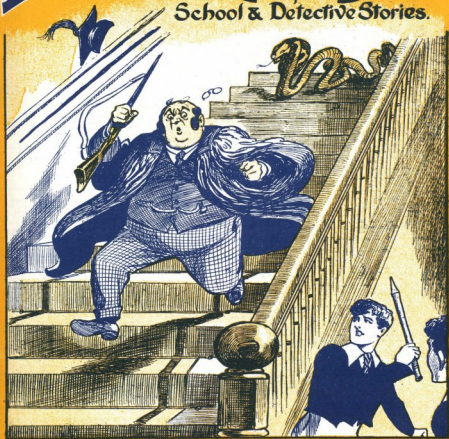


**SPECIAL DOUBLE-LENGTH STORY!**  
**GREYFRIARS**

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

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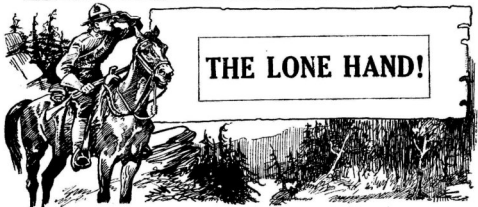
**THE VALIANT MR. PROUT MEETS HIS MATCH!**

*(A thrilling incident from this week's magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co., inside.)*

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## A SENSATIONAL STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE!



## THE LONE HAND!

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

## The Log-Chute.

"CATCH HIM! You're crazy! He's down in the valley by now!"

And the speaker waved his arm resolutely to the right.

Valley or anything else it might have been for that could be seen, for the snow was whirling in blinding wreaths, driven by a howling gale. All that was visible in the smother was the little station-house on the top of Lone Pine divide, the rough plank platform, and the snow-covered permanent way of the Canada and Rocky Mountain main line.

"Well, Rutheven, trooper in that famous body, the Canadian Mounted Police, leaped from his saddle.

"How long" he began, "has Mark?" he inquired keenly of the first speaker.

"Nigh on an hour, I reckon," replied the station-agent. "After he'd dynamited the express car, Tad and his pal came in here driving the express-man and two of the train-hands at pistol-point. They made 'em lay the bullion-bags on the hand-car, and were off down the grade before you could say 'Kauffe'."

Rutheven sang himself from his steaming horse.

"We'll take another car and follow them!" he exclaimed.

"I guess not," drawled Mark Haughton. "There ain't another nearer than Cook's Ferry, and that's eighteen miles away."

Rutheven turned to his companion policeman, who had been sitting, listless, in the saddle.

"Now's your horse, Joe?"

"Dead beat!" was the curt reply.

"My and my's yours by the look of it!" put in the station-agent. "And it's better'n twelve miles down the valley by road. Tad's in the valley by now, and you can bet your bottom dollar he's met up with the rest of his gang by now. They'll have brought pack-poles with them, and by night they'll be safe up in the Black Hills."

Met Rutheven's bronzed face was impassive as a Sphinx.

"Have you wired on for an engine?" he asked.

"Freak thing—as soon as I'd sent for you. But the bezzar's too cute. He's cut the wires between here and Cook's Ferry. There ain't no engine neither side near's Oil Creek, and that's thirty miles back. They'll not be here for an hour in this storm, and all up-grade."

Rutheven was silent again.

"Was there any shot cut down to the valley, Mark?" he asked, after a short pause.

Mark laughed.

"Dep't you turn yourself into a mountain goat, here, ah? Or, maybe, you'd like to ride down the log-chute, like a pine-trunk?"

The policeman's eyes flashed.

"Log-chute! What is it?"

The agent stared at him in amused surprise.

"Right close. Do you want to see it?"

"Yes. Got any place we can put our horses?"

"Put 'em in the goods shed, if you've a mind."

"All right! Come on, Joe!"

The path curved and dipped down the hill-side. They were soon in an open and fairly level clearing. The agent walked across it.

"That's your chute!" he remarked, with a wave of the hand.

You have seen water-chutes at exhibitions? Imagine these magnified a score of times—wider, steeper, running dead straight, and white with new-fallen snow down a drop of one in ten till it grew narrow the perspective, and finally vanished in the dim distance far below. Imagine tall, straight pine-trees on either side swaying in the bitter gale, and a canopy of thin, grey clouds overhead. Then you may have some faint idea of what the Lone Pine log-chute looked like.

Within less than ten minutes the two policemen were ready to start on their desperate venture. From the station they had requisitioned a piece of board about ten feet long and fifteen inches broad. This was their toboggan. To steer it, each had a couple of short, stout, pointed wooden pegs. Two cleats had been nailed across the board for them to rest their feet against, otherwise the plank was unsteered. There was no curved prow, no tiller, no brake, and it was upon this utterly inadequate sledge that they intended to risk a run which the forest tobogganist who ever raced in Switzerland would never have dreamed of attempting.

Remember, tree-stumps and trunks lined either side of the narrow log-slide. A false movement on the part of the steerer, and they must crash into these at a speed rivaling that of an express train. Into the bargain, at the bottom was deep water, into which the logs had been rolled in the days when the choppers had been at work.

Rutheven laid his sledge at the top of the slope and settled himself in the front. Joe steadily took his place behind.

In an instant the daring adventurers were hurtling down the chute at an appalling speed.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

## A Fearful Ride.

FAST! and ever faster! The tall, black trunks flew by on either side like palings to the rider on a racing motor. Once a force jar nearly shot them both from their seats; again, a loose log in the foot of the chute sent them swerving across out of the track, and only a prodigious effort on the part of the two pairs of strong arms brought them back into their course.

The chute was three miles long, and ended

with a drop of twenty feet or so into a deep pool of Snake Creek, the river down which the lumbermen had been used to raft their logs to the tidal water where the saw-mills stood.

There was no other possible means of reaching the valley in time to intercept Tad Mason with three thousand pounds' worth of bullion, stolen from the train which he had held up at the top of the divide.

Two-thirds of the distance had been covered. The pace grew madder than ever. There was less snow here, for by this they were quite two thousand feet below the summit of the pass. A horrible misting assailed Rutheven. Suppose there was no snow at the lower end of the track? Disaster then would be inevitable!

Another few moments, and the water was in sight—deep and dark under the gloomy sky, but still far below them. They were falling towards it like a stone from the sky. Quickly Rutheven scanned the white chute which ran straight as a die to the black pool. Nothing broke its level surface.

The water seemed to spring to meet them. Rutheven held his breath for the icy plunge.

Another second! Crack!

Within twenty feet of the edge the toboggan left the track and flew high into the air. They had struck a small log hidden beneath a sprinkling of snow!

Rutheven caught one glimpse of the water beneath him, flung his arms together over his head, and dived.

Down, down into the chill blackness, with the water roaring in his ears. Then a painful struggle back to air and light.

But where was Clarke? Ah, a head rose close by! Why was he not swimming? He must be hurt. With a couple of strong strokes Rutheven had him by the shoulder.

"Careful, old man! I'm damaged!"

"The mischief—where?"

And Rutheven struck out for the bank.

"Aren't you the curt reply."

Clarke never wasted a word.

"Phew! Broken—and badly!" was Mel Rutheven's comment on, after helping his friend up the opposite bank, he examined the limb.

"Toboggan hit it," was all that Clarke said.

Within ten minutes Rutheven had the broken limb roughly but efficiently set and bound up between two stout strips of bark.

"Wasn't now?" he inquired, when at last it was over.

"See that hill?" queried Rutheven, pointing to a sugar-loaf peak half a mile up the valley.

Clarke nodded.

"Can you get as far?"

"Twice."

"Then on, then. We're ahead of them now."

(Continued on page 25.)

In far-away India a certain half-breed rises in revolt against the State of Bhanipur, whose rightful ruler is Hurree Singh. The danger spreads to Greyfriars, where Hurree Singh is a pupil, for the emissaries of the rebel leader go to great lengths to encompass his death. But Inky possesses some staunch chums in Harry Wharton & Co., who stand by the youthful Nabob through thick and thin.



# Inky's PERIL!

A magnificent extra-long story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Mission!

**I**NKY'S looking pretty blue!" Bob Cherry of the Remove made that remark. He and Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Squiff were chatting outside the Common-room door at Greyfriars when Hurree Singh came out.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the young Nabob of Bhanipur, was always affectionately called "Inky" by his chums. This was not only because of his dark complexion, but, as Bob Cherry often said, "life was too short to call him by his full appellation."

"Hallo, my esteemed chums," said Inky, stopping. "Are you going out-fello?"

"What-ho!" said Frank Nugent. "We're just going down to Friarvale to see the printer about the proofs of the next number of the 'Herald.' Coming?"

Hurree Singh shook his head.

"If my esteemed chums will excuse me, I will remainfully stay in," he said. "The coldness of your beastly English climate is terrific. I would much rather fall off the fire."

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned.

Bob Cherry's first remark that Inky looked blue was somewhat incongruous, since Hurree Singh's deep dusky complexion could never take on that hue. But the young nabob certainly looked cold and shivery.

Hurree Singh's home was in the sunny land of India, where, in the small State of Bhanipur, he was the reigning prince. Before coming to Greyfriars for his education he had been accustomed to the radiant sunshine and balmy skies of his native country, and the vagaries of the English climate came very hard upon him—almost as hard as the intricacies of the English language. Inky's weird and wonderful English, which was a source of considerable amusement at Greyfriars, had been imparted to him

by the very best native tutors in Bhanipur. It was a style of interpreting the English tongue peculiarly their own.

"Well, it's a jolly cold day for this time of the year, I must admit," remarked Harry Wharton. "Perhaps you'll get tea ready for us, then, Inky?"

"The pleasurfulness will be terrific, my worthy chum," replied Hurree Singh. "There is plenty of tuckful grub in the esteemed cupboard, and I will preparafullly make tea by the time you return-fello come back."

"Right-ho, Inky! Sha'n't be long!" Hurree Singh walked along to the Remove passage, shivering.

Nobody felt the cold weather more than he and on days such as this he preferred to stay indoors. Not that Inky was a slacker—quite the opposite, in fact.

There was a small fire in Study No. 1, the headquarters of the Famous Five. Inky stoked it up until it became a big, merry blaze. Then he settled himself comfortably in the deep, high-backed armchair, and composed himself to enjoy the cosy warmth of the fire.

Harry Wharton & Co. made their way downstairs.

They encountered Billy Bunter in the quadrangle.

The Owl of the Remove was in his usual hunched state, and his little round eyes glimmered behind his spectacles when he saw the chums of the Remove going out.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Seat!" said Bob Cherry promptly.

"Oh, really, you know! You fellows are going out——"

"Go hon!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"How did you arrive at that conclusion, Bunter? I suppose you worked it out by algebra?"

"Rats!" growled Billy Bunter. "Look here, you fellows, if there's a feed on, I'm coming! I've had a pressing invitation from Temple—he's standing a feed in the Fourth—but I'd rather go with my old pals."

Harry Wharton & Co. did not seem

in the least impressed by Billy Bunter's magnanimity.

"Clear off, Bunter!" growled Johnny Bull. "There isn't any feed."

"So you'd better not disappoint Temple, you know," said Frank Nugent with heavy sarcasm.

The chums of the Remove walked on, but Bunter trotted after them, his fat visage quite red.

"Look here, I know you chaps are going out for a feed!" he roared. "You're going over to Cliff House to tea. And I'm going! Marjorie and the Cliff House girls will be no end disappointed if I don't turn up. You know what a hit I am with the girls!"

Harry Wharton clenched his fists, and he made an angry movement in the Owl's direction, but Bob Cherry stopped him with a wink.

"Oh, let Bunter come!" said Bob, making signs to his chums that the short-sighted Owl did not perceive.

"Come along, Bunter!"

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled, and they walked towards the gates, Billy Bunter rolling along after them, looking pleased.

They went through the gates and along the Friarvale Lane.

"Jolly cold day, what!" grinned Bob Cherry. "A sharp walk is just the thing to brace you up. Put your best feet foremost, kids!"

"Grooogh!" gasped Billy Bunter, his fat little legs going like clockwork in his efforts to keep up with Harry Wharton & Co. "I say, you fellows, not so fast, you know! I—grooogh—can't keep——"

"Step it out, Bunter!" said Johnny Bull, looking back over his shoulder. "Don't be a slacker!"

"Whew! Grooogh! Wait for me!" wailed Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not relax their pace, which was a very stiff one indeed. They were quite equal to it, but not so the fat, cumbersome Owl of the Remove.

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He ran furiously behind the others, puffing and blowing like a pair of very old bellows. He gradually fell behind, and he yelled loudly after his Followers.

"I say, you fellows, wait for me! Grooooooh! Wow! I'm winded! You! Not so fast!"

"Come along, Bunter!" called Bob Cherry. "You're coming with us, aren't you?"

"Ah! Wow! Ye-es!" howled Bunter. "But wait for me! I—groooh!—you're doing this for the purpose, you beasts! Whew-weew! Beasts! Slow down a bit! Groooh! I—I can't keep this up any longer!"

Billy Bunter, his face red and perspiring, and his spectacles fairly glimmering with sweat, halted at last in the middle of the Friarale Lane.

He shook a furious fist after the departing clump of the Remove.

"Yah! You beasts! Grooooooh! Beasts!" he howled wrathfully. "Wait till you—whe-w-ww-ww—come back! Wow! I'll pop up the ground with all of you! Grooooooh! Beasts! Yah! Totten beasts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co., as they disappeared round the bend far ahead.

William George Bunter sat down heavily on a milestone and nipped his perspiring brow with a none-too-clean handkerchief.

He was puffing and blowing like a grasshopper, and some time elapsed before he recovered his second wind.

Then he arose and rolled backward along the lane in the direction of Greyfriars, and the remarks he muttered concerning Harry Wharton & Co. were most blood-curdling.

Bunter had not gone far when he was startled by a sudden rustling in the bushes at the side of the lane, and next minute, to his further astonishment, the tall, imposing figure of a Hindu appeared.

The Hindu was dressed in immaculate European dress, but wore a large white turban on his head. He stepped out into the lane, and his dark, scintillating eyes peered closely at the Owl of the Remove.

He raised a dusky hand in an attitude of command.

"Suno! Stop!"

Billy Bunter rolled to a halt and blinked nervously at the dark-complexioned stranger.

"You belong to Greyfriars School?" asked the Hindu in a quiet, low, musical voice.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"There is a boy at Greyfriars—his name is Hurree Singh. You know him?"

"Yes," growled Bunter. "I know the rotter! He's one of those beasts—I—I mean, certainly, sir, I know Hurree Singh. Rather! As a matter of fact, he's a great pal of mine. Inky and I are old pals—used to be study-mates, you know, I am privileged to call him Inky, as I'm a particular pal of his, you see."

The Hindu's piercing eyes looked hard at Billy Bunter.

There was a pause for several minutes, and then the Hindu withdrew an envelope from his pocket.

"Khuda! Then you will give this to Hurree Singh?"

He held out the envelope to Bunter, who took it in a fat, greasy hand.

"Make sure that Hurree Singh receives that, as soon as possible, young sahib," said the Hindu quietly. "You will not fail me?"

"Nunno!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I

—I'll give it to Inky directly I get in, sir."

"Yih lo!"

The Hindu gave a short bow, and then, turning sharply, walked down the Friarale Lane in the direction of the village.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

ROUGH ON THE OWL!

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER blinked after the receding figure of the distinguished-looking Hindu.

He then blinked at the envelope he held in his hand. It was addressed to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh at Greyfriars in a small, spidery handwriting. Bunter drew a deep breath.

"Well, my word!" he gasped, thrusting the envelope into the capacious recesses of his trousers pocket. "This just about takes the biscuit! I wonder who that merchant is! Some rotter from India, connected with Hurree Singh, I suppose. Rotten cheek, asking me to deliver a mouldy letter to that beastly nigger. I—I've a jolly good mind to chuck it away."

Bunter did not adopt that uncharitable recourse, however. He closed down the lane, and saw that the Hindu was gone. Then he rolled on towards Greyfriars.

Arriving at the school, he went in doors, and made his way along to the Remove passage.

He halted outside the door of Study No. 1, and dragged the letter from his pocket.

He blinked at it, curiously.

William George Bunter was an inquisitive youth. His prances for nosing into other fellows' business was a byword at Greyfriars. And it struck Billy Bunter that there was a certain air of mystery surrounding the letter entrusted to his care by the strange Hindu in the Friarale Lane.

He turned it over, and tried the flap of the envelope.

"Rotten!" he growled. "The beastly thing's stuck down hard. No chance of seeing what's inside, I suppose. I—I wonder if Hurree Singh is in?"

Bunter opened the door quietly, and his round eyeglasses glimmered into Study No. 1.

There was nobody to be seen in there.

"Good! Hurree Singh's out!" murmured Billy Bunter, rolling into the study and closing the door carefully behind him. "I didn't see him with those other beasts, but perhaps he went out beforehand. My word! So they're coming back to tea!"

Billy Bunter noted that the kettle was boiling merrily on the fire that was roaring in the grate.

His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

The fact that the kettle had been left to boil certainly indicated that Harry Wharton & Co. intended to have tea. It was quite within the bounds of possibility, therefore, that the chums of Study No. 1 had laid in provisions for tea.

"I—I wonder if there's any grub in the cupboard?" murmured Billy Bunter thoughtfully. "I'll have a look."

He opened the cupboard door and blinked in. His little round eyes sparkled.

"My word! Gorgeous!"

There was a fine assortment of tuck on the shelf before him. Billy Bunter reached out a greedy hand and took up a tin of "Whites," he was demolishing it he looked again at Hurree Singh's letter.

"It'll jolly well like to know what's in this," he murmured, when the doughnut had been devoured. "I wonder if Hurree Singh was expecting it? I shouldn't think so, as that horrible Indian chap gave it to me in the Friarale Lane. What's in the wind, I wonder?—I mean, I'll change the envelope open. When I've seen what's in it, I can seal it down again, and that suspicious beast Hurree Singh won't know."

His curiosity now gaining the mastery of his hunger, the Owl of the Remove crossed to the fire, and he held the back of the envelope to the steam that was issuing from the kettle.

As he did so a slim form rose silently from the arm chair, the tall back of which had been turned to Bunter. Hurree Singh had been in the study all the time, but had been hidden from Billy Bunter's view.

A grim look crossed the nabob's dusky face as he watched Billy Bunter holding the letter in the steam.

All Bunter's attention was engrossed upon his task, and he gave a wild yelp of terror and a jump when Hurree Singh reached out and fastened an iron-like grip upon his left ear.

"Yarooooooh! Wah! I'm burnt! Woooooooooo!"

Billy Bunter's fat hand went right into the scalding steam, and the yells he gave were worthy of a Red Indian on the warpath.

The envelope fluttered from his grasp, and Billy Bunter danced, clapping his burnt hand. Then he whirled round, and he almost collapsed in the fender when he saw Hurree Singh looking grimly at him.

"Yew-wow-wow!" spluttered the Owl, wincing. "Yarooooop! Leggo my ear, you beast! Woooooh! My hand's scalded! Ow-ow-ow! Groooh! I thought I would've gone out—yarooooop!—I mean, I came up here especially to give you this letter, old chap—Yah! Wooooooop! Leggo! You'll pull my ear off in a minute—Yew-wow-wow!"

"The unworthy Bunter is a loutful fat rotter!" exclaimed Hurree Singh, picking up the letter, but not relaxing his grip on Bunter's ear. "The esteemed letter was addressfully sent to me, and the no-usefulness of the miserable fat worm is terrific."

"Oh, really, Inky—Yarooooop! Leggo! Woooo! I shouldn't think of nosing into your—ow-wow!—private letters—"

"The esteemed Bunter was holdfully placing the letter to the kettle, to open it steamfully. He is always pokefully putting his ridiculous nose into his esteemed schoolfollows' business!" said Inky, tweeking away at Bunter's fat ear.

"Yew-wow-wow-ow! Leggo, you rotter!" wailed the luckless Owl. "I—I wasn't trying to open your letter, Inky—wow-wow! Such a thing is quite—ow-ow-ow!—beneath me, I hope!"

"Then why didn't the ludicrous fat blighter leave the letter on the table and departfully help it, instead of remaining benehmfully and putting the letter in the steamfulness?" demanded Hurree Singh.

"Groooh! Woooo! I—I—as a matter of fact, Inky, I—I made the letter dirty—square—leave it by accident, the way—wowp!—and I thought I'd clean it by putting it in the steam. Yah! Leggo!"

Inky did not let go of Billy Bunter's ear.

"The esteemed rotter is telling lial whoppers!" he said grimly. "His untruthfulness is terrific. He was also going to nuck off studiously the tuckfollows, and He badly needs a whackful lesson, and



he shall get it well and truefully in the neck!"

"Yarooogh! Help! Lemmego!" howled Billy Bunter, as Hurree Singh whirled him round to the armchair. "Wooooooop! Don't you molest me, you rotten nigger— Wooooogh! I say, Inky, old chap— Yarooogh!"

Hurree Singh dragged Bunter face downwards across his knee on the armchair, then he picked up a cricket-stump and commenced to whack the Owl's trousers with great vim.

"Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Yarooogh! Yah! Help! Murder! You waw-waw!"

"Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!" Now the ritzfulness is the proper caper," said Hurree Singh cheerfully, lowering the stump, and releasing Bunter at last. "But firstfully he shall have the hot water!"

Inky took up the kettle, and Billy Bunter gave a wild, terrified howl. "Yarooooooooh! You beast! Gerra-way! Keep off! Yoooooooorogh!"

The Owl of the Remove dodged round and round the study, and Inky, smiling all over his dusky face, chased him with the kettle in his hand aloft.

Billy Bunter really believed that the nabob intended anointing him with the boiling water, and his roars awoke the echoes.

"Wow-woww! Loggo that kettle! Help! Murder! You-waw-waw!"

Billy Bunter reached the study door with a wild leap that was amazing in one of such bulky proportions. He wrenched open the door and flung himself forward.

He landed in the arms of somebody who was just coming in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry's cheery voice. "What's the giddy hurry, Bunter?"

"And what the dickens is he doing in our study?" demanded Harry Wharton, who was behind with the rest of the Co.

Bunter struggled desperately in Bob Cherry's strong grip.

"Yarooogh!" "Don't let him get at me! Yah!" he roared. "He's after me with a kettle of boiling water! Wow-ow! Hold that murderous nigger, you chaps! Croooogh!"

Hurree Singh smilingly put down the kettle as his chums looked inquiringly at him.

"I was scarefully putting the wind up the esteemed Bunter, my worthy chums," he remarked. "He came in here sneakfully to privily pose into my letter and to perform the book-snatching caper. He got it when the venerable nabob got the esteemed chopper—in the neckfulness!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter wriggled to get free, but Bob Cherry held him fast.

"So Bunter's been up to his old tricks again!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "The fat clam! Check him down the passage!"

"What ho!"

Billy Bunter's fat form was deposited on the linoleum, and many boots were brought into operation against him.

"Kick, kick, kick! Help! Yah! Murder! Fire! Wooooooop!"

Harry Wharton & Co. drubbed Billy Bunter along the passage in the manner of a football, and his yells were wild and heartrending.

They allowed him to go at the top of the stairs, but the Owl, in his hurry and terror, rolled down them.

Bump, bump, bump!

He landed in a heap on the mat at the bottom and yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.



All Bunter's attention was concentrated upon steaming open the envelope, and he gave a yelp of terror when Hurree Singh reached out and fastened an iron-like grip upon his left ear. "Yaroooh! I'm burnt! Wah! Wooooop!" roared Bunter, as his fat hand came into contact with the scalding steam. "The letter is addressed to me, and the nervefulness of the miserable fat worm is terrific!" said Hurree Singh grimly. (See Chapter 2.)

And, thus having got rid of William George Bunter, they returned to Study No. 1 for tea.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Amazing News!

**H**URREE SINGH was standing by the window when Harry Wharton and the others arrived.

The nabob had the letter, which he had taken from the envelope, hold in both hands, and he was looking at it with an expression of grave dismay and concern on his dark face.

His chums looked curiously at him.

"What's up, Inky?" asked Harry Wharton. "Bad news, old chap?"

"Yes. The news is distressfully bad, my worthy chum," he replied, in a low, quiet voice. "The shockfulness is terrific."

"Oh, crabs!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Nothing serious, I hope, Inky?"

Again the schoolboy nabob nodded his head.

"The seriousness is terrific," he said. "I am put in a hopeful fix, my esteemed chums. This letter is from the venerable Kasmir, my esteemed old tutor and adviser in Bhanipur. In his letter he respectfully asks me to return to India as soon as possible."

Harry Wharton and the others looked amazed and incredulous.

"Your old tutor wants you to go back to India!" exclaimed Wharton. "Oh,

my hat! You—you can't go, Inky! What's his reason, anyway?"

Hurree Singh held out the letter which was, however, quite unintelligible to his chums. It was written in weird, cryptic Hindustani characters.

"There has been a revoltful rising in my native state of Bhanipur," said the nabob quietly. "A rascal named Mahbad Singh has been schemefully plotting behind my back for a long time, and now he has gathered many followers, and they have taken possession of the government. I am now kick-outfully dethroned, my esteemed chums, for the unworthy traitor Mahbad Singh has been proclaimedly made the Nabob of Bhanipur."

"Oh, jeminny!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You—you've been dethroned, Inky? Are you certain it's true?"

Hurree Singh nodded.

"Yes; the truthfulness of the venerable Kasmir is terrific," he said. "My throne has been scintfully taken by Mahbad Singh, and he and his ludicrous rascals are holding power in Bhanipur. But Kasmir addultly states that my people are not against me, but are being kept down by the cruel will of Mahbad Singh. They are waitfully expecting me to return to Bhanipur to lead them against Mahbad Singh and overthrow fully kick him out."

Harry Wharton draw a deep breath.

"Well, if this doesn't beat the band!" he exclaimed. "What rotten luck, Inky! But—but surely the people of Bhanipur can get rid of this Mahbad Singh rotter.

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without requiring you over there to help them?"

Hurree Singh shook his head.

"Kasmir says that it is necessary for me to returnfully be on the spot," he said. "The people would rally round their proper ruler and would then give Mahbad Singh the esteemed order of the boot."

Wharton nodded, after a pause.

"Ye-es, I suppose there is something in what he says, Inky," he said. "I suppose the people of Bhanipur are knocking under to the new ruler, as you are away; but if you returned, all the loyal ones would back you up. But it's jolly rotten for us. We don't want you to leave Greyfriars, Inky, old chap!"

"Life wouldn't seem the same here, somehow, without old Inky!" remarked Bob Cherry lugubriously. "Goodness knows when he'd come back, once he went out to India. And—perhaps he'd never come back at all. They might make him stay out there, or—"

Bob paused mending.

His chums understood. "He's being into danger by returning to India!" said Johnny Bull, in his blunt, matter-of-fact way. "He'd be running into the midst of his enemies—and those Hindus are a murderous, bloodthirsty lot. No offence meant to you, of course, Inky."

Hurree Singh shook his dusky head distastefully.

"I assure you, my esteemed chums, that I am not keenfully anxious to leave Greyfriars," he said. "It is not the funkiest, but the wretchedness of leaving would be truly terrific."

"Better stay here while you're safe, Inky," said Frank Nugent. "You could send a rallying message to your people, you know—that might serve the same purpose as returning in person. This Mahbad Singh merchant would be bound to get on your track, and your life would be in danger."

Hurree Singh clenched his fists hard. Harry Wharton & Co. could see that their nabob chum was labouring under the stress of great emotion.

The esteemed proper caper, my worthy chums, is for me returnfully to go to my native country and defendfully look after my people's rights," he said. "The esteemed Kasmir says that the people of Bhanipur are expectfully waiting for my returnfulness. The rottenfulness of the unworthy Mahbad Singh's rule will growfully develop, unless his little game is stopped nipfully in the bud, as the English proverb puts it, 'a stitch in time is worth a bird in the hand.'"

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned slightly at Inky's rendering of the English proverb.

Hurree Singh was looking again at the letter.

"Kasmir is coming to see me consultfully in a day or so, he said. 'Meanwhile, my esteemed royal jewels are coming to Greyfriars.'"

Harry Wharton & Co. gasped.

"What!"

"Your giddy royal jewels coming here!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

Hurree Singh nodded.

"Yes, Kasmir and his worthy followers saved the jewels from the palace before the plunderful thieving rogues of Mahbad Singh broke in. He says that Mahbad Singh is searchfully hunting for the jewels, so that Kasmir hit on the wheezy notion of sending them on to me. They are being sent in an ordinary box, to avoidfully any suspicion. The box will arrive at Greyfriars to-morrow afternoon."

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"Whew!"

The chums of Study No. 1 did not hear a slight noise outside the door.

William George Bunter had just that moment come back, and had applied an ear to the keyhole. He had caught Hurree Singh's last words, and, his curiosity aroused, the Owl of the Remove made up his mind to hear more.

Bunter's means of deriving information usually took the form of listening at keyholes—an art in which he was quite an adept.

"So the box is due to arrive at Greyfriars to-morrow!" said Bob Cherry. "I expect it will come on the three-fifteen train at Friarale."

Hurree Singh nodded.

"What a pity we sha'n't be able to go down and fetch it, as we're playing a match with the Upper Fourth to-morrow afternoon," said Harry Wharton. "We can't miss footer, of course; but we ought to take special precautions to make sure that we get the box safely, as it's so precious."

"Rather!"

"Let's tip Gossy a few bob to run down to Friarale, meet the train, and fetch the box back on his trap," suggested Frank Nugent. "That would be better than letting it get into the hands of the carrier. Old Cripps is so slow, you know; and, besides, there have been one or two robberies in his cart lately."

"That's a good whinnee, Frank," said Harry Wharton. "We'll get Gossy to fetch the box from the station to-morrow."

"Now for some tea!"

Billy Bunter, who was fairly quivering with excitement, would have lingered a little longer at the keyhole of Study No. 1, but he heard the heavy tread of Bunter's feet in the passage, and he quickly straightened up and walked on with a look of cherubim-like innocence. The Owl of the Remove rolled down stairs, his little round eyes glinting behind his spectacles.

"My word!" he murmured. "So those beasts are expecting a box to-morrow! And it's precious, too—Wharton particularly said so. That's why those beasts are so anxious to protect it. It's for a feed, of course—a box of tuck!"

To Billy Bunter's mind no other conclusion could possibly be arrived at as to the contents of the mysterious box that Harry Wharton & Co. were expecting. Bunter's whole being revolved round the question of tuck; it was his one absorbing thought and ambition. Before that magic word tuck, all other matters paled into insignificance.

"The box will be full of tuck, of course!" he mused. "Must be a lot of it, too. Perhaps it's a present from Colonel Wharton to those beasts. A box full of tuck! Oh, crumbs!"

The mere thought of a box full of tuck made Billy Bunter's heart palpitate. He was convinced that the box could only contain a huge consignment of tuck. Otherwise, why would it be so precious?

"And—and Gossy's going to fetch it on the trap—alone!" murmured Billy Bunter to himself. "My word! What a chance to get hold of it! If only I could raid that box! Wouldn't it do those fellows in the eye! He, he, he! And wouldn't I have a glorious time—feeds all day long, for days, while it lasts! Oh, my word!"

It was a prospect of great joy to William George Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co.'s box was coming, and in it was something very precious to him.

Tuck it was—it was bound to be tuck. It couldn't possibly be anything else.

That point was definitely settled, in the imagination of the ever-hungry Owl. And having convinced himself that it was a gigantic supply of tuck that was coming on the morrow, Billy Bunter could think of nothing else all the evening, and during the night he dreamt ecstatic dreams about it.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Daylight Robbery!

**H**AROLD SKINNER was in his study, indulging in a surreptitious smoke, when a tap came at the door, next morning.

The cat of the Remove immediately hurled the half-smoked "gasper" into the fire and jumped up in alarm, waving an exercise-book in the air to clear away the smoky haze.

Smoking was strictly prohibited at Greyfriars, but Harold Skinner and a few other equally sportive youths—kayaks, they called themselves in the slang—were secretly indulging in the pastime. "Come in!" gasped Skinner, casting a furtive glance at the door.

The door opened, and a fat form rolled in.

Skinner drew a deep breath of relief when he saw Billy Bunter. He dropped his exercise-book and picked up a ruler instead.

"Get out!" he snapped.

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"Clear off, you fat oadger!" growled Skinner. "I haven't got any money to lend you, and if I had I wouldn't lend it!"

William George Bunter drew himself up to his full height with considerable dignity.

"Oh, really, Skinner, if you think that I have come here for any mean purpose, I—Ow! Geraway with that ruler, you beast! Yoww! Hold on, Skinner—I've got something to tell you! It's up against Wharton and those other—"

Skinner passed, and lowered the ruler.

A hard glint came into his beady eyes. Harold Skinner was always interested in anything "up against" Harry Wharton & Co.

He was not exactly on terms of friendship with the chums of Study No. 1—quite the reverse, in fact. Harry Wharton & Co. were down on all slackers and oads, and Skinner had often felt the weight of their displeasure at his "backwardly ways."

"What's that, Bunter?" he demanded.

"We've got up against Wharton!"

"He, he, he!" shivered Billy Bunter. "I've got wind of something—something gorgeous! Those rotters are keeping it wofully secret, but I know what I know. I'm going to do them in the eye properly, and get a good feed in the bargain. But I—I want somebody to help me."

"Oh," said Skinner. "So you want someone to help you raid some tuck of theirs?"

Billy Bunter blinked at Skinner.

"How did you know that the beasts are expecting a box of tuck to arrive this afternoon?" he demanded.

"Skinner's grin broadened.

"You're not a very good hand at keeping a secret, are you, Bunter?" he said. "But what's the idea? I'll help you if it's safe."

"He, he, he! It will be as safe as houses!" chuckled the Owl of the Remove. "I'd like to pull it off myself, but I'm afraid I must have help. That's why I came to you, Skinner. You're rotter enough for anything—ahem—I mean—"

"Look here, stop beating about the bush, you fat idiot!" growled Skinner surlily. "Get it off your chest, whatever it is!"

Bunter gave him an awful look. "Mind I get two-thirds of the tuck if we work the stunt together!" he said. "That's my only condition, Skinner."

"Rats!" retorted Skinner. "You mean halves, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Skinner, if you're going to be greedy I'll leave you out, and get Sammy, or Snoop to help me!" spluttered Bunter indignantly.

"Right-ho!" said Skinner. "Do as you like, Bunter. But if you don't agree to go halves with me, there's nothing to prevent my telling Whurton of your little game, is there?"

"Oh, crumbs! Look here, you beast Skinner—"

"Well, old lard-barrel, what's it going to be?" asked Skinner cheerfully.

Bunter glowered at him through his spectacles.

"All right, you greedy rotter, I'll agree to go halves!" he growled.

"Now, what's the idea?"

Billy Bunter proceeded to tell Skinner of what he had heard at the keyhole of Study No. 1 the previous evening.

Skinner's eyes gleamed.

"My hat! So Gosling's going to fetch the box in his trap from the station!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, rather! I saw Whurton and Hurree Singh give him five bob this morning, and tell him to meet the three-fifteen train at Friar-dale."

"That's great!" grinned Skinner. "It will be as easy as rolling off a form to nab that box, Bunter."

"What-ho!" said Billy Bunter eagerly.

"It's a box of tuck, of course!"

"It might be," said Skinner. "Anyway, we'll capture the giddy box, and see what's in it. Not a word of this to anyone else, Bunter! I'll wring your fat neck if you let out what we're going to do!"

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"There goes the dinner-bell," said Skinner. "Mind what I say, Bunter."

Br-r-r-rrr!

Harry Whurton & Co. all went down to Little Side after dinner for their match with Teuple, Dubney & Co. of the Upper Fourth.

Skinner and Billy Bunter looked on casually for a little while, and then they hurried away.

Gosling was in the stable, taking out his trap, and Skinner and Bunter grinned at each other as they went indoors. They left Greyfriars soon after Gosling drove away in the trap, and each had a little parcel under his arm.

Gosling drove the old mare at a leisurely pace to Friar-dale.

He arrived at the station in plenty of time for the three-fifteen train, and leaving the trap in the station yard, Gosling crossed to the Red Cow to quench his thirst.

The train had arrived by the time Gosling's persistent thirst was quenched.

He rolled out of the Red Cow, and went up to old Peter, the porter.

"Which I've called for a box addressed to Master 'Urree Singh at Greyfriars," said Gosling. "As it arrived?"

"Yus," said Peter. "There is a box for Master 'Urree Singe. I'll fetch it."

Some minutes later old Peter trundled out on his trolley a large-sized crate, of quite ordinary appearance.

Gosling took it on his trap, and drove away in the direction of Greyfriars.

The Friar-dale Lane was lonely and deserted, and Gosling allowed his mare to jog along leisurely whilst he sat on the seat and ruminated upon the qualities of the spirit he had imbibed at the Red Cow.

Suddenly Gosling gave a start.

Out of the bushes at the side of the lane two terrifying figures had emerged.

They were wrapped up in black cloaks, wide-rimmed, black hats adorned their heads, and their faces were hidden by masks.

"Stop!" exclaimed the taller of the two, walking out into the middle of the lane and holding up one hand commandingly. His voice was deep and threatening.

"My heye!" gasped Gosling, wondering vaguely whether he were seeing things as a result of his visit to the Red Cow.

"Stop! Do y'u hear?" rasped the mysterious, masked individual. "I warn you that my assistant has you covered with a revolver, and he'll shoot you as dead as a doornail if you don't obey our instructions! Don't make a noise, either, or you'll never live to make another!"

"Good 'evings!" gasped Gosling.

The startled school porter reined in the horse and stood up in the trap, his knees fairly knocking with terror.

He blinked desperately up and down the lane, but not a soul was in sight, except the two masked strangers!

"Hand down that box!"

"Hand 'ere—" spluttered Gosling.

"Wot I says is this—if this is a joke you—"

"Hand down that box, if you value your life!" was the grim response.

"Come on, or you'll sample one of these bullets!"

"Ow!"

The shorter of the two masked "ruffians" pointed something at Gosling that looked like a revolver.

The startled Greyfriars porter felt his blood run cold.

The other ruffian went up to the back door of the trap and rapped sharply on it.

"Out with that box! In two minutes from now my assistant will shoot, unless you obey orders!"

"Elp!" gasped Gosling. "Ere you are!"

The box was handed out of the trap and dumped at the side of the lane. Then Gosling was ordered out.

He clambered down from the trap, blinking fearfully at the masked robbers.

The taller of the two produced a gag and some rope, and Gosling was ordered to stand still while he was gagged and his arms bound.

Gosling had no wish to be shot, so he subjected himself to these operations.

"This way!"

Gosling was led through the bushes into



Out of the bushes at the side of the road two terrifying figures emerged. "Stop!" exclaimed the taller of the two. "Stop, do you hear? I warn you that my assistant has you covered with his revolver, and he'll shoot if you don't obey our instructions!" "My heye!" gasped Gosling, reining in his horse. "Wot I says is this 'ere—good 'evings!"

(See Chapter 4.)

a lonely field beyond, the shorter of the two robbers staggering behind under the weight of the stolen box.

There was an old barn in the field, and into this Gosling was led. He was slumped down in the straw, and his legs tied together.

There he was left in dismal solitude. Glaring through the barn door, Gosling saw the two masked raiders bring the horse and trap into the field and leave it there, the old mare grazing quite contentedly.

Then they disappeared from view, leaving the stolen box between them.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

In the Nick of Time!

**W**HEW! This is pretty heavy!" gasped Skinner.

"Yes—oooh!—rather!" said Billy Banter breathlessly. The two plotters struggled with the box to a secluded part of the neat field, and there they discarded their masks and cloaks and hats.

They grinned gleefully at each other. "Well, the thing's worked like a charm, so far!" chuckled Harold Skinner. "Gossey was properly taken in, wasn't he? The old blighter was scared stiff!"

"Ho, he, ho!"

"Now, the question is, how are we to get this box into Greyfriars without—"

"Oh, I say, Skinner, what about opening the box now?"

"I'm jolly peckish—simply starving, in fact—and we could have a fine feed out here, you know." "Idiot!" was Skinner's withering retort. "Look how carefully it's been nailed up! How are we going to open it without tools? We've got to clear away from here as soon as we can, too. The knot on Gossey aren't any too secure, and if he gets free and raises the hue and cry, and we are spotted, Wharton and those other cads will rag us baldheaded!"

Billy Banter hunched discontentedly. The very thought of the huge cargo of tuck that the box must contain made him feel ravenous. But, as Skinner had pointed out, the box could not be opened without tools.

"Most of the chaps are out, or on Little Side," said Skinner. "We shall be able to get the box over the school wall by the cloisters, if we're careful, and sneak it in the back way."

"All right!" growled Billy Banter. They picked up the box again, and made off, avoiding the Friarville Lane as much as possible.

Meanwhile, in the old barn, Gosling lay in the straw, wriggling and struggling with the rope that held him fast.

He at last managed to get rid of his gag, and he spluttered wildly.

"Grooooooh! My boye! Nice goings-ho, I must say! Ugh! Them rascals are well away by now, I reckon. Ooooh! Wot I says is this 'ere—them two was probably a couple o' young rips from the school, playing a lark. Ow! Wish I'd thought of that before—which I'd 'ave given the brats something! Yow!"

Gossey wrenched manfully at his bonds, and at last, to his great satisfaction, he found them gradually yielding.

Some time elapsed, however, before he was able to free his hands of the rope.

Then Gossey soon aided the rest of his hands and stood up.

"Yow! Grooooooh! Now I'll see wot I wot!"

The horse and trap were still in the field, the mare chewing at the grass in great content.

Gossey took the reins and led her into the lane.

Then he mounted the trap and drove on to Greyfriars.

He was looking very rumpled and wrathful, and numerous wisps of straw clung to his person. His top-hat was slightly battered.

Henry Wharton & Co. and Temple, Dabney, & Co. were trooping off Little Side when Gosling drove in on the trap. The Removites were looking quite cheerful, having beaten their rivals by four goals to two.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Here's Gossey. My hat! He's jolly late!"

"The lateness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh. "I hope that nothing has gone wrongfully with the esteemed arrangements!"

"There doesn't seem to be any box on the trap," said Harry Wharton. "Come on, we'll ask Gossey what's happened."

Gosling was just clambering down from the trap when the chums of the Remove ran up.

"Where's the box, Gossey?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Haven't you got the box?" yelled Frank Nugent.

"Didn't the box come by the three-fifteen train?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Yow! Yes, Master Wharton, which the box did arrive—"

"Then where is it?"

"Which I've been robbed on my way back—"

"What!" shouted the Removites, started.

"The goings-ho, I must say!" growled the doctor, wiping his topper.

"Which I was 'eld up in the Friarville Lane by two masked willains—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"A 'orrid revolver was pointed at me, and I was hordered out o' the trap. Which the willains bound and gagged me, and left me 'elless in a barn, and they 'opped off with the box. Wot I says is this 'ere—I ad no chanct, young genta! Them rascals wot despit and—"

"My jewels have robfully disappeared, my worthy chums!"

Hurree Singh made that exclamation in a distressed voice.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at Gosling in blank horror and consternation.

"The box stolen!" gasped Bob Cherry faintly. "All Inky's jewels gone! Oh, my only hat!"

"Somebody must have got to know that Kasimir was sending on the jewels to Inky to look after," said Harry Wharton. "And they laid that trap for Gossey in the Friarville Lane. Whoever has the jewels is now in the neighbourhood, and—"

"We must quickly report the matter to the esteemed Head, my chums," said Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton & Co. rushed away and went upstairs to the Head's study.

Wharton tapped at the door, and in response Dr. Locke's grave voice bade him enter.

The Famous Five and Squiff and Vernon-Smith all crowded into the Head's room.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Locke, starting up. "What ever does this intrusion mean? I—"

"Inky's 'em!—I mean Hurree Singh's jewels have been stolen, sir!"

gasped Bob Cherry. "Gosling was warned of the lane by two masked men with a revolver and the box stolen—"

"Dear me! What ever are you talking about, Cherry? I do not comprehend," said the Head.

"The esteemed State jewels of Bhanipur, respected sahib—"

"Kasimir sent 'em across to Inky for safety, sir!" exclaimed Johnny Bulb.

"And somebody at Friarville has stolen them—"

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head, in bewilderment. "Wharton, kindly explain."

"Hurree Singh's State jewels were sent on to him by Kasimir, his old tutor, sir," said the Remove captain quickly.

"There has been a revolution in Bhanipur, and a rotter—ahem!—a traitor named Mahbad Singh has seized the throne. The jewels were sent before Mahbad Singh's men took possession of the palace, and as it was thought to be unsafe to keep them in Bhanipur, they were sent on to Hurree Singh."

"Bless my soul!"

"Kasimir sent the jewels in an ordinary box, so as to avoid suspicion," went on Wharton. "The box arrived by the three-fifteen train. We tipped Gossey—"

"—and got Gosling to meet the train, and bring the box here on his trap. But on the way back he was held up in the Friarville Lane and the box was stolen."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Head, in horror. "This is a most serious affair. I will telephone the police immediately."

Harry Wharton & Co. retired, and the Head telephoned to Friarville.

"I say, we might be able to get on the track of the thieves ourselves if we look alippy," said Bob Cherry. "Gossey will tell us just where he was held up. If we can get that box back—"

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton, setting his teeth grimly.

"Gosling gave a jolly good try."

Gosling gave them full details of the spot where he had been held up and the manner of his capture.

The Famous Five, Squiff, Vernon-Smith, Tom Brown, and Peter Todd all set out, armed with cricket-stumps, to make an attempt to trace the raiders of the box.

They quickly arrived at the spot in the Friarville Lane, where Gosling had been held up. Nothing of any importance could be discovered there, however, so they rushed over to the barn.

"Nothing doing here!" said Bob Cherry lugubriously, after a search. "Here are the ropes that Gossey was tied up with."

"My hat! They look familiar!" said Vernon-Smith suddenly. "I've seen some of that rope before—at Greyfriars!"

"By Jove, you're right, Smutty!"

The juniors returned to the lane, and searched among the bushes at the side of the road for any clues that would help them in tracing the missing box.

They were still engaged in this task when a roar was heard behind them, and, looking round, they saw a large touring car approaching at a great speed.

"My hat!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "That car's shifting! Jolly dangerous, too, driving at that rate along this narrow lane, and—"

"Look out, Inky!"

The Boulder gave that sudden shout. As the car approached a dark figure leaped out of the window—the sinister-faced figure of a Hindi.

There was a look of demoniacal hate on the Hindu's face; his raven eyes glittered with a murderous light, and, to their horror, the chums of the Remove saw a knife with a curved blade glistening in his hand.

Next minute the Hindu raised his hand, and with a quick movement flung the knife at Hurree Singh.

But the Bounder's warning had come in time.

Hurree Singh, with a sharp cry, darted sideways.

There was a thud, and the knife embedded itself in the trunk of a tree just behind the young nabob's head. There it remained, quivering like an aspen.

The Removites, with faces blanched with horror, saw the car disappear round the bend in the lane ahead.

"Oh, good heavens!" muttered Wharton. "The murderous villain! He nearly had you, Inky. Thank Heaven, you dodged in time!"

The young nabob, despite the awful peril that had just threatened him, was cool and collected, although his hands were clenched tight together, and his dark eyes were glistening.

"The thankfulness is terrific, my esteemed Smithy," he murmured. "The Jesperable Hindu rotter meant to kill me knifefully!"

His chums looked at him in grave concern.

"Inky, old man, it seems as if Mahbad Singh's rotters have come over here to get you," said Harry Wharton in a low voice. "The chap who threw that knife was a Hindu, right enough, and—"

"Here's the knife," said Vernon-Smith, wrenching the grim weapon from the tree. "It's got Hindustani characters written on it and a strange sign. What does it mean, Inky?"

Hurree Singh took the knife and looked at the engraved handle.

A look of horror entered his eyes, and a swift, low exclamation escaped his lips.

"Khabardar raho! The Death Cypher of Bherya! Then those fiends are seeking after me! The seriousness is terrific, my esteemed chums. The caste of Bherya is feared throughout India, and Mahbad Singh belongs to that caste. Murderfulness and ruffianism are their usual capers. Men have come at the bidding of Mahbad Singh to killfully put me out of the way!"

"Great pip!"

The chums of the Remove looked at Hurree Singh in consternation.

"You are in terrible danger, then, Inky, from these Hindu fiends," said Harry Wharton quickly. "They will make other attempts to kill you. Let's get back to Greyfriars, old chap, and report to the Head. This is a jolly serious matter."

"The seriousness is truly terrific," said the nabob, with a distressful shake of his head.

And the Removites returned to Greyfriars with all haste.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### A Scare in the School!

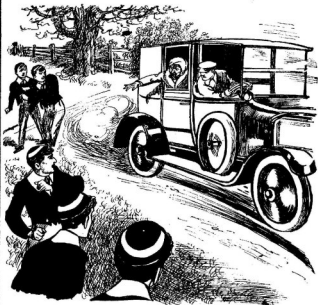
**B**ANG, bang—bang!

Those loud concussion rang out in the old lumber-room at Greyfriars.

Harold Skinner and Billy Bunter had managed to get the raised box into the school without being seen, and they had taken it up to the lumber-room.

A hammer and chisel had been procured, and they were making desperate efforts to open it.

Billy Bunter was sitting on the box



"Look out, Inky!" shouted Vernon-Smith suddenly. As the car approached the Juniors a dark figure leaned out of the window—the sinister-faced figure of a Hindu. To their horror the chums of the Remove saw a knife glistening in his hand. Next minute the Hindu flung the knife at Hurree Singh. But the Bounder's warning had come in time. Hurree Singh, with a sharp cry, darted sideways.

(See Chapter 5.)

to hold it down, whilst Skinner plied the hammer and chisel.

Crash!

"Yarooooogh!" roared Billy Bunter, as the hammer smote his fat thumb. He gave a jump and fell off the box, landing in a heap on the lumber-room floor. "Woop! You clumsy beast, Skinner you—"

"Oh, good!" breathed Skinner.

"That's got one side out, Bunter!"

"Wow! Wow! Lemme have a look."

William George Bunter forgot the damage to his thumb in his eagerness to see the interior of the box.

He bent down expectantly as Skinner proceeded to wrench open the wooden side of the box.

Suddenly Billy Bunter's little round eyes opened wide with horror—so wide that they seemed about to burst from his head. His spectacles nearly slid off his nose in terror.

"Gug-good heavens! Look, Skinner!" Skinner glared down, and he gave a jump.

Then he stood, as if transfixed, gazing down fascinated at the open side of the box.

Out of the aperture had come a long, red, sinuous object, moving swiftly, silently towards them.

It was a hideous snake!

The serpent's large, mottled head was raised, its beady eyes glistening wickedly at its intended victims. Its jaws were open, and from them protruded two long, spear-shaped fangs.

Skinner and Billy Bunter stood rooted to the floor, fascinated and terrified with

horror. The reptile's eyes seemed to cast them under a spell. They were powerless to move, or to speak even, for several seconds.

Then Billy Bunter found his voice, and he let out an ear-piercing yell.

"Yarooooogh! Help! Take it away! It's going to bite! Yow-ow! Murder!"

"Help!"

Bunter's bellowing roused Skinner from his stupor of terror.

He jumped back with a howl as the hideous thing drew back its head to strike him.

"Good heavens! Bunter, for Heaven's sake open that door. Unlock it—quik!"

Billy Bunter was wrenching at the lock desperately.

"Yow! I—I can't, Skinner! It's fixed! Help!"

The key would not turn!

The lumber-room was not often locked up, and the mechanism of the lock was rusty and stiff from disuse.

Skinner leaped to Bunter's side, and he also struggled with the key; but, no matter how he strived, he could not turn it.

"Look out, Skinner!" shrieked Billy Bunter, who had taken refuge on the top of an old trunk. "The snake's behind you! Yow-ow!"

"Yarooooogh!" howled Skinner. "Help! Oh, my heavens!"

He jumped out of the snake's way just in time, and joined Bunter on the trunk.

The two terrified juniors stood there shuddering together, and gazing in

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awful horror at the deadly reptile that was locked in the room with them.

It turned its head and came swiftly towards them, hissing its venom.

Skinner and Bunter jumped wildly off the trunk and made for the door again.

Skinner beat on it with the hammer, Crash, crash, crash!

"Help!" he shrieked. "Help! Rescue, Remove!"

Crash! Crash!

Billy Bunter scuttled to the window and hurled it open.

Coker, Potter, and Greene of the Fifth were standing in the quadrangle far below. Bunter gave a wild howl.

"I say, you fellows— Yow! Help! Murder! There's a snake up here! We're locked in! Oooohoooh! Help!"

The Fifth-Formers looked up.

Skinner ceased beating at the door, and he, too, came to the window.

He waved desperately to Coker & Co.

"We're up in the lumber-room, locked in with a snake!" he howled. "For the love of Heaven, let us out! We shall be bitten!"

He aimed a wild blow at the snake with the hammer as the venomous creature slithered up, hissing, and made to strike him with its deadly fangs.

Billy Bunter was at the door now, kicking and howling.

Bang! Crash! Wallap! "Yarrrooooooh! Assistance! Help! Murder! Oooohoooh!"

Skinner arrived and wrenched again at the key.

Click!

"Oh, thank goodness!" he panted. "The lock's undone!"

He dragged the door open, and the two terrified juniors flung themselves through it.

A force hiss sounded behind them, and a large hissing red creature came crawling swiftly after them.

Billy Bunter and Skinner stood not upon the order of their going, but they fairly flew from the lumber-room and along the corridor.

They pounded down the stairs three at a time.

At the bottom they ran full tilt into Mr. Quelch, and nearly howled him over.

"Bless my soul! Boys! Skinner—Bunter!" ejaculated the Remove master.

"How dare you romp down the stairs in that boisterous, unseemly manner!"

"We've nearly been bitten to death by a snake, sir," panted Skinner, his narrow face deathly white.

"Skinner, do you expect me to believe such a ridiculous tale?"

"It's true, sir!" howled Billy Bunter. "Lemme get past, sir! We shall all be bitten! It's a huge python, sir, or a boa-constrictor, or—a cobra! Yowow! Lemme go!"

Mr. Quelch was astounded.

At that juncture Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Squiff, with the rest of the Co. at their heels, rushed up, with Coker, Potter, Greene, and a number of Removees behind.

Harry Wharton & Co. had just come in, and, hearing the terrific banging and the yells from upstairs, they had come up to investigate.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, not noticing Mr. Quelch.

"Who's being murdered? I— Sorry, sir! We— we thought—"

"Skinner and Bunter have just run down the stairs in a state of trepidation, and informed me that a poisonous snake is at large in the lumber-room," said Mr. Quelch between his teeth.

"Of course, absurd! I will go up and see what it is that has frightened the silly boys."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 845.

Mr. Quelch strode up the stairs, his eyes glinting.

"Billy Bunter gave a yell.

"Let me get past, you fellows! Yoww! I'm off! I—"

"Boys! Help—help—"

It was Mr. Quelch's voice, raised in tones of terror from the top of the stairs.

The Remove master came down them with great precipitation, his green fluterie behind him, and his face white and horrified-looking.

"Boys, disperse at once to your studies!" he cried. "What Skinner says is true. There is a deadly reptile on the landing, and—"

"Let me pass, boys! I will deal with the creature!"

Mr. Prout of the Fifth came striding up, his eyes gleaming with the light of battle. He was carrying a formidable-looking rifle. It was Mr. Prout's famous Winchester repeater, with which he had shot innumerable grizzlies on the Rocky Mountains.

"A snake—eh?" said Mr. Prout valiantly. "Where is it? Show me the creature—I'll soon pot it off!"

The juniors fell back promptly as Mr. Prout went forward with his Winchester.

Mr. Prout was never tired of boasting of his prowess as a marksman, and he still fondly imagined that he could do great things with a gun. In the remote days of '89 Mr. Prout may have been a gunman to reckon with, but middle-age had crept upon him since then, and even with his biggest glasses on he could not see a target at twenty yards clearly enough to hit it.

Mr. Prout would never admit that, but the others at Greyfriars knew it only too well. They always gave Mr. Prout a very wide berth when he was at large with firearms.

"Prout, do not venture up those stairs!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "The reptile is undoubtedly of the poisonous variety, and, moreover, it has been reared to a state of madness—"

"Pish!" snapped Mr. Prout. "I will shoot the life out of it with one bullet, Mr. Quelch! Watch!"

The valiant Fifth Form master mounted the stairs, his rifle held in readiness on his shoulder.

Harry Wharton & Co. waited with bated breath.

Bang! Bang!

Crash!

"There goes a window!" muttered Johnny Bull. "Good job we're down here out of harm's way!"

Bang, bang, bang! went Mr. Prout's gun from up above.

"Come down!" cried Mr. Quelch. "Come down! I entreat you to descend and come down!"

Crash!

No need to entreat Mr. Prout to come down!

He descended the stairs a minute later, four at a time, waving his rifle and minus his mortar board.

"Help! The murderous reptile is after me!" he cried. "I had an opportunity to shoot it!"

"Look out!" roared Coker. "Here comes the snake!"

The long, sinuous body of the snake became visible on the stairs.

It slithered down them with a rapidity that was amazing, its large head upright, fangs out, hissing venomously.

Several of the less brave spirits yelled with terror and stampeded down the passage, whither Billy Bunter and Skinner had fled, but Harry Wharton & Co. stood their ground.

They still had with them the cricket-stumps they had taken off with them on the hunt for the robbers of the box.

Harry Wharton's teeth snapped together hard.

"Come on, you fellows!" he muttered. "We can tackle that thing!"

"Boys!" cried Mr. Quelch. "Come away! You will be bitten by the loathsome reptile!"

But Harry Wharton & Co. went up to meet the snake.

Bob Cherry sprang forward and dealt it a blow with his cricket-stump. There was a flash from the snake, and it whirled round on Bob, its beady eyes flashing fire, its poisonous fangs darting out towards him.

Harry Wharton and Squiff aimed blows at the snake and deflected its attention from Bob.

Then all the Co. closed round, beating busily at the deadly thing with their cricket-stumps.

Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout, surrounded by an awe-struck crowd of juniors, watched in tense horror, while the fearless Removees battled with the ensuifery of Death.

The onlookers could not see the snake, but they saw Harry Wharton & Co. beating at the floor with their weapons.

And all of a sudden Bob Cherry gave a joyous whoop.

"All serene, sir! The thing's dead!"

The Removees drew back, and the snake was revealed.

The thing, red body lay writhing on the floor, with its head battered.

Its horrible contortions were caused by the reaction of its nerves. The reptile, however, was dead.

Mr. Quelch drew a deep, deep breath.

"Thank Heaven! My brave boys, you have done splendidly!"

Harry Wharton drew back with a shudder.

"How did the thing get in here?" he asked. "Somebody must have brought it into the school!"

"I am quite at a loss to account for the presence of this hideous creature in the school," said Mr. Quelch. "According to Skinner and Bunter, it was in the lumber-room."

"Yes, we saw them waving for help from the window," said Coker. "They said they were locked in, sir. I'll go up and have a look!"

"Coker—"

Horace Coker kicked aside the lifeless body of the snake and romped up the stairs.

Harry Wharton & Co. and Mr. Quelch followed.

They found Coker in the lumber-room standing beside the wooden box.

"It must have come out of here, sir!" said Coker. "Lock, the side's been burst open. The box is addressed to Harry Singh."

"Bless my soul!"

Harry Wharton & Co. started.

"Inky's box!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Well, if that isn't the giddy limit!" ejaculated Frank Nugent.

"The limitfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh, a strange gleam entering his dark eyes.

Mr. Quelch approached the box nervously, but Coker ripped off the side, and it was seen that the box contained nothing else but pieces of iron, evidently put there to give it weight.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Wharton.

"This must be the box that Gosling fetched from the station, and was robbed of."

But—in it was supposed to contain your Royal jewels, Inky. There's been a trick somewhere!"

"The trickfulness is most apparent, my worthy chum," said Hurree Singh.

"The jewels have been stealthily taken out, and the snake put in to attack me when I opened the esteemed box. Look herefully!"

Inky bent down and picked up a small card that was pinned to the interior of the box.

On it was a grotesque figure holding a flaming torch, and under it a weird inscription identical to the one found on the knife that had so nearly taken the young nabob's life a short while ago.

"Kharbardar raho!" muttered Hurree Singh, crushing the paper in his hand. Again the Death Cypher of Bheriyas. The message of the ludicrous Mahbad Singh performed this trickful ruse."

All were looking in amazement at the dusky Removeite.

"Hurree Singh! What does this mean!" exclaimed Mr. Queich. "Am I to understand that this box was addressed to you, and the serpent put in to deal death to you when you opened the box?"

Hurree Singh nodded.

"Yes, that was the wheezyful caper, honourable sahib," he replied quietly. "But how did the box get up here?"

It was so carefully veiled from Gosling's eyes, a trap by masked ruffians.

"Good heavens," gasped Mr. Queich. "Hurree Singh, you are in dreadful danger! This affair must be seen into immediately!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went downstairs, and the Removeite captain led the way to Skinner's apartment.

He had a shrewd suspicion of how the box came to be in the lumber-room at Greyfriars.

Both Skinner and Billy Bunter were in Study No. 11 when the chums of the Remove came in.

Skinner's sallow face paled, and Billy Bunter gave one yell and dived under the table.

"Yarooogh! Don't touch me, you fellows! It was Skinner's idea!" wailed the terrified Owl. "He suggested raiding the box from Gosling's trap! I had nothing to do with it, really! Yow! It was Skinner's wheeze from beginning to end!"

"You fat toad!" howled Skinner. "Look here, Wharton, you might as well know the facts. Bunter came to me with a yarn about a box of tuck you were expecting. He heard about the box by listening at your study keyhole!"

"I didn't—I never!" yelled Billy Bunter from under the table.

"I shouldn't think of such a thing! I say, you fellows, don't you believe what Skinner says! You know what awful whoppers he tells!"

Harry Wharton's lips curled with contempt.

"I know what awful whoppers both you cads tell!" he exclaimed. "So it was you who waylaid Gosling. Did you fetch the box straight here?"

"Yes," panted Skinner, shrinking before Wharton's contemptuous gaze.

"We took it up to the lumber-room and opened it!"

"That settles it!" said the Bounder. "The snake was already in the box when it arrived at the station. Somebody must have got at it in transit, taken out Inky's jewels, and put in the snake."

"We had no idea the box was supposed to contain jewels," said Skinner eagerly.

"Bunter said it was tuck—"

"Oh, leave the rotters alone!" said Bob Cherry scornfully. "They had a long enough scare, anyway! It was tuck they were after, of course. Come on, kids, those rotters aren't worth soiling our hands on!"

The Removeites left the study. Trotter, the page, met them in the passage.

"There's a gentleman waiting to see Master Hurree Singh," he said. "I

showed him into your study, Master Singh.

"The obligefulness is terrific!" murmured the nabob.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other.

"A visitor for Inky!" exclaimed Nugent. "What's he like, Trotter?"

"Which he's a dark gentleman, Master Nugent—an Indian, I think."

Bob Cherry gave a grunt.

"Hope it ain't one of the blessed cut-throat gang!" he said. "We'd better go in first."

"No; I will go in, firstly," said Hurree Singh quietly. "I am not finkful, my esteemed chums."

He walked boldly into Study No. 1, but Harry Wharton & Co. crowded in close behind him, nevertheless.

A tall, distinguished-looking Hindu was standing in the study.

Both he and Hurree Singh gave cries of welcome on seeing each other.

The Hindu visitor stood stiffly to attention and saluted the young nabob.

"Main hum, huzur!"

Hurree Singh returned the salute, and then turned to Harry Wharton & Co.

"All serene, Inky!" inquired Wharton in a low voice.

"It is the esteemed Kasmir, my worthy chums," he said. "The all-serenefulness is terrific."

The chums of the Remove were introduced, and then they withdrew to the Common-room, to discuss with the other uniors the recent amazing events, leaving Inky to converse with Kasmir.

The whole school was seething with excitement now, for the news of Hurree

Singh's dethronement in Bhanipur, and the two attempts on his life by the minions of Mahbad Singh, had become common knowledge.

Hurree Singh's enemies and would-be murderers were prowling in the vicinity of Greyfriars. Already they had made two attempts to kill the young nabob, and thus prevent his return to Bhanipur.

What would happen next?

Half an hour elapsed before Kasmir left Greyfriars.

Hurree Singh saw him to the gates, and his chums met him on the way back.

Inky's face was sternly set and grave, his eyes glinting.

"Well, Inky," said Harry Wharton, "what's the news?"

"The esteemed Kasmir has warnfully told me not to leave Greyfriars on any account," replied the nabob. "Mahbad Singh's helpers have Greyfriars under a watchful eye, and they have orders to killfully put me out of the way. The riskfulness of returning to Bhanipur would be too terrific under the present circumstances."

"Well, that's one relief, anyhow!" said Bob Cherry. "We shall have to take you under our wing, Inky, and see that those Hindu fiends don't get a chance to get at you."

"Rather!" chorused the others.

"I am all thankfulness, my esteemed chums," said Hurree Singh gratefully.

"Kasmir, too, is protectfully working in my interests. He informfully tells me that the rogues of the caste of Bheriyas—Mahbad Singh's despicable helpers—have secret headquarters in the neighbourhood. They have successfully managed



"Look out, Skinner!" shrieked Billy Bunter, who had taken refuge on the top of an old trunk. "The snake's behind you! Wew-wow!" "Yarooogh!" roared Skinner. "Help! Oh, my heavens! He jumped out of the snake's way just in time and joined Billy Bunter on the trunk, shivering with terror.

(See Chapter 6.)

to robustly get possession of the esteemed jewels, and now they seek to take my unworthy life before returning to depart to India. Kasmar is doing his venerable utmost best to get on their trackfulness. To get my jewels back and kick-outfully drive away the ludicrous rascals from England is his esteemed proper caper."

"Well, Inky, I only hope he succeeds!" said Bob Cherry fervently. "I shall give white hairs of worry, old chap, if this horrid danger isn't removed jolly soon!"

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### An Attack in the Night!

**B**OOM! The last stroke of midnight tolled from the old clock-tower at Greyfriars, arousing the eerie night echoes.

Harry Wharton sat up in bed with a start.

The Remove dormitory was dark and silent, except for the strident snoring of Billy Bunter. All the other fellows were apparently asleep. Yet Wharton had a vague, uneasy feeling that it wasn't only the heavy, deep booming of the school clock that had roused him from his slumber.

He had not properly been asleep, but had just dozed off after lying awake and thinking of Hurree Singh and the dark, sinister clouds that overhung the young Nabob of Bhanipur.

Wharton listened intently in the darkness for some minutes, but, hearing nothing further, he composed himself again.

But he did not sleep. His eyes and ears were still keenly on the alert.

Something seemed to tell the Remove captain that all was not well. He had a vague premonition that something was about to happen.

Creak! It was a noise from the window, and Harry Wharton caught his breath.

He did not sit up, but watched the window intently.

Slowly—ever so slowly—it commenced to open, from the bottom upwards. The incoming draught rustled the bedclothes of Wharton's bed and sent a chill feeling through his veins.

The night was dark, and great banks of black cloud obscured the moon.

Yet through the grim, deep shadows Wharton discerned a face at the window—an evil, sinister, black face, like a demon's, surmounted by a white turban.

His face, peering into the still darkness of the Remove dormitory, was contorted into a ghoulish expression. Wharton, lying tense in his bed, caught a glimpse of white teeth bared in a sardonic grin.

Then a flash of light, dazzling to the watching junior's eyes, pierced through the gloom. It came probably from an electric torch. The brilliant beam shot back and forth along the whole length of the dormitory, and then, picking out the beds, it began to move slowly along from one to another.

The light was searching the beds—for what? Wharton, his breath coming in quick, spasmodic jerks, not daring to stir, lay still while the light rested on his face for a moment and then passed on.

He opened his eyes when the glare had passed, and saw it go from Bob Cherry's bed to Hazleburn's—to Bulstrode's—and then to Hurree Singh's.

It rested on the nabob's bed, and Wharton, watching intently from the

corners of his eyes, saw Hurree Singh's dusky face shown up plainly in the light. Hurree Singh was fast asleep.

A low, guttural mutter came from the window.

The intruder could not be seen now, but Wharton heard him set down the torch and re-focus it till the light again rested on the sleeping nabob's pillow.

Then came a rattling sound, and in the same instant the moon shone out.

Looking over the beam of light, Wharton saw the Hindu plainly.

The black rascal was raising a small blowpipe to his lips, directing it towards Hurree Singh.

With a sudden thrill of horror Wharton realised his chum's awful peril, and in the moment that he saw the intruder raise the deadly instrument he leaped out of bed, dragging a blanket with him.

Caring nothing for his own safety, Wharton sprang across the intervening space and flung the blanket between the menacing weapon and the form of Hurree Singh.

Only in the nick of time!

A tiny dart hurtled through the air and pierced the blanket, falling hopelessly out the other side on to the dormitory floor.

Had Wharton not acted so promptly the dart would have struck Hurree Singh. It was undoubtedly poisonous and would have dealt death to the sleeping nabob.

Next minute Wharton sprang to the window, and there was a cry from Hurree Singh in waking, and a hubbub of other voices.

"What the dickens—"

"What's that?"

"Whassersnarrier!"

Bang!

The window thudded down in Wharton's face as he reached it.

He wrenched it wide open again and looked quickly out.

A dark, little figure was descending the ivy-clad wall.

Wharton wasted no time. He clambered out on to the sill and swung himself over, at the same time calling out to his startled Form-fellows inside the dormitory.

"A Hindu has broken in! He blew a poisoned dart at Inky—tried to murder him in his sleep! He's escaping down the ivy, but I'm after him! Cut downstairs as quick as you can, some of you, and get out of the box-room window. We mustn't let the rotter get away!"

"Right-ho, Harry!" roared Bob Cherry.

Wharton climbed swiftly down the ivy.

He saw the Hindu spring off near the bottom and disappear into the dark shadows of the quadrangle.

A few minutes later the Remove captain reached the ground, and he ran in the direction the would-be murderer of Hurree Singh had taken.

A clatter came from the darkened school building yonder.

Bob Cherry, leading a contingent of Removites in pyjamas and slippers, did not care what commotion he made. They piled out of the box room window.

"This way!" shouted Harry Wharton.

A clattering footstep ahead told him which direction the Hindu was taking. His objective was evidently the school wall.

Wharton dashed after the fugitive and arrived at the wall.

A short distance to his left he saw the Hindu clambering up a silk ladder that depended from the top of the wall.

Wharton gave a spring towards him, "Kharo!"

This low exclamation was followed by a malevolent laugh.

The Hindu reached the top of the wall, stood there for a fleeting second, and then sprang out of sight.

Wharton grasped the silk ladder and swung up it, just as Bob Cherry and the other Removites came dashing to the spot.

"Where is the rotter, Harry?"

"He's gone—over the wall. Oh, we're done!"

The powerful thrum of a motor-engine sounded on the other side, followed by a grinding of gears. Wharton reached the top of the wall to see a large, black touring-car move away swiftly into the darkness.

The Hindu had made good his escape from Greyfriars.

Wharton gritted his teeth with rage and disappointment.

He swung himself down from the wall and looked at his chum.

"He—he's away in a car!" demanded Cherry.

"Yes," said Wharton shortly. "It looked like the same car that passed us in the lane this afternoon—when the knife was thrown at Inky."

"The black fiends! They are determined to kill poor old Inky!"

"The determination is terrific!" murmured the nabob, who had come along with the others. "I cannot expressfully state my thankfulness to Harry for—"

"Oh, never mind that, Inky!" said Wharton hastily. "The police must be rung up at once."

Lights glimmered in numerous windows, and startled voices were heard.

When the Removites arrived back at the School House the hall door was open and in the light stood Dr. Locke, with Mr. Queeb, Mr. Prout, Wingate, and Blundell of the Fifth.

They regarded Harry Wharton & Co. in amazement.

"Boys, what is the meaning of this midnight disturbance? What ever has happened?" exclaimed the Head.

"Another attempt was made on Hurree Singh's life just now, sir," said Harry Wharton quietly. "A Hindu got in here, and he's escaped in a car."

"Good heavens!"

Wharton recounted his story of what had happened. It drew gasps of amazement and horror from his listeners.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Dr. Locke. "This is terrible! I am only too thankful that you were able to avert a tragedy, Wharton. It is a pity that the miscreant escaped—"

"Had I been on the spot earlier with my Winchester, sir, the hound would not have got away!" said Mr. Prout grimly.

"This business calls for the greatest precautions. Hurree Singh's life is in hourly danger, and I will see that he is protected."

Dr. Locke hurried away to the telephone to acquaint the police of the affair.

All Greyfriars was awake by now, and boys were trooping from their dormitories.

When it became known that an attempt had been made by a Hindu to murder Hurree Singh while he slept, consternation and horror reigned supreme.

Greyfriars did not settle down to sleep again until far into the night.

Dr. Locke did not anticipate another attempt on Hurree Singh's life that

(Continued on page 17.)

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY. PRICE 2!





Supplement No. 171.

HARRY WHARTON  
EDITOR

Week Ending April 18th, 1924.

## SOME "DON'TS" FOR SPRING-CLEANERS!

By BOB CHERRY.

**D**ON'T delay your spring-cleaning until next spring. If your study is neglected for a year, it certainly won't be a place for heroes to live in!

Don't wear your Sunday best for spring-cleaning purposes. If you do, your Sunday best will soon be as soiled and shabby as your weekly worst! Whitewash, distemper, and floor-polish don't improve a fellow's toga.

Don't do your spring-cleaning on a Friday, or on the 13th of the month. All sorts of unlucky calamities will overtake you if you ignore this advice. You will probably pitch head-first off the top of a pair of steps, or accidentally swamp your Form master with whitewash when he appears in the doorway, or fall off the outer sill while window-cleaning and fracture your vertebrae—in other words, break your neck!

Don't choose a glaring "colour-scheme" that would make a blind bat blink. Stick to the conventional colours and shades. Don't choose wallpaper that looks like a thousand rainbows blended into one.

Don't employ a careless and frivolous fag to do your spring-cleaning for you. The odds are that he'll make a fearful hash of it, and your study won't be habitable for many weeks to come.

Don't whitewash the ceiling until you have first of all shifted all the furniture out of the study. Tables and chairs, and cushions and covers, are not improved by a shower-bath of whitewash.

Don't "borrow" your spring-cleaning utensils from your next-door neighbour when his back happens to be turned. He will only show his disapproval, later on, by administering two black eyes and a swollen nose.

Don't spring-clean other people's studies for them without getting their permission beforehand. They will probably resent it, and show their resentment with their fists.

Supplement i.]

Don't ask your Form master to excuse you from lessons for a week in order that you may devote all your time and energies to spring-cleaning. Form masters foolishly consider that lessons are of more importance than spring-cleaning.

## SPRING-CLEANING!

By Dick Penfold.

I passed by your window  
When the morning was red,  
And peeped in your study  
With feelings of dread.  
I heard a commotion  
Just like a big gun;  
Your shout then relieved me:  
"Spring-cleaning, old son!"

I passed by your window  
When noonday was past;  
I peeped through with caution  
Then fell back aghast.  
Whole rivers of whitewash  
Were swamping the floor,  
And gaily you shouted:  
"Spring-cleaning once more!"

I passed by your window  
At twenty to five;  
Your study was swarming  
Like bees in a hive,  
Chaps were papering walls  
With a hideous yellow,  
And you cheerily chanted:  
"Spring-cleaning, old fellow!"

I passed by your window  
At locking-up time;  
The sight I encountered  
Was simply sublime!  
You'd just swept the chimney,  
You looked like a nigger,  
"Spring-cleaning, old chappie!"  
You shouted with vigour.

I passed by your window  
In the cool of the night;  
Did ever a schoolboy  
Behold such a sight?  
Distemper, soot, whitewash,  
All over the shop;  
Then why do you call it  
Spring-cleaning, old top?

### Overdone.

"Now, Arthur," said the housekeeper, "I'm going upstairs for a moment; but while I'm away I want you to look well after these nice white aprons I've put before the fire to air."

Little Arthur nodded wisely, and the housekeeper, satisfied, departed on her higher mission.

A few minutes later, however, she heard the young boy's voice calling to her from below.

"Well," she answered, "what is it?"  
"Please," called up the young cook—"plena, are they done when they're brown?"

## EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

**S**PRING-CLEANING is either a beastly nuisance or a labour of delight. It all depends on the point of view. Certainly spring-cleaning is necessary. The laws of health and hygiene demand it.

Some fellows simply revel in spring-cleaning. They make a sort of orgy of it. I saw Micky Desmond on the job just now in his study. He stood poised on the top of a pair of steps, slapping at the ceiling with a whitewash brush, and singing "Tipperary" while he worked. Spring-cleaning is certainly a fine thing for working off superfluous energy.

Other fellows find the job distasteful. Lord Maulverer, for instance. You'd never catch his lordship scrubbing floors, or whitewashing ceilings, or beating carpets. He would prefer to employ a tribe of fags to do his spring-cleaning, and pay them at trade union rates.

Of course, we are not compelled to spring-clean our own studies. There are maids-of-all-work at Greyfriars whose duty it is to keep the place spick-and-span. But a lot of fellows prefer to do their own spring-cleaning, and at this time of the year there is great activity. It is quite a common sight to see fellows rushing around with pails of water, and brimming buckets of whitewash, and carpet-sweepers, and all the rest of the paraphernalia. I have even known fellows sweep their own chimneys! But this is a job that doesn't appeal to me at all. It converts a chap into a nigger-mistral, and it takes hours to get rid of the soot. Hurree Singh ought not to mind the job, because a layer of soot would make no difference to his dusky complexion!

Spring cleaning is proceeding in Study No. 1 while I write. Frank Nugent is directing the operations, and Bob Cherry and Inky and Johnny Bull have come in to give him a hand. The carpet has been taken up and the floor is being scrubbed. Every now and again a shower of spray shoots over my precious manuscript! If you've ever tried to do journalistic work in a room that is being turned inside-out and upside-down you will sympathise with me.

This week we have selected the subject of spring-cleaning in the hope of making you smile. But you will notice that the Head didn't smile when he saw the result of Alonzo Todd's spring-cleaning activities in his sacred study. Poor old Lonxy is always putting his foot in it bootfully, as Inky would say.

HARRY WHARTON.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 845.



# Backed From Sam's!

The Story of a Sensational Spring-Clean  
By DICKY NUGENT.

"ALL dressed up and nowhere to go! Life seems weary, dreary, and slow."

It was the headmaster of St. Sam's who chanted that familar ditty as he tramped up and down in the quad. The Head was certainly "all dressed up." It was a half-holiday, and he had thrown aside his robes of office—his gown and mortar-board—in favor of a sporting suit. He wore plus fours—minus patches and hules—also a sports coat of the salt-and-pepper variety. A tweed cap was stuck at a rakish angle on his noble napper.

Along came Mr. Lickham, the master of the Fourth. He was looking just as fed up as the Head.

"Blow these half-holidays!" he growled. "I never know what to do with myself!"

"I'm in egagately the same boat, my dear Lickham," said the Head. "Half-holidays always hang heavily on my hands. I'm too old to play football, and fat, too dignified to play marbles. I wouldn't mind having a round of golf, but they've barred me from the club, because I haven't paid my description. What can we do to make our miserable lives happy on a half-holiday?"

Mr. Lickham had a sudden brain-wave.

"Tell you what, sir!" he exclaimed. "Let's do some spring-cleaning!"

The Head thumped his colleague on the back.

"The very idea!" he cried. "Who shall we spring-clean?"

"Father!" You don't spring-clean parents, but places!" said Mr. Lickham. "What about your study?"

"Done yesterday!" said the Head snappily. Perhaps he didn't like being called a fathered by a chump like Mr. Lickham.

"Mine's done, too," said the master of the Fourth. "But there are several studies which have not yet been swamped with whitewash, or drenched with distemper. Suppose we start on the study belonging to Punter, the prefect?"

"Right-ho, old top. Is Punter out this afternoon?"

"Yes. He's playing skittles for St. Sam's against the Blind School at Blinkington. There will be nobody in his study. When he comes back and finds it as clean as a new pin, he'll think the housemaids have been busy. Little will he dream that you and me, sir, have condescended to perform such a menial task."

The Head smiled.

"We'll start right away," he said. "It will be ripping sport. Where shall we find some whitewash? In the coal-cellar?"

"Follow me!" said Mr. Lickham.

Together they proceeded to the woodshed, where they found everything they wanted. There was whitewash and distemper, and paint of all colors. There were long-haired brooms and short-haired brooms and scrubbing-brushes; in fact, everything that was necessary for a good old spring-clean.

"Here are some peaces of sacking," said Mr. Lickham. "We'd better use them as aprons, to protect our tops."

"Good egg!"

Having tied the peaces of sacking round their waists with string, the Head and Mr. Lickham picked up their utensils and went along to the study which was owned by Punter of the Sixth. Punter was a prefect, highly respected by masters and boys alike.

"My giddy aunt! This study's in a fine old pickle!" said the Head. "It hasn't been cleaned out since the flood. I should imagine."

The room was certainly in a horrible state. Dirt and grime lay inches thick on the floor and on the mantelpiece, and on the window-sill. And spiders had been weaving their webs right across the ceiling.

"Ugh! The place is like a pigsty!" said Mr. Lickham. "We'll give it a jolly good cleaning and fumigating and disinfecting! Here goes!"

So saying, Mr. Lickham picked up a pail of whitewash and hurled the contents over the table, sending books and papers flying in all directions.

"Hit a nail!" said the Head. "Haden's we better shift all the furniture out into the passage before we start!"

"All serene, sir! Give me a hand with this desk."

They tried to move the desk, but it seemed to weigh about twenty tons. Mr. Lickham suddenly let go, and the other end of the desk came down with a sickening thud on the Head's pot corn.

"Yarooooo!" he yelled, dancing around in agony. "Lickham, you chummy idiot, you nearly brained my foot!"

"Sorry, sir!" panted Mr. Lickham. "We shall have to shift all the stuff out of the drawers before we can move the desk."

They started to ransack the drawers. Mr. Lickham dragged out a number of hefty volumes and tossed them carelessly into the fireplace. And the Head pulled out a pile of papers.

"What have we here!" he mormered. Then he gave a violent start, as his eye fell upon the top paper. It was a letter, addressed to Punter of the Sixth, and written in a sprawling, coarse hand, clearly showing that the writer had not had a public school education.

"Dear Master Punter,—Thanks for your letter enclosing threepence in

stamps to be put on Bonnie Boy to win the Grand National. If the horse wins at 1,000 to 1 you will receive the sum of twelve pounds ten shillings, and your stake-munny will be returned. If the horse don't win, bang goes your threepence!

"Yours trooly,  
"JES. SHARK,  
"(Bookmaker)."

The Head gave a low whistle of amazement.

"Jumping makes!" he ejaculated. "I have made a most startling discovery, my dear Lickham! Punter of the Sixth is a gamboller! He has been having transackhuns with a bookie!"

"Grate jumping crackers!" gasped Mr. Lickham. "Whoever would have thought it? I had always regarded Punter as being the sole of honor—a boy who would never stoop to anything so dastardly as betting on a horse-race!"

"Same here," said the Head. "It just shows how easily you can be deceived in a bloke. It's the old, old story of a sheep in wolf's clothing. Punter shall pay dearly for this! He shall be publicly walloped in Big Hall, and then slung out of St. Sam's on his back!"

"And serve him jolly well right!" said Mr. Lickham, without superfluity.

Punter of the Sixth had the shock of his life when he returned to St. Sam's with the skittles team.

There was a general assembly in Big Hall; and the discriminating doctumnces was produced, and Punter had to admit that he had been backing horses.

"I always have a little flutter once a week, sir," he explained to the Head. "No harm in that, sir, is there?"

"No harm?" almost screamed the Head. "You—a prefect—a person of power and authority—gambolling with book makers! Why, it's the absolute giddy limit! I will now proceed to administer forty strokes with the birch. Take him up, porter!"

The unfortunate Punter roared and belled as the birch-rod fell across his broad shoulders.

When the castigation was over the Head pointed dramatically to the door of Big Hall, and Punter of the Sixth staggered out, never to return!

"That boy is a fool, as well as a rogue!" muttered the Head when Punter had gone. "Bonnie Boy hasn't a hope of winning the Grand National! It's a dead cert for the French horse, Sirvoe Play! Fine animal, that! I've backed it myself!"

THE END.

[Supplement II.]



# Alonzo Gets Busy!

BY  
TOM BROWN

"I FEEL sorry for the Head," remarked Skinner.

Alonzo Todd stared. As a rule, Skinner of the Remove felt sorry for nobody—except, perhaps himself. It was amazing to find him expressing sympathy with anyone, other than Harold Skinner.

"And why, pray, do you feel sorry for the Head?" asked Alonzo.

"He's in a fearful fix," explained Skinner. "He wants his study spring-cleaned, and he can't find get the necessary labour. You see, nearly all the housemaids happen to be down with flu."

"How unfortunate!" murmured the gentle Alonzo.

"Yes, it is rather a blow to the old tuffer," said Skinner irreverently. "If he can't get help, he'll have to turn to me and do the spring-cleaning himself. Rather undignified, to see the Head in a white apron, with his sleeves rolled up, balancing himself on the top of a pair of steps with a pail of whitewash."

Alonzo looked horrified.

"Such a state of affairs cannot be permitted for some moment!" he exclaimed.

"Doctor Locke is a scholar and a gentleman—not a scolded menial. It is unthinkable that he should have to do his own spring-cleaning!"

"Why don't you help him out of his fix?" suggested Skinner.

"Yes, you! It's a half-holiday, and the Head's out playing golf. Why don't you go and spring-clean his study? You always were a good Samaritan, Alonzo; and the Head would be awfully backed."

Alonzo looked doubtful.

"Are you quite sure he would be pleased, my dear Skinner?"

"Pleased? Why, he'll simply purr with pleasure! When he comes in from golf, and finds his ceiling whitewashed, and his chimney swept, and his carpets beaten, he'll dance with glee!"

Alonzo was already wavering, and it did not take him long to make up his mind.

"Very well, my dear Skinner. I will spring-clean the Head's study!" he said. "Noble lad!" said Skinner, patting Alonzo on the back. "Wish I could rouse and give you a hand. But I've got an important appointment this afternoon. Mind you do the job thoroughly."

And Skinner strolled away, chuckling softly to himself. He had succeeded in selling the leg of Alonzo—never a very difficult matter. He had kindled Alonzo's enthusiasm for spring-cleaning; and the Duffer of the Remove was about to help the Head out of his fix—or possibly get him in a worse one!

Alonzo had no time in getting to business. He went round to the wood-shed,

in search of those things that were requisite and necessary for spring-cleaning.

First of all, Alonzo peeled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, revealing a pair of arms that were skinny to the verge of emaciation. He then glanced round the wood-shed.

"Ha! A brimming bucket of whitewash!" he exclaimed. "I will do the ceiling with that. And here is a pair of steps, thoughtfully left by Gosling, the porter. I also perceive some floor-polish, some black-lead, and some metal-polish. I certainly cannot grumble at lack of materials!"

Alonzo decided to whitewash the ceiling first. Now, the ceiling of the Head's study certainly needed whitewashing; but it would first of all be necessary to empty the study of furniture. This precaution, however, did not occur to Alonzo. He heaved a pair of steps on to his shoulder, and picked up the brimming bucket of whitewash, in which a short fat brush was swimming, and staggered away to the Head's study.

The sacred apartment was unoccupied. The Head, at that moment, was engaged in smiting a harmless "pill" round the links.

Alonzo shifted the table, in order to create a clear space for his operations. Then he placed the steps in position, and mounted them. The bucket swayed in his grasp as he did so, and the whitewash splashed in a snowy shower upon the Head's luxurious carpet.

Perched on the top of the steps, Alonzo got busy. He wielded the brush with tremendous vigour, slapping and recklessly at the ceiling.

The whitewash flew in all directions. It seemed, in fact, to be raining white wash.

Alonzo was not improving the look of the ceiling; neither was he improving the



Perched on the top of the steps, Alonzo got busy with his spring-cleaning.

general appearance of the Head's study. The carpets and the furniture received a copious baptism of whitewash. The window-panes, and the glass panel of the bookcase, were also streaked with the same substance.

Now, the whitewashing of ceilings is a fine art. It is not given to every man to be a skilled whitewasher. It is a job that calls for extreme care and great patience. Alonzo Todd was both careless and impatient. The ceiling was in a shocking state, after he had tried his 'practice hand on it.

The fact that Alonzo finished the job in ten minutes showed that it could not have been done thoroughly. Or perhaps he had done it too thoroughly.

The Duffer of the Remove surveyed his handiwork with great satisfaction.

"Excellent!" he remarked. "I have transformed that ceiling!"

He certainly had!

"I will now carry the carpets out into the Close, and castigate them," murmured Alonzo. "But what can I beat them with? I need a stick of some sort."

He glanced round the study. Standing in the corner was a bag of golf-clubs. They were the Head's special clubs, which he only used on "high-days and holidays." In the ordinary way, he used an inferior set.

Alonzo rolled up the largest carpet, and placed it under his arm. Then he picked up the bag of golf-clubs, and went out into the Close.

The carpet was then suspended on a convenient low branch of one of the elms; and Alonzo selected a masher from the bag, and started to flog the carpet with all his might.

Whack, whack, whack!

The dust rose in clouds as Alonzo wielded the golf-club. There was nobody else in the Close, but three pairs of eyes were gazing from the window of Skinner's study. Skinner and Snoop and Stott were vastly enjoying the scene.

Alonzo wielded the club with such vigour that it was hardly surprising that it suddenly broke in two at its slenderest part. The business end of the club went flying; and the other end remained in Alonzo's grasp.

"Dear me, how annoying!" murmured Alonzo.

He set very little value on golf-clubs. Not being a golfer, he regarded them as of no more importance than cheap walking-sticks. There were plenty more in the bag, and Alonzo selected a fresh club, and resumed his carpet-beating.

The second club shared the same fate as the first. It broke off in the middle, as Alonzo made a particularly vicious swipe at the carpet.

(Continued on next page.)

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# Should Studies Be Spring-Cleaned?

Our contributors discuss this  
seasonable topic.

**BOB CHERRY:**

Of course, studies should be spring-cleaned, and summer-cleaned, and autumn-cleaned, and winter-cleaned into the bargain! I really can't understand how any fellow can be comfortable in a study where dust and dirt have been allowed to accumulate. Besides, spring-cleaning is great fun. I simply love wallowing in whitewash, and splashing soapuds all over the show. My only objection to spring-cleaning is this: It has to be done out of school hours, instead of in lesson-time.

**LORD MAULEVERER:**

Should studies be spring-cleaned? Yaas, begad; but not by me. Let me take my ease on my study sofa, while industrious fags make merry with the whitewash and the paint. So long as they don't swamp my noble person, they are quite free to work without interruption. But I'm dashed if I'm going to turn myself into a charwoman, or, rather, a charman. Too much like hard work, dear boys! "Never do a job yourself that you can get others to do for you!" That's my motto. Yaw-aw-aw! Weary life, isn't it, begad!

**BILLY BUNTER:**

Where's the sense in spring-cleaning a study? It's only as dirty as ever the next day! I spring-cleaned No. 7 last week, tackled the whole job single-handed. I scrubbed the carpets and beat the floors. I black-leaded the walls and distempered the fireplace. I white-washed the doorhandle and cleaned the ceiling with mistle polish. And what was the good of it all? That beast Peter Todd came in with his muddy footer-boots, and made the place in a frightful mess. Then he had the cheek to say that he wasn't at all satisfied with the way I had done the spring-cleaning. Alas! how black is man's ingratitude, as Shakespeer trooly observed.

**HAROLD SKINNER:**

Don't talk to me about spring-cleaning! I've just got into a fearful row for pulling Alonzo Todd's lover limb, and persuading him to spring-clean the Head's study. I'm smarting from the effects of the Head's case, and if any fellow dares to murmur the word "spring-clean" in my presence I shall "spring clean" at his throaat!

**DICKY NUGENT:**

spring-cleaning, like everything else, is all rite in moderation; but when you've got to spring-clean about a dozen senior studies, it's altogether "Too Thick!" First, old wingate comes up to me, and says, look here, young nugent, i want you to spring-clee my study. I want you, like the fellow in h.m.a. pinny-fer, to clean the windows and scrub the floor, and polliap up the handle of the Big Front Door! and then old gwynne comes along, with a sly gwynne on his face—grace the man—and he

says, i say, young nugent, i want my study spring-cleeed right away, what's that? you've got to do wingate's study first? ratta! for my study isn't thoroughly cleaned and scowered by tea-time, I'll Tan your Hide for you, you young bratt! and then loder comes along, and carne, and walker, and all the rest of them—all wanting their studies spring-cleeed. I don't see why I should be treated like a domestic servant, and I'm just about Fed Up, so there!

**MR. QUELICH:**

My study has just been spring-cleaned by one of the maids, and she had the audacity to ask me for a gratuity, for services rendered! She had turned out all the drawers of my desk and hidden everything away where it could not be found. Even my precious, priceless "History of Greyfriars" is missing. I have an awful dread that the stupid girl has put it in the dust destructor, or used it for fire-lighting purposes. It will take me hours and hours to find all my belongings and restore them to their customary places. The mere mention of spring-cleaning to me is like a red rag to a bull!

**WILLIAM GOSLING:**

Wot I says is this 'ere. The sooner they does away with spring-cleeing the better for my peace o' mind. Mornin', noon, an' night they keeps me on the go, without rest or respit. It's "Gosling, that," an' "Gosling, that," until I 'ardly knows whether I'm on me 'ead or me 'eels. I'm sick an' tired of scrubbin' an' polishin' an' whitewashin', an' I've 'alf a mind to send in me reservation! (Presumably, Gossey, you mean your "resignation". Let me implore you not to take such a drastic step. Think of the terrible loss to Greyfriars! We should never survive.—Ed.)

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## ALONZO GETS BUSY!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Gracious!" gasped Alonzo. "I had no idea these golf-clubs were so fragile!" He was about to take a third club from the bag, when he became aware of a majestic figure striding towards him. It was the Head!

Doctor Locke had just returned from the golf-links. The glare he bestowed upon Alonzo Todd was truly terrifying.

"Boy! Todd! Are you demented? You have wanted to broken two of my best golf-clubs! You have removed my valuable carpet from my study, and suspended it on the branch of a tree! Such actions suggest that you are mentally deranged!"

"My—my dear sir—" stammered Alonzo.

"Follow me at once to my study!" thundered the Head. "Such conduct calls for condign punishment!"

Alonzo looked alarmed. What had he done to deserve punishment? He had performed an act of kindness in spring-cleaning the Head's study. Surely such a charitable deed called for a pat on the back and a word of praise—not for punishment!

The Head stalked away, and Alonzo trotted behind him. They passed into the building; and when the Head reached his study he nearly fell down in a fit.

The room was in a terrible state. It was a case of

"Whitewash, whitewash everywhere, And not a drop to drink!"

"B-b-bless my soul!" gasped the Head. For quite a moment he stood spell-bound. He was rooted to the threshold.

Alonzo blinked anxiously into the study.

"Have I spring-cleaned it to your satisfaction, sir?" he asked.

The Head spun round, his face dark with wrath.

"Todd! Wretched boy! Is this a ghastly joke that you have perpetrated upon me?"

"N-n-not at all, sir! I—I simply carried out Skinner's suggestion—"

"Oh! And what was Skinner's suggestion, pray?"

"He said you wanted your study spring-cleaned, sir, and could get nobody to do it, because the housemaids were down with influenza. He thought you would be very grateful if I performed the task myself during your absence on the golf-links."

The Head looked anything but grateful at that moment. Never had Alonzo seen him in such a lowering rage.

"It will take hours—nay, days—to undo all the havoc you have wrought in my study!" exclaimed Doctor Locke, "Skinner told you a falsehood, Todd. I had no intention of having my study spring-cleaned!"

"Oh!" gasped Alonzo.

"I can see that you have acted from a mistaken sense of kindness," the Head continued, "and I shall not punish you. You may go; and I will trouble you to send Skinner to me."

A few moments later sounds of steady swishing proceeded from the Head's study. They were accompanied by wild yells of anguish. Harold Skinner was going through the mill; and long before the castigation was over, he bitterly regretted his suggestion of the spring-cleaning of the Head's study.

THE END.  
[Supplement to,

## INKY'S PERIL!

(Continued from page 12.)

night, but, nevertheless, Mr. Prout had an armchair brought into the Remove dormitory, and he insisted on sitting up with his loaded Winchester rifle throughout the remainder of the night.

This did not dispel the Removites' fears and cast a baleful glow of content over them, as Mr. Prout, in the fondness of his heart, imagined it would. On the contrary, the Removites were not without their doubts as to whether Mr. Prout might, or might not, be safer in his own bed-room. As Bob Cherry remarked, with Mr. Prout at large with his rifle in the dorm all night, things might happen, especially if the over-zealous marksman "potted" at every suspicious sound.

But nothing happened, and when the Remove woke next morning, Mr. Prout was still installed in the armchair, his Winchester resting across his knees—and he was snoring loudly.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

## Coker on the Job!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" The Famous Five were in Study No. 1 next morning, discussing affairs. Hurree Singh had just come from an interview with the Head, and had announced to his chums that Dr. Locke had taken the precaution to "gate" him, so as to obviate the risk of his meeting with any of his enemies outside the school.

Harry Wharton & Co. agreed with Inky that the "rotteness was terrific," and they realised the wisdom of the Head's measures.

There were enemies prowling outside Greyfriars, awaiting their first opportunity to put the nabob out of the way, so as to make more secure the position of Mahbad Singh on his stolen throne in Bhanpur.

If Hurree Singh did not venture out of Greyfriars the risk of his meeting with his foes was reduced to a minimum. It meant that they would have to get into Greyfriars to reach him. And everyone at the school was on the alert for such a contingency. At the same time the faithful Kasur and the police were doing their utmost to track the Hindu emissaries of Mahbad Singh to their lair, and thus rid the young nabob of the dreadful menace that overshadowed him.

Harry Wharton & Co. were debating these matters when their study door was flung open with a bang, and Bob Cherry made his famous remark.

"A big, burly fellow strode in. It was Horace Coker of the Fifth. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry again. "Bliss md if it isn't our own Coker! Such a nice, gentle, well-bred chap, Coker! I notice that he never fails to knock at a door before entering."

Coker glared. It was not usual for Coker to pay visits to Remove studies. When he did, the mighty man of the Fifth considered that he was bestowing a great honour upon the Remove. More often than not, however, a visit from Coker in the Remove meant trouble—for Coker.

The chums of Study No. 1 did not seem exactly overwhelmed with the honour of Coker's presence. Harry

Wharton took up a ruler, Frank Nugent's hand instinctively went towards the poker, Bob Cherry reached out for a fencing foil that hung on the wall, while Johnny Bull and Inky both took up cricket-stumps.

Coker noticed these ominous signs and his glare intensified.

"Look here, you fags had better not start any trouble, or I'll mop up the floor with the lot of you!" he snapped. "As a matter of fact, I haven't come for a row, although if you want one, you can jolly well have it. I don't usually waste time on fags, but in this case I've made an exception for once. I've come to see Hurree Singh."

"Oh!" The dusky Nabob of Bhanpur smiled.

"The esteemed and ludicrous Coker is truly magnificent," he murmured.

"The honour to my unworthy self is terrific. Does he wish to see me speak-fully?"

"Yes," said Coker, with a patronising air. "I've come to tell you, young 'un, that you needn't be afraid."

"Eh?"

"Consider yourself right out of danger, my son on!" said Coker. "You can go about with an easy mind, Hurree Singh."

"My hat!" exclaimed Wharton. "You don't mean to say, Coker, that those Hindu rotters that are after Inky have been caught?"

"No, not yet," said Coker.

"Then—then the police are after them?"

Coker sniffed. "Fat lot of good the police will do!" he said. "No, the police aren't after them, so far as I know."

"Then how is Inky out of danger?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"I'm going to protect him!" said Coker loftily.

The quizzical look Harry Wharton & Co. took. They stared at Coker in speechless astonishment for some minutes.

"You—you're going to protect Inky!" gurgled Bob Cherry at last.

"I'm taking up the matter, and I shall see that he comes to no harm!" said Coker impressively. "Hurree Singh need have no fear now. I'm looking after him. I shall protect him from those Hindu rascals!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. yelled. They couldn't help it. The idea of Horace Coker setting himself up as Inky's guardian struck them as decidedly comical.

Coker frowned darkly.

"You—chucky little rotters! What the—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Coker's looking after Inky, therefore Inky can consider himself right out of danger! Oh, my hat!" gurgled Frank Nugent. "That's the latest. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you little jackanapes! I haven't come here to be laughed at!" howled Coker truculently. "I've put my hand under my protection, and I shall see that those Hindu rotters don't get at him. Moreover, I shall run then-down and have 'em put out of harm's way!"

"Oh, stop it, Coker, do!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I shall burst a boiler in a minute!"

"So you're going to nail the Hindus as well, Coker?" said Harry Wharton, wiping his eyes.

"That's it," said Coker. "I rather pride myself on being a bit of a detective, you know. I'm starting to-day to get on the track of those black rotters,

and, although not wishing to boast, I might say that I expect to lay them by the heels within a day or so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker snorted and doubled his fists, but he thought better of his warlike intentions.

Harry Wharton winked at his chums.

"Well, Coker, old man, you're jolly thoughtful," he said.

"The thoughtfulness is—"

"Terrific!" grinned Bob Cherry. "But you'll need help, won't you, Coker?" asked Harry Wharton sweetly.

Coker nodded.

"Yes, I shall probably need some assistance," he said. "You see, I reason things out this way: The black rascals will be watching Greyfriars for a chance to get at Hurree Singh. So that, if I also keep watch secretly, I'm bound to get on their trail."

"My word!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Coker's awfully deep, isn't he?"

"Rather!"

"A detective has to use his powers of deduction, you know," said Coker, a little more graciously. "I shall run the Hindus to earth, and make a clean haul of the whole crowd."

"Can't we help?" asked Harry Wharton meekly.

The Remove captain anticipated that it would be great fun to assist the mighty Morace in tracking down the Hindus. There was a certain amount of harmless and necessary amusement in pulling Coker's leg.

But Coker shook his head. "No, I can't be bothered with fags," he said. "You would only get in the way. I shall get Wingate and some of the Sixth to help me, perhaps."

"Perhaps!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Coker glared, and walked away.

A roar of laughter followed him, and Inzaok Coker left the Remove passage frowning portentously.

He could never understand why the Removites never took him seriously. That trait was also noticeable in other fellows at Greyfriars, apart from the Removs.

Coker bitterly reflected that it was ignorance—sheer ignorance—on their part.

He went along to his own study. Potter and Greene, his studymates, were at home.

"I shall want you fellows to come out with me after lessons," said Coker in his abrupt way.

"What's on, Coker?" asked Potter, looking interested.

"Going to lay in supplies at Uncle Clegg's, old chap?" asked Greene.

"Grab's getting pretty low in the cupboard, I noticed."

"Nothing of the sort!" snapped Coker shortly. "I'm going out after the Hindus."

"Who-a-a-ah?"

"Those black rascals who are hiding in the neighbourhood somewhere, waiting to murder young Hurree Singh, you know," said Coker airily. "I've decided to get the kid under my protection."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Potter and Greene.

"Why, what the thunder are you laughing at?" howled Coker. "I'm blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. The matter's jolly serious. Young Hurree Singh wants somebody with brains and resources to protect him. And I'm the chap. I'm going to start straight away in running those Hindu rotters to their lair!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" shrieked Coker's studymates hilariously.

Coker glared back his cuffs. "Look here, I'll jolly soon settle this!" he shouted. "Are you idiots coming to help me, or are you not?"

"Not!" said Potter decidedly. "Go and eat coke!" gasped Greene. Next minute Coker came charging at them like a bull in action, and Potter and Greene had to skip nimbly out of the study to avoid their warlike study-mate. They disappeared down the corridor, leaving Coker in his study doorway, breathing hard through his nose.

"Silly asses!" growled the mighty Horace. "I'll punch their thundering heads when I get lay hold of 'em. I shall have to do Blundell and Fitzgerald to help me, that's all."

With this idea in mind Coker went along to Blundell's study, Blundell, Fitzgerald, and Smith major was at home. They listened in surprise to Coker's statement of his intentions. Then, to Coker's astonishment and annoyance, they also burst into roars of laughter.

"Well, of all the blithering asses——" said Blundell.

"Of all the howling idiots——" gurgled Smith major, in the study.

Coker's patience gave way. He caught up a cricket stump and came round the table to Blundell, Fitzgerald, and Smith major. Those three seniors arose at Coker's coming.

"You cheeky rotters! I'll—— Oh! Ah! Yah! Oooooop!" roared Horace.

Three pairs of hands grasped him, and he was whirled to the door. The door was already open, and Coker went whirling through it with a velocity that dashed him.

"Bump!" "Yaroooogh!" He landed on all fours on the cold, hard, unsympathetic linoleum outside, and Blundell's study door shut with a slam.

"Groooooogh! The rotters! Yowp! For two pins I'd go in and smash them! Groooogh! Wah! Yarooooop!" Coker limped away.

He tried several other studies in the Fifth Form passage, but at each his demand for help on the Hindu hunt was greeted with considerable hilarity and a plenteous of sarcastic remarks. But no assistance was forthcoming.

Coker gave it up at last, and went along to Wingate, snorting.

"My hat!" said the Greyfriars skipper, when Coker had told him of his decision to protect Hurree Singh, and to nail the Hindus. "So you want help, Coker?"

"Yes; I could do with you, Wingate, and one or two others," said Coker. "I'm up against rather a stiff proposition, you know. But I shall pull it off, you bet! Of course, I should expect you to follow my lead, and carry out whatever instructions I give you."

"Oh!" said Wingate, his look becoming grim. "Anything else you expect, Coker?"

"Well, I—— Why, what—— Yah! Oh! My hat! Yarooooop!"

Wingate had taken Coker's rather prominent nose between forefinger and thumb, and he gave it several nasty jerks.

Coker roared and clasped his nasal organ when Wingate let go.

"You didn't expect that by any chance, I suppose?" said the skipper grimly. "Or you wouldn't expect me to chuck you out on your neck, for instance, or give you a bumping for your cheek?"

Coker clenched his fists wrathfully and made a step towards the skipper.

But even Coker realised, after a moment's consideration, that the stalwart

Greyfriars captain was too tough a nut for anyone at the school to tackle.

So Coker gave an emphatic snort instead, and strode away, rubbing his nose. To the mind of the mighty Horace all this was sickening—simply sickening! Hurree Singh of the Remove was in peril of his life, yet nobody seemed willing to assist Coker in running his nose to earth.

True, Hurree Singh was mere fag, and fags were, in the ordinary way, quite beneath Coker's notice. But when it was a matter of life or death, Coker wasn't the fellow to shirk his obvious duty, even though it was towards a fag.

It exasperated him to think that his own chums refused to back him up, and his other Form-fellows and chaps of the Sixth had treated him with criminal disregard to the seriousness of the situation.

There were murderous Hindus lurking in the neighbourhood, waiting to do Hurree Singh to death, and they had to be tracked down. And Coker was convinced that he—Horace Coker—was the one fellow to track them down.

But he must have help. Even he was not equal to running to earth a gang of devils all alone, and unaided.

There seemed to be only one thing left for him to do.

Harry Wharton had offered to help. Much as it was beneath Coker's dignity, he would have to avail himself of the offer. There was no other way. All the others had turned him down.

He walked into Study No. 1 without the preliminary ceremony of knocking.

Coker had what he termed a short way with fags.

Harry Wharton & Co were all there. They grinned at Coker.

"Well, have you tracked the giddy assassins to their lair, Coker?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"No cheek!" said Coker, frowning. "I shall expect you kids to meet me in the quad after lessons."

"What for? Do you want to find out how many of us it will take to wipe up the quad with you, Coker?" asked Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No!" howled Coker. "You cheeky fags had better keep civil, or there'll be trouble. I want you to help me track down the Hindus. I expected some of the Fifth and Sixth to lend a hand, but the silly slanders have turned their noses up at the idea. Wingate even threatened to chuck me out of his study—me, you know! So, upon the whole, I've decided to take you fags."

The fags chuckled.

In the ordinary way they would have arisen and smitten Coker hip and thigh for his cheek. But they had been consulting in Coker's absence, and had come to the conclusion that it would be a great joke to help Coker in his self-appointed detective work. So they did not rag Coker. They appeared to be very respectful to him.

"I say, Coker, that's jolly good of you!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm sure we shall be only too delighted of the chance to help you, old chap. It will be the chance of a lifetime, in fact."

"Rather!" chirped the Co.

"That's all right, then," said Coker, unbending a little. "Of course, I don't usually associate myself with a gang of fags, and you'll probably do more harm than good, but I'll give you a fair trial."

"Thanks awfully, Coker!"

"Coker puts things so nicely, doesn't he?" remarked Bob Cherry solemnly.

"We can't help feeling the great honour he is doing us. We'll be ready after

lessons, Coker."

"Mind you're not late, then!" said Coker severely.

"No, fear!"

Coker gave the Removites a condescending nod and walked away.

When he had gone Harry Wharton & Co. gave way to great mirth, and "Poor old Coker!" gasped Nugent. "Always so ready to have his leg pulled. And we'll put it this afternoon—what?"

"Hear, hear!"

"Coker's bent on running down a Hindu, or Hindus," said Harry Wharton. "It would be a pity to disappoint him, especially as he's so keen. I think we can manage to provide one Hindu for him—one ought to be enough for the present. In fact, I think that this particular one will be a little too much for old Coker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We will be on it like a shot when we tell him," chuckled Bob Cherry. "I vote we go along and put it to him now."

The chums of the Remove hurried along to Study No. 5, where William Wibley, the amateur actor of the Remove, had his habitation.

They discovered Wib standing in front of the mirror removing traces of grease paint from his face. Wib had been practising the make-up for his part—the principal one—in a forthcoming production of the Remove Dramatic Society.

Wib was the leading light of the Dramatic Society. He was the keenest Amateur actor at Greyfriars, and any chance of material or masquerade line Wib excelled in.

"Canst thou make up as a Hindu for an hour or so after lessons, Wib?" asked Harry Wharton.

"My hat!" said Wib. "What's the game?"

"Coker!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. explained their wheeze, which was one of deluding and deceiving the great Horace Coker.

Coker was taking them out to track down Hindus, and he was going to get on the track of a Hindu—Wibley, to be precise.

"We'll get the villain on the scent, and lead him the dickens of a dance," said Harry Wharton. "The cheeky, conceited ass deserves a ragging, and we'll see that he gets it. He won't want to play detective any more."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you on, Wib?" asked Nugent.

"What-ho!" said Wibley promptly. "Like a bird!"

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Mr. Prout Takes a Hand!

"COME ON!" said Coker.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Squiff, and Peter Todd came on—after Coker.

Lessons were over, and the Removites had dutifully turned up in the quad to go out with Coker on his detective work. Wibley had already gone out.

Hurree Singh stood on the steps, smiling a little ruefully.

He would dearly have loved to join in the hunt with his chums, but the Head had refused his wise-gated bid.

Harry Wharton & Co. could afford to treat the present matter as a great joke—as indeed it was. But for the nabob it was different. There was the possibility of real Hindus—Inky's enemies—being on the prowl outside Greyfriars, awaiting their chance to strike. So Inky dared not venture out.

A crowd of Removites watched Harry Wharton & Co. march out behind Coker, and they chuckled deeply.

News of the great jape had gone its rounds, and the Remove were highly tickled by it.

Coker, walking loftily in front, as befitting his position as leader of the expedition, led the way through the gates, and Harry Wharton & Co. followed like little lambs.

Coker did not fail to impress the Removites with his disparagement of them. But, to Coker, the Removites were better than nothing. Besides, those fags could fight, as he knew from personal experience, and they would be useful if it came to a scrap.

Coker was quite unconscious of the fact that Harry Wharton & Co. were tolerating him for the express purpose of pulling his leg.

Coker marshalled his assistants in the fields opposite the school, behind the high hedge that skirted the Friar-dale Lane.

"Now, get down and hide yourselves, and keep your eyes open for any Hindus who may be skulking around," said Coker. "I'm going to do some scouting, and I shall probably pick up a trail, or a few clues. When I want you I'll whistle, or wave my cap. You do the same if you spot anything suspicious." "All serene, Coker!"

The juniors concealed themselves behind bushes and in gullies, while the mighty Horace stalked away into the next field.

Harry Wharton & Co. winked at each other and chuckled.

They could see Coker between the bushes, slithering about on hands and knees in the grass, his gaze intent upon the ground.

"Wonder what the frabious idiot thinks he'll pick up?" grinned Peter Todd from a gully.

"Seems at first he's looking for worms," observed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Wib will be on the scene directly," said Harry Wharton.

They waited expectantly for a short while, and then they saw a dark, snarling figure lurking among the bushes in the field beyond.

The prowler was a fear-ome-looking Hindu, complete with beard and turban.

Harry Wharton & Co. blinked at him.

"I—say, is that Wib?" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "He looks to me like the genuine article, and—"

"It's Wib right enough!" chuckled Wharton. "He's signalling!"

The "Hindu" was making signs with his hands in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet—a code that was well known to all the chums of the Remove.

"O K," Wib signalled. "Watch Coker!"

Harry Wharton & Co. watched Coker, and they saw him give a start on beholding the lurking figure in the bushes.

Coker jumped up from the grass, dragged off his cap and waved it wildly.

"Kin on, kids!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Coker's on the track!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. started out towards Coker.

The mighty Horace, however, did not wait for them. He was pounding across the field in the direction in which he had spotted the "Hindu."

Harry Wharton's ally grasped Harry Wharton's arm.

"Look who's coming!" he exclaimed. The juniors turned, and saw Mr. Prout emerging from the gates of Greyfriars.

Mr. Prout wore a trilly hat instead of his usual topper, a belt containing cartridge pouches strapped round his portly waist, and on his shoulder he carried a rifle.



Creak! It was a noise from the window, and Harry Wharton caught his breath. Through the deep shadows he discerned a face at the window. A Hindu! Then a flash of light, dazzling to the watching junior's eyes, pierced through the gloom. The brilliant beam shot back and forth along the whole length of the dormitory, searching the beds. It rested finally on the sleeping form of Hurree Singh. (See Chapter 7.)

The Fifth Form master looked very warlike and determined.

The Removites in the field gasped.

"Oh, my only hat!" exclaimed Wharton. "Look at Prout! It looks as if he's going out on a shooting expedition!"

"If he's going duck-shooting on the Sark he'll have old Poppy on his track," chuckled Squiff. "I wonder what his little game is, anyway!"

To the Removites' further astonishment Mr. Prout walked straight across the road and burst his way through the hedge into the field beyond.

He gave a start on seeing Harry Wharton & Co., and he walked up to them.

"Boys, what are you doing in this field?" he demanded.

"Ahom!"

"Ah-ham!"

"You are not about to break into Farmer Inkipen's orchard, I trust?" said Mr. Prout, giving the Removites a severe look.

"No, sir!" said Wharton. "We—was as a matter of fact, sir, we are looking for—Hindus."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "That is precisely my intention in coming out with my Winchester this afternoon. I am determined to rid Hurree Singh of the menace that is encompassing him. There are Hindus in the neighbourhood who have murderous intentions towards the lad, and it is my purpose to find them out! If I do happen upon one of the miscreants I shall have no compunction whatever in shooting him!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Harry Wharton. "I mean it!" said Mr. Prout firmly. "I am quite equal to the task, my lads.

Why, back in '89, when touring the Rocky Mountains, I shot many a grizzly—shot 'em on sight! Without desiring to boast of my prowess, I will say that my marksmanship is second to none! My aim is still as deadly true as when I was grizzly hunting in the Rockies! And I would shoot one of those dastardly Hindus as I would a grizzly, my lads! I am making it my special duty to protect Hurree Singh, and I am out now to catch any Hindu I find prowling about the vicinity. I shall use my Winchester, and my bullets shall go straight to their mark!"

"Groooogh!" gasped Bob Cherry, with a fearful look into the next field.

He was thinking of Wib, and so were the others.

"I suppose you lads haven't seen any suspicious-looking Hindus lurking in the neighbourhood?" asked Mr. Prout, lovingly balancing his trusty Winchester in one hand.

"Nunno, sir!"

"You lads have my permission to join in the search, under my guidance. If you do happen to see any of those black rascals, you had better call me, and I will do the rest."

"Groooogh! Y-és, sir!"

Mr. Prout stalked off into the next field, whither Coker had dashed in search of the bogus Hindu, and he disappeared behind the thick trees.

The Removites looked in deep consternation at each other.

"Well, my only sainted aunt!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"Prout's Hindu-hunting, as well as Coker's!" said Bob Cherry faintly. "And he's got his gun!"

"And Wib's hanging about, dressed as

"a Hindu!" exclaimed Squiff. "He's all right, so far as Coker's concerned; we've planned to chip in and give Coker a rare rough-and-tumble. But if Prout spots Wib, and lets fly with his rifle—"

"Prout's a dud shot, of course," said Peter Todd. "But once he cuts loose with that gun there's no knowing what he might do. He might, by a fluke, hit Wib—"

Toddy shuddered. The others looked scared. "We've got to find Wib, and warn him!" said Wharton quickly. "The sooner he gets out of that Hindu rig, the better! Come on!"

They dashed into the next field to look for Wib. Neither Wib, nor Coker, nor Mr. Prout were in sight now.

They were dodging each other among the trees and bushes.

All of a sudden Bob Cherry gave a cry.

"The 'Hindu' appeared from behind a bush, and he waved cheerily to the other Removites.

Wharton commenced to make quick signals with his hands in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet.

"P-o-u-t — o-u-t — w-i-t-h — g-u-n — h-o-p — i-t."

Wibley evidently understood, for the Removites saw him pull off his turban and commence to rub his face vigorously with it.

Then Coker came into view, and Wib promptly dodged back into hiding.

The mighty Horace was well on the track. He could hear mysterious movements among the trees, and his valiant heart was thrilling with excitement.

Five minutes later Wibley joined Harry Wharton & Co. in the field. He had divested himself of his disguise, although his face still bore signs of charcoal—especially round the ears.

"Prout's out to pot any Hindu he sees!" said Wharton. "You were running too great a risk, Wib—"

"What abouts Coker?" said Nugent. "Suppose Prout hears him in the trees and starts firing!"

"Oh crumbs! We'd better warn Coker, too! I—"

Harry Wharton broke off.

A wild yell had broken the afternoon stillness, coming from the region of the trees ahead.

The Removites looked at each other in wonder.

"That sounded like old Coker's ton!" said Bob Cherry. "I reckon he's fallen foul of Prout. Hark!"

Bang! Bang!

"This way, you kids!" came Coker's voice in a loud howl. "I've got someone, kid— Yaroooooooh!"

Coker's cry terminated in a fiendish yell.

Peter Todd said he thought he heard a splash, but he couldn't be certain.

The chums of the Removite dashed towards the trees from which Coker's mellifluous voice had sounded.

Other sounds guided them—sounds of weird gurglings and splashing.

They came at length to where a wide, ranky ditch ran between the field and an orchard.

Mr. Prout was sprawled, in a most undignified position, on the bank of the ditch. His Winchester lay several yards away, and his hat was floating merrily on the water.

But Coker!

That luckless fellow's head and shoulders were just visible above the surface of the ditchwater.

Coker's hair and face and shoulders were smothered in mud and weeds and green slime. He was spluttering and

gurgling in a weird and wonderful manner.

"Groooh! Yah! Gerrrooh! Gug! Gug!"

Those were the unintelligible remarks the great man of the Fifth was uttering.

"His, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Gaze at Coker, kids, and weep!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gerrooooooh! Yah! You cheeky little brats—" gurgled Coker.

"Coker, old man, you're a sight for gods and men and little fishes!" roared Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ooooooooh!"

Coker struggled to his feet and strode up.

His face was purple with wrath—the Fifth Form master fairly shook with it.

"Boys, that—that clumsy blockhead of a fellow brought this upon himself!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "I was following the trail of a Hindu when Coker dashed upon me. He and I struggled together at the top of the bank here, and when I wrenched myself free from the idiot's grasp he rolled down into the ditch!"

"His, ha, ha!"

"Yerrooooooh!" spluttered Coker from the ditch. "You shoved me in, sir! I thought you were the Hindu I had seen, and— Grooooooh!"

Coker fairly choked with wrath and ditchwater.

Harry Wharton & Co., bursting with mirth, assisted the luckless Fifth-Former out of the ditch.

When he came out the great Horace literally streamed with water and slime, and was plentifully festooned with weeds.

"Grooh! Yah! Oh dear! Gug—gug!" he gurgled wilyly.

"Better out back to school, Coker, old man!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You'll catch a cold out here!"

"Boy! Idiot!" snapped Mr. Prout, glaring at Coker. "You have thwarted me in catching the Hindu! The mischief has no doubt escaped."

No doubt he had, for Mr. Prout spent the remainder of the afternoon diligently hunting for his intended quarry, but without result.

As for Horace Coker, he stamped back to Greyfriars, squelching water from his boots as he went, and leaving a long, long trail of slime and weeds behind him.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### The Disappearance of Inky!

"TEA at Cliff House to-day!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Rather," said Frank Nugent. "Hazel's just been in with the invite—what? We'll all go, and—"

"All but me exceptually," said Inky, with a morose shake of his dusky head. "I am gratefully kept indoors."

It was the following afternoon, and Hazelene had looked into Study No. 1 with an invitation from his sister, Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House School, to Harry Wharton & Co. to have tea with her and her girl chums.

Those invitations to tea at Cliff House were always joyfully accepted by Harry Wharton & Co. They all looked overcast when Inky reminded them of his inability to go.

"Oh, I had forgotten, Inky!" said Harry Wharton. "Jolly rotten, old chum!"

"The jolly-rottenfulness is terrific," said Inky. "But still, it cannot helpfully be avoided, my worthy chums. I will stay infully."

"We'll explain to Miss Marjorie," said Nugent. "And now we'd better be getting ready. We're going over on jiggers, of course."

"Rather!"

The chums of the Removite brushed their hair nicely and put on clean collars, as fitting the occasion of a visit to Cliff House. They then took their departure, leaving Inky alone in Study No. 1.

Hurree Singh felt keenly his inability to accompany his chums to tea with Marjorie Hazeldene & Co., but he would not have gone against the Head's wishes for the world. Besides, he knew they were for the best.

No news announcing the tracing of his enemies had been received so far. The police had discovered nothing, and yet the mob knew that his would-be murderers were still in the neighbourhood, for only that morning he had received through the post a card bearing the Death Cypher—a reminder of his threatened doom.

Tap!

Hurree Singh started up as the sound came at the study door.

It opened next minute, and the pompous form of Mr. Prout entered.

Mr. Prout had his trusty Winchester tucked under his arm, and he smiled benevolently at the Removite.

"It is only I, Hurree Singh," said Mr. Prout, coming in and closing the door behind him. "I saw Wharton and the others go out, and wondered whether you were staying in alone. Is that so?"

"The stay-infulness is my present caper, esteemed sahib," replied Inky.

"Very well," said Mr. Prout, installing himself in the armchair. "I will sit here and keep you company, Hurree Singh. I am here, in point of fact, to protect you, in case any attempt should be made on your life by your rascally countrymen. I understand that you received a warning of death this morning."

"That is correctfully so, honoured sahib," said Inky, with a slight grin. "But the despicable rascals do not give me the terrific scarfulness!"

"The miscreants will have me to reckon with," said Mr. Prout, handling his gun with the light of battle in his eyes. "You need have no anxiety, Hurree Singh. While I am here to protect you, you may banish all fear!"

"The kindness of the esteemed sahib is truly terrific!" murmured Inky.

He could not repress a smile at Mr. Prout's good-intentioned persistence in looking after him. Coker had not



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Harry Wharton & Co. came at length to where a wide, murky ditch ran between the field and an orchard. Mr. Prout was sprawling on the bank. His Winchester lay several yards away and his hat floated merrily on the water. In the water, up to his shoulders, was Horace Coker, yelling and gurgling in a weird manner. "Groooh! Yah! Gug-gug!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co. (See Chapter 9.)

breached the subject after his mishap in the ditch yesterday. The whole school had roared over the affair, and Coker had been hiding his diminished head ever since.

It was very kind of Mr. Prout to give up his time to looking after the junior, but Inky would much rather have been on his own.

Mr. Prout whiled away the time in recounting to Hurree Singh his thrilling exploits in the Rockies in '89, when he wrought havoc among the grizzlies with his trusty Winchester.

Inky made tea, and Mr. Prout graciously consented to have tea with him.

When the table had been cleared afterwards, Mr. Prout continued with his thrilling narratives.

Hurree Singh was fighting off his inclination to go to sleep when a tap came at the door, and Trotter poked his tousled head in.

"Mr. Prout 'ere?" he asked. "Which you're wanted on the telephone, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Prout, rising. "I shall return as expeditiously as possible, Hurree Singh."

He went, and Inky heaved a sigh of relief.

Mr. Prout strode along to the masters' room and took up the telephone receiver.

"Hello!" he exclaimed.

"Hello!" came a strange voice over the wires. "Is that Mr. Prout?"

"Yes! He is speaking! Who is that?"

"Hold on, sir!" came the reply.

Mr. Prout waited for several minutes, and then he became impatient.

"Hello!" he rattled at the receiver hoek and breathed sulphureously into the mouth-piece.

"Hello! Are you there? Hello! Hello!"

No reply.

To identify Mr. Prout was still expected to hold on.

More minutes passed, and Mr. Prout was thoroughly nettled. Then, after what seemed an interminable wait, the same voice sounded again on the telephone.

"Hello! Is Mr. Prout there?"

"Yes! I am here! I have been waiting a ridiculously long time!" snorted the Fifth Form master. "Who is speaking?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter now!" came the cool response. "Good-bye!"

"Look here—" shouted Mr. Prout angrily, but the man at the other end, whoever he was, had rung off sharply.

Mr. Prout also rang off, and stamped furiously out of the masters' room.

"It was some audacious practical joke, I expect!" he muttered. "I wish I knew the perpetrator! Err-r-r-r!"

The master made his way back to the Remove passage.

He tapped at the door of Study No. 1, and walked in.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, halting in astonishment. "There is nobody here!"

Study No. 1 was empty. Hurree Singh had disappeared.

Mr. Prout was wondering whether the junior had left the study for something and would be returning soon, when he suddenly became aware that the study window was open.

"Dear me! Whatever possessed the boy to open the window?"

Mr. Prout, as he approached the window with the intention of shutting it, heard a shout from below, and he looked out.

He gave vent to a gasp of amazement. Two tall figures, wearing turbans, were dashing to the gates of Greyfriars.

One, a powerful-looking giant of a man, had the huddled, senseless figure of a schoolboy flung over his shoulder.

Fedows in the quadrangle were dashing towards the two men, shouting.

Godling ran out of his lodge and planted himself in the gateway, but the spiteful crack of a revolver shot rang out, and the porter promptly dodged back into his lodge.

The way was now clear for the fugitives, and they disappeared through the school gates.

Mr. Prout looked wildly about him for his Winchester, but it was nowhere to be seen. He fairly raved in the study.

"Hurree Singh has been abducted—in broad daylight! That telephone call was a trick, planned by the rascally Hindus. Whoever they are, they must have secured inside information from this school. Bless my soul, I have never heard of such a thing in all my life! And my Winchester gone! I will acquaint Dr. Locke of the facts immediately!"

And, thus gasping to himself, Mr. Prout dashed along the Remove passage and made his way to the Head.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Mystery Car!

"CHEERIO, Marjorie!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were mounting their bicycles outside the gates of Cliff House School, and were taking leave of their girl chums.

"Good-bye!" said Miss Marjorie, smiling from the gate. "Had a good tea?"

"Ripping, thanks!"

"First rate!"

"Good egg!" said Miss Clara Trevlyn—she was fond of using boyish slang expressions which she had picked up from the heroes of the Remove. "I hope Marjorie's rice-cakes don't give you jip later on. They're the first she's ever made, you know!"

"Oh, Clara!" said Marjorie Hazeldean reprovingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The cakes were prime, and we'd willingly offer agonies for their sake!" said Harry Wharton gallantly.

"The primfulness was terrific, as Inky would say!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Poor old Inky! We'll cut back and see how he's getting on! So long!"

The juniors raised their caps and peddled away from Cliff House.

They were leaving their girl chums early, as Marjorie & Co. had extra "aw" to do for Miss Primrose that evening.

The sun was still bright in the west, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 845.

a fresh breeze was blowing up from the sea, and Harry Wharton & Co thoroughly enjoyed a swift ride along the Redcliffe road towards Friarsdale. Quizz had almost reached the village when Hazeldene gave a sudden exclamation.

"My hat! I've forgotten my Latin lexicon I lent Marjorie! She wrangled it up for me to bring away, but—silly as I—I've clean forgotten it! I must have it for lessons to-morrow, too, or Quizz will be on my track—and I'm already pretty far in his bad books. I shall have to turn back and fetch it!"

"We'll ride back with you, Hazel!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "We've got heaps of time, and it's a glorious evening for cycling."

"Yes, rather!" The Removites turned their bicycles and rode back in the direction of Cliff House.

They had been riding for just over five minutes when a motor-car horn sounded behind them.

Looking back, they saw a large black tourist approaching at a fair speed. The driver, wishing to overtake the schoolboy cyclists, was blowing his horn vigorously.

Harry Wharton & Co. drew in to the left to allow the car to pass.

Bob Cherry gave his chums a significant look.

"Watch that car closely as it passes, chaps," he said. "It looks to me like the Hindu's car we saw in the Friarsdale Lane the other day."

"By Jove!"

"Hunk! Hunk!"

The car sped up and passed the juniors.

The driver was not a Hindu, but he was an unpleasant-looking fellow enough, and he backed the Removites a swift, suspicious look as the car passed them.

The back of the car was closed in, so that although Harry Wharton & Co. peered closely through the door windows, they were unable to discern, in so short a time, whether the car contained any passengers.

"I believe you're right, Bob!" said Harry Wharton. "We didn't have much of an opportunity to look at the car the other day, but that one seems familiar. I—Oh, great Scott! Look!"

Wharton pointed to the back of the car ahead.

"Do you see those hands—at the rear window?" he cried.

The others looked, and, to their amazement, they saw two hands held up behind the small rear window of the car.

The hands and fingers were moving—they were forming letters of the deaf and dumb alphabet!

The Removites increased the pace of their cycles and watched the hands fascinated in thrilled wonderment.

They spelt out these letters:

"H E L P!"

Then, all of a sudden, the hands vanished from the window.

The Removites exchanged startled glances.

"Someone is in that car, and was signalling to us for help!" said Frank Nugent swiftly. "What can we do? We can't hope to overtake the car!"

"Yes we can!" cried Harry Wharton. "There's a short cut through the bridge path that will bring us out a good distance ahead along the road. The road twists and bends a good deal, you know. Our bikes can cut down the bridge path, whereas the car will have to keep to the road. If we ride like the dickens we stand a jolly good chance of reaching the cross roads near Wickham before the car."

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"Come on, then!"

The Removites bent low to their pedals and the party whizzed along.

The bridge-path Wharton referred to was narrow, but straight, and it had a fine surface—just right for speed work.

The juniors took full advantage of the road and of the fleetness of their mounts. They pedalled for all they were worth, and in fifteen minutes they emerged into the main Kew Road again at the cross roads near the wayside village of Wickham.

"Here comes the car!" exclaimed Bob Cherry jubilantly, looking up the road behind.

"We've got here ahead of it!"

"How can we stop it?" panted Hazeldene. "If we draw our bikes across the car would run us down."

"But it will stop for that cart!" exclaimed Wharton swiftly.

He indicated a large farm cart that was standing, minus a horse, on a piece of green at the side of the country road near a farmhouse.

The juniors sped on the instant of their leader's suggestion.

They sprang to the cart, and between them they pushed it into the road, so that it completely blocked the oncoming car's progress.

This manoeuvre was only just completed in time, however, for so soon had the car been dragged into position when the car drew up, its horn blowing insistently.

"You little rascals!" roared the man at the wheel. "Take that cart out of the way! You're blocking the road!"

"Just what we intended doing, old sport!" replied Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"We want to know whom you've got inside that giddy car of yours!"

"You insolent little scamp—"

"This way, kids!"

The Removites surrounded the car, and they looked closely inside it.

The car contained one man—a tall, thin Hindu.

He regarded the boys with glittering eyes, and he sprang to the window when they looked in.

"Kya chahite ho? What do you young sahibs want?" he demanded. "Oh, you are those whom we passed a short distance up the road! Ha, ha! I did not expect that you would take my joke so seriously!"

"Joke!" cried Wharton incredulously. "What do you mean?"

"I have been learning your English deaf and dumb language!" smiled the other—it was more of a leer than a smile.

In passing you on the road I sought myself to play a prank on you and at the same time improve my practice. So I signalled for help from the back window of my car! Ha, ha! Did you young sahibs suppose that I had a prisoner in here!"

"Yes, we did, sir!" growled Johnny Bull, who was not at all convinced.

"Yes, we look inside to satisfy ourselves!"

"Certainly, young sahibs, if you desire."

Harry Wharton & Co. peered searchingly into the car.

There was no sign of anyone else in there beside the Hindu.

"And now, my young friends, that you have satisfied yourselves and have had your revenge by holding up my car, perhaps you will allow me to proceed?" said the Hindu slavely.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances.

They were not impressed by the man's statement, but in the face of matters they could not very well persist in holding up the car.

Johnny Bull, Squiff, Hazeldene, and

Frank Nugent dragged the cart slowly back to the side of the road.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, meanwhile, were conversing together in low tones behind the car.

"Bob, there's a mystery about that car—the Hindu lied to us!" said Harry.

"It was not he who made the signals we saw. I noticed that the fingers at the rear window were long and thin. This fellow's fingers are short and plump, and they are smothered with rings."

"By Jove! That's jolly cute of you, Harry, to notice that!" exclaimed Bob.

"Then there was somebody in the car, after all, signalling to us for help!"

Wharton nodded.

"I'm certain of it, Bob! Either that somebody has been left on the road since we first saw the car, or he or she is still in the car—hidden under the seat!"

"Where!"

Bob Cherry's eyes glittered, and he clenched his fists.

"Perhaps it's Inky!" he exclaimed swiftly. "Can't we see about that horrible Hindu merchant and find out?"

"No, Bob. We have no proof. Besides, the fellow may be armed, and we don't want to run any risks—not for our own sakes, but for Inky's, if it was Inky who signalled to us."

Bob looked round. The car was now nearly off the road, and the car driver was preparing to go on.

"Harry, I've got a wheeze!" he exclaimed swiftly. "See the large luggage-rack fixed to the back of the car? I can see it to that without the man inside noticing me, and—"

"But if anything should happen to you, Bob!"

Bob wrenched open the large pannier bag on the carrier of his cycle. He took out the inner tubes which he carried as spares.

"I've got a pair of folding scissors in my pocket, Harry. I can hang on to the luggage car of the car and cut small bits off these tubes at the same time. I'll drop the bits of rubber in the road at fairly long intervals as the car goes along, and lay a scent for you to follow. There's plenty of daylight left yet, and I don't think the car will be going far, anyway, if the Hindu inside does belong to the gang that's after Inky. They've got headquarters near Friarsdale, you know, and if Inky has been kidnapped, that's where he'll be taken. You chaps follow on behind and pick up the trail I leave. Savvy?"

"Yes, Bob, I understand," said Wharton eagerly.

"That's a topping idea, and you've a trick!"

Bob was gone, for the driver of the car was letting in the clutch.

As the car moved forward Bob Cherry sprang lightly on to the luggage carrier at the back, the two rubber inner-tubes slung round his neck.

There he hung in a somewhat uncomfortable but quite secure position.

Neither the car driver nor the Hindu inside was aware of Bob's presence on the vehicle.

And Harry Wharton & Co., standing with their machines in the middle of the road, watched the car disappear round a bend ahead, with the plucky Removite clinging to the back.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### In the Hindu's Hands!

BOB CHERRY did not think of the danger into which he might be running. His one thought was that Inky might be a prisoner inside the car, in the clutches of the

He was convinced that what Wharton suspected was true—that the Hindu had lied in his explanation of the hands at the window, and that there was a prisoner in the car, hidden in a secret cavity under the seat.

Such a thing was more than probable. And, if there was a prisoner in the car, it was fairly safe to assume that the prisoner was Hurree Singh, of Greyfriars.

In any case, Bob felt justified in stealing a ride on the car to find out its destination. The mere fact that its occupant was a Hindu was sufficient to warrant the theft.

All the while that he clung to the luggage carrier of the car, Bob snipped small sections from the tubes he was carrying and dropped the pieces of rubber at regular intervals into the road.

The pieces were large enough to be plainly seen by Harry Wharton & Co. following. There was no possibility of the wind carrying them away, as only a gentle breeze was blowing from the sea.

The car took a devious course, avoiding Redcliffe and returning via a cliff road to a house situated midway between Pegg and Friardale.

Here the narrow, tortuous road dipped into a deep valley between the hills. Thick woodland stretched on either side, merging into the wild, barren cliffs of Pegg on the west, and on the east meeting Courtfield Heath.

It was a desolate, lonely spot. Nobody would have thought of looking for the car in Galling Vale, as the locality was called.

Bob felt that the journey was nearing completion now, and he paid out the rubber snipping liberally. There could be no mistake about the trail he was leaving behind.

At length, after ascending a steep, deeply rutted pathway—it could not be called a road—the car drew to a halt outside the crumbling iron gates of a small, tumble-down, and apparently deserted house that was practically obscured by the trees on either side.

The walls were breaking away and rotting with age, the grounds were overgrown with vast clusters of hideous weeds. The whole atmosphere of this miserable old house of the valley was grim and repelling.

The car driver jumped down and opened the gates, which creaked shrilly as they swung on the rusted hinges.

At the same time Bob deemed it opportune to leave the car, so he slid off the carrier, and, taking the remainder of the tubes with him, he moved quietly and unnoted into the friendly shelter of the bushes at the side of the house.

The car disappeared through the gates, which clanged behind it.

Bob Cherry shuddered as, creeping to the railings at the side of the house grounds, he surveyed the ramshackle place.

"Ugh! The very look of the show is enough to give a chap the creeps!" he muttered. "There must be something underhand going on in there—the house is supposed to be empty. I'll get in."

It was easy work for the athletic Bob to get over the railings.

He crept among the tall weeds and straggling bushes until he neared the house.

Then Bob's teeth clicked together sharply.

The car was standing at the side entrance of the house, its door was open, and three swartly-faced Hindus were carrying out the inert figure of a schoolboy.

It was Hurree Singh!

Bob caught a glimpse of his chum's dusky face. Then Wharton had been right. Inky had been a hidden prisoner in the car all the time.

The unconscious nabob was carried into the house, and the Hindus disappeared.

Bob's heart beat wildly as he crouched in the house grounds.

What had happened to Inky?

Was he already dead, or was he being taken into that house to meet his death in some terrible way—by torture, perhaps?

The thought of this brought anger and grim determination surging into Bob's brain.

He moved nearer to the house. He wanted to take a look through one of the windows, to see if he could ascertain what was happening. He would not take the risk of entering the house alone, unless a favourable and safe opportunity occurred, until Harry Wharton & Co. arrived.

They were bound to come, but not yet. Their bicycles were much slower than the car, however fast they were driven, and, besides, the juniors had Bob's trail to pick up. It was not an easy trail to follow, as the car had taken a tortuous, roundabout route.

Bob crept close to the wall of the house and made towards a window, the crazy shutters of which were broken away in several places.

As he neared the window he heard a footfall and a hissing breath behind him.

The junior whipped round with a cry, fists doubled for action. But he was given no opportunity of using them. A white, silk-like bag was thrust over his

head from behind, and Bob became conscious of a peculiar sickly odour in his nostrils. It was not unpleasant, but the potent, exotic fumes were robbing him of his senses.

Bob clutched at the bag, choking, striving to cry out. Then his legs gave way and he fell unconscious to the ground.

When Bob next began to think he found himself in a low, vault-like chamber, the air in which struck chill to his bones.

He was bound hand and foot to a chair, and he saw, to his horror, that the chair was on the very edge of a wide, deep well.

Tall candlesticks, in each of which seven candles were burning, stood in all four corners of the strange vault, and their flickering yellow radiance penetrated down into the well at Bob's feet.

He gave a cry of loathsome horror.

The well, at the bottom, contained black, reeking water, from which issued a sickening stench.

Bob recoiled and looked to either side of him wonderingly.

The vault he was in was apparently underground, judging by the earthy smell, and the water that was trickling from the room and down the short walls. At one end of the vault was a flight of crumbling stone steps leading up to the roof.

Suddenly the silvery note of a gong sounded, and, looking upward, Bob saw a square cavity above the steps open.

Four Hindus in European dress, but with their native turbans on their heads, appeared.

They descended the steps slowly, and were followed by the man Bob had seen



Two tall figures wearing turbans were dashing to the gates of Greyfriars. One of them had the huddled, senseless figure of a schoolboy flung over his shoulder. Goeling ran out of his lodge and planted himself in the gateway, but the spiteful crack of a revolver shot rang out, and the porter promptly dodged back into his lodge. (See Chap. 10.)

in the car, and another. Then two Hindu servants carried down the bound figure of Hurree Singh, and behind them came two others with a strange wooden apparatus that looked like a large saw. It consisted of a long plank of wood, balanced in the centre on a pivot fixed to a trestle-like structure. At one end of the plank was fixed a large metal bowl, while to the other end a weight was attached.

Bob Cherry struggled desperately with his bonds when he saw his chum writhing in captivity. At first Bob's feelings had been of relief that Hurree Singh was not dead, but now an overwhelming fear for the nabob's safety took possession of him.

"Inky!" he cried. "If those black fiends do you any harm they shall—"  
"Chap raho!"

"At that sharp word of command, uttered by the Hindu who had brought Hurree Singh to the house in the car, all were silent.

Further commands in Hindustani were given, and two servants placed the bound figure of Hurree Singh on the end of the plank, next to the metal bowl, and secured his ankles together beneath it.

Bob Cherry watched this operation in amazement.

"The whole proceedings—the place itself—seemed so unreal. Even now he wondered once or twice whether he was in the midst of a horrible nightmare from which he would soon awaken.

The addition of Hurree Singh's weight on the end of the plank raised the other end, and Bob Cherry saw that the two ends of the planks balanced.

The strange wooden apparatus was taken to the edge of the well, and the end on which Hurree Singh lay helpless was pushed far over the side, until that end of the plank swung directly over the centre of the well.

The other end, being weighted, prevented it from dropping downward and pitching Hurree Singh into the noisome depths of the water below.

A cruel laugh rang through the underground vault.

"It came from the chief Hindu.

"His dark, malevolent face was turned towards Bob Cherry.

"See, young sahib, how his Royal Highness Hurree James Ram Singh is situated now!" he said in a low, silky voice, resonant with merciless triumph. "He is balanced, by a weight at the end of the plank, over the well. An additional weight placed beside Hurree Singh would cause the plank to lower, and he would fall into the water below—to his death!"

"You horrible end! What are you driving at?" shouted Bob furiously.

For a reply the Hindu waved to a servant and muttered something in Hindustani. The servant hurried away and disappeared through the aperture at the top of the steps.

A few minutes later Bob Cherry heard the slow falling of water, and, looking upward, he saw a thin stream of water flowing from the ceiling direct into the bowl fixed at the end of the plank.

"Water is now dropping into the bowl," said the Hindu to Bob Cherry. "As the water accumulates it will add weight to that end of the plank. And when a sufficient weight of water has collected the plank will drop—and Hurree Singh will drop down into the well!"

"Good heavens! You fiend—"  
"The valiant young sahib was curious to know what would happen to his Royal Highness Hurree Singh! Now he shall have the pleasure of watching him go to his death!"

At another command from the devilish-minded Hindu all the others in the vault withdrew.

"See—the water is falling slowly, but steadily! The plank is slowly being weighed down. You shall watch the operation, young sahib, and you shall see Hurree Singh fall to his death, and you will be unable to help him! Mahabod Singh has ordered that he shall die, and very soon his death cries shall echo through this chamber. I will deal with you later. You may both cry for help until you are hoarse, but noise will hear you."

With that the chief of the Hindus mounted the steps and disappeared through the aperture above.

Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh were alone in the underground vault, both of them helpless prisoners!

The water was falling in a thin stream from the ceiling into the bowl in front of Inky.

Already the plank had commenced to sag downwards.

And on the end was the nabob, unable to save himself from the devilishly-plotted doom that awaited him, for any movement of his would cause the plank to overbalance.

"Oh, good heavens!" muttered Bob, as in fascinated horror he watched the falling water. "Inky, old chap, this is awful—"

"The awfulness is terrific, my worthy Bob," said Hurree Singh calmly. "The despicable rogues rejoice in these methods of obtaining their revengefulness. Nothing can savefully avert my death, but I am not finkful. It is of my esteemed chum that I am thinkfully worrying."

"Inky, you've got some pluck, and no mistake! More than I have—"

Bob shuddered, and was silent. He was praying fervently, silently, that his chums, following the trail he had laid, would arrive in time.

His brain numbed with horror, he watched the water slowly dropping into the bowl, and the end of the plank gradually sagging down towards the menacing black waters of the well.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### On the Trail!

"NOT too fast, chaps! We may miss the trail!"

Harry Wharton uttered that warning.

The Removites were pedalling at a good pace in the direction of Pegg.

The road was strewn at frequent intervals with small pieces of rubber inner-tubing, this forming a trail which the cyclists could easily follow.

The road had many by-ways and turnings, however, so that Harry Wharton did not speak without cause.

They had to keep their eyes well open in following the trail.

Dark was deepening over the countryside by the time they arrived at Galling Vale.

"Goodness!" said Frank Nugent, shuddering in spite of himself. "What a mysterious, spooky place! I hope we haven't much farther to go! It will

soon be too dark to follow Bob's trail with any speed at all."

They came to the narrow, steep track that led upward into the grim shadows of the trees, and the Chums of the Removite had to dismount and wheel their bicycles along.

"I think that this is where the trail ends, my chaps," said Wharton quietly.

He pointed to the old house that was just discernible through the trees.

The Removites looked round eagerly for signs of Bob Cherry, but there were none.

"Bob's not here!" muttered Squiff. "I—I hope nothing has happened to him."

"My hat!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, who had gone up to the railings of the house. "Here's the remains of one of Bob's tubes, stuck on a spike! That settles it! Bob must be inside the grounds somewhere, or in the house!"

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"If this is the secret lair of the Hindu we shall probably need help," he said. "Hazel, cut over to Courtfield. It will take you ten minutes on your jigger. You are bound to find some of our chaps. Bring them along. Fetch any help you can."

"All serene!"

Hazelene rode away.

The others looked to their leader.

"There doesn't seem to be anybody about in the grounds," said Harry Wharton. "I vote we get into the grounds and see if we can find out how the land lies. If we go carefully, we ought to be able to get in without being spotted."

"We're on, Harry!"

The Removites armed themselves with cudgels broken from the trees. They did not enter the house grounds all at once, but they clambered over the railings one at a time, and from different spots.

"The closest to the house."

"I say!" muttered Peter Todd suddenly. "Look here!"

He picked up a Greyfriars school cap from among the weeds.

The name "Robert Cherry" was written on the tab inside.

"Bob's cap!" muttered Wharton, between his clenched teeth. "Then Bob has been here. He is probably in the house now. Chaps, we'll get in somehow!"

"Heat, heat!"

The juniors found that entrance into the house was quite a simple matter.

The crazy shutters at one of the near windows came away with a little careful wrenching. Harry Wharton soon had the window open, and he led the way inside, his companions piling in after him.

They found themselves in a large, empty room. But crumbling plaster walls, and cobwebs were everywhere.

They crept stealthily out into a passage, at the end of which was a flight of stairs, leading downwards.

Harry Wharton's quick eyes, trained as a Boy Scout, soon discerned footprints on the dirty stairs.

"There doesn't seem to be anybody up here," he muttered. "We might come across something down these stairs. Who's game to go down?"

"We all are, Harry!"

Holding their improvised weapons firmly, and ready for immediate action, the Removites crept downstairs.

They felt that Bob Cherry was in that house somewhere, and perhaps Inky. For all they knew, their chums might be in grave danger.

A sharp cry in a foreign tongue sounded below, and this was followed by a scudding of feet.

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"Oh crumbs!" gasped Frank Nugent. "That's done it! We're discovered."  
"But not whacked!" said Wharton, between his teeth. "Let's follow that blackaster. There he goes!"  
A Hindu was disappearing down a passage to the right at the foot of the stairs.

Harry Wharton & Co. pounded after him.  
A door swung to behind the fugitive, but Johnny Bull and Squiff soon had it open again.

The Removites dashed through into what appeared to be a sort of cellar. A square section of the floor had swung open, revealing a cavern-like vault below.

"This way!" panted Harry Wharton. "We might as well go the whole hog now! Take that, you rotter!"

That last remark was addressed to a snarling Hindu who rushed at him. The Remove captain planted a right hook on the fellow's chin that floored him.

Two others came pounding up the stone steps, and there was a shout from below.

"Rescue, Greyfriars! Come quick, for Heaven's sake!"

It was Bob Cherry shouting eagerly to his chums.  
The six juniors stood shoulder to shoulder, and fought their way down the steps.

Two Hindus attempted to use knives, but the Removites gave them no opportunity to do so.

They were grimly determined to hold their own until help came.

Two Hindus went rolling down the steps, to lay at the bottom, dazed and groaning. For the time being, at any rate, they were right out of action.

Shouts in Hindustani rang out, and the Hindus in the chamber darted up the stairs.

Harry Wharton & Co. were making towards Bob, and looking in amazed horror at the wooden contraption on which Hurree Singh was a prisoner.

The plank was now inclined downwards at a perilous angle. The helpless nabob would slide down into the well at any moment.

"We're locked in!" shouted Peter Toshi suddenly. "The fiends have all cleared out and closed the opening at the top of the steps."

Peter's words were true.  
Not a Hindu was to be seen.

The movable square section in the roof had been slid back into position, and the Removites were trapped.  
A sudden cry came from Bob Cherry. "Inky's gone!"

The weight of the water had done its deadly work at last.

The end of the plank swung down, and Hurree Singh, bound as he was, went hurtling down into the foul waters of the well.

Harry Wharton took in what had happened like a flash, and next minute he sprang to the side of the well and dived in after Hurree Singh.

The others released Bob Cherry from his bonds.

"Thanks!" gasped Bob. "You! I'm stiff. These ropes will be useful now—to Harry and Inky."

One long rope was made and lowered into the well.

Harry Wharton was "padding" in the water, supporting the helpless figure of his nabob chum. He attached the rope to Inky, and the others pulled him up, afterwards lowering the rope to Wharton, who climbed up it.

Hurree Singh was released, and he appeared to be little the worse for his terrifying experiences.

"Thank goodness you chip-infilly arrived in time, my esteemed chums!" he said gratefully. "Another few minutes delayfulness, and I should have been a goose. But the trapfulness of our position is terrific. How can we perform the escapeful caper now?"

Wharton, dripping with the foul water, was bending down at the side of the well. In ascending the rope he had seen a rusty iron knob embedded in the brickwork inside the well near the top.

The Remove captain leaned over the side and took hold of the knob. He pulled at it without result, and then tried twisting it. At last he managed to move the knob, and then a low exclamation escaped his lips.

The water was running out at the bottom of the well.

The Removites watched in fascinated amazement.

The level of the water sank swiftly, until the well was almost empty.

"Look!" cried Wharton, pointing down. "There's a ring attached to a large stone fixed in the wall near the bottom. I reckon that stone moves, and there may be a way out. Where's the

lifted, and the fresh evening air came rushing through.

Wharton climbed out, and found himself on the pathway at the side of the old house. The movable stone formed part of the path.

"My word!" he muttered. "That was jolly ingenious! I wonder—"

Wharton broke off.

The horns of a car engine sounded, and, looking round, he saw four Hindus about to leave the house in the car.

The chauffeur was bending down over the open bonnet of the car, adjusting the carburettor while the engine was running.

Wharton set his teeth, picked up a large, jagged stone, and hurled it. His aim was true. The stone struck the high-tension cables on the car engine, and the concussion wrenched them from their sockets in the magneto. The engine immediately stopped.

The man swung round with a snarl of fury, whilst the Hindus came piling out of the car, their malevolent faces demoralized with rage.

Wharton ran towards the crazy iron gates, and the four Hindus chased him. A shot rang out, and Wharton dived into the shrubbery.

He heard a shout from outside. "We're coming, Wharton!"

Blundell of the Fifth and a number of seniors came into view, with Hazeldene in their midst. Penfold, Russell, and Piet Delarey of the Remove were also there.

The house gates were open, and the Greyfriars fellows swarmed in.

"Good old Hazel!" gasped Wharton.

"Now for those rotters!"  
The Hindus were taken completely by surprise. They had not expected reinforcements to arrive. Blundell & Co., and Harry Wharton & Co. flung themselves at the savage Orientals, and a sharp, furious encounter took place on the weed-grown drive.

The Hindus were quickly overpowered. Their turbans were unwrapped from their heads, and the yards of material made excellent bonds. Harry Wharton & Co. and the Fifth-Formers trussed up their snarling captives and bore them to the house.

Three other Hindus attempted to escape, but these were chased through the grounds and caught. They were tied up in similar manner.

The invaders met with no further opposition in the house. The seven Hindus they had made prisoners evidently formed the complete gang.

Wharton led the way down to the vault, the stone was dragged back, and his chums released from the grim chamber below.

"Hurrah!" roared Squiff. "Then you've caught those Hindu fiends! Everything's all serene now, Inky!"

"The all-serenefulness is terrific, my worthy chums!" said Hurree Singh quietly. "Also my gratefulness, which cannot expressly be put in words."

Blundell of the Fifth succeeded in putting the car to rights while the others searched the house. Nothing of importance was found. The Hindu emissaries of Mahab Singh had only used the place as a lair from which to direct their operations against the young nabob.

The prisoners were driven into Court-field and handed over to the police.

Greyfriars was amazed on Harry Wharton & Co.'s return with Hurree Singh.

The whole school had been in a ferment.

(Continued on page 26.)

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rope? I'll go down and see. I can't get into a worse state than I am now, anyway!"

The rope was lowered, and the plucky Remove captain climbed down swiftly.

As he had surmised, the stone to which the ring was attached was movable, and it did not require a great deal of strength to shift it. The stone swung outward from the interior of the well, displaying a cavity sufficiently large to admit him.

"Wait there, chaps!" called Wharton, his voice sounding strangely hollow in the noisome depths of the well. "I'm going along here to see where it leads to."

He disappeared.

Wharton crawled along an evil-smelling tunnel, and then found himself on some steps. He climbed them, and at length came to what appeared to be a dead end. Wharton had matches, but they were sodden with water, and useless. He felt about him in the dark, and realised that above his head was a square stone, like a paving-stone.

Click!  
His hands had touched a concealed spring, and Wharton, his heart beating fast, pressed upward on the stone. It

# THE LONE HAND!

(Continued from page 2.)

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Clarke's Pluck.

THE storm was practically over by the time the two reached the hill. Ruthven helped his chum up to a height of about a hundred feet, and posted him out of the wind in the shelter of a rock.

"You stop here, Joe, and when you see them coming up the valley wave your hat. Signal their number, and whether they have ponies. I don't reckon there'll be more than three."

Clarke nodded.

"Going to play a lone hand?"

"Yes."

Clarke said no more.

Ruthven turned, and hurrying back down the steep slope, disappeared among the trees which grew in thick patches along both sides of the river.

The path—it was not a road—which led up the valley to the Black Hills followed the river. Ruthven's plucky stratagem had given him a long start over the train-robbers, for the spot where the locomotive struck the valley was full five miles north of the point where the railway crossed it on a tall trestle bridge. Tad Mason with his ill-gotten booty would, he knew, have to let his hand-car run clear across the bridge before he could find a place suitable to unload his heavy bags of specie. What was more, he would not have the least fear of pursuit, so would not be likely to hurry himself. Once he was in the hills, which he could easily reach before night, he would be absolutely safe from pursuit.

Mel, striding rapidly through the pine-trunks, chuckled softly to himself as he thought of the train-robber's surprise when he found himself cut off! All the same, the policeman was very well aware that he had a pretty tough contract before him. Three to one are long odds if it comes to a fight. Mel, however, had no notion of needless bloodshed. Already he had formed his plan.

Keeping along the far side of the path from the river, he walked half a mile or so in search of a spot suitable for his purpose. Having found it, he moved back from the path to a clearing, whence, though he himself was hidden from anyone coming north along the path, he could plainly see Clarke.

The snowstorm was quite over now, and a pale afternoon sun shone on the unbroken whiteness.

Five minutes he waited with his eyes on the distant firs perched high on the shoulder of the hill, but hidden from the sight of anyone approaching from the south by a natural parapet of piled-up boulders. Then suddenly Clarke raised his hat above his head. Ruthven responded to show that he saw. Using the flag-waving code, with his hat as flag, Clarke began to spell out a message. "Five of them. Two pack-ponies," were the words.

Ruthven pursed up his lips in an inaudible whistle.

"Holy smoke, that's a bit thick!" he muttered, then turned sharply on his heel and hurried back to the road, where he set to work with great rapidity.

First he took out a revolver, of which weapons he carried two, from its holster and tied it firmly to a tree-trunk a few yards from the road, on the near side. Next he fastened a few pieces of twine to the trigger, and carried the cord under a fallen log to the roadside. Jumping nimbly across the path, so as to leave no suspicious foot-prints in the new-fallen snow, he pulled the line down till it was hidden under the snow, and fastened it tightly to another tree. Having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he made a few steps up the bank before it and the river, and carefully concealed himself behind a large, snow-covered boulder. Here he waited patiently, his second pistol in his right hand.

The sun was dropping behind the mountains, and, though the month of April, it was freezing sharply. Presently through the clear air came the sound of feet breaking through the crust of the snow. Nearer and nearer they came, and presently around the curve beyond appeared the nose of a pony, then the man leading it, then a second pony, also led, then three men, all foot.

Ruthven gave a sigh of relief. The odds were heavy, certainly, but not so heavy as if the pursuers had been seen at the start, waited with every nerve at tightest stretch.

"What a long time they were!" They seemed to move like snails. What if the loader happened to notice the string, or if the trigger had got frozen and failed to pull the trigger? These, and a score of other disquieting ideas passed through Ruthven's brain. Now they were near enough for him to see their faces plainly. Ah, that was Tad Mason—the tall, lean mountaineer, who walked fast, and every now and then turned a sharp glance back to his rear. Next he was the man dreamed that anyone could possibly have headed him. Well, that was so much to the good, for, in a case like this, surprise is every-

The first pony was only a few steps from the thin, straight line which marked the path of the string across the track. Ruthven held his breath. Next instant a slight stumble, a sharp report, down went the unlucky animal floundering in the snow.

"Hands up! You're covered!" Ruthven's voice rang out hard and clear, and the robbers, who had every one been staring into the wood to their right, jerked their eyes round, to find themselves facing the muzzle of the policeman's heavy .44-calibre Colt.

Four pairs of hands went up like lightning. The fifth man—it was Tad Mason himself—hesitated.

"Quick!" shouted Ruthven. For answer, the man flung up his right hand with a pistol in it. Ruthven's hat flew from his head, and at the same instant the report of his own heavy weapon rang out. Tad Mason's pistol fell from his nerveless hand, and, with a hoarse cry of rage and pain, he spun round and fell in a heap, shot clean through the shoulder.

Even then it was nip and tuck for a moment or two. The four other desperadoes, scowling and snarling, showed signs of flight. Had Ruthven qualified or faltered for the least fraction of a second a volley would have been the instant result. Instead, he stepped up quietly as though on parade, but with his pistol so steady that even the robbers felt that he was looking into the very eyes of death.

"Jim Cross, stand out!" he ordered the first man. The fellow stepped forward. "Drop your pistol and knife!"

Sulkily Jim obeyed. Ruthven put his foot on the weapons, and then, making Jim stand back again, treated each of the others in the same way.

He had hardly completed the disarmament before Joe Clarke appeared on the scene. A rare smile crossed his stolid face.

"Bluffed 'em out, Mel?"

"Rabbed them out of their boots, old chap," Ruthven answered. "March, you beggars!"

With Tad on the unburied pony, and the other four robbers carrying the specie between them, the two policemen herded the captives back to Lone Pine through the twilight.

THE END.

(There will be another sensational Nonchalant Police story next Monday, entitled "The Royal Game of Pilgrims Valley"; Be sure and read it.)



Crack! Within twenty feet of the edge the toboggan left the track and flew high into the air. It had struck a small log hidden beneath a sprinkling of snow.



### "THE QUEST OF THE PURPLE SANDALS!"

**A** REALLY big boom sensation like that figuring in the **MAGNET** next Monday will bear a lot of talking and a good deal of only right to say straight away, without any preliminary beating about the bush, that this grand new series of detective stories knocks spots off anything in the same line the old paper has ever put before its myriad readers. Ferrers Locke appears as central figure, for the mighty difficult job falls to his lot to track down the criminal whose vile act has robbed the world of a man it could ill spare. Who is the victim? He is none other than the leading scientist of our bush. He is the man who has wrested secrets from the fastnesses of the earth, and in so doing brought great good to humanity. And this benefactor of his species is foully murdered. No ordinary hue and cry would meet such a crime. The criminal moves stealthily, as elusive as any shadow, through the watches of the night. He leaves not a trace that is effective behind. And yet there is something—something creepy, and out of the mysterious East, in the Purple Sandal clue. To what does it lead? I leave it at that. Those in quest of a vivid and appealing crime case had better make sure of the next issue of the **MAGNET**. It is great.

### "TOO CLEVER OF SKINNER!"

By Frank Richards.

Skinner is as cunning as a fox, and as slippery as an eel. You never quite know where to have him. The shady fellow who less figured in so many **Greyfriars yarns**, plays a part oddly familiar to him in next Monday's **MAGNET**. Skinner actually goes out of his way to assist a stranger, but do not imagine this means the black sheep is going in for whitewash. Skinner was out for his own ends, and he might have found the unpleasant tangle he gets into worse still, but for the loyalty of certain chums who will not allow a **Greyfriars** fellow to come to utter grief. Who these chums are you will see in our next number, also the reason for Skinner's fumbling with a dark intrigue.

### TOPICAL AND TYPICAL!

Nobody yet has quite got the full meaning of Easter down in black and white, but **Harry Wharton & Co.** have a shot at dealing with the opening of the holiday season in the coming supplement of the "**Greyfriars Herald**." It is a real topping, A 1 number, and deserving of much commendation. The subject is the Easter Holidays, and all they mean to everybody after a long, hard winter. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the time. The country once more becomes all significant. Jiggers are oiled up; hats are put into commission. Activities are innumerable. **Bunter** welcomes the spring as it gives him a chance to get his fat down trotting after butterfies and climbing trees. **Fish** gets more bright ideas in the springtime, and the languid **Maulverton** plays up to the season in grand style. **Coker** runs to poetry immediately Easter is "lucmen in," while **Bob Cherry** rounds up the slackers.

### "THE ROGUES OF PILGRIM VALLEY!"

Our striking series of yarns depicting in the most dramatic fashion imaginable the doings of the Mounted Police have scored immensely. I confidently predict a thundering success for next week's tale of sheep-stealers in New Zealand, and the perilous work of a trooper who is after the secondreds. It is a gripping story, with plenty of hard knocks, and with just that ring of actuality which Magfettes wans.

# Your Editor.



## The Secret of Bobbed Hair Beauty.

How "Harlene-Hair-Drill" will Feed, Strengthen and Beautify Your Hair.

1,000,000 Hair-Beautifying and Hair-Growing Outfits FREE

**HERE** is good news and a gracious gift of Hair Health and Beauty for the "bobbed," those who think of "bobbing" and, indeed, all interested in their hair. Women of all ages are having their hair "bobbed." In fact, there is ample evidence that "bobbing" is, or is becoming, "epidemic" to-day.

Some assert that "bobbing" is non-injurious to the hair. Some contend that it is harmful. Some assert that it actually injures and ultimately destroys the hair.

But—and it is a very important but—whether it be innocuous, injurious, or beneficial, there is no thinking the fact that many things may—and often do—harm it, and when the hair is cut short, in part or as a whole—suddenly. The texture and color may both be affected and even altered. Sometimes it becomes dull or greishy colored. In many cases there is no doubt that "bobbing" injures the hair, accentuates, if it does not actually activate, loss of quality as well as quantity, dullness, coarseness, loss of lustre, weakness, brittleness, and "falling out."

**SPLENDID TONIC FOR "BOBBED" HAIR.**

In all cases—save the adoption of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" is of the greatest value, and every woman interested in her hair—especially very women who has "bobbed" her hair or is thinking of having her hair "bobbed"—will find in this wonderfully successful treatment a "splendid tonic and food for the hair."

To assist all such women in particular, the announcement is made once-to-day of a great Free Gift Distribution of no less than 1,000,000 Harlene-Hair-Drill "outfits" containing—

1. **A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE"** The Hair Food and Tonic with a reputation of upwards of 40 years to prove its efficacy. It is used by leading Actresses, Cinema Queens, and Leaders of Society all over the World, and is the only Hair Food and Tonic which works Nature's Way.
2. **A PACKET OF GRENEX "SHAMPOO."** This is an antiseptic purifier, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all "greases," etc., and preserves the hair for the "Hair-Drill" Treatment.
3. **A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF "GZOX,"** a high-class Brilliantine that gives to "Harlene-Drilled" Hair the radiant lustre of perfect health, and which is especially beneficial in those cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. **THE SECRET MANUAL OF "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL,"** containing the discoverer's detailed instructions for the most effective treatment of "bobbed" hair.

**"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.**  
All men will find "Harlene-Hair-Drill" a pleasant and highly beneficial Tonic exercise, and they are cordially invited to participate in this great FREE offer.

After a Free Cross you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1/11, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle; "Uxon" Brilliantine at 1/11 and 2/9 per bottle; "Grenex" Shampoo Powders 1/6 per box of seven shampoos (each packet 5d. each); and "Ainol" for Grey Hair at 3/- and 5/- per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

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Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Do not fill in this form for "Harlene" unless directed above. Mark envelopes "Sample Dept." A 2/- gift box of "Harlene" and "Ainol" for Grey Hair or Hair-Growing Oil; as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage (no packing of parcel) **MAGNET**, 12/4/24.

**NOTE TO READER.**

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, and enclose 4d. in stamps, as directed above. Mark envelopes "Sample Dept." A 2/- gift box of "Harlene" and "Ainol" for Grey Hair or Hair-Growing Oil; as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage (no packing of parcel) **MAGNET**, 12/4/24.

## INKY'S PERIL!

(Continued from page 25.)

ment of anxiety since the nabob's abduction, and Mr. Prout was out leading a search party.

Dr. Jocks plainly evinced his great relief when he thanked the Renovites for what they had done.

Wharton explained to the Head that Hurree Singh himself had been the primary means of setting them on the Hindis' trail by giving the signal from the car.

Inky had explained all the points on which the fellows at Greyfriars had been wondering.

The chauffeur of the Hindus' car, a rascally Englishman in the pay of the Orientals, had managed to obtain information at Greyfriars by posing as a friend of Mimple, the gardener. Thus

he had been able to carry out the race to get Mr. Prout out of Study No. 1. In Mr. Prout's absence at the telephone, Hurree Singh had been dragged by a dart blown at him by a Hindu at the study window, and his daring daylight abduction followed.

A prisoner in the car, Inky had regained consciousness before his Hindu captors expected it. The nabob had seen his chums pass on their cycles, and, unable to cry out, he had raised his hands to the back window of the car and signalled for help. The Hindu had caught him doing this, had dragged him, and thrust him into a compartment under the seat, what time the other Hindu had made tracks for headquarters on foot.

The story made thrilling hearing, and all Greyfriars was amazed by it. The sentence of death overshadowing Hurree Singh had been removed, and it seemed that a cloud had been lifted, too, from the whole school.

Great was the satisfaction of Harry Wharton & Co., and the joy of Hurree

Singh some days later when Kasbir arrived with a cable from India, saying that Mahbad Singh had been dethroned, and he and his followers driven away from Bhamptur.

"So things have turned out O.K., after all!" breathed Bob Cherry. "Thank goodness you're still alive and kicking, Inky, now that your throne's safe again!"

"Yes, rather fully!" said the nabob, with a sneer. "I assure you, my esteemed chums, that the lifelessness and lifelessness of my unworthy self is—"

"Terrific!" roared his chums, with one voice.

And the great happiness which Hurree Singh felt after the nightmare events of the past was reflected in the broad smile on his dusky face.

THE END.

(Now look out for next Monday's ripping *Greyfriars* yarn, *The Cleverest of Sinner*!—and order your MAGNET early.)



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