

"Royal Enfield" Bicycle Won This Week!

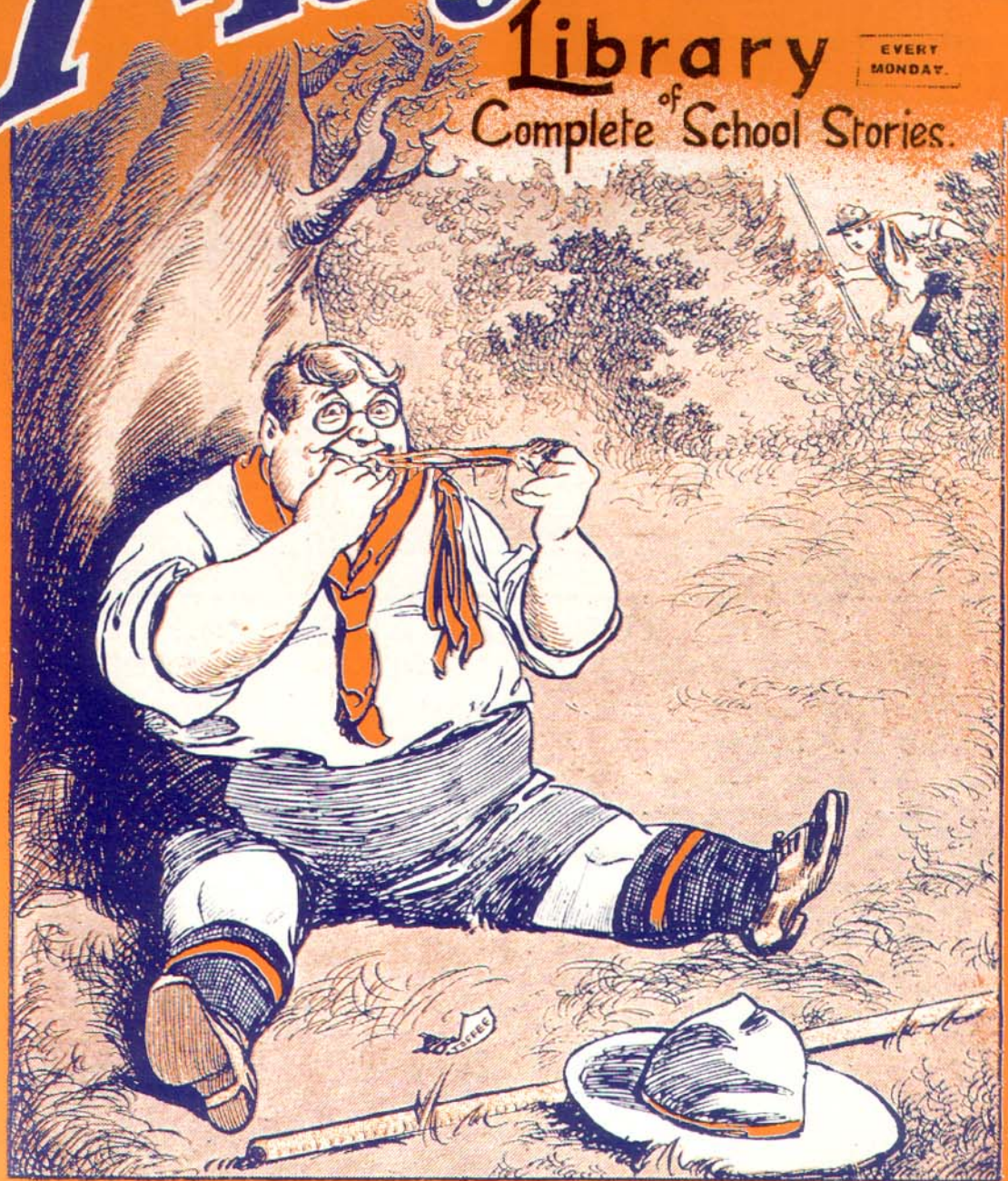
(Another Splendid Machine Offered—see page 4.)

No. 853 Vol. XXVI.

Week Ending August 23rd, 1924

The Magnet 2^d

Library EVERY MONDAY
Complete of School Stories.



A PAUSE FOR LIGHT REFRESHMENT!

HOW BUNTER THE SCOUT LOOKS FOR "SIGN"!

(A diverting incident from this week's grand extra-long story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars—inside.)



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums. Write to him when you are in trouble or need advice. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a speedy reply. Letters should be addressed "The Editor," THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

GRAND HOLIDAY SERIES.

MR. FRANK RICHARDS is well under weigh with the special series of stories dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. during the long vacation. You have already made the acquaintance of Ali ben Yusef—the son of an Arab chieftain—a stout acquaintance, perhaps, for Ali has had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a dangerous and unscrupulous enemy, who has "carted" him off to the deserts of Northern Africa. Major Cherry has announced his intention of following the kidnapper, a task beset with innumerable dangers, and Bob Cherry is determined that his father shall not undertake the perilous journey alone. In this coming story we see Harry Wharton & Co.

"BOUND FOR AFRICA!"

and amongst the party, of course, is William George Bunter. The fat and fatuous Owl soon puts his foot into things as only a Bunter can, but he shines to great advantage towards the curtain of the yarn. Bou Sacud, the kidnapper of Ali, shows up more than once during the long journey from Folkestone to Marseilles, proving in an unpleasant sort of

way his determination to keep Major Cherry from following his quest. But the major is equally determined to rescue Ali ben Yusef from his clutches. This series is going to make a great hit, my chums, I have not the slightest doubt. You will do well to order your MAGNET early in order to keep up with the movements of your favourite characters "down south."

OUR COMPETITION!

The issue of the MAGNET you have before you contains the result of the Billy Bunter "Characters" Competition, and the award of a splendid "Royal Enfield" bicycle goes to a Nottingham reader. There are plenty more bikes waiting to be won, chums, and it's up to you to go in and win. "If at first you don't succeed," etc., is an excellent maxim to adopt, for it tends to mould strength of character. Magnetites should take hold of this grand opportunity put before them—an £8 "jigger" made by a world-famous firm should be an attractive-enough prize to aim at. Good luck, boys! Fill in the coupon now.

"SHERWOOD GOLD!"

Another grand, long instalment of this

powerful story is on the programme for next week—one of the most important instalments of the serial, let it be said. In it Tom Hadleigh makes a great discovery concerning the missing son of Edward Athelstane, late Earl of Charnedene. It would be spoiling a good thing to tell you more at this stage, but take it from me, next week's "Sherwood Gold" should not on any account be missed.

"WALKING!"

That is the subject Harry Wharton & Co. of the "Herald" have chosen for their next supplement. Walking as a sport has a great hold on our athletic Removites—they are ever on the move. Even Alonzo Todd takes it into his head that he could shine as a walker, but the Duffer is soon undeceived. Don't miss this supplement, boys—it's great!

"THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

This is something your editor can talk about, knowing at the commencement that it will appeal to every one of his thousands of readers. The good old "Annual" is complete, ready for the market on September 1st. The 1925 edition surpasses anything in the way of Annuals ever published before. As our enthusiastic office-boy declared when he saw the advance copy, "It's a better-than-ever volume." Let me mention it here that our office lad is an intelligent fellow, critical to a degree, and praise from him is praise indeed. I think you will all be voicing his words when you get the latest "Holiday Annual" in your hands. Packed from cover to cover with delightful stories of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Rookwood, coloured plates, splendid photogravures, "How to Make" articles, poems, Wild West, Pirate, and Motoring yarns, etc., it constitutes the finest bargain of the year. My chums would do well to begin saving their pocket-money now. Always remember the first of September and the "HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"



THE WINNER!
RESULT OF "MAGNET" CHARACTERS COMPETITION!
BILLY BUNTER.

In this competition the prize of a Gent's "Royal Enfield" Bicycle has been awarded to

ALBERT BARNES,
 7, HATLEY TERRACE,
 CASTLETON STREET,
 NOTTINGHAM,

for the following line:
 Excels in "Li(e)" abilities.



A PRIZE WORTH HAVING!

IT MIGHT BE YOUR TURN TO WIN A HANDSOME BICYCLE THIS WEEK!

You See How Easy It Is, Chums! Make Up Your Minds To Enter This Simple Competition To-day—You'll Find the Coupon on Page 4.

A "ROYAL ENFIELD" BICYCLE OFFERED EVERY WEEK!

Things begin to hum immediately Ali ben Yusef sets foot in Greyfriars, for scarcely has he been introduced to the Remove when a fellow countryman of his makes his appearance—a sinister individual caring little for the laws of England, and who is soon known to Harry Wharton & Co. as—



A Magnificent New, Extra-Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, featuring Ali Ben Yusef from Northern Africa. Told by Famous FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Asks for It!

BEN, old chap—” Billy Bunter spoke in his most agreeable tone, with his most ingratiating grin on his fat face.

The fat junior had arrived at the door of Study No. 1 in the Remove at Greyfriars, and stood blinking into the study through his big spectacles.

There was only one occupant in the study at the moment. It was Ali ben Yusef, the Arab. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were on Little Side with the cricketers.

Ali ben Yusef did not look round as Bunter spoke.

He was seated by the study window, in the full blaze of the summer sun, which fairly burned on his swarthy face. Any other fellow at Greyfriars would have found it unbearably hot. But the blaze was grateful and comforting to the boy from the Sahara.

A native Tunis newspaper was in his hands. It was printed in Arabic characters—mysterious enough to the eyes of Billy Bunter. But Ali ben Yusef was not reading. He was leaning back in his chair and enjoying the blaze of the sun on his face.

“Ben, old fellow—” Still the youthful Arab did not heed. Possibly he did not recognise the name as his own. He was called Ali ben Yusef, and the fatuous Bunter supposed that Ben was one of his names. So intending to be very friendly, the Owl of the Remove addressed him as Ben.

“I say, Ben!” exclaimed Bunter, coming into the study, and raising his voice. Ali looked up at last.

His dark, clear eyes, keen as an eagle’s, and as bright, turned upon the fat junior. Dark as his face was, it was very handsome.

“Speaking to me?” he asked. Ali spoke English; but his English was not grammatically perfect. He had a way of using the present participle that was rather odd to Greyfriars ears.

“Yes, old fellow. I say, Ben—” “My name is not Ben,” said the Arab coldly. “You mistaking my name.”

“Isn’t it?” said Bunter affably. “I’ll call you Ali if you like, old chap.”

“I do not like.” “Ali’s such a jolly queer name, isn’t it?” said Bunter. “Reminds a chap of Ally Sloper, and Sally-in-our-Alley, and all that, what?”

Ali ben Yusef’s look was blank. His English education did not extend to Ally Sloper and Sally-in-our-Alley.

“I’ve dropped in to have a chat, now those rotters are out,” said Billy Bunter. “It’s nearly a week since Major Cherry brought you to Greyfriars, Ben—I mean Ali. I haven’t really seen much of you. Do you like being in this study?”

“I am liking it, yes.” “Queer taste,” said Bunter. “I used to be in this study myself, but I couldn’t stand Wharton—had to turn him down, you know. He begged of me almost with tears in his eyes to stay. But I wouldn’t. Simply couldn’t stand the chap, you know.”

“You lying?” asked Ali. Bunter coughed.

“Hem! The fact is, Ben—I mean Ali—I want to see something more of you, you know. Is it true that your pater was a sheik in Africa—your father, I mean?”

“Yes.” “And you’ll be a sheik some day?”

“Yes.” “And live in the Sahara desert?”

“Yes.” “What a life!” said Bunter.

“Yes.”

Ali ben Yusef spoke in monosyllables; apparently he was not yearning for Bunter’s fascinating company, or his equally fascinating conversation. But William George Bunter was not thin-skinned.

“Must be beastly living in the desert,” he said, apparently by way of being agreeable.

“Not to an Arab.”

“No—I suppose not,” agreed Bunter. “I suppose savages like their own funny ways better than civilised ways.”

Ali’s black eyes gleamed for a second. Then he smiled faintly. He had not been long at Greyfriars; but he had been there long enough to know that it was useless to be angry with Billy Bunter.

“Still, that isn’t what I came to say,” resumed Bunter, blinking at the Greyfriars Arab. “The fact is, Ben—I mean Ali—I’m going to take you up.”

“You taking me up?” said Ali, not quite understanding the phrase.

“Yes. Make a pal of you, you know.”

Ali shook his head.

“It’s all right,” said Bunter reassuringly. “I don’t mind your being a nigger.”

“What?”

“I’m quite friendly with Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, you know, and he’s only a dashed nigger.”

“You calling me a nigger?” asked Ali, his black eyes gleaming again.

“Well, I suppose it’s much the same thing, isn’t it?” said Bunter.

The Arab half-rose from his chair, and then sat down again. So far, Ali ben Yusef had had no trouble with anybody at Greyfriars, and he was looked upon as a very quiet and inoffensive fellow. Only Harry Wharton and Nugent, his study-mates, had observed that under his calm exterior the fierce nature of the Arab was only suppressed.

But Ali had received many strict injunctions from Major Cherry, who had placed him at Greyfriars. And Major Cherry was the one man to whom the restless, wild son of the desert was willing to render unhesitating obedience.

He controlled the hot temper that Bunter’s folly had roused, and sat down again quietly, though his black eyes still glinted.

“Blessed if I see anything to make a fuss about in a chap being a coloured chap,” went on Bunter agreeably.

“An Arab is not being a coloured man,” said Ali ben Yusef very quietly.

“Well, you look a bit coloured, anyhow,” said Bunter, with a grin. “But as I was saying, I don’t mind your being a nigger, or whatever you are, and a savage from the Sahara desert, and all that. I’m going to take you up and be kind to you.”

“You going away?” said the Arab.

“Not at all—I’ve come here to make friends,” said the obtuse Owl of the Remove.

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"Allez-vous-en," said Ali, in French, which he spoke much better than English.

Bunter's French, however, left much to be desired, and he did not even understand that Ali was telling him to get out.

The Owl of the Remove sat on the corner of the study table, and regarded the Arab with a benevolent blink.

"I say, Ali, old man—"

"Assez!"

"Look here, if you're calling me an ass—" said Bunter warmly.

Ali gave a curt laugh.

"Well, never mind," said Bunter. "Look here, Ali, this is how the matter stands. I've been disappointed about a postal-order."

Ali grinned.

A fellow did not need to be a week at Greyfriars to hear all about Billy Bunter's celebrated postal-order. It was a standing joke in the Remove.

"Blessed if I can see anything to grin at," said Bunter. "I get a lot of remittances from my relations. Most of them are titled people, you know. Only sometimes there's a delay in the post, owing to this dashed Labour Government, you know, or—something, and then I'm temporarily short of money—rarely, very rarely. Still, it happens. It's happened now."

Bunter gave the brown-skinned junior a persuasive blink.

"That's how it is," he said. "I suppose it would be all right if you lent me ten bob, and I gave you the— the postal-order, what?"

Ali laughed again.

"It will come by the next post," said Bunter. "You're going to oblige me with ten bob till then, aren't you, Ben?"

"My name not being Ben."

"I mean Ali. Ten bob—"

"I give you nothing."

Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. Even Bunter had his pride, somewhere in his fat carcase.

Never would William George Bunter have admitted that he wanted anybody to give him money. It was always a loan—merely temporary.

"I'm not asking you to give me anything, you black idiot!" he said. "That's the worst of you uneducated savages—you don't understand plain English. I want a little loan till the post comes in. See?"

"Not seeing."

Ali ben Yusef took up the Arabic newspaper and gave it his attention, perhaps as a hint to Bunter to be gone. But the Owl of the Remove was impervious to hints.

"Put that rot down, darkey," he said.

"You going?"

"Are you lending me ten bob?"

"No."

"Well, you cheeky nigger!" exclaimed Bunter, in great exasperation.

Ali ben Yusef laid down the newspaper and rose to his feet. A brown finger pointed to the door.

"You going?" he said.

Bunter's fat lip curled in a sneer. The slim, graceful Arab did not look anything like a fighting-man, in Bunter's eyes. Certainly he was not a third of Bunter's weight. Bunter was not a fighting-man himself; if ever he distinguished himself in a fistical way it was by punching some small fag in the Second Form. But he had not the slightest doubt that he could handle this slim, dusky fellow, and, believing that he could do so, he was quite prepared to do it.

"No; I'm not going," he said. "Keep your ten bob, you dashed nigger! The fact is, I couldn't, on second thoughts, accept a loan from you. There's a limit. Familiarity from a coloured fellow is past the limit."

"You wanting me to beat you?" asked the Arab.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "Why, I could mop up the study with you, you blessed nigger! I jolly well will; too, to teach you not to be cheeky to your betters!"

And Billy Bunter slid off the study table, and came at Ali with a warlike gleam behind his spectacles, and his fat fists in the air.

"Where will you have it?" he jeered.

The next moment Billy Bunter woke up, as it were. The Arab made a spring, and Bunter's fat fists were nowhere. Two arms that seemed like bands of steel gripped the fat junior.

In that steely grip Billy Bunter fairly collapsed. There was a gasp from the fat junior, like the air escaping from a badly-punctured tyre.

"Oooooooh!"

"You going?" smiled the Arab.

"Ooooooh! Ow! Leggo!" gasped Bunter.

"I carrying you out."

"Wow!"

Bunter was not a light-weight. But the lithe Arab lifted him with apparent ease and swung him to the door. Bunter scarcely knew whether he was on his head or his heels, as he spun doorward. But he knew, the next moment, that he was on the passage floor. He landed on it with a terrific bump that left no room for doubt.

"Oh!" roared Bunter.

He sat on the floor and blinked breathlessly at the Arab. Ali ben Yusef stood in the doorway and smiled at him.

"You going?" he asked pleasantly.

"Ow! Wow!"

"You mopping up a study with me?"

"Yow-ow! Keep off, you dashed nigger!" howled Bunter, as the Arab made a step towards him. "Ow! Yow! Ow! Lenuio alone! Yoop!"

Bunter scrambled up and fled. As he fled, a boot upon an active foot smote his tight trousers, and accelerated his flight. There was a wild yell from Bunter as he disappeared towards the stairs.

Ali ben Yusef returned to his seat in the window of Study No. 1, grinning. He basked in the blaze of the sun without any further interruption from William George Bunter.

A MAGNIFICENT "ROYAL ENFIELD" BICYCLE GIVEN AWAY FREE EVERY WEEK!

MAGNET "Characters" Competition!



EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG! RIDE YOUR OWN BIKE AND SEE
THE COUNTRY IN COMFORT!

This is one of the simplest competitions ever put before MAGNET readers. All you have to do, chums, is to take the name,

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH,

and, starting with any three letters in it, make up a three-word phrase about this world-famous character. For instance, the letters S, N, B, could make "Scores Numerous Boundaries," or O, R, B, could make "Once Remove's 'Boulder'."

Remember that the initial letters of each word of your effort must be contained in the words Herbert Vernon-Smith, although you may use any other letters of the alphabet to follow, and also use the same letters more than once.

When you have thought-out a good answer fill in the coupon below, taking care to write your effort and your name and address clearly, and post it to "Herbert Vernon-Smith," "Characters" Competition, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than September 2nd, 1924.

To the sender of the best answer will be awarded a magnificent "Royal Enfield" Bicycle.

The excellence of your effort will consist in its apt relation to the character named. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but all efforts must be written on the proper entrance form.

The decision of the Editor of the MAGNET must be accepted as final in all matters, and entries are only accepted on this condition.

MAGNET "CHARACTERS" COMPETITION. (Herbert Vernon-Smith.)

Write your effort here.....

I enter the MAGNET "Characters" Competition, and I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Signed

Address

In the event of my winning, I prefer a Lady's—Gent's—Bicycle. Cross out the word not applicable.

Another Magnificent "Royal Enfield" Bicycle Offered Next Week, Chums!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 863.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Spahi!

"WELL hit, Wharton!"
"Good man!"
"Bon!"

A good many Greyfriars juniors glanced round as that latter ejaculation was heard.

A cricket-match was going on on Little Side, and was very near the finish. Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove were playing the Shell. Hobson and his merry men of the Shell were in the field, and Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were at the wickets.

There was a good crowd of Remove and Shell fellows on the ground, watching the game. It was worth watching; Wharton's innings had been a good one, and he was still going strong, in spite of all that Hobson's bowlers could do.

He had just sent the ball away to the boundary, and the Remove fellows gave him a cheer. And a man who was standing looking on clapped a pair of dusky hands and ejaculated "Bon!"

"Who's that merchant, I wonder?" said Johnny Bull to Frank Nugent, at the pavilion. Johnny and Nugent were both out, but Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, the Indian member of the Co., was still waiting his turn to bat, as well as Hazeldene and Redwing.

Nugent glanced across at the stranger. "A giddy foreigner," he said. "An Arab!" remarked Hazeldene. "Some relation of Ali's coming here to see him, perhaps."

The stranger had already attracted some attention.

He was a man to catch the eye at any time. His dark face and Arab aquiline features were conspicuous enough among Europeans. He was a young man, of a lithe and active form, and though dressed in ordinary lounge clothes, carried himself with a rather military air, that told of Army service.

His dark face was handsome, in a rather bold, insolent style; he walked with a swagger, and his lips had a cynical, somewhat sneering curve. Anyone acquainted with Algeria would have guessed him to be an Arab who had served in the French army of occupation in that country; but at Greyfriars, naturally, little was known of Algerian manners and customs. Most of the fellows thought him a rather cheeky-looking "blighter."

He had swaggered on to the cricket-ground with an air as if the place belonged to him. Nobody had any objection to raise to his presence there; anyone was at liberty to come in and watch the cricket matches if he liked. But the scarcely-suppressed insolence of this particular visitor's manner roused some resentment in fellows who noticed him. He pushed Skinner of the Remove out of his way, and shoved coolly at Snoop when the latter obstructed his view. Skinner and Snoop glared at him, but they did not venture further than that—the man looked a tough customer, quite ready for trouble.

"Bon!" said the stranger again. Wharton did not notice him; he was busy with the bowling. Bob Cherry gave him a glance from his end of the pitch.

The man strolled towards the pavilion and coolly joined the group of waiting batsmen there. Johnny Bull being in his way, he gave Johnny his elbow to shift him, apparently from sheer cool "cheek." But Johnny was made of very different stuff from Skinner.

The sturdy, rather stocky junior stood like a rock, and did not move, and he turned a grim eye on the stranger.



"You going?" smiled Ali ben Yusef. "Ooooh! Ow! Leggo!" gasped Bunter. "I carrying you out," said the Arab, with a grin. "Wow!" roared Bunter. The Owl was not a light-weight, but the Arab lifted him with apparent ease and swung him to the door. (See Chapter 1.)

"Don't shove!" he said.

"Comment?"

"Keep your dashed elbows to yourself, bother you!" said Johnny.

The man stared at him. His dark face grew grim and threatening for a moment.

Threatening looks had no more effect on Johnny Bull than water on a duck. He eyed the man contemptuously.

"My esteemed friend," said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh gently, "there is plenty of room, and the shovelfulness is not the good manners."

The man grinned.

"Soit!" he said. "It is nothing! This is the first time I have seen this English game played. I am interested."

"You're more than welcome to see it," said Johnny Bull, thawing considerably.

Johnny was not very partial to foreigners—indeed, he had rather a way of lumping all inhabitants of other countries together under the head of "dashed foreigners." Still, there must be something decent about a dashed foreigner who was interested in cricket. It was a sign of grace.

"Merci bien!" said the man; but even in saying "Thank you!" there was a mocking inflection in his voice that caused irritation.

Johnny Bull abruptly turned his back on him.

"Hallo! There goes Wharton's wicket!" said Hazeldene.

Harry Wharton was out at last, to a catch by Hobson in the slips. The captain of the Remove came off the field.

"Man in, Inky!"

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh walked out to the wickets. Harry Wharton, ruddy

with the exertions of a long innings, joined the fellows at the pavilion, and noticed the African for the first time.

"Who's that Johnny?" he asked Nugent, in a low voice.

"Man who's blown in to see the match," answered Frank. "Looks rather a cheeky card."

"He does," agreed Harry.

The man's dark, keen eyes turned on Harry Wharton. Then he looked at the cricket again.

Bob Cherry was getting the bowling, and he was dealing with it manfully.

"Well hit!"

"Bravo, Cherry!"

The ball was whizzing, and the Shell fieldsmen fagging after it, and Bob and Hurree Singh were running hard. The stranger's eyes were on Bob Cherry.

The ball came in, but the batsmen had made good. The dusky-skinned stranger came nearer to Wharton.

"That is Cherry?" he asked, with a nod towards the sturdy, ruddy-faced Bob, who was standing up to the bowling again.

"Yes," said Harry, rather surprised, "that's Bob Cherry."

He wondered what this man could possibly know about Bob.

"The son of Major Cherry?"

"Yes, that's so. Perhaps you know the major?" said Harry.

The man showed a gleam of white teeth in a smile.

"Yes, I met him in Africa," he said. "Is the major at the school to-day?"

"Oh, no!"

Wharton had a feeling, somehow, that the man was glad to hear him say so. He wondered whether the two men had

met on friendly terms, or the reverse, in the wilds of North Africa. Certainly this cool, insouciant fellow, with his air of half-suppressed blackguardism, did not look like a man the old major would be likely to be friendly with.

"And that is his son?" said the man, with his eyes on Bob Cherry again.

"Yes."

"And Ali—where is he?"

Wharton started.

"You know Ali ben Yusef?" he asked.

"Mais oui—yes. I have come here to see him."

"Oh!" said Wharton.

"I am his countryman," said the man, with a smile and another flash of white teeth. "Permettez—allow that I introduce myself." The man was evidently more accustomed to speaking French than English in his dealings with Europeans. "I am Bou Saoud—the name is well known to Ali ben Yusef. I am of his tribe in the Sahara—though I do not live in the desert. I am what they call civilised Arab." He gave a hearty laugh as he said this. "I have been an officer in the French Army—in the regiments of Spahis. Lieutenant Bou Saoud."

Wharton regarded the Spahi with some interest.

He had read and heard of the Spahis—Arab troops in the French service in Algeria. It was the first time he had seen one.

"Ali is not watching the play, no?" asked the man, without waiting for the captain of the Remove to answer him.

"No; he's in the House," said Harry. "If you want to see him, you must ask the Head."

"The Head?"

"The headmaster," explained Wharton.

"Ah, that is very ceremonious!" said Bou Saoud. "Perhaps, since you are so polite, you will tell me where to seek this headmaster of yours?"

"I'd take you to him, but I can't very well clear off now," said Harry. "One of the fellows will take you to the House. Here, Bunter."

Billy Bunter had rolled down to Little Side. He was not interested in the cricket. But having drawn Ali ben Yusef blank, as it were, he was looking for another victim. He blinked round as Harry Wharton called to him.

"Hallo, Harry, old chap!" said Bunter affably. "Splendid innings, old fellow—imply splendid!"

"Why, you haven't seen anything of it, you fat fraud!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

Bunter coughed.

"Well, I heard Vernon-Smith say it was splendid—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Harry, old fellow, my postal-order hasn't come—"

"Oh, bless your postal-order!" said Wharton. "Look here, Bunter, take this gentleman to the House. He wants to see the Head."

Bunter grunted. It was not his way to exert himself to oblige strangers—or anyone else, for that matter.

"And come to tea in Study No. 1 after the match," added Wharton, by way of inducement.

Bunter brightened up at once.

"I'd do anything to oblige an old pal like you, Harry," he said. "This way, my man."

Bunter addressed the Spahi as "my man" because he was, in Bunter's view, a "coloured" man. The man stared at him for a second, with a glitter in his

dark eyes. But it was only for a second; then he nodded and smiled.

"Thank you!" he said.

And he followed Billy Bunter from the cricket field.

Harry Wharton glanced after him with a slight feeling of uneasiness. He did not like the man's looks; and he knew, too, that Major Cherry had brought Ali ben Yusef to England, to save him from enemies in his own wild country. The uneasy thought occurred to him that perhaps Bou Saoud, the Spahi, meant no good to the Greyfriars Arab.

But, after all, he could not see Ali without the Head's permission, and Dr. Locke was the best judge. So Wharton dismissed the matter from his mind, and gave all his attention to the finish of the match with the Shell.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Eye of Ahmed!

BILLY BUNTER rolled off to the House with the swaggering Spahi by his side. A good many glances were turned on them as they crossed the quadrangle; in the old quad Bou Saoud was very conspicuous, in spite of his European clothes.

The Spahi was quite conscious of the attention he drew, and he seemed to like it. In his manner the lofty pride of the Arab was mingled with the swagger of the "sous-officier"—and the impression he made on Greyfriars fellows was that he looked a good deal of a cheeky blackguard.

Billy Bunter piloted him into the House, and was about to ring the bell for Trotter to show him to the Head, when Ali ben Yusef came down the staircase.

There was a hard expression on Ali's face. He came directly towards the Spahi.

"I saw you from the window, Bou Saoud," he said.

"Bon! It has saved me the trouble of asking to see you, petit," answered the Spahi.

"What are you here for?"

"To see you."

"It is useless," said Ali coolly. "You can go back to Mustapha ben Mohammed, and tell him that you have seen me, and that I have turned you away like the dog, and the son of a dog, that you are!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the two Arabs, his very spectacles gleaming with inquisitiveness.

He rather hoped that there was going to be a "row."

This would be something for Bunter, the general purveyor of news at Greyfriars, to tell the fellows.

Bou Saoud seemed to have forgotten the Owl's existence. He stood with his black eyes glinting at the Greyfriars Arab.

"Is that all you have to say, Ali?"

"That is all."

"Yet I must speak to you further."

"It is useless. I know what you have come for, and you will not take it back to the Ziban," said Ali scornfully. "The Eye of Ahmed will not be seen again in the Ziban till I return."

"The Eye of Ahmed!" murmured Billy Bunter, with his mouth open. "My hat! What the thump is that?"

"Ecoutez!" said Bou Saoud, holding up a brown hand. "Listen to me, Ali ben Yusef! I have come from Africa for the Eye of Ahmed. It is useless to you here—a schoolboy! By the time you are old enough to return to the Ziban you

will have forgotten that you are an Arab—you will be a Roumi among the Roumis. You will never see the tents again. Allah! If you should return, what awaits you in the desert? The knife or the cord?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bunter.

He backed a little away from the Spahi. The man, as he spoke, looked like one who would have very little hesitation in handling the knife he spoke of.

Ali's lip curled scornfully.

"I shall return," he said. "I shall return sooner than you think. I am at Greyfriars only for a time—my friend, Major Cherry, is working for me. I shall return, and your father Mustapha will be driven into the desert to hide in the lairs of the jackals."

The Spahi grinned, his white teeth gleaming.

"That is all talk," he said. "Will you give up the Eye of Ahmed?"

"Never!"

"Keeping it may cost you your life!"

Ali laughed scornfully.

"We are not in the desert now," he said. "In Inglistan you dare not touch me! It is I who have the power here, and for threatening me I could send you to prison!"

Mr. Queich, the master of the Remove, came out of his study. He glanced in surprise at the Spahi.

He came quickly towards the two Arabs.

"Ali!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir!"

"My boy, you remember very well the Head's order that you should see no visitors without special permission!" exclaimed the Remove master. "That is very wrong, Ali!"

"I do not desire to see this man, sir," said Ali. "He coming from Africa to rob me!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Queich, in astonishment.

"He is Bou Saoud the Spahi, the son of Mustapha ben Mohammed, who holds my place as sheik in the Ziban," said Ali. "It was from them that Major Cherry saving me."

"I understand," said Mr. Queich.

He turned to the Spahi, and fixed his eyes sternly upon the man's dark, insolent face.

"Leave this house at once," he said, "and do not return!"

The Spahi eyed him.

"And if I do not?" he sneered.

"If you do not you will be turned away from the gates by force," said Mr. Queich quietly. "I warn you to remember that you are in England now, not in your native desert, or a cafe of Algiers. Bluster will not serve you here, sir! Go at once!"

The Arab eyed him savagely. He was powerful enough to have picked up the Remove master in his sinewy hands and tossed him away like an infant. And it was obvious that he had a struggle to repress his savage instincts.

Mr. Queich stood calmly before him, not in the least perturbed. His hand was raised to point to the doorway.

"Go!" he repeated.

Wingate of the Sixth came along, and stopped. It looked to the captain of Greyfriars as if his help might be wanted.

Bou Saoud controlled his savage impulse. His dark glance turned on Ali ben Yusef again.

"For the last time—" he muttered in a low voice.

"Allez-vous-en!" said Ali contemptuously.

The Spahi's eyes blazed.

"Then—"



Bob Cherry made a movement as if to turn away and go—and then, with lightning-like swiftness, he hurled the jagged rock right at the swarthy face of the Spahi. Crash! There was a fierce, wild cry like the yell of a tiger, as the rock crashed in the Spahi's face. He staggered backwards, and fell on the shingle, the revolver clattering from his hand. (See Chapter 6.)

He made a fierce stride towards the Greyfriars Arab. Wingate of the Sixth promptly stepped between them.

"That will do," he said. "Shall I show this man out, Mr. Quelch?"

"Please do, Wingate!"

The Spahi cast a glance round him, full of rage and malice. But three or four Greyfriars seniors had gathered round now, and the man allowed his pride to get the better of his fury.

"I will go," he said. "But remember, Ali—"

"That is enough," said Mr. Quelch. "You will not be allowed to threaten this boy. Leave this house immediately!"

With an angry shrug of the shoulders, the Spahi turned and swaggered out of the house.

"Will you see that he leaves the place, Wingate?"

"Certainly, sir!"

The captain of Greyfriars followed the Spahi out.

Mr. Quelch turned to Ali again.

"Ali, you must remember the Head's orders, and never see, without permission, anyone who comes from your native country. It may be dangerous for you, as you know very well!"

"Yes, sir," said Ali obediently.

"And you must remember, too, the Head's order, never to go out of gates alone!"

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch went to the door, and glanced after the Spahi. With Wingate's grim eye on him, Bou Saoud was swaggering out of the gates in the distance.

He disappeared from sight.

The Spahi was gone. To Mr. Quelch's mind he was gone for good. But Ali ben Yusef had good reason to believe that he had not seen the last of Bou Saoud.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Distinguished Visitors!

"HEM!" said Harry Wharton dubiously.

It was a couple of days later, and the Famous Five, gathered in Study No. 1, were considering a rather knotty point.

Hazeldene of the Remove was with them.

His sister Marjorie, of Cliff House, was coming over to the school, to see her friends there before the holidays began. Miss Clara was coming with her.

On such occasions, when the heroes of the Remove had leave to entertain lady guests, it was understood that there was quite a function, and that Study No. 1 was the chosen spot. The chums of the Remove were always glad—more than glad—to see Marjorie—especially Bob Cherry. And this was a particular occasion, as the Hazeldenes were going abroad for the whole holiday, and so the Co. were not likely to see Marjorie again before the next term began at Greyfriars and Cliff House.

But there was a little difference since Marjorie's last visit to Greyfriars. Ali ben Yusef was at the school now, and he was an intimate of Study No. 1, sharing that celebrated apartment with Wharton and Nugent.

Major Cherry had specially requested the Famous Five to make friends with Ali and help him along in his new and strange surroundings. They had done so, all the more willingly because they had taken a liking to the young Arab himself.

Certainly his ways were not quite their ways. East is East and West is West.

But the chums of the Remove could make allowances—and perhaps Ali, on his side, made some allowances too.

He "pulled" remarkably well with the juniors, especially with Bob Cherry, the son of his old friend and protector.

Hazel was friendly enough with him, too, in a careless, indifferent way. But he seemed doubtful now about bringing Marjorie to tea in Study No. 1 with the Arab there.

"The chap's all right," said Nugent.

"Oh, I know. But you know what these Eastern johnnies think about women," said Hazel. "They think they're a kind of lower animal—like their blessed cheek! And they're accustomed to girls veiling their faces, and being kept out of sight, and all that. The brutes never can understand why women are treated decently in England."

"Ali isn't a brute!" said Wharton mildly.

"Oh, I know—but most of them are," said Hazel. "Still, if you fellows think it's all right, all right."

"We can't very well leave Ali out, as he belongs to the study, and we're friendly with him," said Harry. "He's a decent chap, and he knows how to behave himself, Arab or not."

"The behaviorfulness is terrific, my astemed and ludicrous Hazel," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh gently. "I also am of the East, and the elegant and beautiful Marjorie does me the honour to regard me as a harmless and necessary chum."

Hazel grinned.

"Yes, you're all right, Inky," he admitted. "Well, if you fellows think Ali is all right, let it go at that. I'm going over to Cliff House to ride across with the girls. Ta-ta!"

And Hazel left the study.

"Now we're going to get ready," said Nugent. "The study can do with a bit of dusting. And what about some flowers from the Head's garden, Harry? You can tip old Mumble."

"Right-ho!" assented Wharton, and he quitted Study No. 1 to seek Mr. Mumble in the Head's garden.

His face was rather thoughtful as he went, and he looked for Ali ben Yusef. He found the Greyfriars Arab loitering in the quad, sun-basking in the hot rays. No amount of heat ever seemed to affect Ali—the hotter it was the better he liked it. The hottest day ever known in England was mild compared with what he was accustomed to in the torrid Sahara.

"Find it warm enough to-day?" asked Harry, with a smile. Most of the Greyfriars fellows were anathematising the heat.

"It is not cold," admitted Ali.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No, it jolly well isn't," he said. "Ali, old man, we're having a little tea-party in the study this afternoon. You'll be there?"

"I coming always with my friends," said Ali.

"There will be two girls from Cliff House—Hazel's sister and a friend of hers," said Harry.

"I being very glad to see them!" said Ali cheerfully. "At first it was strange to me to see women with faces unveiled. But the major told me it being all right. It is not like my country. At first I being shocked to see it!"

"Shocked?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Choque—what you calling shocked, I think."

"Oh, my hat!"

"But it being all right," said Ali. "You knowing that I shall be very poli-polite—to young ladies coming here."

"That's all right," said Harry, and with a nod he walked on and sought Mr. Mible.

A tip induced Mr. Mible to part with quite a handsome bouquet, which the captain of the Remove carried back with him to Study No. 1. He found all his comrades going strong there, putting the study into spick-and-span order for the distinguished visitors. Ali ben Yusef was there, too, looking on. He seemed a little perplexed at the trouble the chums of the Remove were taking.

He eyed the flowers as Harry brought them in and proceeded to arrange them. Jam-jars were dotted about the study with flowers in them, and the effect was very pleasing—quite chic, as Bob Cherry declared.

"You taking much trouble," remarked Ali.

"Well, we don't get Miss Hazeldene to tea every day," said Bob cheerily. "It's a jolly old special occasion."

"Someone else coming?"

"Yes, her pal Clara Trevlyn."

"I meaning some person important."

"Both of them are very important!" grinned Bob.

"You taking all this trouble for girls?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"It is not being so in the Ziban," said Ali.

"Probably not," said Bob rather dryly.

"But you live and learn, old bean. By the way, what the thump is a Ziban?"

Ali grinned.

"Not 'a' Ziban," he said. "They."

"Oh, it's a 'they,' is it?" said Bob.

"And what are they?"

"An oasis is called a zab, and two oases are called ziban," explained Ali, "it being the plural."

"Jolly glad we don't make the giddy plurals like that in English!" said Bob.

"Grammar's trouble enough as it is. Nugent, old man, you're not going to leave those old boots about the study, I suppose? Buck up and get the coast clear!"

Ali continued to watch the preparations of the Famous Five, interested and evidently amused.

By the time the visitors arrived Study No. 1 was newly swept and garnished, and as bright as a new pin. The juniors nourished a hope that Marjorie would think that it always looked like that. Probably Marjorie did not think so.

"Here we are!" announced Hazel, tramping along the passage.

Harry Wharton & Co. greeted their fair visitors cordially. Ali ben Yusef was introduced. Both the girls had heard of the Greyfriars Arab, and were curious to see him.

Ali salaamed profoundly, almost bending to the floor in his respectful greeting.

"It being great honour to meet lovely English girls!" he said.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Miss Clara, rather taken back.

Marjorie smiled.

"I say, I'm jolly sharp set," said

Hazel. "You fellows got tea ready? That's good! Shall I fetch some chairs from my study?"

"I've fetched them already," grinned Bob. "All ready. You make the tea, Nugent."

And a cheery party sat down in a rather crowded study to tea.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Story of Ali!

"JOLLY well wish we were coming!" said Bob.

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"Oh, I don't know," said Hazel. "It will be jolly hot in Algeria. I expect. Hot enough here. But the pater's been ordered to try North Africa for his health, so we're going. Must say I'd rather put in the holiday at Blackpool myself."

"You don't get a chance of going to Africa every day," said Bob Cherry.

"My pater only came home from Algeria a week or so ago. I wish I'd been out there with him instead of mugging up Latin in a Form-room. Too much luck."

"Well, I'd change with you for these hols, if I could," yawned Hazel. "Marjorie seems to be looking forward to it. Blessed if I am!"

"I shall like to see something of Africa, even if it is very hot," said Marjorie, with a smile.

"Same here!" said Miss Clara. "I'm going with Marjorie to take care of her. And I think it will be ripping!"

Bob Cherry looked rather serious. He was glad that Marjorie was going to have a holiday she liked. But somehow he did not like the idea of Marjorie going into Africa. It seemed to Bob that all sorts of dangers might lurk there, and he wished from the bottom of his heart that he were going also.

"I suppose you won't be going into the desert?" he said.

"Sha'n't we!" said Hazel. "If we're going to make that thumping long journey, we shall jolly well see what there is to see. Anyhow, we're going as far as Biskra."

"Where the thump is Biskra?"

"Somewhere in the South of Algeria, I believe. I suppose Ali knows?" said Hazel, turning to the Greyfriars Arab.

Ali smiled.

"I have been in Biskra," he said. "It is a French and Arab town on the border of the Sahara. The tents of my tribe are less than a hundred miles from Biskra."

"Then we may see some of your johnnies?" said Hazel, laughing.

"Look here, you be jolly careful, Hazel, old man," said Bob Cherry. He spoke to Hazel, but his eyes were on Hazel's sister. "There are lions and hyenas, as well as wild Arabs—ahem!" He remembered that there was a "wild Arab" present.

"Oh, rot!" said Hazel. "Why, the country is as peaceful as Kent or Sussex. Hotels and pensions and things the same as in France. I don't suppose there are any lions left."

"Are there any lions there, Ali?" asked Wharton.

"There being plenty, in the desert," said Ali. "In Biskra there are hotel touts and guides and beggars."

"And what about snakes?" said Bob Cherry uneasily. "And then there's sun-stroke."

"I shall wear a pith-helmet, I suppose," said Hazel, rather surprised by this sudden concern displayed by Bob for his safety. Then, as he saw Bob's

eyes fixed on Marjorie's smiling face, he understood, and chuckled.

"You silly ass, it's all right," he said, "Do you think I'm going to let Marjorie be gobbled up by a lion or a cannibal?"

Bob Cherry coloured deeply.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"When are you starting?" asked Harry Wharton, coming to Bob's rescue.

"Early next week," said Marjorie.

"Miss Primrose is letting me leave before the end of the term, as father wishes to start in a few days. Dr. Locke is letting Hazel leave at the same time. I wish you were all coming out to Algiers this holiday."

"That would be top-hole," said Miss Clara heartily.

"The topfulness would be terrific," agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The longful parting will be the painful infliction."

"By the way, are you going home for the hols, Ali?" asked Hazel, looking at the Greyfriars Arab.

Ali shook his head.

"No; I do not return to my country till Major Cherry saying so. If I being found in the Ziban, Mustapha ben Mohammed killing me."

"Killing you?" ejaculated Miss Clara.

"Who is Mustapha ben Mohammed?" asked Marjorie.

"He is sheik of the tribe now—since my father being dead," said Ali. "When I being a man, I go back and kill him!"

"Phew!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"But will he let you?" grinned Hazel.

"If he's top dog now, won't he make things warm for you if you go back?"

"I taking with me the Eye of Ahmed," said Ali. "It is the amulet of the chiefs, and without it Mustapha cannot reign securely. Always the chiefs of the tribe wear the amulet. It was my father's, and it is mine."

"Let's see it," said Hazel curiously.

Ali shook his head and smiled.

"The major taking care of it," he said. "It not being at Greyfriars."

"Well, you won't turn up at Biskra these hols," yawned Hazel. "Might have saved us a few hundred francs in guides with a Greyfriars chap to show us around. Anything more in the pot, Bob?"

Bob Cherry refilled Hazel's teacup.

Both Marjorie and Clara were regarding the young Arab with interest.

His words, quite carelessly spoken, had called up a glimpse of the wild life of the Sahara and its savage inhabitants.

It was difficult to believe that the lithe, handsome lad, in his well-fitting Etons, was capable of dropping into that wild and savage life as soon as he set foot on his native sand. Yet quite evidently he regarded the killing of Mustapha ben Mohammed as a normal proceeding. Life was held cheap in the Sahara, and it was in the desert that Ali had received his early training.

Many years at Greyfriars would have been required to blot out the early lessons of the desert—if, indeed, they ever could have been blotted out.

"Tell us about your place, Ali," said Harry Wharton. "How was it that Mustapha became sheik of the tribe?"

Ali's eyes gleamed.

"My father, the sheik, was shot in the desert," he said. "It was said that he was killed by an old enemy of another tribe. But I did not believe it. I think that Mustapha ben Mohammed, or his son, the Spahi, could tell how he died. I also being killed if Major Cherry not being with the Arabs at that time. He hunting with my father, and he also suspecting that the sheik was killed by designing of Mustapha. After

the sheik's death, the major being very watchful, saving my life."

"How did he do that?" asked Marjorie with deep interest.

"Openly, Mustapha not daring shed the blood of the sheiks," said Ali, "the whole tribe would have risen on him. But in the night his assassins entered my tent, and carried me away into the desert alone. But Major Cherry being watchful and following. They would have taken from me the Eye of Ahmed, and slain me in the desert and buried me in the sand, saying nothing in the camp. But the major saving me from them, carrying me away on his horse, and leaving the two assassins where they fell."

"Where they fell?" repeated Nugent.

"My hat! What a country!" murmured Hazel, staring at the Arab.

"The major had a powerful Arab horse," went on Ali. "He taking me on his saddle, rode for his life, and mine. For three days they tracking us in the desert—Mustapha ben Mohammed and his men. If they catching us they killing us, but they not catching us. It is for this the major bringing me to England with him. When I going back to the Ziban, and calling together my people, and showing them the Eye of Ahmed fastened on my burnous, then Mustapha's day will come. But I being only a boy, the major saying it is better to wait."

"I should think so," said Bob. "It's not a job for a schoolboy, old chap."

"And you've really been through all that?" said Hazel. "I should think you'd be jolly glad to stop in England now you're safe here."

Ali smiled.

"The Sahara is my country," he said. "It being to me what England is to you. And it is cold here."

"But you like Greyfriars?" said Miss Clara.

"I liking Greyfriars; but the Sahara is my country," said Ali. "Here are being no sand, no palm-trees, and no sun."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Kick Bunter, somebody!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Marjorie and Clara rose. It was time to go, and probably the appearance of William George Bunter helped to remind them of the fact.

"We're all walking back to Cliff House," said Wharton. He paused a moment. "You're coming along, Ali?"

"I walking with pleasure with the lovely misses," said Ali.

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter blinked with great annoyance at the party as they departed to walk over to Cliff House. Then he rolled into the study and blinked at the tea-table. He finished up a slice or two of cake, and grunted.

"And the beasts never told me there was a feed on, and never asked me!" he murmured. "After all I've done for them, too! After I've promised Bob Cherry to go with him for the hols. Beasts! I've a jolly good mind to let Cherry down over the holidays, blow him! Only Mauleverer can't take a hint, and Smithy has told me to go and eat coke, and Wharton isn't taking any, the rotter! It will have to be Cherry or nobody, unless something turns up. Beasts!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

In Direst Peril!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. walked home to Cliff House with Marjorie and Clara, in a cheery party. Hazel, probably considering that Marjorie had a sufficient escort without his brotherly attendance, slipped away to join Skinner somewhere. Ali ben Yusuf, however, seemed quite pleased to be walking with the lovely English misses, as he called them. Marjorie and Clara both seemed to have taken a liking to the young Arab, and they listened with interest to what he told them of the life of the desert and the arid mountains of his African home.

Boy as he was, Ali had seen a great deal of war—in the outlying regions of French Africa, where the Arab tribes are under only a nominal control, fighting is frequent and savage. Ali had seen men killed, and had himself pulled trigger in a desert combat. And it was clear that, though he had a great admiration for England, and liked his new friends at Greyfriars, he looked forward to his return to the fierce active life of a Sahara Arab.

At the gates of Cliff House Marjorie and Clara went in, and as there was plenty of time before roll-call, Harry Wharton & Co. walked back by way of the sea-coast, giving Ali his first view of the cliffs that overlooked the bay of Pegg. It was a long walk, on a rugged path, but the Arab was tireless. It was Frank Nugent who suggested taking a rest, and

the juniors sat down on the rocks, looking towards the sea, that rolled red and gold in the summer sunset.

A figure appeared on the path from the fishing village in the distance, as they sat and chatted.

Wharton glanced at it carelessly, as it came along towards the spot where the juniors were resting. Then he gave a sudden start.

"The Spahi!" he exclaimed.

Ali looked round.

"Bon Saoud!" he said.

The Spahi had evidently seen the juniors—it occurred to them that he had been watching them, and had deliberately followed them to this lonely spot.

But they watched him coming up, calmly enough. They were well aware that he was a dangerous character, and that, in his own country, he had probably had blood on his dusky hands more than once. But they were not in the least afraid of the Spahi, and were quite ready to handle him if he gave them trouble.

He swaggered up to the six juniors, with the same strutting air that he had displayed in the quadrangle at Greyfriars.

"Bonjour!" he greeted, in a mocking tone.

The juniors did not answer. Ali's black eyes gleamed at the Spahi, but he made no movement. He turned his glance away from Bon Saoud, and fixed it on a steam yacht that lay at anchor out in



Horace Coker reached up and got a grasp on the Arab's ankle. "You letting go?" said the Arab, with a gleam in his black eyes. "Come down, you young rascal," said Coker loftily. Instead of coming down Ali reached out with his other foot, and Coker received a thump on his head from a boot. "My hat!" gasped the Fifth-Former. "Why, I—I—I'll—!" But Ali had gone. (See Chapter 10.)

the bay. The yacht had no special interest for him; but he wished to mark his contemptuous disregard of the Spahi. "I have been watching for this opportunity, Ali ben Yusef," said Bou Saoud.

Ali did not heed him. "Look here, my man," broke in Bob Cherry, "you're a bad hat, and we know you're after no good. You'd better clear!"

"The clearfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed, swanking fathead," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You boys can go," said the Spahi, unheeding.

"Go?" repeated Wharton, in surprise. "Oui, oui! I have no business with you. My business is with Ali ben Yusef."

"We are not likely to leave him," said Harry contemptuously.

The Spahi smiled evilly.

"This is a solitary spot," he said. "Mon Dieu! It might be a spot in my own desert. Who is there to help you here?"

"We don't want any help in handling you!" grunted Johnny Bull. "If you get up to any mischief we'll jolly soon roll you down these rocks and duck you in the sea, too!"

"The duckfulness will be terrific."

"Get out!" added Johnny unceremoniously. "You're not nice to look at, and you're spoiling the view! Shift!"

"Bunk!" added Bob Cherry.

The Spahi did not stir. His dusky hand had glided into the pocket of the loose lounge jacket he wore. Something bulged in that pocket, and it came as a startling thought into the minds of the juniors that the Spahi had a deadly weapon concealed there. Had he forgotten that he was no longer in Algeria?

"I warn you to go!" he said.

"Oh, choose it!" said Nugent.

Bob Cherry slid his hand carelessly behind him. Behind him was a loose, jagged fragment of rock, and Bob's fingers closed on it hard. Bob was ready if the Spahi showed a weapon.

"Soit!" said the Spahi. "I am here for Ali ben Yusef, and if you boys remain you will take your chance. You know what I ask of you, Ali."

The Greyfriars Arab looked at him at last.

"You will never touch the Eye of Ahmed," he said. "It belongs to the chiefs of the tribe, and I, Ali ben Yusef, am the chief. And the Eye of Ahmed is in a safe place now. Even if you should kill me you will never find it."

"Then Major Cherry—"

"I will tell you nothing, Bou Saoud," said Ali. "But the Eye of Ahmed is safe from you and from Mustapha ben Mohammod."

"But you are not safe, Ali," said the Spahi coolly. "Perhaps the major will hand over the diamond, in return for his young protegee—hein? You will come with me."

Ali laughed contemptuously.

"You have known me in the desert," said the Spahi. "You know what to expect of me, Ali. Will you come?"

"No!"

The Spahi's hand came out of his pocket now. The sunset glinted on the polished barrel of a revolver.

Wharton cast a quick glance round.

There was no one in sight—and the nearest habitation was a mile or more away. If the Spahi was in earnest, the Greyfriars juniors were in a position of terrible danger. But it was hard to believe that even this reckless, swaggering blackguard would dare to venture upon

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Sahara methods in a law-abiding European country.

"You can put that away, my man!" said Wharton coolly, though his heart was beating fast. "You can't frighten us!"

The dusky finger was on the trigger.

"You boys will go, and leave Ali here," said the Spahi coolly. "Whether you go, or whether I shoot you down like jackals in the desert, I care nothing. Ali ben Yusef remains with me."

He raised the revolver, and levelled it at the group sitting on the rocks.

His black, evil eyes glittered over the barrel.

The Greyfriars juniors stared at him.

Incredible as it was, there was no further doubt that the reckless ruffian was in deadly earnest. Unless his order was obeyed, he intended to open fire on the group of schoolboys.

"I give you one minute to go," said the Spahi.

"You cheeky villain!" roared Johnny Bull. "Do you understand that fellows of your kind are hanged in this country?"

The Spahi shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Fellows of my kind are not easily caught, to be hanged," he said. "I shall be far over the sea, with Ali ben Yusef, before your police even find your bodies."

"Look here—" began Wharton.

"Assez! Say no more, but go!"

Bob Cherry rose to his feet, with his hands behind him. The Spahi could not see that his right hand clutched the jagged fragment of rock.

"Time to get a move on, you fellows," said Bob, with a careless air. "It's a long walk home, you know."

The Spahi laughed again.

"You are wise," he said. "Allez, donc."

The juniors rose from the rocks, as if in obedience to the order. They could see what the Spahi could not see—the jagged fragment in Bob's right hand behind him.

Their hearts were throbbing.

To abandon Ali in the hands of his hereditary enemy was impossible. But they knew that their lives hung on a thread. It was like an evil dream, that strange scene on the quiet, peaceful English coast only a couple of miles from Greyfriars. Yet it was terribly real. They were face to face with a man who, in spite of his European clothes, his French military training, was at heart a primitive savage of the Sahara—a man to whom a human life was of no more account than the life of a mosquito.

The Spahi made a gesture with the revolver.

"Allez!" he repeated. "Allez-vous-en!"

Then Bob Cherry acted—suddenly.

His submissive manner had quite deceived the Spahi, sharp and cunning as he was. Doubtless the ruffian had never expected that a schoolboy would venture to face a deadly weapon, raised against his life. He was suddenly undeceived.

Bob made a movement as if to turn away and go; and then, with lightning-like swiftness, he hurled the jagged rock right at the swarthy face of the Spahi.

It was so sudden that Bou Saoud had no chance of avoiding the missile.

Crash!

There was a fierce, wild cry, like the yell of a tiger, as the rock crashed in the Spahi's face. He staggered backwards, and fell on the shingle, the revolver clattering from his hand.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Fight for Life!

"At him!" yelled Johnny Bull. The Greyfriars juniors rushed the man down, as he sprawled on the shingle.

They did not need telling that their only chance was to overpower him before he could rise, and get hold of the revolver again.

Quick as they were, the Spahi was as quick.

The blood was streaming from his dusky face where the jagged rock had cut nose and mouth and chin. But it was only for a second that he sprawled, yelling. Then he threw himself towards the fallen revolver, and clutched at the butt.

One instant more, and the weapon would have been spitting death. But Johnny Bull's boot came down on the Spahi's hand as he grasped the butt of the revolver, with a grinding force that paralysed his hand for the moment. Johnny stamped on the savage hand, careless whether he smashed the fingers, as he very nearly did.

The Spahi panted.

The next moment all the juniors were upon him, and he was rolling on the shingle in the grasp of many hands, fighting like a tiger.

With breathless energy the Famous Five grappled with him, and strove to pin him down.

Ali did not join in the struggle.

He leaped to the spot where the revolver lay, and clutched at it. His black eyes were blazing. Ali ben Yusef of the Remove was gone, for the nonce, and in his place was Ali ben Yusef of the desert. His finger was on the trigger.

"You standing aside!" he shouted.

"Help here, Ali!" panted Bob.

"You standing aside, and I killing him!"

With a clear target at that moment Ali would have fired. But he could not fire at the Spahi without more danger of hitting the juniors than the man from the Sahara, as they rolled in a struggling mass on the shingle.

The juniors did not heed Ali's injunction. They struggled fiercely with the Spahi. He fought and scratched and tore like a wild animal; but the heavy odds told, and he was pinned down on his back at last on the shingle, panting with exhaustion. Bob Cherry planted a heavy knee on his chest, and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh trampled on his legs.

Ali saw his opportunity now. He dropped on his knees beside the helpless Spahi, and placed the muzzle of the revolver to his temple.

In another moment a dead man would have lain in the grasp of the Greyfriars fellows. Harry Wharton struck the revolver aside in the very nick of time.

Crack!

The bullet missed the Spahi's head by an inch, and was buried in the shingle.

"Ali," roared Wharton, "are you mad?"

"I killing him!" panted Ali ben Yusef.

"You mad duffer!"

Wharton grasped the Greyfriars Arab's wrist, and turned the revolver away, with a strength that Ali could not resist.

"Stop it!" he shouted.

"You letting me go!" yelled back Ali savagely. "Bou Saoud being my enemy, and I killing him!"

"You dummy!"

Wharton forced the Arab's hand up, so that the revolver was pointing to the

blue summer sky. The captain of the Remove had his hands full with Ali ben Yusef, and had no time to think of the Spahi.

Bou Saoud saw his chance, and did not lose it. He made a terrific effort to shake off the juniors.

They were four to one, but the Spahi was strong and sinewy, and as lithe as a jaguar.

He tore himself loose and leaped to his feet.

Bob Cherry was still clutching at him, but the Spahi hurled him aside and sprang a few feet away.

There he turned.

His black eyes were blazing; he was panting with fury. He did not seem now to be thinking of escape, but of rushing again upon his foes with the fury of a wild beast.

“At him!” yelled Johnny Bull.

“Collar the brute!” panted Nugent.

Harry Wharton turned to them, and Ali ben Yusef tore his hand free. The revolver was in it.

Probably the Spahi would not have fled from the unarmed juniors, though he was now disarmed; but the revolver in Ali’s hand was enough for him.

He leaped away across the shingle, just as the revolver cracked.

The hurried shot missed by a foot or more, and the next instant the Spahi was clambering among the rough rocks.

Ali’s eyes blazed after him, and his finger pressed the trigger again. This time he would not have missed. But Wharton knocked his hand aside just in time.

The bullet splattered on the rock a yard from the escaping Spahi. A moment more, and Bou Saoud was out of sight.

Ali turned fiercely on the captain of the Remove.

“You saving him!” he panted.

“You utter ass!” gasped Wharton.

“Give me that pistol!”

“I following him!”

Wharton caught the Greyfriars Arab by the shoulder as he was rushing after the escaping Spahi.

“Stop!”

“He getting away—”

“Let him go, and a good riddance to him!” gasped Bob Cherry, mopping a scratch on his perspiring face. “Ali, you ass, do you think you’re in your jolly old Ziban now, you dummy? Chuck it!”

“My esteemed Ali—”

Ali ben Yusef was still struggling to free himself from Wharton. Johnny Bull came up, and jerked the revolver from his hand without ceremony.

“Chuck it, you wild ass!” he snapped. Ali’s face was dark and sullen. He jerked himself away, the captain of the Remove letting him go now. Johnny Bull was taking care of the revolver.

“You saving my enemy!” said Ali sullenly. “You saving him, and some day he killing me. You being no friend of me.”

“You awful duffer!” gasped Wharton. “Can’t you understand that this isn’t Africa? Have a little sense!”

“I no more speaking to you!”

And Ali, with a lowering brow, tramped away in the direction of Greyfriars. Evidently he was feeling very much offended.

“Well, my hat!” gasped Nugent. “That chap’s a corker, and no mistake—not much to choose between him and the other merchant, I think.”

“Let’s get after him,” said Harry.

“Come on!”

The Famous Five followed Ali, and soon overtook him. They were breathless and dishevelled from the savage



From the thickets a lithe figure leaped, and two dusky hands grasped the Greyfriars Arab, and pressed him back into the grass. Bou Saoud, the Spahi, grinned down at his captive. “I have found you,” he said. “The hour has come, Ali—you are in my hands at last!” “Take your hands off me, jackal of the desert!” hissed Ali, struggling fiercely. (See Chapter 11.)

struggle with the Spahi, and every one of them had bruises and scratches to show. The savage from the Sahara had used teeth and nails in the struggle.

“We must stop at the police-station in Friardale,” said Harry. “The sooner the police get after that villain, the better.”

“Yes, rather.”

“The rutherfordness is terrific!” said Hurree Singh.

The Famous Five walked with Ali, but he did not glance at them, and did not speak. They walked on in silence, and once, as they came out into the Friardale road, Wharton caught a glimpse of a dark, savage face that looked out of a thicket. The Spahi was following them.

But nothing more was seen of him when they drew near the village.

Wharton stopped at the police-station to give information of what had happened, and then the juniors hurried on to Greyfriars.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Vanished!

MAJOR CHERRY arrived at Greyfriars School the following day.

Greyfriars was in a buzz over the happening on the cliffs. The coming of Ali ben Yusef to Greyfriars had “woken up” the quiet old school with a vengeance.

Ali ben Yusef was the cynosure of all eyes now.

The Head had been duly informed of what had happened, and the revolver

handed over to him, to be passed on to the police.

Inspector Grimes came from Courtfield to question the juniors.

He departed with the assurance that Bou Saoud, the Spahi, would be hunted for and soon accounted for.

The juniors had little doubt that they would hear of Bou Saoud’s arrest before long.

He was rather too conspicuous in appearance to avoid discovery, and they fully expected that it would be an easy task to track him down. But by the time Major Cherry reached Greyfriars nothing had been heard of Bou Saoud’s arrest.

The major was shut up with the Head and Mr. Queleh for some time, and then he came up to Study No. 1 to see his son and the rest of the Co., and Ali ben Yusef.

Ali was still maintaining a sullen reserve towards his friends. It seemed futile to attempt to make him understand their point of view in the matter. That life might be taken only in the direst necessity of self-defence, was a doctrine that did not appeal to the Arab in the least. His enemy had attacked him, and he had had the chance to kill his enemy, and he had been prevented. That seemed to Ali a very deep injury indeed, which he found it hard to forgive.

But the sullenness vanished from his dusky face when the bronzed old major came into the study.

Major Cherry’s face was very serious. “I’ve seen the Head,” he said. “Now THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 863.

you tell me just what happened yesterday, my boys."

The juniors told the tale together. The major listened quietly, only interrupting every now and then with a curt question.

"He's bound to be caught pretty soon, I should think, dad," Bob Cherry wound up.

The major looked doubtful.

"I'm not so sure of that," he said. "But his description will be known, and he can't very well keep out of sight—an Arab," said Wharton. "There are precious few Arabs knocking about in Kent, I suppose."

"He is very cunning," said the major. "I hope to hear that he has been taken. What he has done amounts to attempted murder, and a prison is the safest place for him. And if once Bou Saoud were put in a safe place, Ali would be secure. Mustapha ben Mohammed would find it difficult to get another agent for his dastardly work in this country. Bou Saoud has had a European training, but I doubt whether Mustapha has another such man at his orders."

"They will not catch him," said Ali quietly. "Bou Saoud will snap his fingers at the police."

"But where will he hide himself?" exclaimed Nugent. "This isn't the desert, you know."

Ali shrugged his shoulders. Evidently he felt assured that Bou Saoud would find a hiding-place somewhere.

"It is probable that he is no longer in the country," said Major Cherry. "It has already been learned that a foreign yacht was in Pegg Bay yesterday, and that it left soon after the affair happened with the Spahi. There may be no connection between the two—but I think there is. Mustapha ben Mohammed is a rich sheik, and he will not spare money in seeking to seize the Eye of Ahmed. My belief is that Bou Saoud has gone on the yacht."

"Well, if he is gone, he's gone," said Nugent.

"He coming back!" said Ali.

The major nodded.

"Either he will come back, or he will find agents to act for him," he said. "Unless he is arrested, Ali will be in the same danger. If they cannot get hold of the amulet, it is clear they intend to get hold of Ali instead. If the Spahi had succeeded yesterday, I have little doubt that Ali would now be a prisoner on the steam yacht, and that it would be under full steam for the African coast."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob.

Ali nodded quietly.

"Until more definite news is heard about the Spahi, every care must be taken of Ali," said the major. "Ali, you must not go again outside the gates of the school, even with your friends."

"I being a prisoner, then," said Ali.

"It is for your safety, my boy. The term will end soon, and then you will not be at Greyfriars," said Major Cherry. "By that time I hope to have made my arrangements for you."

"To hear is to obey!" said the Arab.

The major smiled.

"Keep to that," he said. "You know I am working for you, Ali, and that I have every hope of restoring you to your rightful place among your own people, in good time. In the meantime, you are safe here if you take care, and your friends here will care for you."

"Yes, rather!" assented Wharton.

Major Cherry remained at Greyfriars till night, and was several times on the

telephone, but there was no news of Bou Saoud. The major left at last, after once more impressing upon Ali the necessity of caution, and upon the Co. the need of keeping a strict eye on the Arab.

That evening the Famous Five gathered to supper in Study No. 1—Ali ben Yusef not being present.

"Where's the giddy Ali?" asked Bob Cherry, as he came in.

Wharton smiled rather ruefully.

"Still offended, I think," he answered. "He can't get over not being allowed to blow out Bou Saoud's brains."

Bob chuckled.

"I suppose he's right, from the Sahara point of view," he said. "But it won't do for Greyfriars."

"Ha, ha! Not quite."

The Famous Five were at supper when Ali ben Yusef came in. Perhaps the major's visit had made a difference, or reflection had helped the Greyfriars Arab to a better frame of mind. The sullen reserve was no longer in his dusky face.

"I being sorry!" he announced.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "What's the giddy trouble now, old bean?"

"I feeling anger, and thinking evil of my friends," said the Arab simply. "We not agreeing in opinion. I wishing to kill Bou Saoud and you preventing me."

"Oh, you're glad now you let him off, I hope!" said Frank Nugent, with a laugh.

Ali shook his head.

"I thinking the same as before," he said. "But knowing it wrong to be angry with my friends, so I being sorry, and I hope you forgetting it."

"That's all right, old chap," said Harry Wharton. "We can differ in opinion and be good pals all the same."

"You forgetting that I being angry!"

"Yes, rather—all forgotten!" said the captain of the Remove, with a smile. "Let's say no more about it."

"Good! That being all right," said Ali ben Yusef.

And the clouds rolled by in Study No. 1, and Ali resumed his old friendly footing with the Co., though it was clear that he still did not understand, or did not want to understand, their repugnance to dealing with a dangerous enemy in the Sahara manner.

During the next few days the juniors were eager to hear news of Bou Saoud. But there was no news.

The Spahi seemed to have vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

The juniors came to the conclusion that the major's surmise was well-founded and that the yacht in Pegg Bay had belonged to the Spahi, and that he had fled on it across the seas.

They were glad to think so.

Now that the police were hunting for him, it seemed improbable enough to Harry Wharton & Co. that the ruffian would venture to return to England.

But on that point Ali ben Yusef held to his own opinion.

"He coming back!" was Ali's remark whenever Bou Saoud was mentioned.

But the days passed, and passed without incident. And soon the chums of the Remove had another matter to think about. Hazeldene was leaving before the end of the term, and Marjorie and Clara were going home with him, to start on the holiday journey to Biskra. The Famous Five, and some more of the Remove, saw them off at the station, and Marjorie and Clara waved good-bye from the carriage-window as the train glided out. And no member of the Co.

dreamed of what was to happen before they saw Marjorie again—and still less of the strange place where the next meeting was to be.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Turned Down!

"SORRY!" Lord Mauleverer spoke gently but firmly.

His kind and easy-going lordship bated saying "No!" to anybody. But Billy Bunter was a fellow to whom one absolutely had to say "No!" at times.

Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"Nothing to be sorry about, old chap!" he said affably. "I'm free for the hols, as it happens. I'm turning Bob Cherry down. I'm coming with you, old fellow!"

"Sorry——"

"I really couldn't stand Cherry, you know," said Bunter. "I agreed to go with him for the holiday in a—weak moment. I think I'm justified in turning him down, don't you, Mauly?"

Lord Mauleverer grinned. "Don't be in too great a hurry, Bunter, old bean!" he said. "If Bob will stand you, stick to him!"

"Oh, really, Mauly——"

"Blessed if I know why he should stand you! But he's a good chap—and energetic. Anyhow, don't lose your chance, old tulip! You see, nobody else is likely to take it on."

"But I'm coming to Mauleverer Towers, Mauly!"

"My dear fat pippin——"

"It's settled, isn't it, Mauly?"

"Oh dear! I'm not goin' to Mauleverer Towers these hols!" groaned Lord Mauleverer.

"Well, I'm not particular where I go, so long as I go with my old pal," said Bunter affectionately. "I'll come, wherever it is, Mauly!"

"Oh gad!"

"Is it a cruise on the Silver Scud?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Oh dear, no!"

"If you're going to Norway, old man, count me in! I'd just like a cruise up the fiords! Just in my line!"

Sir Jimmy Vivian came into the study. He cast a glance of strong disfavour at Billy Bunter. Lord Mauleverer was already waverin'. He really was not the fellow to hold his own against the persistent Owl of the Remove.

"You—you see, Bunter——" he said feebly.

"All serene, old man—count me in!" said Bunter brightly. "Is Vivian coming, too?"

"Yaas."

"Well, I'll stand him!" said Bunter generously. "After all, he's your relative, though a bit of an outsider. I don't mind!"

"Oh gad! Don't you?" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Not at all, old fellow! Don't mench!"

Lord Mauleverer stared helplessly at Bunter. It really seemed to him that his powers of resistance were not equal to the task, and that the Owl of the Remove would be landed on him for the summer holidays—a prospect that made poor Mauly shudder. He turned to Sir Jimmy Vivian, who was glaring at Bunter.

"Jimmy, old man——" murmured Mauleverer.

"Yes, Mauly!"

"Do you mind if Bunter comes with us to Switzerland this vac?"

(Continued on page 17.)



British —
and Proud!
of it!

By Billy Bunter

I WAS born under the British Flag, which was waving proudly from the towers of Bunter Court when I first saw the light of day.

The Bunter family have always been British to the backbone. They resisted all temptations to be born in Turkey, or Grease, or Timbuctoo, and they arranged to be born and bred in Brittan, which I think was jolly patriotick of them, don't you?

I often thank my lucky stars that I was born a Brittisher. And I wouldn't swop my nationality with anybody.

Not that I would have minded being born in Scotland, which is the Land of Cakes, and would therefore suit me down to the ground. Ogilvy tells me, however, that they are wheat-cakes, and not plum-cakes, so that rather takes the gilt off the jinjerbred.

I'm jolly glad I'm not a Frenchman—Monsuro de Buntair. Not that I dislike the French, but I don't like their way of feeding. They never have good, onnest, substantial meals. A little bit of this, and a little taste of that, and a little snack of something else. That's how they go on. And they eat frogs and snales, too! May the day be far distant when I have to satisfy my hunger with poached frogs on toast, or stewed snales and carrots!

I'm also devoutly thankful that I'm not a German—Herr von Bunter. True, they know how to feed in Germany, but a meal in a restorng costs you about a million marks; so I should always be broke.

I don't think I should care to be an American citizen, either. The staple diet of America is chewing-gum. They claim that there is more nurrishment in a stick of chewing-gum than there is in a beefstake. But give me the beefstake every time.

Now, supposing I had been born in India, like Hurree Singh? Well, I admit it would be jolly nice to be the Rajah of Bunterpore, and to have a gilded pallis all to myself. But the diet of the Indian wouldn't sattisfy W. G. B. *Supplement i.]*

They seem to live soully on curry. It's hot stuff when it's properly made, but give me the good old apple-dumplings that we get in England. Hurree Singh is pashunately fond of bananas, and he devours about a duzen a day. Well, I don't mind a cluster of bananas on top of a good square meal, but I could never make a meal off bananas alone, like Inky does. I could eat a duzen at one sitting, and still feel an aching void.

I'm glad I wasn't born in China, like Wun Lung. The diet of the Chinks would drive me mad. Rice for brekker, rice for lunch, rice for tea, rice for dinner, and rice for supper. Groo! I'm not so fond of rice as all that! Besides, you have to eat it with chopstix, or with your fingers, which is a very ungentlemanly way of going on.

Come to think of it, there are very few countries where the grub is so varied and plentiful as in England. At Mrs. Mimbles you can buy anything, from a lollipop to a lobster sallad. The traggedy of it is, I'm nearly always stony-broke.

Perhaps, after all, it would have been better for me to have been born in Klondyke, where all the gold comes from. Then I could have brought all my nuggets over to England and become naturalised. Why didn't I think of that before?

On the whole, I'm jolly proud to be a Brittisher, bekwase the British boy—with a few eggseptions like Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry—is a good-looking fellow.

I'm sure I shouldn't look at all hansom with a copper-eulored complexion, or with a pigtail, or with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles like the Americans wear. If they were to have a ballot to decide who was the best-looking fellow at Greyfriars I should top the pole. I suggested the idea of a ballot to Wingate of the Sixth, but he wouldn't hear of it, simply bekwase he knew that I should walk off with the onners.

Yes, I'm Brittish to the core. And what's more, I'm jolly proud of my birthright.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

GREYFRIARS is a cosmopolitan sort of place. That is to say, it harbours fellows of many nationalities.

There are plenty of English subjects, of course. They are in the majority. But Scotland and Ireland and Wales, and several Colonies and foreign countries, are represented.

In the Remove Form alone there are now twelve fellows, at least, who are not strictly English. We have Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky nabob from India's coral strand. Then there is Wun Lung, the Chinese junior; Fisher T. Fish, who hails from the great "Yew-aited States"; Napoleon Dupont, the French junior; Morgan of Wales; Ogilvy of Scotland; Micky Desmond of the Emerald Isle; Tom Brown from New Zealand; Sampson Quincey Illey Field—"Squiff"—from Australia; Piet Delarey of South Africa; All ben Yusuf from Northern Africa; and Monty Newland, who is of the race of Israel.

On Wednesday last we had a very novel cricket match—England versus The Rest; and the latter eleven consisted of the juniors I have just mentioned, with the exception of All ben Yusuf. They put up a very good show, as you will see from Ver-non-Smith's description of the match on another page.

Cads of the Skinner type are inclined to sneer at the presence in our midst of so many "outsiders." I heard Skinner holding forth in the junior common-room just now. "What's Greyfriars coming to?" he growled. "We've got a Chink, and a nigger, and a Jew, and a hot-headed Irishman. It isn't right that all these aliens should be allowed to rub shoulders with the sons of gentlemen—like me! We shall be having a Zulu at Greyfriars next, or a Red Indian, or a Fiji Islander! I've a jolly good mind to write and ask my pater to take me away from this hole!"

An outburst of this sort shows Skinner in his true colours. Every one of the "aliens" he refers to so slightly is more of a gentleman than Harold Skinner. Even Wun Lung, with all his Oriental faults and failings, is a far better fellow than the cad of the Remove. As for the "hot-headed Irishman"—well, Micky Desmond has in him the stuff of a real man, which is more than one can say for Skinner!

By a curious oversight, we have never yet had a special number dealing with the foreigners and Colonials of Greyfriars. This omission is being made good at once. I have asked Hurree Singh, Wun Lung & Co. to write special contributions for this issue, and they have obliged. Their English leaves a good deal to be desired, but their contributions are distinctly amusing, and that is the main thing!

HARRY WHARTON.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 863.



What I think of Greyfriars!

By Scholars Who Aal from Other Countries.

WUN LUNG:

Me tinkee that Greyfriars School is likee your English climate—too dull! There is no lifee; no larkee; no hankeepanke. And the pupils—they are velly muchee too gentle with each other. In my native cuntry, if one fellow is insulted by another, he get a chopper and cuttee offee headee! At Greyfriars, he merely punchee on nosee—a velly different ting! Me tinkee English boys at Greyfriars muchee too softy-softy.

HURREE SINGH:

My affection for the esteemed and ludicrous school in which I am being trainfully educated, is terrific! In the words of the songfulness, I am in love with

“Each stone and each stickfulness,
Every cobble and brickfulness,”

in this quaint little old-fashioned school. I feel proudfully honoured to be a member of this noble and illustrious seat of learning. I love the worthy and venerable Doctor Locke, and the Queleh Sahib, and the Prout Sahib, and all the other Sahibs. Even when they impartfully administer the lickfulness, I still love them, for I know that they are being cruel to be kind. I love also my worthy Form-fellows, especially Bob Cherry, who is the chummiest chum I could chumfully chum with. There are some fellows who resent my presence at Greyfriars, saying that I am a woolly-headed nigger. This, of course, makes me “lose my wool,” and the lickfulness of the cadfulness is terrific! On the whole, I think very highly of Greyfriars. Long may it flourishfully prosper, and may its shadow never grow lessfully diminished!

FISHER T. FISH:

Greyfriars? Aw, shucks! I guess it's the sleepest little holein this sleepest little island. It fair gets my mad up, to have to carry on in the same slow, stogy way, day after day. I sorter calculate that if a dozen Noo-Yorkers came here as pupils, they'd wake things up—some! But a guy can't do much on his own. What Greyfriars wants is to be turned upside-down and inside-out, and shaken into some sort of activity. At present, it's about three hundred years behind the times. Why, they don't even play baseball! They stick to their silly old cricket, which was played ages and ages ago, when the world was young!

TOM BROWN:

Nothing much the matter with Greyfriars, in my humble opinion. When I first came here I was a wee bit doubtful as to what sort of reception I should get. I needn't have worried on that score. Colonials are always sure of a cheery welcome at Greyfriars; and Squiff and Delarey will bear me out. The only

fault I have to find with the school is that the grand old game of “Rugger” gets very little support here. Personally, I think it a far more exciting game than “Soccer.” But perhaps, if I'm patient, they'll let me skipper a Rugby Fifteen this coming winter!

MICKY DESMOND:

Faith, an' Greyfriars is a peach of a place, entirely! It's a home away from home, bedad, an' the spalpeens who run it down, an' call it a prison or a reformatory, deserve a jolly good bumpin'!

DAVID MORGAN:

Greyfriars, look you, is a mighty fine place—almost as good as some of the schools in my native Wales. But I agree with Tom Brown that the Rugby game ought to be encouraged more. We could get quite a useful “Fifteen” from the Remove.

S. Q. I. FIELD:

I've nothing but praise for Greyfriars. A fellow who belittles his own school isn't worth a rap. Of course, Greyfriars isn't perfect. No places are, excepting Utopia and Paradise. But I prefer it to any other public school in the land; and I frankly confess we haven't a school in Australia to equal it.

ALI BEN YUSEF:

Not long enough have I at Greyfriars been to express full opinion, but restful change it is after my boundless deserts. I have already Billy Bunter sized up, and his expected postal-orders would appear to be countless as the desert sands.

MONTAGUE NEWLAND:

I have nothing but praise to say about good old Greyfriars, and shall be sorry when the time comes for me to leave its ancient walls. The fellows, with very few exceptions, are A 1. I must confess that when I first entered Greyfriars I had doubts as to how my future school-fellows would receive me, but I soon found that my Jewish origin was not a severe handicap to live under.

NAPOLEON DUPONT:

Although I am many miles away from ze French school in which I first started my education, I would not willingly go back to it. La Belle France is ze country of ze world, but I must confess that Greyfriars is ze prettiest school. Vive Greyfriars!

OUR ALIENS!

By HAROLD SKINNER.

I NKY—from India's coral strand,
Delarey—from Africa's sunny fountains;
Soon will be added to the band
A youth from Greenland's icy mountains!

Among the many aliens here
We have a pigtailed youth from China;
And one Ali, who is, I fear,
An Arab kid from Asia Minor!

A new boy shortly will arrive
By aeroplane from Honolulu;
And then, as sure as I'm alive,
They'll send along a savage Zulu!

Soon we shall have a sallow Swede,
And possibly a pig-faced Prussian;
A swarthy Turk we're sure to need,
And what about a Greek and Russian?

Brown comes from somewhere off the map,
And Squiff, I think, was born at Sydney;

Soon we shall have a dusky Jap,
A Pole, and others of their kidney.

There's Desmond, from the Emerald Isle
(I think his home is some miles inland).
I rather fancy we shall smile
When Freddie Freeze arrives from Finland.

There's not a single fellow here
Who hails from good old Piccadilly;
I also think it's rather queer
There's no one from the Isles of Scilly.

Alas! I now must end my rhyme,
Just when I'm feeling gay and skittish;
If things go on like this, in time
At Greyfriars there will be no English!

Why He Was Bashful!

It was in the height of the season, and the boys were splashing and splashing gleefully in the water. One small youth only remained on the shore, wistfully watching his companions disport themselves.

Tears and knuckles were in his eyes. An interest-ed stranger approached. “Why are you crying, little boy?” he queried.

“I—want—to—go—in!” sobbed the youth.

“Then why don't you?” inquired the stranger.

“Cos I'm afeared—I'd get—a spanking when I go home!”

“But,” pointed out the inquisitor, “aren't the other boys riking a spanking?”

The youth burst out into fresh sobs. “Y-yes!” he gasped. “But my dad's a p-professional crick-cricketeer, an' he's got spikes in his boots!”

[Supplement ii.]

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England versus The Rest!

The Story of a Thrilling Cricket Match
By A. VERNON-SMITH

IT was Tom Brown's idea. The New Zealand junior is always getting brain-waves, and he never had a more brainy brain-wave than when he suggested that a cricket team of English juniors should play against a team composed of foreigners, Colonials, etc.

Tom Brown threw down the gauntlet to Harry Wharton, who accepted the challenge on the spot.

Wharton had no difficulty in selecting a strong English Eleven from the Remove. Tom Brown, who skipped "The Rest," found the task of selection more difficult.

There was a deal of excitement at Greyfriars when the following announcement appeared on the notice-board.

"NOTICE!

A GREAT CRICKET MATCH, ENGLAND versus THE REST,

will be played on Little Side on Wednesday afternoon, commencing at two o'clock. There will be no Cup, Shield, or other trophy; but the losers will entertain the winners to a First-rate Feed at the Tuckshop.

ENGLAND.—H. Wharton (capt.), F. Nugent, M. Linley, H. Vernon-Smith, J. Bull, P. Todd, G. Bulstrode, R. Cherry, T. Redwing, R. Penfold, and R. Russell.

THE REST.—Tom Brown (capt.), S. Q. I. Field, R. D. Ogiley, D. Morgan, M. Desmond, M. Newland, P. Delarey, Hurree Singh, N. Dupont, F. T. Fish, and Wun Lung.

Billy Bunter tried hard to get a place in the English team, but he was unlucky. Harry Wharton told him to run away and pick flowers. Bunter then approached Tom Brown, with a view to playing for The Rest.

"But you're English!" protested Tom Brown.

"Not at all, old chap," said Bunter. "I was born in New Zealand, within a stone's throw of your shack."

Tom Brown glared.

"If you dare to suggest that you're a fellow-countryman of mine—" he began.

Bunter hastily changed his tactics.

"I—I'm a Scotsman!" he declared. "I was born in Paris. That's the capital of Scotland, isn't it? My real name is Jock MacBunter."

Tom Brown grinned, but was not impressed. Whereupon Billy Bunter tried to make out that he had been born in Ireland, and that his name was Patrick O'Bunter. This story having been discounted, he claimed to be an Indian rajah. Then he said he was an American citizen—Hiram K. Bunter.

"It's no good, Bunter," said Tom Brown. "I know jolly well you're English. There's nothing doing."

Supplement iii.]

Billy Bunter was in the same position as the gentleman in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

"For he might have been a Russian,
A Turk, or French, or Prussian,
Or perhaps Italian.
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remained an Englishman!"

And the English team had no use for their plump fellow-countryman.

Even the posts of umpire and scorer were denied Bunter. If he had been allowed to umpire there would have been no end of chaos and confusion. Fellows who were clean bowled would have been given "not out," and a fellow who made a boundary hit would be sent back to the pavilion. As for scoring—well, Bunter's knowledge of arithmetic, unlike Sam Weller's knowledge of London, was neither extensive nor peculiar.

So William George Bunter took a back seat when Wednesday afternoon came.

Harry Wharton won the toss, and England batted first. It was a perfect wicket from a batsman's point of view; it was a perfect beast of a wicket from a bowler's standpoint.

Wharton went in first with Bob Cherry, and they found it harder to make runs than they had expected.

Hurree Singh and Tom Brown shared the bowling, and they kept a faultless length. Try as they would, the batsmen could not get the ball away. The fielding was brilliant. There were only two "duds" on the fielding side—Fisher T.

GRAND FOOTBALL COMPETITION

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MUST BE WON

FOR 10 RESULTS ANSWERS

Fish and Wun Lung—and they had been stationed in the "country," where the ball never came.

Runs came ever so slowly, and the crowd in front of the pavilion grew restive and a trifle sarcastic.

"Buck up, England!"

"Keep the old flag flying!"

"Forgotten how to hit, Wharton?"

The captain of the Remove promptly opened his shoulders and drove Hurree Singh's next ball to the boundary. In trying to repeat the performance he was out to a marvellous catch by Morgan at mid-on.

Then came a "procession." Frank Nugent came in, and put his leg in front of a straight one. Frank returned to the pavilion breathing fire and fury at the "l.b.w." rule. Johnny Bull took his place, and was clean bowled; and Peter Todd, who meant to make fifty, knocked down his own wicket in playing back to a "scorcher."

It would have been all up with England had not Mark Linley come to the rescue. The Lancashire lad joined Bob Cherry at the wickets, and there was some lively hitting. The score, which had been indeed a sorry figure, began to put on flesh, and 50 runs were on the board before Bob Cherry was caught at the wicket.

Bulstrode went in and laid on the willow good and hard. "The 'tail' wagged to good purpose, and England's total reached exactly 100—a great achievement after such a wretched start.

"Now, if we can only skittle those beggars out—" began Harry Wharton.

"Don't worry, old top," said Bob Cherry. "If we can only shift Tom Brown and Squiff, we shall have a walk-over!"

But Tom Brown and Squiff, the opening pair, flatly refused to be shifted. They batted as if they were there for the day. They realised that it would be a big feather in their cap if they could defeat the English side, and they played fine, forcing cricket.

Forty runs were on the board before the pair were separated, Harry Wharton shattering Squiff's wicket with a lightning-like delivery.

Squiff trotted back to the pavilion quite cheerfully. He had made 24.

After this the game veered round in favour of England.

Hurree Singh, who was a better bowler than a bat, cut his first ball straight into the hands of point.

"The catchfulness is terrific!" murmured Inky. "I must retrace my esteemed and ludicrous steps to the pavilion."

But Inky wasn't the only fellow to make a "duck." He was in good company. Ogiley and Morgan lost their

(Continued on next page.)

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ENGLAND v. THE REST!

(Continued from previous page.)

wickets without scoring, and Piet Delarey was unfortunate to be run out just as he was getting set.

The Rest were in a bad way now. But Tom Brown was still batting, and Micky Desmond came in and gave him excellent support. Between them they took the score to 90. And then the Irish junior was bowled off his pads.

Eleven runs wanted to win, and four more wickets to fall. Properly speaking, there were only two more wickets to fall, for no runs were expected of Fisher T. Fish and Wun Lung, who were merely being played to make up the eleven.

The English bowlers settled down to their task with grim determination. They captured Monty Newland's wicket, and then Napoleon Dupont's, without any addition to the score. And now there were only two "rabbits" to come in.

"Keep your end up, Fishy, for goodness' sake!" urged Tom Brown, when the American junior came strutting on to the pitch.

"I guess you can count on me!" said Fish confidently. Within a minute he was ruefully surveying his middle stump, which was performing revolutions.

There was a roar of laughter from the English fieldsmen, and a snort of disgust from Tom Brown.

Little Wun Lung, the last man in, came dancing across the turf, balancing his bat on his chin. He seemed to have no sense of the tremendous responsibility which rested upon him.

"No larking about, Wun Lung!" said Tom Brown. "This is a serious business. We've got to win—see?"

"Me savvy!" said Wun Lung. "Me swipec the first ball to the boundary!"

"Don't you try to do anything of the sort, you young ass! What you've got to do is to keep your end up. Leave the hitting to me."

Wharton sent down a very fast ball, and Wun Lung, more by accident than design, nicked it through the slips. The batsmen ran 3, which gave Tom Brown the bowling.

Eight runs wanted!
Tom Brown faced the bowling with the light of battle in his eyes. He had been batting all through the piece, and was well set. By this time the ball looked as big as a football to him. He promptly hit a four, and there was a whoop of delight from Micky Desmond, who was looking on from the pavilion.

"Bravo, Browney! 'Faith, an' if ye hit the next one like that the game's ours!"

Tom Brown repeated the stroke. It appeared to be the winning hit, for the ball whizzed like a bullet over mid-on's head, on its way to the boundary.

But Bob Cherry was fielding on the boundary line, and he dashed towards the descending sphere as if his life depended on it. Would he get to it in time? That was the vital question—a question which was answered the next instant, as the ball landed "plomp" in the safest pair of hands on the English side.

"Caught, sir!"
"Bob's ripping catch has won the match!" exclaimed Dick Penfold, who could be excused for breaking into rhyme on such a great occasion.

So the honours went to England, who had beaten their plucky opponents by 3 runs. And the spread that was held in the tuckshop that evening was a feast of the gods!

THE END.
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COMICAL NEW BOYS!

By S. Q. I. FIELD.



FELLOWS who come to Greyfriars from abroad, and who know little or nothing of English customs, are often guilty of the most comical blunders, both in speech and action.

I often recall an amusing incident which occurred when Napoleon Dupont, the French junior, first came to Greyfriars. I was strolling down Courtfield High Street with him, showing him the shops. Dupont happened to be eating a banana at the time, and when we reached a pillar-box he suddenly stopped, and crammed the banana-skin into the aperture for posting letters. "How very thoughtful of ze English authorities," he said, "to provide ze receptacle for rubbish!" "You silly chump!" I retorted. "That's not a dustbin! It's a pillar-box—for posting letters!" And the look of dismay on the face of the French junior was too comical for words!

Talking of bananas, this popular fruit is the staple diet of Hurree Singh. Regularly every week a crate of bananas arrives for him from Covent Garden. Inky has bananas for breakfast, and bananas for lunch, and at tea-time he slices them up and spreads them on his bread-and-butter. I verily believe that if all the foods in the world were confiscated, with the exception of bananas, Inky would be quite happy!

FISHER T. FISH, when he first came to us from the far side of the "herring-pond," had a habit of addressing his Form-fellows as "guys" and "galoots" and "mugwumps." He still uses these expressions, but not nearly so frequently as formerly. They have been bumped out of him!

When Wun Lung first came to Greyfriars he horrified the authorities by eating his food with a pair of chopsticks, which he had brought with him from China for that purpose. It took the little Chinese quite a long time to get used to a knife and fork, and the clumsy way in which he first handled them evoked roars of laughter.

My own peculiarity, when I first came here, was to call everybody "old chum." Harry Wharton & Co. didn't seem to mind much; but the high-and-mighty prefects resented such familiarity. When Loder of the Sixth hailed me one day, and I said, "Coming, old chum!" he became quite ratty, and he knocked the expression out of me with an ashplant!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS!

By THE EDITOR.

To HAROLD SKINNER, Remove Form.

Gad and Outsider.—You are a disgrace to the race to which you belong. You have lately been sneering at the fellows whom you choose to call "aliens," simply because they do not happen to be compatriots of yours. You refer to Squiff, the Australian, as "a wild busbranger"; you slightly allude to Hurree Singh as "a nigger"; and you speak of little Wun Lung as "a yellow-skinned heathen." Allow me to inform you that you are not worthy to lace the boots of any one of the fellows you have derided. Squiff and Hurree Singh are thoroughgoing sportsmen; and even Wun Lung, with all his faults, is a far better fellow than you.

The next time I hear you making cheap sneers of this kind, I shall summon a Form meeting, and you will be sentenced to run the gauntlet.

Yours in contempt,
HARRY WHARTON.

To GERALD LODER, Sixth Form.

Bullying Brute.—We have often had occasion to give you a dressing down in these columns, and this week we have to draw public attention to your shameful treatment of a certain *fas*—little Hop Hi, the Chinese. Because he accidentally smashed some of your crockery the other day, you forced him face downwards over a chair, and belaboured him unmercifully with a cricket-stump. When urged to desist by a fellow who chanced to be passing, you are reported to have said, "Why shouldn't I tan this yellow-skinned brat? He's only a Chink, and Chinks don't count."

I would point out to you that "Chinks" have feelings just as much as Britishers, and a Greyfriars fellow, whatever his nationality, is entitled to be treated with respect and justice.

It is just possible that the Head may see this letter. I hope he does! It will open his eyes to your callous conduct, and he will doubtless take steps to curb your bullying ways!

Scornfully yours,
HARRY WHARTON.

To HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH, Remove Form.

My dear Inky,—I have to congratulate you, at the close of the cricket season, in topping the Remove bowling averages. You have been a rod in pickle to the Remove Eleven, and your skill with the ball has at times been little short of uncanny. On a wet wicket you have been simply unplayable, as our opponents will readily testify!

The Remove has enjoyed a most successful season, thanks largely to you. Your form with the ball, my esteemed and worthy chum, has been truly terrific!

That you may capture many more wickets in the future is the sincere hope of

Your old chum,
HARRY WHARTON.

To FISHER TARLETON FISH, Remove Form.

Dear Fishy,—It is a matter for wonder that you have been very quiet lately, and have inflicted no new "stunts" upon your long-suffering schoolfellows. Have you really despaired of waking up this sleepy old show? Or will you break out again in a new place before long? I sorter guess and calculate that it's time you made things hum, you mugwump! Yep!

Yours,
HARRY WHARTON.

[Supplement iv.



(Continued from page 12.)

"I jolly well do!" said Vivian emphatically. "You're not going to be stuck like that, Mauly! Leave Bunter to me!"

"Look here, Vivian!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly. "I suppose Mauly can take any fellow he likes with him?"

"But not any fellow he doesn't like!" grinned Sir Jimmy. "Leave him to me, Mauly! Here goes!"

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Mauleverer. Sir Jimmy Vivian was a relative of the schoolboy earl. But certainly his manners and customs were not so Chesterfieldian as Mauly's. Mauly hated to hurt Bunter's feelings by a refusal. Vivian didn't mind his feelings in the least—and he even proceeded to the length of hurting Bunter's fat person in addition.

He began with a kick.

Bunter roared.

"You cheeky rotter! You kick me again—"

Biff!

"Yaroooh!"

"There's a door to this study!"

grinned Vivian.

"You kick me again, and I'll mop up the study with you!" roared Bunter. "Here, keep off! Yoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mauleverer.

"Mauly, old man, keep him off!" yelled Bunter. "I say, Mauly, keep that beast away—yareeh!—lend me a hand, old chap—"

"No fear!" said Mauly.

"Whoooooop!"

Billy Bunter left the study. He left in a hurry. Sir Jimmy Vivian's boot flashed in the doorway as he went, and a final kick helped Bunter on his way.

"Thanks, old man!" yawned Lord Mauleverer.

"Ow! Wow!"

Billy Bunter went on his way. He realised that he would not be going to Switzerland that vacation with Lord Mauleverer. Mauly he might have managed; but Sir Jimmy Vivian was a lion in the path.

It really seemed that he would have to be satisfied with Bob Cherry after all.

In point of fact, Bunter was a little surprised that Bob had allowed him to hook on, as it were, for the holidays. As a fisher of invitations, Bunter had no equal at Greyfriars; but few of the Remove fellows were so delicate as Lord Mauleverer. Few of them worried much about hurting Bunter's feelings in such matters.

Harry Wharton & Co. had made it quite clear that he was not going to spend the vacation at Wharton Lodge, or at Nugent's home, or with the Bull family. But for some reason or other Bob Cherry had allowed himself to fall a victim to the wiles of the fat junior. Bob was going away for a couple of weeks before he joined the Co. at Wharton Lodge, and those two weeks Bunter was to spend with him.

And Bunter was quite resolved, in his own fat mind, that when Bob went on to the Lodge, Bunter would go on with him.

But Bunter was keeping Bob in reserve, as it were, Bob Cherry's people

were not rich, and Bunter did not expect a very magnificent time with them. There were many fellows with whom Bunter would have preferred to go. So he tried the wiles in all directions, keeping Bob to fall back upon if nothing else turned up.

But Angel of the Fourth, and Cecil Reginald Temple had told him in language more forceful than polite that he had nothing to expect from them. Coker of the Fifth had cuffed him for his cheek in merely suggesting that he would spend a holiday with Horace Coker. Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, had told him with painful distinctness that he was not wanted. He had told him so several times—in fact, every time Bunter mooted the matter.

Nevertheless, the Owl of the Remove rolled along to Study No. 4 now, to make a last attempt on the Bounder. He found Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing at tea in their study.

"Hallo, Smithy, old man!" said Bunter, blinking in affably.

"Good-bye!" said the Bounder.

"About the hols, old chap—"

"Nothin' about the hols."

"I was going to say—"

Whiz!

A biscuit, hurled by an unerring hand, landed on Bunter's fat little nose. He gave a loud yelp.

"Ow!"

"Pass me the loaf, Redwing," said Smithy.

"Ha, ha! Here you are!"

Bunter backed into the passage, rubbing his nose.

"Yah! Beast!" he roared. "I was going to say, Smithy, you cad, that I wouldn't come home with you for the holidays at any price! Yah!"

"No need to tell me that!" grinned the Bounder. "I know you won't, old fat peach!"

"Yah!"

Bunter gave up Study No. 4. The loaf was ready for him if he looked in again, and Bunter did not want the loaf.

He rolled away dismally to Study No. 13, to speak to Bob Cherry. He realised that there were no other openings for a fascinating youth, and it was Bob Cherry or nothing. Although nothing would have induced Bunter to admit it, he was glad at the bottom of his fat heart that he had Bob to fall back on. Often and often Bunter expatiated upon the splendours of Bunter Court. But it was noticeable that he never seemed to have any desire to spend his holidays at that palatial mansion.

Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh were in No. 13 when Bunter arrived. They had finished tea, rather to Bunter's disappointment; but there was a bag of cherries on the table, and Bob good-naturedly signed to Bunter to join in.

Bunter's fat hands were full of cherries in a moment, and his capacious mouth was crammed.

"Not bad cherries, these," he said. "Not like we grow at Bunter Court, in our extensive hothouses, of course."

"I suppose not," said Bob gravely. "You see, these are real cherries. Those at Bunter Court, I suppose, are imaginary ones. So there wouldn't be much resemblance, would there?"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Still such as they are, tuck in, old fat man!" said Bob, laughing.

"The tuck-in-fulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh. And, indeed, the Owl of the Remove did not need telling twice.

"About the hols," said Bunter, with his mouth full. "I've told Mauly I can't go to Switzerland with him, Bob. He was very keen on it, but I said I couldn't

let you down. It comes rather hard on me, perhaps; but I'm a fellow, of my word. I've said I'll come with you, and I'll come."

"Don't worry, old bean. Let me down if you like," said Bob cheerily.

"In this esteemed case the let-down-fulness would be the boon and the blessing," suggested Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"You dry up, Inky! I'm sticking to you, Bob, old chap, though I admit that I was rather tempted to accept Temple's invitation for the hols—Temple of the Fourth, you know."

"Go and accept it now," suggested Bob.

Bunter did not seem to hear that suggestion. He refilled his large mouth with cherries.

"It's settled, then," he said. "Will there be a car calling for us when the school breaks up, Cherry?"

"Not quite! You see, we don't roll in expensive cars, like you wealthy fellows," said Bob solemnly. "We must manage somehow to survive the journey by train."

"Well, I don't mind, so long as we travel first-class, of course."

"My dear chap, travel any class you like. I'm going third; but that's only because there isn't any fourth."

"Oh, really, Cherry! If we can't travel decently, I don't really see how I can come with you at all."

"Right-ho!" assented Bob.

"I mean, I'm coming, old chap, and I don't mind travelling third," said Bunter hastily. "I suppose there will be something doing in the hols at your place. You'll have something on?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, what?" asked Bunter.

"My clobber, to begin with—"

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter. "I mean, what are you going to do in the holidays?"

Bob smiled serenely.

"That's all right," he said, "a ripping time. You see, I made my arrangements while my father was still abroad. I didn't know he would be back before school broke up. My people are going to stay at Scarborough, but I'm not going with them."

"Well, I don't mind where we go, so long as it's something worth while," said Bunter. "Where are you going?"

"With another Greyfriars chap, after a day at home."

"Well, who?"

"Redwing."

"Eh?"

"It's all right; he's willing for me to bring you with me," said Bob reassuringly.

Bunter stared at him.

"Redwing!" he ejaculated. "That scholarship bounder—that poverty-stricken longshoreman! He's got no money!"

"Well, I don't want him to give me any money, if he had any," said Bob. "But he can't stand you a holiday!"

roared Bunter. "He lives in a fisherman's cabin up at Hawkscliff."

"That's where we're going."

"What?" howled Bunter.

"Roughing it, you know," said Bob cheerfully. "Swimming and fishing, and climbing the cliffs, all day long, and cooking our own food, catching the fish before we fry them, and all that."

Bunter seemed deprived of the power of speech. This was not the sort of holiday he anticipated. It dawned upon his fat brain now why Bob Cherry had allowed him to "hook on" for the holidays.

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"You—you beast!" he gasped, at last.
 "What's the matter?"
 "Do you think I'm going to spend weeks of the vacation in a little fisherman's hut, in a village that's not even on the railway?" bawled Bunter. "Do you think I'm going to climb dashed cliffs, and row silly old boats about, in a place where there isn't even a cinema?"
 "Well, that's what I'm going to do, and I like the idea," said Bob cheerily. "It's what you're going to do if you come with me, too. You see, there will be nothing else."
 "Beast!"

"It will do you no end of good," said Bob. "Bring down your fat, you know. After a couple of weeks roughing it you'll feel quite a new man."

Bunter glared at Bob Cherry with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. He shook a fat fist at Bob's cheerful, grinning face.

"Beast!" he roared. "You can keep your dashed invitation, if that's what it comes to. I wouldn't be found dead in Redwing's rotten cabin at Hawkscliff!"

"Please yourself, old bean!" grinned Bob. "I had a sort of idea that you might cry off at the finish. But it's all right; you've only got to go to Temple of the Fourth, and tell him you'll accept his pressing invitation, after all."

That did not console Bunter, somehow.

"Or Mauleverer," said Bob. "Tell him that after turning him down you've decided to turn him up again."

"Beast!"
 The cherries were finished. William George Bunter shook the dust of Study No. 13 from his feet, and departed, slamming the door after him with a terrific slam.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 A roar of laughter followed Bunter from the study.

But the Owl of the Remove did not feel like laughing. His last resource for the holidays had, after all, failed him. Even the Bunter home, with Sammy Bunter and Bessie Bunter there, was better than roughing it in a cabin in a fishing-village. Bunter was turning Bob Cherry down, with a very heavy down. And once more the Owl of the Remove, with break-up close at hand, was at a loose end, and the important question of Bunter's summer holidays was still unsettled.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Breaking Bounds!

"TA-TA, Ali, old bean!"
 "Ma's salaamah!" said Ali, waving a dusky hand.

A brake rolled away from Greyfriars, crowded with cricketers. Harry Wharton & Co. were going over to Redclyffe to play the Redclyffians—and all the Famous Five were in the eleven, with Peter Todd, and the Bouncer, and Mark Linley, and Redwing, and Penfold, and Squiff. Six or seven other fellows were in the brake with the cricketers, and a good many cyclists followed the vehicle. But Ali ben Yusef had to stay behind.

The Co. felt rather regretful at leaving Ali for a half-holiday all on his own. The fixture at Redclyffe called them away, and they would have been glad to take the Greyfriars Arab with them—feeling that he would have been quite safe with the crowd watching the match.

But Major Cherry's instructions had been explicit.

Ali was not to go a step outside the gates of the school until Bou Saoud was THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 863.

accounted for; and nothing had been heard of the Spahi during the week and more that had elapsed.

The Head's orders, and Mr. Quelch's, confirmed those of the major—and there was no outing for Ali. Wharton, on reflection, realised that it was safer for him to remain in the school. During the match the attention of the cricketers would be concentrated on the game, and they would be able to give the Arab no care. The walls of Greyfriars were his best protection.

The cricketers rolled away in their brake, and Ali ben Yusef turned back cheerily into the quadrangle. He would have liked to accompany his friends, but with cricket, so far, he had an extremely slight acquaintance, and he was not keen on watching a game he did not understand. He went to the study for an Arabic book, and found a shady seat under the elms in the sunny quad, and sat down contentedly enough.

But Ali was not contented long to sit and read. His eyes wandered from his book.

Lord Mauleverer joined him on the seat under the tree.

His lordship gave the Greyfriars Arab a kind nod.

"Readin'?" he asked.

"Yes," smiled Ali.

"Good gad! Hard work, what?" asked Mauly, staring at the strange Arabic characters in the open book.

"Not to an Arab," said Ali, laughing. "To me it is hard work to read your Roman characters."

"Yaas, I suppose so," said Mauleverer, blinking at the book. "Jolly queer alphabet, all the same. What's that thing like a lizard standing on its tail?"

"Alif," said Ali. "What you call the letter A."

"And that thing like a reapin'-hook on its back?"

"That is Ba, or, as you calling it, B."

"And that one like a wasp?"

"That is dadd."

"Dad?" repeated Mauly.

"You calling it D."

"Oh, I see," said Mauleverer. "Gad! You want an intellect to grasp all that. The jolly old Roman alphabet is enough for me, and a little over. What's that one like a spider that's been trodden on?"

"That is Kha. The aspirated 'ch,'" said Ali, smiling.

"Thank goodness we don't have that in English!" yawned Mauly. "How many letters in your giddy alphabet, Ali?"

"Twenty-eight."

"We're better off there—we've got only twenty-six," said Mauleverer.

"What's that letter like a scythe with a blot over it?"

"That also is Kha."

"Then you've got two Khas, what?"

"Four," smiled Ali. "The letter taking a different form at the beginning of a word, and in the middle, and at the end, also when unconnected."

"Great Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Mauleverer, in horror.

"Jolly glad I haven't got to learn Arabic! Why, Latin is a mild joke to it. Makes me feel tired to look at it, you know."

Lord Mauleverer generally was tired, and Ali's Arabic book seemed to make him more so. He leaned his head back on the trunk of the elm and dozed. Ali ben Yusef strolled away, with his book in his pocket.

He came on Billy Bunter in the quadrangle, and Bunter nailed him at once. The poet has observed that hope springs eternal in the human breast, and for that

reason, doubtless, Billy Bunter seemed to think there was a faint chance of getting his celebrated postal-order cashed once more. He was explaining to Ali that he had been disappointed about a remittance he was expecting from a titled relation, when the Arab walked on, leaving him to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

"Beast!" howled Bunter.

Ali sauntered on. He dropped in on Big Side to watch the Sixth at cricket for a time, and then he strolled back to the School House. With all his friends away, he was beginning to find his half-holiday hanging rather heavily on his hands.

He walked down to the gates at last, and Gosling popped out of his lodge like a jack-in-the-box. Gosling had received very strict injunctions with regard to the Greyfriars Arab.

"None of that, now!" said Gosling.

Ali looked at him.

"Wot I says is this 'ere," said Gosling emphatically. "The 'Ead says as how you don't go out of gates. Master Ali, and out you don't go! You 'ear me?"

And Ali sauntered back from the gates, Gosling looking after him with a suspicious eye.

Ali went into Hall to tea, and after tea he walked in the quad again. He was quite tired of his half-holiday by that time.

His friends were not likely to be back much before dark, and there were hours ahead of him. He climbed the school wall at a spot where it was shadowed by the elms, and sat on top of the wall, looking out into the white road that wound away towards Courtfield.

School bounds were ample enough—but any bounds, however extensive, were irksome to the Arab, accustomed to the untrammelled freedom of the spacious desert. The desire to get out of the school was growing stronger and stronger upon Ali ben Yusef.

It was not the consideration of danger that made him hesitate to gratify his inclination to wander. He knew that there was danger, but he did not fear it—he gave it hardly a thought. Neither was it the respect due to his headmaster and his Form master that held him—Ali respected them as old and wise men, but he did not acknowledge their claim to his implicit obedience. It was Major Cherry's command that restrained him.

But even that restraint grew weaker. He longed, with a longing that other Greyfriars fellows would hardly have comprehended, for free and open spaces—he felt like a gipsy shut up within the walls of the house-dwellers.

The temptation was strong, and he fell to it at last. Possibly he would still have remembered the major's strict command, and restrained his longing, but as he sat and debated the matter, Coker of the Fifth came strolling along. Coker stared up at the lithe Arab perched on the wall.

"Here, you come down!" said Coker, in his most dictatorial manner.

Ali stared down at him.

"You hear me?" said Coker. "You young rascal, you're breaking bounds—and you know the Head's order. Come down!"

"It being no business of yours," said Ali.

"I'll jolly well show you!" said Coker warmly. According to Coker of the Fifth, most things that went on at Greyfriars were his business, more or less; likewise, the great Coker felt that it was his special mission in life to keep cheeky tags in good order.



The Spahi muttered a word to his companion, who stepped out into the lane and came back after a minute or two. "All clear," he said. "Quick, then," hissed Bou Saoud. Ali was borne out of the wood. A closed motor-car stood in the lane. The schoolboy Arab was thrust rapidly into it, and the Spahi followed him. (See Chapter 11.)

So Horace Coker reached up to grasp Ali and yank him down, and got a grasp on the Arab's ankle.

"You letting go?" said Ali, with a gleam in his black eyes.

"Come down, you young rascal!"

Instead of coming down Ali reached out with his other foot, and Coker received a clump on his head from a boot. Coker gave a yell of wrath, and jumped back.

"My hat!" gasped Coker. "Why, I—I—I—I!"

Ali hesitated no longer. He swung himself over the wall and dropped on the outside.

"Come back!" roared Coker.

With a smile on his face, Ali cut across the road, plunged over a fence, and scudded across a meadow. A few minutes more and he was in the woods, enjoying his freedom.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

In the Enemy's Hands!

A BRANCH rustled in the wood, and Ali ben Yusef started up, his ear bent to listen, like a wild fawn.

For two hours or more he had rambled by woodland paths, enjoying the open air and the sunlight. Then he had thrown himself down in thick grass to rest in the shade of over-spreading trees. He lay watching the sunlight filtering through the green foliage, making dancing patches of light on the grasses and ferns, and as he watched it he dreamed of his own country, of hotter suns and strange trees, and wide stretches of arid sand, boundless, illimitable, stretching to the horizon; of Arab tents and loping camels, and crying hyenas haunting the starry nights. Of white-walled mosques, and high minarets from which the muezzin called the faithful to prayer.

But from those dreams of the far-away land of his birth he was recalled by the rustling of the branch close at hand.

He started up.

But even as he started the forgotten danger was upon him. From the

thickets a lithe figure leaped, and two dusky hands grasped the Greymfriars Arab, and pressed him back into the grass and held him there.

And Bou Saoud, the Spahi, grinned down at the Arab schoolboy.

"Enfin!" he said in French.

Ali ben Yusef stared up at him. He was a sturdy lad, but he was powerless in the muscular grasp of the Spahi.

But his look was steady, and his eyes glinted.

"I have found you," said the Spahi, grinning. "The hour has come, Ali. You are in my hands at last."

"Dog, and the son of a dog!" said Ali. "Take your hands off me, jackal of the desert. Do you dare to lay your hands on the sheik of your tribe?"

The Spahi laughed.

"The line of Yusef will end in you, Ali," he said mockingly. "The name of Yusef will never be known again among the sheiks. Yet Mustapha ben Mohammed will let you live if you swear to remain all your days in the country of the Roumis, and hand over to my keeping the Eye of Ahmed."

"Never!"

Bou Saoud shrugged his shoulders.

"The jewel of the sheiks is in the keeping of the English soldier, Cherry," he said. "I know it. But maybe he will restore it to ransom the life of Ali ben Yusef. Hein?"

Ali set his teeth.

He knew that it was futile to resist—he was little more than an infant in the Spahi's powerful hands. He knew, too, that if Bou Saoud did not succeed in making him a prisoner the Spahi's knife would reach his heart. Yet he would not yield without a struggle.

He made a sudden effort, and almost succeeded in throwing the ruffian off.

But the Spahi's grip was like steel.

For long minutes they struggled, the Arab schoolboy striving furiously to free himself.

But it was in vain.

He lay, at last, exhausted, and the sinewy knee of the Spahi was grinding on his chest, pinning him down. And the swarthy face above him grinned down mockingly.

"It is futile, Ali," said Bou Saoud.

The Greymfriars Arab panted helplessly. "You will never seize the Eye of Ahmed. That is safe from you. Dog that you are, do you dream that you can take me away from England—a prisoner—to the Sahara?"

"It is easily done," said the Spahi coolly. "I have watched long for my chance, and it has come. By midnight you will be on my yacht, Ali, and the seas will roll between you and your Roumi friends. They cannot help you now. Allah must have made you mad to throw yourself into my hands like this. But I should have found a chance at last. You are my prisoner now, Ali, son of Yusef."

Holding the schoolboy's wrists together in the grip of one powerful hand, the Spahi drew a cord from his pocket with the other, and bound Ali's wrists together. Then he bound his ankles with another cord, and the Greymfriars Arab lay helpless in the grass.

While Ali's eyes gleamed up at him in fierce, helpless animosity, the Spahi rammed a gag into his mouth. Then he dragged the helpless junior deeper into the thickets.

"I leave you now, Ali," he said mockingly. "You are safe till I return. I shall see you again very soon, so I will not say ma's salaamah." And with a laugh the Spahi disappeared into the wood.

Ali ben Yusef lay alone.

He was helpless. He knew that he could not loosen the cords with which Bou Saoud had bound him. He could make no sound. A passer-by in the woods could never have discovered him there, hidden in the thickets. And in that deep recess of the woods, far from the footpaths, it was unlikely enough that anyone would pass. The Spahi knew that he was safe, or he would not have left him.

No doubt the Arab repented of his escape as he lay there helpless. He had disregarded the major's orders, and this result had followed. But repentance of his recklessness could not help him now.

Bou Saoud would return soon, evidently with help, to convey him away. And then—

His friends would not even know what had become of him. They would search for him, but there would be no proof, no hint, that he had fallen into the Spahi's hands—no hint that he was a prisoner on his way to far-off Africa.

The desert would receive him, and swallow him up. If Mustapha ben Mohammed could not gain possession of the Eye of Ahmed, the hereditary amulet of the sheiks of the Ziban, at least he could, and would, blot out the rival race—the line of desert sheiks of the race of Yusef would expire in Ali ben Yusef. A grave in the sands of the desert would bury all his hopes.

He writhed savagely in the knotted cords.

As he struggled, helplessly, the Arabic book fell from his pocket. At the sight of it his eyes gleamed. There was a pencil in his pocket, and though his wrists were bound together, he could use his long, slim fingers.

He sat up in the grass, and after long and painful groping he succeeded in getting out the pencil.

He held it in his fingers and opened the book.

With his wrists bound it was difficult to write. But it was not impossible.

Across a blank space he scrawled, in capital letters, the words:

"BEING PRISONER. BOU SAOUD TAKING ME TO AFRICA."

His keen, restless eyes glanced round him. There was no sign or sound yet of the Spahi's return.

He jammed the pencil deep under the grass roots, hiding it from sight. The book remained. It had to be hidden from the Spahi's eyes when he returned; and hidden, was it likely to meet the eyes of his friends when they searched for him? That was a chance that he had to take. Above all, it was necessary that the Spahi should not see it.

He looked round him. Near at hand was a thick clump of ferns. Holding the book in his fingers, he crawled with painful efforts to the clump, and thrust the book deep in the cover of the ferns.

Then he crawled back to the spot where the Spahi had left him.

The effort had exhausted him, the tight cords seemed to be burning into his limbs. He lay breathing hard, knowing that he could do no more.

Minute followed minute, and the silence of the deep woods was still unbroken.

But at last there were footfalls. Bou Saoud came out of the trees, and with him was another man—a rough-looking fellow with a brutal face. Ali had never seen him before. Evidently it was some lawless rascal whom the Spahi had hired to aid him in his designs. The two men lifted the Greyfriars Arab from the grass, and carried him away through the trees without a word.

For ten minutes or more they pushed their way through the wood with their burden, and reached a narrow lane that ran under thick, overshadowing trees.

The Spahi muttered a word to his companion, who stepped out into the lane, and came back after a minute or two.

"All clear!" he said. "Quick, then!"

Ali was borne out of the wood. A closed motor-car stood in the lane. The schoolboy Arab was thrust rapidly into it, and the Spahi followed him.

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"Lose no time!" muttered the Spahi, as the door was closed on him.

The engine throbbed. Brushing against the drooping branches on either side, the car moved away. Ali, bound, gagged, helpless, sitting with the Spahi's iron hand on his shoulder in the car.

A few minutes more and the car was racing on a long, white country road, with every throb of the engine drawing rapidly further and further from Greyfriars ears.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter the Scout!

"ALI BEN YUSEF!" That name always attracted a little attention when it was called from the roll; it was strange enough in Greyfriars' ears.

Generally Ali ben Yusef was prompt to answer "Adsum!"

But now Mr. Quelch, who was taking the roll, called the name without receiving an answer.

He glanced across to the Remove with a frown.

"Ali ben Yusef!" he repeated. No answer.

In the case of any other Greyfriars fellow Mr. Quelch would have marked down the name as "absent," and proceeded with the roll, but the case of the Greyfriars Arab was more serious.

"Wharton!" called out Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

"Ali is not here."

"No, sir," answered the captain of the Remove.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No, sir," answered Harry. "We've only just got back from Redclyffe, and I haven't seen him yet."

"He did not go to Redclyffe with you?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch. "Doubtless he is about the school somewhere. Wingate, will you be kind enough to ascertain where Ali is?"

"Certainly, sir."

Wingate of the Sixth left Big Hall, and Mr. Quelch proceeded with the roll. He had finished and dismissed the school when the captain of Greyfriars returned. He came alone.

"Ali doesn't seem to be in the school, sir," he said.

Mr. Quelch frowned deeply.

"Is it possible that the boy went out of gates, notwithstanding the Head's strict orders?" he exclaimed.

"It looks like it, sir," said Wingate. "I've asked Gosling, and he says that he turned Ali back from the gates this afternoon. Of course, he could have got out another way if he wanted to."

"The foolish boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "This must be inquired into at once!"

In a few minutes all Greyfriars knew that Ali was out of bounds, and there was excited surmise on the subject. The affair of the Spahi was remembered, and all the fellows wondered whether the enemy from Africa had anything to do with Ali ben Yusef's absence.

As soon as Coker of the Fifth heard of the inquiry that was going on, he came to the Head with information.

From Coker's statement, it was certain that Ali had gone out of bounds that afternoon. Whether any mischance had happened to him since remained to be discovered.

It was possible, of course, indeed probable, that he was rambling on a countryside as yet new and strange to him, and was simply late to return,

having lost his way, perhaps. But in the circumstances the Head determined to leave nothing to chance. He telephoned at once to Inspector Grimes at Court-field.

That evening was one of excitement in the Remove. As the evening grew older the Remove fellows discussed nothing but the disappearance of the Greyfriars Arab. Bob Cherry and his chums were deeply troubled. At first they hoped that Ali had simply lost himself, and would turn up late at school. But when bedtime came round they had to give up that hope.

"Something's happened to him," said Bob Cherry gloomily. "I—I wish we'd taken him along to Redclyffe after all." "Well, we couldn't," said Harry Wharton. "And he was safe here, if he'd stayed in the school."

"He may turn up yet," said Nugent hopefully. "May be wandering about in the woods all this time."

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"It's worse than that," he said. "Ali's no fool—he wouldn't remain lost all this time. Something's happened. He always said that that scoundrel of a Spahi was still hanging about—"

"Let's hope for the best till we hear the worst, anyhow," said Johnny Bull.

The chums of the Remove went to their dormitory that night in a troubled and anxious mood.

They remained awake late, hoping to hear the dormitory door open for a late-comer.

But Ali did not return, and they slept at last; and when the clang of the rising-bell awakened them in the morning, and their glances turned upon Ali ben Yusef's bed, they saw that it was still unoccupied.

"He's not come back," said Nugent.

"Then something's happened," muttered Bob. "Oh, my hat! What will the pater say?"

Harry Wharton & Co. were down early that morning. But Mr. Quelch had no news for them.

By that time it was clear that Ali ben Yusef had been prevented from returning to the school; and it could only have been by the hand of the foe from Africa. It was the work of the Spahi, and there was a terrible fear in the hearts of the Greyfriars chums that they would never see Ali again, alive at least.

"I say, you fellows, this is ripping!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, after breakfast, coming on the Famous Five in the quad.

"What is it, you fat duffer?" growled Bob.

"About Ali, you know—"

"What?" roared Bob.

Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"Well, I call it ripping!" he said. "I've just heard Mr. Quelch say to Wingate that all the fellows who are Scouts are to cut classes to-day, and join in searching for Ali. I'm a Scout."

"A precious Scout!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really Bull—"

Bob Cherry's troubled face had brightened.

"That's good, anyhow," he said. "I don't think I could stick in the Form-room, anyhow. Jolly sensible of Quelch."

"Yes, rather."

A little later the Head's order was officially announced. All the Greyfriars Boy Scouts were to turn out to search for the missing junior. Gladly enough the Famous Five donned the "shorts and shirts," and they were the first on the trail.

From Coker's information, it was known where Ali had dropped from the school wall the previous day. In the

road on the spot, the Famous Five took up the trail.

They searched for "sign," but if any sign had been left in the dust it had long since been obliterated by passing traffic. A crowd of Remove Scouts followed Wharton's lead, and he directed them to beat the whole vicinity hunting for "sign."

Billy Bunter was well to the fore. Bunter knew about as much of Scouting as he knew of Sanskrit; but at least he was prepared to put on shirt and shorts to dodge classes. Looking as if he were on the point of bursting out of his Scout uniform, the Owl of the Remove joined the Famous Five as they were searching for signs in the meadows near the road.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.
"Buzz off, and don't worry," snapped Bob.

"I've got a suggestion to make!" howled Bunter.

"Rot!"
"Oh, let him rip!" said Nugent. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, you know! What's the suggestion, Bunter?"

"Let's take some grub with us—"

"What?"
"You see, we may be a jolly long time, and may even be late for dinner," said the fat junior, with great seriousness. "Let's take some grub and make a picnic of it. We don't want to root about hungry, you know. That's important."

"You silly ass!" roared Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Buzz off!"

"I'll fetch the tuck, you know, if you fellows will hand me the money, and, I say—yaroooooooh!"

Billy Bunter made a hasty departure as Johnny Bull brought his staff into play.

"Yab! I jolly well won't help you now!" he yelled, as he departed.
"Fathead!"

Bunter's help in the scouting line was not likely to be missed. Leaving the juniors to their task, Billy Bunter rolled away into the woods. He was not keen on picking up sign. His idea was to find a shady spot where he could rest at ease, and devour a packet of toffee that he had annexed from Ogilvy's study.

Bunter found a shady spot in the depths of the wood, and sat down under a tree. He rested his podgy back against the tree and sighed contentedly.

"What jolly good luck!" he murmured. "This is ever so much better than lessons! I really hope that Ali will stay missing, and we shall get another day off to-morrow."

And Bunter gnawed happily at toffee till the whole packet was consumed. Far in the distance he could hear the Scouts calling—the Remove party were drawing nearer to the woods.

Bunter was not an observant fellow. He had a wonderful nose for tuck—but for other things he had little attention. Training for twenty years or so might have turned him into a tenth-rate Scout; but it was doubtful. But even Bunter could see anything that was just under his fat little nose—given plenty of time.

And his attention to the more pressing and important matter of the toffee ceasing, when the toffee was all consumed, Bunter observed that the spot where he was seated showed rather unusual signs of having been recently disturbed.

The grass was trampled and crushed, ferns were broken down, and there were footprints galore. Bunter sat and blinked at the "sign," his fat intellect working very slowly. But it worked at last.



"There's been a tussle here," said Harry Wharton. "No end of a scrap, I should think—you can see they were rolling over and over. A blind man could pick up this sign, I think." The Famous Five set to work. They scanned the ground inch by inch, taking the tree as centre. Suddenly there was a shout from Bob Cherry. "Look, you chaps!" he exclaimed. "Ali's book!" And he dragged the Arabic volume from its bed of ferns. (See Chapter 12.)

"My hat!" murmured Bunter. "Something or other must have happened here! There's been a jolly scrap of some sort. I wonder—"

With an effort Bunter took the trouble to get up from his comfortable resting-place. For miles over the country-side Greyfriars Scouts were hunting for "sign"—and any sign of a struggle would have drawn concentrated attention at once. Bunter was aware of that, and it dawned upon him that by sheer chance he had happened upon the spot where Ali ben Yusef had been seized by his enemy.

He blinked round him through his big spectacles, greatly elated. Then he rolled away in the direction of the Scouts. He came on Harry Wharton & Co. after a quarter of a mile; they were gathered in an anxious group, scanning some dubious footprints in the corner of a meadow by the woods.

"I say, you fellows!" bawled Bunter.

Bob Cherry glared round.

"Dry up!" he roared.

"I say—"

"Get out, you fat duffer! Don't worry!"

"I've found it!" yelled Bunter.

"What?"

"Found it! It's all right! I know where they collared him!" said Bunter cheerily. "You fellows ain't much good without my help, you know. Come along with me and I'll show you the place!"

"Rot!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Gas!" snapped Nugent.

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

"Let's go and see, anyway," said Harry Wharton. "We've found nothing so far."

"This way!" grinned Bunter.

In a very doubtful frame of mind, the Famous Five followed Bunter through the woods. But when they reached the spot where Bunter had devoured the toffee, all doubts vanished. Harry Wharton dropped on his knees and compared a footprint with a shoe of Ali's that he had brought with him.

"Ali was here yesterday!" he said quietly.

"Oh, good!"

"What did I tell you?" grinned Bunter. "When it comes to scouting, leave it to me, you know. I'm the man."

"Rats!" growled Bob Cherry.

"There's been a tussle here," said Harry Wharton. "No end of a scrap, I should think—you can see that they were rolling over and over. A blind man could pick up this sign, I think. But we want to know which way they went."

The Famous Five set to work. They scanned the ground inch by inch, taking the tree as a centre. There was a sudden shout from Bob Cherry.

"Ali's book!"

He dragged the Arabic volume from its bed of ferns.

"That's proof, if we weren't sure already!" said Harry.

"Look!" breathed Bob.

The book was bent open at the page where Ali had written. The line of straggling pencilled capital letters stared at the Removites.

"BEING PRISONER. BOU SAOUD. TAKING ME TO AFRICA."

"My hat!" breathed Nugent. "Ali must have written that!"

Harry Wharton nodded. His eyes were gleaming.

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"Good old Ali!" he said. "Goodness knows how he managed it, in the hands of that scoundrel. But he's done it, and if we don't find him, we know where he has gone. Get on with it!"

The Famous Five resumed the hunt.

Doubtful signs led them through the woods. Here and there they picked up the trail by a broken twig or a trampled fern. They came out on the narrow lonely lane, and there, in the dust, they found unmistakable tracks of a motor-car's tyres. In that narrow, sunken lane there were tracks of carts and of horses in plenty; but it was a route that was never used for cars, and it could only have been with difficulty that a car had been piloted along it. The Scouts halted, staring at the well-marked tracks of the tyres.

"That does it!" said Bob Cherry. "It's not certain, of course; but it seems to me pretty clear that they had a cat waiting here—"

"And to me," said Wharton. "I think we'd better get back to Greyfriars and tell what we've found."

And the Scouts marched back to the school.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, too!

MAJOR CHERRY was at Greyfriars by the time Harry Wharton & Co. returned. A telegram from the Head had called him there.

"Any news?" the major exclaimed as the tired juniors came in.

Bob Cherry explained, and showed the Arabic book with Ali's message in it.

"Good!" said the major.

"You have done well, my boys," said Mr. Quelch. "I think you have done all that can be done. The rest is for the police."

"Bunter found the place by accident," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"It was fortunate. It has saved time," said the major. "The police can begin at once the search for the motor-car."

That afternoon the Greyfriars Scouts were at work again, but no further discoveries were made. It was fairly clear that the kidnapped Arab had been taken away in the car. It was probable that he was hundreds of miles away by that time, if not indeed already on the high seas.

That day and the following days Inspector Grimes, of Courtfield, was busy. Meanwhile the major stayed at Greyfriars, deeply anxious for news. There was news at last. An abandoned motor-car had been found on a lonely road near the coast, a hundred miles from Greyfriars. Of the chauffeur or other occupants of the car there was no trace—save one. In the rug on the floor of the car a penknife had been found, which was identified at Greyfriars as belonging to Ali ben Yusef. Either by chance or by design—most probably the latter—the kidnapped Arab had left that clue in the car.

"That settles it," the major said to Dr. Locke. "Ali is gone—he is far across the sea by this time. It is my duty to find him."

And an hour later he came to see the Co. in Study No. 1 to tell them so. The juniors looked at one another. It wanted but a few days to break-up, and already they had been discussing the scheme of spending the summer holidays in searching for Ali.

"We're coming, too, dad!" said Bob.

"Hear, hear!"

"Impossible!" said the major.

He shook his head.

"You don't understand the dangers of the desert, my boys—"

"Blow the dangers, sir!" said Johnny Bull. "We all agreed to stand by old Ali and look after him, and now he's gone. They've got him! It's up to us to help him out!"

"We're keen on it, sir!" said Harry Wharton earnestly. "It's the long vac in a few days, and we want to help. Some friends of ours have gone to Biskra, in the Sahara, for a holiday. Let us harm?"

"No harm in your coming as far as Biskra, for the matter of that," said the major. "But Ali will have to be hunted for in the sands of the desert, far from the French outposts."

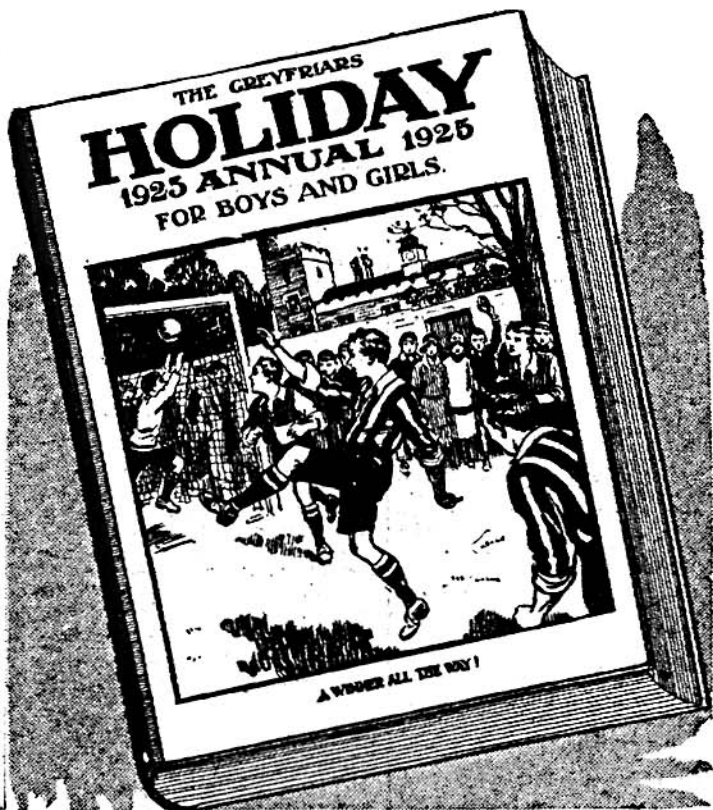
"Make it Biskra, then, dad," said Bob Cherry, with a private grin at his chums. If the Famous Five got as far as the border of the desert, the question of going farther could be settled later.

"It is possible that you might be useful," said the major slowly and thoughtfully. "I—I will consider it."

The major considered it, and to the general satisfaction of the Famous Five

(Continued on page 28.)

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By
**FRANCIS
WARWICK**

INTRODUCTION.

The story is staged over the period when Richard Lion-Heart, the king, was away in Palestine on the Third Crusade.

TOM HADLEIGH—a youth of sixteen, who was found as a babe by the monks of Hadleigh Priory deserted in Sherwood Forest. Brought up by the good monks and apprenticed to a goldsmith, Simon Rye. Tom discovers in Simon Rye an unscrupulous and slave-driving master. He breaks away from him, determining to seek fortune under more satisfactory conditions, and throws in his lot with

LANTERN—a care-free adventurer of diminutive stature, but withal a sterling swordsman.

ROBIN HOOD—chief of the band of outlaws whose headquarters are in the depths of Sherwood Forest. A good friend to the poor and needy, and a source of continual worry to **EARL HUGO of CHARNDENE**—an unprincipled vassal of Prince John, known to the people of Nottingham as the Black Wolf.

FRIAR TUCK, ALAN-A-DALE, LITTLE JOHN, etc.—members of Robin Hood's band.

LAN—once jester to Earl Hugo, but now the friend of Tom Hadleigh and Lantern. Lan tells Tom that the peculiar talisman in his possession—a half circle of polished horn upon which are the words "The cave betwixt—a split oak—follow the water—Gold," which was found near Tom by the good monks of Hadleigh when the former was a babe—could reveal the whereabouts of a wondrous treasure could the other half of the talisman be fitted to it. Lan declares that the other half of the talisman is in the possession of the Black Wolf. They set out to seek it.

Unknown to Earl Hugo, his vassal, Guy de Blois, steals the talisman from him, intending to unearth the secret treasure for himself. To that end he captures Lan and puts him to the torture, thereby extracting from the ex-jester the wording on the half of the talisman in Tom Hadleigh's possession. Shortly afterwards, however, Robin Hood and his band storm the castle of Guy de Blois and raze it to the ground. Lan is set free, but in the confusion De Blois makes his escape. He is sighted by Lantern and Tom Hadleigh, who immediately give chase. Although splendidly mounted, and possessing the advantage of a good start, Guy de Blois finds his pursuers stout but surely gaining upon him.

(Now read on.)

A Stern Chase!

ON we swept, the great trees towering darkly upon either side the road. But swiftly dawn was flooding the countryside with golden light, and ere long the dimness of those mighty trees gave way before the clear light of day.

Through a waking village we galloped, 'midst a great crowing of cocks, with scared geese tumbling wildly into the waters of a wayside pool to avoid our flying hoofs. 'Twas but a poor, tumbled-down collection of hovels, such as one would expect to find upon the lands of De Blois the Red!

Soon our road joined a broad highway, where some wide-eyed swineherd told us of the way our quarry had taken.

On we galloped. And then, a mile farther on, we came upon a crossways.

We drew our panting steeds to a standstill, and sat staring down those three roads turn in turn. 'Twas mighty stony, and no mark was left upon the ground by his passing. Which way had De Blois chosen?

"That road upon the left can but lead through Sherwood—doubtless to Nottingham," muttered Lantern. "That upon the right, perchance, is the road to York. And that before us, what if it leads to Sheffield, which indeed lies yonder?"

"Which would he choose?" I cried. "Nottingham, York, or Sheffield?"

"Not the first," answered Lantern. "He will avoid Robin Hood's denemes! If he seeks shelter from his enemies, Sheffield lies the nearer by many a mile

than York. Let us try the road ahead! For catch this villain of the red beard we must! Not only does he hold Hugo's talisman, which we have strived after so long, but he knows all the secret of where this gold is hid—and, by my heart, Guy de Blois shall never gain that gold!"

I touched the flanks of my horse lightly with my heels, and the noble beast broke straightaway into a gallop.

"He is making rare amends for having accepted hospitality from De Blois!" I laughed to Lantern as we raced side by side. "He is swift as a streak of silver starlight that darts forth from a breaking cloud! Starlight shall I call him!"

The trees were thinning, and soon we came to open, hilly land, thick with young bracken. The road wound in and out amidst the undulations of the land, and glimpses we caught of it far ahead, stretching like a ribbon through the green countryside. But of De Blois there was no sign, and Lantern's face grew troubled.

"We mischance at the crossways," I said at last.

Lantern nodded.

"Ay, I fear so. But see, there is some fellow yonder. Let us ask of him if he has seen a horseman pass."

'Twas some half-witted country clown gathering fuel whom we thus questioned. He shook his great head stupidly. But 'twas certain that had De Blois passed that way this fellow must have known.

Lantern brought his hand down upon his knee with a clap.

"Fools that we are!" cried he in deep

chagrin. "Stab me, but we should have known! Whither would De Blois ride if not to York? Hugo, the Black Wolf, is yet there with Prince John. But Hugo returns at any time, and De Blois will ride to him, to persuade him to return swiftly and lead his men 'gainst the castle, and so entrap Robin Hood and his band there. For De Blois, doubtless, knows nothing of the burning of that evil pile! He will expect Robin Hood and the outlaws to hold feasting and high revelry within its walls for days, like so many drunken clowns swelled with victory and loot!"

"Ay, De Blois has taken the road to York," he repeated. "I'll wager my head upon it! And I fear we have lost a dozen good miles to him."

We swung our horses round, galloping back to the crossways. And so we took the road to York.

Our good horses bore us well. At the first hamlet through which we passed, we found that De Blois had indeed passed through, though well ahead of us.

"But 'tis many a long mile to York," cried Lantern gaily. "His horse can never bear him thither without our coming up with him."

"We should clap eyes on him ere sunset," I said. "Although he will travel fast, he will never dream that we still hang upon his heels, and so will not think to throw us off the track by some ruse."

But at noon, it seemed, De Blois changed horses. For our part, we were very loth to do so, and since, judging

from what we heard from the fellow at the hostel, the Norman was mounted on a horse of no great merit, we decided to follow on with Hereward and Starlight.

At sunset we were still some miles behind. Mighty weary were we both and our horses also, and unless we were to change to the poor horses available on the road, leaving our good steeds to the care of strangers, 'twas vastly necessary to rest awhile.

A meal we took at a wayside hostel, where we fed and watered the horses. 'Twas but the second rest we had taken that day, but vastly refreshed we felt when once more we hurried on our way.

We rode hard, for we were grimly determined that our enemy should not escape us. The sun set, and the moon rose. On and on down that long road to York we rode—thundering through lonely hamlets, where white, scared faces peered out at us in passing, splashing through flooded fords, where the dark water bubbled high, on over moonlit downland and rugged moor, through forests black as sin!

A wild exultation filled me. All day a brooding stillness had been hanging in the air, but now a hot breath of wind was stirring, and great sable clouds were massing o'er the moon. A storm was gathering.

And at last we saw our quarry. A long way ahead—a mere black speck upon the long white ribbon of road that wound up an open hillside. He vanished again almost, at once, but we urged on our

steeds anew, and Hereward and Starlight fairly flew through the night!

Little did we dream then that De Blois had seen us coming swift upon his heels!

Over the summit of the hill, and anon we plunged into a wood so thick and dark that the broken moonlight scarce could gleam through the over-arching boughs above our heads. The hoof-beats of our steeds echoed through the trees, and many a scared creature of the night fled before us.

Lantern was riding a little to the fore, peering eagerly ahead into the gloom. And then, all suddenly, he gave a shout.

The next instant he was flung headlong as the great piebald stallion beneath him crashed in a struggling heap upon the road!

Face to Face!

THERE was no time to check Starlight.

I was almost upon them, and I thought for a moment that my horse must crash into the struggling stallion and share the same fate. But I gripped Starlight's flanks with my knees, grimly wondering if it could accomplish that which I called for!

Lightly, easily, the splendid white destrier 'neath me rose into the air. Even though Hereward was now struggling to his feet, my horse cleared the other in a splendid leap, and in another moment we were safely past.

Swiftly I drew my horse to a standstill and leaped from his back. Lantern lay at the roadside, but as I ran to him he staggered dazedly to his feet.

"Did see it?" he asked me in a queer voice.

"What?" cried I.

"Why, that rope stretched there!" said he, with a little bitter laugh, pointing.

"See, 'tis fastened 'twixt those two oaks. 'Tis so accursed dark that I saw it not till too late. 'Tis a miracle that you, too, were not thrown!"

He put his hand upon my shoulder, leaning heavily upon me. He called to Hereward, and the noble horse came to him with a little whinny, thrusting down his face to his master's chest. Lantern laughed.

"Praise heaven you are not hurt, Hereward!" said he.

"But you?" I cried.

"My leg," he said. "'Tis strained, I fear. This is indeed a notch scored for De Blois, Tom! I did not dream that he knew we followed him."

"But how came he by that rope?" I cried. "How—"

"He must have come upon some woodmen—ill-fortune for us!—and paid the villains to play this trick upon us," answered Lantern. "Could I but come face to face with one of the rogues now—with two legs whole!—'twould indeed go hard with the fellow!"

He lowered himself upon the grassy bank, his right leg thrust out straight before him. Drawing my sword, I ran into the trees upon both sides, but no one was to be seen.

"There is no one," I told my comrade. "Though, in truth, upon the earth can be seen the tracks of at least three men. But they have made themselves mighty scarce!"

With my sword I slashed the rope through and through, savagely determined that whoever they were, those men who had helped De Blois, they should not have the satisfaction of returning to a sound rope! Then I glanced keenly down the road.

"He cannot be far ahead, seeing he stopped to talk to these fellows."

Lantern nodded.

"Ay, we are close upon his heels!" cried he. "The hare shall soon feel the fangs of the hound! As for me, I cannot follow farther, but—"

I gave a quick exclamation at that, but he checked me.

"Nay, Tom, 'tis true. I could not stay upon a horse at that mad speed with this accursed leg. Hereward and Lantern are out of it, lad. But I know that Tom and Starlight will bear themselves right well in our stead! Waste no time—De Blois is not far ahead! You will soon outstrip the villain, and then—"

He broke off with a sigh and a laugh.

"Would that I were there to see your meeting! Both of you are brawny fellows, you and De Blois, and both mighty hot-blooded fighting-men! But I can trust that good blade of thine to overcome him, I do believe. And so, I say, waste no time!"

"But what of you?" I cried. "What of these evil rogues who stretched that rope? They cannot be far away—"

He laughed again, looking down at his garments, which were indeed in sad way, what with the night's fighting at the fortress of De Blois, and stains of travel, too.

"They would scarce attack so poor a looking figure," said he gaily. "And if they should, I trust my sword is nimble enough to prick such churls, for all that my leg is ailing! Help me upon my horse, Tom, for I can ride slowly. You will find me at the first hostel beyond this point. Hereward and I will amble



I gripped Starlight's flanks with my knees, grimly wondering if it could accomplish that which I called for. Lightly, easily, the splendid white destrier 'neath me rose into the air. Even though Hereward was now struggling to his feet, my horse cleared the other in a splendid leap. (See this page.)

thither at our leisure, whiling away the journey, perchance, with a little music to speed you on your way."

I was relieved to see, when I had all but lifted him to his high saddle, that he eat his horse well enough despite his leg, which I could see was paining him.

"God's speed!" he said.

I hesitated no longer, but leaped into the saddle. More than ever was I determined that, come what might, I would overtake Guy de Blois!

The last I saw of them as I swept away into the gloom was Lantern's great black-and-white war-horse staring after us with, I thought, longing in his eyes, as he came slowly through a stream of moonlight; and upon his back his master sitting with his head a little upon one side, his reed-pipe to his lips, staring after us, too, as he coaxed from that slender pipe the wild, sweet music that he loved. The sound of it died away as I vanished from their sight.

What a wondrous horse was Starlight! The hot wind went singing past my ears as we flew onward. Soon we broke from the trees, and as we thundered on through the brooding night, with the great storm-clouds ringed around the moon, no one would have thought that we had been upon the road together since dawn.

And ere long, with a strange thrill, for the second time that night I clapped eyes upon De Blois the Red.

I had drawn within half a mile of him, upon a hilly stretch of road, where tall fir-trees stood in little clumps, casting black shadows across the way, and mighty rocks lay scattered upon either hand.

He knew that I was coming, and right desperately he strove to draw away from me. But his horse had not the brave heart of mine, and the distance 'twixt us grew less and less.

Now I had drawn so near that I could see the glowing hatred in his eyes when he glanced back. Low was he bent as his horse raced on. But ever was that space between us diminishing, as Starlight came hot upon their heels with thunder in his hoofs.

I cried out mockingly to my enemy; but he knew that he was beat, and all suddenly he dragged round the head of his sweating steed, plunging down a bank by the roadside, and on to the rough grass beyond. Pulling his horse back upon its haunches, he leapt to earth. I saw him whip out his long sword.

A few moments later I, too, had leaped down upon the grass. There was a gleam of steel as the great broadsword flashed from my side.

Slowly I went t'wards him. He backed before me, his feet moving softly in the grass, till he stood upon a great flat stone, his back to a towering black rock that rose high above a pine-tree betwixt us. Past this pine I went, and we were face to face.

No word had passed 'twixt us even yet. And then, all suddenly, De Blois laughed harshly.

"Is this what you seek, young golden-headed Englishman?" cried he. And he held out something that dangled upon a chain.

'Twas Hugo's talisman—that which De Blois had snatched from me in the north tower at Charndene!

"When I have avenged the victims of your evil life, of your villainies, and your murders—avenged, too, the poor hunchback whom you tortured—when your carcass lies awaiting its last dawn, ere the carrion birds have picked your bones cleaner than that peeled willow wand of which Robin Hood warned you—then, perchance, I may first take that



'Twas even as Guy de Blois screamed that there came a sudden blinding glare. For a fraction of time I seemed to see my enemy all outlined with lambent fires! Back I staggered, a hand upon my eyes, and the darkness surged in around us as the very skies seemed split with crashing, thunderous sound. (See page 26.)

talisman from you ere riding back to Sherwood," I told him, in a voice mighty careless.

Again he laughed harshly, and his great flaming beard shook in the moonlight. So still was the air that I could hear the breath whistle up his nostrils. His eyes were strangely a-gleam.

"'Twill be your bones that shall bleach upon this lonely moor," said he. "But first, just to show you that no man shall ever gain the knowledge that I alone hold—"

He broke off, stooped, and placed the precious talisman upon the stone on which he stood.

A sharp cry broke from me as I divined his purpose. I leapt forward, and I heard him laugh again.

The next moment he had ground to powder 'neath his heel that little piece of horn that, together with mine own, held the key to the treasure of Sherwood Forest.

The Storm Breaks!

I HAD leapt forward, I say; but now I came to a standstill in something like a daze.

For in that moment the thought came sweeping o'er me that never now could we find that Sherwood gold.

With the talisman crunched to dust,

the secret of the words writ thereon must remain forever locked within the hearts of the three men who knew them—Hugo, Gilbert de Vaux, and De Blois the Red.

My eyes met his, and there was a glowing light therein. He saw the look upon my face, and guessed my thoughts, and mighty pleasant did he find them! Somehow, as if by instinct, my hand went to my throat, where was the other half of that precious talisman. 'Twas safely there, of course; but the movement had betrayed me, and an evil gleam came into the face of the man before me.

"So thy talisman is there!" he cried tauntingly. "That too, shall I crush 'neath my heel this night. And then shall Earl Hugo never by any fortune gain knowledge of the words writ thereon; then shall the gold be mine without fear of adversary, mine at leisure for the taking. Think on it, young wolf! I know where the gold lies—I know, I know!"

And as his triumphant shout rang out over the moor, he came leaping t'wards me, his blade gleaming.

The clash of steel rang out in the silence. So fierce was his onslaught that he drove me before him till my back

was 'gainst the pine. Grimly we strove together.

A strong swordsman was De Blois. Neither of us was so mighty fresh after that hard day's chase; but our blood was up, and hatred makes a man fight as can nothing else.

Ay, he pressed me very hard, his eyes savagely aghast. But now 'twas my turn to drive him back. On the grass we circled, our steel ringing. 'Twas vastly fortunate that the moonlight was streaming upon us through a gap in those black clouds!

I beat down his guard, and brought my blade sweeping down upon his head. But though he reeled, his steel cap saved him. He drew blood from my forearm, but 'twas only a light prick. Panting like two dogs, we fought on, the breath hissing 'twixt our teeth.

My hope was to down him, so that, with a sword-point at his throat, I could force from him the knowledge he held as to the whereabouts of the treasure of Sherwood.

To and fro we struggled with flashing blades on the trampled grass. And then at last, all suddenly, the brooding storm that had been muttering in the angry sky so long, broke in wild fury o'er the moor.

A vivid streak of light showed me the wet upon his lips, gleamed for an instant on his shirt of mail, and was gone. The thunder crashed through the heavens, and the two steeds who watched our struggle with twitching, nervous ears, started in panic, vastly ill at ease.

'Twas such a storm as I can ne'er recall the like of. 'Twas as though the old gods waged war across the skies.

No rain fell, but the lightning glimmered white with scarce a pause, and all the while the thunder rolled amidst the clouds. By the eerie light I saw the face of De Blois the Red, as his sword came sweeping through the air like an arc of flame, and 'twas with difficulty that I warded off the blow.

I sprang at him, but he drove me back. He lunged at me, but I twisted his blade aside and cut at his thigh. I gave a shout to see the steel bite home—to see him stagger and cry out.

'Twas even as he screamed that there

came a sudden blinding glare. For a fraction of time I seemed to see my enemy all outlined with lambent fires. Back I staggered, a hand upon my eyes, and the darkness surged in around us as the very skies seemed split with crashing, thunderous sound. 'Twas as though the age-old rocks rolled across the moor.

But gradually it died away in echoes 'midst the hills. I was trembling strangely, and I found that I had let fall my sword from a nerveless hand. I took the quivering fingers from my eyes.

Once again a gleam of broken moonlight was falling through a gap in the stirring clouds. It showed me the crumpled heap that had once been Guy de Blois—a horrid, shapeless heap, the beard all singed away. He lay very still, but one ghastly eyeball stared unseeing to the sky.

My sword was cheated of its prey, for the judgment of Heaven had come upon De Blois!

I picked up my sword as in a dream, and turned, shuddering away. I caught my own scared destrier, but of the other horse there was no sign.

Starlight was trembling as we turned our heads 'twards the road—the long road that led to Sherwood.

A Daring Plan!

'T WAS some days ere Lantern's leg was mended. We spent that Lantern had ridden upon the time at the hostel to which night De Blois died.

Our host was a pleasant, fat fellow, who had made us acquainted with a good leech who dwelt in that district.

By good fortune, my comrade had money with him, and under the attentions of this leech his leg healed rapidly.

And in a week's time we were able to take to the road again.

We had no cause to hurry upon our journey back to Sherwood, and mighty leisurely did we pass along the pleasant leafy ways. No less than three days passed ere we found ourselves once more in familiar country.

That third night we spent in a green glade of Sherwood Forest, though as

yet we were a long distance from the outlaws' camp, for which we were making. A fire crackled merrily betwixt us, and we fell asleep on the soft grass to the sound of a blackbird caroling to the evening sky.

But we were astir early, for we hoped to camp next night within an easy march of the outlaws.

Lantern knew the forest ways wondrous well, and for the most part we avoided the roads. But 'twards sunset we rode out from a beech glade upon a highway. Lantern drew Hereward to a standstill, and turned his head, listening.

"Hark!" said he.

I listened.

"'Tis a troop of horsemen upon the road," I muttered. "They come this way!"

He nodded.

"Ay, many horsemen! 'Tis better that you and I remain unseen!"

And we trotted swiftly back amidst the trees. Dismounting, we waited, secure from view, 'midst a thick clump of hawthorn, and peered through the leaves 'twards the road.

We had not long to wait.

Through the trees we saw a large cavalcade come sweeping into view, trotting swiftly. Mounted men-at-arms led the way, and I gave a gasp to see their surcoats—crimson surcoats—emblazoned with a black wolf's head!

"They are men of Hugo's brood!" I whispered.

Lantern nodded.

"Aye!" he murmured. "'Tis Hugo himself on his way back from York, I'll warrant! We have travelled the road so slow ourselves that they have overtaken us. Ah, see, there goes Hugo himself!"

The leading men-at-arms had vanished from our sight. Now there came into view two squires, the one bearing the device of the black wolf's head upon a pennant. These passed, and there here into sight none other than Hugo of Charndene himself.

Tall, big-boned, gaunt, with lips set ever in a snarl—aye, the same evil figure as of old! This was the man whose deeds had struck icy, horrid terror into the souls of all within his vast demesne, the man whose heart was said to be the blackest in all England! This was the man at sight of whom even little children would scream and run away! Even Prince John the Evil was not so hated as Hugo of Charndene!

His strong, sinewy neck was thrust forward from his mailed chest, his wolfish eyes were fixed upon the ground as he rode with a strange, brooding glare. I wondered if news had reached him of the fate of his vassal, Guy de Blois, and of Robin Hood's splendid assault upon the dead ruffian's castle.

At Hugo's side rode Gilbert de Vaux, attended by a squire who bore his master's device of the five white roses. A score of spearmen brought up the rear of the cavalcade.

Staring out eagerly betwixt the hawthorn leaves, we watched the last of them pass by. They vanished 'midst the trees, but we heard the clatter of their hoofs for a long time afterward.

"If only we had Robin Hood and the outlaws here!" murmured Lantern, as they vanished down the road. "A rare skirmish we might then have had! And even now—"

He broke off, staring after the

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I waited till Hugo himself came into view. Then, riding Starlight boldly forth into the centre of the way, I waved my cap gaily. "Greetings, Hugo!" I shouted with all the power of my lungs. "Welcome to Charndene!" Again I waved my cap mockingly. (See this page.)

vanished horsemen with a queer look upon his nut-brown face. Then he turned to me, looking into my face with his head upon one side, his eyes twinkling, mighty gay.

"'Tis indeed a sad pity to let them go their way without some slight deed resulting from our meeting with them, is it not?" said he softly.

"What plan have you in mind, Lantern?" I laughed. "You do not suggest that we gallop after that cavalcade and attack them single-handed!"

He laughed merrily. "Nay, nothing quite so rash as that! All I suggest is that I—for you, I fear, do not as yet know the forest ways well enough—that I ride hard for the outlaws' camp, and fetch hither Robin Hood and a band of bowmen. While you—"

"Aye, tell me my part!" I cried eagerly.

"Ah, 'tis you who get the fun, lad! But I warn you that 'twould be a mighty dangerous part to play—"

"That, at least, shall not deter me," I told him.

"Nay, I did not think that. I was but warning you. My one fear is that you will be too rash, for well I know you as a hot-headed young fire-eater! Listen, then. Your part would be to show yourself to them, and entice them after you away from their road. Otherwise I fear they might reach Charndene ere I could return with Robin Hood."

How my eyes glowed at his words! I laughed aloud with sheer delight at his daring plan.

"Rare—rare!" I cried. "An they follow—"

"They will follow most assuredly, Tom. For now that he is back from York, will Hugo renew most determinedly his attempt to obtain knowledge of the words writ upon your talisman. The fact that someone unknown has possession of his own, will make him all the more anxious to learn the full clue to the whereabouts of this treasure ere other hands are laid upon it. He will not lightly let you slip through his fingers as he claps eyes upon you! For c'en though you did not bear the talisman, he would hope to make you speak once you were in his power, even as De Blois made the iester speak!"

"He must believe this treasure that we both are seeking to be a vast one!" I muttered, "to be so mighty, eager to set his claws upon it! For with all the wealth of Charndene his—"

"Aye, this treasure will prove vast, sure enough, when 'tis found!" cried Lantern. "'Tis foolish not to destroy your half of that talisman, Tom. But I know you are set 'gainst that, and no words will alter you."

I shook my head. "I have worn it since a babe: 'tis the one thing I have left of my forgotten life ere I was succoured by the good monks of Hadleigh," I said. "How can I destroy it?"

"Aye," said Lantern, "I knew you were stubborn upon the point. But as 'tis, Hugo has the vantage over us in this affair, for we can only learn of the words writ upon the talisman De Blois destroyed through the lips of Gilbert de Vaux or of Earl Hugo himself! But there, for all that, I do confess that I believe fortune to be upon our side! In my heart something seems to tell me that we shall outwit Hugo and gain this Sherwood gold, despite all!"

He leapt lightly into the saddle. "But what time we waste in tarrying here!" cried he. "Our plan, then, is agreed upon? Then follow me!"

I leapt swift upon Starlight's back, and in another moment I was following close upon my comrade as he led me, at a swift trot, through the trees.

Great beeches they were for the most part, soaring high to the rose-tinted clouds of eventide, so that we seldom had to dismount for low-hanging branches. Ere long we came out upon the road once more, at a point, Lantern assured me, which Hugo's cavalcade must soon pass.

He gave some swift directions. "I know that I can trust Starlight's speed to bear you safe from capture," he added, "or I would not suggest this dangerous plan. Be not over-rash, lad, and all will be well. Keep them within the district I have indicated, and we shall have but little difficulty in finding you when Robin Hood and I come hither with the bowmen."

And with that he waved his hand, and galloped swiftly away down the road.

I moved my white destrier to the side of the road, where he commenced to crop the grass. My eyes were fixed eagerly upon the distant bend where soon Hugo and his men must appear, and my heart beat quick.

"A right merry game is in store, Starlight, 'less this brave plan miscarries," I said, stroking this big war-horse's long mane.

And then at last the foremost horsemen came swinging into sight around that distant bend!

I was close 'gainst the roadside, screened from them by overhanging greenery, and so they did not see me then. I waited till Hugo himself came into view. Then, riding Starlight boldly forth into the centre of the way, I waved my cap gaily.

"Greetings, Hugo!" I shouted with all the power of my lungs, that he might hear me well at that distance. "Welcome to Charndene! 'Tis indeed high time the Black Wolf returned to his demesne to strike terror into the hearts of innocent folk with cruelty and evil deeds!"

Again I waved my cap mockingly. I saw the look upon his face turn into a snarl of recognition. He shouted something to the captain of the troop of men-at-arms who rode before him.

I saw the foremost horsemen drive their spurs into the flanks of their steeds—saw Hugo snarl out threats or bribes to them that I might not escape. In a moment the stately movement of that cavalcade had turned to a fierce, mad gallop!

I turned Starlight's head, and touched him with my heels. Down the forest road we went, sweeping like an arrow from a bow; and on our heels came thundering Hugo and his villains!

Lantern had given me directions whereby I might lead them in a great circle round to the very spot whence we started. And from the very first moment I knew that they could never catch me!

(Tom seems optimistic to a degree, but there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. Read how he fares in next Monday's powerful instalment of this fine serial, boys, and take the precaution of ordering your MAGNET early.)

THE FOE FROM AFRICA!

(Continued from page 22.)

his decision was in the affirmative. Bob was to go with him as far as Biskra, where the Hazeldenes already were, and his chums were to accompany him, with the consent of their people.

The news came to Billy Bunter like a windfall.

"Ripping!" he exclaimed when he heard it, and he rolled away in search of Bob Cherry.

"It will be topping, won't it?" said

Buster. "Hilton of the Fifth has been to Algiers on a vac. and he says it's top-hole. We're going to have a topping time, old fellow!"

"We!" repeated Bob.

"Rely on me," said Bunter, and he rolled away, evidently much "bucked."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob.

He stared blankly after Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry again, wishing from the bottom of his heart that he had not pulled Billy Bunter's leg on the subject of the holidays. But it was rather too late to wish that now.

Harry Wharton & Co. were booked for

Africa—and it seemed that Billy Bunter was booked, too! And while the last few days of the term ran out Billy Bunter talked with joyous anticipation of the glorious time he was going to have, and secretly blessed the coming of the Foe From Africa.

THE END.

(Don't miss next Monday's grand complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., boys, entitled: "Bound For Africa." Stirring times are in store for the Greyfriars chums, adventures that will hold your interest at a high pitch. Order your MAGNET early.)



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