of this, you're jolly well mistaken! See?"

"And the coffee," said Wharton, packing the wallet methodically, "also the sugar. And a tin of condensed-milk."

"Do you hear me?" roared Bunter.

"My dear chap, I'm not deaf! And cups and saucers——"

"I'm ready to stand my whack in the eyes," said Bunter, with dignity. "I know you fellows have put up ten bob each. Well, I'm ready to stand my ten bob, too!"

"Cash down?" grinned Nugent.

"Ahem! Not exactly cash down. I'm expecting a postal-order this very afternoon——"

"Same old postal order?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "A different one—quite a different one! It will be for exactly ten shillings, and——"

"That's all," said Wharton, fastening up the wallet. "If you've finished with that, Franky, we can get off. The other fellows have gone down already."

"Just done," said Nugent.

And taking up their parcels, the chums of the Remove

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT
MONDAY—**"THE PHOTO PRIZE!"**

walked to the study door. Billy Bunter was in the way, and he did not budge. But as the two Removites marched straight on, Bunter had to move, or be walked over. He backed into the passage, glaring.

"You understand?" he snorted. "As I'm ready to stand my whack, I'm coming in this picnic! See?"

"Good-bye!" said Wharton cheerfully.
And the two juniors started down the passage.
"Or else," said Bunter impressively—"or else, you rotters, I shall feel it my duty to tell a prefect that you fellows are breaking the rules of the school!"

Wharton looked round in surprise.
"What's that? No rule against going out to the island for a picnic, is there?"

"There's a rule against fellows drinking spirits, and you jolly well know it!" said Bunter. "If I should mention to Wingate or Loder that you have a spirit-flask in your bags—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You know jolly well that you've got a spirit-flask there!" roared Bunter. "I heard you ask Nugent if he had put it in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Look here—"
"Good-bye!"

And Wharton and Nugent, still laughing, walked away down the passage, leaving the Owl of the Remove pulling with wrath. The fat junior was pink with rage. He had supposed that he held the whiphand, for, certainly, any junior of Greyfriars found to be in possession of a spirit-flask would have found himself in serious trouble. Bunter—impelled by a sense of duty, of course—had only to acquaint a master or a prefect with that fact, and the afternoon's excursion would undoubtedly be "mucked up" for the Famous Five of the Remove.

And there couldn't be any doubt about it. Had he not heard Wharton specially mention it to Frank Nugent with his own ears?

"The—the beasts!" growled Bunter at last. "Leaving me out, when I'm ready to pay my whack, as soon—as soon as my postal-order comes. They'll want me to row, too—I can row better than any of them, and it's a long way out to the island in the bay. Beasts!"

Bunter rolled along to the window at the end of the passage. He blinked out into the old Close of Greyfriars. Outside, the picnickers had gathered—Harry Wharton and Nugent, Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur—all the select circle who were known as the Famous Five. They all carried wallets or bags, and were evidently well provided for the afternoon's excursion. And they were all laughing, too. Apparently Wharton and Nugent had told of Bunter's threat concerning the spirit-flask, and the chums of the Remove found it amusing.

"Beasts!" murmured Bunter.
And as the Famous Five started for the gates, Bunter started in search of a prefect—to do his duty.

He found Wharton & Co. sauntered away cheerfully to the school gates. But before they had reached the gates there was a shout after them.

"Wharton! Stop at once!"
The juniors looked round.

Loder of the Sixth was coming after them. Loder of the Sixth was the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars, with a special dislike for the Famous Five. Bunter's dutiful report concerning the spirit flask had been poured into ready ears.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry affably.
"Do you want to steer for us, Loder?"

"And the juniors grinned at the idea of a prefect wanting to spend a half-holiday steering for junior picnickers. Loder frowned angrily.

"What have you got in those bags?" he exclaimed.
"Grab!" said Johnny Bull laconically.

"Anything else?"
"Knives and forks and things."

"Is that all?"
"Cups and saucers too," said Wharton cheerfully.

"Pepper and salt," murmured Nugent.
"And mustard, my esteemed and ludicrous Loder!" murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "And some esteemed and ripe bananas."

"You are prevaricating!" said Loder sternly. "I have been told that you have something to drink—"

"So we have," agreed Wharton—"lemonade and ginger-beer and tea and coffee—"

"And spirits?"
"Spirits?" repeated Wharton. "Ahem!"

"I ask you," said the prefect sternly, "whether you have a spirit-flask in your bag, Nugent?"

Nugent closed one eye at his comrade's.
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"Yes," he replied.
"What is in it?" asked Loder, with growing severity of manner.

The bully of the Sixth fancied that he had caught his old enemies of the Remove at last.

"Spirit, of course!" said Nugent innocently. "Naturally, there's spirit in a spirit-flask, Loder. You don't suppose I should put jam or pickles into it, surely?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then you'll follow me at once to the Head!" said Loder grimly. "I've fairly caught you in the act at last, you young rascals! I've suspected for a long time that there was something behind your goody-goody humbug! You'll get it in the neck this time—the sack most likely!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Follow me!" shouted Loder, surprised and enraged by the merriment of the juniors.

So far as he could see, they were in a very serious scrape.

"But we've engaged our boat, and we're paying by the hour," said Wharton. "It's waiting for us now at Pegg."

"Follow me!"

"Perhaps if we explain about the flask—"

"You can explain to the Head!" said Loder sharply.

"Follow me at once!"

"But I tell you—" exclaimed Harry Wharton impatiently.

"Not a word!"

"Let me explain—"

"To the Head—not to me! This is too serious a matter for a prefect to deal with," said Loder loftily. He was only too glad of a chance of taking the chums of the Remove before the Head upon a serious charge. "I am going to Dr. Locke now. If you do not follow me it will be the worse for you."

And Loder turned and strode away into the School House.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another and grinned.

Then they followed Loder. They had no choice but to obey the orders of a Sixth Form prefect. And at the sight of the Famous Five following Loder across the Close, quite a crowd of fellows gathered round them to demand what was the matter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Loder Has No Luck!

"HALLO! What's the trouble?" demanded Bolslover major.

"Not going on your giddy picnic?" asked Peter Todd.

"What's the matter with Loder?"
"What's up?"

"I say, you fellows, they're booked for a larking," said Billy Bunter, blinking triumphantly at the Famous Five through his big spectacles. "Loder's found out somehow that they've got a spirit-flask among their things."

"Rats!" said Tom Brown.

"It's true!" said Bunter.

"Boh!" said Squiff, otherwise named Sampson Quincey Ilffey Field, the Australian junior. "Don't be a silly ass, Bunter."

"It's true, I tell you!" yelled Bunter. "I heard Wharton say so!"

"And told Loder!" growled Bob Cherry. "Sneaking porpoise!"

Bunter sniffed.
"It may be a fellow's duty to save young reprobates from the road to ruin," he said loftily.

"But—but you haven't got a spirit-flask there, surely!" exclaimed Peter Todd in amazement.

"Yes, we have!"
"My hat! What's in it?"

"Spirit, of course!"
"Great pip! And what were you going to do with it?"

"Drink it!"
"Ha, ha! No!"

"Oh, rot!" said Billy Bunter. "What do they want with spirit in a spirit-flask if they're not going to drink it? You'll find it jolly hard to convince the Head that you were not going to drink it! He, he, he!"

"We shall see," remarked Bob Cherry cheerfully.

And the Famous Five followed Gerald Loder into the School House, seemingly nowise dismayed by the prospect of interviewing the Head, even with that tell-tale spirit flask in Frank Nugent's bag.

Gerald Loder tapped at the door of the Head's study, and cast a grim glance back at the five juniors, who were following him down the passage. At the end of the passage a crowd of Remove fellows remained, in a state of excited discussion. They did not understand the matter at all. Hazlede suggested that the Five were pulling Loder's leg somehow;

but then, the chums of the Remove admitted the existence of the spirit flask, and its presence in their bag was quite sufficient to condemn them. They would be flogged, if not "sacked" from the school, if the Head found it there. Even Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, in his wildest days, had never been known to carry a spirit-flask about with him. It was certainly a new departure for the Famous Five. But they did not seem to be alarmed. "Come in!" called out Dr. Locke.

Loder the prefect marched into the study. The serious expression on his face made the Head look at him very curiously.

"What is it, Loder?" he asked.
 "I have to report these juniors to you, sir, for a very serious matter," said Loder. "Come in, Wharton, and the rest!"

The Famous Five marched in.
 "Dear me!" said Dr. Locke, adjusting his glasses. "Whatever is the matter? What have you been doing, Wharton?"
 "Nothing, sir," said Wharton demurely.
 "Is Nugent in?" said Loder; "though they are all concerned in it. It came to my knowledge that these juniors are taking a flask of spirits with them on a picnic."
 "Bless my soul!"

"I stopped them in time, sir. They were unwilling to be brought before you, but I thought it would be better to leave such a serious matter in your hands."

"Quite so, Loder. But—but surely there is some mistake!" exclaimed the Head. "I cannot believe that these boys—"

"They have admitted, sir, that they have the flask of spirits with them."

"Is it possible?" Dr. Locke's kind face hardened. "You admit this, Wharton?"

"Not exactly, sir. It is a flask of spirit, not a flask of spirits," said Harry Wharton demurely. "In the singular, sir, not in the plural. We admitted that."

"I do not see what difference it makes. This is—unheard of. Produce that flask at once, and show it to me."

"Certainly," said Nugent.
 He opened his bag and rummaged among the articles packed in it—a stove, a copper kettle, and other things—and finally produced a strong flask, stoppered. It was a metal flask, covered with leather, with a metal screw-stopper.

Nugent respectfully laid the flask on the Head's desk.
 Dr. Locke's brow was like thunder as he picked it up. It was such a flask as spirits would naturally be contained in, and the proof seemed complete. The chums of the Remove had been caught in the very act of flagrantly outraging the rules of the school.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "I can hardly believe my eyes! Is it possible that you boys, who have always had a good record in the school, can be guilty of this reckless and base conduct?"

"Barton flushed.
 "We haven't done any harm, sir!"

"No harm!" thundered the Head. "No harm when you are detected in the possession of a flask containing spirituous liquor?"

"But, sir—"

"It is amazing—outrageous—but your punishment—"

"If you will let me explain, sir—"

"What explanation can you offer?" demanded the Head.
 "You will not have the temerity, I suppose, to declare that you did not mean to drink this liquor?"

"Certainly we didn't, sir," said Harry, trying not to laugh. "It's not for drinking purposes, sir."

"Then what is it for?"

"Lighting our stove, sir!"

"Lighting your stove?" said the Head, starting. "You tell me that you use brandy—or whisky, or whatever it is—to light a stove?"

"It isn't that kind of spirit, sir," said Bob Cherry demurely. "It's spirit for burning in a stove!"

"What—at—"

"It's methylated spirit, sir," said Harry.

"Methylated spirit?" ejaculated the Head.

"Yes, sir!"

"In—in this flask?"

"Yes, sir. We bought that flask to carry it in, because it's safer. Last time we had a picnic we had it in a bottle, and the bottle was broken, and it spoiled our sandwiches. So we bought that flask."

And the chums of the Remove smiled cheerfully.
 Loder's face was a study; so was the Head's.

"It's not true, sir," stammered Loder at last. "I don't believe a word of it. Open the flask, sir."

Dr. Locke uncrowded the stopper of the flask. He put his nose to the opening, and sniffed—and then drew it quickly away, sniffing several times again quite violently.

The smell from the flask was a sufficient proof of the kind of spirit it contained. The penetrating scent of methylated spirit, in fact, spread through the study, and Loder too had to be convinced.

He gave the chums of the Remove an almost homicidal look as he realized how he had put his foot in it.

Dr. Locke, with a grim expression on his face, screwed up the flask again, and handed it back to Nugent without a word.

"Thank you, sir," said Frank demurely. "May we keep it, sir?"

"Yes, certainly!" said the Head hastily. "There is no harm in your taking methylated spirit for your stove. Why did you not acquaint Loder with the harmless nature of the spirit?"

"The Loder didn't give us time, sir. He wouldn't hear a word. He ordered us to follow him here; and, of course, we must do what a prefect tells us," said Wharton meekly.

"Ahem! Of course—of course!" said the Head. "You may go!"

"Thank you, sir!"

And the Famous Five went.

"Loder," said the Head, turning to the prefect, who was waiting in some apprehension; "Loder, there is, as I supposed, nothing whatever in your very serious charge against those juniors. You were far too ready to jump to a very grave conclusion, Loder. You should have inquired into the matter before troubling me with it, and then you would not have wasted my time, Loder. As it is, I fear you have made yourself ridiculous in the eyes of the juniors. You may go."

And Loder, without a word, departed, breathing fury.

He heard a roar of laughter from the end of the passage, where the Famous Five were cheerfully explaining the little mistake to the Removites. Harry Wharton & Co. smiled sweetly at Loder and walked away. The prefect bore down upon Billy Bunter. He was in such a rage that he simply had to find a victim, and he could not visit his wrath upon the Famous Five. Fortunately, there was Bunter; though the Owl of the Remove did not regard it as fortunate. Billy Bunter gave a howl of apprehension as the Bull of the Sixth grasped his fat shoulder.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"So you've been pulling my leg, you fat beast!" said Loder, pale with rage.

"Ow! I-I haven't! I heard the beast say it was a spirit-flask, and I didn't know it was methylated spirit," howled Bunter. "Leggo! Yow!"

"Biff, biff, biff, biff!"

"Yaroor! Ow! Help! Yah!"

Billy Bunter dashed away, with Loder behind him, letting out his foot at nearly every step, and the Owl of the Remove disappeared round a corner, with the prefect after him, leaving the group of Removites howling with laughter.

"Serve the sneak jolly well right!" remarked Vernon-Smith. "Poor old Loder! I should have liked to have seen his face when the Head opened the flask."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And from the distance came faintly, in tones of anguish:

"Yow-ow-ow!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
A Brush with the Enemy!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
 "The bouncers!"
 "Trumper, by Jove!"

Harry Wharton & Co. arrived on the beach with their bags and parcels, expecting to find their boat waiting for them. The boat was there; but they were late, owing to Billy Bunter and Loder, and the boatman had gone up to the Anchor for liquid refreshment, to drink confusion to the Germans with the longshoremen of Pegg. And four cheerful-looking youths had calmly taken possession of the boat.

"They were Dick Trumper, Grahame, Wickers, and Solly Lazarus, the chums of Courtfield County Council School, and the rivals of the Greyfriars juniors in cricket, footer, and everything else.

As the Famous Five arrived on the beach, Dick Trumper had just pushed the boat off from the abingle, and Wickers and Grahame were handling the sheets. Solly Lazarus was slipping the rudder into place.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob Cherry. "That's our boat!"

The Courtfield fellows grinned. The boat rocked out of reach of the Greyfriars juniors lined up on the shore.

Dick Trumper waved his hand. Dick Trumper, who was the son of old Dave Trumper, the fisherman and pilot of Pegg Bay, was the leader of the Courtfield fellows in all their alarms and excursions against the juniors of Greyfriars.

"That's all right," said Trumper coolly; "only you use the wrong tense."



Billy Bunter gasped, slid down to the floor, and blinked wildly at the two backers-up through his spectacles. "Groo-hoo! Ow! Beasts! Yow! I—I'm hurt! Ow!" he yelled. (See Chapter 11.)

from the juniors, as they scrambled out of the boat upon the sand.

"Here we are again!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Now chuck out the parcels. And make the boat safe, my sons. It would be no joke to get stranded on this island, as we were once before."

"Not much danger of that," said Wharton cheerfully, as he made fast the painter to a peg driven deep in the sand.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry uttered that exclamation suddenly, in startled tones. His comrades looked round quickly.

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Look here!"

"What is it?"

"A giddy footprint!"

"My hat!"

The juniors gathered round quickly. In the deep, soft sand, still damp from the receding tide, was the print of a boot; and other prints led away from it towards the rocks at the back of the little beach.

The juniors gazed at it in astonishment.

The island was a lonely place, seldom visited save by picnic-parties and egg-hunters. The footprint in the sand was as startling as the historic track discovered by Robinson Crusoe upon his island.

For the track had evidently been made lately, since the tide had receded; and yet there was no sign of a boat near the island.

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Whoever had made that track, if he had left the island since, must have gone in a boat; and the Removites had seen nothing of it as they came out from the bay.

And if the man was still upon the island, where was his boat?

It was a man's footmark, of a large size. The chums of the Remove stared at it blankly. Then they swept the lonely beach with their eyes. But there was no one in sight, and no trace of a craft of any kind.

"Well, this beats the band!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Somebody's been here, quite lately. What?"

"Looks like it!"

"The lookfulness like it is terrific."

"No doubt whatever upon that point," said Harry Wharton, who was on his knees examining the mysterious track. "This footprint is quite new. It doesn't need a first-class Boy Scout to tell that!"

"Anyway, it must have been made since the tide," said Johnny Bull.

"Then the chap is here still!"

"Then where's his boat?" said Bob. "He couldn't have swum out here; and if he had, he wouldn't have had his boots on, I suppose."

"It's jolly puzzling," said Harry. "I'll wager that that track isn't half an hour old; and certainly no boat left the island while we were beating up to it. The man must be still here. Somebody wrecked, perhaps, or else we should see a boat somewhere."

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"What!"

"It was your boat," explained Trumper. "It is our boat now. See?"

"Look here, you rotter—"

"How long are you going to be with that sail, Wickers?" demanded Trumper.

"Bring that boat back!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Later on—later on," said Trumper, with a wave of the hand. "We've only borrowed it. As soon as we found old Bill was minding it for you, we decided to borrow it. You borrowed our bikes the other day without asking permission. One good turn deserves another."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of Greyfriars glared at the Courtfielders. All was fair in war, of course, and it was quite in the game for the Courtfield fellows to raid their boat. But it was extremely exasperating when they had made such careful preparations for a picnic on the island.

"Come back!" shouted Bob Cherry helplessly.

"Yes—this evening!" smiled Trumper.

"You—you spoofer—"

"I'll tell you what!" said Trumper, as if struck by a sudden idea. "You seem to be well supplied for a picnic. We'll let you come, too, if you like, if you whack out the supplies and promise to behave yourselves. Only, of course, it's to be understood that it's our boat."

"Of course," said Grahame solemnly.

The chums of the Remove shook their fists in response to that generous offer. They were not likely to accept it. Wharton looked quickly along the beach. There were several rowing-boats pulled up on the shore, with the oars still in them, waiting for hirers on that sunny afternoon. The Courtfield fellows still had some difficulty in getting the sail out, Wickers and Grahame having succeeded in tangling the sheets. Wharton spoke in a quick whisper:

"Buck up! We'll have them yet! Follow your leader!"

He ran to the nearest boat. The bags and wallets were tossed into it and it was rushed down into the water almost in a twinkling of an eye. The Famous Five tumbled into it and shoved off.

"My hat!" exclaimed Trumper. "They're after us! Are you going to be all the afternoon with that sail, you asses!"

"The blessed rope's tangled!" gasped Wickers.

"Oh, rats! Here, let me help you! Oh, you ass!"

"Pull!" roared Wharton.

"Hooray!"

The Famous Five bent to their oars. The Courtfield fellows were still struggling with the recalcitrant sail, and their boat rocked on the waves without moving through the water. The rowing-boat shot towards them like an arrow.

Bump!

Wharton's boat bumped heavily into the other craft, and the shock sent Trumper & Co. sprawling over.

"Boarders!" yelled Bob Cherry, in great excitement.

"Forward, the Buffs! Hooray!"

"Pile in!" panted Wharton.

He made a wild leap into the Courtfield boat.

Trumper & Co., abandoning the sail, put up their fists to repel boarders. Harry Wharton was grasped at once by Trumper, and they rolled over in the bottom of the boat. Bob and Johnny Bull had followed him fast, and they closed with Wickers and Grahame. Hurreo Singh was the next, and he took care of Solly Lazarus. Then Frank Nugent jumped in, and found no one to tackle.

The Removeites of Greyfriars were five to four, so the odds were on their side.

Frank Nugent drew the rowing-boat closer alongside and coolly transferred the bags and parcels into the sail-boat while his chums were struggling with the amateur pirates.

Then he went to Wharton's help, and Dick Trumper, grasped by the two of them, was swung up, resisting manfully, and tossed into the rowing-boat.

He bumped there, and rolled over, gasping.

"Chuck 'em out!" roared Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grahame was the next. He seemed all arms and legs as he went whirling out of the boat. He dropped into the sea by mistake, and came up gasping, and Dick Trumper ruthfully dragged him out of the water, drenched and dripping.

In another minute Wickers and Solly Lazarus were chucked out, resisting to the last.

The two boats rocked apart.

"Licked!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Hooray for us!"

"Ow, ow, ow, ow! Yow!" came from Trumper & Co., in the other craft.

"Yah! Go home!"

"Buzz off!"

"You're licked!"

"The lickfulness is terrific, my esteemed Trumper."

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Dick Trumper shook his fist at the victorious Removeites, but the Courtfielders did not come to close quarters again. Four of them could not invade a boat manned by five. They had had the worst of it, and there was nothing for them to do but to grin and bear it. Harry Wharton & Co. were already busy with the sail, keeping a keen eye on the enemy all the time, quite ready to "repel boarders." The sail was shaken out, and the keen wind caught it, and the larger boat danced away on the blue waters of the bay, the heroes of the Remove kissing their hands to the baffled Courtfielders as they departed.

"Ow!" groaned Dick Trumper, caressing his nose, which had come into violent contact with a Greyfriars fist, and showed very plain signs of it. "Ow! Yow! This is where we get it in the neck! Ow!"

"Yeth, rather!" grunted Solly Lazarus. "My only Uncle Thom! Oh!"

Dick Trumper shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across the sunlit bay after the dancing boat.

"They handle that craft well enough," he growled. "They won't run her on the Shark's Back, as the trippers do sometimes. But we're not done yet."

"Looks to me as if we are!" grunted Grahame. "Foiled, diddled, dished, and done!"

Trumper shook his head.

"They're going out to the island to picnic," he said.

"The boatman said so."

"Well, we can't stop them."

"Quite so. But when they land, that's where we come in," said Trumper. "What price collaring their boat and leavin' 'em beached?"

"My hat!"

"They'll be on the look-out," said Wickers, "and it's a jolly long row out to the island, anyway. Different matter sailing. And—"

Trumper snorted.

"If you're afraid of a bit of hard work, you can swim ashore," he said. "I'm going. We're not going to be done. Pull!"

"But, I say—"

"Snuff said! Pull!"

Dick Trumper sat down to row, and his comrades followed his example. Trumper's word was law to the Courtfield Co. And the desire not to be "done" by their old rivals of Greyfriars was strong in every breast. It was a stiff row out to the island at the opening of the bay; but the four Courtfielders were tough as steel, and they made up their minds to it. And while they toiled at the oars—not in the best of tempers, as a matter of absolute fact—the Greyfriars boat was dancing away merrily on the waves, the sail drawing well, and it was already little more than a white speck on the wide blue waters.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Trumper Does the Trick!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. looked very cheerful as their boat ran out to sea.

The victory over their old rivals gave an added zest to their little excursion.

They gave no further thought to the Courtfield fellows. In fact, all their care was needed in the management of the boat. The wind was fresh, and at the mouth of the bay the passage was dangerous. On one side were the rocks of the mighty Shoulder, and on the other the half-submerged reefs of the Shark's Back. Many a pleasure-boat, tempted by the sunny, smiling surface of the bay, had come to grief there, amid the hidden rocks and shoals. For a vessel drawing much depth of water, a pilot was needed to find safe anchorage in the bay. In stormy weather, or in darkness, more than one stately ship had found her doom on the rocks of the Shark's Back.

But the chums of the Remove had spent many a half-holiday on the bay, and they were all expert sailors, and they knew the bay well.

The boat glided on swiftly towards the island—a dark, uninhabited mass of rock that stood out from the waters, divided by a foamy channel from the furthestmost rocks of the Shoulder.

Even in calm and sunny weather, the currents here were swift and uncertain, dangerous to those unacquainted with the lie of the rocks. But Wharton steered well, and the boat glided on swiftly and securely, and edged up to a shelving beach of sand, the only part of the rocky island where a landing was possible. Then the sail was taken in, and the boat came to a stop in the shallows, and bumped on the sand.

The landing-place was on the seaward side of the island, and the mass of rock hid the bay and the cliffs of the coast

Bob Cherry rubbed his hands. "What luck!" he exclaimed. "We've come out here for a picnic, and we're on hand to rescue a giddy shipwrecked seaman—what!"

"More likely a shipwrecked tripper," said Wharton, laughing.

"Well, anyway, we'll rescue him. If he's been here long he must be hungry, and we'll ask him to share the picnic."

"Good egg! Follow the track!"

The Famous Five followed the track easily enough to the point where the soft sand ended, and the hard rocks of the island began.

There it was lost.

On the hard rock there was no trace of a footprint; but that the man had not turned back was certain. There were no return marks.

"Gone into one of the caves, perhaps," Harry Wharton remarked. "Shout all together, and he will hear us!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ahey!" bellowed Johnny Bull.

The ringing voices of the juniors sounded all over the little island, and for a good distance beyond its limits. But there came no reply to their hail. They shouted again and again, but only the echoes of their voices among the hollow rocks answered them.

They ceased at last; looking, and feeling, greatly perplexed. If some tripper or seaman had been cast upon the island, surely he should have been glad of a chance of getting back to firm land, and he would naturally have answered their hail at once, glad to hear the voices of the rescuers.

Yet only echoes, and then silence, came back to their shouting.

"This is jolly queer!" Harry Wharton remarked, after a long pause. "Blessed if I quite understand it."

Bob Cherry shook his head. "Something very odd about it," he said. "Of course, the fellow, whoever he is, may have met with some accident."

"Well, he'd hear us, even so."

"I suppose he would," agreed Bob. "Unless—unless he's broken his neck."

"Not likely."

"Well, if he won't answer, he can go and eat coke," said Johnny Bull, with a yawn. "We came here to picnic; and I'm hungry."

"The hungerfulness is terrific," Hurree Jamset Ram Singh remarked. "Let us eatfully have our feed, and look for the esteemed tripper afterwards."

"Jolly good idea!" said Bob.

The juniors had clambered to a high point of rock to scan the island. They had a view of the old place, but no man was to be seen. If the shipwrecked man chose deliberately to hide himself, there were plenty of caves among the rocks where he could do so, but his motive was difficult to guess.

But the juniors were hungry after their run in the keen sea air, and they cheerfully decided to leave the matter till after they had lunched.

But as they turned back towards the beach, their eyes on the spot where they had left their boat, they halted suddenly in dismay.

A skiff with four fellows tugging at the oars had come into sight round the rocks, and was dashing towards the landing-place.

"Trumper & Co.," ejaculated Wharton.

Bob Cherry gave a yell.

"They're after our boat! Buck up!"

"Run for it!" yelled Johnny Bull.

The juniors broke into a wild rush for the beach.

But Trumper's boat cannoned into the moored boat belonging to the juniors, and Dick Trumper leaped into it, cut the painter, and shoved off with marvellous swiftness.

The Renovites were still twenty yards distant as their boat rocked out from the shore, with Dick Trumper in it, shoving away furiously.

The broken painter was secured to the rowing-boat, and the Courtfield fellows bent to their oars, and towed it away fast.

Breathless and enraged, Harry Wharton & Co. reached the shore, but the two boats were a score of yards away upon the blue waters.

The juniors halted, gasping.

"They've got our boat!"

"The rotters!"

"The—the beasts!"

"Come back, you spoofer!"

Dick Trumper stood up in the captured boat, as it was towed away, and waved his hand with a sweet smile to the baffled and furious juniors on the beach of the island.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" he sang out.

"Bring our boat back!" roared Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha! This is where we smile! Good-bye!"

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"You—you—you—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Courtfield fellows rowed on hard. They vanished round a jutting rock, towing the Greyfriars boat after them. Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at one another in blank dismay.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath. "The rotters! We—we ought to have guessed that they were after us, you know."

"The oughtfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"But—but we didn't!" said Nugent. "And now they've got our boat, and we're stranded. The beasts; they will have to take us off, all the same. They can't leave us here."

"We've been done!" growled Wharton. "All through following that beastly track in the sand. Hung the fellow who made it, whoever he is!"

"What are we going to do now?"

Bob Cherry grunted.

"I'm going to have a feed, for one," he said. "I'm hungry."

There was evidently nothing better to be done. The Greyfriars juniors had come there to picnic; and their supplies, fortunately, had been landed in safety, and Trumper & Co. had had no time to raid them. And the Famous Five camped out on the beach and prepared the feed. They were stranded on the island, and could not get off without making terms with their old rivals of Courtfield, when the latter chose to make terms. But sufficient for the day was the evil thereof, as Bob Cherry remarked, and as they were hungry, they piled into the feed with keen and healthy appetites, and enjoyed it.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Hunted Out!

HARRY WHARTON looked very thoughtful as he sat against a sloping rock, and finished his lunch with refreshing coffee, specially made over the spirit-stove.

A smile came over his face as he saw a white sail glance on the blue waters. The Courtfielders were sailing the boat they had captured, with their own skiff in tow. But they were not heading for the island yet.

"There go the bounders!" growled Johnny Bull. "They're having a good time—in our boat!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I've got an idea!" he remarked.

"Pie in: It looks to me as if we're done this time," said Johnny. "We shall have to make terms with the rotters to be taken off the island, and they will make us sing small."

"The smallfulness will be terrific."

"That's where my idea comes in," said Harry. "Trumper & Co. intend to leave us here for a bit, till we're ready to accept any terms they like to offer. But if we could find another way of getting off, we can tell them to go and eat coke."

"Can't swim it," said Bob.

"I wasn't thinking of swimming it. I've got an idea that there's a boat hidden on the island somewhere."

"A boat?" said Bob, with a stare.

"Yes. Those footprints show that there is somebody here beside ourselves. He must have come in a boat. He's not been shipwrecked, whoever he is, or he'd have shown himself before this—he'd be glad to have a whack in our feed."

"Yes, but—"

"He's hiding himself from us, for some reason," said Harry, with conviction.

"Why on earth should he do that?"

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Blessed if I know. I can't see why he should do it; but it's pretty plain that he is doing it. He must have heard us shouting, and he hasn't chosen to show himself. If he had no boat here he would be jolly glad to show himself and be taken off. That proves that he has a boat here—what?"

"Well, it—it looks like it," said Bob slowly. "But unless the fellow's a lunatic, why should he hide himself and his boat away from a picnic party?"

"I don't know—may be some bounder up to something or other, who doesn't want to be spotted." Wharton started, as a new thought came into his mind. "Might even be some foreign spy—chap sending carrier pigeons or something. That kind of thing goes on, on the coast. You never know. Anyway, whoever and whatever he is, we're going to hunt him out and borrow his boat."

"Good!" said Bob Cherry, rising from the sand. "And the sooner the better. If we get a boat to take us back to Pegg, we can snap our fingers at Trumper & Co. when they come along to make terms."

The chums of the Remove gathered up their belongings and bestowed them at a safe distance from the water, in case of another raid from the Courtfielders. Then they began to hunt along the rocky, broken shore of the island for the boat which Wharton believed to be hidden there.

They started from the point where the unknown man's trail began at the water's edge. Thence they worked along the edge of the beach to the nearest rocks. Here great masses of grey cliff rose abruptly from the water, with narrow channels between. There were hiding-places for a dozen boats. Clambering over the rocks, and splashing in the water, careless of wetting, the Famous Five hunted among the recesses.

Bob Cherry gave a sudden yell of triumph.
"Here you are!"
"Found it!"
"Yes, rather!"
"Hurrah!"

The chums clambered among the rocks to the point where Bob Cherry stood, up to his knees in the sea.
A crevice in between two huge rocks, scarcely more than six feet wide, a boat lay, with the painter fastened to a point of rock.

It was a small, light craft, two-oared, and the oars lay in it. There was no name painted upon it, and it was in a somewhat dirty and neglected state. But the discovery of the boat was a triumph to the chums of the Remove.
"This is where we gloat!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It's Trumper & Co. who will have to sing small after this."
"Bravo!"

"Tain't very big!" Wharton remarked thoughtfully. "But it's big enough to carry all five, with a bit of squeezing. We'll carry the owner, too, if he turns up in time."
Bob Cherry whistled.

"I say! Rather cool to walk off with a man's boat, you know, without asking permission, and leave him stranded on the island!" he remarked.

"We'll give him a chance to come with us," said Harry. "We're going to find him before we clear off. There's something jolly suspicious in his keeping out of sight like this. You chaps know very well that one German spy has been caught in this neighbourhood, and there may be others."
"It's possible."

"We can leave the boat here, and start hunting for the fellow," said Harry. "Take the oars out, in case he should make a break for his boat."
"Good egg!"

The oars were concealed among the rocks, and then the Famous Five began the search for the owner of the boat. They tramped and clambered tirelessly among the wild rocks and caves of the island. They were not spending their half-holiday in the manner they had planned, but they found it very exciting. The fact that the unknown owner of the boat was in hiding showed that he was a suspicious character of some sort, and the possibility of unearthing a German spy excited the Removites. They had not forgotten that a German had lately been seized, posing as a German master at Greyfriars School itself.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look out!"
In the narrow opening of a cave, at some distance from the beach, Bob Cherry lighted upon a track in a muddy pool of water. Someone had trodden there recently, and the toe of the footprints was turned towards the interior of the cave.

The juniors' hearts beat hard.
"He's here!" murmured Nugent.
"Look out!" said Harry, taking a firm grip on a boat-hook. "If he's a foreigner, he's got to be collared."

"What-ho?"
The juniors pressed on into the cave.
Deep shadows lay before them, but as their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they were able to make out dimly the interior of the cave.

In a corner, several rugs and coats lay, with a spirit-stove and some small boxes and packets. They had evidently come upon a "camp" that was used for more than a mere temporary visit.

"Look out!" yelled Johnny Bull suddenly.
From the shadows of the cave a figure suddenly rushed. So sudden was its appearance, that before the juniors could raise a hand it had dashed past them, and passed through the opening of the cave, and was running for the rocks.

"After him!" panted Wharton.
The juniors dashed in hot pursuit.

In the sunlight outside the cave, they caught a glimpse of a little figure bounding over the rocks—a powerfully built man, but as his back was towards them, they could not see his face.

ANSWERS

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NEXT MONDAY—**"THE PHOTO PRIZE!"**

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"Stop!" bawled Bob Cherry.
The fugitive took no notice, and did not even turn his head. He bounded on towards the crevice in the rocks where the boat was concealed.

The juniors dashed after him at top speed. He was heading for the boat, and would reach it first, undoubtedly; but as the oars had been taken out and hidden, the boat was not likely to be of much service to him.

They clambered desperately among the rough rocks to overtake him. They heard a bump as the fugitive leaped into the boat; and then a loud, fierce, angry exclamation as, apparently, he discovered the loss of the oars.

"Ach! Gott!"
"German!" yelled Bob Cherry. "After him!"
The juniors clambered furiously on. They came swooping down on the boat. The man in it turned a fierce look towards them, and they saw his face, blonde, hard as iron, with gleaming, pale-blue eyes, and a thick, fair moustache. His hand went into his pocket, and the juniors realised that he was feeling for a weapon, but they rushed on without a pause.

If the man had intended to use a weapon, he changed his mind. The juniors were almost upon him, and he had no time even to unmoor the boat, even if it would have served him, without oars. He turned from them, ran to the stern of the boat, and made a sudden leap into the water.

Splash!
"Great Scott!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp! came the boots of the juniors in the rocking boat. They crowded to the stern, and gazed after the man who had leaped overboard. His head came up, twenty yards away in the foaming waters among the rocks. He was swimming strongly. They watched him with tense gaze. He was evidently not hurt. He swam steadily on, till a jutting spur of rock hid him from the eyes of the juniors. A few minutes later they sighted the blonde head once more, in the direction of the towering Shoulder. The German, drenched and dripping, dragged himself out of the water, and disappeared among the broken rocks at the foot of the great cliff.
"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, breaking the tense silence. "That's a determined beggar, if you like. And he was a German!"

"German as a German sausage!" agreed Nugent. "Plenty of pluck, though! But he's got away!"
"We've got the boat," said Harry. "I suppose we can call it a prize of war—for the present, at least! We'll hand it over to the police later. I wish we could have collared him! But he won't get away for long. Hallo, what's that?"
It was a shout in the direction of the landing place, where they had picnicked. It was the voice of Dick Trumper, of Courtfield, and he was halting them.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

No Terms!

GREYFRIARS, ahoy!
"Ahoy!"

Harry Wharton & Co., wet and splashed and muddy from their chase of the mysterious German, came back panting towards the landing place. The white sail of the boat was glancing there in the sun, and the four Courtfield fellows were scanning the sands in search of them. As the juniors came in sight once more, Dick Trumper waved his hand.

"Hallo, here you are!" he called out.
"Here we are!" said Harry Wharton.
"Been exploring—what?"
"Yes," said Harry, laughing. The Courtfielders had no suspicion of the hunt the Greyfriars juniors had been engaged upon, or the discovery they had made.

"Well, we've come back to speak to you," said Trumper. The boat was keeping well off the shore, and a dozen yards of water separated the two parties. Trumper did not mean to give the Removites an opportunity to recapture the boat.
"Speak away!" said Wharton cheerfully.

"We've got your boat!" called out Trumper. "You're stranded."
"Quite so!"

"You can't get back without a boat."
"Looks like it."
"You can't swim the distance, and you jolly well know it," shouted Graham.
"Who knows?"

"Oh, don't talk out of the back of your neck!" exclaimed Trumper. "You're stranded and dished, and you've got to come to terms. We've had a bit of a sail, to give you time to think it over."
"Very kind of you."

"The kindness of the esteemed and ludicrous Trumper is terrific!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS. 11

"Now, we've left you long enough to stew in your own juice," said Trumper elegantly. "Now we're willing to make terms. You've got a good feed there."

"Pretty good," agreed Bob Cherry. "Not so big as it was before we had lunch, but it's pretty good still."

"Exactly," said Trumper. "Well, we came out without supplies—we weren't exactly anticipating this way of spending the afternoon—ahem!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Courtfielders in chorus. "And the fact is, we're hungry," said Trumper, allowing the boat to edge in a little nearer, for convenience in talking. "Quite hungry!"

"You want something to eat?"

"Precisely!"

"Well, you can go and eat coke."

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Trumper. "You can't stay on that blessed island all the evening, you know. It's getting towards time for you to get home. We'll make it pax, as you call it at Greyfriars, on conditions. We're to stand an equal whack in the feed, and you fellows are to admit that we've given you the kybosh, and that Courtfield County Council School is top dog!"

"Is that all?" asked Wharton laughing.

"That's all!" said Trumper magnanimously. "Agree-to-it, and we'll allow you to use our boat—ahem—to get home in."

"Do you want an answer?"

"Yes; on the spot!"

"Right ho! Rats!" said Harry.

"Wha-a-at!"

"Rats!" repeated Wharton. "Don't you understand? Rats! R-A-T-S—rats!"

"Look here," roared Trumper. "I tell you not to be funny! You can't get off the island without a boat."

"Admitted!"

"You've got to get back to Greyfriars before locking up."

"Agreed!"

"Then you must come to terms."

"Yeth, rather!" chimed in Solly Lazarus, with his beautiful accent. "Yeth, my dear boys, and the thooner the quicker."

"Now, say the word, and we'll bring the boat in," urged Trumper. "I don't mind telling you that I'm hungry, and I shall enjoy a feed."

The chums of the Remove laughed in chorus. A short time before, and Trumper & Co. would certainly have had the whip-hand of them. But things had changed since then. The discovery of the German's boat altered the whole case. In that little skiff, the chums of the Remove could return to the mainland quite easily, and they had no need to come to terms with the Courtfielders. But on that point they did not choose to enlighten Trumper & Co.

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Trumper impatiently, puzzled by the movement of the Greyfriars juniors.

"Not good enough."

"Do you want to be left stranded?"

"Oh, we don't mind!"

"But you've got to get back to Greyfriars!" shouted Trumper, perplexed and exasperated. He had made certain that he held the whip-hand, and he simply could not understand the attitude of the Co.

"Don't bother a about that," said Bob Cherry airily.

"If you're thinking of swimming—" began Graham.

"Ha, ha! We're not!"

"Then what are you going to do?" demanded Trumper.

"We're going to do you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trumper & Co. glared at the grinning juniors, and then consulted together in low tones. After a few minutes, Trumper turned towards the beach again. Evidently the fact that the Courtfielders were hungry had had the effect of modifying the terms they were willing to offer to the vanquished.

"I'll tell you what," called out Trumper. "You needn't admit that Courtfield School is top dog, if that's what worries you. We'll let you off this time."

"Thanks!"

"You needn't admit that we've given you the kybosh."

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We know we have, and that is enough. Make it pax and whack out the feed, and you can have a passage in our boat."

"Thank you for nothing!"

"Do you agree?"

"Never!"

"Then you can jolly well stay there all night!" growled Trumper. "We've offered you jolly good terms. Mind, we mean business. If you don't agree to the conditions, we shall buzz off and leave you stranded!"

"All right! Good-bye!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trumper & Co. looked utterly perplexed. They knew that the juniors would get into trouble if they did not turn up for calling-over at Greyfriars, and they could not understand the Co.'s attitude in the least.

"Mind, we mean business!" said Trumper.

"So do we!"

"Look here, what terms will you come to?" asked Trumper, climbing down still further. "You know we don't want to leave you stranded, and get you into trouble with your Form-master."

"Lemme see," said Wharton thoughtfully. "Bring our boat back, and say you're sorry, and admit that you can't keep your end up against the Greyfriars Remove, and then we'll kindly look over what you've done, and let you have a whack in the feed."

"You—you cheeky ass!" gasped Trumper.

"They're the conditions!"

"Then we're off!"

"My dear chap, we know you're off—off your chump!" said Bob Cherry genially.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"For the last time," bellowed Trumper, "once we turn this boat round, we clear off, I warn you, and you can take your chance. Now then—"

"Oh, go home!"

"Buzz off!"

"Don't worry!"

"I'll take you at your word," said Trumper grimly; and in another moment the boat was speeding away. The white sail vanished round the cliffs, and the Greyfriars juniors burst into a roar of laughter.

"Poor old Trumper!" murmured Bob Cherry, wiping away tears of merriment. "He doesn't know what to make of it. He's going to leave us stranded. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to pull home, instead of sailing!" grinned Wharton. "But that won't hurt us. We can take it in turns at the oars. But as it will take us a good deal longer than sailing, we may as well see about starting. We want to land before dusk!"

"Right ho!"

The sail-boat, with the other boat in tow, had vanished. The juniors proceeded to get the German's skiff from its hiding-place among the rocks. They placed their bags and bundles in it, and pushed off.

Wharton and Bob Cherry took the oars, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh took the rudder-lines. They pulled round the island in a direction opposite to that taken by Trumper & Co., and pulled across the bay towards the distant village of Pegg.

In the far distance they saw the gleam of Trumper's sail. The Courtfield fellows were apparently going home to tea. They had counted on "whacking out" the Remove picnic, but they had been disappointed.

It was a long pull for the Greyfriars fellows, but they took turns at the oars, and they drew closer in to the shore as the dusk deepened over the bay. They landed at last, and found the sail-boat drawn up on the beach. Trumper & Co. were sitting on the gunwale, talking as they ate sandwiches and drank ginger-beer.

"We shall have to go back for the bounders," Trumper was saying. "We can't leave them stranded there!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Trumper & Co. jumped up in blank amazement as Bob Cherry hailed them cheerfully.

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"Well, my 'at!" gasped Gosling, as he started on the packing-case with a heavy hammer. Billy Bunter blinked in at the open window through his big spectacles. He looked on with a grin. But the Remove fellows were too excited to notice the school-boy ventriloquist. (See Chapter 12.)

Trumper's eyes seemed almost to start from his head as he stared at the Famous Five.

"You here," he gasped.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" smiled Harry Wharton. "Thanks for bringing that boat back safe and sound. We've had quite a pleasant row home. Good-bye!"

And the Famous Five walked off, leaving Trumper & Co. still staring in blank astonishment.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Removites to the Rescue!

"HELP! Help!"
"Phew!"
"Did you hear? There it is again!"
"Help!"

Harry Wharton & Co. started, and looked round hastily, as the sharp, loud cry came to their ears. It was very dark in Friar-kile Lane.

The juniors were walking towards Greyfriars, but they were very late, and night had descended upon the country.

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side. After landing at Pegg they had gone to Friar-dale, to the police-station, to report their curious encounter with a German on the island in the bay. Whatever the German was doing there, it was clearly a matter for the police, and the juniors had reported the matter at once.

Their report caused considerable surprise, and a good many questions were asked them, and so it came about that they were very late in starting home to Greyfriars.

As they came along the dark lane the sharp cry for help came ringing through the darkness from the direction of a footpath near at hand.

"Somebody in trouble!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Come on!"

The juniors did not hesitate. Their idea was that some pedestrian on the dark footpath had been attacked by foot-pads, and they were not likely to leave that cry for help unanswered.

Bob Cherry bounded over the stile that gave access to the footpath, and rushed on in the direction of the cry, with the other fellows at his heels.

There was the sound of a scuffle in the dark shadows, and

Bob, as he raced up, dimly made out a sturdy figure, struggling fiercely in the grasp of two powerful-looking men.

"Help!"

"Silence!" a savage voice muttered, with a strong foreign accent. "You will not be hurt, but you are a prisoner, isn't it? Silence!"

"Ands off, you varmint!" roared a deep voice from the struggling man. "You bally German 'ounds, 'ands off, I tell you!"

"It's old Trumper!" exclaimed Bob, rushing on. He had recognized the voice. It was that of old Dave Trumper, the pilot, and father of Dick Trumper, of Courtfield County Council School.

The two Germans—for such they evidently were—started and looked round hastily at the sound of feet hurrying towards them.

"Donnerwetter!" muttered one of them. "Stun him, then, and drag him along, as the fool will not surrender!"

Bob Cherry's eyes blazed with wrath and indignation as he rushed on. He was near enough to see the cowardly blow struck, though not near enough to stop it. Old Dave Trumper sank senseless to the ground.

The next moment Bob was upon the two Germans. "You 'ounds!" he shouted.

And, careless of the raised bludgeons, he dashed on, hitting out right and left.

It would have fared hard with the junior, however, if his comrades had not been close at hand.

Wharton and the rest came dashing up; and the two Germans, evidently realising that the odds were too great against them, suddenly dashed away into the dark field beside the footpath.

Bob Cherry had barked his knuckles upon a prominent nose, and the recipient of the blow reeled, but raced off after his companion before the junior could strike a second blow.

They were gone in a twinkling. Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton ran on a few paces; but the darkness had swallowed up the two ruffians, and pursuit was useless.

They returned to the other fellows, who were gathered round the old pilot.

Dave Trumper lay insensible on the ground. A thin stream of red was oozing from under his grizzled hair. He had been stunned by the savage blow, and there was no sign of returning consciousness about his bronzed face.

"Oh, the rotters!" exclaimed Nugent. "Poor old Trumper!"

Wharton knelt beside the old fisherman, and examined his injury. There was a big lump forming under the old man's hair.

"The blow had been dealt with savage force. 'We must get him to the doctor's,'" said Harry quickly. "We shall have to carry him!"

"A hurdle—quick!"

It did not take the juniors long to get a hurdle to the spot. The insensible old man was laid upon it, and the juniors carried him away towards Friarade. All thought of getting back to Greyfriars for calling-over had to be given up now; but the Head was not likely to blame them when he knew the cause of the delay.

The juniors hurried on towards the village, and reached the Cottage Hospital. There Dave Trumper, still insensible, was received, and placed under good care at once.

"By Jove!" said Harry Wharton, as the juniors started once more for the school. "We are having an exciting time to-day! It seems to be raining Germans in this neighbourhood!"

"But what the dickens did they want with old Trumper?" said Bob Cherry. "From what they were saying, they didn't want to hurt him; they wanted to make him a prisoner. What could they have wanted with him?"

"Blessed if I can guess!"

"Some spying business," said Frank Nugent. "Old Trumper is the best pilot on the coast, and he could give a lot of information that would be useful to the rotters—if he chose!"

"He wouldn't have given it," said Johnny Bull. "It seemed the only possible explanation, but the juniors were mystified. Probably light would be let in on the matter when the Germans were taken, and it seemed probable that the police would secure them before long. It could not be easy for them to evade capture."

The gates of Greyfriars were locked when the juniors arrived there. Bob Cherry rang a loud peal upon the bell, which brought Gosling grumbling down to the gates. The old porter blinked at them grimly through the bars.

"So you've come 'ome!" he said. "The come-homefulness is terrific, my esteemed Gosling!"

"Which wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Never mind what you say, old chap—let us in, and don't jaw!" said Bob Cherry cheerily.

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And Gosling grunted and let them in. The Famous Five hurried across the Close to the School House, and Loder the prefect met them as they entered. Loder scowled at them.

"Go in to the Head at once!" he snapped. "Certainly; anything to oblige," said Bob Cherry sweetly. "No amount of trouble too great, Loder, for your sweet sake!"

And the juniors went on their way. They found Mr. Quelch with the Head, and both the masters looked very severe as the Famous Five presented themselves in the study.

"What does this mean?" asked Dr. Locke sternly. "Mr. Quelch tells me that you five juniors have missed calling-over, and now you have come in more than an hour after locking-up!"

Harry Wharton explained. Dr. Locke's brow cleared as he listened.

"That alters the case," said Mr. Quelch, with an approving glance at the juniors.

"Quite so. You have done very well, my boys. I am very glad you were able to go to the assistance of Mr. Trumper—a very worthy character. You may go!"

"Thank you, sir!"

The Famous Five left the study quite satisfied. Billy Bunter met them in the passage, with a frown on his fat brow.

"I'm jolly glad!" was Bunter's remark. "Glad to hear it," said Bob Cherry affably. "But what is the especial cause of gladness now, my fat tulip!"

"Jolly glad you've been licked!" snorted Bunter. "Like your cheek to miss calling-over for a picnic. I hope you got it hot!"

"But we haven't been licked," said Bob sweetly. "We've been patted on the back. Sorry to dash your hopes to the ground, old chap, but we haven't had it hot at all!"

And the Famous Five chuckled at the expression on Bunter's fat face.

"Well, I call it rotten favouritism!" growled Bunter. "If I'd missed calling-over I should have been licked. Quelch don't play the game!"

The door of the Head's study had opened, and Mr. Quelch had come out. But the short-sighted Owl of the Remove did not see him. The juniors made almost frantic signs to him to shut up, but the Owl misunderstood.

"You needn't make faces at me," he sniffed. "I'd say it before Quelch himself! He ought to have licked you! Don't tread on my foot, Bob Cherry, you beast! You know as well as I do that Quelch is a beast—"

"Bunter!"

The Owl of the Remove jumped almost clear of the floor as he heard that deep voice, which sounded to his ears like the rumble of distant thunder. He spun round, and blinked at his Form-master through his big spectacles, his round eyes starting from his head.

"Ve-es, sir? I—I didn't see you, sir—"

"I presume you did not, or you would not have ventured to make such impertinent references to me, Bunter!"

"I—I—I didn't, sir—" stammered Bunter. "What?"

"It—it was Bob Cherry, sir—"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob. "Bunter, I distinctly heard you!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, quite taken aback by that astounding "whopper."

"It's a—a—a mistake, sir!" murmured Bunter. "I—I really didn't make any remark at all! These fellows will tell you that I haven't opened my lips!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Don't tell absurd falsehoods, Bunter."

"Certainly not, sir! I've never done such a thing. I'm quite unpopular sometimes, sir, because I'm so truthful."

"Follow me to my study, Bunter."

"Wha-a-af for, sir?"

"I am going to cane you for disrespect and lying," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Oh, really, sir—"

"Follow me!" said the Remove-master, in a voice of thunder; and he strode away with rustling gown, and Billy Bunter groined and followed.

A few minutes later he was groaning still more deeply.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter the Patriot!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's Trumper looking for trouble!"

It was a couple of days after that eventful picnic on the island in the bay. The Removites of Greyfriars had just come out of the Form-room after lessons, when Dick Trumper of Courtfield came in at the school gates.

But Trumper was not "looking for trouble," as Bob Cherry expressed it. He held up his hand in sign of amity to the Famous Five as they bore down upon him.

"I came over to see you fellows," he began.

"Not to look for a thick ear?" asked Bob humorously.

Trumper laughed.

"No; I've been to see my dad in the Cottage Hospital at Friardale."

The chums of the Remove became grave at once.

"I hope he's getting on all right!" said Wharton.

"As well as can be expected. He's had a nasty knock on the head, and, of course, at his age it's a bit serious," said Trumper. "But he is going to pull through all right. He will have to stay in the hospital for a few weeks, that's all. I want to thank you fellows for chipping in and helping him as you did."

"Oh, that's all right! We could hardly leave him to be collared by those rotters, you know," said Harry. "Has it come out what they wanted with him?"

"No; he can only say that two men suddenly pounced on him on the footpath," said Trumper. "He thinks they had been following him for some time; and he has an idea that he has been watched for several days. The curious thing is that they didn't seem to want to hurt him, at first, but only to make him a prisoner. Why anybody should want to kidnap my father beats me. He never has any valuables about him, and I don't see what use he would be to them. It's a giddy mystery!"

"Because he's a pilot, perhaps?" said Bob.

"Yes, as they were Germans," agreed Trumper. "The rotters may have some designs on this part of the coast, for all we know; and the dad knows this coast better than any man living. He is quite certain they were Germans who collared him. But no trace of them has been seen since. What was your idea about it?"

"Germans, right enough!" said Harry Wharton at once. "One of them spoke in German. Not the slightest doubt about it."

"You'd never seen them before?"

"Never."

"Curious that strangers in the neighbourhood should be able to hide themselves away like this," said Trumper thoughtfully. "Generally, any foreigner in this quarter attracts attention. They may have cleared off since."

"Looks like it."

"I've heard about the man you found on the island, too," said Trumper. "The coastguards have been to the island since and searched it. They haven't found any trace of Germans there, but a guard is kept there now. I shouldn't wonder if it has been the headquarters of German spies hereabouts. Still, I can't quite get on to their game. Anyway, I wanted to thank you fellows for helping my father as you did."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter!" said all the juniors at once.

Bunter blinked at them without shifting. Bunter's expression showed that he had something to say, and that he meant to say it.

"I say, you fellows, I've got an idea—"

"Go and bury it!"

"Don't go, Trumper; I want you to hear it, too," said Bunter. "It's a matter that concerns us all, as—as patriotic Britons, you know. The time has come for us to do our little bit, you fellows."

The juniors stared blankly at Bunter. That Billy Bunter should even think of doing a little bit from patriotic motives was astounding. Not that they could see anything that William George Bunter could do.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Trumper. "Go as a hospital nurse?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Trumper—"

"Or subscribe your postal-orders to some of the funds?" asked Nugent sarcastically.

"Exactly!" said Bunter.

"Wha-a-at!"

"I'm going to help the Red Cross Fund," said Bunter; "and I think you fellows ought to be willing to help, too. It's up to all of us."

"You fat duffer," said Bob, "we've sent fifty pounds already, and you jolly well didn't stump up a stiver—and you don't mean to!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Anyway, we'll undertake to put a bob for every tanner you show," said Wharton. "Only it must be a real tanner!"

"That isn't exactly what I mean," said Bunter, with dignity. "Owing to the war, my people are not able to send me such whacking remittances as usual. I happen to be rather hard up. But I've got a scheme for raising money. It's a really good scheme, and I shall keep only my actual expenses for myself, and let the bulk of the takings go to the fund. A fellow can't say fairer than that."

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EVERY MONDAY, **The "Magnet" LIBRARY.** ONE PENNY.

"And what's the idea?" said Wharton sceptically.

"You fellows know what a ripping ventriloquist I am—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Ring off!"

"Cheese it!"

"Rats!"

"Look here," roared Bunter, "you know jolly well that I'm a topping ventriloquist! Well, suppose we get up a ventriloquist entertainment! We've done it before; and my part in it was a ripping success, at least. You fellows can put up the notices, and get the Rag ready for the show, and pay all the preliminary expenses, and so on, and I'll do the rest. I should require ten shillings to be advanced for personal expenses, that is all. Then, when the entertainment is given, I should be willing for ten per cent. of the takings to go to the Red Cross Fund."

"Ten per cent.?" gasped Bob Cherry. "My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you fellows put your beef into it we can get a crowded audience," said Bunter. "We may take about five or six pounds. That will mean—ahem—"

"Ten bob for the Red Cross, and about four quid for you," said Johnny Bull. "Of all the thundering cheek—"

"And Trumper can bring a crowd of Courtfield fellows to swell the audience," went on Bunter. "We can get the Rag crowded from end to end. As Trumper's friends are only County Council School chaps, we'll let them in half-price, and they can stand."

Trumper glared.

"Of course, it will be rather an honour to them to come," pursued Bunter, who was too short-sighted to notice the expression on Dick Trumper's face. "Some of the fellows may growl at having such chaps admitted; but, bless you, I'm not a snob! And for the sake of the cause, I don't mind being friendly with them."

"You fat worm!" roared Trumper.

"Eh? Oh! Ah! Yah!"

With a mighty smite Trumper crushed Billy Bunter's hat down on his head, and then strode out of the gates.

Bunter roared, and struggled furiously with his hat. But it was jammed down so tightly on his head by Trumper's smite that it was difficult to get it off.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Beast! Lend a hand, some of you rotters! Ow! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! Ow, ow!" The hat came off at last, with a jerk, and Bunter blinked at its dented top with wrath and dismay. "Ow! My hat's busted! Oh, the rotter! I—I—I'll smash him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who's going to pay for this hat?" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Is that a conundrum?"

"Ask us another!"

Billy Bunter glared at the hilarious juniors.

"Look here, you fellows, are you going to help me carry out my idea, or ain't you?"

"Ain't!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Of course, I know I'm the only really patriotic chap in the school," said Bunter, with a sniff. "I'm perfectly ready to turn my talents to account for the good of the cause. I think you fellows might back me up at such a time."

"Go on!"

"Unpatriotic beasts!" snorted Bunter, setting his dented hat on his bullet head once more. "I'm ashamed of you! I—I—Yarrah!"

Smite!

Bob Cherry's heavy hand descended upon the hat, and once more it was crushed over the eyes of the Owl of the Remove. And, leaving Billy Bunter roaring and struggling with the hat, the Famous Five walked away, smiling.

It was only too evident that Billy Bunter's patriotism would find no encouragement in the Remove.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Back Up!

PETER TODD grinned as the Owl of the Remove came into No. 7 Study, and tossed a battered hat upon the armchair. Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, who also shared No. 7, grinned, too, and looked inquiringly at Bunter.

"Had an accident?" he asked.

"Those beasts!" growled Bunter. "That County Council School cad Trumper busted my hat!"

"Dusted it?" said Dutton. "You must have dusted it pretty hard to get it into that state, I should think!"

"It was Trumper!" roared Bunter.

"A bumper!" said Dutton. "Somebody been bumping

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NEXT MONDAY—"THE PHOTO PRIZE!"

you? Well, I dare say it serves you right! I suppose you've been scoffing somebody's grub—what?"

"Oh, you, fathead! I tell you it was Trumper busted my topper!"

"Blessed if I can make you out!" said Dutton peevishly. "First you say you've been dusting it, and now you say you came a cropper!"

Peter Todd chuckled.

"There's nothing to cackle at, Toddy!" growled Bunter. "Somebody's got to pay for that hat! I've been telling the fellows about my new idea, and that's the result!"

"Serve you right!" said Todd un sympathetically. "Only a fat toad like you would think of trying to make money out of the war!"

"I wasn't thinking of that!" howled Bunter. "I was going to help the cause—ten per cent. of the takings to the Red Cross Fund—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"I'm the only patriotic chap in the school!" snorted Bunter. "All you fellows do is to go in for singing 'Rule Britannia' and flag-wagging! Then I come along with a practical proposition for making money—I mean, for helping the good cause—and you're all down on me! I regard it as rotten!"

"Seat!"

"I'll jolly well make some of 'em sit up, anyway!" growled Bunter. "I'm willing to use my great talents in the national cause, as a true patriot, and you fellows won't back me up. I call it disgusting! As for that County Council School boulder—"

"That what?" said Peter Todd, taking up a ruler. "Are you speaking of my friend Trumper?"

Billy Bunter blinked uneasily at the ruler.

"Ahem! I mean—ahem!"

"Hold out your hand!" said Peter Todd magisterially.

"What!" gasped Bunter. "What for?"

"I'm going to cane you!"

"Why, you—you cheeky rotter—"

"I'm going to teach you not to be a silly, snobbish polecat!" said Peter Todd calmly. "You are not going to disgrace No. 7 Study if I can help it. Put out your paw!"

"I won't!" roared Bunter.

Peter Todd wasted no more time in words. He caught Bunter by the collar, jerked him round, and laid the ruler about him. Peter Todd had often declared his intention of making a decent chap of Bunter, unless he perished in the attempt—unless, that is to say, Bunter perished in Peter's attempt. He did not seem to have made much progress so far, and the process had always been very painful to Bunter.

"Yow! Ow, ow!"

Bunter tore himself away, and fled from the study. He slammed the door after him, and rolled away wrathfully down the Remove passage. There he paused to recover his breath.

"Beast!" he murmured. "Talk about a man not being a prophet in his own country! I should think a fellow might be backed up in his own study, especially when he's trying to do a really patriotic thing! I'll try Smitty!"

Billy Bunter knocked at Vernon-Smith's door, and looked in. The Bouncer of Greyfriars and Skinner were sitting down to tea. They gave William George Bunter a far from welcoming look.

"I say, my fellows—"

"There's the door!" said Vernon-Smith concisely.

"Eh? The door! What about it?"

"Shut it!"

"Oh, all right!"

Bunter closed the door.

"I mean, with your fat carcass on the other side of it!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, really, Smitty! I've come here to tell you of my plan," said Bunter. "I want to raise a big sum for the Red Cross. I'm thinking of giving a splendid ventrioloquist entertainment, and handing fifteen per cent. of the takings to the fund. Will you back me up?"

The percentage had risen. But Vernon-Smith did not seem to be overwhelmed by that example of Bunter's patriotic generosity.

"What do you say?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Outside!" was what the Bouncer said.

"Now, look here, Smitty—"

Vernon-Smith picked up a cricket-stump.

"I give you two seconds!" he remarked.

The two seconds were more than sufficient for Bunter. In one second he was outside the study, and he slammed the door after him. Billy Bunter's expression was morose and savage. Never had so generous a patriot met with such an utter lack of support.

But Billy Bunter was not easily beaten. He rolled on to the end study, which belonged to Johnny Bull and Squiff and THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 350.

Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. He found the latter two there, at tea.

"I want to speak to you fellows," said Bunter, sidling into the study. "Squiff, old man, of course, you—"

"Not so much of your 'Squiff, old man,' please!" said Sampson Quincey Ilfrey Field curtly.

"Ahem! I say, Squiff, of course, you know the splendid way the Colonies are rallying round the Mother Country just now—"

Squiff stared.

"What are you getting at?" he demanded.

"I mean, now's the chance for you to do the same!"

Bunter explained. "You can back me up in a scheme I've got for—helping the cause. So can Fishy! At a time like this, of course, even a Yankee wants to back up the Old Country—what?"

"I guess—" began Fisher T. Fish.

"I'm going to give a grand ventrioloquist entertainment—a War Entertainment," explained Bunter. "I'm going to devote twenty per cent. of the takings to the Red Cross Fund. Of course, I expect to be backed up."

"Is that what you've come here for?" asked Squiff.

"Yes."

"I guess you've come to the wrong shop!" grinned Fisher T. Fish. "I kinder reckon I'm not out to put dollars in your pocket, Bunter!"

"At such a time as this—" began Bunter, with dignity.

"Exactly!" said Squiff, rising. "At such a time as this, Bunter naturally thinks it's a good idea to go out on the make. It's like him."

"Oh, really, Squiff—"

"And you want us to back you up?"

"Certainly! I consider it your duty!" said Bunter loftily.

Squiff nodded.

"It's my duty, you can depend on my doing it," he remarked. "I'm going to back you up—rather!"

"Oh, good! I shall require ten shillings down, for—preliminary expenses—" began Bunter hopefully. "I—Here—Yaroooh! Wharrer you doing?"

"Backing you up!" said Squiff cheerfully.

He grasped the Owl of the Remove, and backed him up forcibly against the wall of the study, with a concussion that knocked nearly every ounce of breath out of Bunter's fat body.

Crash!

"Ow! Grooh!"

"He, he, he!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'll back him up, too, on those lines! He, he, he!"

And Fish laid hands upon Bunter, too. The fat junior wriggled wildly in the grasp of the two Removeites.

"Grooh! Leggo! Yow! Ow! Help!"

"You asked for it!" said Squiff calmly. "Back him up!"

"You bet! Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter was backed up again, and he roared.

"Ow, ow! Leggo! Lemme go! Yow! Ow!"

"Back up!" roared Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump again!

Billy Bunter gasped, and slid down to the floor, and blinked wildly up at the two backers-up, through his spectacled eyes.

"Groo-hoo! Ow! Beasts! Yow! I—I'm hurt! Ow!"

"Back up!" repeated Squiff firmly.

Bunter made a desperate dive for the door, and rolled out into the passage. The door slammed after him, and Bunter sat on the cold linoleum and gasped for breath.

"Ow! Beasts! Yow! Groo! Unpatriotic rotters! Yow!"

And Bunter picked himself up and limped disconsolately away. And the patriot of the Remove was not heard to ask again for any backing up. He was afraid that the other fellows might take it in the same sense as Squiff. And Bunter had had enough.

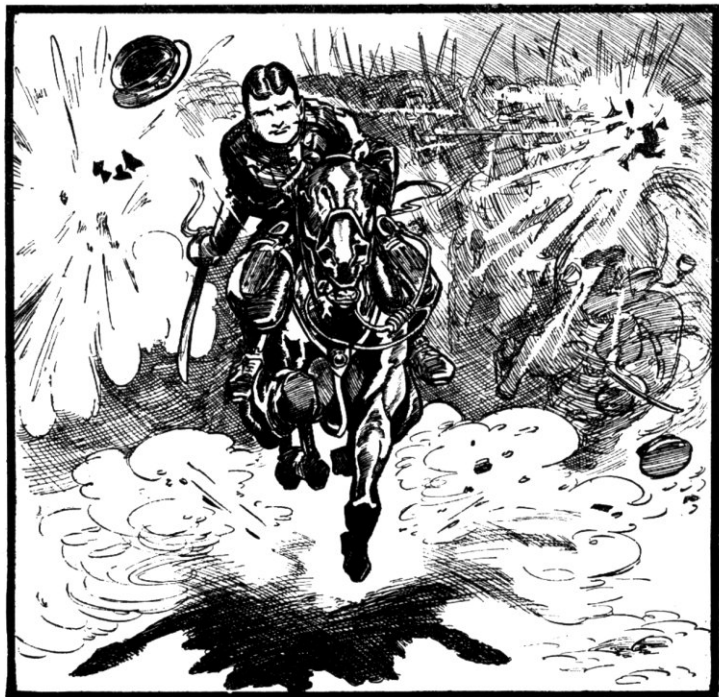
THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Undiscovered!

"ACH! Was ist das?" Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry gave a simultaneous jump.

They were chatting near the gates, when the whispering voice fell upon their ears from the direction of the porter's lodge. Gosing, the porter, had gone round to the stables, and the lodge door was wide open. And from Gosing's lodge came those whispering words in German.

The chums of the Remove had been talking about the



During a charge by the Hussars at the Battle of Mons, one of the officers emerged scathless, a most remarkable occurrence. For he afterwards explained that bullets were flying all around him, picking off scores of his men, and that two shells burst on either side of his horse without inflicting on him the slightest injury. Our special illustration gives a splendid idea of what must have occurred.

German they had seen on the island, and whose boat was now in the hands of the police, and the sound of a German voice startled them.

They looked round them quickly. There were a good many fellows in sight in the Close, and Billy Bunter was seated on the oaken bench outside the lodge, apparently asleep. At all events his eyes were closed behind his lug spectacles, and a snore proceeded from him, the resonant snore which had sometimes led to the hurling of boots and pillows in the Remove dormitory.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry, staring at the open door of the lodge. "Did you hear that, Harry?"

"Yes, rather! A German!"

"What is he doing here?"

"S'hush! Listen!"

"Was ist das?" came the voice again from the lodge. "Mein Gott!"

It was a scared sort of whisper, as if the speaker felt that he was in danger, and was nervously communing with himself.

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"Hallo! What are you fellows blinking at?" asked Squiff, joining the chums of the Remove. "Anything going on?"

"There's a giddy German in Gosling's lodge!" said Bob Squiff grinning.

"Draw it mild!" he suggested.

"Hark!"

"Was denn, Karl?"

It was another voice, asking "What then?" in German as plainly as a German could speak. Squiff heard it, and started.

"By George, you're right!"

"Two of them!" said Wharton.

"My only hat! What can two Germans be doing here?" exclaimed the Australian junior in amazement. "Let's have them out!"

"Hold on a minute! Call some of the chaps up!" said Wharton. "Whoever they are, they're not going to get away without giving an account of themselves."

"Good egg!"

In a few minutes Nugent and Johnny Bull and Inky and Peter Todd and Vernon-Smith were called on the scene. The Germans had not shown themselves yet. But that they were inside the lodge the juniors had no doubt.

"Now come on!" said Harry.

And he led the way towards the doorway of the lodge. If there were any Germans there, they would not get away if the Removites could prevent it. And it seemed pretty certain that they were there, though what they could be there for was a mystery.

Wharton looked in. A big packing-case, which had just been left by the carrier, lay just inside the lodge; but there was no sign of any human being there.

"Where are they?" demanded Vernon-Smith.

"Blessed if I know! We heard them speaking."

"Sure!" murmured Peter Todd.

"Yes, ass! Two of them; plain as anything! We'd better search the place!"

"Ere, you 'ook it!" exclaimed Gosling, striding into the lodge, and frowning at the excited group of juniors. "None of your little games in my lodge! Wot I says is this 'ere'."

"Cheese it, Gossy!" said Bob Cherry. "There are some Germans hiding here!"

"Don't you try to pull my leg, Master Cherry!" said Gosling, with acerbity. "You can't take me in like that. You jest clear off, or I'll report yer!"

"I tell you—"

"Wot I says is this 'ere, you clear off, or I'll report yer!" growled Gosling. "I don't want any of your little games 'ere'."

"Mein Gott!" Gosling jumped.

That German exclamation came from the packing-case close at hand, and Gosling stared at it with his eyes almost starting from his head.

"W-w-wot's that?" gasped Gosling.

"Now you've heard him yourself!" growled Johnny Bull. "But—but there ain't no Germans here!" ejaculated Gosling. "Blessed if it didn't sound as if it was in that blessed packing-case! But it wasn't."

"Ach! I suffocate! Let me out! Mein Gott!"

"By Jove!"

"He's in the packing-case!" yelled Nugent.

The juniors surrounded the packing-case. It was large enough to hold two or three men, for that matter. Gosling's eyes grew almost as round as saucers.

"B-b-but the man can't be in there!" he exclaimed dazedly. "That there packing-case 'ave only jest come by the carrier. There ain't nothing in it but things for the garden. It was hordered by Mr. Mimble, and—"

"Then the German has hidden himself in it," said Harry Wharton. "Some spy, I suppose. You heard him quite plainly."

"Ah! I suffocate here! Karl, Karl, mein freund, help me!"

"It was a wailing voice from the packing-case.

"Then there's another of them!" exclaimed Todd.

"We hear two voices," said Nugent.

Wharton bent over the packing-case.

"Are you in here?" he called out, tapping on it.

"Ja, ja!"

"Who are you?"

"Ich bin Deutchlander."

"Oh, you're a German! And what are you doing there?"

"Help me out! I suffocate mit meinsell."

"Tell us who you are first," said Johnny Bull. "No reason why a rotten spy shouldn't suffocate, as far as I can see."

"Ach! Help me!"

"Are you a spy?" demanded Wharton.

"Ach! Ja, ja! I confess!"

"Well, my 'at!" gasped Gosling. "This 'ere beats it! I'll get a 'ammer and hopen the case, and you young gents stand round ready to collar 'im."

"What he!"

Billy Bunter blinked in at the open window through his big spectacles. He looked on with a grin as Gosling started on the packing-case with a heavy hammer, and the Remove fellows were too excited to notice Bunter.

The heavy blows of Gosling, and the excited buzz of voices, soon drew others to the spot. Juniors and seniors crowded round the porter's lodge at the exciting news that a German spy had been discovered hiding in a packing-case. Coker of the Fifth was promptly on the scene, with an Indian club in his hand, and he stood ready to smite if the unfortunate Deutchlander should pop up out of the case. The lodge was soon crowded.

Bang, bang, bang! went Gosling's hammer.

The lid of the packing-case was soon knocked off. Gosling

dragged the fragments of wood away. Within, gardening implements and other articles of the same kind, packed in straw, were revealed. There was no sign of the German.

"He must be under that lot!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"No wonder he is suffocating!" said Wharton. "Yank the things out, and get ready to collar him if he tries to bolt!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The rutherfordness is terrific!"

"Gimme room to swing this club!" said Coker of the Fifth. "I don't want to brain anybody except the German."

Gosling turned out the articles from the packing-case. A gasping sound, apparently coming from beneath the implements packed in the case, seemed to indicate that the spy was almost at the last gasp.

"Bitte schnell!" came in a growling voice. "Quick, quick! I suffocate!"

Clatter, clatter, clatter.

With hurried hands Gosling turned out implements, packets, and straw, littering the floor of the room. In a couple of minutes the bare wood of the packing-case bottom could be seen through the articles that remained, but there was no sign of the hidden German. And the gasping and growling had ceased.

Gosling stared blankly into the empty case.

"He ain't 'ere!" ejaculated Gosling. "There ain't nobody 'ere!"

"My hat!"

"Then where—what—how—"

"W-w-w-where is he?" stuttered Coker. "Where is the beast? He can't have vanished into thin air!"

In his surprise Horace Coker allowed the Indian club to fall from his hand. There was a sudden fiendish yell from Potter of the Fifth, who was beside him.

"Ow! Yow! My toe! Ugh—ow—wow!"

Coker glared at him.

"What's the matter with you?" he growled.

"Ow—yow! My toe!" wailed Potter. "You've squashed it! Yow—ow—ow!"

"Oh, blow your silly toe!" said Coker crossly. "This isn't a time for thinking about your toe. Where's that German spy got to?"

"There isn't any German spy," said Wharton dazedly.

"But I distinctly heard—you fellows all heard distinctly—"

"Yes, rather! But where—"

Bob Cherry gave a jump.

"Bunter!" he roared.

"Eh! What about Bunter?"

"Bunter, ventriquist!" gasped Bob. "He's been pulling our leg! Collar him—seize him—squash him! Oh, my hat!"

Bob Cherry rushed blindly from the lodge in search of Bunter. And the juniors, remembering that the Greystriars ventriquist had been just outside the open window all the time, understood at last. They rushed out after Bob, on vengeance bent. If the Owl of the Remove had fallen into their hands just then, his fate would have been nearly as severe as that of the imaginary German spy, if he had been real. But Billy Bunter had not waited.

While the enraged juniors were searching for him far and wide, Billy Bunter was locked in Study No. 7, chuckling. The Owl of the Remove felt that he had succeeded in getting a little of his own back at last.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER. Bunter Does Not Mind!

"HALT!"

Billy Bunter halted.

The Owl of the Remove was looking very disconsolate as he rolled along Friardale Lane. His little ventriquist joke had been attended by painful consequences. The Famous Five, as soon as they recovered from their first exasperation, took it as a joke. But Coker of the Fifth was furious. Coker of the Fifth had taken all the trouble to bring an Indian club out of the gymnasium, for the purpose of braining the supposed German spy. And to find that he had been "spoofed" by the ventriquist of the Lower Fourth was too severe a blow to Horace Coker's dignity. Potter was equally furious. The Indian club had been dropped on his toe, which accounted for his fury. He would have liked to punch Horace Coker's head. But as he could not do that, he was forced to content himself with punching Bunter's.

Hence Billy Bunter had been routed out of his study by the avengers, and had fled for his life.

The fat junior had gone out of gates to escape the wrathful Fifth-Formers, and he was feeling disconsolate. He felt

apprehensive, too, as the voice of Dick Trumper called upon him to halt. He had run into the chums of Courtfield, and the sweet smiles with which they regarded him showed that they meant mischief.

"What a happy meeting!" said Trumper blandly. "So pleased to see you, Tubby!"

"I'm pleased to see you, you know!" murmured Bunter.

"Pleased to see a County Council cad!" said Trumper, in surprise.

"Ahem! You see, I—I don't mind speaking to you, really I don't, and—"

"You're awfully kind, Bunter!"

"The fact is, I mean to be kind," said Bunter, regaining courage a little. "Of course, I believe in keeping the lower classes in their place. But—"

"If there's a class lower than your own, my son, it must be pretty low down," remarked Trumper. "But I don't believe it. I really believe you are the worst specimen that could be hunted up in the whole country. Really!"

"I—I don't mind your little jokes," said Bunter feebly.

"He, he, he!"

"What are you he-he-being about?" asked Grahame.

"I—I—I—"

"Blessed if he isn't like a parrot, with his he-he, and his I-I-I!" said Trumper. "Lucky we've got a quarter of an hour to spare. We'll look after Bunter."

"Oh, really, you know—"

"We'll send him back to Greyfriars a living picture," said Trumper. "Do you mind if I tie your paws, Bunter?"

"N-n-not at all," stammered Bunter.

"You don't mind a mere outsider touching your noble person?" asked Trumper, with an air of deep anxiety.

"N-n-n-no!"

"That's lucky!" Trumper cheerfully drew Bunter's fat wrists together, and fastened them with a length of whipcord. Billy Bunter strove to keep up a grin on his fat face, expressive of his appreciation of the Courtfield fellows' humour. "Now turn his cap inside-out."

"Oh, really—"

"Do you object, Bunter?"

"Nunno!"

"Right! Now turn his trousers up to the knee. You don't mind, Bunter?"

"N-n-nunno!" groaned Bunter.

"Now put his collar on backwards. You don't mind, Bunter?"

"Nunno!"

"Lucky I've got a piece of chalk in my pocket," remarked Trumper humorously. "You don't mind if I chalk your chivvy, Bunter?"

"Oh, really—"

"Do you mind?" roared Trumper ferociously.

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter.

"Good! Then I'll go ahead. Say if you mind, you know. If you raise any objections, we shall roll you in the ditch. It won't hurt you; there's lots of soft mud for you to fall in. Have you any objections to being chalked?"

"No!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I like it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trumper cheerfully chalked over Bunter's fat, red face, till he was as white as a ghost. With his face chalked, his cap inside-out, his collar fastened on backwards, and his trousers turned up to the knee, Bunter presented an appearance that was a little startling. The Courtfielders surveyed him with grinning satisfaction.

"There! I think that will do!" said Trumper. "Do you think it will do, Bunter?"

"Ow! Yes."

"No more little artistic touches you can think of?" persisted Trumper. "We don't mind how much trouble we take to make you a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

"Not at all," said Wickers.

"I—I—I— Lemme go, you beasts!" growled Bunter.

"What!"

"I—I—I mean old chap!" gasped Bunter, in alarm.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Start!" said Trumper, turning Bunter round to face Greyfriars. "Now, you fellows, get your right feet ready. When I say the word, kick all together, and give Bunter a start."

"Hear, hear!"

"Ow!"

Bunter started to run. Considering the weight he had to carry, the fat junior put up a very good speed. The Courtfield fellows burst into a roar of laughter.

"After him!" yelled Trumper.

The chums of Courtfield did not move. But Bunter fancied they were in full pursuit, and he rushed on at top speed, panting and puffing. Trumper & Co. continued on their way to Courtfield with smiling faces.

Billy Bunter did not slacken pace till he reached the school gates. As he came panting in there was a yell of surprise from all the fellows who caught sight of him.

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NEXT MONDAY—

"THE PHOTO PRIZE!"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY, ONE PENNY.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What the dickens—"

"It's Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow, ow!" gasped Bunter. "Yow-ow! I—I've had an awful time! I—I've been in a fight with the Courtfield chaps. Ow!"

"Ha, ha! You look pale!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"The—the beasts chalked me all over!" gasped Bunter.

"Untie my hands, somebody! I simply smashed four of them, but the others were too many for me. I gave Trumper a black eye, and knocked two of Grahame's teeth out, I think. But then the other six piled on me, and I couldn't fight the lot. Ow!"

"Yes, I can see you giving Trumper a black eye—I don't think!" grinned Bob.

"I tell you, I did!" roared Bunter. "And I nearly stunned Wickers with a right-hander. But the whole dozen set on me then—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I put up a tremendous fight," said Bunter breathlessly.

"I made some of them jolly sorry they had tackled me. But what could one chap do against fifteen of them?"

"Fifteen! Ha, ha, ha! They're growing!" grinned Nugent.

"Fifteen at least!" said Bunter. "The ground was simply strewn with them after I'd finished. I counted seven quite knocked out. The others had to help them away afterwards. But with sixteen or seventeen more piling on me all at once, what could a fellow do?"

"Nothing, but bolt and tell whoppers," said Bob.

"Look here, untie my hands!" howled Bunter. "I can't go in looking like this!"

"Well, you do look a picture," said Harry Wharton. "But before we untie you, you're going to tell the truth. Otherwise, we'll duck you in the fountain. Bring him along!"

"Ow! Ow!"

"Now, how many of the Courtfield fellows were there?" demanded Wharton, as a couple of the juniors took a business-like grip on Bunter.

"Ow! I was only j-j-joking!" gasped Bunter. "There were—ahem—three!"

"Did you put up a fight?"

"Yes—I mean, no!" roared Bunter. "I—I was willing to take a joke! Yow! If you drop me into the water, I'll— Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! What are you fags kicking up all this row about?" demanded Coker of the Fifth, coming on the scene. "Why, what—how—who—is that Bunter? My hat! Ha, ha, ha! Where did you dig up that chivvy, Bunter?"

"Leggo!" roared Bunter.

"Hand him over to me," said Coker. "I've been looking for Bunter."

"Yow! Keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

Bob Cherry cut the whipcord, and released the fat junior.

"Cut!" he said briefly.

And Billy Bunter cut, just as Horace Coker dashed towards him, and he fled across the Close with Coker at his heels.

"Blessed fund!" growled Bob Cherry. "He's let the Courtfield bouncers handle him like that, without putting up the ghost of a fight! Look here, you chaps, it's about time we took these Courtfield bouncers down a peg or two. This is up against the Remove!"

"Just what I was thinking," said Harry Wharton, with a nod. "Bunter doesn't matter, so far as Bunter goes; but we can't let those bouncers have the grin of the Remove. We'll pay Trumper a visit, and give him a Roland for his Oliver. We can ask Wingate for a pass out of gates. We'll tell him we want to go and see Trumper—we needn't—ahem!—mention what we want to see him for."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Good-natured Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, gave Wharton a pass for three, without too close an inquiry into what they wanted to see Trumper for. And after tea the Famous Five prepared for that little expedition, little dreaming then what it was to lead to.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER, Hidden Foes!

"CAREFUL now!" murmured Harry Wharton. "The carefulness is terrific, my esteemed chum."

"Shurrup!"

"The shurrupfulness is—"

"Terrific!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Ring off, Inky! It seems to me that I can hear somebody moving in the garden."

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. by FRANK RICHARDS.

"Yes! Quiet!"

The Famous Five were very quiet, listening. They had reached Trumper's quarters, the cottage on the outskirts of Courtfield. They had passed in quietly at the little gate, and were in the long garden that stretched down towards the river. Their little visit to Dick Trumper, of course, was to be paid secretly. They knew Trumper's habits, and they hoped to find him in the workshop in the garden—a large shed where the Courtfield School Club also held its meetings. And if they found him there, they were prepared to deal with him as he had dealt with Billy Bunter, only more so. Not that Bunter mattered, as Wharton had remarked, but the honour of the Remove had to be avenged.

There was a light in the shed, glimmering out through the open door and the little window, and so they knew that Trumper was there.

But they did not want to alarm their quarry. If Trumper scuttled into the house, they could not very well pursue him, as they did not want to alarm Mrs. Trumper, who would probably have failed completely to understand the little games of the rival juniors.

As the Famous Five closed in towards the shed in the gloom of the long garden, they heard a footstep in the darkness at a little distance.

They stared round them in the gloom, in wonder. Someone else was there, that was certain, though the gloom was too thick for him to be seen. It could hardly be anybody else from Greyfriars, and they could not help wondering. A friend of Trumper's would not be creeping through the garden in that stealthy manner.

They remained quiet still for several minutes, listening. All was silent now.

From the shed came a sound of tapping. Trumper was at work with his tools in his workshop, little dreaming that the avengers were at hand. As there was no sound of voices, the Greyfriars juniors judged that he was alone.

"All quiet now," Bob Cherry whispered at last.

"Seems so!"

"Must have been a cat, perhaps," said Nugent. "Anyway, it's gone now. Let's get on, or Trumper will be going in."

There was still silence in the garden. Harry Wharton was puzzled; but it was useless to delay longer. The chums of the Remove crept on to the open doorway of the shed.

As they looked in, they caught a full view of Trumper, standing at his bench, and whistling cheerily as he worked.

"Ahem!" said Bob Cherry.

Trumper swung round suddenly.

"My hat! You here?"

"Looks like it, don't it?" grinned Bob. "Collar him!"

"Here, look here! Hands off! Yah!"

Trumper struggled as the Famous Five grasped him. But five pairs of strong hands were quite enough to reduce him to helplessness.

"Better chuck it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "And don't squeak, or we shall be under the painful necessity of stuffing a handkerchief into your mouth!"

"Grook!"

"No harm intended!" smiled Nugent. "Only a little ornamentation—in the same style as Bunter this afternoon! A little ink—a little paint—a little gum—a little dye—that's all!"

"Look here—"

"Bring him out," said Wharton. "Some of the other bouncers may drop in here any minute, and we don't want to be interrupted."

Trumper began to resist again, and the juniors guessed that he was expecting some of his friends. He did not want to be taken out of the reach of rescue. But what he wanted did not occur to him. He was whirled off his feet, and rushed out of the shed, still struggling and gasping.

The captors rushed him down the long garden path, and out of the gate, and dumped him down on the towing-path.

"There!" gasped Bob. "Got him!"

"Ow!" ejaculated Trumper. "I—I'll scalp you for this! The other fellows will be round in a few minutes, and then—"

"They'll find you looking a thing of beauty and a giddy joy for ever!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hand out the paint-tubes—no time to lose!"

"Hold him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trumper resisted desperately.

"Rescue!" he shouted. "Wickers—Grahame—rescue, Courtfield!"

"They're not here yet!" chuckled Nugent. "This is where you get it in the neck, my infant!"

"The neckfulness will be terrific!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look out!"

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There was a sudden rush of feet in the darkness. Three powerful figures leaped upon the group of juniors. They were not the Courtfield fellows. Even in the darkness and the surprise, the juniors could see that they were grown men.

But the surprise was complete. The three assailants struck out with savage force on all sides, and the Famous Five went reeling in all directions.

"Why—what—?" gasped Trumper. He had no time for more.

Two of the mysterious figures closed on him, and grasped him. He was torn from the ground, and rushed away into the darkness. The third man followed.

"Help!" yelled Trumper, amazed and alarmed, as he struggled furiously in the grip of his mysterious assailants.

"Help! Rescue, Greyfriars!"

"Silence!" muttered one of the ruffians.

"Help!"

"Ach! If you are not silent, I will stun you!"

"Help!" shrieked Trumper wildly. "They're Germans—they've collared me! Help! Oh!"

A cloth was wound quickly round Trumper's head, stifling his cries.

Then he was hurried on in the darkness, gasping. Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. had regained their feet, considerably hurt and dazed, and amazed and enraged. Trumper's cries came back to them through the gloom of the night, ere the Courtfield fellow was silenced.

"Kidnapped, by Jove!" stammered Bob Cherry. "They—they're the fellows we heard in the garden, then! They were there after him when we came!"

"They've got him!"

"Germans, too! What the dickens!"

"After them!" shouted Wharton. "Rescue!"

"What for?"

The five juniors dashed in pursuit. Trumper's cries had died away, but they knew that he had been taken along the towing-path.

The juniors were good runners, and they knew the ground well. They ran at top speed in pursuit of the three Germans and their prisoners. What the rascals' object could be in kidnapping Trumper they could not guess—that did not matter now—what mattered was the rescue of their old rival of Courtfield.

The three Germans, burdened with the kidnapped boy, were hurrying on as fast as they could in the darkness, but the nimble juniors gained upon them.

"There they are!" panted Wharton, as he caught a dim glimpse of the figures ahead in the darkness of the towing-path.

Wharton put on a spur, and forged ahead of his comrades. The kidnappers had stopped, close by the river. Wharton heard a bump, and a splashing sound, and he knew that Trumper had been tossed into a boat. The rascals had evidently had a boat ready. Wharton tore on desperately.

The three Germans jumped into the boat, and one of them was pushing off, as the captain of the Remove reached the water's edge.

The boat was gliding away on the dark water; and Wharton made a desperate spring, cleared the widening space, and tumbled headlong into the boat.

He rolled over in the bottom of the boat, gasping. As he strove to scramble to his feet, a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he shuddered as he felt a cold, steel tube pressed to his neck.

"Quiet, or take the consequences."

"You bound!"

"The boat, fool!"

The quiet glided out upon the river. One of the Germans was rowing with a pair of oars. The others were grasping the two schoolboys, and each of them had a revolver in his hand.

On the bank the other juniors halted, baffled—staring blankly into the darkness of the river. They were too late!

From the dark shore came Bob Cherry's voice, ringing through the night.

"Wharton! Where are you?"

The steel rim ground into Wharton's neck, and two savage eyes bled down at him. A cold shiver ran through the junior. He realised only too clearly that he was in lawless and desperate hands.

"Silence!"

Wharton clenched his teeth hard. With the muzzle of the revolver pressed to his neck he was forced to be silent.

"Wharton! Harry! Have they got you? Where are you?"

But Wharton could not speak, and the boat glided swiftly on down the river, and Bob Cherry's voice died away in the night.

HARRY WHARTON and Dick Trumper sat up in the boat, panting, exhausted, and plunged into utter amazement, almost stupefaction.

What did it all mean?

Harry Wharton's mishap was easily enough to be understood. The Germans had taken him simply because he had leaped into the boat to the rescue of Trumper. But what did they want with Dick Trumper?

Why should three Germans skulk into Courtfield at night to kidnap a schoolboy?

What was their motive?

Harry Wharton remembered the attempt to carry off old Dave Trumper, which had been baffled by the timely arrival of the Famous Five on the scene. Since then old Dave had been in the Friardale Cottage Hospital, safe from any further attempt of the rascals.

It was pretty certain that this was the same gang, and being foiled in their attempt upon old Dave, they had taken his son instead.

But why?

That was a question neither of the schoolboys could answer. All that was certain was that they were prisoners in the hands of a gang of desperate rascals, being carried away into the night they knew not whither.

"I—I say, what does it mean, Wharton?" Dick Trumper murmured. "What do they want with us?"

Wharton shook his head.

"Blessed if I know."

"Jolly plucky of you to come after me like that. I'm afraid it's landed you into a bad fix," Trumper muttered ruefully.

"Sink or swim together," said Harry.

There was a growl from one of their captors.

"Silence!"

"Look here, what is this little game?" demanded Trumper. In the boat he had dragged off the enveloping cloth from his head, and could speak freely. "I suppose you know you'll go to prison for this?"

"Acht! I tink not!"

"But what have you done it for?"

"Tat you will find out."

"But, look here—"

"Silence!"

"Oh, rats! I tell you—"

"If you say another word I shall gag you, mein poy."

Trumper relapsed into silence. The two schoolboys were utterly helpless in the hands of the three rascals.

They sat without speaking, each of them still grasped by a German fist, while the boat was rowed on with the current. All around them was darkness, till at length the lights of the village of Pegg appeared in the distance. Near at hand were other lights, which they knew shone from the windows of Cliff House School.

The boat ran into the shore, and the juniors were led out of it. The Germans concealed the boat in the shadow of a group of willows. Then by a lonely path, avoiding the village, they were led down towards the sea-beach.

Wharton and Trumper went without a word or a struggle. It was useless to struggle.

They were in the hands of strong and powerful men, armed with revolvers, and they knew only too well that resistance, or a cry, would have brought stunning blows from the butt-ends of the revolvers, if not a bullet. Whatever their object, the three Germans were carrying their lives in their hands, and they were not likely to hesitate at any desperate deed to secure themselves.

Trumper and Wharton realised that very clearly. A strange chance had made the rival juniors comrades in peril. But quiet as they were, they were watchful for a chance to make a bid for liberty.

But the Germans gave them no chance. The iron grasp upon the juniors did not slacken for a second.

The three Germans had halted close by the water's edge in one of the loneliest spots of the beach, and were looking seaward.

The surf broke at their feet with a heavy murmur.

Rough weather had been coming on all the afternoon; there was no rain, but the wind was blowing hard from the sea, and the waves rolled in with ever-increasing force.

One of the Germans showed a light—a small electric lamp he drew from his pocket. The brilliant ray of light glittered out over the dark sea.

In the glimmer, Wharton scanned his captors with a quick glance.

It knew now that he had seen them before. The man with the electric lamp was the same man whom the Famous Five had chased on the island in the bay. The other two were the two rascals who had attempted to seize Dave Trumper, and had been baffled by the chums of the Remove.

The light was shut off, then it gleamed again, dancing on the rolling waves. The German was evidently signalling towards the sea.

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Darkness again!

The Germans waited a few minutes. Then from the dark waters came a glitter of light, and there was a sound of oars.

The light disappeared; but the juniors saw a boat pulling for the shore.

Evidently it had been waiting in the darkness of the bay for the return of the gang. The boat bumped heavily upon the sand amid the white surf, well handled by the boat's crew.

The waters rolled and curled round it as it stopped there. The sea was choppy from the strong wind.

"Get in!" muttered the German, who was holding Trumper.

Trumper hesitated, and was flung bodily into the boat. A man in the uniform of a German naval lieutenant stood up there peering shoreward.

Wharton heard him speak rapidly in German. He did not catch all the words, but he understood their drift. The lieutenant was asking who the other prisoner was, and the man who grasped Wharton explained in guttural tones.

"Bring him, too," said the lieutenant in German, "otherwise, he would talk, and the alarm must not be given."

Wharton was dragged into the boat. The three Germans followed; and the seamen, with some difficulty, pushed off in the rough sea, and bent to their oars. Wharton and Trumper were crowded into the stern with the three rascals who had captured them.

Their amazement was increasing every moment.

This boat, with its orderly crew, and its commander in naval uniform, evidently belonged to some ship in the German Navy!

The ship, therefore, must be near at hand—in fact, it was quite plain that it was to a German ship that the juniors were being taken.

What could it mean?

A German war-veffel off Pegg Bay, lurking in the darkness outside the rocks and reefs that guarded the entrance to the bay.

Wharton gitted his teeth as he thought of it.

He began to understand.

It was a raid—a sudden raid on the English coast, such as the Germans had often planned and schemed, but never yet successfully.

A fast vessel had stolen by stealth through the British Fleet watching the North Sea; and, unseen and unsuspected by the sea-patrols, was close now to the shore—for what purpose?

Under cover of the night, the German warship was skulking there, and Wharton knew now why Dick Trumper had been taken.

For without a pilot the Germans could not venture into the bay.

Hence the attempt to kidnap old Dave Trumper; and hence the successful kidnaping of his son this eventful night.

Trumper was wanted as a pilot.

The same thought was in the mind of the Courtfield fellow. The truth had dawned upon him, too. He turned a pale face towards Wharton in the gloom.

"I know now what they want, Wharton," he muttered.

"A pilot!" said Harry.

"Yes. That's what they wanted with the dad, and as he got out of their hands, they've collared me instead. How did they know—how could they know?"

Wharton gitted his teeth.

"That's easy enough to guess! They've had a spy here. You remember Fritz Mullibach, the German spy—"

"But he was arrested—"

Not before he'd had a chance to send off some of his reports. This was what he was spying here for—a raid on our coast. And those scoundrels know as much about you as you know yourself. They know your father is the best pilot on the coast; they know you have been with him and learned to do all that he can do—that you are the next best, in fact. That's why that villain was skulking on the island. That was their headquarters, I suppose, till we routed them out. And they've got a ship somewhere at hand—skulking away in the North Sea till they sent it some secret signal, I suppose. Anyway, it's here now, and we're being taken to it."

"My hat!"

"Very likely some gunboat that was unable to skulk home to a German port when our fleet started on them," said Wharton thoughtfully. "It could hardly have got out since, Trumper, old man, you can guess now what they want of you."

"I think I can," said Dick, in a low voice.

"They don't want me; they've only brought me along so that I can't give the alarm," said Harry. "They want you and what they want you for is to pilot a German ship into the bay!"

"The rotters!"

"It's a raid, old man—not that it will do the beasts any good, but they expect it to cause panic in the country," said Harry. The news that the Germans have landed will startle the whole country from end to end—though it's only a gang of raiders. And after what they've done in Belgium, you can guess what they will do here!"

Trumper set his lips.

"Not with my help!" he said quietly.

"They want to strike terror. That's always their game," said Harry, with a curl of the lip. "That's why they send their cavalry all over the country in advance of their Army, and shoot peasants and burn houses, and that's why they've planned a raid on our coast. They will bombard and burn the village—that's in their style—and shoot anybody who raises a hand against them; perhaps land enough men to take Courtfield, and burn that too—and perhaps Greyfriars and Cliff House along with it! Then they'll clear off before morning, like a gang of burglars afraid of the police. They've got it all mapped out. Only there isn't a safe anchorage along this coast, excepting in the bay; and they can't get into the bay without a pilot, unless they risk smashing their ship on the sunken rocks. Trumper, old man—"

"I understand," said Trumper.

There was silence. It was broken by the voice of the German lieutenant, speaking in English, and with a mocking smile.

"You are very clever, my boy—very clever! You have guessed it all. And now that you know what is expected of you, you know what you have to do."

Trumper looked at him steadily in the gloom.

"I know what is expected of me," he said quietly. "You want me to pilot your ship into the bay."

"Ja, ja!"

"And then you will land men, and burn the place, and burn Courtfield, too, perhaps—"

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you will have to find another pilot," said Dick Trumper steadily.

"Bah!" said the German lieutenant. "We have sure information—quite sure! We know that you, my boy, can pilot our vessel in safely."

"I could!" said Trumper.

"And you will!"

"I will not!"

The lieutenant laughed pleasantly.

"Wait till you see my captain, my lad," he remarked. "Do you know what he will do if you refuse him?"

"I don't care!"

"He will order you to be instantly shot."

"Let him!"

The lieutenant laughed again.

"We shall see!" he said. "We shall see!"

And no more was said as the boat pulled out in the darkness under the shadow of the mighty cliffs.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Traitor or True?

A DEEP and sullen murmur of the surf on the rocks came to the ears of the two juniors in the boat as the German seamen pulled on steadily.

The wind was still freshening, and the sea was rough. But the boat pulled on into the night without a pause.

The great mass of the Shoulder now blotted out the lights of the land. The boat was out of the bay, and tossing on the rough surface of the sea.

Through the darkness a single light gleamed from the distance—the only guide the German boat had to the vessel it was heading for.

In the narrow seas patrolled by British cruisers, gunboats, and submarines, the German raiders could not venture to show lights. Even that single gleam meant peril to the invaders.

The German boat pulled on steadily towards the distant light. The vessel was lying well off the shore, evidently fearing to come too close to the dangerous rocks. Where a vessel could pass without danger, there was deadly peril for a boat drawing deep water, as the German commander evidently knew.

Nearer and nearer twinkled the lights.

Dimly the juniors could make out at last the grey sides of the German cruiser rising like a wall from the choppy sea. From the bridge a sharp voice hailed the boat in German as it rocked alongside.

Then the ladder was lowered, and the two schoolboys were forced to mount it, the German lieutenant following them up.

The rest of the boat's crew followed.

"This way!" said the lieutenant in English.

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The two schoolboys looked round them as they found themselves treading a German deck. The light had been "doused" the moment the boat's crew were aboard, and now all was darkness.

But the juniors could dimly see the great shape of the armoured cruiser, the long, huge tubes of the guns, the swarming crew, as they were taken to the bridge.

"A short, stout, red-faced man in uniform fixed a stern glare upon them. In his pale-blue, gleaming eyes, set under thick, reddish brows, the two schoolboys read no sign of mercy or indulgence.

The German captain had a face like that of a bulldog, and his hard, square jaws were tight and grim.

The lieutenant spoke in German, making his report, and the captain gave an unintelligible grunt.

The juniors waited. They knew that a crisis was coming. Wharton, indeed, did not know that he had much to fear. He was of no use to the Germans; he could no more have piloted the cruiser into the bay than he could have piloted an aeroplane. It was Dick Trumper, the pilot's son, who was to serve the turn of the raiders; and Dick Trumper's life hung in the balance.

Both the schoolboys knew that well!

It was obedience or death!

Like some terrible nightmare it seemed to the juniors. Two hours before Wharton had been among the other fellows at Greyfriars, never dreaming of peril; Trumper had been "pottering" in his little workshop, cheerful and content. And now—now they were on the deck of a German warship, and their lives hung by a thread!

Yet their courage did not fail them!

If ever their pluck had been needed, it was needed now to keep steady and true in the presence of the foe.

The German captain fixed his little piggy blue eyes upon Trumper.

"You are the pilot's son?" he asked, speaking in excellent English.

"Yes," said Trumper.

"Your name?"

"Dick Trumper."

"You can pilot a vessel in these channels?"

"I could if I liked."

"Have you ever done so?" the German commander snapped out.

"I have been with my father when he has been piloting," replied Trumper coolly. "I have piloted fishing-vessels myself, too."

"You can pilot my vessel!"

"I dare say I could."

"Ja, wohl! You shall have fifty marks for your service when it is finished," said the German gruffly, "and your liberty, and that of your companion."

"You want me to pilot this ship into the bay?"

"Ja, ja!"

"And then?"

"That is no business of yours!" snapped the commander. "That is my affair! You will give me the directions, that is all! And if the ship should strike a rock you will be shot! Therefore, take care!"

"I think it is my business, too. What are you going to do?" said Trumper quietly, though his sunburnt face was pale. "Are you going into the bay to surrender your ship?"

The German commander stared at him and then burst into a harsh laugh.

"Hein! Fool! I am going to land a force there, of course! But that does not concern you! Be silent till you are called upon to direct."

"You intend to attack the place?" said Trumper, his eyes gleaming. "And your dirty spies have told you who is able to pilot you in! Much good may it do you! If you had my father here—as you tried to do—he would tell you to go to Davy Jones first! I tell you the same! I won't pilot you!"

"Ach! What?"

"Bravo, Trumper, old chap!" murmured Harry Wharton tensely. "You can't do it—you can't! Whatever happens, you can't do it!"

"I know."

"Silence!" shouted the German captain. "Insolent pig! Silence! Boy, do you dare to disobey my orders?"

Trumper met his furious glance steadily.

"Yes."

"Are you mad, boy? Do you know that your life depends upon your obedience?"

"Yes."

"Yet you disobey me!"

"I cannot pilot you!"

The German clenched his hand, as if he would dash his fist into the steady face of the plucky lad. He restrained his rage, however, and rapped out a savage order in guttural

German. Half a dozen marines advanced, there was another sharp, rapping order, and six rifles were levelled.

Harry Wharton felt almost giddy for a moment. There was death—grim death—in that row of black muzzles—in the row of stolid and stupid faces behind them. The marines would no more have hesitated to shoot at the next order than their countrymen had hesitated to massacre the wretched Belgian peasants.

A word, and the two schoolboys would be stretched in their blood upon the deck.

Trumper's grasp closed on Wharton's arm.

"Steady!" he muttered.

Wharton met his eyes fearlessly.

"Good-bye, old son!" he muttered hoarsely. "Good-bye! We've got to stand it! Don't let the brutes think we're afraid of them!"

There was a long pause. The order to fire was not uttered. The German captain was watching the faces of the boys. He expected to see white terror there—to hear voices in wild pleading for mercy. But he was disappointed. He only saw two British boys, pale but calm, and determined to face their fate without a sign of flinching to gratify their savage enemies.

"You hound!" broke out Wharton fiercely at last. "You rotten hound! Get it over—get it over quick!"

The German captain smiled grimly.

"When I raise my hand, you fall dead on the deck!" he said. "Have you come to your senses yet? Will you pilot my ship?"

A sudden change came over Dick Trumper's face. His eyes gleamed; he drew a quick, panting breath.

"If I refuse—" he said slowly.

"You will be shot!"

"Then you force me—"

"Mein Gott! Yes!"

Trumper set his teeth.

"Very well. If you force me, I will pilot you!"

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. For His Country's Sake!

WHARTON spun round towards his comrade, and stared at him.

The marines, at a sign from the German captain, lowered their arms, and tramped back.

The strain was over. A grim and cynical smile was on the thick lips of the German commander. It had needed only the threat of death to overcome the obstinacy of the young Britisher, he was thinking to himself.

"Trumper!" exclaimed Wharton hoarsely. "Dick! You can't do it!"

Trumper was silent.

"Dick!" Wharton grasped his arm. "You can't—you shan't! Let them murder us, the cowards! You can't pilot them into the bay! You can't be a traitor to your own country, old son! I tell you you can't do it!"

"Silence!" roared the captain.

But Wharton did not heed him. In his agitation he shook Trumper by the arm. The Courtfield lad was strangely silent, his face white as death.

"Dick Trumper! Say you won't do it—"

"He has forced me to—"

"Are you a coward, then? Think of what will happen if that villain gets his cruiser safe into the bay!" shouted Wharton. "Are you a coward?"

Trumper bit his lip hard.

"I am going to pilot him!" he said.

"But—but—"

"Silence!"

The German commander made a sign, and a couple of marines seized Wharton, and dragged him aside.

Dick Trumper looked after him with haggard eyes.

Harry Wharton's shocked and scornful words had struck him like a blow in the face, and he had flinched from them as he had not flinched from the German rifles.

Wharton stood panting in the grasp of the German marines.

He could scarcely believe his ears—his eyes. Dick Trumper, a traitor to his country, guiding the German cruiser to a safe anchorage by the peaceful English village—to land armed and half-barbarous raiders there—to pillage and burn and shoot and destroy—to leave a track of murder and devastation on the quiet English coast, as their compatriots had left in the peaceful fields of Belgium! And Dick Trumper had consented to guide them—to pilot the raider to his infamous work!

There was no doubt about it.

Trumper, his face white and set, had turned his back on Wharton, and was in low and quick talk with the German captain.

Wharton struggled in the grasp of the marines.

"Trumper!" he shouted. The engines were throbbing again now, and the German cruiser was moving swiftly through the water, through the dark shadows of the night. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 350.

EVERY MONDAY, **The "Magnet"** LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

"Trumper! Answer me! Dick! Don't do it! Let them kill us first! It's better than that!"

A savage snarl from the German captain, and the butt-end of a rifle knocked Wharton off his feet.

He gave a cry and fell heavily, face downwards, on the deck, half-stunned. The two marines stood grimly over him, ready to repeat the blow at an order from their brutal commander.

Wharton lay with his brain in a whirl.

He heard Trumper's voice, low and distinct and clear, giving directions, and the German cruiser was gliding swiftly through the dark waters.

In the distance the great mass of the Shoulder was looming up, black through the black night, and the Germans turned their eyes apprehensively upon the towering cliff.

But the cruiser gave it a wide berth, bearing to the south.

Though the darkness came the gleam of white foam on hidden rocks and the dull roar of the surf.

Once past the long, low rock that was known as the Shark's Back, the cruiser would be in safe waters.

But the passage there was difficult and dangerous, especially in the deep darkness, and the cruiser had to feel her way; and ever louder and more threatening came the roar of the waves over the sunken rocks.

Wharton almost sobbed with rage as he lay on the deck, a rifle-butt resting on his shoulders and pinning him down.

If he attempted to rise, he would be struck down without mercy; he was helpless. And he knew that any further appeal to Dick Trumper was useless. Whatever he intended to do, Trumper had made up his mind.

A traitor to his country! Better death—better a thousand deaths! Surely the veriest coward would choose death in preference to that!

And Dick Trumper was not a coward!

Why had he given way? What had caused that sudden change in the brave lad who had at first so resolutely defied the ruffianly commander of the German cruiser?

Wharton could not understand it.

But the cruiser was moving on. The long gleam of white foam in the darkness showed where the cruel rocks of the Shark's Back were hidden. The roar of the waters was almost deafening now.

The cruiser had slackened down; she was crawling through the dangerous passage. Every face was tense.

Wharton clenched his hands desperately. If she would only run on the rocks! It would mean death to all, or almost all, on board; but that was better than success for the German raiders. He would have welcomed the sight of the foaming waters pouring over the grey sides of the German cruiser.

And it would be so easy for Trumper, piloting the cruiser, to— The thought had not fully framed itself in Wharton's mind, when he understood.

He understood!

And now he waited with fierce determination. What a madman he had been to deem for a moment that Dick Trumper would be a traitor, a tool of the enemy! He knew, as well as if the boy pilot had told him, what was about to happen now! Why had he not thought of it before? How blind he had been! As blind as the German captain, who believed that his brutal threats had bent a British boy to his will! Wharton gritted his teeth hard. The brute was about to discover his mistake!

From the darkness came Dick Trumper's voice—low and cool and deadly:

"You can go ahead now!"

"Ja wohl!"

The engines throbbed, the ship gathered speed. The German seamen were straining their eyes through the darkness towards the glimmering lights on the shore. The lights of the village were now in sight.

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THE PHOTO PRIZE!

Next Monday—

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

Only Trumper knew—and Wharton guessed—that a deadly sunken reef lay directly before the gliding cruiser—that the war-vessel, with its savage crew, was speeding headlong to fearful destruction!

Crash!
A terrible staggering, blinding shock, and the German ship reeled and trembled, and stopped dead!

Crash!
Upon the sharp teeth of the rocks, four or five feet below the water, the great vessel had crashed—with a crash that had torn gaping breaches in her plated sides.

In the fearful shock officers and men were flung headlong on the deck.

Only two had been expecting it—Trumper and Wharton! And they were prompt to act. Dick Trumper bounded to the side.

"Wharton!" he yelled. "Jump!"

"I'm coming!"

Wharton waded on his feet in a flash. The two marines who had been guarding him were rolling along the slanting deck.

Trumper leaped into the sea, and Wharton leaped after him a second later.

Crack—crack—crack—crack!

Spiteful spitting of revolver-fire cracked through the night; but the shots came too late. The two boys had leaped into the sea, and the darkness had swallowed them up.

And the great German cruiser, beating heavily on the sharp rocks, with great gaps torn open, into which the sea rushed in floods, was sinking!

Upon the sinking ship the surf beat like battering-rams, crashing and smashing. In a whirl of wild currents among the rocks, in the dashing of the surf, the boats capized as fast as they were lowered.

Gone now was the dream of a raid on the English coast—the programme of burning and shooting and terrorising! Only to save themselves from the engulfing waters—that was all the German crew were thinking of now! But of the crowds of wretched men tossed so suddenly into the wild waters, few were destined to emerge alive.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Hero of the Hour!

"TRUMPER!"

Wharton shouted through the surge of the waters, and the answering shout came back from his comrade.

Both of them were splendid swimmers, and both of them knew the vicinity well. In sunny weather they had boated and bathed in the bay, and they knew the Shark's Back well, and where to strike out for safety.

While the grey ship was reeling to its doom, and the German seamen were struggling and shouting in the engulfing waters, the two schoolboys were swimming for the nearest mass of rocks that rose from the water—hidden in the darkness, but accessible to stout swimmers.

Wharton felt the pebbles under his feet, and he dragged himself through the rough, thundering waters, and staggered upon the rocks.

He shouted for his comrade, and his heart beat with delight as Trumper's voice came back.

The Courtfield lad came staggering from the water.

Wharton grasped his arm, and helped him out, and the two juniors sank exhausted upon a spur of rock above the reach of the waves.

The waters surged and roared at their feet, and amid the roar of the waters sounded the cries of hundreds of hapless wretches going to their doom.

For some minutes the comrades sat there, drenched, dripping, exhausted—too exhausted by that sharp struggle with death even to speak. It was Wharton who found his voice first.

"Dick, old man, it was splendid! I—I didn't understand it at first—"

A grim smile came over Trumper's pale face.

"Did you think I was going to pilot the soundrels into the bay?" he muttered. "Did you think that I was that kind of a rotter?"

"For a moment I did. I didn't guess—"

"They should have killed me first!" said Trumper quietly.

"I know it now. I'm sorry—"

"But when they had the rifles levelled, then I thought suddenly how I could settle them," muttered Trumper, panting. "They would have shot me, and you, if I hadn't piloted them. I hadn't thought of it at first; then I understood that it was the only way to save our lives—and to save the coast, too. They would have tried it without a pilot if I had refused, and they might have got in safely. There was a chance, anyway; and then you know what they'd have done—burnt and shot and plundered—the same thing they're doing in Belgium!"

"I know—I know!"

"All the same, it's fearful!" Trumper shivered a little, as the cries came more faintly from the sea. "There won't be many saved—there can't be! They don't seem to have got their boats out—not easy for a boat to live in a rough sea among these rocks, either. They're done for. Better than our people!"

"Much better!"

"They came to burn and slaughter, and they've found their graves in the bay!" said Trumper. "I don't think anybody could blame me!"

"Blame you!" said Wharton. "It was splendid! Even now they would kill us like rabbits if they could lay hands on us! They deserve nothing from us—nothing but what they've got!"

"But so terrible, all the same! I—I wish we could help the brutes!" said Dick Trumper, in a low voice.

"We can't—lucky if we get ashore ourselves. And the sooner we're off the better. Some of them may clamber on these rocks, and then it would be all up with us!" said Wharton.

"You're right!"

"Come on!"

With the cries of the drowning Germans ringing in their ears, the comrades plunged into the water again, this time on the landward side of the rocks, and swam away across the bay.

It was a long, hard swim, and it was well for the two schoolboys that they were in the best of condition.

Through the rough and choppy sea they swam on strongly till the lights of the fishing village were twinkling and winking in the distance before them.

The catastrophe to the German warship had not been heard or seen on the shore.

The quiet village of Pegg was sleeping. In Cliff House all the lights were out. As the two boys, exhausted, almost sinking, dragged themselves at last upon the shore, most of the lights in Pegg were out, only here and there a street lamp, and the windows of the Anchor, still glimmering.

They sank down to rest on the gunwale of a boat pulled up on the beach. They were almost fainting with exhaustion.

From the sea there came no sound now save the booming of the waves. The cries, if they continued, were too far off to be heard.

It was a long time before the juniors could move. Then they reeled away towards the Anchor to tell the startling news—for the lifeboat to be sent out to rescue any of the wretches who might be still floating, or clinging to the rocks. And the gallant lifeboat crew turned out willingly to rescue their foes from the doom they had brought on themselves.

But Wharton and Trumper did not wait for the return of the lifeboat, and the other boats that followed. The work of rescue had been begun, and that was enough for them.

They dried their clothes at the Anchor, and then started for home—Trumper for Courtfield, and Harry Wharton for Greyfriars. They parted with a grip of the hand and few words. That terrible peril shared together had made them comrades for life.

Harry Wharton rang loudly at the bell at the gate of Greyfriars.

It was past midnight; the old school should have been sleeping.

But there was little sleep within the walls of Greyfriars that night. The chums of the Remove had returned from Courtfield with the news of the amazing happenings at Trumper's place, and the school was in a ferment.

Harry Wharton and Dick Trumper had been carried off by force by a gang of Germans! The news electrified the school.

The Head had hurried to the police-station at Courtfield at once.

He was away some time, but he returned without any news of the missing boys.

At bedtime the juniors went to the dormitories, but not to sleep—they could not close their eyes.

The Head and the other masters did not think of bed. They waited in deep and tense anxiety for news. And Harry Wharton's chums were allowed to remain down. They were racked with anxiety for the captain of the Remove.

Every few minutes one or another of them went to the door of the School House, to stare away over the darkness of the Close.

But nothing came!

Till, after midnight had tolled out from the clock tower, the peal of the bell at the school gates was heard!

Gosling, the porter, turned out slowly enough to open the gates; but the four juniors in the doorway of the School House had heard the bell, and they were rushing across the Close.

(Continued on page 111 of cover.)

Bob Cherry gave a yell as he caught sight of the figure outside through the bars of the gate.

"Harry!"

"Wharton, old man—"

Gosling swung the gates open, and the next moment Harry Wharton was surrounded by his chums and marched in. "Thank goodness you've got back!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, thumping him on the back. "How did you get away from the rotters?"

"Where have you been?"

"The Head wants to see you. Come on!"

Wharton was hurried across the Close. Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch were waiting for him in the lighted doorway of the School House, and Wingate of the Sixth and several others. Wharton's chums marched him triumphantly in.

"Here he is, sir!" announced Bob Cherry. "Safe and sound and sober. Ahem!"

Dr. Locke raised his hand.

"What has happened, Wharton? Where have you been?"

Wharton smiled involuntarily as he realised the shock which his reply would give to the kind old Head and the fellows thronging round him.

"On board a German warship, sir!"

"Are you serious, Wharton?" the Head exclaimed, blinking over his glasses in amazement at the captain of the Remove.

"Quite serious, sir."

"You—you have been on board a German warship, Wharton?" Dr. Locke repeated, as if unable to believe his ears.

"Yes, sir."

"Where, pray?"

"Outside the bay, sir."

"And where is the German warship now?"

"At the bottom of the bay, sir—smashed to pieces on the Shark's Back!"

"Hurrah!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Wharton, this—is this astounding!" gasped the Head. "I am sure you are telling me the truth, but—but it is most astounding. Kindly tell me exactly what has happened to you."

"Certainly, sir!" said Wharton cheerfully.

All the Greyfriars fellows who were out of bed were gathering round now, eager to hear Wharton's strange story. And the stairs were crowded with fellows in nightshirts and pyjamas, brought out of the dormitories by the news of Wharton's return, and all eager to hear what had happened.

Harry Wharton made his explanation quietly and succinctly. He was listened to with breathless attention. There were deep-drawn breaths as he told how Dick Trumper, forced to pilot the German raiders, had piloted the cruiser upon the sharp rocks of the Shark's Back to destruction.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "Brave lad—noble lad! There will be public recognition of this. I trust that some at least of the crew have been saved; but that is of minor importance. Trumper has saved this quiet countryside from the horrors of Belgium. Brave lad! Thank Heaven that it did not cost you your lives!"

"Good old Trumper!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Good old Dicky! Won't I thump him on the back when I see him again! And if he likes to say that Courtfield is top school, he can say it till he's black in the face, and I'll never contradict him!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The rutherfordness is terrific!"

"Hurrah!"

In the Remove dormitory Harry Wharton had to tell over and over again the story of that night's wild adventures. And the Remove were unanimous in their praise of Dick Trumper.

It was close upon dawn when the Removites slept. But, as Bob Cherry remarked, they would not have slept at all if Dick Trumper had not sunk the German raider. It was more possible that Greyfriars School, and many another building along the coast, would have shared the fate of the burnt and looted villages of Belgium, but for the swift and just doom that had overtaken the raiders.

The next day it was known that fifty or more survivors of the German cruiser had been saved by the fishermen of Pegg, and handed over to the military authorities. The rest had found their graves in the deep waters, reaping as they had intended to sow.

Dick Trumper was the hero of the hour.

When he came to Greyfriars the fellows gave him a tremendous reception, and marched him shoulder-high round the Close, and cheered him till the old school rang with it. And his old rivals of the Remove were keenest of all to do honour to the brave lad who had saved that peaceful countryside from the German raiders!

THE END.

(Another Splendid Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton and Co. next Monday entitled "The Photo Prize!" by Frank Richards. Order Early!)

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Shows that when Locks and Bolts and Bars Fall, a Prison Can Still be a Prison When a Man with a Gun is on the Scene—Wrecked.

Barry O'Rooney raged like a trapped tiger newly-imprisoned behind steel bars. Again the tables had been turned swiftly and dramatically. He had been marched to a cabin at the muzzle of Martin Arkland's rifle. It would have been madness to resist. He had read a grim determination in those little blinking eyes—a determination to win at any cost, or to lose all. A human life was a poor thing to stand between Martin Arkland and his ambitions. The door was shut and locked. Barry stamped and raved, and called himself a thousand bitter-names.

Growing more calm, he turned on the light. He was in the millionaire's own cabin. The plain furniture told him that, for Ferrers Lord had an odd whim for furnishing his sleeping-quarters as simply as possible.

What had become of Prout? He could only think, with bitterness, that he had been trapped by Job Sanday as neatly and unexpectedly as he had been trapped himself by Arkland.

The sound of a shot made him fling himself shoulderwise at the door.

They had killed the dog. He heard Job Sanday's coarse laugh, and stood back with clenched hands and throbbing heart. Then he rushed at the door again, but the massive panels and stout hinges and lock defied him. The engines were working, but whether in air or in the water he could not tell.

The boy from Ballybunton sat down and groaned; but realising that groaning was of no avail, he began to ponder.

"Faith, ut's only phwat Oi deserve!" he mused. "Oi should have been more careful; but the oldt thafe took me off my guard! Ut's almost glad Oi am poor Uncle Dennis is dead, for this night's wurk would have broke his heart, after, the thrainin' he gave me! Let me wance get the other side of that dure, and Oi'll play Spring-heeled Jack on the spalpeens till Oi scare them out o' their wits. And they've shot old Imp—the murderers! Bad luck to the carpenter who made that dure! Sure, ut's fitter for a convict-prison than a decent ship."

Barry searched the drawers of the little painted dressing-table. He found a case of razors, but they were useless against such an obstacle. He wrenched a leg off the chair, but it was absurd to expect that either Martin Arkland or Job would fall into the same trap twice, and offer him a chance of stunning them when they brought his food.

"Tom! Aho-o-o-y!" bellowed the Irishman. "Where are ye, darint! Aho-o-o-y!"

He put his ear to the keyhole, but there was no answering shout.

Barry was not alarmed, for the vessel was a roomy one, and his voice might not have reached the other prisoners. That the steersman had come to any serious harm was out of the question, unless Tom had put up a fight. It was more likely that he had been covered at once by Job Sanday and compelled to surrender at the revolver's point.

Barry turned his attention to the hanging wardrobe. There were several coats in it belonging to Ferrers Lord. All the pockets were empty. Again he sat down and gazed wrathfully and gloomily at the hateful door; from the door to the walls, and from the walls to the ceiling. Then he rolled backwards across the bed, for the cabin had suddenly slanted, sending the basin and jug clattering down from the washstand.

"Murder and mushrooms!" growled Barry, rubbing his head. "Why can't ye warn a man when ye mane to play such pranks? Aisy, aisy! Simmer down till Oi get howid of somethin' to hang on to! Bedad, Oi ought to have been

(Continued on page iv of cover.)

born a bluebottle, as O'm expected to walk upside down! Aisy!"

The Unconquerable righted herself. Barry pressed his face close to the wet glass, and saw the shimmer of a star above the dull glint of the sea. They were in the air, and the vessel seemed to be travelling smoothly. The floor of the cabin was not carpeted, but covered with highly-polished linoleum and a few rugs. The rugs had slid down after the china, and then glided back in a most mysterious way.

Barry pounced upon it, and found half-a-crown.

Had a starving beggar picked up that coin in the street he would have flung it down again, and kicked it away, for it was a bad one—a miserable pewter imitation that would not have deceived a child of six.

Barry had no scraps of genuine ones, but he chortled as if he had just discovered a bag of diamonds. There was a hole in the pewter fudge, and a piece of thread was fastened to it.

Barry pulled gently, and felt a responding tug.

Then the Irishman lay down and tried to peer under the door. Prout was evidently locked in the cabin exactly opposite. Clever Tom had cleverly skimmed the coin across the intervening plates.

In a moment Barry was at work picking the stitching of one of the millionaire's coats. He had a pencil, and the drawers were filled with paper. He scrawled a few lines, and wrapping the note round the coin, gave a pull. The coin and message were drawn away.

After a time Barry felt a pull, and hauled in.

Prout's message was written with the stump of a charred match, and read thus:

"Job nabbed me. Got up behind me, and dropped a sack over my head. I hadn't a chance; it was too late when you yelled. I've got a plan. Send back."

Presently the coin rustled under the door again. It came first, and then a long envelope followed with another message, and more.

"This is Ching's cabin," read the message. "There's black gunpowder in the envelope. Gan-Waga's old wooden chest is here, and I found the powder-flask in it. It's the stuff he uses for taking wasps' nests. I'm going to plug up my keyhole, and try to blow off the lock. You do the same. Send back the envelope for more powder. I've got matches if you want any, and a couple of yards of fuse."

Barry O'Rooney performed a few steps of a true Irish jig, and carefully poured out the gunpowder.

"Good on your pluck, Tommy!" he chuckled. "Bedad, ye haythen of a dure! O'll soon be tacin' ye manners! Away wid ye!"

Barry next proceeded to accomplish one of the most unpleasant tasks of an adventurous career. There was not a drain of water in the cabin, and to have put the powder into the lock would have had no more effect than letting off a farting squib. To do any good at all, the lock had to be well plugged. So Barry squatted on the floor, chewing tough, dry paper to pulp—paper with a loathsome flavour that blistered the tongue, and made his stout jaws ache. He plugged it in gently, but firmly, tapping shreds of dry paper over it, and poking it into the corners. He used up all the powder, and signalled for more. They were not afraid of being disturbed before morning.

"Give three pulls when you're ready, old son!" wrote the steersman. "We want to blaze away together if we can."

At last the fuse was fixed in its place, but their plans were not yet complete. More notes passed from cabin to cabin. One or both charges might fail to shatter the locks. They had no weapons. Still, if only one of them got clear, there were so many hiding-places that he could practically terrify the two men into surrendering. It was the one grim risk of being shot down. They agreed that each should do the best he could according to circumstances.

"Pull three times, and fire your fuke, Tommy, if the best of you to you!" was the last message.

Barry knotted the cotton round the little finger of his left hand, and struck a match. One, two, three, came the steady palls. Putting the match to the fuse, Barry snapped the thread, and flung the bedclothes round his head. He backed into the wardrobe, and shut the door. The fuse spluttered. Barry counted the seconds. The fuse was old, and probably damp, for Gan-Waga had taken no wasps' nests since the autumn. Eighty seconds. The charge ought to have exploded in half that time. Forgetting that nine out of ten when counting mentally count half as fast again as the clock, Barry was about to step out from his shelter when he heard a deep crash that was followed by a thunderous roar, and the cabin was full of smoke and dust.

Barry O'Rooney rushed through the smoke. The door was wide. Prout had not been so successful, but Barry's shoulder settled the question, and the Irishman rushed on. "Click! The key was locking, and he had the key in his pocket. Click! The store-room was fast, and the key was also fast.

The sulphurous smoke filled the corridor and rolled densely into the saloon. Prout chuckled merrily.

"Hallo!" called the gruff voice of Job Sanday through the smoke.

"Hallo!" answered the steersman blithely. "Don't come too near. Joe, or you'll catch a nasty 'radache."

"So you've got out. 'ave you?"

"By honey, did you fancy you could keep us in, Job? Of course we've got out! You can give our kind regards to Martin. We are going to do lots of things to Martin. Tell him he's on the wrong course to suit us."

There was silence, and Barry greedily crunched up a piece of ice.

"Kape an oie on the mirror, Tom," he said. "Arkland may be able to work at, and O'm fed up wid squintin' down the muzzle of the rifle."

Prout sprang nimbly aside. The Unconquerable continued on her way, and the smoke was beginning to disperse. Barry grew impatient.

"Hallo, hallo! Job, ye rascal!" he shouted. "Give us a hail!"

"Mart says he'll see you drawn and quartered before he stops!" replied Sanday. "We've still got the drop on you. Show your noses outside, and I'll give you a darn peppering with dust shot that'll make you holler. We don't intend to be bounced, so just look out!"

"By honey, you'll talk another way when you start to feel hungry!" said the steersman. "Then we shall have the gun on you."

Job Sanday did not deign to reply, except with a chuckle. He sat on the bottom rung of the ladder with a shot-gun on his knee.

"Where is the pig?" growled Barry. "O! want to have a look at him."

But Barry had no intention of exposing himself. He pulled down a small oval mirror from the wall, and tied it to a chair. He pushed the chair out. Job chuckled again. Reflected in the mirror they saw the toe of his boot, the barrel of his gun, and the smoke of his pipe. Job was snugly sheltered. They had no firearms, and the sentry commanded the position. Sanday was not aware that they were unarmed, but Prout and O'Rooney did not know it.

"By honey, we've gone and played the festive grout again!" said Tom Prout gloomily. "We oughtn't to have kept together, old man."

It was indeed a maddening blunder. Had one of them gone on, he could have hidden himself and awaited his opportunity. Here they were cornered like rabbits in a hole. Nor was it a mere game of patience. Had it been only that, they must have won. Every moment that passed carried them further away. Their common-sense told them that Martin Arkland had not ventured on his barefaced scheme of robbery without knowing how to dispose of his stolen goods, any more than a skilled cracksmen would when planning some great haul of gems. They could hear Job whistling a rousing tune. Job Sanday was more than happy. He leaned forward, and Prout closed his fist as the grinning face of the sentry appeared in the mirror. Job placed his thumb to his nose, and wagged his fingers derisively.

Prout and Barry grinned sourly at each other. There was a humorous side to the affair, but, as victims, they could not appreciate the humour. O'Rooney tried to move the large mirror, but the mechanism refused to act.

"What did you do to the poor dog, Job?" said Prout, at length. "By honey, you didn't kill the beauty, did you?"

"No," said Sanday. "I didn't. He just wanted to eat Mart, and Mart let drive; but he's a darn bad shot, so I chivied the tike out on deck. I didn't want to kill the brute, though I can feel what he did to me every time I move. If he ain't overboard, he's out there now. It ain't in me to blame a dog for sticking up for folks he knows against strangers. You can 'ave the brute back an' welcome when we're safe."

"Did Arkland wound him?"

"Not yet. That dog's no fool, and he didn't wait for another pot. He's out there all right, so you needn't worry about it. It's my tender 'art that's my ruse, Tom. I'm so kind that I've only 'alf a charge of shot in each barrel, as I can easy prove to you if you'll step out. Ha, ha, ha! Do try it!"

Prout growled, and put his hand into his pocket for his pipe. He brought out a metal powder-flask, and placed it on the table.

"But empty?" whispered Barry O'Rooney.

"He shook it. There was some gunpowder in it yet. The next moment Barry was kneeling down, working at the screw of the dodr-knob with his knife.

"Whist!" he muttered. "O'll 'oon make that spalpeen scuttle. Make a fuse up wid some tissue-paper, Tom, and we'll have a bomb that'll send him upstairs loike an animated sky-rocket. O! don't want to hurt him, and O! don't think he'll wait to be hurt. Bedad, ould bhoy, ut's the rale O'Rooney brains O! carry about wid me. Ye see the brilliant sides, darlint? Isn't ut simple at all, at all, or is ut?"

The knob dropped into his hand, and he poured the gunpowder into it. Prout laughed noiselessly as he rolled up a dampened fuse. Prout had no more wish to injure Sanday—except with his fists, perhaps—than had the Irishman.

(Another Grand, Thrilling Instalment Next Week.)

