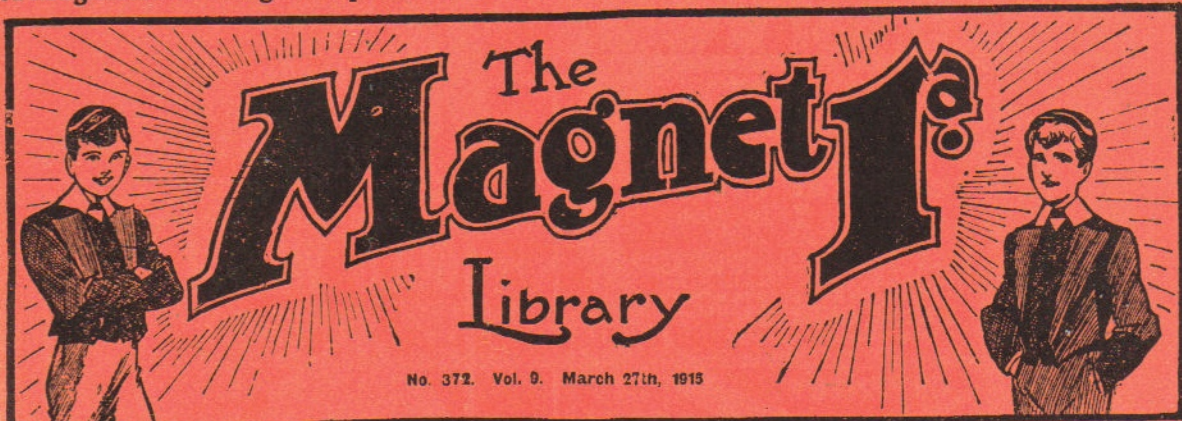


# THE HUN HUNTERS!

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. By Frank Richards.



## THE PRISONER AT GREYFRIARS.

Hermann Blutz was marched away in handcuffs in the midst of the men in khaki, and disappeared from the eyes of the Greyfriars boys, who watched the departure in an eager and excited crowd. The Territorials marched off with their Hun, and Vernon-Smith shouted "Three cheers for the Famous Five!" (See Chapter 14.)



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## THE HUN HUNTERS

A New, Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.  
at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Clatter, clatter, clatter! With a final bound, the desperate man cleared the last slope of the steep cliff, and dropped panting into the road. He rolled over as he landed, but was up again like a cat. "Collar him!"  
(See Chapter 1.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Short and Sharp!

**C**RACK!  
Crack-ack!  
The rifle-shots rang with a thousand echoes in the hollows of the cliffs.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove halted in astonishment.

The winter dusk was falling over the cliffs and the sea.

No. 372

Harry Wharton & Co. had been over to Cliff House to tea, and they were coming back to Greyfriars by the cliff road. The sudden report of a rifle, followed by booming echoes and the screams of startled gulls, astounded them. A bullet sang through the air and ploughed up the sand a dozen yards from where they were standing.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What blessed ass—"

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March 27th, 1915.

"What thumping idiot——" exclaimed Wharton.

The juniors stared round them aghast. There was a rattle of falling stones, a scraping of boots on the rocks, and a scrambling figure came half-clambering, half-rolling down the precipitous cliff on the left of the road.

"By Jove! Look!"

The juniors could only stare. The cliff was steep, and difficult enough to negotiate in broad daylight, and with the greatest care. And the man they had suddenly sighted came tearing down recklessly in the gathering dusk, as if he attached no value whatever to his neck or his limbs.

He was a big, powerful man. The juniors caught a glimpse of a white, set face, a square bulldog jaw, and fair moustache curled in spikes at the tips. They could hear his laboured panting amid the rattle of stones displaced in his hurried descent.

Crack!

A shot rang out again, and flattened on the rocks. Khaki-clad shoulders and a flat cap showed above a ridge at a distance. A still-smoking rifle was waved at the astonished juniors in the road, and a voice yelled:

"Stop him!"

Wharton uttered a sudden exclamation as a light broke on his mind.

"It's a German prisoner escaping from the concentration camp! Line up!"

The juniors understood then.

Promptly the Famous Five lined up, to stop the clambering German as he came down into the road.

In the distance, over the rough rocks, men in khaki were clambering in pursuit. Twice the rifles had rung out, but both shots had gone wide. The German, as he came clambering down, had his face to the cliff, and he had not seen the five schoolboys in the way. He came on without pause. With excited faces Harry Wharton & Co. waited for him to reach the level, ready to collar him.

They knew that at Wapshot, a couple of miles from Greyfriars, a concentration camp had been formed, crammed with German prisoners of war—the ravagers of Belgium—penned up within barbed wire, where they could do no further mischief. In any other circumstances the chums of Greyfriars might have felt something like sympathy for a man making a bold bid for liberty. But they had no sympathy to waste upon one of the ravagers of Belgium, who was seeking to get back to his evil work.

"Ready, kids!" murmured Wharton. "Collar the beast as soon as he reaches the road!"

"You bet!" chuckled Squiff.

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh muttered that the collarfulness would be terrific.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! With a final bound the desperate man cleared the last slope of the steep cliff and dropped panting into the road. He rolled over as he landed, but was up again like a cat.

"Collar him!"

The German sprang back with a breathless ejaculation as the five juniors rushed upon him. But he had no time to elude them.

They were upon him in a twinkling. Five pairs of hands grasped him, and he was dragged down into the road.

"Got him!" yelled Nugent.

Clatter clatter, clatter! came from the cliffs, as four or five men in khaki came clambering recklessly down.

"Pile on him!" panted Squiff. "He's as strong as a beastly horse! Ow!"

The big German was struggling desperately. He hit and kicked and tore and scratched like a wild beast in the grasp of the juniors.

Squiff reeled back from a heavy drive full in the face that fairly crumpled him up, and Frank Nugent staggered away from a lashing boot that crashed on his shin. A drive from an elbow in the stomach doubled up Bob Cherry.

The muscular man leaped up, with Wharton and Hurree Singh clinging to him like cats.

"Back up!" gasped Wharton.

A smashing blow knocked Wharton from his hold, and he dropped into the road, dazed and half-stunned.

The big German started down the road, with Hurree

Jamset Ram Singh still holding on to him. The weight of the Indian junior seemed nothing to him. The dusky schoolboy clung on pluckily, though two heavy fists were beating at him as he clung. Then the German's sinewy hands grasped at the dusky throat, Hurree Singh was torn from his hold, and hurled against the cliff.

With a panting cry the big German broke into a run. Harry Wharton & Co. picked themselves up, dazed and damaged, feeling as if an earthquake had happened to them.

But they were not beaten yet.

"Come on!" panted Wharton.

And the Famous Five, damaged as they were, started in hot pursuit. There was a shout from a man in khaki who had reached the road at last.

"Stand clear!"

They understood, and scrambled to the side of the road. A report rang out and a bullet sang by. They watched the running man breathlessly. They saw the cap torn from his head by the shot. The German stopped and glared back; he picked up the cap, waved it defiantly at his pursuers, and then vanished behind a jutting rock.

Down the road came five or six troopers in fierce pursuit. They passed the juniors, and vanished, in their turn, among the rocks. From the distance the echoes of the rifles came back.

The Famous Five looked at one another dismally. They had had the worst of that encounter. Bob Cherry seated himself on a spur of rock, doubled up, with his hands pressed to his waistcoat. A savage elbow jammed like a battering-ram into his "bread-basket" had winded him, and he gasped painfully, his face quite white.

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton, with a deep breath, feeling his head to make sure that it was still there. "That was warm while it lasted."

"Ow!" mumbled Nugent, caressing his shin. "Yow! I shall have to hop home! Rotten beast to kick a fellow's shins! Yow!"

"Look at my nose!" mumbled Squiff.

"Inky, old man, hurt?"

"The hurtfulness is terrific!" gasped Hurree Singh. "I was chuckfully bashed on the cliff, and my esteemed head has been knocked off, or it feellfully seems like it!"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

The encounter had not ended gloriously for the Famous Five. But, of course, they had not been prepared to tackle a wild beast, as Nugent dolefully remarked. If they had kicked and jabbed their elbows into the man's "tummy," they would have collared him easily enough. But they had not been prepared for that Hunnish method of combat.

"Lemme me get another chance at him!" groaned Bob Cherry. "I'll teach the Prussian beast to jab his elbow into a fellow's wind! Ow-wow!"

"I suppose we can't be any more use," said Wharton, looking down the road. "No good going along there to stop the bullets! Come on, lean on my shoulder, Bob, old chap."

And the Famous Five, feeling decidedly the worse for that short and sharp encounter with the escaped German, started for Greyfriars.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Not Conquering Heroes!

"HE, he, he!"

That was the greeting Harry Wharton & Co. received as they entered the School House at Greyfriars. There were a dozen juniors in the lighted hall, and they stared at the Co. as they came in. Billy Bunter burst into a delighted cackle. Certainly the Famous Five looked a little wrecked.

Harry Wharton's eye was growing black, Squiff's nose looked like a small beetroot, Nugent was limping, Bob Cherry was gasping, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was claspimg his head, where he had a variety of bumps.

"Oh, crumbs!" said Bolsover major. "You fellows look as if you'd been through it. Been scrapping with the Highcliffe chaps?"

"Br-r-r!" grunted Squiff. "Do you think the Highcliffe chaps could wreck us like this?"



"I say, you fellows," cackled Billy Bunter, "you do look pictures, you know! He, he, he!"

"Shut up, you fat idiot!"

"He, he, he!"

"But what on earth's happened?" exclaimed Mark Linley.

"Ow! A beastly German's happened!"

"Why—what—what is this?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, coming down the passage. "Wharton—Nugent—Field—Cherry—Hurree Singh! How did you come into that state? You have been fighting!"

"Ow! Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch surveyed them with a frown. They were dusty and dishevelled, as well as damaged, and certainly their looks at that moment did not do their school credit.

"It is disgraceful!" said Mr. Quelch, in his most magisterial manner. "These constant quarrels with the Highcliffe boys—"

"Ow! It wasn't Highcliffe, sir."

"Oh! The Courtfield boys, I presume! Really, Wharton—"

"Wow! It wasn't Courtfield!"

"Then with whom have you been fighting?" demanded the Remove master.

"Groo! A German soldier, sir!"

Mr. Quelch jumped. It was undoubtedly a startling reply, and the Remove master might be excused for suspecting that the captain of the Remove was trying to pull his leg.

"Wharton! How dare you make foolish jokes to me—"

"Tain't a joke!" groaned Wharton. "It was rather more than a joke, sir. Look at my eye."

"And by dose!" mumbled Squiff.

"And my inside!" groaned Bob Cherry.

The juniors grinned; without a surgical operation, it was scarcely possible for Mr. Quelch to do that.

"You are all in a shocking state," said Mr. Quelch.

"And I demand to know what is the cause?"

"A beastly German, sir."

"A disgusting Prussian, sir."

"An esteemed and vile Hun, honoured sahib."

"It was a German prisoner, sir," said Wharton. "The beast—I mean the Prussian—"

"Same thing!" grunted Squiff.

"He must have got away from the concentration camp at Wapshot, sir, and he was bolting over the cliffs. The soldiers were after him, and one of them called out to us to stop him. And—and we did."

"The didfulness was terrific."

Mr. Quelch's brow cleared.

"Oh! That alters the case," he said. "If one of his Majesty's soldiers called upon you, you were bound to render assistance. I trust the man was captured?"

"The brute got away, sir. We collared him, but—"

"Ahem!" said Squiff. "But—"

"Well, well, I have no doubt you did your best," said Mr. Quelch. "I hope you are not seriously hurt."

"Oh, no, sir—only a black eye—"

"And a swollen nose—"

"And a barked shin—"

"And winded—"

"And a bumpfully bruised napper."

Mr. Quelch smiled. The catalogue of damages was painful, but not serious. The Famous Five would not be long in recovering from those honourable wounds.

"Well, well, I am glad it is no worse," said the Form-master. "You did quite right, my boys, though I am sorry you have been hurt. I commend you."

And with those gracious words, Mr. Quelch went into his study. A crowd of fellows had gathered round, keenly interested by the story of an escaped German prisoner. But they did not seem very sympathetic. Most of them were laughing. Billy Bunter's unpleasant "He, he, he" was almost incessant.

"I say, you fellows, you must be a set of duffers," he chuckled. "He, he, he! Five of you against one—and you couldn't collar him! He, he, he! Pity I wasn't there."

"You!" yelled Squiff. "What would you have done, you bloated owl?"

"Oh, really, Field! I should have collared him, of course. I shouldn't have let him get away—like you did! He, he, he!"

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"CARRIED AWAY!"

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"We—we did our best," said Wharton, flushing, as he looked round at the crowd of grinning faces. "He was awfully strong."

"Must have been, to handle five of you like that," sneered Skinner. "You say you collared him—five of you—and then he got away! Poof!"

"I guess you wanted me there," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "I kinder reckon I'd have handled him for you."

"Blessed funks, I should say," snorted Bolsover major. "I suppose you were scared—what?"

"We weren't scared!" roared Squiff.

"Then why did you let him go?" demanded Bolsover.

"We—we couldn't help it! He didn't fight fair. He winded Bob with an elbow in the bread-basket, and kicked Nugent—"

"Well, talk about fair play, you were five to one," said Bolsover major. "Perhaps he thought that wasn't fair."

"Fathead! We had to collar him when the Tommy called on us."

"He was an awfully big chap," said Nugent. "Tremendous! Strong as a beastly horse. And if we'd gone for him his own way, we'd have had him. He wasn't particular; but we never thought of winding a chap with our elbows."

"Any excuse is better than none," jeered Snoop.

"We're not making excuses, you owl!" growled Wharton. "We're just telling you what happened. We did our best."

"Five to one—and that one a blessed German!" said Russell. "Don't reflect much credit on the Remove, does it?"

"Blessed if I know what Greyfriars is coming to," said Bolsover major with a shake of his head. "How they could have let him get away, under the circumstances, beats me. I know I wouldn't have let him get away."

"I guess I'd have frozen on to him."

"He, he, he! I wish I'd been there! I say, you fellows, you must have been in a blue funk, you know."

The Famous Five glared at their Form-fellows. They were crimson with rage and humiliation. They had done their best; but the exploit undoubtedly did not redound to their credit. They had a great reputation in the Remove as fighting-men. They were supposed to be as hard as nails, and to have heaps of pluck. And they had let a single German beat them in a tussle—five of them! It was useless to explain that he was a gigantic man, and that he had fought like a wild beast, and that it had all been so sudden that they really hadn't a chance. The Removites were determined to view the exploit from its inglorious side. And the fellows who were "up against" the Famous Five were evidently resolved to make the most out of it.

"Don't mind the silly duffers," said Mark Linley. "We all know you did your best."

"No doubt about that," jeered Skinner. "But it wasn't a very glorious best, was it? Five to one—and licked! Poof!"

"He, he, he! How did you come to let him go?" grinned Bunter. "Blue funk—that's what it was! Blue funk! He, he, he!"

"You—you cackling porpoise—"

"Why didn't you hold him?" demanded Bunter. "If you had hold of the fellow, why didn't you keep hold, same as I should have done? I don't see how he could make you let go if you weren't in a funk."

"Then I'll show you!" exclaimed the exasperated Squiff. "He kicked Nugent—like that—"

"Yow! Ow!"

"And punched Wharton—like that—"

"Yaroooh!"

"And stuck his elbow into Bob—like that—"

"Groooooooooogh!"

"And pitched Inky away like that!"

Crash!

Billy Bunter rolled over on the floor, yelling frantically; and the Famous Five went up to the Remove dormitory for repairs, leaving Bunter still yelling, and the rest of the fellows chuckling.

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



## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

## Coker Takes the Matter in Hand!

THE escape of the German prisoner from the concentration camp at Wapshot caused great excitement, both at Greyfriars and in the neighbourhood.

Everybody expected to hear, the next day, that the man had been captured.

It seemed impossible for a German, a stranger to the country, to elude the hot pursuit of a crowd of keen Territorials who were hunting for him.

But that news did not come.

The man had got away!

The local paper was published the next day, and it gave a full account of the man, of his escape from the camp, and of the pursuit, and added that he had not been found. The Famous Five read over that report with keen interest. After their tussle with the man, they naturally felt more interested in him than the other fellows. The paper gave his name as Hermann Blutz, and stated that he had belonged to an Uhlan regiment, and had been captured in the fighting in Flanders, and sent home as a prisoner of war with some hundreds of others. He had succeeded in breaking out of the camp, and had been at once pursued, and had been almost run down among the cliffs near Pegg. There he had disappeared, and was doubtless hiding in some cranny or nook of the cliffs—but as the Territorials were still hunting him, his capture was probably only a matter of hours.

"Jolly queer that he got away from the Terriers," Bob Cherry remarked. "Of course, there are plenty of nooks among the cliffs where a dozen men could hide. But he can't know much about this quarter—a blessed Prussian."

"Some of the blessed Prussians know more about our coast than we do ourselves," said Nugent. "But he must be caught, of course. He'll give in when he's been without food a few days, even if they don't find him."

"He cannot live long hungrily," Hurree Singh remarked. "I truly hope he will be nailfully lagged. My esteemed head is adorned with a variety of bumpy bruises, and the achefulness is terrific."

"Rotten that we couldn't hold him," said Squiff. "All the silly asses are making silly jokes about it. It wasn't our fault he got away."

Wharton caressed his eye, which was a beautiful black by this time. None of the Famous Five felt at all amiable towards Hermann Blutz. They were all showing signs of their short and sharp encounter with him, and they were suffering considerably from the chipping of their Form-fellows on the subject.

Skinner and Bunter and Snoop and some more fellows persisted in attributing to "funk" the fact that they had let him go; and even the fellows who did not share that view grinned over the incident and chuckled over it. There had been five of them against a single beastly Hun, and the Hun had had the best of it. The Famous Five would have been very glad to try conclusions over again with the Hun. They would have been more prepared to deal with him effectively a second time. But that second time was not likely to happen.

Another day passed without news of the escaped German, and then came news that was startling. A fisherman's cottage had been broken into in the night, and all the food in the place had been taken away, as well as a couple of blankets and a tarpaulin and other articles. The unfortunate fisherman had been severely hammered by a gigantic fellow in the dark and left senseless. There was little, or, rather, no doubt, that the assailant was the escaped Uhlan.

The news caused endless excitement in the quiet countryside.

In Friardale and the neighbourhood it was seldom that anything at all happened. Police-constable Tozer, of Friardale, never had a "case," excepting an occasional "drunk and disorderly" at the Cross Keys. There was a "case" all ready for Mr. Tozer now if he could have handled it. The Greyfriars fellows grinned at the idea of the fat policeman of Friardale tackling the herculean Uhlan. But Mr. Tozer was seen nosing about the cliffs with great keenness, with his truncheon ready

for action. He was quite prepared to do his best, like the Famous Five, if he came across the elusive Uhlan.

But the Uhlan was extraordinarily elusive. He had provided himself with food and covering by the raid on the fisherman's cottage, and since then he had disappeared as completely as though he had jumped into the sea. There was at first a theory that he had taken a boat and put to sea. But it was found that no boats were missing, and after that occurrence a watch was kept on the fishing craft. To put out into the North Sea in an open boat certainly would have required a great deal of nerve; but there was no doubt that the escaped Hun had plenty of nerve.

The fact that he was still at large caused a good deal of nervousness in the lonely cottages of the countryside. Doors were bolted and barred, and dogs let loose, and ancient firearms furnished up. For it was known that the man was one of the human brutes who had been directly concerned in the massacres of Belgium, and probably he had more than one murder upon his conscience already.

One result of the alarm was a notice posted up by the Head in the school Hall, stating that the cliffs were now out of bounds.

That notice put an end to some schemes that were already being hatched among the Greyfriars fellows to join in a general hunt for the fugitive on the next half-holiday. Dr. Locke did not intend to let the boys run the risk of coming across the desperate and unscrupulous rascal.

When that notice appeared on the board the Famous Five read it with glum disapproval.

"Rotten!" said Squiff. "There goes our last chance!"

"Ho, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "You weren't thinking of looking for him, surely? What could you fellows do?"

"Oh, shut up!"

"It is rather rotten, though," said Bunter. "I was thinking of having a go for him myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you fellows needn't cackle, anyway," said Bunter, with a snort. "I couldn't do much worse than you did!"

"Hear, hear!" said Skinner.

"I was going to run him down," said Bunter regretfully. "With my experience and skill as a Boy Scout, you know, I think I could have done it. And once I got to close quarters with him—"

"You fat chump!" roared Bob Cherry. "What would you do at close quarters with a whacking big ruffian like that?"

"Oh, I should collar him!" said Bunter airily. "I'd give him ju-jitsu, you know, if I found he was too big for me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you needn't cackle," said Fisher T. Fish. "What did you do, anyway? Not that Bunter could do anything, either. I guess what is wanted on this hyer job is a galoot about my size. And I tell you what—I'm going in for it. Do you know they've offered a reward for information leading to his capture? Waal, I calculate I'm going to rake in that ten quid, some!"

"Fathead!"

"I guess he wouldn't be loose all this time if it was in the Yewnited States," said Fish, with a sniff. "You can't manage anything in this sleepy island! I guess I'm on in this hyer! You watch out!"

"It's out of bounds now," growled Bob Cherry.

"That cuts no ice with me. I guess the Head won't mind when I lay that Prussian galoot by the heels."

"When!" hooted Squiff.

"Jever get left?" snorted Fish. "You galoots needn't talk, anyway. You got left. You call yourselves the Famous Five! The Famous Funks would be a better name, I guess!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked away angrily. So long as the Hun remained at large, at least, they were never likely to hear the end of their inglorious encounter with him. At tea-time, when the five chums were round the table in No. 1 Study, Coker of the Fifth looked in. The juniors stared at Coker morosely. They were prepared for some more cutting allusions to their inglorious encounter

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Old Trumper the pilot was sitting on the gunwale of a boat on the shingle, and smoking his black pipe. "Seen anything more of the Prussian?" asked Harry. Dave Trumper shook his head. "Nothin'!" he said. (See Chapter 12.)

with the Prussian, and they were ready to throw the great Coker out on his neck. But Horace Coker was quite genial.

"About that Hun," said Coker.

"Well, what about him?" snapped Nugent.

Coker smiled.

"I'm not going to chip you."

"You'd better not!"

"Of course, you fags couldn't handle a man like that," said Coker soothingly. "It wasn't to be expected. It's not surprising that you were a bit scared."

"We weren't scared, you silly ass!" yelled Squiff.

"Well, well, never mind," said Coker. "Scared or not, you let him go, and I repeat that it's not surprising. You fags couldn't expect anything else. Still, we can't have that ruffian hanging about the neighbourhood, scaring the countryfolk and frightening you kids!"

"Oh, kick him out!" said Bob.

"Shush!" said Coker. "The fact is, I'm taking this matter up. I'm going to capture that Prussian. You see, he's a dangerous beast. He hammered a fisherman chap and collared his grub. He's supposed to have murdered lots of Belgians. If he comes across old Tozer he'll murder him, very likely. I'm going to take the matter in hand. What are you cackling at, you cheeky fags?"

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"CARRIED AWAY!"

"You!" said Bob. "Go on, Coker! Don't mind us laughing!"

Coker frowned.

"I want you kids to give me a description of the man," he said. "You've seen him. Of course, I want to know him by sight when I spot him—don't want to collar the wrong man. I'm going down to old Lazarus's, in Courtfield, to buy a second-hand pair of handcuffs, then I'm going to look for him."

"Out of bounds," said Squiff.

"That doesn't apply to seniors," said Coker loftily. "Besides, it will be a public service. The man's dangerous."

"You'll find him jolly dangerous if you get near him—not that you ever will."

"Oh, I shall handle him all right! You just give me a description—as exact as you can. I suppose you weren't too scared to notice what he looked like?"

"If you say we were scared again, you blithering ass—"

"My dear kids, I'm not blaming you. It was only natural that you fags should be in a state of funk—Here, wharrer you at? You cheeky young sweeps, hands off!" roared Coker indignantly.

The Famous Five piled on Horace Coker as one man. They were fed-up. They could not get at the obnoxious

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Hun who had caused them so much humiliation, so they took it out of Coker. The great Coker, in the grasp of five pairs of hands, was swept right off his feet, and he went through the study doorway like a stone from a catapult. There was a loud roar in the passage as he bumped.

"You—you—you——" gasped Coker.

Slam!

Coker scrambled up and grasped the handle of the door. But he let it go again, and departed. Five exasperated juniors were too much even for the great Coker. Horace returned to his own study in the Fifth-Form passage, limping a little, and looking very red and dusty. Potter and Greene smiled as he came in. They knew of the latest wheeze of the great Coker, and they had been chuckling over it.

"Got the description?" asked Potter.

"No!" growled Coker. "My hat, those Remove fags are getting cheekier every day! It's all the Head's fault. If he'd let me be a prefect I'd have kept them in order. Of course, they were scared out of their wits by that Hun, and they get ratty if it's mentioned. Still, we're going ahead. To-morrow afternoon we're going to look for that Prussian."

"We!" murmured Greene.

"Yes, we," said Coker, with emphasis. "I suppose you're going to back me up? Not that I should funk going alone, if you're not game."

"Oh, we'll come!" said Potter, with a grin. "We'll have a trot round the cliffs, and then have tea in Pegg. You can stand the tea."

"I'm going down to Courtfield on my bike now to get the handcuffs," said Coker, unheeding. "I mean business, I can tell you!"

Whereat Potter and Greene smiled more broadly than ever. Horace Coker was in deadly earnest, but his study mates did not quite believe that, when the dangerous Hun was captured, it would be due to Coker of the Fifth.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Down on Their Luck!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

The Famous Five had sauntered out of the school gates after tea. Their steps led them in the direction of the cliffs. The cliffs were out of bounds, and the juniors did not mean to break bounds, but, as Wharton remarked, there was no harm in going in that direction. Their thoughts were running on the elusive Hun. They were not in their usual sunny tempers. The chipping they had received on that subject was beginning to worry them.

If they could only have found another opportunity of tackling the Hun they were determined that it should end differently. The man was hiding somewhere among the cliffs, there was no doubt about that. For several days now he had succeeded in eluding the search made for him, and the chums of the Remove puzzled over that strange circumstance. Certainly there were numberless nooks and crannies in the old cliffs where a fugitive could lie low, but it was curious that a stranger in the district should know anything about them. And the cliffs had been searched and searched again by the eager Territorials, and the fishermen of Pegg had helped, and all the longshoremen had chipped in, on the chance of getting the reward. Still Hermann Blutz remained undiscovered.

As they came down the lane towards the sea, Bob Cherry uttered an exclamation, and halted.

"Who's that johnny?" he exclaimed.

The juniors scanned the "johnny." A powerfully-built man, in Norfolks, with a thick moustache, was standing on a high ridge near the road, sweeping the cliffs with a pair of field-glasses. From the ridge a good view of the cliffs was obtained, and the big man in Norfolks was scanning them intently, moving his glasses slowly from side to side. He was so intent upon his occupation that he did not notice the juniors for some time.

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"Stranger in this giddy locality," remarked Nugent. "Somebody looking for the Hun, perhaps."

The juniors grinned. During the last two or three days there had been quite an influx of strangers in the district, to help to look for the escaped "Russian." Some of them, no doubt, were thinking of the reward that had been offered for his apprehension, while others were inspired simply by patriotic motives. One eager searcher, indeed, had very nearly been arrested by P.-c. Tozer on suspicion of being the Hun in disguise. The big man in Norfolks caught sight of the juniors at last, and came quickly down the slope into the road, and beckoned to them.

"You belong to Greyfriars?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry.

"Good! My name's Wooker," said the stranger. "I'm down 'ere on business. I've heard about that Prooshian. I'm looking for him."

"Hope you'll find him," said Wharton politely. "There are quite a lot of people looking for him—bobbies and fishermen and Territorials."

Mr. Wooker sniffed.

"Oh, they won't find him!" he said. "The trouble is, I can't get a good description of the man. I read in the paper that some Greyfriars boys had seen him. So perhaps you young fellers could give me a description."

"Certainly, my esteemed Wooker," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Mr. Wooker stared at the nabob of Bhanipur; probably Inky's English was a new experience to him.

"Well, I'd be glad to 'ave that description," he said. "I'm only down 'ere for two days, and I'd like to rope in that ten quid. P'r'aps you young fellers know the very chaps who saw him, and were frightened by him—what?"

The Famous Five began to glare. It was a little too thick to get this all over again from a perfect stranger. They had been chipped quite sufficiently on that subject in the Remove. And they did not like Mr. Wooker's looks. There was a self-satisfied and boastful air about him that did not please them. Mr. Wooker evidently believed that he was quite capable of effecting in two days what had already baffled a crowd of searchers for three or four.

"They weren't frightened!" growled Squiff.

"We're the chaps who saw him," said Wharton gruffly.

"Oh, good!" said Mr. Wooker. "Then you can help me. Tell me exactly what he was like. I'd 'andle him if I could get a chance. He'd find it quite different from dealing with scared schoolboys!"

"Go and eat coke!" said Harry. "Come on, you chaps!"

Mr. Wooker stared at them.

"Here, you haven't given me the description!" he exclaimed.

"Rats!"

"Look 'ere," exclaimed Mr. Wooker, "I want that description! I ain't blaming you for being frightened, my lads. It was natural."

"You cheeky chump, we weren't frightened!" almost shrieked Nugent. "We collared the man, and he got away from us!"

"Five of you!" grinned Mr. Wooker.

"We—we weren't quite ready for him!"

"That's all right. I ain't blaming you."

"You can blame us if you like, you cheerful idiot!" said Squiff.

Mr. Wooker frowned.

"None of your cheek!" he exclaimed. "I ain't in the 'abit of taking lip from schoolboys. Tell me exactly what the man was like."

"Find out!" said Bob. The chums of the Remove were fed up with Mr. Wooker.

They started down the road again. Mr. Wooker started after them. His fat face was red with anger.

"Now, look 'ere," he said, "you do as I tell you, or I'll lay my cane about you—see?"

"My hat!"

The Famous Five halted again, and faced Mr. Wooker. They were as angry now as the Cockney tripper. Mr.



Wooker's manners left much to be desired. And evidently he meant to carry out his threat. He was flourishing his cane, and looking decidedly ratty.

"You'll what?" exclaimed Squiff.

"I'll lay my cane round you!" repeated Mr. Wooker. "I tell you I come down 'ere to look for that man. I'm going to find 'im. I been to the concentration camp for a description, and the officer was 'uffy—simply 'uffy. Said he didn't want any bally civilians bothering. I'll bally civilians him! I told him straight that he was a hass, and that his men were hasses, and says he, 'Sergeant-major,' says he, 'show this man hout!' And I was showed hout!" said Mr. Wooker, evidently very sore over that lack of respect from the commanding-officer at the concentration camp.

"No wonder," said Wharton. "I wonder they didn't boot you out."

"What!"

"The wonderfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh. "The bootfulness would have been the proper caper, for your colossal cheek, my august Wooker!"

"I don't want to jaw to a blooming nigger!" said Mr. Wooker. "Just you give that there description, and just you give it sharp!"

"Rats!"

"The ratfulness is—"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Now, I ain't no time to waste," said Mr. Wooker; "which I've told you I'm only 'ere for two days, my business in Courtfield being over by then, and I got to get back to Tottenham Court Road. You do as I tell you, sharp, or I'll whop you—see?"

Mr. Wooker, in his establishment in the Tottenham Court Road, was probably accustomed to carrying matters with a high hand. Indeed, he seemed quite a Hun himself. But the Famous Five of Greyfriars were not taking any.

"Now, then," said Mr. Wooker, "speak up!"

"Bow-wow!"

"What!"

"Likewise rats!"

Mr. Wooker turned quite purple, and proceeded to collar Bob Cherry, who was nearest to him. His cane sang through the air, and came down across Bob's shoulders.

The next moment Mr. Wooker was on his back in the dust, and Bob was sitting on his chest, and the other fellows standing on him wherever they could find room.

"My eye!" gasped Mr. Wooker. "Well, strike me up a gum-tree! My word! 'Elp!"

"Shall we pitch him into the ditch, or just roll him along in the dust?" said Bob Cherry, in a meditative sort of way.

"'Elp!"

"Boys!"

"Oh, my hat! Quelchy!"

The juniors jumped up from the prostrate Mr. Wooker like a set of jacks-in-the-box. Mr. Quelch, their Form-master, was coming down the road, and he had hurried his steps as he caught sight of that peculiar scene. Mr. Wooker sat up, dusty and dazed, and panted for breath. The Remove master looked sternly at the sheepish juniors.

"What does this mean, Wharton?"

"Ahem!"

"Only—a little argument, sir," said Nugent.

"A—a little friendly discussion about the Hun, sir."

"My eye!" gasped Mr. Wooker. "The young himps! Why, I'll—I'll—" He scrambled to his feet, looking quite ferocious.

"Calm yourself, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "These boys are under my charge, and they will be punished!"

"That bounder began it, sir!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "He whacked me with his cane!"

"Which I asked them for a description of the Prooshian, sir," hooted Mr. Wooker, "and they wouldn't give it! And I'm arter that man!"

"Why did you not give the—the gentleman the information he desired, Wharton?"

"Because he was an offensive cad, sir!"

"Ahem!"

"My eye!" howled Mr. Wooker. "Why, I'll—I'll—"

"You should not have interfered with this boy," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "However, you might have answered this—this gentleman's questions, Wharton. I

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"CARRIED AWAY!"

EVERY  
MONDAY,

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ONE  
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cannot allow boys of my Form to take part in such—such scenes of hooliganism as this. You will return to Greyfriars at once, and you will remain within gates to-morrow afternoon."

"Oh!" said the Famous Five together.

"You may go."

The Famous Five went. They left Mr. Wooker dusting down his clothes with extremely angry looks.

Harry Wharton & Co. reached the school in extremely bad tempers. Their luck seemed to be out, all along the line, lately. Their unlucky encounter with Mr. Wooker, and the still more unfortunate appearance of their Form-master on the scene, meant gating for a half-holiday. Indeed, they were greatly inclined to go back and bump the cockney "bounder" who had been the cause of their detention.

"The silly ass!" grunted Bob Cherry. "Fancy a fat-headed chump like that starting looking for the Prussian! Why, the Hun would eat him if he found him. And now we're gated!"

"It never rains, but it pours!" growled Squiff. "Our luck's out!"

Several fellows greeted the Famous Five with grins as they came in.

"Been looking for your Prussian?" chuckled Bolsover major. "Done another bolt?"

"He, he, he!"

"Better not look for him," grinned Skinner; "you might find him, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. strode on, frowning. The star of the Famous Five was evidently not in the ascendant now. Coker of the Fifth met them as they came in.

"Look here, you kids," said Coker impressively, "I've got those handcuffs. I'm all ready to start to-morrow. I want that description—"

"Oh, my hat! Here's another silly idiot wants a description!" howled Bob Cherry. "Bump him, for goodness' sake!"

The Famous Five were exasperated beyond bearing. They rushed at Coker. But their luck was still, as Inky said afterwards, terrific. For even as they seized Horace Coker an awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown came round the corner of the passage. And the Head's dreaded voice rapped out:

"What—what is this?"

"Oh, dear!"

"Oh, crikey!"

Horace Coker grinned. But the Head did not smile. He looked very severely at the unfortunate juniors.

"You will take a hundred lines each!" he said sternly. "I shall speak to your Form-master! Let there be no more of this!"

Harry, Wharton & Co. retreated to the Remove quarters without a word. They were beginning to think that life was not worth living.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### A Full Description!

SAMPSON QUINCY IFFLEY FIELD, the junior whose many names had been shortened into "Squiff" because life was short, came into No. 1

Study when Wharton and Nugent had finished their preparation that evening. Sampson Quincy Iffley Field had a wrinkle on his brow. He seemed to be in a worrier mood. Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh were in the study helping Wharton and Nugent to dispose of roasted chestnuts.

"Just in time for the chestnuts, Squiffy," said Nugent. "Done your lines?"

"Oh, yes! Blow the lines!" said Squiff.

"Wherefore that worried brow, O King?" asked Bob Cherry.

Squiff took a seat on the corner of the study table and swung his long legs. As a rule, the Australian junior was one of the cheerfulest fellows going. Now it was clear that he was dissatisfied. He munched a chestnut absently.

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"It's rotten!" he said.

"Luck generally?" said Wharton. "It is. First that mucker with that beastly Hun, then chipping all round—then that fatheaded cockney, and Quelch—then the Head! I'm beginning to think life ain't worth the trouble to live. We shall have to hide our diminished heads if this goes on!"

"You see, I feel it's up to me," said Squiff. "We're top dogs in the Remove. That ass Todd says his study is top study, which is simply—"

"Rot!" said four voices at once.

"Exactly; just rot! Now that Johnny Bull has cleared off for a bit I've taken his place in the select circle—"

"The respectable Squiff is an esteemed and welcome member of the sublime Co.," remarked Inky.

"Yes—only since I've joined the Co. the Co. has been no great shakes," said Squiff, with a shake of the head. "I don't like it!"

The chums understood then the cause of the cloud upon the brow of Sampson Quincy Ifley Field. Johnny Bull, the former member of the Famous Five, had gone to Australia with his uncle. But the Famous Five had to remain the Famous Five, and Squiff had been selected to fill the gap. It was a tremendous honour for Squiff, for the famous Co. were undoubtedly top dogs in the Remove. But their prestige had suffered now. The Famous Five was on the wane. And Squiff felt it very keenly that that waning should coincide with his own admission to the select circle of the Co.

"Something's got to be done, you see," went on Squiff. "Some of the fellows are calling us the Famous Funks!"

"Cheeky rotters!" growled Bob.

"And the Fat-headed Five!" said Squiff.

"Like their beastly cheek!"

"Of course, we did have bad luck with that Hunnish beast. But I don't see that we were to blame. We didn't really have a chance."

"Of course we didn't!" said Bob, rubbing his waistcoat reminiscently. "When a beast jabs a beastly elbow into your wind—"

"I suppose he was entitled, in a way, to fight how he liked, as there were five of us on him," said Harry Wharton. "Only—only we weren't prepared for it. We weren't fighting—we were simply going to capture him."

"Only it didn't come off."

"Well, it didn't! Still, there's nothing for those duffers to cackle about."

"They're cackling all the same," said Squiff. "Temple and Dabney of the Fourth are making up a comic poem about it. It begins—"

"Oh, don't inflict Fourth Form poetry on us, for goodness' sake!"

"Skinner's drawing a picture of it for the next number of the 'Herald.'"

"How the dooce can he draw a picture of it when he didn't see it?"

"He's trusting to his imagination. It's a picture of five chaps running their hardest and yelling for help, and a fat German laughing."

"The cheeky cad!" howled Bob.

"I've just crumpled it up and stuffed it down his back," said Squiff.

"Good man!"

"But something's got to be done. We're humiliated. We're down on our luck. We shall never hear the end of it. Till—"

"Till what?"

"Till we've wiped out the giddy disgrace," said Squiff. "There's only one thing to be done if we're not to sing small. We've got to capture that Prussian!"

"My hat!"

"It's got to be did, and we're going to do it," said Squiff. "He's hidden somewhere, and we've got to nose him out; and if we get our paws on him again we'll jolly well show that he can't get away a second time, strong beast as he is! It's up to us."

"Out of bounds," said Harry.

"Blow bounds!" growled Squiff. "Look here! The rotter is hidden in some nook or cranny in the cliffs. I'm

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new in these parts, and don't know the lie of the land very well. But you chaps do. You've got to think it over, and try to work out where the Hun can have squeezed himself out of sight. It's pretty certain to my mind that he's biding his time, waiting for a chance to steal a boat and get to sea. He might get across to Belgium, where the other Huns are, or be picked up by a German craft—that must be his dodge in coming to this part. It's quite plain that he knows the lie of the land quite as well as any native."

"I don't see how he could."

"Very likely he's been a spy in England before the war. Lots of the rotters have. And their spies pay special attention to coast places."

"By Jove! It's possible!"

"We've got to get it worked out and get after him," said Squiff determinedly. "I know it's risky, but we don't care for the risk. The silly duffers will be cackling at us no end till we do it. When we do it they'll have to shut up."

"When!" murmured Bob.

Hurree Singh remarked blandly that the whenfulness was terrific.

"Perhaps Coker will nail him to-morrow," grinned Nugent. "He's going after him, you know."

Squiff grinned.

"Coker's still keen on getting a description of the man," he said. "I've been thinking of that, too. I've got a good idea for that description, and I think we ought to let Coker have it."

"Oh, blow Coker! Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

The study door was kicked open, and the subject of their remarks appeared. Horace Coker of the Fifth strode in, and after him came Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald of the Fifth. The Removites rose to their feet at once. But they did not proceed to chuck Coker out. Four big Fourth-Formers were a little too much for even the Famous Five to deal with. Coker was a little more cautious this time, remembering his last experience in No. 1 Study.

"I've come for that description," announced Coker. "You're going to write it out in full, with all details complete, or else we're going to wreck the study!"

"The politeness of the esteemed Coker is always so terrific," murmured Inky, admiringly.

"I mean it," said Coker grimly. "I mean business. I'm after that chap. I'm not going to have a disgusting Prussian hanging about here. You kids do as you're told, and you won't be hurt. Otherwise—" Coker did not finish, but he frowned majestically. What would happen otherwise could be left to the imagination.

"Just what we were going to do, Coker," said Squiff.

"Rats!" exclaimed Bob Cherry warmly. "Don't do anything of the sort. It's like Coker's cheek to chip in like this. That's our Hun, not Coker's."

"Yes, ratherfully! The Hun is our esteemed property, Coker."

"And we're jolly well going to nail him!" said Harry Wharton indignantly. "You can go and find a Hun for yourself, Coker!"

Coker snorted.

"A pretty muck you made of nailing him," he said. "Why, the fags are all grinning about it—simply grinning! Temple's made up a poem—"

"Blow Temple! I tell you—"

"Peace, my infants—peace!" said Squiff. "The more the merrier. Let Coker have his description—I'll draw it up—a description of the man we had our tussle with."

Squiff closed one eye for a moment, unseen by Coker & Co.

"Oh, all serene!" said Harry, taking his cue from the Australian junior, though he could not quite fathom what Squiff was thinking of. "You draw it up, then."

"And look sharp," said Coker, in his domineering way. "I've got no time to waste on fags!"

"Let's give 'em a hiding to begin with," suggested Potter.

"Sure, a hiding does fags good, on general principles," remarked Fitzgerald.

Harry Wharton picked up the poker, and Bob extended his hand over the inkpot. Hurree Singh possessed himself of a big ruler.





"You young 'ounds!" roared the breathless man. "Grooh! Oh my eye! Lemme gerrup! 'Elp! 'Elp! My eye!" "Hold him while I get the handcuffs on," panted Coker. The man gave a breathless yelp. "'Andcuffs! You young rascal! 'Elp!" (See Chapter 7.)

"No; we'll let 'em off if they do as they're told," said Coker magnanimously, perhaps noting these warlike preparations. "But I'm not going to wait long. Buck up, young Sniff, or Whiff, or whatever your name is!" "Won't keep you a minute, Joker, or Poker, or whatever your name is," said Squiff cheerfully.

Coker made a warlike movement; but he controlled himself. He did not like the look of the poker. One end was red-hot.

Besides, Squiff was piling in. He took a sheet of impot paper, and dipped his pen in the ink, and began to write out the required description.

"Height, nearly six feet," said Squiff thoughtfully.

"Over that, I should say," said Bob Cherry.

Squiff closed one eye again.

"Just under six feet," he said. "You fellows remember—you saw him close enough—the man we tussled with. Complexion fair, and a fat face, with a very thick moustache, sandy colour."

The Co. understood. Squiff was writing down the description, not of the escaped Prussian, but of the ineffable Mr. Wooker.

It was with great difficulty that the Co. restrained their merriment as they realised the Australian junior's intention. With heroic efforts they kept their faces quite straight.

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"CARRIED AWAY!"

"That's all right," said Coker. "What kind of clothes?"

"Norfolks."

"He wasn't in German soldier clothes?"

"How could he have been, if he was in Norfolks?" demanded Squiff.

"They're dressed in all sorts of clobber," remarked Potter. "I passed the camp on my bike yesterday and saw them. A queer crowd."

"What colour Norfolks?" asked Coker.

"Light brown. Rather startling-looking hose," said Squiff. "Sort of tartan pattern, red and blue and green. Big brown boots."

"Good! We shall know that johnny if we see him," said Coker.

"Carries a cane," went on Squiff, "and a pair of field-glasses slung over his shoulder."

"Must have stolen those," said Greene.

"Well, he looked as if he might have," said Squiff. "Speaks English."

"Oh, speaks English, does he?" said Coker, with interest. "Why, he might try to pass himself off as an Englishman."

"Very likely," said Squiff. "I don't know where he learned his English, but he speaks it, and drops his h's."

"Good! Anything else?"

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"Has a rather prominent nose—looks something like an onion—not unlike your own, Coker!"

"You cheeky sweep!"

"I think that's about all," said Squiff. "Hair tallow-coloured, inclined to sandy. Wears a cap—a cloth cap. Sham diamond pin, too. Eyes something like boiled gooseberries—not unlike Greene's!"

"Why, you—you—" began Greene.

"There! I've written it all down for you," said Squiff. "If you catch him, Coker, don't forget that some of the credit is due to us. We shall expect a whack in the reward."

"Rats! I'm not going to claim the reward," snorted Coker. "I'm doing this out of patriotism, and because the others can't do it. Don't any of you fags come messing about to-morrow afternoon. I don't want to be bothered while I'm looking for that Hun."

Coker took the paper with much satisfaction.

"I was going to give you kids a licking, but I'll let you off," he added, magnanimously; and the chums of the Remove chorussed: "Oh, thank you, Coker!"

Coker sniffed, and left the study with his comrades. Squiff closed the door after them and chuckled.

"Looks to me as if we shall get a bit of our own back," he remarked. "That man Wooker said he was down here for two days, so he's pretty certain to be nosing about the cliffs to-morrow afternoon. And Coker can't fail to recognise him from that description."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall killfully deal with two birds with the same stone," remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "If the esteemed Coker arrests the esteemed Wooker—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And fastens the esteemed handcuffs on him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The great Coker will distinguish himself, my worthy chums."

And the Famous Five yelled at the prospect.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### On the Footer Field!

THE Famous Five were gated for the afternoon the next day; but they gathered round to see Coker & Co. start. Quite a number of fellows had heard of the great Coker's intentions, and a crowd came to see him off. Coker looked and felt very important as he strode away across the Close. Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald went with him, and they were smiling. They did not object to a ramble over the cliffs on a fine afternoon, to be followed by tea in the village. As for the Prussian, they had, of course not the faintest expectation of seeing anything of him. If there had been any chance of Coker running him down, in fact, it is probable that Potter and Greene would have taken their afternoon's walk in quite another direction. Coker had high hopes; but he had them all to himself.

"Good luck, Coker!" sang out Bob Cherry, as the Fifth-Formers departed. "Got the handcuffs?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A pair of rusty old handcuffs were clinking in Coker's pocket as he walked. He had purchased them at Mr. Lazarus's shop in Courtfield, where almost anything could be purchased. So far as the handcuffs went, Horace Coker was ready for the foe. But that he would succeed in getting those "bracelets" on the wrists of Hermann Blutz the other fellows took leave to doubt.

The Famous Five would have liked to follow the heroes of the Fifth at a distance and watch their exploits, but the gating prevented that. Otherwise, it did not worry them very much, as they were playing footer that afternoon with the Upper Fourth. They went down to the footer field in cheery spirits, much bucked up by their reflections on Coker's probable adventures.

Temple, Dabney & Co. were on the ground, ready for them, and they greeted them with smiles. The old rivals of the Remove chums were making the most out of that unhappy adventure with the German prisoner.

"Here you are," said Cecil Temple affably. "I say, I've got something I want to show you chaps—something in the poetic line." And all the Fourth-Formers grinned.

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"Go and bury it," said Bob Cherry. "We're ready to lick you at footer."

"But it's really rather good," urged Temple. "We want you to publish it in the next number of the Greyfriars Herald, you know."

"Fourth-Form rubbish isn't good enough for our mag!"

"Just you listen," said the captain of the Fourth, taking a paper from his pocket. "It's in the style of Campbell—"

"Campbell of the Fifth, do you mean?" asked Bob. Temple sniffed.

"I mean Campbell the poet, ass! Of course, you Lower Fourth fags don't know anything about those things. The great English poet—"

"Scottish!" said Scott of the Fourth promptly.

"Oh, bother!" said Temple. "Now, I suppose even you Remove fags have heard of Campbell's poem called the Battle of the Baltic. I recited it once."

"Did you?" said Bob.

"You fellows were there—you heard me," said Temple warmly. Temple was rather proud of his powers in recitation.

"Oh, we heard you!" agreed Bob. "I didn't know it was a recitation. I thought you were giving comic imitations of a rusty hinge!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, you Remove fags wouldn't know a good recitation when you heard one," said Temple disdainfully.

"It begins, 'Of Nelson and the North, sing the glorious day's renown, when to battle fierce came forth, all the might of Denmark's crown, and her arms—'"

"Whose arms?"

"Denmark's arms, fathead!" said Temple. "And her arms along the deep proudly shone—"

"And what about the legs?"

"Of course, you Philistines wouldn't understand poetry. Well, we've got a new version, you see, on the same lines, called 'The Bunking of the Funks.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, are we going to play footer?" demanded Wharton, who was not at all inclined to listen to Temple's poetic effusions.

"All in good time," said Temple. "It begins like this:

"Of Wharton and his Co.,

Sing the celebrated bunk,

When they came upon the foe,

And skedaddled in a funk!"

Temple had proceeded thus far, amid chuckles from the Fourth-Formers, when Bob Cherry executed a drop-kick with the footer he was carrying. Bob's aim was excellent, and the footer caught Cecil Temple under the chin. Temple's recitation came to a sudden stop, as he pitched backwards, and sat down on the ground.

"Yawwwwup!" yelled Temple.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have another?" asked Bob Cherry, fielding the ball.

"Why, I'll—I'll—"

"Look here, are we going to play footer, or is this a dodge to get out of being licked?" demanded Tom Brown, the New Zealander.

Temple picked himself up, looking very wrathful. The Removites walked into the field, and Temple had to postpone the rest of the recitation.

"We'll give the cheeky rotters a good licking, anyway," growled Squiff.

And the Removites did. They played up for all they were worth, and they were all over the Fourth Form. Temple, Dabney & Co., though they swanked considerably about their footer, were not quite up to the form of the Remove team. And they were wiped off the field in the first half, which ended in two goals to the credit of Harry Wharton & Co., and in the interval they spent their time in gasping for breath.

"Looks like a win, what?" grinned Vernon-Smith. "But you're going to get that recitation afterwards, Wharton. Temple's been giving copies of it to the fags."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's really rather funny, you know," remarked Peter Todd.

"I don't call it funny," growled Wharton.

"No; you wouldn't," chuckled Bulstrode. "I suppose it didn't seem funny to you when you were bunking from that Hun."

"We didn't bunk!" roared Bob. "He bunked!"

"The bunkfulness of the disgusting Hun was terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Singh indignantly.

"Well, Temple says you bunked," said Bulstrode. "He's got it down in his poem."

"Blow his poem!"

"He, he, he!" came a well-known cackle from beyond the ropes. "They jolly well did bunk, too. He, he, he!"

The Famous Five frowned as they lined up again. There was evidently no end to it. Unless Squiff's scheme was carried out successfully, and they succeeded in "bagging" the escaped Hun, the chipping would not cease, and the weary would not be at rest.

However, they had the satisfaction of taking it out of Temple & Co. in that match. They rushed the Fourth-Formers all over the field, and Temple & Co. did not succeed in taking a single goal. The game ended with four to nil for the Remove, and the Fourth-Formers looked sheepish as they came off.

But when they had changed Temple recovered his spirits. If he could not beat the Co. at footer, he flattered himself that he could beat them at poetry. And when the Famous Five came into the tuckshop for supplies for tea, they found Temple reciting his poem there to a cackling crowd. Temple grinned as he caught sight of the furious faces of the Famous Five, and went on, with gusto:

"Of Wharton and his Co.,  
Sing the celebrated bunk,  
When they came upon the foe,  
And skedaddled in a funk!"  
And their legs along the road fairly slid.  
They were only five to one,  
And they didn't like the Hun,  
So they thought they'd better run,  
And they did!"

A shout of laughter greeted the first stanza. There was some more of it, apparently, but a well-aimed jam-tart caught Temple on his mouth just as he opened it for the second lap. And Temple was taken with a fit of choking and spluttering that quite interrupted the recitation.

But the other fellows began, in a sort of chant:

"They were only five to one,  
And they didn't like the Hun,  
So they thought they'd better run,  
And they did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" yelled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, that's got you, hasn't it? He, he, he! Yaroooh! Groooh!"

"Another jam-tart wasted," sighed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's on now?" exclaimed Bob.

There was a sudden roar of voices from the Close. And the juniors rushed out of the tuckshop to see what was "on."

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Run to Earth!

"TEA-TIME!" remarked Potter.

"Quite time!" said Greene.

"Sure and it's peckish I am," remarked Fitzgerald.

Coker snorted.

It was hard lines on the great Coker. He was as keen as a razor in hunting for that elusive and objectionable Hun. But he was backed up with a plentiful lack of enthusiasm on the part of his followers.

Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald persisted in thinking that they had merely come out for an afternoon's walk, to be followed by tea at Pegg. Coker's deadly determi-

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nation to track down the escaped Prussian prisoner, and lay him by the heels, they did not take seriously at all. But Coker meant business, and he tramped away over the cliffs, looking into all sorts of nooks and crannies, for hour after hour, his followers growing more and more mutinous all the time.

Coker looked into all sorts of places, that would hardly have hidden a rabbit, let alone a full-sized Hun. But the Hun remained undiscoverable. They met other people on the cliffs. P.-c. Tozer, with his truncheon loosened ready for business; fishermen, who were looking for the German, or for the reward, or both; and several strangers in the vicinity, who had come along, like Mr. Wooker, to see what they could do. Coker eyed all the strangers he saw very suspiciously. It was quite possible that the Hun might have obtained a disguise. Coker did not specify exactly where he could have obtained it from. But, at all events, Coker was not to be taken in, and he glared at the strangers he met, alarming some of them with his truculent looks. But the Hun was not to be found.

"Look here, I'm getting fed up," said Potter, at last. "I'm hungry."

Snort!

"We've had a jolly good hunt," said Greene. "We—we'll have another go after tea, if you like, Coker."

Snort!

"Faith, and it's famished I am," said Fitzgerald pathetically. "They have jolly good cakes at the Anchor, Coker darling."

Snort!

"But we can't go on for ever!" howled Potter. "Did you bring us out here to starve us to death, Coker? Besides, you can't find the beastly Hun. If he was going to be found, he'd be found by somebody with more sense than you. I don't believe he's in the neighbourhood at all. He's cleared off. And it's past tea-time."

"I'm going on till I find him, or till dark," said Coker. "You can go and eat coke. Where's your patriotism?"

"Well, there's a limit," said Potter. "I'm patriotic between meal-times. Besides, you know you can't find the Hun, you silly ass! What are you staring at now? Yow-ow! Leggo! What the thunder—"

Coker convinced Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald that he had gone out of his senses by his next action. He suddenly grabbed the three of them, and bundled them over behind a rock, and crouched down with them, gasping. Three voices were raised in loud wrath

"You thundering ass!"

"You blithering spalpeen!"

"Hush!" hissed Coker. "I've got him!"

"Got whom, you raving lunatic?"

"The Hun! Hush!"

"Rot!" snorted Potter.

"Take a peep, and don't show your silly napper," whispered Coker. "We've got to head him off, so that he can't dodge us. We've got him. What did I tell you?"

Utterly sceptical, the three Fifth-Formers peered out from behind the rock. Then they started a little, as they saw the man whom the keen-eyed Horace had spotted. He was a tall, powerfully-built, somewhat fat man, with a thick moustache, dressed in light-brown Norfolk, with stockings of a flaring colour. He had a pair of field-glasses in his hand, and was scanning the shore intently. The leather case of the glasses was slung over his shoulder.

"My hat!" murmured Potter.

Coker extracted the paper from his pocket upon which Squiff had written out the description. His eyes were gleaming.

"Just you watch him while I read out the description," whispered Coker. "Just you see if it doesn't fit him to a hair. Height nearly six feet."

"Sure, and that's right!"

"Complexion fair, fat face, sandy, thick moustache."

"Right enough," said Potter, beginning to be convinced himself.

"Prominent nose, bulging eyes, hair tallow-coloured, inclining to sandy."



"Exact!" said Greene.  
 "Dressed in light-brown Norfolks, red-blue-and-green stockings, and brown boots," whispered Coker.  
 "It's him, right enough."  
 "Carries a cane, and field-glasses slung over his shoulder."  
 "He's got a cane under his arm," muttered Greene, "and he's using the glasses at this blessed minute. Looking out for policemen, of course."  
 "And speaks English," said Coker. "We'll soon see if he speaks English when we nab him. Drops his h's, remember. What do you think, now?"  
 "My hat!"

Coker's face beamed with triumph. His chums had been grubbing all the afternoon, and they had not had the slightest belief in the success of the man-hunt. But they had to be convinced now. There was the man! The Fifth-Formers had come right upon him. But for Coker's prompt action in getting so quickly into cover, he would infallibly have spotted them. He was not fifteen yards away.

"I rather fancy we shall pull this off—what?" murmured Coker, feeling in his pocket for the handcuffs. "He hasn't seen us yet. You can see he's awfully wary, looking out for danger with those field-glasses. We shall have to be careful."

"Looks a jolly big chap to tackle," murmured Potter.  
 "Four of us," grunted Coker. "We're enough to handle him, I suppose. He's jolly big, I admit; but he's only a Prussian, after all, and we're not infants."

"Sure, I'm game!" said Fitzgerald. "It's a stroke of luck coming on him like that! The description fits him to a hair. There can't be two men exactly alike like that."

"Impossible!" said Potter. "But—but he seems rather free and easy for a chap who's hiding himself. He doesn't seem alarmed."

"This is a lonely part," said Coker. "I dare say he's come out of his hiding-place to see if the coast is clear. Very likely he's come to the end of his grub, and had to come out for some more. I suppose he'd run risks rather than starve. But 'nuff said! You follow my directions. We shall catch him napping. He's looking the other way now. We've got to creep on him while his back's turned, or he'll dodge us. Once we get within reach we'll have him, as safe as houses."

Coker, who had whole mountains of pluck, led the way, and Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald followed him eagerly. They were all excited now. Coker's followers had not had the slightest expectation of coming across a man who fitted the description they had been provided with. But they could not doubt the evidence of their own eyes. The enemy was at hand! It only remained to collar him, and, desperate rascal as he was, four big and sturdy Fifth-Formers surely would be able to deal with him.

Had not the matter been so very serious, it would have been comic to see the four fellows stealing on tiptoe towards the unconscious man, with bated breath, hardly daring to breathe lest they should alarm him and give him a chance to bolt.

Still the man in Norfolks continued to scan the shore with his glasses, quite unconscious of the four creeping figures behind him.

He closed the glasses at last, and thrust them back into the case at his side, and turned his head.

The Fifth-Formers were almost upon him.  
 The man gave a violent start, evidently surprised. But before he could move Horace Coker was upon him with the spring of a tiger.

Powerful man as he was, the man in Norfolks was borne backwards by that sudden attack, and he gave a gasping yell, and went down on the shingle, with Horace Coker sprawling over him.

"Back up!" gasped Coker.  
 Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald rushed to his aid.  
 Four pairs of hands were laid at once on the struggling man, whose fat face was purple with rage. He was struggling desperately, but the quartette were too much for him, and Coker's knee was already planted on his chest.

"You young 'ounds!" roared the breathless man. "Grooh! Oh, my eye! Lemme gerrup! 'Elp, 'elp! My eye!"

"Hold him while I get the handcuffs on!" panted Coker.

The man gave a breathless yelp.  
 "'Andcuffs! You young rascal! 'Elp!'"

"Hold the scoundrel!"

"'Elp!'"

"We've got him! Get the bracelets on!" gasped Greene.

Four of them as there were, the big man was a tough handful. They had all their work cut out to hold him. He was evidently in a furious rage, and he was resisting desperately, and hitting out in the most reckless manner. Potter caught a blow on his nose which hurled him headlong, and Greene got an upper-cut that jarred every tooth in his head. Coker himself received a heavy drive which did not improve the shape of his nose, but in his excitement he hardly heeded it. The Fifth-Formers, incensed by the damages they received, did not handle the man gently. They jammed him down in the shingle, and dragged his wrists together. Horace Coker succeeded in extracting the handcuffs from his pocket at last, and clicked them on the man's thick wrists. Then he rose from his victim's chest, panting.

"Got the brute!" he said breathlessly.

"Hooray!" panted Greene.

The handcuffed man lay in the shingle, gasping for breath and purple with rage. He was in so great a rage that he was speechless for some moments, and could only gurgle, and the Fifth-Formers surveyed him with triumph as they rubbed their injuries, ready to pounce upon him again if he made an attempt to bolt.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### A Prisoner of War!

"OW! Yow! You young villains! My eye!" The prisoner found his voice at last. "Ow! I'll make you pay for this! Ow! 'Elp! Perlice! 'Elp!"

"Speaks English, you see!" panted Coker.  
 "And drops his h's," said Potter, with a nod. "It's right enough."

The man glared at them frantically as he sat up, and wrestled with the handcuffs on his wrists. But it was no use wrestling with them. They were old and a little rusty, but they were too strong for him. He was a helpless prisoner.

"Wot do you mean?" he panted, at last. "I'll 'ave the law on you! I'll 'ave you locked up for assault and battery! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "That's good! Ha, ha, ha! It's you that's going to be locked up, my fine fellow!"

"Me! You young 'ound! Wot do you mean?"

"Yes, you, you disgusting Hun!" said Coker. "This is where you get it in the neck for your beastly tricks in Belgium!"

"Belgium!" gasped his prisoner. "I ain't never been in Belgium! I live in the Tottenham Court Road!"

"I dare say you did!" sneered Coker. "I dare say there are German spies there as well as everywhere else!"

"What!"

"Oh, speak in German!" jeered Coker. "Why don't you use your native language? I suppose you don't think you can take us in, you scoundrel!"

"German! Wot! I can't speak German!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My name's Wooker."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you ain't a gang escaped from a bally lunatic asylum tell me wot this little game means!" shouted Wooker. "I'll 'ave the law of yer. I promise you that!"

"Oh, listen to him!" chuckled Coker. "This is really too rich! I suppose you're going to deny that you're a German—eh?"

"Let me get my 'ands free," said Mr. Wooker, in a tone of concentrated ferocity, "and I'll show you wot I'll do to any bloke that calls me a German!"



"And your name isn't Hermann Blutz—what?"  
 "My name's Wooker!" roared the unfortunate man.  
 "Anybody in the Tottenham Court Road knows Wooker's Jewellery Stores; rolled gold equal to the best."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "I'm down 'ere," said Mr. Wooker, "on business in Courtfield, and I'm puttin' in the time lookin' for that Prooshian!"

"My hat! You ought to have stayed in Berlin, and joined the newspapers' staffs there!" said Coker admiringly. "With an imagination like yours, your Kaiser ought to give you a good post at serving out news!"

"My Kaiser! Oh, you're potty!" said Mr. Wooker. "You're clean balmy! If this 'ere is a joke, there's enough of it! You take these things off me! You 'ear?"

"I hear," assented Coker. "Now, how are we going to get him away, you chaps? He's got to go back to the concentration camp, of course."

"I ain't going there, you young hass!" roared Mr. Wooker. "When I was there the officer was 'uffy—very 'uffy. Called the sergeant-major to show me out."

"We can't take him to the camp now," said Coker, unheeding. "It's too far. And it's quicker by the short cut to the school than going to the police-station. We'll take him to Greyfriars, you chaps, and ask the Head to send him over to the concentration camp in his car."

"Good enough," said Potter. "Jump, my Hermann Blutz."

"My name's Wooker."

"You can call yourself what you like," grinned Potter. "But get up, or I'll help you with my boot. We're going to take you where you'll be well looked after."

"I'll 'ave the law on yer!" hooted Mr. Wooker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Wooker had to get upon his feet. His captors were not ceremonious with him. They used their boots to persuade him to rise, and Mr. Wooker scrambled up with sulphurous mutterings. The heroes of the Fifth were in great spirits. Now that the capture had been effected, Potter and Greene, and Fitzgerald, were as keen about it as Coker. They felt that they had deserved well of their country.

Coker's idea of taking the prisoner to Greyfriars was first-rate. It was just as near to the school as to the police-station; and the capturers of the Hun had a natural repugnance to handing over their prisoner immediately to Mr. Tozer. They were not at all averse to marching him into an astonished Greyfriars, and showing all the fellows what they could do. Then he could be sent safely back to the concentration camp in Dr. Locke's motor-car.

Coker & Co. already, in their mind's eye, could see the beaming face of the Head, hear his words of congratulation—"Well done, my boys!"—they could picture the letter of thanks they would receive from the commanding officer at Wapshot. What the Territorials had failed to accomplish in nearly a week, they had effected upon a single half-holiday. It was natural that they should feel pleased with themselves.

They pictured the wondering looks of the Greyfriars fellows, when they brought in Hermann Blutz, like Eugene Aram, with gyves upon his wrists. And they were elated.

"March!" said Coker.

"Har you going to lemme go?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No fear! We've been looking for you too long, my man. Get a move on, or I warn you I shall help you."

"I won't—yaroooooh!"

Horace Coker's heavy boot persuaded Mr. Wooker to get a move on. With feelings too deep for words, the unfortunate gentleman from the Tottenham Court Road marched, in the midst of the victorious Fifth-Formers. He looked round wildly for help, as he walked—but the place was lonely—there was no help at hand.

"Don't try to bolt," said Coker warningly, as he noted his prisoner's hunted glances. "You'll get it in the neck. You can't expect to be handled as if you were made of china, after the beastly things you've done in Belgium."

"I ain't never been in no Belgium!" shrieked Mr. Wooker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The captors and captive came through the cliffs, and reached the lane to Greyfriars. The carrier's cart came

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rumbling down the road, and Coker hailed it. Mr. Cripps drew his old horse to a halt, staring wonderingly at the handcuffed prisoner.

"Give us a lift to Greyfriars with this man, Cripps," said Coker airily.

"'Elp!"

"It's the Prussian," explained Coker, "we've captured him."

"My word!" said old Cripps in astonishment. "'Ere, lemme 'ave a go at 'im with my whip."

"Shoooh!" said Coker. "Can't you see he's a prisoner? He ought to be licked, of course, being a Hun, but we can't imitate their methods, Cripps. Just give us a lift to the school, and I'll stand you half-a-crown. This ruffian is going to be sent back to the concentration camp this evening. They'll be glad to get him there."

"'E's mad!" said Mr. Wooker wildly. "'Elp me, my man! Call the perlice! My name's Wooker, and I live in the Tottenham Court Road."

"Got it bad, hasn't he?" chuckled Greene. "That shows that he was a spy before the war. Lots of the rascals were."

"Oh, you—you—you young idjit——"

"None of your cheek, you Prussian butcher," said Greene. "If your hands weren't fastened, I'd give you a thick ear."

"You—you call me a Prooshian——" Mr. Wooker's voice failed him.

"Sure you got the right man, Master Coker?" asked old Cripps, with a very curious glance at the prisoner.

"Look at the description," said Coker.

Mr. Cripps read the description and nodded, quite satisfied. There could be no doubt that that description fitted the prisoner exactly.

"It's 'im, to a 'air," said Cripps. "Shove him in, Master Coker. Which I 'ope he'll get it 'ot and 'ard for sloping, the Prooshian pig!"

Mr. Wooker was bundled into the carrier's cart, and the four Fifth-Formers sat round him on guard, as Cripps drove away to Greyfriars. Mr. Wooker sat silent, gasping all the time. Words seemed to have failed him. Perhaps he realised that when he reached the school, the mistake would indubitably be discovered. It was certainly useless to argue with Coker & Co.

The carrier's cart stopped at the school gates, and Coker & Co. bundled their prisoner out. Coker handed his half-crown to Mr. Cripps, and the prisoner, with a grasp on either arm, was marched in at the gates.

Then there was a shout!

The sight of Coker & Co. marching in the handcuffed prisoner drew every glance upon them at once. Fellows dashed up from all sides. Harry Wharton & Co. came rushing from the tuck-shop, with Temple & Co. of the Fourth after them, all keen to see what was on. There was a roar of voices in the old Close. Horace Coker's face flushed with pardonable pride. He loved the limelight; and, assuredly, he had plenty of limelight now. He was the cynosure of all eyes.

"What's the little game?" shouted Hobson of the Shell. "Coker, what are you doing with that man? Who is he?"

"What the dickens——"

"What the thunder——"

"Who is it? What is it?"

"We've caught him!" said Coker negligently, as if it really wasn't such a tremendous thing after all, considering who had done it. "It's the Prussian."

"The Prussian!" yelled the astounded crowd.

"Yes; we've collared him!"

"My hat!"

"The giddy Hun!"

"He doesn't look much like a Hun," yelled Vernon-Smith. "Are you sure you haven't made a mistake, Coker?"

"Don't be cheeky, you fag," said Coker frowning.

"Faith, we've got the description intirely," said Fitzgerald. "No doubt about it. We've got the man. He's Hermann Blutz."

"Which my name's Wooker——"

"He's pretending to be English," said Coker. "Of

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course, he can't take us in. We've got him. Make way there."

"Elp!"

"It's Coker!" yelled Squiff, as the Remove chums arrived on the scene. "He's caught him! Oh, my hat! Caught him and brought him here! Oh, crikey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five burst into a wild roar. They had hoped that Horace Coker would catch the obnoxious Mr. Wooker. They had wished him every success. But that he would bring his prisoner to Greyfriars when he had caught him, had never occurred to their minds. That was the unexpected—and it was really too rich. The chums of the Remove were on the verge of hysterics.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, Coker!"

"Clear off, you cackling fags," said Coker. "Make room there! This man has got to be sent to the concentration camp, and I'm going to ask the Head for his car."

"The Head! Oh, my hat!"

"Better not ask the Head, Coker," gasped Bob Cherry. "For goodness' sake—ha, ha, ha—don't ask the Head! Oh, crumbs! Don't ask the Head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on," said Coker, "don't take any notice of those fags! Get a move on, Hermann Blutz, you scoundrel."

"Which I tell yer—ow!"

Mr. Wooker was marched on towards the School House, amid a mob of fellows, some of them gasping with astonishment, some cheering, and some laughing.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Not Guilty!

"B LESS my soul!" said Mr. Prout.

The master of the Fifth came out on the steps of the School House. He had seen Coker & Co. from his study window. The roar of excitement in the Close could be heard all over Greyfriars. Mr. Capper joined the Fifth Form master. The Head was not to be seen. It happened that Dr. Locke was out.

"What ever does this mean, Coker?"

"What a—a—a very surprising scene," murmured Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth. "Has—has Coker taken leave of his senses?"

"It really seems so," ejaculated Mr. Prout. "Coker—Coker—"

"It's all right, sir," said Coker, "we've got him."

"Whom?"

"The Prussian."

"The—the Prussian!" said Mr. Prout faintly.

"Yes, sir," said Coker. "We thought it our duty to capture him, sir. He was really a terror to the neighbourhood, so we took the matter in hand. We want the Head to let us have his car, to send him over to Wapshot."

"Bless my soul!"

"Elp!"

"But—but that man is not a Prussian!" gasped Mr. Capper. "You have made some dreadful and ridiculous mistake, Coker."

"Not at all, sir."

"Sure, he's the Prussian right enough, sorr!" said Fitzgerald. "We've got the description from fellows who've seen him close, sir."

"I ain't a Prooshian!" roared Mr. Wooker. "And if my 'ands was loose, I'd smash up anybody what called me a Prooshian!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, you Hun!" said Coker. "None of your bullying here. You're not in Belgium now. You keep your Prussian head shut!"

"Which I ain't never been in no Belgium—"

"He's one of the murderers, Mr. Prout," said Coker—"one of the beasts who helped to burn Louvain, and murder those poor chaps at Dinant! He really ought to be hung; but I think it's against the law. I should like to hang him, really, but perhaps it would be better to send him back to the camp. I daresay he will be shot for the trouble he's given. So that will be all right!"

"Shot! Me! My eye! You young villain—"

"I cannot believe that this man is a Prussian," said Mr. Prout. "He does not—ahem!—speak like a Prussian. I think you have made an absurd mistake, Coker."

"Really, sir—"

"Let the man give an account of himself."

"Oh, he is an awful liar, sir—you know what Prussians are! It's born in them, and they can't help it!"

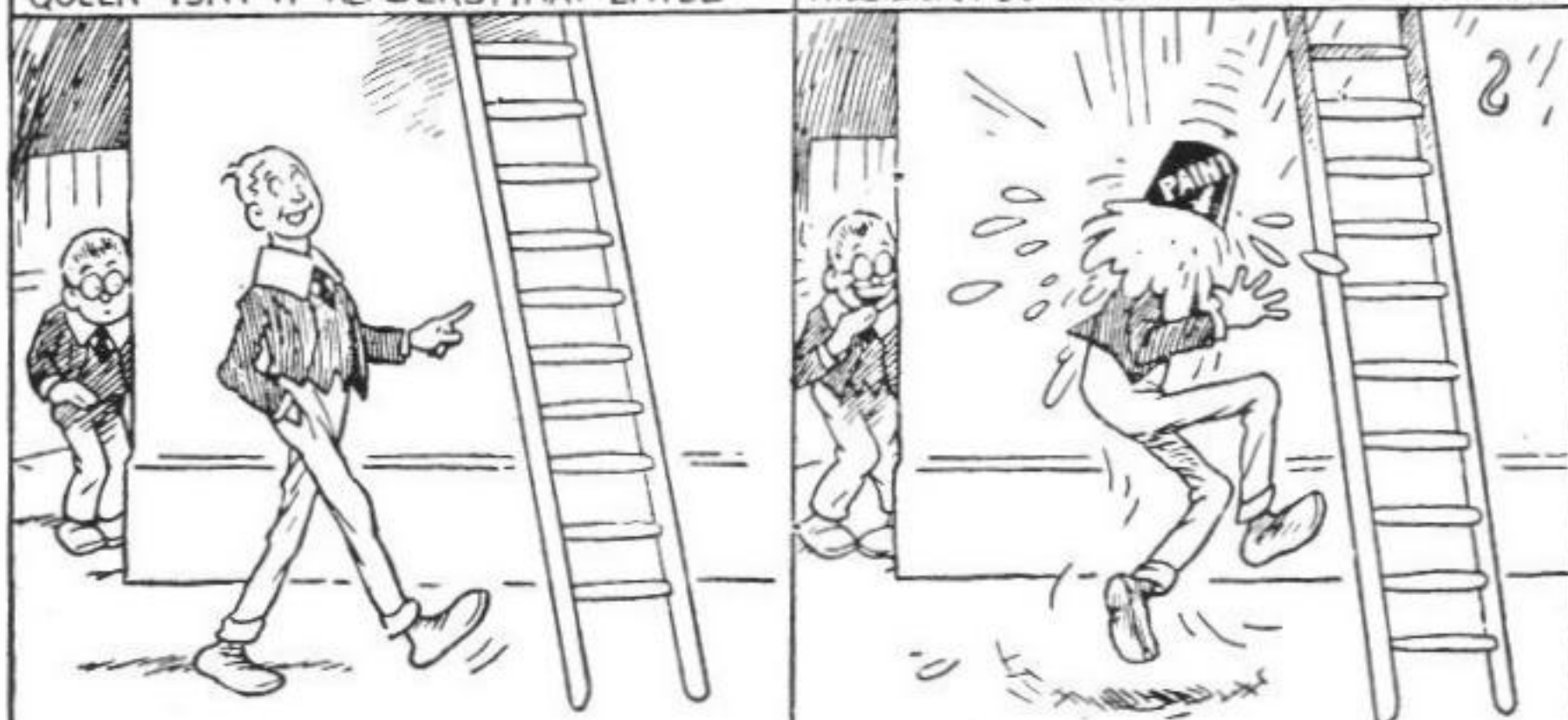
"Let the man speak, please! What is your name, my man?"

"Erbert Harthur Wooker is my name!" shrieked the prisoner. "And I'll 'ave the

## OUR SCHOOL CARTOON SERIES.—No. 3.



QUEER ISNT IT READERS. THAT LITTLE - WILLIE CAN DO ALL SORTS OF UNLUCKY THINGS

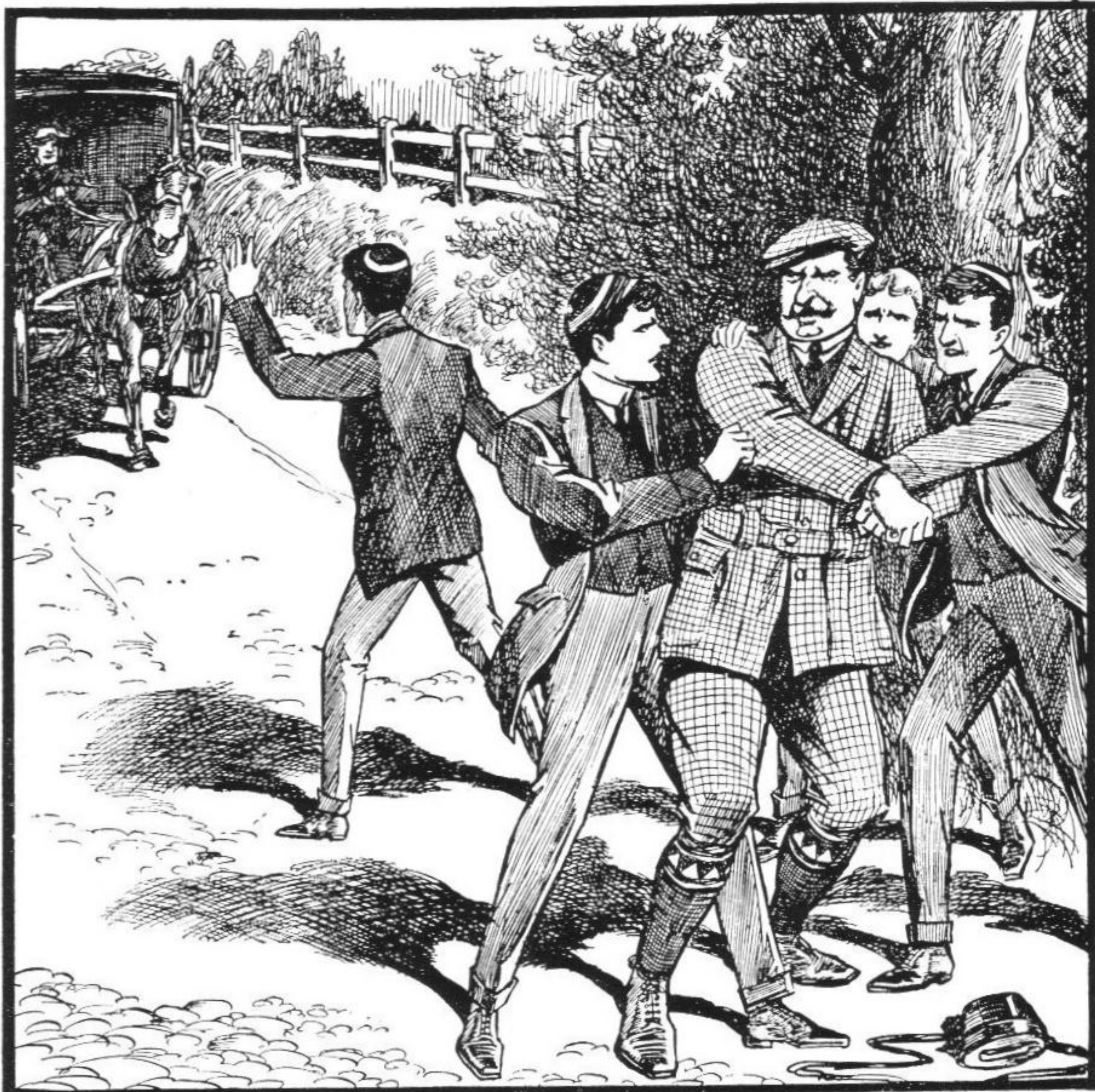


YET THE MOMENT BIG WILLIE TRYS IT ON - HE PROMPTLY COMES TO GRIEF EVERY TIME!

BIG WILLIE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN SUPERSTITIONS. WHEN LITTLE WILLIE DID UNLUCKY THINGS, NOTHING HAPPENED, BUT WHEN BIG WILLIE TRIED IT, HE CAME A BAD CROPPER. HE'S CONVERTED NOW!

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The carrier's cart came rumbling down the road, and Coker hailed it. Mr. Cripps drew his old horse to a halt, staring in wonder at the handcuffed prisoner. "Give us a lift to Greyfriars with this man, Cripps," said Coker airily. "It's the Prussian! We've captured him!" (See Chapter 8.)

law on all of yer! Which Wooker's Jewellery Stores, in Tottenham Court Road, is well known."

"Don't he keep it up?" said Coker. "I suppose they can't help telling lies. Look at the Berlin war news, for instance!"

"Coker, for what reason did you suppose that this gentleman was the escaped Prussian prisoner?" demanded Mr. Prout.

"We've got the description, sir."

Coker handed over the paper. Mr. Prout read it through, glancing at the prisoner at intervals, and he could not help being impressed.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "The description is certainly exact. This is the official description, Coker, I presume?"

"It's a description by an eye-witness, sir," said Coker.

"Was it issued by the authorities?"

"Oh, no, sir! I got it from the juniors, who saw the Hun the other day. They came on him, and ran away in a funk—"

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"They didn't!" roared Squiff.

"Silence, Field! Do you mean to say, Coker, that you have seized upon this gentleman, upon a description furnished you by junior schoolboys?" exclaimed Mr. Prout, his expression growing terrific.

"Certainly, sir! They saw him quite close before they bunked—"

"They didn't bunk, you idiot!" yelled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

From the back of the crowd Fourth-Form voices began to chant:

"They were only five to one,  
But they didn't like the Hun,  
So they thought they'd better run!  
And they did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Prout angrily. "This is no laughing matter! It seems there are boys here who have



seen the Prussian at close quarters. Let them come forward, and say whether this is the man."

"Here, you kids!" said Coker.

The Famous Five were pushed forward. They were looking, and feeling, a little uncomfortable. Squiff's face had taken a rather serious turn.

To set Coker on the track of Mr. Wooker was one thing; but for the egregious Coker to bring that harmless gentleman handcuffed to Greyfriars was quite another.

"Wharton! You have seen the Prussian, Hermann Blutz, I understand?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"You would know him again?"

"Certainly sir!"

"Is this the man?"

"No sir!"

"Which that young rip knows I ain't the man!" spluttered Mr. Wooker. "I seed that young feller afore to-day!"

"Not the man!" exclaimed Coker. "What rot! Look at the description! Field, look at him—you've got more sense than that young ass! Isn't that the Hun?"

"No fear!" said Squiff.

"Do you boys know whom this man is?" asked Mr. Prout.

"I think his name is Wooker, sir," said Harry Wharton demurely. "I think he comes from London, sir—the Tottenham Court Road, to be exact."

"Which I said so!" roared Mr. Wooker.

Coker's face was a study.

"But—but the description!" he howled. "Look at the description! It's exact!"

"Is this man anything like the Prussian Blutz, Field?"

"Very little, sir. About the same height, or nearly so," said Squiff. "Otherwise, not a bit like him."

"You told me—" roared Coker.

"Field," said Mr. Prout, with a dangerous look, "did you give Coker this written description of the supposed Prussian?"

"I gave him that paper, sir," said Squiff.

"As a description of the Prussian prisoner?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Squiff cheerily. "Coker came and demanded a description, and I said I'd give him a description of the man we had a tussle with."

"Well, that was the Prussian!" howled Coker.

"My dear chap, we get more than one tussle in our little lives," said Squiff. "We had a tussle with Mr. Wooker yesterday. He made himself unpleasant, and was too handy with his cane, and we had a tussle with him. Coker demanded a description, and as we respect the Fifth Form very much, of course I couldn't refuse. So I gave him a description of the man we'd had a tussle with—this man! As for the Prussian, of course I wasn't going to describe him. It wouldn't do for an ass like Coker to go after the Prussian. He would get into danger."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you—you—you—" spluttered Coker.

Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald were making themselves look as small as possible. They understood now. They were no longer inclined to come into the limelight and take the credit of that brilliant capture.

"Field. You—you—I can't help suspecting, Field, that you deliberately intended to mislead Coker, and cause him to make this ridiculous mistake."

"Oh, sir!" murmured Squiff.

"But that does not excuse you, Coker!" said Mr. Prout, in a voice of thunder. "You have broken bounds, sir, in going in search of the escaped prisoner! You have laid hands on an innocent gentleman, and treated him with violence!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Coker.

"You have—you have actually handcuffed him!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, perceiving the adornments upon Mr. Wooker's wrists. "Goodness gracious! Release this gentleman at once, you—you incredibly stupid boy!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Coker fumbled with the handcuffs, and unfastened them. Mr. Wooker was free at last. He made prompt use of his freedom. He hit out at once, and Horace Coker was hurled flying among the crowd.

"Yow!" roared Coker as he fell.

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Mr. Wooker rushed at the Co. Potter was knocked to the right and Greene to the left. Fitzgerald dodged just in time and fled.

"Go it, Wooker!" shrieked the juniors.

"Dear me!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Pray calm yourself, my dear sir! You have been scandalously treated——"

"I'll 'ave the law on you!" roared Mr. Wooker.

"My dear sir, these boys shall be severely—most severely punished. I promise you that! Their punishment shall be exemplary. I beg you to calm yourself," said Mr. Prout, in great distress. "Your indignation is natural—very natural! You shall yourself witness the chastisement of these stupid boys."

"Let it be 'ard!" said Mr. Wooker.

"Coker! Greene! Fitzgerald! Potter! Follow me to my study at once! Although," said Mr. Prout explosively—"although it is not the custom for Fifth-Form boys to be caned, I shall make an exception in this instance. This gentleman would be fully justified in taking legal action in this matter—do you hear, legal action! Mr. Wooker, will you do me the favour of stepping inside."

Mr. Wooker did him that favour. He was very keen to see his captors caned. He was grinning now. Having knocked down Coker & Co. he might have been willing to let them off the rest; but Mr. Wooker was revengeful.

He followed the Fifth-Form master to his study with the four unhappy prisoner-hunters, and there he witnessed a scene that was gratifying to him, but extremely painful to Coker & Co.

As Mr. Prout said, it was not the rule for Fifth-Form boys to be caned. But that rule was broken now, and broken with tremendous energy. Mr. Prout laid on the strokes of the cane as if he had been going into special training for that very purpose.

Coker and Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald wriggled and squirmed when he had finished. Mr. Prout was quite breathless.

"There sir!" panted Mr. Prout. "I think you will admit that the punishment of those stupid boys has been—er—adequate."

Coker & Co. felt that it had been more than adequate.

"Which I 'ope it will be a lesson to them," said Mr. Wooker. "Calling me a Prooshian—me, 'Erbert Harthar Wooker!"

"Scandalous!" said Mr. Prout, who would have said or done anything to get rid of Mr. Wooker without further trouble. "They will apologise to you. You hear me, Coker."

"Sorry!" gasped Coker.

"Faith, and I'm sorry intirely," groaned Fitzgerald.

Potter and Greene said they were sorry, too. There was no doubt that they were sorry. They looked sorry.

Mr. Wooker waved a fat hand.

"'Nuff said!" he replied. "I overlooks it. You've 'ad your lesson, and I 'ope you'll remember it. But for you, I might 'ave 'ad that Prooshian by this time. I was looking for that Prooshian, sir, when these young idjits jumped on me," he explained to Mr. Prout. "Bein' down 'ere on business, I 'ad a couple of days to spare——"

"Exactly!" murmured Mr. Prout. The Fifth-Formers departed, and the Form-master strove to edge Mr. Wooker towards the door.

"I called at the camp for a description of 'im," said Mr. Wooker. "But the officer was very short. 'Sergeant-major,' says he, 'show this man hout!'"

"Indeed!"

"I'll leave you my card, sir," said Mr. Wooker. "Being as you might find yourself some day in the Tottenham Court Road, you might give me a look in."

"Thank you!" murmured the Fifth-Form master, taking the large card Mr. Wooker handed to him.

"G-g-good-evening!"

"Jewellery of the best quality, and at ordinary prices in spite of the war," said Mr. Wooker. "Nothing made in Germany in our establishment."

"I'm glad to hear it. Good-bye, my dear sir!"

"For rolled-gold goods, not to be distinguished from the real article, you can't beat us," said Mr. Wooker. "I 'ope you'll give us a look in when you're that way, sir."



"Certainly!" stuttered Mr. Prout. "I shall be most—most happy to call—ahem!—when—when I require any Tottenham Court—I—I mean rolled-gold—the—the very next time I find myself in the Rolled-gold Road, I—I—that is to say—"

"Perhaps I may have the pleasure of sending you my illustrated price-list, sir," said Mr. Wooker. "I send it post free to every part of the kingdom."

"You are indeed most kind. Good-bye!"

"You'll find it full of illustrations of our latest designs," said Mr. Wooker. "We have a special line in rolled-gold bracelets."

"Thank you so much! Good-bye!"

Mr. Prout had edged his visitor as far as the door now, and he started closing the door. Mr. Wooker took his departure at last. Mr. Prout gasped for breath, and threw Mr. Wooker's card into the fire.

"Dear me!" he murmured. "What a dreadful man! What an exceedingly unpleasant and persistent person! Dear me!"

Harry Wharton & Co. watched Mr. Wooker leave. They were glad to see him go.

"Poor old Coker!" murmured Nugent. "He has no luck!"

"The blithering ass!" said Squiff indignantly. "It was all very well bagging the man; but fancy bringing him here. I couldn't foresee that he would be such a champion idiot as that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm sorry they've got licked," said Squiff. "But it was really their own fault. I thought they'd collar the man, and let him go when they found they had blundered. But to bring him here in handcuffs—oh, my aunt!"

The juniors yelled with laughter. They had not expected that even of Coker. But they were sorry the jape had turned out so seriously for the great Coker; and after some discussion, they decided to go and tell him so. But it was with very doubtful feelings as to the kind of reception they were likely to get, that they made their way to Horace Coker's study.

#### THE TENTH CHAPTER. No Gratitude From Coker!

THERE was a chorus of groans in Coker's study. Coker and Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald were vying with one another, apparently, in a competition to produce the deepest groans of anguish.

In his anxiety to satisfy the ill-used Mr. Wooker, and to get rid of him, Mr. Prout had fairly let himself go; and the chums of the Fifth were wriggling with pain.

To add to their discomfort, the whole School was laughing over the way they had captured the Prussian, and nearly all the Fifth had looked in on the groaning four, and made humorous remarks. Indeed, there would probably have been an incessant procession of humorous visitors to Coker's study, but Coker began throwing things. Whenever he saw a face in the doorway he hurled a cushion, or an inkpot, or a boot, and so at last the quartette were left to groan in peace.

Horace Coker was the first to recover himself a little. Horace prided himself on being tough.

"Oh, don't make such a row!" he growled. "We ain't fags!"

"You've been making a thundering row, anyway," groaned Potter. "Ow, ow, ow!"

"Faith, I'm kilt intirely," mumbled Fitzgerald. "Oh, you blithering gossoon, Coker! To plant us in such a fool-idiot bizney as that! You howling idiot! Ow, ow! We shall be laughed to death over this. Yow-ow-ow!"

"Keep a stiff upper lip," said Coker, rubbing his hands. "We're not done yet."

"What?" said Greene, with a homicidal look. "Still thinking of that Prussian?"

Coker snorted.

"Certainly! We're going for him again."

"Oh, kill him, somebody!" moaned Fitzgerald.

"I never admit I'm beaten," said Coker. "Of course, that young villain Field was pulling our leg all the time. It seems they know that man Wooker, and they wanted to be even with him, and with us, so they— Oh, the young villains! You fellows ought to have suspected something."

"You didn't!" hooted Potter.

"Oh, don't jaw! We're going to try again," said THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 372.

NEXT  
MONDAY—

"CARRIED AWAY!"

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

Coker determinedly. "One swallow doesn't make a summer. Nil desperandum, you know. That Prussian is hanging about somewhere, and we're going to collar him. The fellows won't cackle at us when we bring in the real Hun with giddy gyves upon his wrists—what?"

It was really to Coker's credit that he had so much pluck and determination, for that "fizzle" was quite enough to discourage anybody. Perhaps Coker expected a cheer, or at least a murmur of admiration, from his chums. If so, he was disappointed. Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald looked at him as if they would eat him. After planting them in that ghastly scrape, Coker was thinking of leading them once more on the same trail. They were at a loss for words for some moments.

"You back me up, and we'll come out top dogs," said Coker quite cheerily. "Next half-holiday we'll start on the track again!"

"Next half-holiday!" murmured Potter.

"On the track again!" muttered Fitzgerald.

"Yes, rather! Stick it, you know. You fellows can rely on me to lead you," said Coker. "You back me up, and don't jaw; that's all that's necessary."

"Tain't any good talking to you," said Potter, in a gasping voice. "You've made us look blessed fools before the whole school—you've got us licked like a set of fags—and now you propose to start all over again! Tain't any good talking. We're going to show you what we think of you. Pile on him, you chaps! Slaughter him!"

"Here, I say! What the thunder— Yarooop!"

The three exasperated Fifth-Formers piled on Coker. Their sufferings were great, and they yearned for a victim. It was all Coker's fault, so they selected Coker. His proposal to begin all over again, and, of course, land them in another scrape, was the last straw. If Coker had been Mr. Wooker or the Hun, they could not have landed him more ferociously.

They collared him, they bumped him, they rolled him over, they swamped ink over him, and when they were out of breath, they departed, leaving him with his head in the ashpans.

Coker sat up dazedly when they were gone.

"M-m-my hat!" mumbled Coker.

He hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels just then.

He rubbed ink from his eyes, and ashes from his hair.

He had an ache in every separate bone in his body.

"Oh, my hat! Why, the silly idiots—the cheeky blighters—the—the rotters— Oh, crumbs! Oh, lor!"

Coker staggered up, and sank gasping into the arm-chair.

"Oh, dear! The rotters! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Fives faces looked in at the doorway. Coker gave a blink at the chums of the Remove. He was feeling quite Hunnish, but for the moment he had no energy left. He sat and gasped and blinked.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Trouble in the family?"

"Ow!" said Coker.

"I say, we're sorry, Coker," said Squiff. "We meant to jape you, sending you after that idiot Wooker, you know, but we didn't think you would be such a thumping ass as to bring him here. We're really sorry you've been licked."

"Ow! You cheeky fags! Ow!"

"The sorrowfulness, my esteemed Coker, is terrific!" purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "We came to expressfully state that we apologise for the misfortune of having caused the painful lickfulness."

"You—you—you—" gasped Coker.

"And I'll tell you what," said Wharton. "We've got an idea about going after that Hun, and if you like, Coker, old man, we'll take you into the party. There!"

It was a generous offer.

But Coker of the Fifth was not in a mood for receiving generous offers, just then, with the gratitude due. His hand closed on a big cushion, and his eyes gleamed through the ink on his countenance.

He made a sudden leap from the armchair, and before



the Famous Five knew what he was at, he was upon them. The cushion rose and fell with heavy swipes.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Hold on! My hat! Oh!"

"Great Scott! You fathhead! Yaroooooh!"

Swipe! Swipe! Swipe! Biff! Biff! Biff!

Coker was irresistible. The Charge of the Light Brigade was a joke to it. It was like a charge of a very heavy brigade. Coker carried all before him. The juniors went scuttling into the passage, biffed right and left by the whirling cushion. They fled down the passage, yelling, and Coker rushed after them, still swiping with the cushion. It was a wild race to the end of the passage, and there the Removites scattered.

Coker returned to his study, somewhat comforted.

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered again in No. 1 Study, red and flustered and breathless.

"My hat!" said Squiff. "That's the last time I'm going to tell Coker I'm sorry. Yow! My blessed head feels as if it's been knocked off! I don't think Prout caned him hard enough, on second thoughts. My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's no gratitude in Coker's composition at all!" groaned Bob Cherry. "He's a Hun himself—a beastly Prussian Hun! Ow!"

"The Hunfulness of the beastly Coker is terrific!" growled Inky, rubbing his nose. "I decline to have anything more to do with Coker."

"The cheeky rotter!" said Wharton indignantly. "And we were going to make it up to him by taking him into our scheme for bagging the Hun!"

"Ungrateful beast! Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's that silly ass Temple again!"

From the passage came a chanting voice:

"They were only five to one,  
And they didn't like the Hun,  
So they thought they'd better run.  
And they did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five rushed out of the study, and there were sounds of wrath and woe as Temple and Dabney and Fry went rolling down the stairs. The Co. came back breathless, and looking very cross.

"We shall never hear the end of it," said Wharton despairingly.

"Not till we've bagged the Hun!" said Squiff.

And over tea in No. 1 Study the chums of the Remove set their wits to work on that important project, but the more they thought about it, and discussed it, the more it seemed difficult to decide upon a scheme for "bagging the Hun." But the Famous Five were in deadly earnest.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER. Wharton's Idea!

"EUREKA!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's biting you now?"

"Eureka!" repeated Harry Wharton.

Harry Wharton had been thinking. It was the day following Coker's adventure, and the Famous Five had all been doing a lot of thinking. As Hurree Jamset Ram Singh put it in his expressive English, the thinkfulness had been terrific.

There had been no great result so far. The chums were still being chipped by the juniors mercilessly, and Temple of the Fourth had written a new poem on the never-ending subject.

The Famous Five were more fed up than ever, and more than ever determined to put an end to the campaign of ridicule by "bagging the Hun." But a workable scheme seemed as far off as ever.

The Hun had not been bagged yet by anyone. There had been a little more news of him. A fisherman watching the boats at night had been attacked by a gigantic fellow, undoubtedly the missing German prisoner, who had sought to get one of the boats away. But old Trumper had called up his comrades, and the Prussian had taken to his heels, and disappeared into the night.

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The country-folk, who had begun to hope that the lurking rascal had disappeared from the neighbourhood, were alarmed again. The attempt upon the fishermen's boats showed that Hermann Blutz was still hiding in the vicinity, and that he had for his object a scheme of escaping to sea in a boat as soon as he could get hold of one. The reckless Hun evidently intended to put to sea, and take his chance there rather than be captured and sent back to the concentration camp.

His fresh appearance led to a renewed search, with more vigour than ever. But the Prussian was lying low again. No trace of him was found; the fishermen and the longshoremen and a crowd of Territorials from Wapshot hunted through the cliffs in vain. He had disappeared once more. It was evident that his hiding-place was a very secure one.

Where on earth the man could be was a mystery. Almost every foot of the cliffs had been explored and searched, and no trace of the man had come to light. Every day a dozen Territorials were tramping over the cliffs, looking for the missing Hun, and still he was not to be found.

The Famous Five had given the subject their very special attention. And when Harry Wharton suddenly exclaimed "Eureka!" his chums guessed that an idea had come into his head. But they did not look very hopeful. They had propounded many ideas of late, and all of them had proved, on consideration, to be N.G.

"Well, what do you mean by eureka?" said Squiff.

"That means 'I have found it!'" said Wharton cheerfully.

"Go hon!"

"The celebrated utterance of Archimedes, when he found something or other somewhere in history," added Wharton.

"Don't let us have history-class gags now, for mercy's sake," said Squiff. "What's the wheeze?"

"I've been thinking—"

"So have we all," grunted Squiff, "and a lot of good has come of it. That beastly Prussian has the coat-of-darkness, I think."

"My thinkfulness has also been great," remarked Inky. "But the resultfulness has not been terrific."

"I've been thinking," repeated Wharton calmly. "That Hun has completely disappeared from sight. He's lying awfully low somewhere. That shows clearly enough that he knows this coast as well as we do. It's pretty certain that he was one of their filthy spies in this country before the war, and he gave up spying to start murdering Belgians when the Kaiser went off his rocker."

"We've got that already," hinted Squiff.

"If the esteemed Wharton would get on pointfully—"

"I'm coming to the point. You fellows remember—you don't, Squiff, because you were somewhere round the South Pole at the time—I mean it was before you came to Greyfriars—but you other chaps remember the time we explored the smuggler's cave."

"The rememberfulness is—"

"Terrific!" said Bob Cherry. "But that Hun can't be in the smuggler's cave."

"Why not?" demanded Wharton.

"Because there isn't any boat missing, and he couldn't get there without a boat. The cave is flooded with water half-way in."

"That's what I'm coming to," said Wharton. "I suppose we're not going to believe that the man vanishes into thin air. We've got reason to believe that he knows this coast thoroughly. Well, then, he knows the smuggler's cave."

"What's it like?" asked Squiff.

"A tremendous big cave, under that big cliff we call the Shoulder," said Wharton. "It can only be got to in a boat. The sea flows into it, but if you row in you come to a part where the ground is higher, and there you can land. Of course, at high water the sea's further in, but there's always plenty of room: it's a tremendous big place. A hundred years ago or so there were smugglers there, but—ahem!—that was before our time."

"I suppose so," assented Squiff.

"You can get to the mouth of the cave by hopping

from one rock to another," said Harry. "But once at the opening you need a boat. Unless—"

"No unless about it," said Bob. "You can't get into the cave without a boat."

"Unless you swim!" said Harry.

"Swim!" ejaculated Bob.

"The swimfulness would have to be terrific," said Hurree Singh. "The water is deep, and the current is dangerous. And in this esteemed British weather the cold would be terrific."

"That Prussian is a big, strong beast," said Harry. "He's hard as nails; you could see that when we tackled him last week. Well, my belief is that he knows all about the smuggler's cave, and that he's hidden in it, and swims in and swims out."

"But the cold!" said Nugent, his teeth chattering at the thought.

"He stands that. After all, we could stand it, if we had as much at stake. The brute wants to get his freedom, so that he can start burning and shooting again. Look here, we know he's lying jolly low," said Harry. "He isn't in any place that one would be likely to suspect. The cliffs have been searched from end to end. They're pretty extensive, and there are no end of caves, but the Territorials and the fishermen have been going up and down and round about for a week. He's in some place that it would not seem possible for him to be in; that's my idea."

"He must be pretty tough to swim about in the water in this weather," said Bob Cherry. "Still, it's quite possible."

"Well, we know he's tough," said Harry. "Didn't he handle the five of us like a parcel of Second-Form fags?"

"He won't do that a second time!" growled Squiff. "We weren't ready for him that time. I'm simply thirsting to give him a special upper-cut I brought from New South Wales."

"And I've got a prize thick ear for him!" sighed Bob Cherry.

"Well, Saturday afternoon we're going to look for him," said Harry. "If he isn't there, there's no harm done; we shan't tell anybody we're going. If he's there we'll blessed well nail him. And I'm dashed if I see anywhere else he can be, anyway!"

"It's a chance," said Squiff. "We'll try it. And the best of it is, it's not out of bounds to go out on the bay in a boat. The cliffs are out of bounds, but going under the cliffs wasn't mentioned."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a go," said Bob. "But mind, we've got to be jolly careful this time. He's a dangerous beast, and would think no more of murder than saying sauer-kraut. We know what he's done in Belgium."

"We'll be careful, of course. We'll take cricket-stumps along with us, and a dark-lantern, and a rope."

"I shall take a bat, not a stump," said Squiff. "That fellow is too tough for a stump. But if I get a drive at him with my bat he will feel funny."

"Keep it dark," said Nugent. "If Quelchy suspected he'd gate us for the rest of the term, I think. We're really going into danger, you know. That Hun would stick at nothing."

"Blow the danger! But we'll keep it dark, of course," said Harry. "We don't want to be stopped by a beastly prefect when we're starting. Not a word outside ourselves; and we start after dinner on Saturday. We can leave the footer to the other fellows; it's only a fag match."

"Hear, hear!"

"And if we get him—I mean, when we get him, we'll bring him back to Greyfriars," said Harry, his eyes glistening. "Of course, we don't want to swank—"

"Never!" said Bob, with great solemnity. "Did we ever?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fathead! It isn't a question of swanking; but we've got to show the giggling asses that we've bagged the Hun," said Harry. "They'll have to leave off their idiotic chipping when they see we've got him. If we catch him, we'll hire the trap from the Anchor and bring him home in triumph. If Coker can ask for the Head's car to take Wooker to the concentration camp, we can ask for it to take the giddy Hun."

"Yes, rather!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 372.

NEXT  
MONDAY—

"CARRIED AWAY!"

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There they are again!" growled Bob.

The Famous Five walked hastily away as Temple of the Fourth, taking up his stand near them, began reciting his new poem to a crowd of Fourth-Formers, who punctuated the recitation with loud chuckles. Temple had evidently taken the "Tavern in the Town" as his model.

"There is a beastly Prussian Hun, Prussian Hun,  
"Who makes Remove kids simply run, simply run—"

The Famous Five did not stay to hear any more. They breathed hard as they strode away, followed by the laughter of the Fourth.

"Never mind. They'll sing a different tune on Saturday, when we bring our Hun home," said Bob Cherry.

And all the Co. looked forward very eagerly to Saturday afternoon, and the tracking to his lair of the escaped Hun.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Hunting the Hun!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came out from lessons on Saturday in unusually good spirits. It was a fine afternoon, and perhaps they thought a little regretfully of the footer field, which they were giving a miss that day.

But the prospect of running down Hermann Blutz, and turning the tables on him, consoled them for the loss of the footer.

Vernon-Smith willingly agreed to captain the team in Wharton's place, and the reserves who were put into the eleven were quite certain that they would do quite well without the Famous Five to help.

There was considerable curiosity, however, as to why the chums were marching off for the afternoon instead of playing. But to all questions as to where they were going they replied politely that they were going out, without adding any further particulars. After dinner they prepared to start. Wharton slid a dark-lantern into the pocket of his coat, and Bob Cherry had several lengths of strong cord, all ready for tying up the Prussian, if caught. Hurree Singh remarked that it was something like the countfulness of the chickens before the hatchfulness. Still, it was indubitable that, if they did bag the Hun, he would need tying up. There wasn't a shadow of doubt on that point.

When they started four of them had cricket-stumps concealed under their coats, and Squiff had his second-best bat. His best bat, of course, he would not risk damaging on the hard head of a Hun. They walked a little stiffly with those hidden weapons under their coats. Coker of the Fifth met them at the gates, and cast a suspicious eye upon them.

"Where are you kids off to?" demanded Coker. "If you're going looking for that Hun, I warn you to keep off the grass. That's what I'm going to do myself."

"Well, we're not stopping you," said Bob Cherry, cheerily. "You can look till your hair goes grey, Coker, old man. Pleasant occupation for you for the rest of your life, in fact."

"Look here—"

"Sorry we can't stop," said Wharton. "Otherwise, the pleasure of looking at you, Coker, would keep us chained to the spot."

"The chainfulness would be terrific, my esteemed ludicrous Coker."

Coker of the Fifth made a threatening movement towards the juniors. Squiff's bat slid out from under his coat, perhaps by accident, and the heavy end clumped on Coker's toe. There was a yell of anguish from Coker, and he hopped on one leg; and the Famous Five beat a masterly retreat, and left him hopping.

They walked quickly down to Pegg. Old Trumper the pilot was sitting on the gunwale of a boat, on the shingle, and smoking his black pipe.

"Seen anything more of the Prussian?" asked Harry.

Dave Trumper shook his head.

"Nothin'," he said. "But he's been 'ere agin. Last



night a cottage was broke into, and food taken, and a sou'wester. He ain't fur off, though where he can be beats me. It was Tom Stump's cottage, and he nearly throttled poor old Tom. The police have been 'ere about it, but, bless you, they can't do nothing. All the fisher folks are getting wild, I can tell you. We'll lynch that Prooshian, if we find him. 'Cause why, poor old Tom couldn't put up a fight at all, and the brute knocked him about jest for fun."

"The rotter!" said Wharton. "It's getting too thick. Have you been in to see Stump, Mr. Trumper?"

The old pilot nodded.

"Did you notice whether the Prussian left any signs behind him—anything that would help to follow him?"

"Not that I knows of, Master Wharton."

"Any wet from his boots, for instance?" said Harry.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Trumper. "He left a reglar trail of wet arter him. Been wading afore he came there, I should say."

The juniors exchanged glances of satisfaction. That was evidence that Wharton's theory of the Hun's hiding-place was not so fantastic, after all.

"I suppose Stump saw him pretty plainly?" asked Harry.

"Course he did, when the lubber 'ad him by the throat."

"Did he notice whether the man was wet through?"

Mr. Trumper looked surprised.

"He did," he answered; "and that struck me as queer. 'Cause why? It's knowed that last week he stole a suit of clothes along with grub, so he's got a suit to change into if he gets wet. Yet there he was, wet through; and it wasn't raining last night, neither." Mr. Trumper knocked out his pipe. "You young gents want a boat?"

"That's what we're after," said Harry.

"Then I'm your man!"

And the old fisherman ran a skiff down to the water, and shoved in the rudder, and the Famous Five embarked. They did not discuss the information they had gained till they were pulling out over the bay.

"Well," said Harry, when they were out of hearing of the old pilot, "what do you think now?"

"Looks like business," said Squiff, with a nod. "There was no reason why he should be wet, unless he came through the water. And it would be jolly cold to strip—jolly cold anyway, in fact. I suppose when he comes out he wears his own clothes, and when he gets back he changes into dry ones."

"That's it," said Harry.

"Easier to swim that distance if he stripped," said Bob.

"But he couldn't come ashore without any clobber on. That would give it away that he was hiding in some place he could only get to by swimming," said Harry.

"Quite right, old man," said Bob admiringly. "Blessed if I don't think you've hit the right nail on the head, and he's hidden in the smuggler's cave all the time."

"And it will be a jolly good thing to nail him," said Frank. "He's a public danger. That old chap Stump might have been killed—a man of seventy in the hands of that strong brute."

"And we're going to nail him," said Wharton determinedly. "It's everybody's business to chip in and nail a brute like that."

"Hear, hear!"

The juniors pulled away across the bay. It was possible to get to the smuggler's cave by clambering over the rocks round the base of the great cliff for a certain distance, but the path ended before the cave was reached, and it would have been necessary to finish by swimming. That was the way the Prussian was compelled to go, if indeed the smuggler's cave was his hiding-place. But the boat was a good deal more comfortable. The juniors pulled on steadily, and the fishing village faded into a blur on the shore behind them, as they pulled round the frowning mass of the Shoulder.

"Jolly lonely place here," remarked Squiff, looking up at the huge, shadowy masses of rock, with sea-gulls circling round the summit. It was the Australian junior's first visit to the smuggler's cave.

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OUR COMPANION THE "BOYS' FRIEND," "THE GEM" LIBRARY, PAPERS; Every Monday, Every Wednesday.

"All the more likely to find that fellow here," said Bob. "Though I must say I don't envy him his swim when he goes out looting. Here we are."

A deep, dark hollow opened in the sheer face of the cliff.

The juniors took in their oars, and the boat floated in at the opening of the great cave.

It was a sudden change, from the bright sunshine without, to the deep shadows of the interior of the cavern.

Ahead of them was all darkness. Round them the rugged walls of rock rose, arching overhead, lapped by the murmuring waters. There was no foothold to be seen.

"Quiet now!" whispered Wharton. "If he's here, he will hear our voices. And I feel more sure than ever that he's here."

"The quietfulness is terrific."

As their eyes grew more used to the shadows, the juniors could see about them more clearly. They had the stumps and the bat ready now. They realised that if the Prussian were there he must soon discover them, and he would probably not wait to be attacked. For it was clear that his object in lurking there was to obtain possession of a boat, in which to attempt his escape from the coast.

As soon as he saw the boat with the schoolboys in it he was quite desperate enough to make an attempt to seize it, in spite of the odds. It was quite possible that the Removites would not be the attacking party.

They were very quiet and very grave now, for they understood more clearly than before the danger they were facing.

If they did not get the better of Hermann Blutz, it was more than probable that they would never leave that grim cavern alive.

The escaped Prussian would stick at nothing to secure his own escape, and those dark waters might cover them for ever if their courage failed them in the struggle.

But their courage was not likely to fail them. The way of retreat was still open if they had chosen to take it. But they did not choose.

The boat glided on, Bob Cherry and Nugent pulling an oar each, gently. Deeper and deeper grew the shadows.

Behind them now the opening of the cave seemed to have grown smaller, as they looked back at it—a mere slit of daylight in the gloom.

Before them, dimly in the darkness, they made out a stretch of wet sand.

At flood-tide the waters reached farther into the cavern, and then the sand was deep under water, and the receding tide had left it wet and faintly glistening.

The boat grated gently on the sand. Quietly the five juniors stepped out, and, keeping their eyes well about them, they pulled the boat further out of the water.

Squiff uttered a sudden suppressed exclamation.

"Look!"

He pointed to the sand at their feet. Within a yard of where they were standing there was a deep footprint in the sand!

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Hand to Hand!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. drew their breath in quickly.

Their gaze was fastened for a moment upon the footprint, and then they looked quickly about them into the shadows. But the silence was unbroken.

The thought that the hidden Prussian might be peering at them from some dark corner gave them an eerie feeling.

That he was there they were now certain. The footprint in the sand was conclusive; for it must have been made since the last tide, or the sea would have washed it away. And as they looked about them, they saw other footprints—all of them of the same large, heavy boots.

Someone was there, and it could only be the escaped Prussian prisoner.

There was a long pause. Before them the cave extended to a great distance into the cliff, and many smaller caverns branched off from it. To seek the hidden man in that labyrinth of shadows was no light task, and

THE DREADNOUGHT, THE PENNY POPULAR, CHUCKLES, 1d. Every Thursday, Every Friday, Every Saturday.



**Harry Wharton.** In the character of Valentine, gallantly faced the two German officers in the cause of Gloxiana.  
(See the grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton and Co., "THE RIVAL PERFORMERS!" in this week's DREADNOUGHT,  
now on sale. Price One Penny.)

to leave the boat unguarded was to give him a chance of escaping and leaving them stranded in his place.

They started suddenly, their hearts beating, as a sound broke the stillness of the cavern. It was the clink of a pebble under a boot, at no great distance.

Grasping their weapons, the juniors glared about them, ready for the enemy if he should appear. They would not have been surprised if the man had rushed at them, five of them as they were. His previous encounter with them would probably make him believe that they were easy to deal with, if he recognised them. The gigantic Prussian, in fact, might very well have considered himself a match for five juniors.

But he did not appear. There was another slight sound from the shadows, and then silence.

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"CARRIED AWAY!"

Harry Wharton made a sign to his comrades. He sank his voice to a whisper, till it was hardly audible.

"We've got to make him show himself, if we can. Play up to me!"

Then he raised his voice:

"It's all right, you fellows! We know he's here, and all we've got to do is to row back and fetch the soldiers."

That, indeed, would have been the wisest and most prudent plan for the juniors to follow in earnest; but they never even thought of it. They were there to capture the escaped Prussian if they could, and Wharton's words were merely a device to induce him to show himself. Wharton knew what there was at stake.

Knowing himself to be run down, the ruffian would stick

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



at nothing to keep his hiding-place a secret. The Famous Five were setting their lives upon a cast!

Wharton's voice echoed among the hollows of the cave. He wondered whether the hidden Prussian understood English. There was little doubt on that point, however, for his knowledge of the cave proved that he must have been employed as a spy on the Kentish coast before the war; a stranger could not have known all that the hidden fugitive knew. And he could scarcely have been employed as a spy in England without knowing the language.

Still there came no sound from the man, though they were certain that he was within hearing.

"Shove the boat off!" went on Wharton, in the same tone.

"Right-ho! The sooner we get out of this the better!" said Bob Cherry, "playing up," as Wharton had bidden him.

"He might go for us if he spotted us!" added Nugent. "Hurry up! We've found out all we want to know!"

The juniors pushed the boat back towards the sea. They were trembling with excitement now. They knew that the hidden man must have heard their words, they were certain that he could understand them; and his natural belief would be that they were going, now that they had found out his hiding-place, to fetch the Territorials to capture him. If they had done so he could not have fled from the cave in the daylight without risking immediate capture. And there was no other refuge where he could lie low in safety.

Unless the Prussian's courage failed him, he would attack them before they could push off in the boat. And brute as the man was, he had shown plainly enough that he had the courage and determination of a bulldog. The boat scraped on the sand—the stern was already in the water—when there came a sudden rush from the darkness.

A dim, gigantic form loomed up, and the juniors, whirling back from the boat, caught a glimpse of a savage, bulldog face, with a week's stubbly beard on the chin, two eyes that blazed with ferocity, and a hand that clutched a heavy lump of rock.

The enemy was upon them. Without a word, but with a snarl like a wild animal, the gigantic Prussian rushed upon the schoolboys.

It was a terrible moment. If that jagged lump of rock had struck, as the ruffian intended, it would have stretched at least one of their number dead on the wet sands. And he was upon them with the bound of a tiger.

But Squiff's arm went up, and his bat whirled through the air, even as the giant rushed right upon them, and the whirling bat struck the upraised arm with a heavy crash, there was a yell of pain from the Prussian, and the rock clattered from his hand upon the ground. The bat clattered after it.

The man paused an instant then—it was a weapon to his hand, and he stooped to seize it. If he had gained that bat the five juniors would have been knocked senseless by his powerful blows, and they knew it. They had a few seconds, and they used them well. Even as he stooped over the bat they were upon him with a rush.

Crash, crash!

Wharton's cricket stump broke into halves on the Prussian's bullet-head, so terrific was the blow he struck. Bob Cherry's stump descended on his shoulder at the same second. Inky thrust the sharp end of his stump full into the fierce, animal-like face, and Nugent slashed wildly and struck him on the arm.

The man, powerful as he was, reeled drunkenly under the attack, and as he reeled, still grasping blindly for the bat, Squiff was upon him like a tiger, bearing him backwards.

"Back up!"

They piled on him without a second's pause. Down went the giant with the five juniors on top of him, down on his back in the wet sands, struggling madly.

He was fighting like a wild cat—hands and feet and teeth.

But the juniors did not stand on ceremony with him this time. They knew that they were fighting for life itself now. The maddened ferocity in the ruffian's eyes

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told how little mercy they had to expect if he gained the upper hand.

They clutched him fiercely, and smashed him down as he would have risen, and Squiff clutched up his bat and struck, and the giant collapsed under that heavy blow. He still struggled, but his struggles were now feeble. The blow, which would have stunned an ordinary man, had dazed him.

Bob Cherry planted a heavy knee on his chest. "The cords—quick!" he panted. "Keep that bat ready, Squiff, and bash him again if he doesn't keep still!"

The Prussian's hands were dragged together, and Bob held them together, while Nugent slipped a noose over them.

The noose was drawn tight, and knotted, the gigantic Uhlan still struggling, though with failing strength.

"Now his feet!"

"What-ho!"

Another cord round the Uhlan's ankles, knotted fast. Then he lay helpless, unable to struggle further. But the juniors did not trust him; they had only too much reason to know his fearful strength. Every cord they had with them was knotted round his huge limbs till he was a mass of cords and knots.

Then they rose from him, panting.

They had not come off scathless in that sharp struggle. Bob Cherry had a black eye, and Wharton's nose was streaming red. Nugent was limping from a savage kick. Hurree Singh's dusky face was bleeding where the man's nails had clawed it. All the juniors were bruised and aching.

But they were victorious.

"Hooray for us!" gasped Bob Cherry breathlessly. "We've got him!"

"We have—we has!" panted Squiff.

"The gotfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh, dabbing at his face with his handkerchief. "But the gotfulness was very nearly on the other foot."

The Prussian stared up at them with murderous hate and rage in his eyes. From his lips a stream of German poured. The juniors did not understand the words, but they knew that they were not pleasant ones.

"Take it calmly, cocky," advised Bob Cherry. "All in a day's work, you know."

"Hund!" raved the Prussian.

"That means dog, I think," chuckled Bob. "Well, every dog has his day, my giddy Hun, and this is our day. Twig?"

"Ach! If I could get free!" panted the Prussian, speaking in English now. "Hateful Englishers! Dogs! Pigs! Hounds! I would dash out your brains upon the rocks!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Accursed Englishers! But a little while, and the Prussians will march through this land from end to end, burning, slaying—"

"Hooray!"

"What has been done in Belgium shall be child's play to that!" said Hermann Blutz, grinding his teeth. "Every house shall blaze, unless the fire is drenched in the blood of its owner! Every town shall lie in ashes! Death and misery shall fill the land! Wait—wait till the Prussians land!"

"Well, I'd rather wait, if you don't mind," said Bob humorously. "That isn't such a pleasant prospect that I'm eager for it."

"And we've got a little Navy knocking about somewhere which may prevent it coming off. You never can tell," remarked Nugent.

"Ach! Hund, Englander!"

"Sorry to interrupt your eloquence, old chap, but you've got to get into the boat," said Bob. "You can blow off steam while we're rowing you back. If you want to swear, though, better stick to German. Otherwise you will cause pain to our innocent ears, and I shall cause pain to your nose! Twig?"

# ANSWERS



"Shove him in!" said Harry.  
 "Some of you take his feet," said Bob. "All hands to the mill! He isn't a light-weight. Now, then, all together!"

The Prussian, writhing in his bonds, was lifted from the sand and plumped down in the boat. The juniors pushed off. Hermann Blutz, muttering words of fury in his own language, lay in the bottom of the boat while the juniors pulled away.

The boat glided down the cave, and floated out into the sunny sea.

Bob Cherry steered with one hand and caressed his black eye with the other. But he smiled pleasantly at the prisoner. He did not bear any malice for a damage received in a "scrap." In spite of their damages, the Famous Five were in the best of spirits. They had run down the Prussian; they had collared him. He was a prisoner in their hands. They had reason to be satisfied.

They pulled cheerily across the bay.

The boat bumped upon the sand of the shore at last, and old Trumper came down to help pull it in, and he nearly fell over the gunwale at the sight of the bound Prussian lying in the bottom of the boat.

"Why—who—what—" stuttered the old pilot.

"Our friend the enemy!" said Bob Cherry airily. "Hermann Blutz, at your service! We happened to find him, you know, so we collected him up—a captive to our bow and spear. Franky, you cut off to the Anchor and get the trap in half a jiffy. We don't want the whole population round, or some interfering bobby may want our Hun."

"Ha; ha, ha!"

Nugent jumped ashore and dashed away to the inn. The trap was not long in coming to the shore road, but that short time was sufficient for nearly all the population of Pegg to gather round. There were many offers to relieve the juniors of their prisoner, but they did not mean to be relieved of him. He was too valuable to be parted with in a hurry. Amid stares and exclamations, Hermann Blutz was lifted into the trap, and the juniors followed him in.

"Greyfriars!" said Harry Wharton.

And the grinning driver started for Greyfriars, and a loud cheer followed the trap.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER. Restored Prestige!

"B LESS my soul!"  
 "Great Scott!"

It was no wonder that Dr. Locke, the respected Head of Greyfriars, said "Bless my soul!" Nor was it surprising that Coker of the Fifth said "Great Scott!" They were surprised, and every fellow in the old Close of Greyfriars was surprised, too. There were startled exclamations on all sides as a trap, crammed with juniors, came up the drive towards the School House, and sitting in the midst of the juniors was seen a gigantic man with a face black with rage and ferocity.

The trap stopped before the School House, and the Head, standing on the steps, adjusted his glasses carefully and peered at the prisoner.

"Wharton, who is this?"

"Hermann Blutz, sir."

"Wha-a-at!"

"Rats!" yelled Coker. "Tain't! Rats! Bosh! They couldn't have done it! They've got the wrong pig by the ear!"

"No; it's the right pig this time, Coker!" chuckled Squiff. "We've got him! It's Blutz! It's the Prussian—the giddy Hun! And we've got him!"

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

"I don't believe it!" howled Coker. "Besides, it's a cheek of you fags to go after him at all. I was going—"

"I guess I was going, too," growled Fisher T. Fish.

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NEXT  
 MONDAY—

"CARRIED AWAY!"

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

"I reckon I was just getting on to a scheme for roping in that galoot."

"By Jove," ejaculated Temple of the Fourth, "that's the Prussian! You didn't bolt this time—what?"

"Doesn't look like it, does it?" said Bob.

"Hooray!" shouted the Removites.

"Dear me!" said the Head. "You—you are quite sure, Wharton? Certainly the man is a German. That is evident."

"He's the man, sir," said Harry. "We tackled him before, when the Territorials were after him. We know him well enough."

"The knowfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!"

"He was hiding in the smuggler's cave, sir," explained Wharton. "As he is a dangerous character, we thought—ahem—we'd nail him, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

"We've tied him up, because he's dangerous," said Harry. "He's awfully strong, and it was as much as we could do to get him under. Perhaps you'll lend us the car to take him to the concentration camp, sir?"

"Ahem! You boys have done enough," said the Head. "I will telephone to the camp, and they will send a military escort for the man, as he is so dangerous a ruffian. Some of you bring him into the House. Do not untie him. Dear me, he looks very savage! Herr Blutz, you will not be harmed; you need have no fear. You will simply be taken back to the concentration camp, where I am assured that your quarters are most comfortable—very comfortable indeed."

A torrent of German burst from the prisoner in reply, which the Head seemed to understand better than the juniors, for his kind old face became crimson, and he frowned with wrath.

"Lock that ruffian in a room!" he said.

Then the Head went to the telephone and rang up the concentration camp, and a surprised voice assured him that an escort would be sent for Hermann Blutz immediately.

Meanwhile, the Famous Five were enjoying their triumph.

The Head came out again, and in a few words commended the juniors for their gallant deed, as he called it, and Mr. Quelch added a few words of congratulation. The Famous Five were the heroes of the hour.

Temple of the Fourth had the grace to throw his latest poem into the fire. After the capture of the Prussian even Skinner and Bunter could not allude to the famous Co. as the Fatheaded Five or the Famous Funks. They had redeemed their reputation, and they had more than recovered their prestige.

Even Coker came round, and admitted that the blessed fags had done pretty well, though not, of course, so well as he, the great Horace, would have done in their place. When the Territorials came from Wapshot for the prisoner, Hermann Blutz was marched away in handcuffs in the midst of the men in khaki, and disappeared from the eyes of Greyfriars, who watched the departure in an eager and excited crowd.

The Territorials marched off with their Hun, and Vernon-Smith shouted:

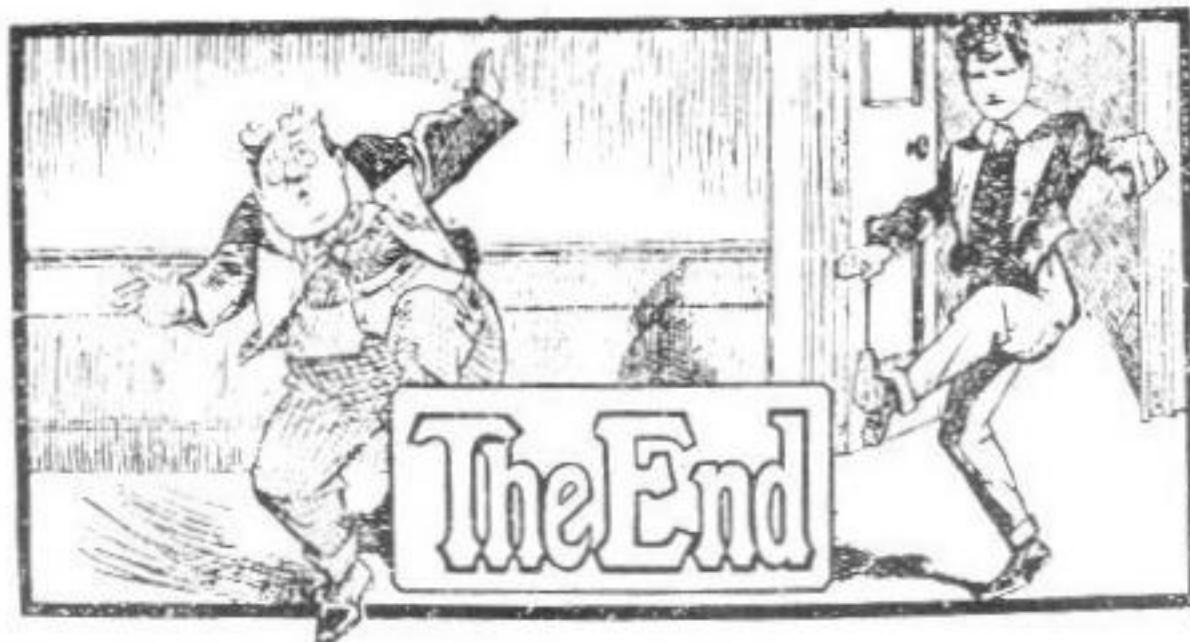
"Three cheers for the Famous Five!"

And the whole crowd of Greyfriars fellows gave those three cheers with hearty goodwill. And, as Bob Cherry remarked, they were on their perch again, and everything in the garden was lovely. And Hurree Janset Ram Singh added the remark that the loveliness was terrific.

(Look out for next Monday's exciting Harry Wharton story, entitled: "Carried Away!" by Frank Richards. In the meantime you should read "The Royal Performers!" a tale of the Famous Five, in the "DREAD-NOUGHT," 1d., now on sale.)

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





## THE SECOND INSTALMENT OF OUR NEW SERIAL.



# "THE STAR OF

# THE CIRCUS!"

A Magnificent  
Story  
of Thrilling  
Adventure and  
Circus Life.

## THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Sir Richard Battingley, a much-travelled scoundrel, has some mysterious reason for wishing the death of Clive Clare, a handsome and daring circus performer, also known as the King of Equestrians. He, therefore, engages another villain, named Paul Murdway, to compass Clive Clare's death for the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Cyrano's Circus, to which Clive is attached, makes a triumphant entry into the little country town of Abbeyford. As the procession passes through the main street an elephant breaks loose, and is about to trample on a little child, when Clive Clare snatches it away just in time. Baulked of its prey, the animal picks Clare up in its trunk, intending to dash him to the ground, but Clive is rescued in turn by the Herculean Twins, Sando and Dando, the strong men of the troupe.

This incident debars Clive from appearing at the afternoon performance, but by the evening he is quite fit again, and goes through his turn with May Ellis, the Queen of Equestriennes, as usual.

In the meantime, Paul Murdway, who now calls himself Adrian Deering, leagues himself with a member of Cyrano's Circus, named Senor Miguel Gurez, a Mexican dead shot, to bring about Clive's death, and arranges that the Mexican shall shoot with a noiseless air-rifle at one of the ropes of a trapeze from which Clive takes a daring leap on to the back of a galloping horse.

The time for this feat arrives. Clive Clare, mounted on the high trapeze, swings backwards and forwards, preparing to spring on to the flying horse's back, while, unnoticed by all, the Mexican Dead-Shot takes steady aim at the rope above Clive's hand. In another two seconds Clive will make his daring jump. The Mexican's finger falls on the trigger!

(Now go on with the story.)

## Clive Clare Has a Narrow Escape, and Roly-Poly Has an Altercation.

The finger of Senor Miguel Gurez, the Mexican dead-shot, lay lightly against the trigger of his silent gun. Another moment and the agile form of Clive Clare swinging aloft on the trapeze yonder would be hurled into space, if Miguel Gurez pressed that trigger.

But he did not. For even as he was about to do so a nimble form dropped from somewhere up above right on to his shoulder, and a long, hairy paw was laid on the Spaniard's right hand.

Gurez looked up, startled and furious. In a moment he realised what it was that had caused the interruption; for there, on the ground close by him, having just leapt from his shoulders, squatted Bimbo, the educated ape and protegee of Roly-Poly, the clown.

With an oath Gurez rose to his feet, made a step forward, swung his right foot back, and then let it come into contact with the chattering form of the monkey. Had the animal been taken altogether by surprise there would have been—such was the ferocity of the kick—then and there an end of poor Bimbo. But the ape, instinctively distrusting the Spaniard, had seen the raised foot, had partially divined its

meaning, and as he saw its force directed at himself, had nimbly swerved himself partly out of the way. What might have been a death-kick was averted; as it was, however, the poor creature received sufficient of the kick to bruise its shoulder, and, with a limping series of springs, placed itself out of the reach of the ferocious Spaniard.

While this little vengeful drama was being enacted behind the scenes, the great crowd of people around the arena were shouting themselves hoarse with applause. Clive Clare, altogether oblivious of the danger which had recently threatened him, had accomplished his daring leap in his usual brilliant fashion, and the audience were showing their appreciation in the most gratifying way. But if no one in the auditorium had noticed the incident between Senor Gurez and the ape, there was one behind who had, at any rate, witnessed part of it. Roly-Poly, the clown, standing at the corner of the covered way to witness, as was sometimes his wont, Clive Clare's great feat, suddenly found his attention drawn to the pile of canvas in the opposite corner. He saw Gurez, and he saw the ape; but ere he could interfere the kick had been administered, and poor Bimbo had skipped away, yelping with pain.

The clown was furious as he advanced towards Miguel Gurez.

"What d'you mean," he demanded, "by kickin' that poor dumb critter? What harm's he done you?"

Gurez knitted his brows and scowled, but vouchsafed no answer.

"D'you hear, you—you bloomin' Spanish onion? What d'you mean by kickin' my monkey, eh?"

"Caramba!" returned the Spaniard. "Can I not do as I choose with the devil?"

"Do as you choose wi' the devil?" repeated Roly-Poly. "Well, I dessey you're on friendly enough terms wi' that partic'lar party to take liberties wi' him; but I ain't talkin' about the devil, I'm a-talkin' about my monkey, Bimbo. You kicked him wi' that great, big, ugly flat foot o' yourn, didn't you?"

"What if I did?" growled Gurez. "Somebody must teach the thing manners."

"Mebbe; but you can't. You can't teach that animal what you ain't got yourself."

The Spaniard's eyes glared angrily.

"Pah!" he exclaimed. "I want no talk with you!"

"What you want and what you don't want ain't no consequence whatever," retorted Roly-Poly. "You've got to put up wi' my talk, see? When you knocks my monkey down, you runs the risk o' gettin' my monkey up, see, liquorice?"

And the clown, with an elevated finger and thumb, vigorously tweaked the Spaniard's nose.

The right hand of Senor Gurez clenched, and instinctively sought his belt. Roly-Poly eyed him with calm contempt.

"It's no good," he said, shaking his head, "we're in England now, remember, and we don't allow bloodthirsty Spaniards to flash their knives about. You've got one weapon in your hand now," went on the clown, indicating the noiseless rifle. "What were you doin' wi' that little article, eh?"

The blood rushed from the Spaniard's face, leaving it dead-white, in which his dark eyes stood out like beads of jet, a look of fright in them.

"I—I was doing nothing," he answered, keenly alive to the importance of diverting suspicion from his real purpose. "I was just sighting the rifle, that's all."

Roly-Poly looked at Gurez sharply.

"Well," he said, "don't let me ever catch you hurtin' my monkey again, or you'll find yourself gettin' considerably hurt yourself!"

Saying which, the clown instantly banished the serious look from his face, screwed it up into the broadest of broad grins, and, with his pocketed hands holding his voluminous pantaloons at full stretch, bounded into the ring in answer to his call.

Gurez moved off, gnashing his teeth behind his heavy lips as he strove to control the rage that burned within his heart. He had been taken to task, had been insulted, and had his nose tweaked—by a British clown, hang him! Never mind, he would get even with him, and he would get even, too, with that infernal ape which had frustrated his well-laid plan. Only wait!

So much Gurez said to Paul Murdway that night when, after the conclusion of the show, he found himself in close confab with that individual in a private room of the Roebuck Hotel.

"Well, you see," remarked Murdway quietly, "your plan didn't turn out so successfully as you expected."

Gurez snarled out a Spanish oath as he twisted the end of the cigarette he had rolled.

"To-night," he admitted, "my plan failed; but there will be other opportunities and other plans!"

There was a look of devilish hate in the foreigner's eyes as he uttered the words.

Paul Murdway, whose face during the conversation had seemed to undergo no change whatever in its expression, looked at Gurez keenly.

"Well," he remarked calmly, "if hate could kill a man, senor, Clive Clare would be a dead man now!"

The Spaniard sent a sidelong glance at the other.

"I will do more than hate him," he hissed under his breath. "I will kill him! Do you understand me? I will kill him!"

### Out for a Picnic—A Bewitched Horse, and How He Astonished the Natives.

Cyrano's Royal Circus and Imperial Hippodrome was to stay in Abbeyford for two days. On the second day, however, there was to be no afternoon performance, and the leading artistes therefore found themselves at liberty to use the day as they pleased.

"I vote we take the air, gents," suggested Roly-Poly, as he and Clive Clare and several other members of the troupe sat at breakfast together. "We'll get the boss to lend us the waggonette, with old Solomon thrown in, and we'll go out for a regular picnic. What d'you say, me lord docks?"

"I'm willing," replied Clive. "It's a beautiful day, fine and warm, and there's some fine country hereabouts. There's one delightful village in particular, about seven miles down the river."

"Ingletton, you mean," broke in Bononi.

"Ingletton—yes, that the name of the place. A real old-world little place it is, too, with an old Roman encampment. Know the place, Bony?"

Bononi nodded, and Roly-Poly chipped in:

"Trust Bill for knowin' all about old-world places. He's a great stoddent o' the antique, is Willyum. You can tell that by his white-whiskered jokes."

Bononi's face quivered slightly about his mouth and cheek-bones.

"If," he retorted, with a mournful wag of his head—"if you were only half as funny in the ring as you are out of it, you would be a bright, scintillating ornament to your profession, Joe."

"Well, ornament or no ornament, are you on for a bloomin' picnic, William, or are you ain't?"

"Joseph," returned the melancholy one, "I are."

"Tremaine, what do you say?"

"Certymong, wee!" returned the ventriloquist, in a voice that seemed to come from down the chimney.

"Right-ho, me trusty lieutenant! That's four of us. I'll ask Pintoli to make up the odd trick."

Pintoli, the wonderful wire-walker, was quite willing to join the picnickers. Cockney born and bred, he took that almost childish delight in the country which characterises some Londoners.

Adolph Cyrano readily lent his waggonette and a horse for the outing, and an hour later the five performers—all, of course, attired in ordinary clothes—started out on the little jaunt.

Clive Clare drove through the town, and for some distance after that; but on approaching their destination Roly-Poly begged to be allowed to take the reins. Clive good-humouredly changed places with the clown, and quickly discovered why the request had been made, for Roly-Poly was bent on having

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some glorious fun that day. The horse which drew them was an old ex-performer, who some years before had been one of the chief attractions of Cyrano's Circus.

With age, however, he had grown cunning, and, although still perfectly able to go through his part as well as ever, would only consent to do so when he chose; and, as he invariably chose the wrong time, Mr. Adolph Cyrano had had reluctantly to withdraw the animal from the performance, and relegate him to the duties of van and general utility work.

Roly-Poly had always held the theory that Solomon—as the horse had been named, on account of his wisdom—could have been made to do anything by kindness. The clown had often demonstrated the truth of this in private, but had never had an opportunity of doing so in the ring.

So this afternoon Roly-Poly had determined to put Solomon through his paces, and astonish the natives of Ingletton. Therefore, as the waggonette drew abreast of a little knot of villagers standing outside an inn, Roly-Poly began to whistle softly a slow tune.

The effect was electrical. In an instant Solomon had come to a dead stop, reared on his hind legs, and, with his head moving from side to side in rhythmical motion, began to beat time with his near-side hoof in perfectly ludicrous fashion.

The villagers looked on agape. Roly-Poly put on a frightened air, and fumbled with the reins as if he were a novice at driving, and was vainly endeavouring to get the horse into a horizontal position. Clive, Bononi, and the others in the vehicle put on grave looks, too. They were quite ready to enter into the joke—were thoroughly enjoying it, indeed.

Presently Roly-Poly gave the horse a slight flick of the whip. In a twinkling the old equine performer had dropped his forelegs, the off-one of which he straightened out, while with the other he began pawing the air.

The villagers came closer, expressions of intense wonderment on their ruddy faces. Roly-Poly looked graver than ever.

"Now," he said, in a tone the horse remembered from his old performing days—"now are you going hon?"

Solomon shook his head slowly.

"Are you going hon?" repeated the clown, a little excitedly.

Solomon shook his head more emphatically.

"Well, then," went on Roly-Poly, "if you are quite certain that you ain't going hon, you must be going hoff!"

To which the intelligent animal replied with three or four energetic affirmative nods.

The amazement of the villagers grew.

"Wot be the matter wi' thy hoss, gaffer?" asked a labourer, who wore a wisp of whiskers stretching under his neck from ear to ear.

"He's mad, Mr. Kaiser!" responded Roly-Poly gravely. "He's mad—he's going hoff, as he himself admits! Ain't you going hoff, ole hoss?"

And once more Solomon nodded affirmatively.

"Well, I'm blowed!" was all the individual addressed as Kaiser could exclaim.

"Ah, you may well be alarmed, sir!" explained Roly-Poly. "It's the drink! Terrible affliction—awful affliction—and he suffers cruel!"

"Ha-a, fancy that! Do 'e, really, now?" gasped the countryman.

"He do," answered Roly-Poly sadly.

Then he addressed the horse once more.

"Solomon," he said, "are you hungry?"

Solomon shook his head negatively.

"Well, then, are you thirsty?"

Solomon pricked up his ears, and then gave three most decided nods.

"Well—I—am—blowed!" commented the villager again.

"What did I tell you?" observed Roly-Poly pathetically.

"That there hoss simply can't pass a public-house! Never see a hoss drink ginger-beer, I suppose—eh, Mr. Kaiser?"

"Noa!" replied the whiskered one.

"Ah," sighed Roly-Poly, "I thought you hadn't! And I'm sorry I can't show you, 'cause, by a horrible accident, me and these other gents came out without our purses!"

At this there was a mumbling conversation among the countrymen, in which he of the whiskers seemed to take the leading part.

"Lookee 'ere!" suddenly observed this individual, addressing Roly-Poly. "Me an' my mates 'ere 'ud like to see thy ole hoss take liquor, an' we're willin' to buy 'im a quart, if so be as you'll let 'un drink it."

"Now, that's very, very kind of you," responded the clown; "for I shall never get him past this place unless he's given some ginger-beer. He's got a horrid, unnatural craving for ginger-beer, has this hoss!"

The countryman at once stepped into the inn, and quickly reappeared with a quart tankard of the beverage mentioned.

"Shall Oi gi' it to 'un?" suggested the man with whiskers.

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Roly-Poly assumed a horrified expression.

"You—you give it to him?" he exclaimed, aghast. "No, no—not for worlds! He wouldn't take it from your hands. He'd look at your face and think you was the Kaiser, and you'd stand no chance whatever then, even if you held up an Iron Cross! Pass the vessel up to me. The boss has got to answer questions before he gets his drink."

The tankard was handed up to Roly-Poly, who promptly passed it to Bononi, who sat behind him.

"Now then, Solomon," proceeded Roly-Poly, to the horse, "there's a drink awaiting you. Do you like ginger-beer?"

The horse neighed vehemently.

"Oh, you do—eh? Very well, then," the clown went on very slowly, with a sidelong glance over his left shoulder, "so do my friends behind!"

With which remark he flicked the horse gently with the whip, and, to the astonishment of the onlookers, was off at a rapid pace in a moment, Bononi deftly dropping the empty tankard to the ground from the rear of the wagonette.

In that brief interval, while Roly-Poly questioned the horse, Bononi, the melancholy, and Pintoli, the wonderful wire-walker, had emptied that tankard between them, with a celerity only equalled by the neatness and ease of their circus performances.

Clive Clare laughed as heartily at the joke as his friends did; but, good-humoured as the jest had been, the idea of defrauding the villagers of the amount—small though it was—they had expended on the ginger-beer was repellent to him. With a laugh, therefore, as the wagonette started off, he pulled a shilling from his pocket and pitched it towards the countrymen.

They drove round a bend in the long, straggling village street for another quarter of a mile. Then, observing another little knot of people ahead, the jesting Roly-Poly started once more. This time, in response to remarks from the clown Solomon dropped into a slow walk, rolling his head from side to side in laughable fashion.

Presently, as he came abreast of the people, he stopped stockstill, his legs stretched out as far as he could get them, and his head still rolling absurdly from side to side.

Once again Roly-Poly assumed a look of puzzled alarm.

"Hold the reins, Bill," he said.

And, Bononi doing as he was bid, Roly-Poly jumped down, and, walking round the horse, proceeded to scrutinise it intently. The villagers drew a little closer. Roly-Poly heaved a heavy sigh, and murmured:

"Poor old Solly! P-p-poor old Solly!"

The villagers shifted their glances uneasily from the rolling head of the steed to the grief-stricken countenance of Roly-Poly. They had never seen a horse like this before, nor a man so visibly perturbed.

"Wot be the matter, maister?" asked one presently.

"My horse—my horse!" pathetically murmured the clown. "Is there a veterinary-surgeon in this village?"

The onlookers' spokesman scratched his head.

"Well, I can't say truthful-like as 'ow there is," he answered; "but there be Jake Harby. 'E's a farrier, an' werry nigh a weterin'-y-surgin'."

"Ah, he understands horses?" anxiously queried Roly-Poly.

"Wot Jake Harby doan unnerstand 'bout 'osses ain't wuth unnerstannin', as I sees it."

"Could you fetch him?"

"Ay, that I could!"

And promptly the countryman did.

Jake Harby was a portly man of about forty, who, when he learned the nature of his mission, put on a very pompous air indeed.

"What do you think is the matter with him, Mr. Harby?" asked Roly-Poly, a quaver of grief in his voice.

"Matter, is it?" murmured Mr. Harby, pressing his lips together and looking very important. "Jest let me hexamine the animal."

He tried to get hold of Solomon's head; but Solomon, living up to his name, knew too much for that. Every time the farrier put out his hand, the old horse bared his teeth, set back his ears, and looked very ferocious indeed.

"This is a werry contrairy boss," observed Mr. Harby. "I've had to do wi' hosses, man an' boy, for nigh on thirty year, an' I never did meet a more contrairy critter than this ere one!"

"Oh, but what do you think is the matter with him?" asked the clown more anxiously than ever.

The farrier once more pressed his lips together.

"Orf-and," he slowly replied—"orf-and, mind you—I should say it was the staggers."

The villagers had gathered close round by this time, while Clive and the others had dismounted from the wagonette and stood near.

A look of horrified alarm came over Roly-Poly's face at the farrier's pronouncement.

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"My dear ole boss—my poor, faithful ole Solly!" he faltered. "And have you really got the staggers?" He put his hand on the animal's neck as he spoke, whereupon Solomon's head at once stopped rolling. "Solly, dear ole feller, tell me—oh, tell me—have you really got the staggers?"

The horse looked round at a significant pinch on his neck—looked round right into the clown's face—and then a wonderful thing happened.

"Staggers?" came a plaintive voice right out of the horse's now open mouth. "No, I ain't got the bloomin' staggers! That fatheaded idiot of a farrier don't know anything! Staggers! Ha, ha, ha!"

The idiot of a farrier, whatever he might have known, looked now as if he didn't want to know any more. But that he was absolutely petrified with horror he would have turned and flown back to his smithy, to knock his head against his own anvil, or blow himself up with his bellows. He certainly felt inclined to do some such ridiculous thing. But neither he nor any of the onlookers could move. They felt they must stay where they were, and see this thing through.

"Mr. Harby," remarked Roly-Poly, "my horse has grossly insulted you, sir. I shall now request him to apologise. 'Solly'—this to the horse—"apologise to the gentleman this instant! Say you are solly—I mean sorry—for what you have said just now! Come, sir!"

"I'm Solly!" came the voice from the horse.

"Solly—yes, I know you are Solly," returned Roly-Poly; "but are you sorry?"

"I am absolutely overwhelmed with grief!" came the plaintive voice from the animal's mouth again.

There was no mistake about it. The horse, in the opinion of the Ingleton inhabitants, old and young, had spoken.

Once more Mr. Harby approached.

"Well," asked Roly-Poly, turning to him, "what do you make it now?"

"That boss," answered the farrier, who was now on his dignity, "is bewitched!"

"Bewitched!" echoed Roly-Poly, in simulated dismay.

"Are you bewitched, Solly?"

Once more from the horse's mouth came the reply:

"I dunno—'pon my word, I dunno! Ask the man in the wagonette."

Instantly all eyes were turned to the wagonette. But there was nobody in the vehicle. All had dismounted.

"Solly, you are fooling us!" said the clown sternly. "There is no man in the wagonette!"

"Yes, there is," came the voice again. "Look inside the locker under the seat. There's someone there."

By this time the news that there was a bewitched horse that could speak like a human being had spread through the village. It had reached the local constable's ears, and that zealous officer arrived on the scene.

"Now, then, wot's all this I 'ears?" the constable demanded.

Roly-Poly apologised profusely for causing a disturbance, which he protested was unavoidable.

"It's a serious hofference," remarked the officer—"it's a very serious hofference a-hinterruptin' of the traffic in this manner!"

He looked round as if to indicate the traffic; but as, if there had been any reliable statistics on the subject, they would have shown that the average amount of traffic was about four vehicles per day, it was small wonder that the constable looked in vain for any signs of it at that moment.

"Wot's all this I 'ears?" he repeated. "Wot's the matter wi' this hanimal?"

"Well, the gentleman here says it's bewitched," answered Roly-Poly, indicating the farrier.

"Wot nonsense—wot hignorant, soopesstishus nonsense!" exclaimed the policeman.

"But it ain't nonsense!" squeaked the voice from the horse's mouth. "I've told you to ask the man in the locker underneath the seat of the wagonette, so why don't you ask the man in the locker underneath the seat of the wagonette!"

The constable started back in amazement. With his own ears had he, the sole representative of law and order in Ingleton, heard that horse speak. With several others of the crowd he darted to the rear of the vehicle and fumbled at the locker.

"Is there anybody in 'ere?" he demanded.

"Y-y-yes!" came back a very deep voice.

"Good hevins above!" gasped the officer. "Who's in this 'ere, mister?" he asked of Roly-Poly.

"In—that-locker?" responded the clown.

Roly-Poly scratched his head and looked puzzled.

"Oh, well," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "if you know there's somebody inside, there must be, of course! But I give you my word that when me and my friends left home there were only a few provisions there."



"I tell yer there's somebody hinside!" declared the constable. "Prowishuns can't tork! Where's the key?"

With a resigned sigh Roly-Poly handed over the key of the locker. The officer carefully drew his truncheon, inserted the key in the lock, raised the flap, and disclosed a luncheon-basket containing an assortment of viands. These he examined closely.

"Well, I never did!" he said, after having looked in vain for any sign of a human being. "Well, I never did! I'm habolutely sartin I 'eard somethink tork!"

"Very likely," drawled Bononi—"very likely, officer. In all probability 'twas the cheese."

The officer now showed signs of losing his temper. He swore that, if he and his party didn't move on at once, he would run the whole blessed shoot of 'em in, without giving the faintest indication of how he intended to do it.

However, Clive Clare and the rest of the circus people had now taken their seats in the waggonette; so Roly-Poly, finding there was no more fun to be got out of the business, climbed to his seat, whipped up the horse, which was now as tractable as ever, and drove away from the astonished constable and villagers.

"I say, Tremaine," remarked Clive, recovering from his fit of laughter and addressing the ventriloquist, "you did that splendidly. As for you Roly, you're quite incorrigible. You'll be getting us into a pretty mess one of these fine days. As it is, the people of Ingleton will think we're all mad!"

"Oh, no, they won't!" returned Roly-Poly, with a merry wink. "They'll think quite different from that when they've read the handbills."

"Why, what do you mean, Roly?"

"Mean?" returned the clown. "I mean that every man jack—and woman jack, too, for the matter of that—will know that we're people from Cyrano's Circus, and they'll crowd in to see to-night's performance. Didn't you see me drop a bundle of handbills as we drove away?"

"Well, well," laughed Clive, "sweet indeed are the uses of advertisement!"

After which remark the subject was changed, and the joyous party drove on a little further before starting to discuss the contents of the "bewitched" luncheon-basket.

### May Ellis and Her Father—A Brutal Attack—Lover versus Father—Which Will Win?

As has been already hinted, circus people do not always perform under their own names—in fact, the exact contrary is generally the case. May Ellis, the Queen of Equestriennes, was, however, an exception; for since she had been in the circus profession she had been "billed" in the name to which she was legally entitled.

May had been born in the profession. Her father was in the profession, too, being no other than Ben Ellis, the lion-tamer—or, to use the sobriquet under which he now passed in Cyrano's Circus, "Professor Durnette, the King of Lion-tamers."

In his younger days, according to report, the professor had been a decent enough fellow. Powerful and plucky, he had established himself as one of the leaders of his uncommon profession of lion-taming. But with the death of his wife, the beautiful mother of May Ellis, some years before, he had suddenly changed from the bright, genial, open-handed and open-hearted Ben Ellis to a gloomy, depressed, and, some said, broken-hearted man. Certainly he had seemed to suffer a good deal from the loss of his wife, and to solace himself in drink.

The particular afternoon on which Clive Clare and his fellow-artistes had gone for their picnic found Professor Durnette sitting in his room in a very dejected state indeed. On a chair near by, busily engaged on some fancy needlework, sat his daughter, May Ellis.

"It's no use, my girl!" he exclaimed at last. "It's no use! I tell you I must have some whisky!"

"Oh, but, father, you know it does you no good!"

"Tommyrot! It puts life into a man! It's the only thing that puts life into me now!"

"Yes, for an hour or two, maybe; but after that your state is worse than it was before."

Professor Durnette drew his brows together in something like a scowl.

"You seem a bit too fond of preaching, my girl," he said morosely, "and I won't have it, d'you hear? You're only a bit of a girl, and I'm your father. I'm not going to be dictated to by you or anybody else. I've done as you wanted me to, and kept off the whisky just to satisfy your whim, and what's the result? I'm miserable, and a wreck, with no life or energy in me whatever. If I go on like it, it'll kill me!"

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"Oh, father," said the girl, laying down her work and crossing over to him, "don't talk like that! You know whatever I have said I have said because I love you."

"Oh, don't fool and whine around here!" he said. "I tell you I've had enough of it, and I'm going out now to get what I want."

May Ellis stood upright, moving as though to lay a restraining hand upon her father's arm. But again Professor Durnette threw her off roughly, uttered an oath, and passed out.

For the next two hours the lion-tamer sat in a neighbouring tavern, steadily imbibing glass after glass of the spirit he had craved for. By the time it was necessary to go down to the circus, he was in a state, if not of helpless intoxication, at least of very ill-temper.

As it happened, he was about to enter the dressing-tent, when he came face to face with his daughter. One glance at him revealed his state only too plainly to her.

"Oh, father!" was all she could say.

And then she burst into tears.

"Father!" he repeated, with an oath. "Yes, I'm your father, and I'll teach you to find fault wi' me, and blubber directly you set eyes on me! I'll teach you! Come here!"

He seized her roughly in his strong grasp as he spoke.

She glanced quickly at his bleared, bloodshot eyes, and involuntarily shrank from him.

"Ho, ho, my fine lady! You want to get away from me, do you?" he cried, in a bullying tone. "You're ashamed of me, are you? You, my own daughter, ashamed of me!" He shook her savagely as he spoke, her slight form trembling with fright and agitation.

She did not answer him—could not answer him; and her silence irritated the man more.

"You jade!" he hissed. "I'll make you ashamed of me!"

He raised his short, thick whip aloft as he held her at arm's length. Swish! through the air came the heavy thong. But it did not touch her. For, even as it fell, the blow was warded off by an arm shot out in the very nick of time by a new arrival.

And there, between the bullying father and the trembling girl, his eyes blazing with indignation, his whole being striving to suppress the rage that was within him, stood Clive Clare.

It was a direct challenge—lover versus father. Which would win?

For a moment Clive Clare stood between Professor Durnette and his daughter, with flashing eyes, and for a moment, too, the lion-tamer was taken aback. Quickly, however, he recovered himself, and his dark eyes glared angrily at the youth before him.

"Hang you, you cub!" he hissed. "What do you mean by interfering? What right have you to interfere?"

"You would have struck a woman," Clive replied stoutly, "and everyone has a right to prevent that."

"Struck a woman! Ain't she my own daughter—my own flesh and blood?"

"Which makes it all the worse—all the more cowardly!" replied Clive. He would have added more, but Professor Durnette, incensed at the youth's interference, and still suffering from the effects of the liquor he had imbibed, suddenly lost control of himself. Without warning he swung his whip in the air, and brought the lash down with great force across Clive's face. The force of the unexpected blow dazed Clive for the moment. It stung his face and hurt his eyes. But in two seconds he seemed to have recovered from the shock, and, roused to fury by the pain he was suffering, rushed at Professor Durnette.

Strong and agile as Clive was for his age, he was no match for his adversary. That man of iron muscle, that burly tamer of wild beasts, put out his arms and waited for the onslaught. The fury of Clive's rush certainly did break down the other's guard, and the lad managed to get one blow home on the tamer's jaw; but that was all. For Durnette, stirred now to greater anger than before, put out his great knotted hands and clasped Clive by the throat.

As we have said, Clive Clare was strong for his years; but in this man's grasp he was powerless. Headless of his daughter's shrieks—for this quarrel between her father and the youth who had tried to save her had terrified May Ellis—the lion-tamer gripped Clive's throat till the latter was black in the face, and shook him as a mastiff might shake a greyhound.

(Another long instalment of this grand serial next Monday. Order your copy now.)

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





YOUR EDITOR.

# MY READERS' PAGE

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums, at home or abroad, and is only too willing to give his best advice to them if they are in difficulty or in trouble. . . . Whom to write to: Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

CONTROLLER OF—  
THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY, id.  
Every Monday.  
"THE BOYS' FRIEND," id.  
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"THE DREADNOUGHT," id.  
Every Thursday.  
"THE PENNY POPULAR," id.  
Every Friday.  
"CHUCKLES," Price ½d  
Every Saturday.

## FOR NEXT MONDAY:

### "CARRIED AWAY!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

So altogether absorbing are the events narrated in next Monday's grand, long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. that "Magnet" readers will unanimously agree that the yarn is entitled to a place among famous Frank Richards' masterpieces. The historic edifice of Greyfriars is subjected to a Zeppelin raid, and, naturally enough, there is tremendous excitement, which does not, however, give place to panic. The hostile Zeppelin is fired upon, and forced to descend for repairs; and Harry Wharton and his chums set out to discover the whereabouts of the giant of the air. This incautious action leads to their capture, and they are carried away in the Zeppelin to Belgium, where they are given an insight into the horrors of warfare; and many perils have to be faced ere they fortunately fall in with a band of British Tommies. The story is superb, and no reader can fail to be completely

### "CARRIED AWAY"

by the thrilling aerial adventures of the chums of the Remove.

### "BETWEEN OURSELVES!"

"A True Magnetite," of Ripon, makes the following remarks in a long letter he has just written me:

"In your 'Chat,' Mr. Editor, you are constantly exhorting your readers to buy 'The Dreadnought' and other Companion Papers. I consider that you do not have sufficient regard for a boy's pocket, or you would not be so persistent in your appeals.

"My own weekly allowance is a very modest one, and I find myself with twopenny or threepence wherewith to lay in a weekly supply of papers; so I always buy the 'Magnet' and 'Gem'—which I would never do without—and, when I can afford it, 'The Penny Popular.' This is also the case with several of my friends. Then you proceed to pile on the agony by telling your readers that it is 'up to them' to buy 'Chuckles' and 'The Dreadnought' and 'The Boys' Friend' and goodness knows what beside.

"Don't you think, Mr. Editor, that a chap who buys three of your papers every week is a sufficiently loyal supporter?"

Of course I do, "True Magnetite"! If every boy in the land followed your lead and took in three of my papers weekly I should speedily be living on the fat of the land. But there are some boys who are lucky enough to be able to afford half a dozen papers a week, and it is to these lads I make my appeal, for I would, naturally, prefer them to read my papers than periodicals of a less attractive nature.

You must remember, too, that when I took over the proprietorship of the various Companion Papers I was, naturally, very anxious to make them universally popular. The best way to work towards this end was to appeal to my "Magnet" chums, who, I may say without flattery, are the most loyal set it were possible to find. Between ourselves, I would not

willingly give up the Editorship of this paper to take over that of "Punch," "The London Magazine," or any other journal that looms large in the eyes of the public. I feel that a perfect understanding exists between Magnetites and their Editor, and the bond which binds the two parties together is one which will not easily be snapped asunder.

But to return to my Ripon chum's letter. I certainly think he has no cause for offence, for when I make mention of the Companion Papers on this Page it is certainly not with the idea of compelling my readers to purchase them. My remarks take the form of a request—not a demand.

Now that I have cleared the air on that point, I should like to draw the attention of "A True Magnetite" and all other true Magnetites to the magnificent number of "The Boys' Friend" which is on sale to-day throughout the kingdom. A splendid coloured cover, a charming presentation plate suitable for framing, and two grand new serials, are among the numerous fine features which this gigantic number contains; and I can assure my chums with all confidence that no finer pennyworth of fiction has ever yet made its appearance on the market.

For their own interests, therefore, as well as those of their Editor, "Magnet" readers are strongly recommended to obtain a copy of "The Boys' Friend" from their newsagent TO-DAY!

## REPLIES IN BRIEF.

"A Loyal Reader" (Small Heath).—Very many thanks for your letter. Sorry your verses are not quite up to publication standard.

Esther Claff (Twickenham).—Bunter's home is in London. Hurree Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, usually spends the vacation with his chums. Best wishes.

Will South London readers please note that D. Raingold, 349, Walworth Road, S.E., is anxious to form a "Magnet" League for Jewish readers in his district?

Bon Jenkins and J. D. Thomas (Llanelli).—I was very pleased to hear from you. Alonzo and Peter Todd are so much alike that even their intimate friends are often perplexed as to their real identity.

F. H. S. (Battersea).—Sorry; but "A Schoolboy's Honour" is long since out of print.

F. W. L. (South Tottenham).—Coker's adventures in the Remove have never appeared in the "Magnet." The King's surname is Wettin—not Guelph, as is commonly supposed.

H. L. F. (West Croydon).—Thank you for your letter and verses. The latter leave a lot to be desired, both as regards rhyme and metre. Nevertheless, the patriotic sentiments they contain are excellent.

M. H. (Pimlico).—Glad to hear how favourably impressed you were with "The Dreadnought." So you want a book issued on Tuesday, our only blank day? We must see what the future will bring forth.

C. Orton.—"Ructions in the Remove" was No. 308, "Coker's Plot" No. 325, and "Cornered" No. 323; but I am sorry to say that these stories are out of print, and therefore unobtainable from this office.

My best thanks are due to the following readers for their interesting letters and valuable suggestions:

"A Hastings Reader," May B. (Birmingham), "A Loyal Canadian Chum," "Cornstalk" (Sydney), R. A. C. (Wanstead), "Bob Cherry," Fred A. Pell (Halifax), Frank James (Birmingham), and "Tiny" (Sheffield).

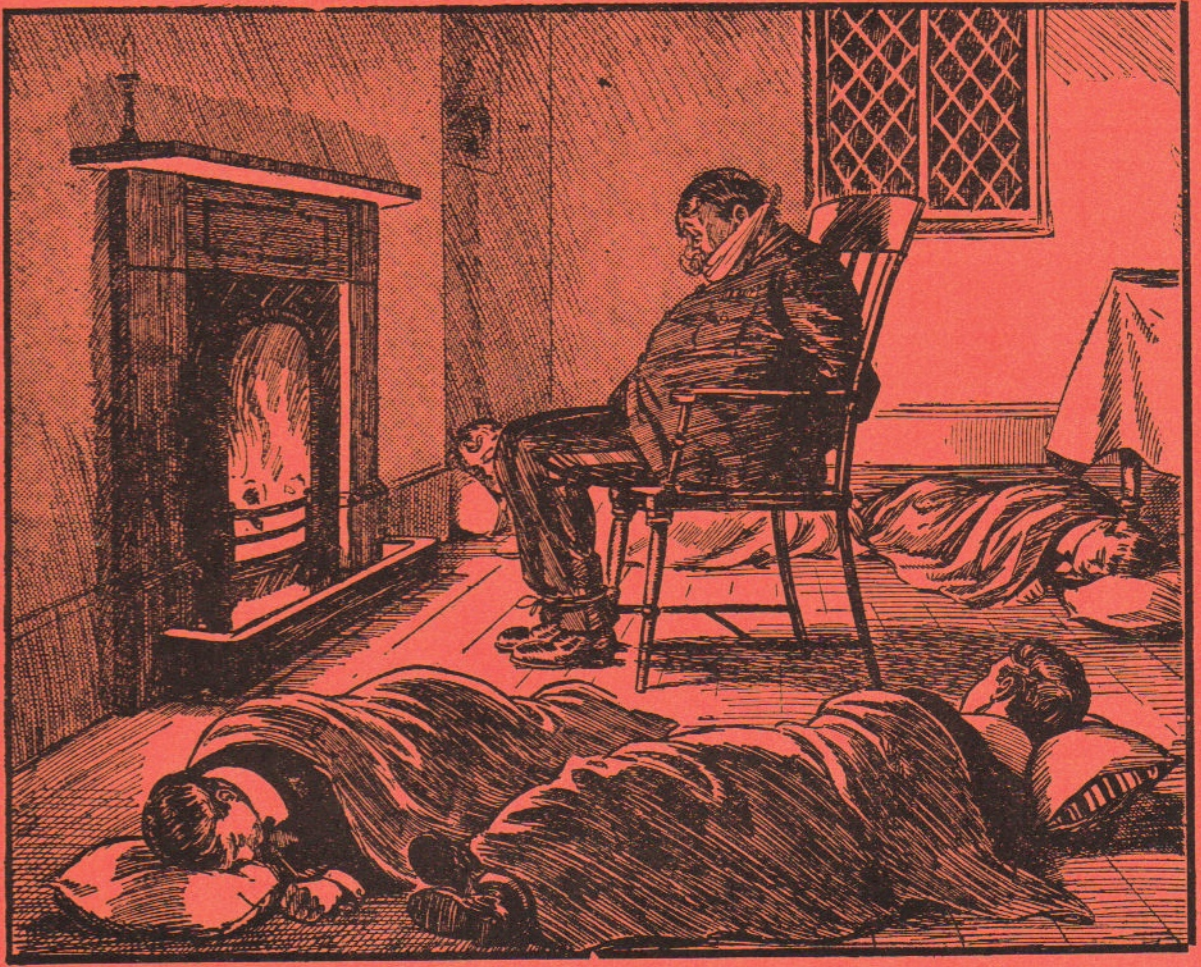
*The Editor*



# BARRED OUT!

The Greatest Barring-out School Story Ever Written.

By OWEN CONQUEST.



The angry and indignant old warrior nodded off at last, and silence and slumber reigned in the fortress of the rebels of Rookwood.

## In the Dead of Night!

**B**OOM! The stroke of one sounded heavily through the silence of the night.

Rookwood School lay buried in silence and slumber. At that hour, certainly, no one was supposed to be awake in the ancient edifice. The last light had long been extinguished, the last door had closed, the most determined "swot" had long ceased to burn the midnight oil.

On the "Modern" side, all was as it should be—masters and boys were sound asleep. But on the "Classical" side, there was one who was wide awake—very wide awake indeed.

That one wakeful individual was Jimmy Silver of the Fourth Form.

Jimmy Silver was sitting up in bed, while his Form-fellows lay sleeping round him. To tell the truth, Jimmy Silver had had hard work to keep awake so late. He had almost to prop his eyelids open. But he had not succumbed. There was a most important enterprise fixed for that night.

It was an enterprise into which nearly all the Classic members of the Fourth Form entered with heart and soul.

And one o'clock was the hour for action. Jimmy Silver, with heroic self-sacrifice, had promised to remain awake and call the others when that hour struck. And he was still awake, which was very fortunate for the important enterprise, because the rest of the Fourth were sleeping like tops.

True, his chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome had all declared that they would keep awake, too, to bear him company. They had kept awake till about eleven, and then their deep breathing announced that they had glided away into the arms of Morpheus. But Jimmy Silver did not mind. He pinched himself hard every now and then when he felt drowsiness overcoming him. And he was very glad to hear the stroke of one boom through the night. He felt that he could not have "stuck it out" for half an hour longer.

The stroke had barely died away when Jimmy Silver was out of bed. He shivered a little—the March night was cold. But before he began to dress he proceeded to awaken the partners in the great enterprise. Lovell came out of the land of dreams with a jerk, as Jimmy Silver shook him gently but firmly by the hair.

"Grooooooh!" said Lovell lucidly.



"Wake up, slacker."  
 "Grooooo! Mooooo!" murmured Lovell sleepily. "Gerroff! Gerroway! 'Tain't rising-bell!"  
 "Fathead! It's one o'clock."  
 Lemme 'lone! Grooooo!"

Jimmy Silver tightened his grasp upon Lovell's curly hair, and gave a tug. Then Lovell was broad awake. If he had been one of the celebrated Seven Sleepers, he could hardly have remained dozing after that.

"Yow!" roared Lovell. "Leggo, you thumping ass! Yow! My hat!"

"Shush!" said Silver warningly. "Do you want to wake up the whole house, you dummy. Do you want old Manders to creep on us?"

Lovell rubbed his head and glared at his chum in the gloom. "You silly ass! No need to lug my hair out by the roots! Yow! Look here, are you quite sure it's one o'clock."

"Just struck."

"Well, s-s-suppose we leave it till two o'clock?" said Lovell, blinking. "On second thoughts, two o'clock is ever so much better than one— Yow-ow-ow! Wharrr you at, you thumping ass!"

Bump! Lovell descended on the floor, tangled up in his bedclothes, and he struggled wildly with blankets and sheets, breathing vengeance. Jimmy Silver chuckled, and proceeded to the next bed. The next bed was Raby's, and Raby had been awakened by Lovell's remarks. He blinked nervously at Silver.

"I say, Jimmy—"

"Oh, are you awake? Out you come!"

"Just a minute, Silver! N-n-no hurry! I—I've been thinking that we'd better leave it till to-morrow night. It's jolly c-c-cold, and— If you don't leggo my ear, you beast, I'll lick you like thunder—ow!"

Raby bumped on the floor, and Jimmy Silver crossed to Newcome's bed. Newcome was snoring. As Newcome was not in the habit of snoring, Jimmy Silver suspected that snore.

"Jump up, Newcome."

Snore!

"It's time, Newcome."

Snore!

Jimmy Silver took a sponge from the nearest washstand, and dipped it into a jug of water. Perhaps Newcome heard him, for he ceased snoring all of a sudden, and sat up in bed.

"That you, Silver?"

"Yes; it's me. I'm just going to squeeze some cold water over you."

Newcome was out of bed with a bound.

"That's better," said Jimmy Silver approvingly. "Now wake up those other slackers. Lovell's made row enough to wake up a giddy cemetery, but they all seem to be asleep. Yank the bedclothes off 'em."

"Turn out, you slackers!" growled Lovell. Now that Lovell was out of bed, he was justly indignant at so many slackers remaining between the sheets.

"I—I say," said Jones minor, sitting up in bed. "I think Silver, old man— If you bring that spronge near me I'll smash you. I think, you know, a barring-out is really a rotten idea after all, and it's c-c-cold, and—oooooooooh!"

Jones minor "ooooched" frantically as the sponge was squeezed over him, drenching his head and face with icy water. He rolled out on the other side of the bed with great promptness.

Jimmy Silver's drastic methods of awakening his Form-fellows were successful. Fourth-Formers were turning out now without waiting for the wet sponge. Only two remained in bed—Townsend and Topham, the two champion slackers of the Fourth.

"Look here," mumbled Townsend. "I tell you I'm not in this, Silver. I don't believe in a barring-out. We shall get into a frightful row. Old Manders will get his hair off, and he'll report us to the Head when he comes back. I'm not going to have a hand in it. Now, you understand me, I'm not going to have a—grrroogggh!"

Townsend tumbled out, drenched with icy water. He glared ferociously at Jimmy Silver in the gloom. Topham jumped out without waiting for the sponge, and the two slackers began to dress sulkily. The rest of the juniors were dressing rapidly, and shivering and yawning.

The barring-out, which had been discussed over night, had seemed an awfully good idea to most of them at the time; but at one o'clock in the morning it appeared somehow to have lost most of its charms. But there was no help for it. Jimmy Silver was inexorable, and now that they were fairly awake, Lovell and Raby and Newcome were equally determined. And the Fistical Four were monarchs of all they surveyed on the Classical side of the Fourth Form at Rookwood.

"Buck up, and get into your clobber!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've got a jolly lot to do before dawn. And don't make a row. If we're spotted, we're done. The prefects will come down on us like a wolf on the fold."

"I think it's all rot," mumbled Topham. "It's kik-kik-cold. There'll be a flogging all round for it, so we may as well take it first as last."

"Rats! We're going to make terms with Manders before we surrender," said Lovell. "We'll bring the Modern beast to reason!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And when the Head comes back, he'll pat us on the back for upholding the rights of the Classical side against the Moderns," said Jimmy Silver.

"Ahem!" said Lovell. That prospect seemed to him, to say the least, doubtful. He could hardly imagine the Head of Rookwood approving of a barring-out under any circumstances.

"We're in the right, ain't we?" demanded Silver.

"Oh, yes, rather."

"Well, then, that's enough. Buck up!"

And with a mingling of mumbling, grumbling, yawning, and shivering, the rebels of Rookwood hurried on their clothes in the dark dormitory.

**You Must Not Miss Reading the Conclusion of  
this Grand, Complete School Tale in**

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