

HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE!
SPECIAL HOLIDAY-ADVENTURE YARN—INSIDE.

The **MAGNET** 2^D





Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address:
The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THERE'S a big pile of letters on my desk to-day, all from readers. So I think the best thing I can do is to start off answering some of them right away. The first one is very interesting, for it comes from

A READER OF THIRTY,

who still takes the MAGNET every week, and, to use his own words, looks forward with pleasure to his weekly visit to Greyfriars. He has taken the MAGNET almost regularly since 1914, which is something of a record.

He hands me so many bouquets in his letter that I feel quite flattered—and I am certain that Frank Richards will be, also, when I show him the letter. Here is an extract: "The school and the characters really do seem to exist. One really feels that there is such a school in the heart of Kent." My reader also makes some excellent suggestions regarding future stories, which I will bear in mind and mention to Frank Richards.

I am very pleased, indeed, to know that the MAGNET continues to interest a reader who still delights in our healthy stories, even though he is thirty years of age, and I hope it will continue to give him pleasure for years to come. Needless to say, I shall be most happy to hear from any other reader who has been a supporter of ours for so long.

WHY ARE SAILORS TATTOOED?

is the curious question which D. M., of Levenshulme, Manchester, asks me. Well there is no real reason for them to be tattooed, although most of them are. It's just a tradition which has been handed down from the old days of the "wooden walls." Sailors used to while away the time by drawing designs on their arms, then pricking them in with a needle, and rubbing gunpowder into the perforated flesh. Nowadays, of course, they get tattooed by professional tattooists, who are to be found in any seaport. But the most expert tattoo artists are found out East, in China and Japan. Tattoo marks, needless to say, provide a useful means of identifying men.

THE next letter, which comes from S. C., of London, asks me a question concerning

AN OUT-OF-DATE MODE OF TRAVELLING.

He wants to know if it is possible to hire a tricycle. Yes, it's quite possible, but I am afraid he will find it difficult to discover a firm which stocks tricycles for hiring. Tricycles are very old-fashioned, and there is not much demand for them nowadays. If my reader wishes to buy a tricycle, he could obtain one from any large London store, or from any bicycle firm. But if he merely wishes to hire one, he will have to discover some small dealer who has one which he is willing to let out by the day or week. I should

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,229.

imagine this would cost three or four shillings a day.

Another reader, who did not sign his letter, asks me a few questions

CONCERNING THE DO X.

He wants to know if this famous flying-boat has anything to do with Switzerland. No. Probably my chum thinks she has, because her trial flights were carried out over Lake Constance. But this lake is partly in Germany, the country to which Do X belongs.

He also asks whether Switzerland has a standing army, an air force, and a navy. The Swiss army is a National Militia which consists of 45,000 men, and has an estimated war strength of 250,000 men. She has an air force of 200 planes, but has no proper navy. There are, however, patrol boats on Lake Constance, but these are mainly for guarding against smuggling and the like.

Perhaps the following details of the Dornier Do X may interest this reader and others. From tail to tip she measures 150 feet. The actual wings are 10 feet thick. She is constructed entirely of steel, and weighs 34 tons. She has 12 engines, and carries a crew which consists of a captain, two pilots, an engineer, and several mechanics. On one occasion she carried no fewer than 170 people.

"**C**ONSTANT READER," who gives no address, wants me to tell him

HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER

in the Royal Navy. If he asks at his local post office, they will give him a booklet entitled: "How to Join the Royal Navy." This will tell him everything he wishes to know concerning the regulations for entering, and the conditions of service. Or he can write direct to the Director of Recruiting, Whitehall, London, S.W.

As he has had a secondary education, he should have no difficulty in passing the entry examination, and, once he has

BOOKS, PENKNIVES and POCKET WALLETS offered for storyettes and Greyfriars limericks. All efforts to be sent to:

c/o MAGNET,
5, Carmelite Street,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WINNING SOMETHING USEFUL!

joined up, he will have every opportunity of advancing himself, and probably working his way up to receiving a commission. I am assuming, of course, that he is physically fit. If he is not, he will be unable to join the Royal Navy.

Does anybody know

HOW TO PLAY "FIVE-TEN"?

L. K. Rundle, of Blackheath, has asked me for the rules of the game, and I must confess that I don't know. He has made inquiries at several large toy shops and can't get the information he requires. So, if any reader can answer this query, I will be pleased to pass on the information to my Blackheath chum.

I have received a very interesting letter from R. B. Brown, of Dartford, in which he asks me to recommend another school-story paper to read besides THE MAGNET. That's easy. My chum—and other Magnetites—cannot do better than read the "Gem," published every Wednesday, price 2d. For instance, this week's story,

"THE ST. JIM'S MANAGERIE,"

will give you endless enjoyment and laughs. It features Tom Merry and Co., of St. Jim's—they appear every week in the long complete yarns—and you will take an instant liking to these jolly, irrepressible schoolboys.

Space is running short again. There's just room for this joke, which earns a useful pocket knife for "Regular Reader," of 28, Lowden, Chippenham, Wilts.



Johnny (to his friend Bobby): "During the holidays I gained fourteen pounds!"

Bobby: "Go on, you can't kid me!"



Johnny: "Yes, I did. You see, I swallowed a plum and gained a stone!"

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

HIKING in the jungle! That sounds very thrilling—and is, although it's a remote possibility for most of us. Tramping the peaceful English countryside is far more probable. But you can certainly experience the thrill and adventure of jungle hiking by reading Frank Richards' gripping book-length complete story in next Saturday's issue, entitled:

"THE JUNGLE HIKERS!"

Thrill follows thrill, and fun follows fun, for Harry Wharton & Co.—and you. Take it from me, chums, you'll thoroughly enjoy this yarn from first line to last, so make absolutely certain of your copy of next week's MAGNET.

High, Low, and Nippy, the amusing puncher pals of the Wild West who have become great favourites with all readers, "take the field" in another spot of humorous and thrilling adventure. How they "dish" a crook over some dynamite and help a chum, makes excellent reading.

Then, of course, there is another full-of-laugh issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," readers' jokes and limericks, and to complete this splendid issue, a chat with

YOUR EDITOR.

JUNGLE VENGEANCE!



By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

In Camp in Kenya!

"O H, ripping!" said Bob Cherry.
"Topping!" said Harry Wharton.

"The topfulness," said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, "is terrific!"

The chums of the Greyfriars Remove breathed in deep breaths of the keen upland air.

They were far enough away from Greyfriars now—seven thousand miles, to be precise.

The bright morning sun was rising over the forests of Masalindi, in Kenya Colony.

The camp was astir.

Harry Wharton & Co. turned out soon after dawn. They were "on safuri" in the back-country of Kenya, and not disposed to waste the golden hours.

Only one member of the Greyfriars party remained in the tent. The deep and resonant snore which proceeded from the tent told that it was Billy Bunter.

Bunter did not see getting up at dawn. If a holiday did not mean slacking in bed in the morning, Billy Bunter would have liked to know what it jolly well did mean!

Harry Wharton & Co. found their holiday trip to Africa delightful. Billy Bunter found it rather beastly. But there was at least one thing to be said for Kenya. There was no rising-bell there!

So Bunter snored on happily.

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled cheerily round the camp in the forest. The native porters were all up, the native cook was preparing breakfast, and Kikolobo, the tall Kikuyu guide and hunter, was giving the finishing touches to the skin of the lion that had been killed overnight.

"Who would think," said Frank Nugent, "that we're right on the giddy Equator here?"

It was difficult for the chums of the Remove to believe that they were on the Equator itself—their surroundings were anything but equatorial.

Sold into slavery is the fate that awaits Harry Wharton & Co. if their enemy's scheme of vengeance is successful.

That, of course, was due to the height of the Kenya uplands.

It was a healthy and invigorating country; quite different from what they had expected of Equatorial Africa.

"Might be walking on the jolly old line itself this very minute!" remarked Johnny Bull.

There was a sound of a gong from the camp.

"That's brekker," said Bob Cherry. "I'm ready for it. This jolly old air makes a fellow hungry."

The juniors walked back into camp.

From the tent the snore of Billy Bunter still rolled, like the rumble of distant thunder. Some of the Swahili

porters glanced towards the tent and grinned, as if entertained by Bunter's nasal effects.

Bob Cherry tramped into the tent. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he roared. "Wake up, Bunter!"
Snore!

Bob Cherry's powerful voice, at close quarters, might have awakened Rip Van Winkle. But it did not seem to affect William George Bunter. Bunter snored on regardless.

"Bunter!" bawled Bob.

Snore!

"Brekker, old fat man!"

Snore!

"If you don't turn out, Fatty, you'll miss brekker!"

"I jolly well shan't miss brekker, you beast!" came a voice from the blankets. "You can jolly well wait for me, you beast!"

"Oh, you're awake, are you?" chuckled Bob.

Snore!

"Bunter, you ass——"

Snore!

"Turn out, you fat dummy!"

Snore!

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh put a dusky face into the tent, with a cheery grin on it.

"Lend a hand to roll Bunter out, Inky," said Bob.

"My esteemed Bob, is that a snake on——"

"Wha-a-at?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,229.

"Is that an esteemed snake crawling over Bunter's blankets?"

"Yaroooooooh!"

Blankets flew far and wide as William George Bunter leaped to his feet. He grabbed his spectacles, jammed them on his fat little nose, and blinked round him in wild alarm.

"I say, you fellows! Keep it off! Oh crikey!"

Billy Bunter did not see the snake—if any! But he did not want to see it. He disliked snakes.

He made a wild rush to escape from the tent.

Crash!

As Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was still grinning a dusky grin in the opening of the tent, and as he had no time to escape that sudden charge, he received the full benefit of it.

Bunter smote him like a battering-ram.

"Whoop!" yelled the nabob, as he spun over.

Bump!

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was distributed on the earth. Billy Bunter stumbled over him, and came down with a crash.

"Oooooogh!" came in agonised tones from the hapless nabob, as Bunter's weight landed on him. "Woooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, keep that snake off!" yelled Bunter. "Kill it! Knock it on the head! Jump on it! Smithy, you beast, jump on that snake!"

The Bounder chuckled.

"I can see myself jumping on a snake!" he remarked.

"Beast! Wharton, get hold of that snake—"

"Oooogh! Drag that esteemed idiot off!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "I am terrifically winded!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep that snake off!" yelled Bunter.

"You silly owl!" roared Bob Cherry. "There isn't any snake! Inky was only pulling your silly leg, you fat chump, to make you turn out of bed, you howling bandersnatch!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Gerroff!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. With Bunter's uncommon avoirdupois sprawling over him, the nabob was pinned to the ground. He wriggled rather like a worm under a wheel. "Ow! Draggimoff! Oooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" gasped Bunter. "Pulling a fellow's leg! I jolly well knew there wasn't a snake! Yah!"

"Gerroff!"

Bunter was in no hurry to get off. He had sat up, and he was sitting on Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's chest. The slim nabob almost disappeared from sight under Bunter's extensive circumference. He moaned under the crushing weight, which seemed to him at that moment like Pelion piled on Ossa.

Bob Cherry came out of the tent chuckling.

"It's all right, you fat duffer, there's no snake! If you weren't a fat, frightened, fozzling funk—"

"Yah! I jolly well knew there wasn't a snake! Beast!"

"Ow! Gerroff!"

Bunter settled down as heavily as he could. His idea was to make the playful nabob sorry for his little joke. There was a gasp from Inky like air escaping from a punctured tyre.

"Ooooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next moment there was a fiendish yell from Billy Bunter. Hurree Singh, fortunately, had a pin about him, and

he remembered it—and used it. Billy Bunter bounded into the air.

"Yaroooh! I'm bitten! It was a snake! I say, you fellows, I'm bitten by a snake! Help!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh staggered up. Billy Bunter rolled and roared. That sudden nip in a fat leg had convinced him that there was, after all, a snake.

"Help!" roared Bunter. "Send for a doctor! Yoooooh! I'm bitten—dying—dead! Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you beasts! I tell you I'm bitten!" shrieked Bunter. "I felt his fearful fangs in my leg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Cackling while a fellow's dying of snake-bite! Oh, you awful rotters! Send for a doctor!"

Kikolobo, the Kikuyu hunter, approached the spot. He stared at Bunter, and looked round at the chuckling juniors.

"O Bwana," he said, addressing Herbert Vernon-Smith, "what is the trouble of the Small Fat One?"

"Funk!" explained the Bounder. "Inky's stuck a pin in him, and he thinks it's snake-bite."

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

The grave Kikuyu grinned.

"A-a-a pin!" stuttered Bunter. "Oh, you rotters! I—I jolly well knew it wasn't a snake-bite! Beasts!"

The fat junior scrambled up. Now that he knew that it was only a pin-prick, he realised that he was not dying. He glared round at the hilarious juniors with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Brekker," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Better buck up, Bunter! We're breaking camp in half an hour."

"Beast!"

Bunter plunged into the tent for his clothes.

At breakfast, the fat face of the Owl of the Remove was morose, contrasting with the cheery visages round him. But it gradually cleared. The food was good, and it was ample. By the time he had eaten as much as three of the other fellows, Billy Bunter was looking much less morose. By the time he had eaten as much as all six, he was smiling. After which his podgy visage was quite happy and contented as he continued to pack away the foodstuffs.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Looks for Trouble!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Buck up, Bunter!"

"Look here—"

"We've got to start, you fat-head!" said the Bounder irritably. "Do you want to be left behind, you ass?"

Billy Bunter fixed his big spectacles on Herbert Vernon-Smith. He fixed his withering gaze first on the Bounder's face, then allowed it to travel down to Smithy's feet, then up again to Smithy's face. This was what Bunter called looking a fellow up and down, and the effect should have been almost annihilating.

Smithy, however, did not seem annihilated. He stared at Bunter.

"What the thump are you making faces at?" he demanded.

"Why, you—you beast!" gasped Bunter.

"Get ready to start, you fat duffer! We're on safari, not lounging about in the Remove passage at Greyfriars!" snapped the Bounder.

"I'd better put this plain, Vernon-Smith," said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity. "I consented to join this party for the vacation—"

"You mean you landed yourself on me for the hols!" snapped Vernon-Smith. "I know I was a fool to let you do it."

"Beast! I supposed that we should stop in Nairobi, and have a good time," said Bunter. "Then you hike off to a beastly plantation a hundred miles from everywhere; and then it turns out that Mr. Vernon-Smith is staying at the plantation, and we're going mooching about in the forests while he's getting his blessed business through, and—"

"Are you wound up?"

"I don't mind going on safari, if it comes to that," said Bunter. "In fact, I'm prepared to look after you fellows, and protect you, and all that; see you safe from lions and cannibals and things. But there's one thing that's got to be clearly understood. I've got to have a rest after meals. I refuse—distinctly refuse—to exert myself immediately after a meal. I'll be ready to start in an hour."

"We shall be miles away in the forest in an hour, fathead," said Bob Cherry.

"Yah!"

"Oh, kick him!" said Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

"I'll have your horse got ready, Bunter," said the Bounder, "and if you're not ready I'll tell the Kikuyu to stick you on it and tie you there."

"Rotter!"

With that threat, the Bounder stalked away. The other fellows went to make their preparations for the march. A safari, or hunting trip, in Kenya implied some exertion, and the chums of the Remove were quite ready to exert themselves. Not so William George Bunter! Exertion never had appealed to Bunter; the strenuous life had no call for him. Especially after a meal did Bunter dislike exertion, and still more especially after such a meal as he had just packed away.

He blinked scornfully and indignantly after the juniors through his big spectacles.

He had been turned out of bed early—as early as at school. Now he was expected to travel without even a rest after brekker! Bunter was not the man to stand it.

He rolled away.

All the other fellows being busily occupied, they had no eyes for Billy Bunter at the moment. Bunter disappeared among the trees that surrounded the camp.

Certainly Harry Wharton & Co. would never have suspected Bunter of an intention to wander away from the camp. There were lions in the forests of Masalindi, and Bunter's uneasy eyes were prepared to see a lion in every bush, and a cannibal in every tuft of grass.

But it was said of old that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. None of the other fellows would have been reckless enough to wander from the camp, and Bunter's faults, though their name was legion, assuredly did not include recklessness.

Bunter did not intend to wander far. His idea was simply to get out of sight of the other fellows, curl himself up in a bush, and go to sleep. He was not going far enough to fall into danger. He was simply going to exercise his undoubted right of resting after a meal, and keeping the safari waiting while he did so.

With a grin on his fat face, the Owl of the Remove blinked round for a comfortable spot for a nap.

Once among the tall, massive trees that grew thickly round the camp, Bunter was out of sight. It did not occur to his fat and fatuous brain that he was likely to lose himself when he

was once out of sight of the camp. As a matter of fact, as soon as the trees closed in behind him, Bunter was already lost, though he was still within sound of a call.

But as he rolled on, rooting about for a comfortable spot to curl up in, he passed out of hearing of a call, though still blissfully unconscious of the fact.

He had not the slightest doubt that he could, at any moment he chose, walk straight back to the camp. Neither did he doubt that the safari would wait for him.

Herbert Vernon-Smith, perhaps, might be irritated enough to go on and leave him behind; but even if he did, Bunter was well aware that Harry Wharton & Co. would not do so. They would be irritated, annoyed, angry; but they would not abandon him in the primeval forest. For their irritation, anger, and annoyance, Bunter cared no more than he cared for the trouble he was giving. All he cared about was a rest and a nap after his strenuous exertions at breakfast.

He grinned cheerfully as he came on a soft patch of herbage, shadowed by thick, tall bushes, among the giant trees. It was a cosy and comfortable spot, well screened from any beasts who might come out looking for him with the intention of kicking him back to camp.

Bunter squeezed through the bush, and settled down on that cosy, soft spot, completely out of sight, with a fat, contented grin on his face.

He laid his fat person down, rested a fat head on a fat arm, and closed his eyes behind his big spectacles.

In another minute he would have been asleep; but, as it happened, he was not the only creature in that shady, cosy spot. There were others — some of them winged, and some of them many-legged. Billy Bunter's eyes opened again, quite suddenly, as he felt something tickling his fat little nose.

"Ooooh!" he gasped, as he shook off a hideous beetle.

He sat up.

This was not so nice as it had looked. Several other beetles were to be seen, crawling among the roots. Insects buzzed and hummed, and some of them seemed to be taking a fancy to Bunter's fat ears.

Sleep generally came easily to William George Bunter; but it did not seem easy now. He wished that he had brought a mosquito-net with him. It was Bunter's way to think of things too late.

It was all the fault of those beasts, Harry Wharton & Co. But for their inconsiderate selfishness, Billy Bunter

might have been taking a comfortable nap in the tent in camp.

He sat leaning back against a trunk in the bush. He closed his eyes once more; but he opened them again as something tickled behind a fat ear. With a ruthless fat hand, he slew a buzzing insect.

It was long, long minutes before Billy Bunter was able to settle down to repose. He settled down at last, in spite of the insects.

But Bunter was not destined to sleep. He was just nodding off, when a rustle near at hand startled him into wide wakefulness.

The thought of lions rushed into his mind. Then, through the dusky bush, came the sound of a muttering voice: "Ach! Ach!"

He had forgotten it since; forgotten, indeed, the existence of the ruffian.

He was painfully reminded of it now. With a slow, savage grin on his dark face, a glitter in his light blue eyes, Ludwig Krantz stepped through the bush and stood in front of the terrified Owl of Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Slave Trader of Tanganyika!

BILLY BUNTER did not stir. He sat as if glued to the earth, his eyes, through his big spectacles, fastened on the face of the outcast, fascinated by terror, like a fat rabbit under the eyes of a snake. Krantz made a gesture. "Get up!" he snapped.



"My esteemed Bob," said Inky suddenly, "is that a snake crawling over Bunter's bed?" "Yaroooh!" Enveloped in blankets the Owl of the Remove shot from the bed as if propelled by a spring.

Bunter started, and then sat very still.

He had heard that harsh, guttural voice somewhere before. With his startled eyes almost bulging through his big spectacles, he stared at an opening in the bush almost directly in front of him.

Through that opening a face was looking at him—a dark, swarthy face, with light blue eyes in strange contrast with the darkness of the skin.

Bunter blinked at it in terror. He remembered that face—the dark face of Ludwig Krantz, the half-Arab German, whom the Greyfriars juniors had met fleeing from the askaris, on the outskirts of Nairobi.

Once since that day Bunter had fancied that he had seen the face of the half-blood outcast, peering at the car which carried the juniors and Mr. Vernon-Smith to the Milsom plantation.

Bunter did not move. His fat little legs refused to support him; he sat petrified.

Back into his fat mind came the terrifying details of that encounter on the road a few miles from Nairobi.

The half-blood slave-trader, fleeing from the askaris, had seized Bunter's rickshaw, and the Greyfriars fellows had promptly handled him. They had got the better of him, in spite of his revolver, and the Bunder had thrashed him soundly. He had fled, swearing vengeance.

It was only afterwards that the chums had learned that Krantz was a well-known, desperate character—a slave-trader in the interior of Africa, long wanted by the authorities in Kenya and Uganda and Tanganyika.

He had fled and escaped, and they had never expected to see him again, though THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,229.

Mr. Vernon-Smith had been uneasy on that score.

Bunter knew now that it had been no fancy when he had thought that he saw the dusky face watching the car from the trees, on the day they arrived at the Milsom plantation.

He knew now that the half-blood trader had not lost sight of the Greyfriars party, and that he must have followed them when they went on safari.

His threats of vengeance had not been empty words. He had not forgotten his struggle with the Famous Five and the thrashing he had received from the cane in the hand of Herbert Vernon-Smith.

Evidently he had been lurking about the camp in the Masalindi forest, and had now come on Bunter, wandering away from the rest. The wretched Owl could guess that he had been looking for such a chance.

From the bottom of his fat heart Bunter repented of having stolen away from the camp for that much-desired nap.

He blinked at the slave-trader in helpless terror.

"Get up!"

Krantz repeated the words in a snarling voice, and his swarthy hand dropped on the butt of the revolver in his belt.

Bunter made an effort, and dragged himself to his feet.

He stood tottering, his fat knees knocking together. The African trader surveyed him grimly.

"It was you in the rickshaw that day at Nairobi!" he said.

"Oh! No!" gasped Bunter.

"Ach! Do you think I do not know you again?" snarled Krantz.

"I—I assure you it wasn't me!" stammered Bunter. "N-n-nothing of the sort, you know! It—it was another fellow like me."

"What?"

"I—I wasn't there!" gasped Bunter. "I wasn't in the rickshaw, Mr. Krantz! Besides, I wanted to let you have it! I—I was really down on the other fellows for chipping in! I—I said to them afterwards that—that I wished they'd let that—that nice man have the rickshaw! And—and—and I wasn't there at all, you know. I was in Nairobi at the time."

Krantz stared at the fat junior.

Billy Bunter seemed to be rather a new experience for the slave-trader of Tanganyika.

"Ach himmel!" he ejaculated.

"I—I hope you take my word!" gasped Bunter. "I—I assure you I wasn't there! The—the fact is, I've never seen you before, and—and I don't even know your name is Krantz! I—I've never heard of you!"

"Mein Gott!"

"But I—I'm very pleased to meet you!" groaned Bunter. "It—it's a real pleasure, sir! D-d-do you mind if I go now?"

"Stay where you are, dummkopf!"

"C-c-certainly! I—I'd like to stay!" groaned Bunter. "I—I like your company, you know. You seem so—so nice! But—but the fellows are waiting to start—"

"They will wait long for you, if they wait," said Ludwig Krantz grimly.

"You—What is your name?"

"Bub-bub-bub—"

"What?"

"Bub-bub-bub-Bunter!" gasped the terrified Owl. "I—I'm Billy to my friends! I—I—I'd like you to—to call me Billy."

"Ach Gott! If they are all frightened fools like this, I shall have little trouble. You, Bunter, you will come with me."

"I—I'd be jolly pleased, only—"

The light blue eyes glittered, and Bunter gasped. "I—I mean, I'll be jolly glad to come with you, Mr. Krantz."

"You may come with me," said Krantz, "or I will put a bullet through your babbling head, and leave you here for the jackals! Take your choice."

"I—I—I want to come!" gasped Bunter.

"You will be of little value!" grunted Krantz. "The others, yes—they are strong and sturdy; they will fetch a good price. But you—you fat and flabby fool—"

He paused, as if undecided.

Bunter blinked at him in horror.

He knew that the man was a slave-trader, and his words left no doubt as to his intentions towards the Greyfriars fellows. The half-Arab German was bent on revenge; but with revenge he planned to combine profit. There was a market for white slaves in Central Africa—and that was the fate he destined for the Greyfriars juniors, if he could get them into his hands!

He seemed to be doubtful whether it was worth while, however, to burden himself with the fat and flabby Owl; but if he decided not, Bunter had no hope that he would be left safe and sound. The ruffian's hand was on the butt of his revolver.

"I—I say—" stammered Bunter.

"Give me no trouble, then!" grunted the trader. "You fat fool, it was not you for whom I was looking! But, after all, you will fetch a price, if only for the cooking-pot!"

"Ow!"

"Listen, fool! I have followed the safari, watching day and night since you left the Milsom plantation. Is it suspected that I have followed you?"

"No!" gasped Bunter. "I—I had no idea—nobody had— Oh dear! I wouldn't have left the camp if—if—"

"Ach! No doubt that is true!" said Krantz, with a savage grin. "But I have feared the watchfulness of Kikolobo. The boy—what is his name?—he who beat me with the stick on the road near Nairobi?"

The light blue eyes burned as the trader asked the question.

"Vernon-Smith!" gasped Bunter.

"Vernon-Smith!" repeated Krantz, grinding the name between his discoloured teeth. "I shall remember it! Gewiss!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter.

Evidently it was the Bounder whom the revengeful ruffian was specially seeking, in his pursuit of the safari. The other fellows had handled the ruffian; but it was the Bounder who had beaten him like a dog. But the Bounder was not likely to walk into his hands as the wretched Owl had done.

"Komm!" rapped out the trader.

Bunter groaned dismally.

He had a pretty clear idea that the ruffian, if he could have got his hands on the Bounder, would have cleared off, leaving the rest of the safari alone. But any member of the party who fell into his hands while he was seeking the Bounder, had no mercy to expect.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

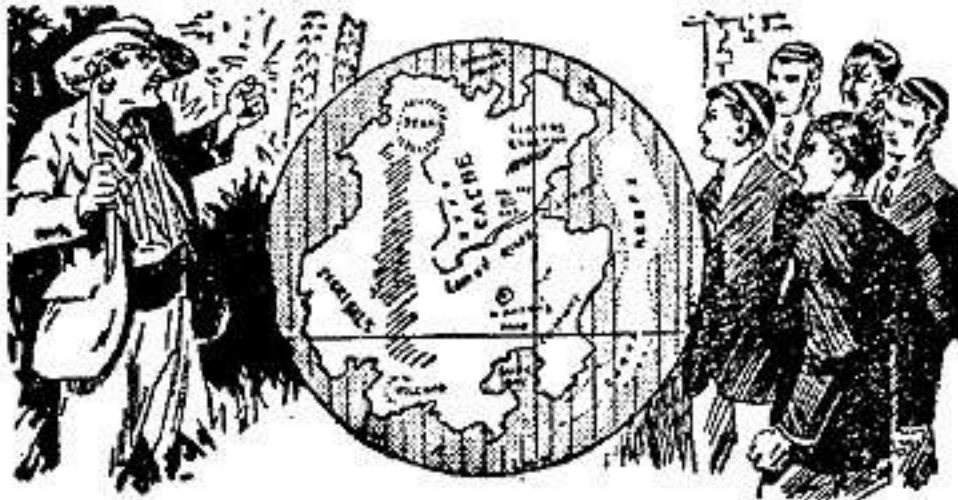
A sudden shout rang and echoed through the forest. It was the voice of Bob Cherry.

Bunter jumped.

His friends were searching for him.

Bunter had had no doubt that they would look for him, and he had intended to remain in cover, and let them look as long as they liked, till he had had his precious nap!

Now he would have given all he possessed in the wide world to call back to



**A Book-
Length
Yarn for
4d. Only**

Black Peter's Treasure!

Half-way round the world Silvio Xero travelled after just a disc of teakwood, his passionate desire to get possession of it causing him to stop at nothing! And in thrilling manner that circular piece of wood comes into the hands of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars—and they find themselves menaced by the Malaita knife of the man from the South Seas! For that disc of teakwood is a chart to hidden treasure! Here's a story by famous Frank Richards that you must not miss.

Ask also
for No. 154

**THE
WAR
TRAIL!**

Ask for No. 153 of the

SCHOOLBOYS' OWN Library

Now on Sale! Get Your Copy at Once . . . 4d.

them and let them know where he was. But he dared not utter a sound.

One glance from the gleaming light blue eyes was enough for him. He shuddered and was silent.

At a sign from Krantz he crouched down in the bush. The half-Arab trader crouched at his side.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Bunter!"

"Bunter! Bunt! Bunt!"

Voices called and echoed in the forest. Bunter, silent, quivering with terror, crouched, the dusky ruffian by his side, and made no sound.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Where is Bunter!

"WHERE'S that fat idiot?"

"Where's that howling chump?"

"Where is that terrific and preposterous fathead?"

"I'll scalp him!"

"I'll burst him!"

"Bother the fat chump!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were wrathful. The Bounder was savagely angry.

All was ready for the trek when Billy Bunter was missed from the camp. The horses were ready, the native porters had taken up their loads; Kikolobo, magnificent in monkey-skins, spear in hand, was ready to lead the way; and the fattest and most useless member of the party was not to be found. The Bounder angrily proposed to start, and leave him to follow if he liked; but even the Bounder was not quite in earnest. Harry Wharton & Co., of course, did not think for a moment of leaving Bunter behind.

Left behind in the trackless forest, Bunter certainly never would have been seen again by human eyes. Simba, the lion, or T'iu, the leopard, might have known his ultimate fate. Exasperating as the fat junior was, he could not be left behind, though all the juniors promised themselves the pleasure of kicking him when he was found.

"Bunter! Bunt! Bunt!" roared Johnny Bull.

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

"Show up, you fat villain!" yelled Wharton.

But only the echoes of their voices replied. They had little doubt that Bunter was within sound of their shouting, as they had followed him some distance from the camp, picking up here and there some traces of his passage through the forest. But those vague traces were lost now, and they had no doubt that he was keeping out of sight intentionally. They little dreamed what ears heard their shouting, as well as the fat ears of the Owl of the Remove.

"He came this way!" said Bob. "Look at that bush—somebody's trodden there, and it must have been Bunter."

"Where is he now?" growled Johnny Bull.

"The wherefulness is terrific."

"Keeping out of sight!" growled the Bounder. "Look here, let's get on and leave him to it."

"Oh, rot!" said Harry Wharton un- easily.

"Are we going to hang on all day, waiting until that fat fool chooses to show himself?" demanded Vernon-Smith.

"Well, we can't leave him behind," said Nugent. "He would be a dead porpoise before night if we did."

"I don't see waiting!" snapped the Bounder.

The Famous Five looked at one another rather uncomfortably.

They were Vernon-Smith's guests; at least, the guests of his father. They had come out to Kenya for the vacation, in the charge of the millionaire. Mr. Vernon-Smith had arranged the safari, to entertain his son and his son's guests while he was occupied with business matters on the plantations. Smithy, in the circumstances, was the head of affairs; it was for Smithy to give orders whether the march stayed or started.

"Well, if you want to get on, Smithy——" said Wharton slowly.



Lady of the House: "Jane, how is the gas-fire I had put in your room going?"
Jane: "Them new inventions is just wonderful, ma'am. I lighted it the first day I had it, and it ain't gone out yet!"
Frank Aedy, of 240, Park Road, Sittingbourne, Kent, has been forwarded a useful pocket-knife for sending in the above joke.

"I do!" snapped the Bounder.

"But Bunter——"

"Hang Bunter! What the thump is he doing here at all?" growled the Bounder. "I wanted you fellows; I never wanted Bunter; he butted in, as usual."

"Well, you asked him for the vac," grinned Bob Cherry. "You were only pulling his leg, as you didn't know there was going to be a holiday in Kenya; still, you asked him——"

The Bounder grunted angrily. More than once he had repented that joke on the fatuous Owl. As it had been originally arranged for Smithy's vacation to be spent in a course of hard study in commercial matters, it had seemed no end of a jest to ask Bunter—letting him butt in, with the certainty that he would throw up such a holiday at a very early date. Then had come Mr. Vernon-Smith's sudden trip to Kenya; and the change in the programme left the Bounder landed with Bunter. The fat Owl, once he was hooked on, was not likely to become unhooked.

"The askfulness of the esteemed idiotic Bunter was terrific, my absurd Smithy," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur, "and as the English proverb remarks, what cannot be cured must go longest to the well."

"I've stood the fat idiot!" growled Vernon-Smith, "but I'm not going to stand this! We're not going to have the safari mucked up for that howling chump! If he doesn't choose to come on, let him rip."

"Well, look here, Smithy," said Wharton, "you get on with the safari—it's your outfit. Leave us behind to look for Bunter."

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" snapped Vernon-Smith. "I'm not going on without you fellows."

"Well, we can't go on without Bunter!" said the captain of the Remove decidedly.

"Bother the fat idiot!"

"Bother him all you like—and kick him as hard as you like when we find him; but we can't leave him to the wild beasts!"

Smithy gave an angry snort. "I'll call Kikolobo," he growled. "If the fat chump's left any trace behind him, the Kikuyu ought to be able to run him down."

"Good egg!" said Bob. "Kikolobo is a jolly old hunter, and he's told us that he's tracked the giddy lion and leopard; so he ought to be able to track a wandering porpoise."

Vernon-Smith tramped angrily back to the camp. His temper was always a little unreliable, and really Bunter was enough to exasperate a good-tempered fellow.

Bob closed one eye at his chums.

"Smithy's got his rag out!" he remarked. "I'm rather sorry for Bunter when he's found. I don't think it will be necessary for us to kick him. He will get all he wants from Smithy."

"And a little more!" chuckled Nugent.

"The morefulness will probably be terrific."

The Famous Five waited for the Bounder to return with Kikolobo. They were good scouts; but the wandering Owl had not left sufficient sign for them to track him to his lair. But they had little doubt that the Kikuyu, the most famous hunter of his tribe, would be able to root out the fatuous Owl.

Within a dozen feet of the spot where the juniors had halted, little as they guessed it, Bunter crouched out of sight in the thick bush, longing to call to them, but not daring to utter a sound.

His eyes were fixed in terror on the swarthy face of the ruffian who crouched in cover at his side.

Every word came to the ears of both of them, and at the mention of Kikolobo, the half-Arab set his teeth hard.

Krantz, as well as the Greyfriars juniors, had little doubt that the Kikuyu hunter would succeed in rooting Bunter out.

There was no time for the ruffian to waste.

His light blue eyes turned on Bunter, with a glare in them that almost froze the fat junior's blood in his veins.

His hand was on his revolver.

"Silence!" he breathed. "One sound, and——"

Bunter, half-fainting with terror, was silent enough. The ruffian drew himself to his feet, and glided away silently through the bush.

Bunter made no sound.

It was impossible, with the searchers so close at hand, for the ruffian to carry out his intention of taking the fat junior away—a prisoner. Only by swiftness and wary cunning could he save himself. But Bunter had read in his savage eyes the murderous thought in his mind. It had been in his thoughts to leave the wretched Owl with a bullet in his brain. Fear of the shot drawing attention to him stayed the savage hand; and perhaps sheer contempt for the wretched Owl's palpitating terror. But even when he was out of sight

Bunter dared not stir. If those light blue eyes should be watching him from the thicket—

Bunter made no sound. A faint rustle died away in the bush. Ludwig Krantz was gone.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER:

The Unseen Enemy I

BWANA, we wait," said Kikolobo, as the Bounder came back to the camp.

Vernon-Smith grunted.

"Bunter can't be found. I want you to pick up his trail, if you can, Kikolobo," he said.

"O Bwana, my ears hear!" said the hunter. "This Kikuyu is your servant."

"Come on, then!"

The Kikuyu followed him from the camp. The native porters stood waiting, staring after them.

In a few minutes they joined the Famous Five.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Now we shan't be long!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "Ten to one in doughnuts on Kicky!"

"Bunter passed by here, Kikolobo," said Harry Wharton. "At least, someone has tramped through this bush."

"My eyes see," said the Kikuyu gravely.

He bent his head, and his keen eyes scanned the ground. There was little sign for the Greyfriars fellows, good scouts as they were. But they could see that the native hunter was reading sign.

A puzzled expression came over his face. He stooped and examined the earth, and moved forward in a stooping posture.

The juniors followed him, rather perplexed by his expression.

Kikolobo rose upright again and grasped his spear. His black eyes were fixed on a clump of bush near at hand.

"O Bwana," he said, "it is easy for this Kikuyu to follow the traces of the Small Fat One! My eyes also see the footprints of one other. In the night an enemy has watched the camp of my white lords."

"An enemy?" exclaimed the Bounder.

"Another has trodden where the feet of the Small Fat One have trod, Bwana! And he has followed the Small Fat One, for the tread of his feet is over the tread of the feet of the Small Fat One."

The juniors exchanged quick glances.

"A native?" asked Harry.

He had a startling vision of some lurking savage having watched Bunter leave the camp, and having run him down in the forest.

"Mzungu, O Bwana!" said Kikolobo.

"A white man?"

"The feet of the one who trod softly were covered," said the Kikuyu.

"He wore boots—a white man," said the Bounder. "Who the thump can have been hanging about the camp? And what on earth did he want to follow Bunter for? A native might want to spear him; but a white man—"

The Kikuyu was moving on again, the spear ready in his hand, his eyes watchful as a leopard's.

The juniors followed him, rifle in hand, ready for the sight of an enemy, unexpected as an enemy was.

The broad blade of the Kikuyu's spear parted the bushes, and there was a startled gasp.

"Ow! I say, you fellows!"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,229.

The juniors pushed through the thicket and surrounded Bunter. Kikolobo's keen eyes flashed round as if in search of some other; but there was no one to be seen by the Owl of the Remove, squatted at the foot of a tree.

"You fat rotter!" growled the Bounder.

"Kick him!"

"The kickfulness is the proper caper."

"Hold on!" said Harry.

He stared curiously at Bunter's white, ghastly, fat face. He could see that the Owl of the Remove had had a shock. Even with the juniors round him Bunter had not recovered from his terror of the half Arab. His face was colourless; his lips trembled, and his eyes were almost bulging through his spectacles.

"Oh, kick him!" snapped Vernon-Smith. "The fat rotter was hiding here. He must have heard us—"

"Something's happened to the fat duffer," said Harry. "He's been frightened out of his silly wits."

"Oh, rot!" grunted the Bounder. "I dare say he's fancied that a twig was a snake or a monkey or a leopard."

"I—I say, you fellows," groaned Bunter, "keep him off!"

"Get up, you slacking, fat ass!" snapped the Bounder.

Wharton and Bob grasped Bunter, and heaved him to his feet. He stood unsteadily, blinking round him through his spectacles.

"I—I—I say, do you think he's gone?" he gasped.

"Who?" asked Harry.

"That awful villain!" groaned Bunter.

"What villain, fathead?"

"Oh dear! He was going to take me away when he heard you fellows," mumbled Bunter. "He's after Smithy. But he was going to bag me, and he's going to bag the lot of you, if he can, and sell you as slaves. He said so."

"What has the fat dummy got into his silly head now?" asked the Bounder, staring blankly at Bunter. "Nobody's here, you fat fool!"

"Kicky says that somebody has been here," said Bob Cherry. "Look here, Bunter, if you've seen anybody, who was it?"

"That awful scoundrel—"

"Who?" yelled the Bounder angrily.

"That half-breed, Krantz!" gasped Bunter.

"Krantz!" echoed the juniors.

"That beast we met near Nairobi, a week or two ago! Oh dear! He's after Smithy for walloping him—after the lot of us. I say, you fellows, I'm going back! I—I'm tired of this safari. In—in fact, I—I think we'd better leave Kenya at once!"

"You silly owl!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"It's utter rot!" said the Bounder. "He's not seen Krantz. Krantz cleared off with the askaris after him, and he's never been seen since. I'd almost forgotten the man."

"He may not have forgotten you, old bean," grinned Nugent. "You gave him a thumping good hiding on the Nairobi road."

"The rememberfulness of that terrific whopping may be preposterous, my esteemed Smithy."

"Tell us what's happened, Bunter," said Harry. "You're quite safe now. The man's gone, anyhow."

"I—I dare say he's lurking about."

"Not likely, fathead! He won't get near Kikolobo's spear if he can help it. Mr. Vernon-Smith told us that Krantz had kidnapped men from Kikolobo's tribe, to sell as slaves to the

Arabs. And Kicky would push that spear through him if he saw him. He's gone."

"The gonefulness is terrific, my esteemed funky Bunter."

"I—I wasn't afraid, of course!" gasped Bunter, realising now that the half-blood was undoubtedly gone. "Don't you fellows run away with the idea that that fellow could scare me. Nothing of the sort, you know."

"You cringing funk!" growled the Bounder. "Get on with it. If you've seen anybody—"

Bunter babbled out what had happened. The juniors listened to him dubiously. But for Kikolobo's assertion that he had found sign of a white man on the spot, they would have been disposed to believe that Bunter's story was due chiefly to funk and imagination.

But the Kikuyu listened with deep attention to what Bunter had to say, and he was visibly impressed.

"You think Krantz has been here, Kikolobo?" asked Harry.

"The words of the Small Fat One are the words of truth, Bwana," answered the Kikuyu. "My eyes have seen that a Mzungu has been here."

"Well, if a white man has really been here, no doubt it was Krantz. Bunter knows him by sight well enough," said Wharton. "In that case, it seems that he is following us."

"He's after Smithy!" said Bunter. "He said so! He wants to get hold of Smithy for walloping him. Still, you needn't be afraid, Smithy."

"What!" howled the Bounder.

"I'll protect you, you know!" Evidently Bunter had recovered. You look a bit pale, old chap. Brace up! I'll look after you and— Yaroooooh! Leggo! Leave off, you beast! Help!"

Bang, bang, bang! In Smithy's angry grip Bunter's bullet-head banged on a tree—once, twice, thrice. His roars rang through the forest.

"Ow! Beast! Wow! Leggo! I say, you fellows— Yarooooogh!" roared Bunter.

"There!" gasped the Bounder. "Now shut up, you fat dummy!"

"Yooooop!"

The Kikuyu grinned faintly, but his face immediately became grave again. His eyes fixed on Smithy.

"O Bwana," he said, "it is well known that the Mzungu Krantz is a very wicked man, and he follows the safari for revenge. Let this Kikuyu follow his spoor through the forest and slay him."

"I dare say he's miles away by this time," said Smithy.

"It is true, O Bwana; but I, Kikolobo, am a great hunter, as swift to follow an enemy as the wind that blows over the great Nyanza; as sure on the track as T'ui, the leopard; and as deadly in warfare as Simba, the lion! And I will find the man who hates my lord and slay him with my spear!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"If you think I'm going to have my head banged on a tree—"

"Shut up!"

"The Bwana saved the life of this Kikuyu when Simba, the lion, attacked the camp," said Kikolobo, his eyes on the Bounder. "Let me follow the track and slay the Bwana's enemy in the forest."

The Bounder shook his head. "Let's get on," he said. "The man's cleared off by this time; we can't waste time hunting him. If he follows us again, Kikolobo, we're on our guard now; and the sooner you shove your



As the broad blade of the Kikuyu's spear parted the bushes, there came a startled gasp. "Ow! I say, you fellows!" "Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the fat ass doing here?"

spear through him the better. Keep an eye open for him, old bean."

"The eyes of this Kikuyu shall never close so long as the enemy of the Bwana lives!" said Kikolobo.

And the Greyfriars fellows walked back to the camp, Billy Bunter rubbing his head and frowning. But even Billy Bunter was not thinking of lingering now for a nap; the most delightful nap could not have tempted him to get out of sight of the other fellows again.

The safari started at last. The discovery that Krantz had been following them was rather startling to the juniors, and as the march was resumed through the forest they were very much on their guard.

As Krantz appeared to be alone it was not likely that he would venture to make an attack on a numerous and well-armed party, but they had stealthy treachery to fear from him.

According to what he had said to Bunter he was planning to get the Bounder into his hands to sell him as a slave in the interior of Africa in revenge for that thrashing on the Nairobi road, and any other of the party who fell into his clutches was certain to share the same fate.

"We've got to keep an eye open for that sportsman, you fellows," said Bob Cherry—"especially you, Smithy."

The Bounder laughed carelessly. "If I get a sight of him in front of my rifle he won't do any more slave-trading," he answered.

"Anyhow, we're on our guard now," said Harry Wharton. "He's kept his pursuit pretty dark so far, but we're warned now."

"Forearmed is four-legged, as the English proverb remarks, my esteemed chums," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

The juniors chuckled. Probably Hurree Janset Ram Singh meant that forewarned was forearmed.

"Well, we must be jolly careful not to give him a chance at us," said Harry. "Nobody must wander away from the others."

"Bunter won't wander any more,

anyhow," said Smithy. "The fat idiot's had the fright of his life."

"Oh, really, Smithy! If that's what you call gratitude—"

"Idiot!"

"After I've taken all the risk of scouting and finding out that that beast is after you!" exclaimed Bunter warmly. "I'd like to see any of you fellows go scouting alone looking for him—like I did! I don't expect gratitude from you fellows, but when a fellow runs all these risks for your sakes you might thank a fellow—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" hooted Bunter. "But I can jolly well tell you this—Yow-ow-ow! Leave go my ear, Smithy, you beast!"

"Shut up, then, you fat idiot!" growled the Bounder.

"Beast!"

And Bunter shut up and rubbed his ear, and was silent for a whole minute as the safari wound onward through the Masalindi forest.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

In the Jungle!

"ROT!"

"Fathead!"

"Rot!" roared Bunter.

It was several days later.

During those days the safari had gone on their way, seeing many strange sights and enjoying all of them.

They had traversed vast forests, they had seen native villages, they had seen a leopard fall under the spear of Kikolobo, they had crossed streams where crocodiles lurked, they had watched—

from a safe distance—a herd of elephants trampling and trumpeting; many a lion they had heard roaring in the forest, many a time they had listened to the laughing howl of the hyena. And all the while a wary eye had been kept open for the half-Arab trader, lest he should be still following the party, on the look-out for a chance of getting at the Bounder.

But nothing had been seen or heard of Krantz.

Even Kikolobo, keen and watchful as T'ui, the leopard, failed to find any sign that the ruffian was following.

And the Kikuyu was very watchful and wary indeed. He understood that the half-Arab's chief object in pursuing the safari had been revenge on the Bounder specially; and Kikolobo was very specially attached to the Bounder, who had saved his life in the fight with the lion.

Had he discovered the slave-trader on the trail, the juniors knew that he would not have stood on ceremony with him; a thrust of the long Kikuyu spear would have put paid to Ludwig Krantz.

Harry Wharton & Co. were hardly prepared to approve of such drastic measures even in dealing with a villain like Krantz, but they said nothing on the subject. It would have been useless to recommend gentle measures to the Kikuyu when the Bwana who had saved his life was threatened with such a fate as being sold into slavery in the interior of savage Africa.

But the juniors were relieved when no sign was found of further pursuit. They hoped that Krantz had realised

that his task was too difficult now that the safari were placed on their guard.

It was, in fact, through Bunter that they had been placed on their guard, though by chance, and the fat and fatuous Owl never ceased to remind them of the fact. Bunter stated—and almost believed by this time—that he had discovered Krantz's pursuit by scouting, at the risk of his fat life. That, at least, was the view Bunter preferred to take. And he asked the other fellows at least twice a day what they fancied would have become of them if he had not been with the safari.

According to Bunter, the whole party owed their safety to him, especially the Bounder; for Krantz would have found a chance before this if Bunter hadn't scouted and rooted him out. This made the Owl of the Remove all the more indignant when he was not treated with the respect and consideration that he deserved.

Even the native porters sometimes failed in respect to Bunter; while Kikolobo ignored him as much as he could, and when he had to address him never by any chance addressed him as Bwana, or lord, as he did the others. Bunter to the Kikuyu was the "Small Fat One"—which Bunter realised was not a title of honour. More than once he had been tempted to kick Kikolobo for his cheek, but, fortunately, he never ventured to fall to that temptation.

Now, as the safari prepared to break camp on a sunny morning, Bunter was more indignant than ever before—indeed, he was almost breathless with indignation.

Jungle lay before the safari—a vast tract of elephant-grass ten feet high—and the Greyfriars fellows were all keen to explore the primitive jungle. Bunter was not keen.

The horses had to be left behind, which meant that the party were to proceed on foot. Most of the native porters and the baggage and the horses were to be left in camp on the edge of the jungle and picked up on the return journey. Marching afoot did not appeal to Bunter.

He declared that it was "rot."

"Rot!" repeated Bunter, his very spectacles glistening with wrath and indignation. "Utter rot! Chuck it!"

"Better leave Bunter behind in camp," suggested the Bounder. "He can stay here till we come back."

"Good egg!" agreed Harry Wharton. "You'll be all right, Bunter; plenty of grub; nothing to do; sleep and eat all day long—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you think you're going to leave me alone with a gang of black cannibals—" gasped Bunter.

"Fathead!"

"Well, if you're coming on, shut up and get ready!" growled the Bounder. Bunter blinked at him scornfully.

"That's the way you talk to a guest, is it, Smithy?" he demanded.

"Oh, dry up, idiot!"

Bunter's fat lip curled.

"I can see I made a mistake in accepting your pressing invitation, Smithy! I say, you fellows, you'd hardly think that Smithy was fairly stalking me all over Greyfriars at the end of the term, begging me to come on the vacation with him, would you, to hear him talk?"

"Hardly!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm an accommodating chap," said Bunter. "I don't mind you fellows walking! We'll take one horse, for me—"

"We can't take any horses into the

jungle, Bunter! We're going over country where horses are no good," said Wharton.

"How am I to travel, then, you ass?"

"On the honourable pony of esteemed Shanks, my esteemed Bunter," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Bunter breathed deep with wrath.

"Now, let's have this clear," he said.

"I'm not going to walk! That's settled! As for leaving me in camp here, I'm not afraid of staying with the niggers; but you fellows need me to protect you. I've saved all your lives once, as you know—"

"Is he wound up?" asked Nugent.

"Scouting, in deadly danger, and catching that slaver beast on the trail, and all that!" said Bunter. "If I'd had my trusty rifle I'd have blown his brains out. You fellows keep on making out that I can't handle a rifle; but if I'd had my rusty trifle—I mean, my trusty rifle—"

"It's his lower jaw that moves," said Johnny Bull, watching the Owl of the Remove with an air of interest.

"You cheeky beast! After the way I've shaved all your wives—I mean, saved all your lives—"

"Well, you're not going to ride, and if you won't walk, there's only one way of getting you along," said Bob.

"What's that?" asked Bunter suspiciously.

"We'll up-end you on your beam-ends, and roll you along like a barrel!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly chump!" yelled Bunter. "Look here, I've got a suggestion to make. Let's chuck up this silly safari and go back. If old Smith—"

"Who?" asked the Bounder, with a gleam in his eyes.

"If Mr. Vernon-Smith," amended Bunter hastily, "hasn't got through his business at the plantation yet, we can get back to Nairobi, and wait for him there—see? There are restaurants and theatres at Nairobi. And cafes! And shops! And cars and rickshaws for a fellow to get about in! Well, what about it?"

"You howling ass!" said Harry Wharton. "We've come to Kenya to see the wilds. Shops and theatres and cars could have been found at Margate, without coming out to Africa."

"Well, I'd rather have gone to Margate, if you come to that!" said Bunter. "I suppose you're not making out that Kenya is a patch on Margate."

"Oh, my hat!"

"With my usual generosity, I came out here to protect you fellows," said Bunter. "This is the thanks I get! I'm accustomed to your selfishness, I admit, but there's a limit. Now, what about Nairobi?"

"Nothing about Nairobi!"

"Well, I'm not going to walk!" said Bunter. "You can take that as fixed and unalterable, like the laws of the Swedes and Philistines."

"Oh crumbs! Do you mean the laws of the Medes and Persians?" gasped Bob.

"No, I don't! I mean the Swedes and Philistines. Don't show off your ignorance, Cherry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, now Bunter's done his funny turn, let's get off," said the Bounder. "Here comes Kikobolo!"

The tall Kikuyu approached.

"O Bwana, all is ready!" he said.

"Same here, Kicky," said Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, what about that nigger carrying me on his back?" asked Bunter. "If he carried me carefully I might consent to travel that way."

"You might; but I rather doubt

whether Kicky would consent," chuckled Bob. "Sure you're not going to walk, Bunter?"

"Quite!"

"Then good-bye!"

The tall Kikuyu grinned faintly. He started, and the juniors followed him; and Billy Bunter fairly gasped with wrath as he glared after them.

It seemed that if Bunter did not walk he had to stay in camp; and, harmless as the Swahili porters certainly were, Bunter's fat nerve was not equal to the strain. He had a lingering fear that some of them, at least, might be of a cannibalistic turn of mind, and that when his friends were out of sight his fat person might find its way to the cooking-pot.

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter.

"Good-bye, old fat man!"

"Beasts!"

"Fare thee well, and if for ever, all the better, fare thee well!" chortled Bob Cherry, rather revising Byron for the occasion.

"Rotter!"

"See you again next week, old fat man! Adieu!"

"The adieu-fulness is terrific!"

The Famous Five and the Bounder followed Kikolobo. There was a pattering of feet behind them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Coming, after all, Bunter?"

"Beast!"

Apparently Bunter was coming, after all.

The safari plunged into the jungle path. Kikolobo strode ahead, his rhinoceros shield on his left arm, his long Kikuyu spear in his right hand, a magnificent figure in striped monkey-skins.

The juniors followed him, and the rear was brought up by three native porters with baggage. The rest of the baggage, porters, and horses remained in the camp; in the jungle the safari travelled light. All superfluous things were left behind in the camp, with the exception of the most superfluous of all—William George Bunter.

With cheery faces the schoolboys marched on to the accompaniment of a continuous stream of grousing from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, there's a lot of flies here!" said Bunter savagely. "They keep on settling on me."

"They're after your brekker, old fat man," said Bob. "You shouldn't leave so much of your brekker on the outside of your face!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! There's a beastly mosquito, or something, on my ear—"

"I'll get him!" said Bob cheerily.

Smack!

"Yarooooogh!"

The mosquito vanished into sudden annihilation. Billy Bunter staggered and roared.

"Yow-ow! Wow! Wharver you hitting me for, you beast?"

"My dear man, I was hitting the mosquito—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tell me if another one settles on you," said Bob. "I'll bash every blessed mosquito that lands on you, Bunter! Leave 'em to me!"

"Beast!"

Bunter moved farther off from Bob Cherry. Mosquitoes did settle on his fat face, which undoubtedly bore distinct traces of his breakfast. But, apparently, he did not desire any more assistance from Bob in dealing with them.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Fight With a Gorilla!

"HOT!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Not what you'd call cool!" agreed Wharton.

"Beastly hot!" groaned Bunter.

"Br-r-r-r!"

"I believe I'm melting away—"

"There's a lot of you left, old fat man," said Bob consolingly—"too much, in fact."

"The too-muchfulness is terrific."

The safari had halted for the noon-tide rest in the jungle. Kikolobo had selected a spot where there was shade and water. A glimmering pool reflected the rays of the sun, and the shadows of several spreading cedar-trees. Among the trees grew elephant grass, and thorny bush. By the muddy margin of the water there were the tracks of many animals that came down to drink—and the juniors thrilled a little as they picked up the "spoor" of lions and leopards and hyenas. But there were none of the fearsome beasts in sight; and Bunter did not observe the tracks—his attention was wholly occupied with the heat, the flies, and the fact that his fat little legs were fatigued.

Noon in the jungle was hot—there was no doubt about that. But the juniors had not expected it to be cool, and they had not come to Africa to grouse. Apparently Bunter had!

"Nice shady spot," said Bob, mopping his perspiring brow as they halted under the branches of the cedars. "You can get a nap in the shade here, Bunter; go to sleep, and I'll call you for tiffin."

Bunter blinked round at the trees through his big spectacles.

"I shouldn't wonder if there's a lion there," he grunted.

"Well, if there is he can have tiffin instead of you," suggested Bob.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Don't be selfish, you know. I dare say the lion will be hungry!"

"You silly ass!" gasped Bunter.

"O Small Fat One," said Kikolobo, as the Owl of the Remove was plunging into the trees, "wait awhile till this Kikuyu has searched, lest there be danger, for many animals come down to the water to drink."

But the warning was unnecessary. Billy Bunter uttered a yell, and bounded back.

"Yaroooh! Look out!"

"What the thump—"

"There's a nigger there—a big nigger—" gasped Bunter.

Evidently he had caught sight of some denizen of the jungle.

From the thickets among the cedars came a loud, snarling howl. The juniors grasped their rifles at once.

"Ow! Help! Keep him off!" roared Bunter.

"Shut up, you ass! That's not a nigger—it's an animal of some sort!" exclaimed Bob.

"Look out—"

"My hat! It's a giddy monkey—"

"A gorilla!"

"Oh, my hat!"

From the bush under the cedars a gigantic, hairy form emerged, with little red eyes that scintillated at the newcomers.

With a yell of terror Billy Bunter scuttled away up the jungle path. Harry Wharton & Co. backed away promptly. They had heard that gorillas, if not attacked, will not show hostility; but the huge hairy beast that had emerged so suddenly into sight looked savage and ferocious enough. It was a gigantic animal, six feet in height, though its

stooping attitude made it look shorter. Its long, hairy arms almost reached the ground. Strangely man-like it looked, and it was not surprising that Bunter's first hurried glance had taken it for a nigger.

Kikolobo lifted his spear and placed himself promptly between the juniors and the gorilla. Possibly the brute was alarmed, or rendered savage, by the disturbance of his rest, for he glared fiercely at the safari, and uttered another loud, snarling howl.

Crack!

The Bouncer fired.

It was a hasty action, for, unattacked, the gorilla would probably have contented himself with yelling and would have loped off into the jungle and disappeared. And certainly the safari would have been glad to see so terrible a creature disappear.

"Smithy! Stop!" shouted Wharton, as the Bouncer took aim; but it was too late. The bullet crashed on the hairy chest of the gorilla, and a fearful roar awoke every echo of the jungle.

The gorilla, enraged by the wound, leaped at the safari, his eyes burning, his fangs gnashing with fury.

They scattered before the fierce rush.

Once grasped in those powerful, hairy arms, it was death; and it was too late now to consider that the conflict might have been avoided but for the Bouncer's hasty act. It was a fight for life or death now; and the juniors realised it at once.

They leaped out of the way of the gorilla, firing as they leaped, and several bullets crashed on the huge hairy body. Kikolobo drove his spear deep into the hairy flank of the huge brute, and the next instant the spear was torn from his grasp, and the Kikuyu leaped away barely in time to escape a fearful clutch.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The maddened brute was struck on all sides, for the safari scattered in a wide circle to avoid his rush. Had they remained in a bunch, one of them at least would have been clutched in those terrible arms. Confused by the circling attack, undecided which of his enemies to assail, the huge brute stood roaring and howling, brandishing his hairy arms—a terrifying picture of brute strength and ferocity.

The Kikuyu rushed in and recovered his spear, but he had to leap away again from the clutching arms. Then the gorilla, apparently making up his mind, made a fierce rush at the Bouncer—perhaps aware that it was Smithy who had started the attack.

Twice the Bouncer fired as he came on, standing cool and steady, though his face was a little white. Both bullets struck the huge ape, and he was seen to stagger. But he scrambled fiercely on, and the Bouncer sprang away into the elephant grass, the long arms clutching behind him as he sprang.

A few more moments and the huge ape would have been upon the Bouncer; but the Kikuyu bounded at him and drove his broad-bladed spear into the hairy back.

Yelling fiercely, the gorilla turned

on the Kikuyu; and Kikolobo sprang away, with the great brute in pursuit.

"Shoot!" panted Wharton.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Bullets crashed on the hairy body, and once more the maddened ape turned towards a new victim. He came leaping furiously at Wharton—streaming with blood and yelling with fury.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The huge brute staggered within a couple of yards of Harry Wharton. Again the Kikuyu rushed in with his spear.

"Shoot!" gasped Bob.

The gorilla made a sudden leap, back into the bush under the cedars. The Famous Five fired after him as he went, and they heard him rolling in the bushes, tearing up roots and earth in his rage.

"Oh, my hat!" panted Nugent.

The Kikuyu signed to the juniors to stop firing. Spear in hand, he followed the gorilla into the bush. Powerful brute as he was, the giant ape was almost at the last gasp now. But a wounded gorilla is one of the most dangerous of animals, and the Famous Five followed the Kikuyu, with rifles ready to back up his spear. In the excitement of the combat they had not noticed that the Bouncer had not emerged from the elephant grass again. As for Bunter, he was out of sight along the jungle path—along which the three native carriers, having thrown down the baggage, had fled in panic terror.

The wounded gorilla turned on his pursuers with gnashing fangs, screaming hoarsely.

But the broad-bladed spear of the Kikuyu was driven home, and the rifles were not needed.

The giant ape stretched out and gasped out his last breath under the thrusting spear of the Kikuyu.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. He stared at the huge figure sprawling in the torn, uprooted bushes. "Oh crumbs! We're well out of that!"

"Yes, rather!" panted Wharton.

"O Bwana, I have slain the ape!" said Kikolobo. "In all this land of the Kikuyu there is no mightier hunter than I, Kikolobo!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob.

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"If that ass Smithy hadn't fired—" said Nugent. "By the way, where's Smithy? Smithy!"

"Bunter's bunked," said Bob. "We shall have to fetch the fat idiot back. But Smithy can't have bunked! Smithy! Smithy!"

The juniors stepped out from under the cedars, and stared round them. The Bouncer was not to be seen.

"Smithy!" shouted Wharton.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Smithy!"

(Continued on next page.)



THE GREATEST GAME ON THE
FINEST "HOME" BILLIARD
TABLE

13/3 DOWN brings prompt delivery of the 6 ft. size Riley "Home"

Billiard Table to rest on an ordinary dining table. You pay the balance by easy instalments. Cash Price £11 15 0. 7 days' Free Trial allowed, and Rileys pay carriage and take all transit risks.

32 FREE Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables, in various sizes and styles, are also offered for cash or easy terms. Send for Free Art List, describing them. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Gt. Britain.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Belmont Works, ACRINGTON, and Dept. 21, 147, Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.1.

"O Bwana!" rang out Kikolobo's powerful voice. There was a shade of anxiety on the Kikuyu's face. "O Bwana, let my ears hear your voice!"

"Smithy!"

Uneasy now, the juniors shouted again and again. But only the echo of their shouting came back from the jungle. The voice of the Bounder did not reply.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In Merciless Hands!

"**A** CH!"

The low, guttural mutter was more like a savage grunt from a wild animal than a human exclamation.

It caught the Bounder's ears as he stumbled breathlessly in the tall, thick grass that hid him, for the moment, from the eyes of his friends.

Smithy had barely escaped the fierce clutches of the gorilla, and he had plunged into the elephant grass with the long, hairy arms close behind him. Had not the fierce brute turned at the thrust of the Kikuyu's spear, it would have been all up with the Bounder of Greyfriars. As it was, he stumbled breathlessly into the thick grass, escaping the clutching arms of the great ape.

But a moment later it seemed to Smithy that the gorilla was upon him, for a grasp that seemed like iron seized him and bore him to the earth.

But it was not the grasp of the gorilla. The gorilla was behind him, and had turned back on the other enemies. The sudden grasp that fastened on Smithy came from in front, from a burly figure that crouched in the tall grass.

Before Smithy could even realise that he was in the hands of a new foe, he was down on the earth, and a rough hand was clapped over his mouth.

He struggled.

As he realised that it was not the gorilla, he realised at the same moment that it was human hands that had seized him.

He lay on his side, pinned down by a sinewy knee, the rough grasp over his mouth to stifle a cry, and his starting eyes stared upward.

Not a dozen feet from him he heard some of the juniors—and the rifles were cracking, the gorilla yelling and howling. The fight between the safari and the great ape was going on. But the thick, high grass hid the Bounder. Only by that swift plunge into the elephant grass had he saved himself from the fatal grasp of the gorilla, and it had landed him into the hands of a lurking enemy.

Over him a coppery face, with light blue eyes, grinned savagely down. It was Ludwig Krantz, the half-German Arab, who had seized him.

Vernon-Smith's heart beat hard.

He resisted fiercely; but, strong as he was, he had no chance in the sinewy grasp of the ruffian. And the hand over his mouth stifled any cry, even if his friends could have heard and heeded while they were still engaged in the fight with the gorilla.

"Ach!" breathed Krantz. "You! You that I have followed and sought—you that beat me like a dog! You! Ach!"

He grinned like an exultant demon.

The Bounder exerted all his strength. He had given hardly a thought to the trader since the day Bunter had encountered him in the Masalindi forest. He had been wary and watchful, like the others, but he had given the ruffian little thought, careless of his enmity and

his threatened vengeance. He had not supposed that the vengeful ruffian was still on the track of the safari. But he knew it now; and he knew, too, that in the thickness of the tangled jungle, Krantz had found his chance of getting close to the safari unseen. And the struggle with the gorilla had given him, at long last, the opportunity for which he sought.

Cool as he was, courageous, and with a nerve of iron, Vernon-Smith felt a chill at his heart as he stared up at the dark, exultant face.

He was helpless in the powerful grasp of the half-blood.

Krantz stared round him for a moment, and listened. He knew that he had little time.

Then he jammed a crumpled coconut rag into the Bounder's mouth to gag him, and dragged Smithy's wrists together with a force that was resistless, fiercely as the Bounder strove to resist. In a few seconds Smithy's wrists were bound fast.

He was dragged to his feet.

"Come!" hissed Krantz.

The Bounder resisted the drag of the ruffian's hand on his arm. The light blue eyes blazed at him.

Without a moment's hesitation the ruffian clenched his heavy hand, and struck, and the Bounder staggered under the savage blow.

Half-stunned by the blow, he reeled in the grasp of the slave-trader, and Krantz half-led, half-dragged him away through the elephant grass.

The rifles were still ringing out by the clump of cedars on the bank of the pool in the jungle. But the firing died away. The fight with the gorilla was over.

In the Bounder's dizzy ears rang a sound of shouting. It was his name that was called by his comrades.

"Smithy! Smithy!"

Not a score of yards from the Greyfriars juniors the Bounder was stumbling dizzily along in the grasp of the slave-trader.

But the high elephant grass hid him effectually.

The ruffian dragged him on swiftly.

He muttered a curse in German as he heard the shouting of the juniors, lifted his prisoner under his arm, and carried him bodily away through the jungle.

Vernon-Smith's brain was reeling, but he strove hard to rid himself of the gag and call to his friends. They did not know, did not dream of what had happened behind the screen of elephant grass. Had they guessed, the slave-trader would have had no chance of getting away with his prisoner. One call would have brought them rushing to the rescue.

Crash!

A clenched fist dashed on the Bounder's temple, and he sagged helplessly in the grasp of the slave-trader. He was stunned.

Ludwig Krantz tramped swiftly on.

The weight of his prisoner seemed as nothing to the powerful ruffian. Burly as he was, he moved with the swiftness and activity of a leopard.

He had taken a desperate chance in seizing the Bounder, in the hearing, almost in the sight, of his friends. He had set his life on the chance. There was death behind the ruffian as he fled. He did not waste a second.

"Smithy! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Smithy!" Bob Cherry's powerful shout was faint in the distance now.

The Bounder did not hear it. He was unconscious.

His unconsciousness lasted only a few minutes. He came to himself, with aching head, staring about him dizzily.

The high elephant grass was round him. But the trader had emerged into a game-path now—a narrow path trodden by the feet of wild animals going down to the pool to drink. The way was clearer, and Krantz was half-running.

The path was narrow; the tall grass, ten or twelve feet high, almost met overhead, revealing only patches of burning blue sky above.

The Bounder struggled feebly.

But as the glittering light blue eyes turned on him, he ceased to struggle. It was futile to resist a strength that was thrice as great as his own, and useless to provoke another brutal blow.

He could hear no longer the calling of his friends. If they were still calling to him, he was out of hearing.

Unresisting, the Bounder was carried on. But Krantz set him on his feet at last. He grinned savagely at the Bounder's white, dazed face.

"Ach! You remember me—Ludwig Krantz?" he grinned. "I have followed you long, my young friend! Ach! You will not escape me, I think, my young Herr! Nein, nein! Now you will walk."

His grasp was on the Bounder's shoulder. As Vernon-Smith hesitated, the brawny fist was clenched again.

"You will walk, hein?"

There was no help for it. Either the Bounder had to walk or be carried stunned in the ruffian's grasp. He stumbled onward.

"Faster!" snarled the slave-trader.

Half-led, half-dragged, the Bounder stumbled along the jungle-path. Again and again Krantz stared back over his shoulder, and listened anxiously. Pursuit by the Greyfriars juniors, probably, he did not fear, but he feared the Kikuyu.

But as yet there was no pursuit. Not for a second, however, did the ruffian lag, or allow his prisoner to lag. With blows and muttered curses he drove the Bounder on.

There was a shining glimmer through the tall grass. It was a shallow stream, flowing down through the jungle from the Masalindi hills.

Krantz plunged into the water knee-deep, dragging the Bounder after him. Vernon-Smith guessed that the slave-trader had been heading for the water to lose his trail. He knew the skill of the Kikuyu in following the spoor of man or beast.

The jungle grew to the very edge of the water. As Krantz dragged his prisoner into the stream, there was a rustle in the high grass, and the ruffian stared round in momentary alarm.

Then he hurried on.

Down the centre of the shallow, winding stream, with the water washing round his waist, the ruffian's grip on his shoulder, the Bounder stumbled; and in his heart now there was grim despair. For the water left no trace, and even the keen eyes of the Kikuyu could never pick up his trail.

He was helpless in the hands of the vengeful ruffian, and before him lay a long trek, by jungle paths, into the unknown heart of Africa, and then—sold into slavery! That was the fate the trader of Tanganyika destined for his enemy, and to the Bounder, as he stumbled wearily on, it seemed that there was now no escape.



The ruffian lifted Vernon-Smith up and threw him across his shoulder. The Bouncer was exhausted, and blows could drive him no farther. Hanging helpless on the Arab's shoulder, he was carried through the cedars.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

On the Track!

"SMITHY!"
 "Bunter!"
 "Oh, my hat!"
 "Where the dickens——"
 "The wherefulness is terrific!"
 Harry Wharton & Co. had shouted again and again; but there was no reply, save the echoes from the jungle.
 The three native carriers had thrown down the baggage and vanished. It was quite probable that they would not be seen again. But the juniors gave them no thought. Billy Bunter had fled in frantic terror, and they expected to have to hunt for him. But the disappearance of the Bouncer was a mystery. The Bouncer certainly was not the fellow to run as the Owl of the Remove had done. They had not missed him till the fight with the gorilla was over; then they naturally expected to see him, or at least to hear his answering call. But it seemed that he had vanished into thin air.
 "Where the thump can Smithy be?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "That fat funk Bunter is skulking somewhere; but Smithy——"
 "Bunter ran with the porters," said Harry. "But Smithy——"
 "He was here——"
 "He dodged into the grass," said Nugent. "But he wasn't hurt. Kicky turned the gorilla away from him."
 "He's not hurt. But where is he?"
 "Why the thump doesn't he answer?" grunted Johnay Bull. "He must have heard us!"
 "Well, we've got to find both of them," said Harry Wharton. "Smithy got out of sight, but he's not the ass to

lose his way, I suppose. We'd better look for that fat idiot, Bunter, first. Smithy can take care of himself, but goodness knows what may happen to Bunter!"
 "Where's Kicky?" asked Bob, looking round.
 The Kikuyu had disappeared into the high grass. He was seeking the Bouncer at the spot where Vernon-Smith had dodged away from the gorilla into the jungle.
 "Kikolobo!" called out Wharton.
 The voice of the Kikuyu called back:
 "O Bwana, be pleased to come to this Kikuyu!"
 "He's found something!" said Harry; and the juniors crashed through the elephant grass to join the hunter.
 Kikolobo was standing in a spot where the grass was trampled and crumpled, and he held a rifle in his hand. It was Vernon-Smith's.
 He held it up as the juniors joined him.
 "That's Smithy's!" exclaimed Bob.
 "But where is Smithy?"
 "The rifle indeed belongs to the Bwana who saved the life of this Kikuyu," said Kikolobo. "But the Bwana has been taken away."
 "Taken away!" exclaimed Wharton.
 The Kikuyu made a gesture towards the trampled earth.
 "Let your eyes read what is written here," he said. "There was one who watched in the jungle, and he has seized the Bwana and taken him."
 "Great pip!"
 "But who—what?" exclaimed Wharton, in amazement.
 "Some native——"
 "It was one who trod with covered

feet," said the Kikuyu, "and my eyes have seen the spoor before."
 Wharton started.
 "Not Krantz!" he exclaimed.
 "O Bwana, my eyes see the track of the same Mzungu who seized the Small Fat One in the forest."
 "Oh!" gasped Wharton.
 The juniors could pick up traces of footprints, as well as the signs of a struggle. But they could not have told that the trail was that of the slave-trader who had seized Billy Bunter a week before in the forest. But they had no doubt that Kikolobo was right. They knew his almost uncanny skill in picking up spoor.
 "Then that villain was following us, after all!" muttered Bob.
 "And he's got Smithy!" said Nugent. Wharton set his teeth.
 "He can't have got him far; he hasn't had time. Kikolobo, you can follow the way they went."
 "This Kikuyu can follow the path of the wind in the jungle!" said Kikolobo. "Let the white lords follow me!"
 "Get on with it," said Bob.
 "What about Bunter?" muttered Nugent.
 "Bunter will have to wait! If that villain Krantz has got hold of Smithy, we can't lose a second."
 "That's so; come on!"
 The Kikuyu was already leading the way swiftly through the jungle. His face was set and his eyes gleaming. To the "Small Fat One" the Kikuyu gave no thought. All his thoughts were centred on the Bwana who had saved his life in the fight with the lion.
 (Continued on page 16.)
 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,229.



(Continued from page 13.)

The Greyfriars juniors followed him fast.

Billy Bunter was somewhere in the jungle, and how far his terrified flight might have taken him, the juniors did not know. It was likely enough that he had run till his fat little legs would carry him no farther; and still more likely that he could not find his way back, and was hopelessly lost. But Bunter had to wait. The Bounder, if he was in the hands of the revengeful slave-trader, was in immediate and fearful peril, and it was of the Bounder that they had to think first.

For a short distance the juniors, as well as the Kikuyu, could pick up sign where Smithy had been dragged away. But after a very short distance the sign of one pair of boots only could be discerned. It seemed that the slave-trader had gone on alone.

"Good heavens!" muttered Wharton, as the Kikuyu halted, scanning the earth with glittering eyes. "If—if—"

The same terrible thought was in all their minds. Had the slave-trader, despairing of getting his prisoner safely away, fled alone, leaving the Bounder dead? The juniors stared round at the elephant grass, in fear of what it might hide.

"Let your feet follow!" said the Kikuyu. A brief examination of the spoor seemed to have satisfied Kikolobo.

"But—but Smithy!" stammered Bob.

"The evil Mzungu lifted the Bwana, and carried him in his arms," said the Kikuyu, "for look, and your eyes will see that the tread of his feet is deeper, and it is the tread of one who carried a burden."

"Oh!" said Wharton.

Kikolobo strode on, and the juniors followed. They hoped and believed that the Kikuyu was right; but there was a terrible doubt in their minds. But there was nothing to be done but to follow the trail, and they hurried after the swift Kikuyu.

They emerged from the tangle of elephant grass into a narrow path. The Kikuyu pointed to the earth with his spear.

"Let your eyes see," he said, "for here the Bwana walked again, by the side of the evil Mzungu."

The traces were faint, among innumerable traces of the feet of animals. But the Kikuyu was evidently certain of what he said, and the juniors did not doubt that he was right. Their hearts were lighter as they followed on. Smithy, at least, was living, though a prisoner in merciless hands. From what Krantz had said to Bunter, they knew what fate the ruffian destined for the schoolboy who had beaten him on the Nairobi road. But from that fate his friends would save him.

"Water!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the glimmer of a jungle stream came through the high grass.

The Kikuyu tramped on, and stopped on the edge of the shallow stream.

There the trail ended.

The dark face of the Kikuyu hunter was darker with rage, and he gritted his white, glistening teeth. His hand closed convulsively on his spear.

The juniors looked at him with sinking hearts.

Skilled trailer as he was, almost able—as he boasted—to track the wind in the jungle, he was beaten now. The slave-trader, with his prisoner, had taken to the water, and whether he had gone up-stream or down-stream, there remained not the faintest trace to tell.

"Kikolobo!" muttered Wharton.

The Kikuyu looked at him.

"O Bwana, even the eyes of N'gai, on the summit of the Great Mountain, could read no sign in running waters!" he said.

Bob Cherry clenched his hands.

"We've got to chance it!" he said. "Some of us had better go up the stream, and some down—we shall have to separate—"

"It's all we can do," said Harry.

"We've got to find Smithy—"

"The gotfulness is terrific!"

"By gum, if I get a sight of that scoundrel Krantz over a rifle," muttered Bob.

"I say, you fellows!"

The juniors fairly jumped. They had forgotten Bunter; but it was the voice of the fat Owl that came so unexpectedly from the high grass. In utter amazement they stared at the fat figure that came gasping out into view.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Comes in Useful!

"BUNTER!"

"Bunty!"

"The Bunterfulness is terrific!"

"I—I say, you fellows," gasped Bunter.

"I say, I—I—I heard your voices—I thought it was that beast coming back at first—oh lor'!"

Billy Bunter was not looking happy.

His clothes were torn and rent; his fat face streamed with perspiration, and he gasped and panted and puffed and blew.

Bunter, apparently, had had a rough time.

As the juniors had surmised, he had fled till his fat little legs could carry him no farther, plunging wildly through the trackless jungle; and from his looks he had encountered a good many thorns on the way.

"So you're here, Fatty!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Why didn't you come before?" demanded Bunter, "and why didn't you call out, you beasts, if you knew I was here? I shouldn't have known it was you at all if I hadn't heard you jawing!"

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter—"

"Selfish, I call it," said Bunter, warmly.

"You silly owl—"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I—I say, is that monkey after you?" Billy Bunter blinked round uneasily.

"You silly ass, the gorilla is a goner, long ago," grunted Johnny Bull. "Do you think we should run away, as you did?"

"Oh, really, Bull! I—I didn't exactly run away—I—I was—was—was looking after those porters—"

"Wha-at!"

"The porters bolted," said Bunter, blinking at him, "I thought I'd better

go after them and—and round them up, you know. So I—I—I went after them!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"But I missed them, somehow," said Bunter. "I seem to have lost the path, or something! I—I got as far as this, and then that beastly water prevented me from going any farther—"

"Lucky it did!" said Johnny Bull. "We might have had to follow you all the way across Africa to the Atlantic, if you hadn't been stopped—once you got on the run, you fat funk!"

"Beast!"

"Well, I'm glad we've found you, Bunter," said Wharton. "But don't bother now. We've got to find Smithy!"

"How did you know I was here?" demanded Bunter.

"We didn't know, ass! We came here after Smithy—"

"Mean to say you weren't looking for me?" ejaculated Bunter. Apparently Bunter had taken it for granted that the thoughts of the whole party would be concentrated on his fat self, to the total exclusion of all less important matters.

"No, ass! We knew you were skulking somewhere," said Bob.

"Beast!"

"Still, it's lucky you've turned up," said Harry. "Goodness knows what might have happened to you—"

"I fancy I could take care of myself, Wharton!"

"Eh?"

"Better than Smithy could, anyhow! He, he, he!" Billy Bunter chuckled. "That half-breed rotter wouldn't have bagged me so easily as he did Smithy, and chance it. He, he!"

The juniors started.

"What on earth do you know about that, Bunter?" exclaimed Wharton. "Have you seen anything of him?"

"Why, he must have passed quite close by Bunter if he took to the water here!" exclaimed Bob.

"Bunter! Did you see—"

All the Famous Five were eager now. Even the Kikuyu condescended, for once, to take heed of the existence of the "Small Fat One." His dark eyes turned keenly on Bunter's fat, crimson face.

"I say, you fellows, I dare say you're sorry now you didn't let me have a rifle," said Bunter. "If I'd had a rifle, I'd have potted that beast Krantz, and rescued Smithy!"

"Did you see him?"

"He, he, he!"

"You fat chump, we've got no time to lose!" roared Johnny Bull. "Did you see that brute who'd bagged Smithy?"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Speak, O Small Fat One!" said Kikolobo. "Have your eyes seen the evil Mzungu, who has taken the Bwana?"

Bunter blinked at him contemptuously. For once, certainly for the first time, the tall Kikuyu was eager to hear Bunter speak. For precisely that reason, Bunter was in no hurry. A nigger who called him a Small Fat One instead of "Bwana," could wait, and be blown to him.

"Bunter, you fat ass!" said Nugent.

It was evident that the Owl of the Remove had seen something. Indeed, he had been skulking so near the spot where Krantz had taken to the water, that it was scarcely possible that he had failed to observe the half-Arab in his passage.

"If I'd had a trusty rifle, I'd have potted the brute," said Bunter. "It's all you fellows' fault—"

"Never mind that!" exclaimed

Wharton impatiently. "If you saw Krantz pass here with Smithy—"

"I jolly well did!" grinned Bunter. "I thought it was that awful gorilla coming, at first. I didn't crouch down in the grass, though, and keep out of sight, so you needn't fancy I did. And—and I wasn't scared when that villain heard me and looked round, either. I was cool as ice—"

"You saw him take to the water?"

"Yes, rather, and I can tell you I was jolly glad to see his back," said Bunter. "Not that I'd have let him pass if I'd had a rifle. Being unarmed, you see, I—"

"Yes, we know exactly what you'd have done if you'd had a rifle and if you hadn't been a shivering funk!" snorted Johnny Bull. "You jolly well kept out of sight, anyhow. Which way did he go?"

"Beast!"

"Cough it up, Bunter," said Bob. "It's a real stroke of luck that you were here and saw the villain. Buck up. Did he go up or down-stream?"

"Down-stream," answered Bunter. Smithy was walking with him as tame as a lamb. His hands were tied and he had something stuffed in his mouth. I saw him through the grass, when they got into the water, quite plainly. He had a bump on his forehead. Must have been a silly ass to let the fellow bag him. I wouldn't have—"

"You're sure they went down-stream?"

"I've got eyes!" grunted Bunter. "The fact is, I should have followed them and rescued Smithy, only—only—"

"Chuck it, fathead!" Wharton turned to the Kikuyu. "They went down-stream, Kikokobo! That settles it!"

"Let your feet follow me, Bwana," said the Kikuyu; and he started down the shallow stream.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter, and come on! You'd better be careful to stick to us now," said Harry. "If you get lost again we can't look for you."

"Look here, where are you going?" demanded Bunter.

"After Smithy, of course, fathead!"

"They may be miles away by this time. What about grub?"

"Grub?" howled Bob Cherry.

"Yes, grub," said Bunter warmly. "I'm hungry! And I'm tired! We were just going to halt for noon when we came on that beastly gorilla! If you fellows think I can keep plugging on in this heat, without a rest, you're jolly well mistaken, see!"

"You benighted idiot—"

"We can go after Smithy later! Leave it to me!" said Bunter. "At present, what we want is a rest—a good long rest—and grub—"

"Oh, kick him!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Look here— Wow! Beast! I shan't come!" howled Bunter. "I jolly well won't take a single step, so there!"

"Please yourself, fathead!" said Bob.

Wharton was already in the shallow stream, wading after the Kikuyu. The rest of the Co. followed him, holding up their rifles carefully from the water.

Billy Bunter stood on the bank and blinked after them with a blink expressive of the deepest indignation. With the selfishness that Bunter knew only too well, these beasts were going after Smithy, utterly regardless of the fact that Bunter was tired and hungry. It was like them!

But the fat Owl did not venture to

remain behind. The solitude of the jungle was too full of terror for that.

With an angry grunt he waded into the stream and followed the safari.

Kikolobo, without a glance back, strode on, his keen glance watching alternately the sides of the little stream for sign of the spot where the fugitive might have quitted the water.

Behind him the Famous Five tramped, splashing in the shallow stream, wary and watchful.

Bunter plugged on in the rear, grunting and gasping.

Bunter, as a matter of fact, had come in very useful. It was certainly owing to Bunter that the safari were on the right track. Even the Kikuyu had not known which way to take until the fat Owl turned up. Nobody, however, had any attention to waste on Bunter now. The fat junior grunted and gasped, unheeded, in the rear.

The Famous Five scanned the banks, clothed with tall grass, or with thorny bush, right to the water's edge. But they did not feel at all sure that they would be able to pick out the spot where Krantz quitted the stream. The slave-trader was at home in the African bush, and almost as skilful and cunning as the Kikuyu. Although he certainly hoped that he had thrown pursuit off the track by taking to the water, there was no doubt that he would take care to leave as little sign as he could, from the habit of caution.

The Kikuyu halted abruptly. His spear pointed to the bank. The party had covered a distance of almost half a mile since taking to the stream.

"It is here that the evil Mzungu left the water, lords!" said the Kikuyu, in a low voice.

"Blessed if I see—" muttered Bob, staring at the wall of high grass.

"Kicky knows!" said Nugent.

"The knowfulness of the esteemed Kicky is terrific!" murmured Murrece Jamset Ram Singh.

"Let your voices be silent, lords!" said the Kikuyu, "for it may be that we are close behind the evil Mzungu."

"Right-ho! Lead on Kicky!" said Bob.

The Kikuyu parted the tall grass and stepped on the bank.

"I say, you fellows—" Bunter came splashing up. "Are we camping now?"

"No, idiot!"

"I'm hungry!"

"Fathead!"

"And tired! I want a rest—"

"You'll get a good long rest if Krantz sights you over a gun!" growled Johnny Bull. "You'd better shut up; Kicky thinks we may be close behind him."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

And the fat junior was silent as he dragged himself from the water, and followed the juniors and the Kikuyu through the nodding grass.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Prisoner!

"O II, you rotter!" breathed the Bounder.

His eyes burned at the half-blood trader.

He had stumbled over a sprawling root and almost fallen. A savage blow from Krantz drove him on.

"Ach! You would lose time?" grinned Krantz. "Nein, nein, my young Herr! But even so, your friends would never find you now!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith stumbled blindly on.

His limbs ached with fatigue; his head was still dizzy from the blows he had received. It seemed like an evil dream, some lingering, fearful nightmare, to the Greyfriars junior.

How long he had been tramping and stumbling, driven on by his captor, he did not know; but it seemed like long, long hours.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,229.

GET BUSY, LADS,
and
WIN A WALLET,
like
Leonard T. Baker, 123, South
Park Drive, Ilford, Essex, who
submitted the following winning
Greyfriars limerick, illustrated by
our artist.



Said "Queelchy" to Bunter one day:



"Your prep's done in scandalous way."



Come out to the front!"



Bunter went with a grunt—



Of the scene that ensued—naught I'll say.

You'd just like one of these dandy
wallets. Why not set to work and
win one now?

He had got rid of the gag from his mouth without the ruffian heeding him; he was far now from the hearing of his friends, if he had called. But his hands were still bound tightly, and his arms ached from the cruel grip of the knotted cords.

Weary and worn, almost in despair, the Bounder stumbled on, aching with heat and fatigue, burning with rage.

Since they had left the jungle stream Krantz had followed winding ways through the jungle, generally treading in some game path marked by the feet of wild animals, where the going was easier than through the untrodden elephant grass.

It was evident that the trader knew the country, and knew it well; he was at home in the jungle. The Bounder remembered that his father had said that Krantz had been in the bush-fighting, on the German side, during the War, when the borders of Kenya and German East Africa had been the scene of fierce conflicts. He knew the bush as well as any Kikuyu or Masai hunter. To the Bounder's eyes, all was trackless, a bewildering wilderness; but he knew that his captor was heading for some definite destination.

He had little hope of pursuit and rescue.

That the chums of the Remove would leave no stone unturned to save him, he was assured; but what could the schoolboys do in the wilds of the African jungle? His hopes, such as they were, centred on the Kikuyu.

Kikolobo, it was certain, would discover that he had been seized, and would lead the juniors on the track. But the running water would beat him. At that point, it was an even chance whether the pursuers took the right or the wrong route.

And even if they were favoured by fortune, and took the way down-stream, Smithy did not feel sure that even the Kikuyu would pick up the spot where Krantz had quitted the water.

With the cunning caution that was second nature to him, the half-Arab had blinded his trail, as well as he could, when he left the stream, and there was little trace, if any, to enable the hunter to pick out the spot.

Still the Bounder did not quite give up hope.

He could see that Krantz had little fear now of pursuit. But Krantz did not know what the Bounder knew—that Kikolobo, the Kikuyu, was devoted to him, and spurred on to untiring efforts by that personal devotion.

It was the Bounder who had saved the Kikuyu's life in the fight with the lion; and Smithy had been rather amused, than anything else, by the black man's devoted gratitude, which had been shown in many ways. But he was glad to think of it now. He knew, with absolute certainty, that the Kikuyu would not abandon the pursuit, so long as the remotest chance remained of success; while, in Krantz's mind, the Kikuyu was simply a hired hunter and guide, with no particular reason for exerting himself.

It was in Kikolobo that the Bounder's last hope centred. The Greyfriars fellows would do what they could; but his fate depended on the Kikuyu, and it was because he had risked his life to save the black hunter that the Kikuyu was ready to serve him to the last drop of his blood.

Only Kikolobo's grateful devotion stood between him and a fate of which he hardly dared to think.

He stumbled blindly on, driven by the blows and curses of the slave-trader.

But the pace had slackened; his strength was failing, and even the iron-limbed ruffian was feeling the effects of exertion in the tropical heat.

Where they were going the Bounder could not guess; only from the sun's position, he knew that the way lay roughly to the west—towards the distant interior if the Dark Continent.

The sun was sinking now; but the heat in the jungle was scarcely less intense.

It seemed to Vernon-Smith that his legs would bend and fail under him. But when he lagged a cruel blow drove him on again.

Krantz was accustomed to driving slaves, and he drove on the hapless schoolboy as he had been used to driving negroes on the jungle-paths of the Congo.

But there was a halt at last.

The jungle of elephant grass was left behind, and they had entered a forest of cedars. Through the branches overhead came the red glare of the sun, sinking towards the west.

As the trader came to a halt Smithy reeled against the nearest tree and leaned there, exhausted. His legs crumpled under him, and he slid down to the foot of the tree. Strong and wiry as he was, the Bounder was utterly spent by that weary tramp through the hot jungle. The ache in his bound arms was now a bitter pain. He slumped on the earth against the tree, breathing in gasps.

The trader hardly heeded him. He stood looking about him among the trees. And the Bounder heard him call:

"Ali! Ali!"

A squat, thick-set man, half Arab, half negro, came through the cedars. He gave the prisoner a glance, and salaamed to the slave-trader.

For two or three minutes they spoke in Arabic—the mongrel Arabic of Central Africa—but if it had been the purest Arabic the Bounder would hardly have understood a word.

Then Ali stepped towards him with a grin on his black face, and gripped him by the shoulder. He spoke in his own tongue, and the Bounder stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Tar' if el Arabi?"

"Ach! He is an Englander, and speaks only English!" snapped Krantz. "But he will understand a blow, which is the same in all tongues."

Ali grinned.

"You come!" he said, in laboured English.

And he emphasised the words with a blow.

The Bounder staggered up, half-dragged by the grasp of the black hand on his shoulder.

His eyes burned at Krantz.

"You rotter!" he muttered. "You cowardly beast! I can't go on! You can kill me if you like! I can walk no farther!"

"Give him blows, Ali!"

"Ruh imshi!" growled Ali. "Ruh baka!"

The Bounder did not understand the words, but he understood the shove and the blow that followed as Ali pushed him on before him. He made a few steps, and staggered and fell.

The squat ruffian dragged him up again, and threw him across his shoulder. The Bounder was exhausted, and blows could drive him no farther.

Hanging helplessly on the Arab's shoulder, the Bounder was carried on through the cedars, Krantz following.

He wondered whether the slave-trader had now reached his camp. Evidently Ali had been waiting for him in the cedar forest. He wondered

dazedly how far he was from his friends. Many miles, at least; he could not guess how many. Was it possible that even Kikolobo could track him so far, by the winding ways of the jungle, even if he had not lost the trail at the stream? Vernon-Smith still clung to the faint hope that the Kikuyu would find him and save him; but the hope was growing very faint now.

It was clear that Krantz had no further fear of pursuit.

The Bounder was carried a short distance into the cedar forest. Ali flung him down like a sack at the foot of a tree.

He stared round him with dizzy eyes.

A small tent stood by the tree, and there were the dead embers of a camp-fire close at hand. Evidently it was the camp of the slave-trader.

"Bind him to the tree!" snarled Krantz.

The Bounder was too weary to stir a limb, even if he had been left free. But the trader was taking no chances with him.

Ali brought a rope from the tent, and, placing Vernon-Smith in a sitting posture against the trunk, he ran the rope round him and knotted it.

Vernon-Smith hardly heeded what he did. He was only too glad to sit and lean back on the cedar. His head dropped on his chest, and his eyes closed.

— —

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Just Like Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" hissed Bunter.

The Greyfriars fellows had come to a halt in the jungle. Kikolobo bent almost double, was scanning the ground for sign, where a track branched off from the path he had been following.

Tracks of the feet of animals, of lion and leopard, hyena and jackal, there were in plenty; but whether human tracks were to be picked up among them was beyond the scoutcraft of Harry Wharton & Co.

Even the eagle-eyed Kikuyu seemed to be baffled, for the moment at least.

The juniors waited.

They could only wait till Kikolobo was sure of the trail. All depended on the skill of the Kikuyu.

They waited anxiously.

The long, hot trek in the baking jungle had fatigued them. All the juniors were feeling it severely. But they had no idea of stopping, if it was possible to go forward. Not unless they fell from exhaustion were they likely to halt on the way to rescue their comrade.

Bunter had sat down immediately the party stopped. And Bunter was extremely unwilling to get up again.

The fat junior felt the fatigue of the march more severely than the other fellows, perhaps. He had much more weight to carry. Neither was he in good condition for a long, hard trek. Neither, too, was he so deeply concerned about the fate of Herbert Vernon-Smith. Bunter's concern, as usual, was concentrated on W. G. Bunter.

He blinked at the Famous Five through his big spectacles in deep and intense indignation.

"I'm not going on," he said. "You see, I can't! I'm tired! And I'm fearfully hungry."

"Oh, chuck it!" growled Johnny Bull.



"Smithy!" There was a cautious, scared whisper, and a fat figure appeared from the dusk behind the cedar. The Bunder started violently and stared in amazement. "Bunter!" gasped Vernon-Smith. "Quick—Cut me loose!"

"We're going on, Bunter, as soon as Kicky finds the trail," said Harry Wharton quietly. "We've got to save Smithy."

"Blow Smithy!"

"What?"

"Blow him!" said Bunter. "All very well about Smithy, but what about me, you beast?"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Bob Cherry. "I'm tired!" hissed Bunter.

"Do you think we're not tired, Bunter?" asked Frank Nugent mildly.

"Oh, don't be a silly ass, Nugent!" said Bunter irritably. "If you must jaw, try to keep to the point. I'm sorry for Smithy, of course. But, after all, it's his own fault. I was against coming into the jungle at all, as you jolly well know. If my advice had been taken—"

"Cheese it!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"If my advice had been taken, we should be heading for Nairobi now, and could stop in a decent hotel, instead of camping in these putrid forests. Might be sitting in a restaurant at this very blessed minute!" groaned Bunter. "Think of that!"

"We're thinking of Smithy, fat-head!"

"Well, Smithy asked for it! You can't deny that! Look here, suppose we stop here, and let the nigger go on by himself? He seems to like the job."

"You can stop here if you like."

"You'd like me to be torn to pieces by lions and leopards, and eaten alive by cannibals, and stung to death by poisonous flies, and bitten by snakes!" said Bunter bitterly. "That's what you'd like, I know."

"Fathead!"

"Well, I'm fed-up," said Bunter. "Tired out! Hungry! I'm pretty well used to your selfishness by this time. But, look here, think of me! See? Never mind Smithy for a bit! Think of me!"

The Kikuyu rose, and glanced back at the juniors.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Kicky's found something!" said Bob.

They hurried towards the Kikuyu.

Kikolobo made a gesture with his spear and strode on. Evidently he had ascertained the trail again.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Come on, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" hissed Bunter.

"Stay there, then, you fat ass!" growled Johnny Bull.

Bunter staggered up. There was no doubt that the unfortunate Owl was sorely fatigued. But he dared not linger alone in the jungle.

"I say, you fellows!" he gasped, as he rolled after the party. "I say, what about carrying me?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Two of you can join hands, you know, and carry me," urged Bunter. "It isn't as if I weighed much, you know."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob.

The juniors were too tired to laugh. But they grinned.

"Now, who's going to carry me?" asked Bunter. "I don't mind which two it is. Please yourselves."

"The pleasefulness would not be terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter," chuckled the Nabob of Dhanipur.

"I can see myself lugging you along, Bunter—I don't think!" said Bob. "For goodness' sake, buck up!"

"Beast! Look here, help me along—"

"I'll help you!" said Johnny Bull, in a voice that resembled that of the Great Hugo Bear.

"Thanks, old chap! You're not such a selfish beast as these beasts!" said Bunter. "I—I say, wharrer you up to? Wharrer you kicking me for, you beast? Yow-ow-ow!"

"I'm helping you—"

"Yow-ow! Beast! Leave off!" howled Bunter.

"Don't you want any more help?"

"Ow! Wow! No! Beast!"

"Well, you'll get some more of the same sort if you don't shut up grouching!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Yah! Rotter! Ow!"

Billy Bunter rolled dismally on. He wanted help, but not the sort of help lent by Johnny Bull.

The juniors tramped on, Bunter rolling on behind, emitting a series of low, dismal groans.

"This," groaned Bunter, "is a holiday! Oh crikey! If I'd known what it was going to be like, you fellows wouldn't have got me here! Ow!"

Billy Bunter had been tremendously

bucked at landing himself on Vernon-Smith's party for the Greyfriars vacation. But he was not feeling bucked now; he was feeling anything but bucked. Rather than this, he would have preferred the vacation at Bunter Court—even that magnificent residence, and the society of his brother Sammy and his sister Bessie were preferable to this!

Bunter felt that he was a very hard-used youth. For some reason inexplicable to Bunter, the other fellows were thinking about Smithy, and seemed utterly regardless of a much more important person.

Kikolobo seemed tireless.

Now that he was sure of the trail again he strode on ahead, with eager eyes and ready spear, as if his sinewy limbs were incapable of fatigue.

The juniors had hard work to keep up with him, and every now and then they turned to call to Bunter, who lagged more and more behind.

They were following a narrow track, and the tall grass almost met over their heads. Every now and then Billy Bunter dropped out of sight, and came plugging on again as they called.

"For goodness' sake, Bunter, don't hang behind!" exclaimed Wharton. "Put it on, you duffer!"

"Beast!"

"If you lose sight of us—"

"Rotter!"

"Buck up, old fat man!"

"Yah!"

"We're leaving plenty of tracks," said Johnny Bull. "Even that potty porpoise couldn't miss our trail."

"Beast!"

The juniors tramped on. As Bob Cherry called to him again the Kikuyu glanced back.

"O Bwana, let not your voice be heard," he said, "for now the tracks are very fresh, and the evil Mzungu may hear with his ears."

And the Greyfriars fellows tramped on in silence. Warily behind them plugged the fat Owl of the Remove. It was like Bunter to lag more and more when he was no longer called by the fellows in advance.

The rustle of the grass ahead died out of Bunter's hearing. He plugged on, slower and slower. Only the fear of being left alone in the jungle kept him from sitting down to rest.

As Johnny Bull had said, the numerous party left tracks enough for even Bunter to follow with ease, if he kept his eyes on them.

But Bunter was not thinking of that; he was thinking of his fatigue, of his hunger, and of his many and varied grievances.

He plugged on regardless, and did not even notice when he plugged into another jungle path, and lost the track he was following.

Quite unconscious of the fact that he was no longer bringing up the rear of the safari, Billy Bunter plugged on wearily, never dreaming that every step was now taking him farther and farther from his friends.

How many miles crawled by under his lagging feet the fat Owl did not know; but he felt as if they were millions.

Still under the impression that the juniors and the Kikuyu were a little distance ahead of him, he rolled dismally on.

Then one comfort, at least, came to the tired and hapless Owl. The hot jungle, the buzzing flies, the high, suffocating grass, came to an end, and he rolled with a grunt of relief under the spreading branches of a cedar-tree. Beyond lay an open forest, a bewildering succession of trunks, with here and there patches of underwoods.

Bunter had, as a matter of fact, struck the cedar forest where the camp of the slave-trader lay, though at a considerable distance from the spot where Krantz and Vernon-Smith had entered it.

The shade of the trees was grateful and comforting, and the cedar forest was cool after the baking heat of the jungle. Bunter was conscious, for a minute or two, only of the relief.

Then it suddenly occurred to his fat brain that the safari were not in sight ahead; he could see to some distance

among the trees, but he could see nothing of Harry Wharton & Co.

It did not yet occur to him that, from sheer laziness and obtuseness, he had missed the track, and that the party were no longer ahead. But it did occur to him that he had lagged not wisely but too well, and that the juniors were a long way ahead, out of sight and hearing.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He opened his mouth to shout, and closed it again. He remembered the words of the Kikuyu—and he did not want the "evil Mzungu" to "hear with his ears."

"Oh lor'!" groaned Bunter. "Beasts! Rotters! Leaving a fellow behind! I jolly well asked them to carry me, too! Beasts!"

He rolled on, taking the trouble, at last, to look for sign of footsteps ahead of him. He was not likely to find the trail of the Greyfriars fellows, who were distant by that time, on another route.

Up and down and round about, among the bewildering trunks of the cedars, went the hapless Owl, blinking desperately round for a sign of his friends, or of their footprints.

It was borne in upon his fat mind that he was lost, but he dared not realise it. He wandered on and on desperately, almost forgetting his fatigue in his growing terror.

Suddenly, glimmering among the trees, he caught sight of an object that made him start and stare.

It was a tent, pitched under the branches of a tall cedar.

Bunter halted.

A tent might mean white men—some safari in the wilderness. It was not likely that natives would be using a tent. But Bunter was too terrified to forget caution. If he had hit on the camp of a white man's safari, he was in luck. Help and rescue were at hand—and the Greyfriars party, so far as Bunter was concerned, might go and eat coke. But the fat Owl had to be sure before he showed himself.

With great caution he tiptoed among the trees, stealthily approaching the tent, blinking to and fro uneasily through his big spectacles. And suddenly, with a spasm of terror, he halted and dodged behind a cedar, as a voice came to his ears. It was the voice of Ludwig Krantz.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Smithy!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH opened his eyes.

He had fallen asleep, leaning on the tree to which he was bound. It was a rough shake that awakened him.

He stared up at the coppery face and light blue eyes of Krantz.

The slave-trader gave him a savage grin. The bitter rage in the Bounder's look seemed to entertain the ruffian.

"You hound!" muttered Vernon-Smith.

His glance passed the trader, scanning eagerly the openings among the trees that closely surrounded the camp.

Krantz gave a chuckle.

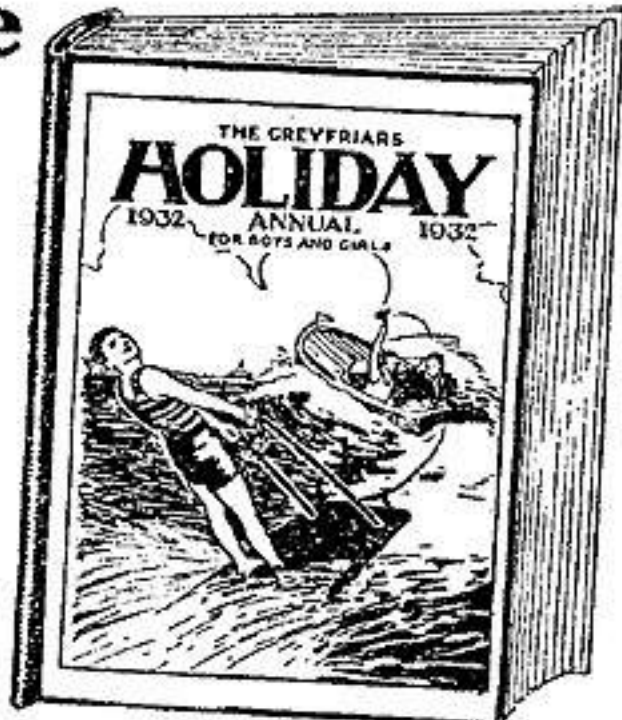
"Are you looking for your friends?" he asked. "Do you fancy that a party of schoolboys could follow you so far?"

The Bounder did not reply. His hope was in the Kikuyu; but it seemed to him now that Kikolobo had failed him. There was despair in his heart, and it showed in his face.

"If you dream of rescue, give up your

A Budget of Ripping School and Adventure Yarns

You will revel in the budget of ripping school yarns and thrilling adventure stories of The HOLIDAY ANNUAL. Each tale will hold you enthralled. Here you can meet all the jolly schoolboy characters of Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood schools, whose exciting exploits cannot fail to entertain. There are lots of other interesting features, too, including pithy poems, puzzles, a play in verse and eight beautiful plates.



HOLIDAY ANNUAL

On Sale Tuesday, September 1st

6/- net

dream!" jeered Krantz. "You will never see your friends again, unless they join you to share the same fate. Do you fancy that they are still seeking you?"

"I know they are!"

"Let them but remain in the jungle, and I ask nothing better," said Krantz, with a savage grin. "Each of them will fetch a price, in the heart of Africa—even the little fat one, if only for the cooking-pot."

"You will not catch them napping, as you did me," said the Bounder contemptuously, "and you dare not face the Kikuyu."

Krantz gave him a black scowl. Smithy was right; the slave-trader feared Kikolobo. It was his fear of the Kikuyu that had caused him to take so many precautions in concealing his trail from pursuit.

"The Kikuyu is a great hunter, the most famous native hunter in Kenya," said Krantz. "But the wildest hunters have been caught in traps, my young Herr. Let the safari but remain in the jungle, and I am content. I leave you now; but before this hour to-morrow I shall return—and I shall not return alone. Let them but remain in the jungle seeking you—" He gritted his teeth, and the light blue eyes glittered.

The Bounder felt a chill.

He knew, from what his father had told him, that the half-blood German was the leader of a gang of slave-raiders in Central Africa. It was his intention to call that savage crew to his aid, in dealing with the safari. From Nairobi to the Milsom plantation, from the plantation to the wilderness, he had followed the Greyfriars party; and unconsciously they had played into his hands by penetrating farther and farther towards the interior, far from the settlements.

That Harry Wharton & Co. would not abandon the search for him, the Bounder was quite assured; still more assured that Kikolobo would never give up the hunt. There was no doubt that they would remain in the jungle seeking him, and on the morrow Krantz would return with a gang of lawless Arabs to deal with them.

"You are sure that they will not give up the search for you?" grinned Krantz. "Ach, that is good! Let them but remain one more day in the jungle, and I ask no more."

He chuckled and turned away.

The Bounder's heart was heavy. The slave-trader feared Kikolobo; but with a crew of savage Arabs at his heels, he would not fear him. Death to the faithful Kikuyu; slavery in the heart of Africa to the Greyfriars chums—that was the programme marked out by the half-blood trader, and he counted upon certain success. And it was borne in upon the Bounder's mind that the ruffian would triumph.

Krantz spoke in Arabic for a few minutes to the squat ruffian Ali. Then picking up his rifle he turned away, and disappeared into the trees. He did not take the direction by which he had entered the cedar forest. His way lay to the west, towards the untrodden wilderness.

He disappeared from sight in a few moments.

Ali, with a grin on his black face, stooped over the Bounder and examined his bonds. Having assured himself that the prisoner was safe, the Arab left him. Neither food nor drink was given to the prisoner; but the Bounder cared little. He was recovering a little now

from his fatigue, and his senses were keen and on the alert. Still hoping against hope, he scanned the surrounding trees again and again, longing for the sight of a friendly face. There was a chance—surely there was a chance—that the Kikuyu would trail him down and save him, though Krantz had obviously dismissed it as impossible.

Ali, after assuring himself that the prisoner was secure, passed into the tent.

The Bounder heard a gurgling sound of drinking from a leather flask, which hinted that this follower of the prophet was not strictly obedient to the prophet's behests in the matter of strong drink.

Then he heard the Arab sprawl on his rugs, and a few minutes later there was a sound of heavy breathing from the tent.

With an exertion of all his strength, Vernon-Smith wrenched at his bonds. If he could but get loose, he had his chance, while the Arab was sleeping, now that Krantz was gone.

But there was no chance. The effort sent throbs of bitter pain through his aching arms, and he desisted, panting, throbbing with pain.

There was no hope—unless his friends found him. And the sun was sloping to the west. When night came, they could not even seek him, and night was coming soon.

The Kikuyu would find him. He told himself again and again that the Kikuyu would find him. But if he did not find him before the morrow—

On the morrow Krantz would be back, with his crew of ruffians of all the mongrel races of Central Africa. And he had said, and meant, that he asked nothing better than that the safari should remain in the jungle, seeking their lost comrade.

The Bounder could have groaned aloud.

If only he had been more wary; if only he had guessed that the half-blood was still on the trail of vengeance, and had not allowed himself to be caught napping. But it was useless to think of that.

As the sun sank lower westward, lower towards the wilderness of the Congo, he watched the lengthening shadows between the trees, and his heart and his hope sank with the sun.

And then suddenly, strangely, amazingly, there came a whispering voice from behind the tree to which he was bound.

"Smithy!"

The Bounder started violently.

He had hoped to see the Kikuyu—he had longed to see Harry Wharton & Co.; but he had never given a thought to Billy Bunter. If he had thought of Bunter at all, he would have thought of him only as a burden on the rescuers, clogging their movements—as indeed he was. But the Kikuyu had not come—the juniors had not appeared—and it was Bunter's fat voice that he heard whispering from behind the cedar.

He doubted, for a moment, whether he was dreaming; whether his feverish fancy was deceiving him. It could not be Bunter—how could Bunter be there?

"Smithy!"

Again that cautious, scared whisper. And a fat figure rolled out from the dusk of the cedar, and stood before the Bounder's startled, staring eyes. And Vernon-Smith's heart gave a sudden leap, and his eyes shone.

"Bunter!" he whispered softly. "Bunter! Quiet, old man! Cut me

loose—but quiet! There's an Arab in the tent—sleeping—quiet! Cut me loose, Bunter, old chap."

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Mouse and the Lion!

BILLY BUNTER was shaking from head to foot.

The peril he was in might have daunted a bolder heart than Bunter's, and the Owl of the Remove was never bold, except when peril was at a safe distance.

But somewhere in Billy Bunter, somewhere hidden deep under his layers of fat, there was a little bit of British pluck. It was not, perhaps, much, but it was enough to leaven the whole lump.

Bunter was frightened—sorely scared. The mere sound of Ludwig Krantz's voice had almost frozen the blood in his veins. When he had heard it, he had crouched low, and scarcely breathed. Probably, had the ferocious half-blood remained in the camp, Bunter would have stolen away on his hands and knees and vanished into the forest. At all events, he certainly never would have approached nearer the camp.

But he heard the half-blood's words; he heard him go, and saw the burly slave-trader disappear. Ludwig Krantz was gone, and Bunter could see that only the squat Arab remained.

Crouching behind a tree, hidden by a mass of flowering shrubs, Bunter watched, uncertain what to do—not even daring to retreat lest the Arab should hear him. Save for a knife, he was unarmed, and the Arab had a rifle and a dagger. It would not have been much use for Bunter to show himself, even had he possessed the courage required—which he certainly did not. But after Ali had gone into the tent, Bunter's courage, such as it was, revived.

In the deep silence of the cedar forest he could hear the deep breathing from the tent, and he ventured to creep a little nearer. There was only one man in the camp, and he was asleep in the tent. And he could see Herbert Vernon-Smith bound to the tree, a few yards from the tent. Yet for a long time Bunter hesitated, his fat heart failing him. A savage brute like Ali would sleep lightly; he would waken at a sound, and if he saw Bunter—

It was to Bunter's credit that he did make up his fat mind at last. For the peril was great; he had no chance whatever, if the Arab in the tent awakened. He was risking death, or joining Vernon-Smith in his captivity, to be sold into slavery. It was no wonder that the fat Owl hesitated long; but the steady breathing from the tent did not slacken or change, and at last the fat junior took his courage in both hands, as it were, and tiptoed towards the cedar to which Smithy was bound.

Several times, as he crept nearer, his fat heart failed him; but there was no sign of Ali awakening, and that little bit of British pluck that was hidden under his fat somehow sustained him.

He reached the cedar; but it was a long minute before he ventured to whisper to Smithy.

Then, as he rolled into view, his eyes bulged through his big spectacles in the direction of the tent.

His fat heart was thumping almost to suffocation.

Ali awakened—

He hardly heard the Bounder's eager whisper. He shivered as he listened in horrid dread for a sound from the Arab. But only the steady breathing came.

"Bunter!" Vernon-Smith whispered again—barely audible, for he knew that the game was up if Ali awakened. "Bunter! Quick, old man! You've got a knife! Once I'm loose, I can handle that villain! Quiet—and quick!"

Billy Bunter pulled himself together. He drew the hunting-knife from his belt. Bunter rather fancied himself with a hunting-knife, though it had only been used, so far, for slicing bananas and plantains and other fruits, and cutting dhurra cakes. But it came in very useful now.

His fat hand shook as he drew the edge of the knife across the rope that fastened Smithy to the cedar.

The rope fell apart.

Stooping over the Bounder, Bunter sawed at the cord knotted round his wrists.

He looked over a fat shoulder towards the tent as he did so, in terror of an awakening Arab.

Smithy suppressed a cry of pain as the knife gashed his wrists. The fat Owl really needed to look at what he was doing.

"Bunter—careful, you fool!" breathed Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Quiet—quick!"

Vernon-Smith's eyes were on the tent, so near at hand, almost in anguish. This chance—this amazing and miraculous chance—had come. But all was lost if Ali awakened in time. The terror and obtuseness of the fat Owl were wasting priceless moments.

Bunter sawed at the cord. Strand after strand parted. The knife, of course, was blunt; it had been keen enough when given to Bunter, but Bunter was not the fellow to keep anything in order. He sawed and sawed; and more than once the skin was cut as the knife zigzagged in Bunter's uncertain hand. The Bounder set his teeth hard.

But the cord was through at last. The fragments fell to the ground and the Bounder was free.

He was free; but at the first movement the pain that shot through his numbed arms almost made him faint, and he barely suppressed a scream.

But he did suppress it, and he sat still, with gritted teeth. He could not stir yet—it would be minutes, at least, before he could use his arms—and every minute was precious.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Get up, Smithy! Let's bunk before he wakes up!" he breathed.

"I—I can't—yet!" the Bounder whispered low. "Give me the knife, and get out of sight—in case that villain wakes!"

"Better get up—"

"Fool!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Get out of sight!" hissed the Bounder in an agony of apprehension. "Hide—quick! Give me the knife and hide!"

He heard a stirring in the tent.

Bunter passed the knife into his hand and slid behind the cedar. At the first sound of stirring from the tent the fat junior was only too willing to hide.

He crouched behind the tree, his fat heart thumping.

Vernon-Smith sat still, placing his arms together as if they were still bound, the knife hidden in his jacket.

It was dusky under the cedars, and if Ali looked out of the tent he might not

notice that the prisoner's bonds had been removed if he saw him unchanged in position.

The Arab was stirring.

Some faint sound, perhaps, had reached the man, who slept almost as lightly as a wild animal.

Smithy saw the dark, turbaned head emerge from the opening of the tent; the black eyes glittered at him. Bunter had only been in time.

Smithy sat quite still.

There was no suspicion, only the caution of a man as wary as a wild beast of the jungle, in the look of the Arab.

Certainly, he did not suspect that the prisoner had been cut loose. His black eyes glittered at the Bounder for a moment, and then flashed round at the dusky trees. If he had heard a sound he probably fancied that some animal was snuffing round the camp, perhaps a jackal hunting for offal. He seemed to hesitate whether to leave the tent; but finally he stepped out, his rifle in his hand.

"Bismillah!" the Bounder heard him mutter; and muttered words followed that he did not understand.

The Arab stepped away from the tent, glancing round him, with the wary suspicious eyes of one accustomed to constant danger. For two or three minutes he stared about him, among the deepening shadows of the cedars. Then he seemed satisfied and moved back towards the tent.

If only he settled down to sleep again! The Bounder longed to see him pass into the tent.

But it was towards the prisoner that the Arab came. Before going back to sleep he was going to assure himself that the prisoner was safe. The Bounder's heart beat almost to suffocation as he read his intention. As soon as the squat scoundrel bent over him he would see that the ropes had been cut.

Smithy's hand closed convulsively on the handle of the knife hidden in his pocket. His arms still ached and throbbed; but he could use them now; he had to use them now. In a moment more—

Ali bent over him.

Smithy, in the dusk, caught the startled flash in his eyes as he discerned the cut ropes. But before Ali could realise that he was loose, the Bounder's hand flashed out with the knife in it, and he struck desperately at the swarthy face bending over him.

The Arab staggered back, with a scream, as the knife gashed across his dark face. It was neck or nothing now. Smithy was on his feet with the spring of a leopard, leaping on the man, and striking again. The Arab fell to the earth, the rifle clattering a yard away.

Vernon-Smith leaped at the rifle.

He clutched it up, dropping the knife. In a twinkling he clamped the butt to his shoulder, his finger on the trigger, the muzzle bearing full on the Arab at point-blank range.

Crack!

The Arab was scrambling to his feet, spitting with rage, when the bullet struck him.

He plunged over on the earth.

The Bounder, his teeth gritting, his eyes ablaze, reversed the rifle and leaped at the sprawling Arab, the heavy butt swinging in the air.

The wounded Arab squirmed away like a snake, barely escaping the crashing blow from the rifle-butt.

He would not have escaped the next had he not leaped away into the trees. The Bounder rushed after him, with the rifle-butt uplifted for another blow. The Arab turned on him for a second,

his eyes mad with rage. But his right arm hung useless, from the bullet that was buried in his shoulder—and there was death in the blow that was coming. He turned and leaped away again and raced away among the cedars.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I say, Smithy— Oh crikey!"

For a moment the Bounder was about to rush in pursuit. But he realised the futility of that, and he stopped. The Arab vanished among the Cedars, leaving a crimson trail on the earth as he went.

Vernon-Smith plunged into the tent.

"Smithy! I say, Smithy—"

The Bounder did not heed. He was hunting for cartridges, and he quickly found them and reloaded the rifle. He was ready now for the slave-hunter if he returned.

But there was no sign of Ali returning. He was disarmed and disabled by his wound, and he was losing no time in getting to a safe distance from the Feringhee who had so unexpectedly turned the tables on him.

Vernon-Smith dropped the butt of the rifle to the ground, and stood breathing hard, his eyes shining.

Billy Bunter blinked round uneasily.

"I—I say, Smithy, let's bunk!" he gasped. "Suppose—suppose he comes back—"

"I wish he would!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"We're all right now, fathhead!"

"I—I say, that beast Krantz might come back—"

"No such luck!" said Vernon-Smith. "By gum, I'd be jolly glad to see him again, now I've got a rifle in my hands!"

"Oh crikey!"

There was little chance of Krantz hearing the shot and returning; by that time the slave-trader was far out of hearing. He had been gone more than an hour before Bunter had screwed up his courage to get busy.

The Bounder would have been glad enough to see him, in the changed circumstances; a feeling that was not in the least shared by William George Bunter.

"Well, we'd better bunk, old chap," said Bunter. "I say, we'd better look for the fellows. The silly fools lost me somehow—"

"They're hunting me, of course?" asked Smithy.

"Yes, and the silly asses missed me somehow."

"Do you mean you wandered away and lost yourself?"

"Beast!"

"Have you any idea where they are?" demanded the Bounder impatiently. "We've got to join up again. Are they far away?"

"I don't know! That nigger was picking up your trail, and the fellows fancied he would find you. Not likely, without my help."

"What?"

"Well, they haven't found you, and I have," said Bunter. "I say, Smithy, you feel sure that Arab beast won't come back?"

"Yes, ass."

"I wonder if he's got any grub here?" Vernon-Smith gave the fat Owl a glare. Then he laughed.

"Plenty of grub here, I believe," he said. "Look here, Bunter, if you were with the other fellows, they can't be far away. Most likely they would hear a shot! I'll try it on, at any rate."

"I say, somebody else might hear—"

"I'll chance that!"

"Well, I don't want a lot of can-nibals—"

"Idiot!"



Vernon-Smith, his eyes ablaze, reversed his rifle and leaped at the sprawling Arab, the heavy butt swinging in the air. The wounded Arab squirmed away, barely escaping the crashing blow!

"If that's what you call gratitude, Smithy, after I've saved your life——"
"Cheese it!"

The Bouncer fired the rifle into the branches overhead. There was a good supply of cartridges, and he proceeded to load and fire the rifle at intervals of one minute. If the Greyfriars fellows were within sound of a shot, they would know that it was a signal of some sort; though they were certainly not likely to guess who was handling the rifle. At least, it might draw them to the spot to investigate.

Crack, crack, crack! echoed far through the forest and across the jungle, in the deepening darkness.

"I say, Smithy——"

"Don't bother!"

"I've found some grub——"

"Scoff it, then, and shut up!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter sat down and ate. There was dried goat's flesh, and dhurra bread, and bunches of plantains, and other things—and all was grist that came to Billy Bunter's mill. The Bouncer stood cracking off the rifle; and Billy Bunter sat, and ate, and ate, and ate!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Surprise!

"**B**WANA, my eyes see no more!"
The tall Kikuyu stood leaning on his spear in the jungle path.

Darkness had fallen on the jungle. The expression on Kikolobo's face, in

the gloom, was grim and savage. There was dark disappointment in the faces of the juniors.

They were weary to the bone, and glad to rest. But their thoughts were with the prisoner of the slave-trader. Weary as they were, they could have pushed on. But when the keen eyes of the Kikuyu could read sign no longer, it was useless.

How even the eagle-eyed hunter had picked up the trail so far was a mystery to Harry Wharton & Co., accustomed as he was to tracking lion and leopard.

It was evident that the slave-trader had feared his skill, for he had been careful to leave little sign. Sometimes the way lay by the jungle-paths trodden by the feet of wild animals; sometimes it was lost in barely marked tracks; sometimes it led through thick cane-brake.

Even the Kikuyu had been at a loss many times; but always he had picked up the trail again, sooner or later, and they had pressed on.

Time had been lost; they were many hours behind the man whose trail they followed. But so long as they could follow, they hoped. Now, with the blotting out of light in the sudden tropical nightfall, the trail was lost.

Stars came glinting out in the dark blue vault of sky over the whispering jungle. Faintly from afar came voices of beasts that stirred with the night—the chuckling yell of the hyena, the long-drawn howl of the jackal; and deeper, more terrible, the echoing roar

of Simba. The juniors did not heed them.

"Then the trail's lost, Kikolobo?" asked Harry.

"Bwana, even the eyes of N'gai could read nothing now that Usiku, the night, has come," said Kikuyu moodily.

"But—at dawn——"

"When Siku, the day, comes, Bwana, all will be well," said Kikuyu; "the eyes of this Kikuyu are keen as the eyes of T'iu, and his feet are as swift and tireless as the feet of Simba. And I, Kikolobo, will follow the evil Mzungu, and save the Bwana who saved me from the lion, even if the spoor leads me beyond the great waters of the lakes, and into a land where no Kikuyu has trodden! But we must wait for Siku, the day."

"Nothing doing, you men," said Bob. "We've got to wait! I—I wish that fat duffer Bunter was here."

"He may be rolling in yet," said Harry uneasily. "He must be following us."

It was some time since the juniors had discovered that Bunter was no longer plugging on behind. But it was impossible to turn back for him. Even if they had abandoned the pursuit of the slave-trader to hunt for the irritating Owl, the Kikuyu would not have turned back. Kikolobo's thoughts were concentrated on the Bwana who had saved him from the lion, and he had little concern to waste on the Small Fat

One. They could only hope that Bunter was still following, though at a distance.

The tall Kikuyu stood leaning on his spear, dark and moody.

In the light of dawn, he had no doubt of picking up the trail again; and the juniors had no doubt. But it was bitter to wait, unknowing what might be happening to the Bounder.

The Kikuyu, seemingly tireless, stood like a black statue in the gloom; the juniors sat down to rest. They were tired, and they were hungry; but they had little food with them; most of the supplies had been with the porters who had carried the baggage, and the baggage had been thrown aside and scattered when the natives fled from the gorilla.

It was not an enviable state of affairs for the Greyfriars safari; but the juniors were not thinking of themselves. They were thinking of their comrade in the grip of the vengeful slave-trader; and thinking, too, of the hapless Owl wandering in the jungle paths.

Weary as they were, there was likely to be little sleep for them.

Suddenly, from the deep silence, came a sound—a sound that was familiar to their ears. It was the distant crack of a rifle.

The juniors started to their feet.

They saw the tall Kikuyu start, and bend his dusky head to listen.

Silence followed the shot.

"Who the thump—" muttered Bob Cherry. "If Bunter had had a rifle; but he hadn't—"

Wharton set his teeth hard. If the slave-trader, weary of cumbering himself with a prisoner—

He drove the terrible thought from his mind.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There it is again!"

Crack, crack, crack, crack!

At intervals of a minute, the rifle-shots rang. The juniors listened in amazement. Obviously, it was not fighting that was going on; the regularity of the shots showed that it could only be a signal of some kind.

Wharton turned to the tall, dark figure in monkey-skins.

"Kikolobo! What—"

"Bwana, my ears hear!" said Kikolobo. "But this Kikuyu does not understand. But we shall see with our eyes, O Bwana!"

The tall Kikuyu swung into motion again.

Harry Wharton & Co. followed him. The shots still rang regularly, and the sound was an easy guide.

That it was signalling, was certain, and the juniors could only surmise that it might be signalling by Krantz or some of his associates. If it was that, they asked nothing better; they only wanted to get in touch with the slave-trader again.

Puzzled and wondering but hopeful, they pressed on after the swift-striding Kikuyu.

From the dusky jungle they passed into the deeper darkness of a cedar forest. The ringing shots were closer at hand now; and among the dim trunks of the bewildering trees they caught the flashing of the rifle.

There was a sudden shout from the Kikuyu. It was a roar of amazement and joy.

"Bwana-wangu! O Bwana-wangu!" He broke into a run, racing and winding among the trunks of the cedars.

"What the merry thump—" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"It can't be—"

"Bwana-wangu means 'my lord,' or something of the sort! It can't be Smithy—"

"Come on!"

The juniors tore after the Kikuyu. "Bwana!" Kikolobo was shouting.

"O Bwana! Bwana-wangu!" It seemed as if the Kikuyu could see in the dark, for the juniors had discerned nothing but the flashes of the rifle.

They rushed on.

"Smithy!" yelled Bob Cherry.

The starlight fell among the cedars. It glimmered on the tent—and on the Bounder—rifle in hand. It glimmered on a fat figure that sat on a log, with its mouth full. But for the moment the Famous Five did not see Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Smithy!"

"Smithy, old chap—"

"What the dickens—where's that villain Krantz—what—"

"O Bwana-wangu!" murmured Kikolobo, and he dropped on his knees and touched the Bounder's feet with his forehead. "O Bwana-wangu, this Kikuyu has found you, and sees you with his eyes, and hears you with his ears!"

"Good old Kicky!" chuckled the

Bounder. "Jolly glad to see you fellows! Krantz has gone—"

"But what—how—"

The juniors surrounded the Bounder, as amazed and joyful as the Kikuyu. It was an utterly unexpected and very joyous end to the long and weary trail. They stared round the camp, but there was no sign of an enemy. But from the log the fat figure rose, its mouth still full. Bunter crammed in another banana before he spoke; Bunter was not a fellow to waste time in such important matters.

"I say, you fellows—"

"BUNTER!" shrieked Bob Cherry. He stared at the fat junior as if it had been the ghost of the fattest fellow at Greyfriars.

"Bunter!" said Harry Wharton blankly.

"How on earth did Bunter get here?" gasped Nugent. "Are we dreaming this?"

"That fat idiot!" said Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows, it's all right," said Bunter, blinking at them through his big spectacles. "Rather lucky you wandered away from me, as it's turned out!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"You'd have been rather in the way when I rescued Smithy!" explained Bunter.

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"You see, I considered that it was up to me," said Bunter calmly. "You fellows were rather a lot of duds, and that nigger wasn't much good—and the fact is, I took it in hand. I thought, on the whole, I'd better look for Smithy and—and rescue him—"

"Great pip!"

"And I've done it!" said Bunter. "Mind, I didn't lose the track and wander here just by chance—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. I say, you fellows, the best of it is, that there's plenty of grub here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Kikuyu gave Bunter a strange look. Evidently, the fat junior, lost and wandering, had blundered on the camp in the cedar forest, while the unerring Kikuyu was still following the winding trail in the jungle.

"O Small Fat One," said the Kikuyu. "By what strange chance did you find your way to the Bwana?"

Bunter sniffed.

"Well, I jolly well found him, and you jolly well didn't!" he said. "Not much chance about it, either. I say, you fellows, you'd better camp here. There's plenty of grub, and I may as well tell you plainly that I'm not going to take another step. I've rescued Smithy, and that's enough! I say, I'm going to have the tent!"

"Good old Bunter!" chuckled Bob.

The Kikuyu built a camp-fire, and the juniors gathered round it to supper. Bunter, his supper over, rolled into the tent to sleep, while the other fellows sat round the camp-fire and listened to what Smithy had to tell them. There was, as Bunter had said, plenty of "grub," and the hungry juniors were glad enough to dispose of it. The fire-light gleamed on a circle of happy faces; while Billy Bunter dreamed a happy dream of a spread in a Remove study at Greyfriars, and smiled in his slumber.

THE END.

(The next thrilling book-length complete yarn in this holiday-adventure series is a winner all the way. Make certain you read "THE JUNGLE HIKERS!"—out next Saturday.)

MOST ASTOUNDING TALE OF THE CONGO EVER WRITTEN!



LEGEND had it that there was a tribe of speaking Apes in the heart of the Congo, but Bob Carter didn't believe it, until he met the Apes face to face.

Then, for him, began the most amazing adventures of his life—as the prisoner-guest of

"KINKO, KING OF THE APES!"

A schoolmaster to the Ape Tribe . . . A soldier in the ranks of the Apes' Fighting Force . . . These are only two of the astounding experiences of the boy hunter. You simply gasp as you read each chapter of thrills.

Start reading "KINKO, KING OF THE APES!" to-day in the

RANGER

2d. NOW ON SALE 2d.

HIGH JINKS' REST CURE!



Smashing Complete Story
of the Wild West.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

High is Determined!

BRANDING was taking place on the old Leanin' L Ranch.

In the home corral was a seething mass of longhorns, looking like a confused jungle of bucking backs, tossing horns, with a grey cloud of dust over all that made man and beast cough.

For the last couple of days this had gone on from dawn to sunset.

"High" Jinks, sweating like a bull himself, wiped drops from his forehead.

Away in the huge corral "Doc" Low swung a steady rope, driving the calves towards High, who was wielding a branding-iron at the small fire.

Boo-oomp!

Down crashed a calf, expertly roped and thrown; then followed a quick twirl of a branding-iron, and Master Calf went away squealing to find his momma with a neat "L" branded on his hind quarters. Then away Low would tear on his knowing, little cow-pony, plunge into the herd, cut another unbranded calf out and drive it, bucking and squealing, out of the mob. A quick twirl of his lariat, and crash would go the calf. Another rapid swirl of the rope and the animal was hog-tied and helpless, and in less than two minutes was away again looking for his mother.

A speedy pony came galloping down, chasing a fleeing calf—a big 'un—that was going to be a fine bull one of these days. It had blood in its eye, and the cattlemen who were holding the gates of the corral, and keeping tally, cleared for their lives as it came charging through. The light-weight on top of the lithe, little pony did not look fit for the job, as he lay down in the saddle like a flat-race jockey.

As the big bull calf charged down towards the fire a rope swirled out; the bull calf checked as the loop caught its forelegs, then head over heels it tumbled. The rear legs were neatly roped; there was a sizzling sound, a snell of burnt hair, and High Jinks gave the bull calf a kick on the rump to urge it towards its lowing mother.

"A ve-ry neat li'l job for a Britisher!" proclaimed High, as Nippy Nolan, his rancher pal, tumbled off his sweating pony and rushed for the big tub of water, jerked the dipper down, and helped himself to a long drink. "Thirsty, li'l one?"

"Thirsty? Yer long slab o' do nothin'!" panted the Cockney rider. "No, I'm washin' me inside out wi' that so's you shan't 'ave yer cup o' tea. Thirst? I wish I 'ad the same thirst in 'Igh Street, 'Oxton, where they specialise in good drinks, instead

It was peace that High Jinks wanted, but all he got was high jinks!

o' this 'ere Colorado with its wide, open spaces where men are men, and a man can raise a thirst, but not quench it. Hey, 'old up! Who'd yer think yer buttin' into?"

Nippy just saved his pony from being jerked off its legs as Low brought another calf down to be operated on.

"I beg your pardon. I am deeply sorry if I upset your equilibrium, my dear colleague," said the fat cow-puncher, sweeping the Cockney a low bow and removing his dusty old Stetson from his tousled head. "I would not upset you for the—"

Smack went the contents of the

dipper across Low's face, removing in one swoop the grey dust of the corral.

"Tike that, yer bumper an' borer!" cried Nippy. "I can stand a lot o' impudence, but if yer starts gettin' sarcastic with me— Blue me, but yer for it, an' no horror!"

"Hoy, cut that out! And you can call it a day!" yelled Col. Lou Luttrell, from where he was sitting on the corral fence figuring with a pencil in his cattle book. "Boys, yer've done fine, an' that's th' tally! Broke all reco'ds for th' Leanin' L. Seven hundred an' eighty-five calves branded with th' old Leanin' L brand in two days. Yer are a quarrelsome lot o' punchers, but yer sure do git down to business w'en yer means it. On'y three of yer! I call that goin' some!"

"Two an' a Britisher!" High amended, as he accepted a cigarette of Low's rolling. "Cain't raily count that as a man, bawss!"

"True—true, boyee," drawled the boss. "Two men an' a Britisher! How's that, Nippy?"

The little Cockney hooked his leg round the horn of the saddle, lit up, and grinned at the big boss.

"Too old," he replied—"too old a wheeze. Us Britishers know you respec's us—'cos yer can't 'clp it—we 'old our own—"

"And a bit o' somebody else's when yer kin pinch it!" the colonel laughed back. "But, say, boys, yer have all put in a ra'al tough bit o' solid graft, what wi' th' round-up, an' brandin' an' all. What say we saddles up to-morrer mornin' an' goes inter Merrivale an' take a look at this yer circus show? It's stoppin' for another week."

"Hooray! Thank yer, boss! We're on!" yelled Low enthusiastically. "High, git yer pants pressed; have yer

nails manicured; wash yer dial so's yer'll look almost human, and come along!"

High Jinks picked up the branding-iron, examined it contemplatively, shook a long leg, wiped his wiggly, long beak on the back of his hand, and shook his head.

"Me!" he drawled. "Me! I'm not aimin' at seein' no circus. I've heerd all th' orders I want durin' this same round up. Gents, I yearn for rest. I jest wanter put my heels up level with my head, stay put for a hull entire day, an' not hear any feller say: 'High, come an' do some work!' I read a picce in th' paper th' other day, an' it said: 'Relax—stay put an' relax! Stretch yer body; put yer mind at rest.'"

"Crikey! Fancy stretchin' that body!" grinned Nippy. "An' fancy him kiddin' he's got a mind! Whoops, baby, that's the latest!"

No amount of coaxing would move High from his determination, and next morning he lay in his bunk luxuriously watching his pals carefully attire themselves in their best for the excursion. He brought out his accordion, and drew doleful strains from the instrument until at last Nippy, in self-defence, turned on the worn old ranch gramophone.

It wheezed out: "When You G-g-get to the End of a P-p-p-perfect D-d-day—until High threw a boot at it and broke the needle.

"I only 'ope you 'ave a perfect day of peace, Long 'Un," was Nippy's farewell. "Sleep well, an' wo may 'ope to see that schoolgirl complexion improved a bit. Don't forgit to milk th' moo-moos. Kiss th' fowls an' 'ens good-night, and wind up the clock. Ta-ta!"

He bolted as the exasperated lengthy cowboy kicked off the blankets to wreak vengeance on him, and swung himself on his pony with a last "chi-yike" of derision. He galloped down after Low, who had halted near the great, red-painted hogshhead which did duty as a rain barrel. This was the especial property and care of Stinky's, the cook, and woe betide any puncher who dared take a bucketful of the precious soft water without first asking his permission. Incidentally, it served as a sort of rough gauge of the rainfall, an important matter during the dry season.

"How is she, Stinky?" asked Low interestedly.

"Full to th' brim!" announced the cook, as proudly as if he had been responsible for the generous fall. "Gee, but it must ha' rained last night!"

"Yuh'd have said so if yuh'd been out in it!" replied Low, winking at Nippy. "It soaked thru' slickers, groundsheets, an' all, an' once High walked acrost to th' chuck wagon, an' disappeared from view up to his neck in a gopher hole. Didn't he, Nippy?"

"Yeah. First wash 'e's 'ad this year!" lied the Cockney. "Low, don't yer think as the way Stinky 'as painted that there water-butt post office red, it 'as added to th' beauty o' th' landscape?"

"I sure do, Nippy," responded Low, whilst the cook preened himself with a pleased smirk. "Nice, con-spic'ous colour. But then, our Stinky is an artist—more ways 'n one."

"Yuss, 'e 'as a hove for colour. Look at th' cobbler 'e's wearin' now—red shirt, skyblue 'kerchief, them ginger pants wi' th' yaller patch in th' seat,

gamboge shoes, dirty pink socks, an' a slapped him affectionately on the purple nose. Oh, 'e's a hartist hall shoulder. "Do jest as yer please. S'long!"

right. D'yer know what I think 'e's got 'issell up like this for? 'E's goin' to meet 'is Auntie Steppy ag'in down in Merrivale! Ain't cher, Montgomery?"

"No, I'm not!" bellowed the infuriated cook. "You kin both buy yer own blamed lunches now! I had a pie for yer! Go to blazes!"

After a final glance round to see that everything was O.K. on the ranch, Colonel Lou popped his head into the bunkhouse to toss the recumbent High half a dozen cigars.

"Somethin' to smoko sence yuh ain't comin' wi' us," he said, surveying his "top hand" somewhat anxiously. "Sure yer okay, High? Not feelin' bad or sickenin' for somethin'?"

"Not a thing, thank'ee, boss. I'm jest doin' what th' book says. 'Relax! Mind an' body at rest!' That's me for to-day!"

"Aw, that's all right, then!" breathed the boss, with relief. "We'll be back soon arter sundown. I turned out all th' saddle hosses, 'cept ol' Moses. He's th' on'y one thet ain't been workin', so if so be as yuh changes yer mind, use him an' jine us. Oh, by th' way, High! If th' cattle bunches around th' house, jest kind o' drive 'em off, will yuh?"

"I will not, cunnel, do-fint'ly not! I'm a-restin'. If they bunch, let 'em bunch! Chasin' cows is work. 'This is my rest cure!"

"Yuh durned ol' loafer!" The colonel

Greyfriars Heroes.

From Dr. Locke to Trotter, the page, everybody at Greyfriars worships some hero. THE GREYFRIARS RHYMESTER this week reveals the hero of Dr. Locke. (It isn't Dick Turpin.)

No. 1.—Dr. Locke.

*The hero of the reverend Head
Is not a warrior famous;
He's not a clown
Of high renown,
Or such-like ignoramus;
He is a dramatist, instead—
And Sophocles his name is.*

*Long years ago in mighty Greece
This author lived contented;
He wrote five score
Of plays—or more—
Before he was prevented;
Yet still the doctor doesn't cease
To praise the late lamented.*

*They held a contest of the bards
One day, in Athens city;
And made a fuss
Of Æschylus,
Who wrote a pretty ditty;
But Sophocles romped home by yards
And beat him—more's the pity!*

*Though Sophocles can still entice
The student and the swotter,
The Sixth can't bear
This poet fair,
And all vote him a rotter;
"No Sophocles at any price,"
Is gerald Loder's 'mottor?'*

*But with such sentiments as these
The Head would swiftly quarrel;
For him, no man
Since time began,
Had half the poet's moral;
We'll therefore praise old Sophocles
And crown his brow with laurel.*

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Quiet Vocation!

HIGH JINKS heard the boys clattering away from the ranch-yard with a sigh of content. It seemed quiet after they had gone, uncannily quiet, almost, but for the lowing of the herd in the corrals and paddocks. He lit one of the boss' cigars, and lay on his back contentedly puffing smoke up towards the ceiling, and watching the sunlight creep more and more through the eastern windows of the bunkhouse. It was funny how wide awake he felt when he had all the opportunity in the world to sleep. He tried the mind cure.

"It's great to lie hyar snoozin', I'll tell th' cockeyed world; to rec-lax, an' do nothin'—jest REST!"

Two minutes later he leapt from the bunk, pulled on his pants, and went off to the cook's shanty in search of grub. Of course, Stinky had got everything locked up, except some tinned stuff—he was that careful an' tidy. High made a breakfast of sorts off bully beef, some peaches, and the remains of the previous day's biscuits. Then he went and sat on the bunkhouse steps and smoked.

How quiet it was—sorter dead, somehow! He gazed down at the creek. Nothing there but a line of thin willows. Across the flats the sage-grown hills rolled endlessly to the high ranges. It was all drenched in brilliant sunshine, and was a magnificent view; but High Jinks knew it from A to Z, and was sick of it.

"Guess I'll saddle up thet ol' screw an' take a meo-ander along th' creek!" he muttered. "I didn't aim to work; but ridin' ol' Moses is sure a rest cure!"

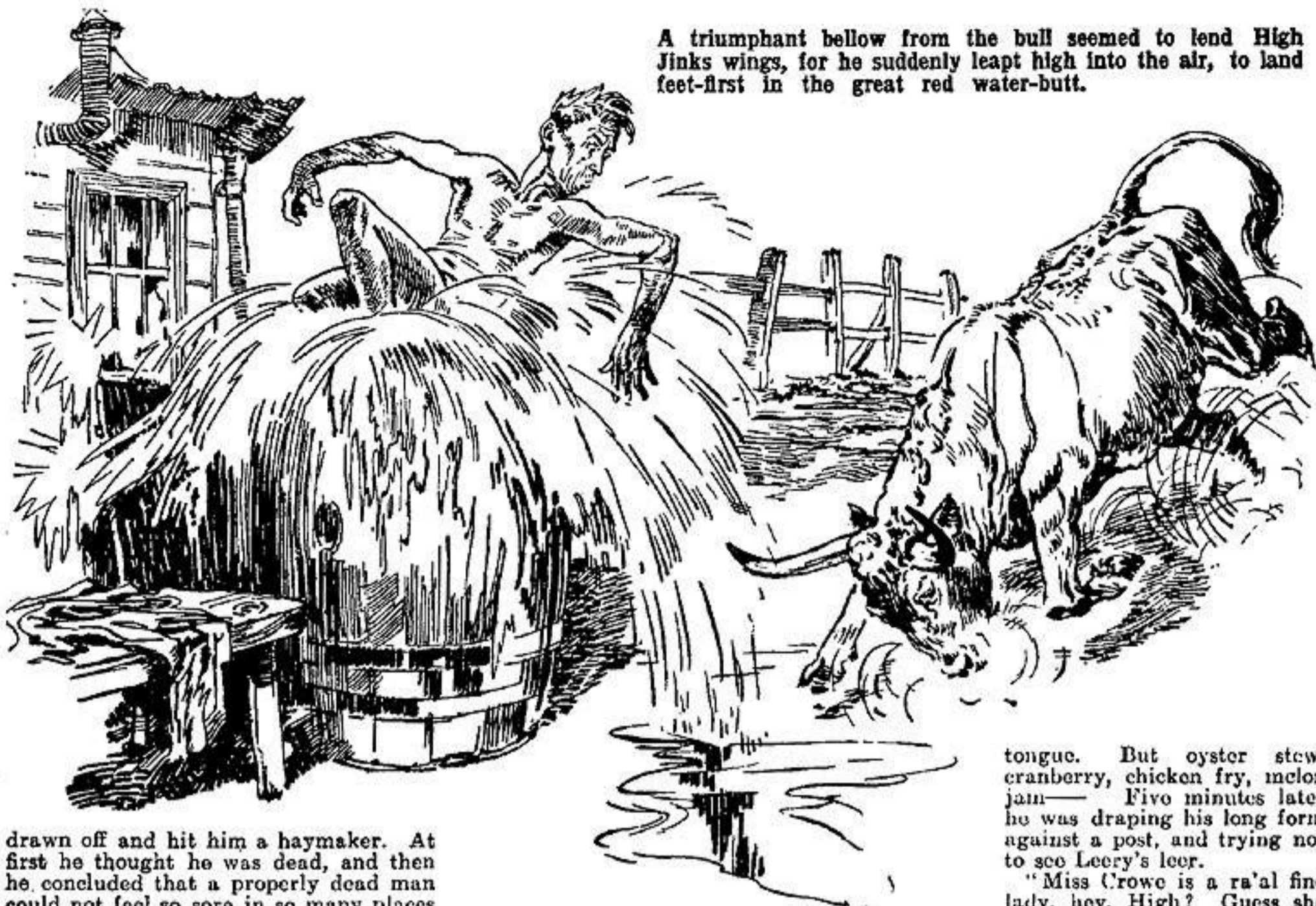
When he entered the stall the old blue roan, sixteen hands high, very high-spirited, its ribs sticking out like slats, laid back its ears, gave a vicious sideways "cow-kick" at him, and tried to bite a piece out of his shoulder. High promptly gave him a tap on the nose to show who was master, threw the blanket across the bony ridge of his back, and put the heavy Mexican saddle on top, drawing the cinches tight whilst Moses grunted protest.

"Yuh durned ol' coyote bait, I'm goin' to make yuh amble if I have to kill yer to git it out'n yer. I b'leave th' bawss on'y keeps yer as a cur'os'ty—yuh oughter be in a museum. C'm up, gran'pa!"

He mounted the dejected-looking steed out in the ranch-yard, casting a sheepish glance around to see that no one was watching him straddle such a disgrace to the name of hoss.

Next second he left the saddle by a good foot, came down in time to meet eleven hundred pounds of horseflesh going up, as old Moses seemed to break in the middle of the spine and then join up again. High Jinks, crack rider at many a rodeo, stuck it for a matter of fifteen seconds, and then left the saddle in a graceful curve—to hit the ground with the back of his head and see one of the finest collection of purple stars outside a firework show.

Disdaining his mount, he had been all unprepared for such an exhibition of vicious, scientific bucking. It was as if an old man of ninety had suddenly



A triumphant bellow from the bull seemed to lend High Jinks wings, for he suddenly leapt high into the air, to land feet-first in the great red water-butt.

drawn off and hit him a haymaker. At first he thought he was dead, and then he concluded that a properly dead man could not feel so sore in so many places at once.

Old Moses, still giving a wonderful good imitation of a real bucking broncho, was cat-jumping and squealing all round the corral, like a three-year-old. When he finally stopped, exhausted and trembling, High approached him warily. But Moses stood docilely enough as he uncinched the saddle and stripped off the blanket.

He rubbed his hand cautiously along its inner surface, where it had met the aged ribbed spine. As he expected, he found a star-shaped sand-burr, hard and spiky.

"Th' cusses! Th' ornery, playful, fat-headed runts! I might ha' broko my neck! Look hyar, yuh Moses, yuh know durned well yer c'ud never have throwed me if I'd been expectin' anythin'! Try any more o' yer capers an' I'll bust yer thick skull in wi' a cow-yoke! Bee-yave! This yer's a holiday!"

It was hot, and it grew hotter as the aged steed ambled aimlessly along by the creek. By the time they returned to the ranch-yard High's face had lost its expression of peace, and he realised that it was only ten o'clock, and that inside two hours he would keenly relish a real, honest to goodness hot dinner. But he hated cooking, and he hated still worse having to wash-up and—

"By jinks—th' Widder Crowe! She's homely as th' side of a house, but by golly sho kin cook! A man's gotta be mighty keerful o' widders; but—yep, I guess I'll chanct it!"

He shaved, dug out his best store clothes from his war-bag, donned a new pair of tight, high-heeled riding-boots, tied a lightning blue silk kerchief round his long neck, gave an approving glance in the cracked shaving mirror, and set out for the seven-mile ride across the flats, to where the Widow Crowe held a small farm.

It was close on noon when they had

jogged the seven miles, and the thought of a good hot beef stew, with maybe apple-pie to follow, and a nice nap in the hammock after—

But as he turned the scattered sheds and sighted the house, he gave a sigh of dismay. Seated on the porch, his long frame stretched at ease on two chairs, was High's pet abomination, Joe Leery—or "Leery Joe" as he was known to the boys; a gangling lout, who owned another ranch on the other side of the ridge, who was more than suspected of cattle rustling and running an illicit whisky still. He was a crafty bully, and High hated him like he hated a skunk. The fellow grinned hatefully as he saw the tall rider, and noted that he was not wearing his six-guns, as he was making a social call on a lady.

High would have turned his aged cayuse and ridden away, but Moses was about done, and also a most alluring smell of fried chicken came from the shack; and who was Leery Joe that he should chase off—

"Why, for th' land's sakes, if it ain't Mister Jinks!" trilled Mrs. Crowe, as she waddled out, wiping floury hands on her apron. "I dee-clar', I'm gettin' quite gay! For nigh on a month not a soul ain't been near me, an' now—two gents at th' same time! I'm ra'al flattered. Stable yer hoss an' set hyar in th' shade along o' Mister Leery. I'm jest makin' a pumpkin pie to foller th' fried chicken, an' thar's oyster stoo, cranberry pie, an' some nice light biscuits wi' melon jam. Jest yuh two gents entertain each other whilst I finishes cookin'—shan't be more'n twenty minnits. Set down, Mister Jinks; yuh two aro friends, I know, an' 'll have a lot to say to each other. Excuse me. My word, this is grand—two gents—tee-hee!"

Too late High remembered that, besides having the reputation of being the best cook in the district, the lady was also known as having the longest

tongue. But oyster stew, cranberry, chicken fry, melon jam— Five minutes later he was draping his long form against a post, and trying not to see Leery's leer.

"Miss Crowe is a ra'al fine lady, hey, High? Guess sho must come from Iowa. Yuh from Iowa, High?" he snuffled.

High hated a man who talked through his nose.

"Texas!" responded that ornament to the One-Star State briefly.

"Huh, 'Texas!' sniffed the other. "Know whar all th' purty gals comes from, High?"

"Yeah—'Texas!' snarled High, fidgeting his fingers.

"Nope. Iowa, purty gals an' ra'al honest to goodness HE-men. Speshully wrastlers. Frank Gotch, champion o' th' States, came from Iowa. Arter him—me! I wuz champion o' Iowa—an' I guess I'm champion o' this State, too!"

"Yer a fibber—I am!" responded High briefly, peeling off his coat. "C'mon!"

He ought to have known better than to take up a challenge of that sort. Leery evidently was a good wrestler or he would never have dared say what he did. But High was boiling. He forgot all about the bruises his tumble had given him, forgot the heat of the day, and the fact that he was calling on a lady. Leery had cast a slur on the fair name of his home State, had bragged, and would have to make good his brag—wrestlin' was on'y a kid's game, anyway. Now, with a six-gun—

In five minutes he realised that wrestling, as Leery understood it, could be a very painful kid's game. Then as the man from Iowa reached for a neck-lock which would have finished the proceedings, his fist came into contact with a perfectly good Texas eye.

In a flash the harmless wrestling bout had changed to a ding-dong, toe-to-toe slugging match with the raw 'uns.

The two were only brought to a senso of things by a scared squawk from Mrs. Crowe, who had come to announce dinner.

In a flash High fell into a clinch.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,229.

"We're jest wrastlin', yer blamed stiff!" he whispered to Leery. "Play up!"

To give him his due Leery did, and they danced around each other like clockwork figures.

"My—but what air yuh two boys a-doin' off?" squeaked the lady. "Fightin'?"

"Jest wrastlin'—jest fun!" panted High, mopping a streaming nose with his lightning blue kerchief, and peering at the widow through an eye that was rapidly closing. "We shan't be t'ree minnits, Mis' Crowe."

At the horse-trough later, as they washed away the worst signs of the damages, Leery panted and gurgled:

"Say, High, yuh know what Mis' Crowe thought we was fightin' over?"

"Nope?"

"She thought—haw, haw!—we wuz fightin' over HER!"

"Gee-whillikins—I never thought o' that!" gasped High. "I wuz on'y thinkin' what a nice quiet vacation I'm havin'!"

That meal was a purgatory, despite the fact that High was starving hungry, for the lady yapped and ogled, whilst Leery leered and sneered.

As soon as he had swallowed the last mouthful High gurgled a lame excuse, wrung his hostess' moist hand, and fled. Once his stiffness had worn off, High headed for home, encouraged old Moses to a fairly brisk canter, and looked forward to a nice long snooze on his bunk in the cool bunkhouse. Then suddenly the old horse shied as a slim form streaked out from under a bunch of greasewood, and again High was nearly thrown.

High thought it was coyote, and unslinging his rope twisted Moses in pursuit. There was a ten-dollar bounty on coyotes. As he reached the spot where the animal lurked, his rope swinging in wide circles, the most overpowering stench met his nostrils, and High felt something wet hit his hand, narrowly missing his face. The same overpowering perfume came hot and strong from his own person.

"Hully gee-raniums—a skunk!" he spluttered, and driving Moses for the creek he hastily threw himself off into the water.

There was nothing else for it. To get the stench of a skunk out of clothing was no easy job. Stripping himself to the buff High watched his best store suit go floating down-stream.

For half an hour he scrubbed himself with sand and grass, then returned to where the aged hoss was nibbling the grass. A hasty sniffing inspection proved that the saddle, trappings, and the steed itself had escaped contamination. Wrapping a spare blanket around him High mounted, and rode on under a broiling sun.

Then Moses went dead lame. It would have been sheer cruelty to ride the old beast farther, and, taking off the heavy saddle and blanket, High turned him loose and started to trudge the rest of the two miles to the ranch on foot. He draped the old Indian blanket over his shoulders to keep off the worst of the sun's rays, and limped painfully homewards.

Entering the home paddocks, he climbed the corral fence, and was walking painfully across, when he heard a frantic bellowing, and from the tail of his eye saw something approaching at express speed. A gigantic Brama bull, one of a herd which had been bought specially for steer riding or "bull-doing" at rodeos, a fierce, rangy, rough beast with wide-spreading horns, was making towards him.

Most Western cattle will attack a man on foot, and High realised that his brightly striped red Indian blanket had got the big brute's temper up. He dropped it and the saddle like a hot coal, and sprinted for the ranch-yard. Behind him the Brama tossed saddle and blanket high in the air, and thundered after him.

To his relief High saw that some of the bars of the fence were down, and he raced for the opening. But the break also would allow the Brama through, and he was making two yards to the long puncher's one. Desperately High cast a wild eye around for a place of safety. Pebbles from behind him cut into his naked back, and he could see a dark shadow with enormous horns on the ground before him.

He skimmed around the end of the house with only a bare six inches to spare, then a triumphant bellow lent wings to his feet, and he leapt high

into the air—to land feet-first in the great red rainwater butt.

Later the boys of the Leanin' L rode homewards, singing at the tops of their voices, after a joyous day in Merrivale.

Colonel Lou let out a yelp as he saw a surging mass of longhorns stamping around the porch.

"Look at that!" he yelled. "I told that long, lazy loafer to keep 'em away from th' house, an' th' blamed fence is broke an' all th' Bramas loose, whilst he's lyin' snoozin'—"

"They'll plumb ruin that thar water-butt. That bull's chargin' it for all he's wuth!" shrieked Stinky. "Drive 'em off, boyees!"

Whooping, with lariats whirling, six-guns popping, the boys scattered the herd and drove them off. Suddenly, before their astonished eyes, a human head peeped over the rim of the butt with wildly staring eyes, followed by lank shoulders. Then a long, skinny leg crooked over, and all that was left of High Jinks fell on to the gravel.

For a long moment they gazed in wonderment, then one and all rocked in their saddles, whooping with laughter, whilst High blinked at them through one eye, the other being purple, black, and shut. He stood for a moment shivering, half frozen, then fairly turned tail and bolted for the bunkhouse, to cover himself with the blankets and warm up.

"Boys, there's a blamed skunk got in hyar some ways!" sniffed Low. "I can smell it!"

"It comes from Lady Godiva's bunk," suggested Nippy. "It'll wear off, after 'e's 'ad 'is bath. Let's 'ave some moosic to celebrate—"

He wound up the gramophone, and the strains of "When You G-g-get to the End of a P-p-perfect D-d-d-day—" wheezed out.

There was a loud yell of fury from the bunk, then the half-naked form of High Jinks leapt out. High seized his old trusty .45 from its hook, six shots rang out, and the gramophone lay in a thousand pieces on the floor.

THE END.

(Don't miss the next adventure of the three puncher pals. It's packed with Wild West thrills and side-splitting laughs!)

"COLUMBUS" PACKET AND STAMP OUTFIT

Actual Contents, Large Columbus stamp, album, Pocket Case, Gauge, 60 different stamps, 2 blocks, 4 large Airmails, mounts. Stamps from Cuba, Wallis, etc. Just send 2d. postage for approvals.—LIBBURN & TOWNSEND (U.S.), LIVERPOOL.

FREE!

GROSE'S, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON.

FOOTBALL JERSEYS
All Colours and Designs.
15/- per doz.
British Made.

Send for Illustrated List. Post Free.

GEO. GROSE & CO., 8, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4.

DON'T BE BULLIED

Some **SPLENDID LESSONS** in **JUJITSU**, interesting articles, etc., **FREE** on application. How to take care of yourself under **ALL CIRCUMSTANCES** without weapons by the Wonderful Japanese Art of Self-Defence. Far better than Boxing. Learn to fear no man. Simply send two penny stamps postage or 1/- for first large Part **NOW** to "Yawara" (Dept. A.P.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Mdx. School in London for Practical Tuition.

BLUSHING, Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness cured or money back! Complete Treatment, 5/- Details, striking testimonials. Free.—L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

STAMMERING. STOP NOW! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars free.—FRANK B. HUGHES, 26, Hart Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **UNION JACK SERIES**, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

MY GREAT OFFER

Write for my free Bargain Lists of the best **ALL-BRITISH** Cycles. **14 DAYS' APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID.** Cash price £3:15:0, or terms. All accessories **FREE.**

Edw. **O'Brien** THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEP 17 COVENTRY.

BLUSHING, SHYNESS, TIMIDITY.—For **FREE** particulars simple home cure send stamp.—**MR. HUGHES**, 26, Hart Street (Room 16), LONDON, W.C.1.

BE TALL Your Height increased in 14 days, or money back. Amazing Course, 5/-. Send **STAMP NOW** for Free Book.—**STEBBING SYSTEM**, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. HARRISON**, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

SOME PEOPLE DREAM OF FORTUNES! OTHERS are content with a little **EXTRA.** Are You? If so, write us for Profitable Spare-Time Work. As Specialists we offer something Better and Different from the ordinary.
AUSTIN DAVIS XMAS CLUBS (T54), Regent St., SHEFFIELD.

300 STAMPS FOR 6d. (Abroad 1/-). including Airpost, Barbados, Old India, Nigeria, New South Wales, Gold Coast, etc.—**W. A. WHITE**, Engine Lane, LYE, Stourbridge

X-RAY SPECIALIST WANTED!
 If this advertisement catches the eye of an X-ray specialist, will he please come to Greyfriars and X-ray William George Hunter for me. I am about to write to my Uncle Claude, and I want to thank him for the truck he sent me in my last hamper. I feel that I ought to know exactly what the hamper contained.
DICK RUSSELL (Remove Form.)

Greyfriars Herald

Edited by
HORACE COKER.

LATEST EXTRA GOOD EDITION

September 5th, 1931.

IF YOU WANT MONEY
 come to Courtfield and interview ISAAC TWISTUM. Office hours, 9-6.
 I. TWISTUM (Moneylender.)

IF YOU WANT TROUBLE
 Go to Courtfield and interview ISAAC TWISTUM. Office hours, 9-6.
 H. QUELCH (Form master.)

A CHAT WITH— HORACE JAMES COKER —YOUR EDITOR

Now that Wharton and the other cheery young sweeps who run this rag are away on holiday, the Editor has given me the job of producing the "Greyfriars Herald," and about time to I always say that the job should have been given to a Vth Form man in the 1st place it was absolutely potty to let a Remooove kid bargain and stick himself forward at the expense of his elders and betters but that's always the way with the Remooove they've got no sense of decency at all the 1st time!

But now that the Editor has been brought to his senses at last and give me the job of editing this paper you can bet your bottom dollar that the circulation of the "Greyfriars Herald" will go up by leaps and bounds and leaps and bounds.

It stands to reason that literary work can never be undertaken by a kid who does not know the last thing about writing or can't do even a spell properly, and as for punctuation why the Remooove kids know no more about punctuation than I do I mean than the man in the Moon and they can't even get the spelling right.

So dear reader you may rest assured that for once in a way you are going to feel your eyes on a really good No. of the "Greyfriars Herald" dash it all I made a blot but that's all right they won't be about to print a blot it's the fault of this rotten pen of Potter's of Potter's rotten pen.

Goodby for the present dear reader as I'm not going to take up all the paper with this Editor's Edit Editorial but I will let you in the other columns.

HORACE JAMES COKER
 (Vth Form)

WHAT COKER WANTS
A WARNING TO FAGGS

(Editor's Note.—Somebody had evidently "got at" this document before it reached our office, for a number of Coker's words were scratched out and other words inserted. We hesitate to say that the writing of these fagg words looks like that of Dick Penfold, because we are not sure, in that case, of course, we must print it just as received.)

Look here, you faggs, I'm not going to stand any more of you, and so I tell you plain. You've only well got to wake up to the fact that I'm the biggest lout and crassest duffer at Greyfriars, and the sooner you do so the better.

I only ask for my proper treatment as a pigeon-brained mung-wump. Every time a fagg meets me out of doors, I desire that the fagg shall kick me as hard as possible.

And when I speak to you, don't dare walk away, but just stop politely and fill my silly mouth up with grass.

I am accustomed to have my claims passed over, but it's got to stop. I absolutely insist that even the 6th form prefects shall hang me up against a tree when they see me, because, if I had my rights, I should be in some sort of home.

Don't forget to call me a burbling freak or a hammer-headed jabber-work next time you see me, because my position in the school entitles me to it. If the Head had any idea of a fellow's capability, he would immediately fling me out on my neck and throw mud at me. As it is, however, I have to be satisfied with being the howlingest shrieking duffer at Greyfriars. Well, I've warned you! Don't forget it!

When Coker invited Greeney and me to a picnic in the country with him, we fell on his neck. We had been on short rations in the study, wishing for Aunt Judy to turn up trumps again, and when at last her hamper came, Coker decided right away to hold a picnic. As there was no cricket that afternoon, Greeney and I said: "Hear, hear! Attaboy, Coker!" There was only one fly in the ointment. Coker proposed to take us on his motor-bike to the picnic place.

Coker's motor-bike is better known than respected. Originally it was a solo machine, but quite lately Coker purchased a side-car, which he could fasten on to the bike and take the three of us together. I'm bound to say that we were relieved by the side-car. It's not so jolly easy to have accidents with a combination machine as when one is riding solo.

We therefore fixed it up that Greeney and the hamper should go in the side-car, and I would ride the bike behind Coker. I have a nerve of steel, so I didn't mind much.

We took the hamper down and fixed it in the side-car, then we wheeled the side-car out into the lane beside the bike, and Coker fixed it on. At least, he fixed it on as you would expect

BESIDE THE SEASIDE

PRIZE POEM
 By
HORACE JAMES COKER.

Beside the seaside she sighed
 (Where she sighed he howled)
 You for this boat, sailor-man? Yo-ho-ho!
 She heard the feller holler:
 "Nothing, fair lady, at all,
 At all, all, all, all, all!"

"I must pay my way to-day," she say.
 She say: "To-day I pay my way.
 Do not turn your back up
 If to you I offer tupp—
 "Pence halfpenny, 'cos it's all I've got—
 Every bit of it is all I've got,
 Got, got, got, got, got."
 The sailor didn't care a job.
 He took the 2d. right away:
 "2d. he made her pay
 To sail the ocean blue, the ocean blue,
 In a canoe."

JOBS FOR JUNIORS

I want a few of you fags to go to Friarfield, Courtfield, Pegg, Lantham, and the surrounding districts to field the balls as I hit them. Blundell is playing me in a Form match next Tuesday.

HORACE COKER.

GREENE GETS LEFT
Sad End to Coker's Outing

Coker to fix it on. He fixed something—goodness only knows what. In fact, he fixed a lot of things. There was only one thing he didn't fix, and that was the side-car.

Greene climbed in, I sat on the pillion, and Coker clambered into the driving seat.

"All right?" he yelled.

"Ready, ay, ready!" we shrieked.

He kicked the self-starter.

Beyond an explosion which shattered every window for six miles round, nothing happened. Coker began fiddling with the engine. Naturally,

THE S. S. C. F.

THE S. S. C. F.
NEW SOCIETY IN THE FIFTH
 Promoted by Coker

Notice is hereby given of a new Society about to be formed in the Vth form. All Vth form men can become members by giving their names either to the President or Secretary. The particulars of the Society are as follows. It is to be called:

SITUATIONS VACANT.
WANTED URGENTLY. A simple, unassuming guy who has plenty of dollars and not too much savvy.
 Apply at any time to FISHER T. FISH, Esq., Study No. 14.

FIFTH FORM BANQUET
Horace the Host—Perhaps

To whom it may concern:
 I have now received a whopping great hamper from my Aunt Judy, and I propose to hold a banquet in my study at 4.30 a.m. to-morrow afternoon. All Vth form men are welcome, but no fags, prefects or vermin need come.

HORACE JAMES COKER.

(Note by Peter Todd.)
 To whom it may concern:
 Take notice all you Fifth Form men that William George Hunter (Remooove) was seen this evening snacking out of Coker's study looking fatter, shinier, and jammier than ever. This means, I take it, that there is just a possibility that the "bankwet" may not be a success.

PETER TODD.

THE BOOLOWOOLOO ISLANDS AGAIN.

GOSLING—TAKE NOTICE!
 You will probably be required to attend a flogging in Big Hall, on Thursday afternoon, so don't make any other arrangements. Joey Banks is coming up to the school on Thursday morning unless I pay him what I owe him. What hopes!

HAROLD SKINNER.

THE SOCIETY FOR SQUASHING CHEEKY FAGGS.
 President: Horace James Coker.
 Secretary: Horace James Coker.
 This Society is formed for the purpose of keeping the faggs in their places, and regging them bald-headed if they show any disrespect to them. Jars and betters. The Society is run upon the lines of the Spanish Inkwit (i. e., "The rules are:
 1. Members shall meet as often as necessary to deal with cheeky fagg and Remoooves.
 2. The Headquarters of the Society shall be in Coker's study.
 3. The Official Torture Chamber of the Society shall be in the Krypt.
 4. The President shall have power to kick out any lout who doesn't behave himself.
 5. Grimacing or hamper-snatching is strictly barred, and any fagg

GIVE YOUR FRIEND SOCKS
 for a birthday present. The best quality and the cheapest prices.
HE WON'T GET SHIRTY
 with our shirts—silk, cotton, woven, and sports shirts to order.
HAVE THE GLOVES ON WITH HIM
 —our gloves are as comfortable as they are handsome, and you will not by giving him our handkerchiefs and neckties!
THE FRIARDALE HOSIERY STORES.



(It was too much to hope that Coker would let this issue go through without one of his celebrated poems—bolder him.—Ed. Magnet)

THE BOOLOWOOLOO ISLANDS AGAIN.
 Oh, my dear friends, the poor cannibals in the Booolwooloo Islands are crying piteously for food, and missionaries are wanted earnestly. Who will volunteer to sacrifice himself in this noble cause? Write to ALONZO TODD, Study No. 7.

WEeping AND WAILING
 Coker to fix it on. He fixed something—goodness only knows what. In fact, he fixed a lot of things. There was only one thing he didn't fix, and that was the side-car.

THE BOOLOWOOLOO ISLANDS AGAIN.

GOSLING—TAKE NOTICE!
 You will probably be required to attend a flogging in Big Hall, on Thursday afternoon, so don't make any other arrangements. Joey Banks is coming up to the school on Thursday morning unless I pay him what I owe him. What hopes!

HAROLD SKINNER.

THE SOCIETY FOR SQUASHING CHEEKY FAGGS.
 President: Horace James Coker.
 Secretary: Horace James Coker.
 This Society is formed for the purpose of keeping the faggs in their places, and regging them bald-headed if they show any disrespect to them. Jars and betters. The Society is run upon the lines of the Spanish Inkwit (i. e., "The rules are:
 1. Members shall meet as often as necessary to deal with cheeky fagg and Remoooves.
 2. The Headquarters of the Society shall be in Coker's study.
 3. The Official Torture Chamber of the Society shall be in the Krypt.
 4. The President shall have power to kick out any lout who doesn't behave himself.
 5. Grimacing or hamper-snatching is strictly barred, and any fagg

GIVE YOUR FRIEND SOCKS
 for a birthday present. The best quality and the cheapest prices.
HE WON'T GET SHIRTY
 with our shirts—silk, cotton, woven, and sports shirts to order.
HAVE THE GLOVES ON WITH HIM
 —our gloves are as comfortable as they are handsome, and you will not by giving him our handkerchiefs and neckties!
THE FRIARDALE HOSIERY STORES.

THE BOOLOWOOLOO ISLANDS AGAIN.

GOSLING—TAKE NOTICE!
 You will probably be required to attend a flogging in Big Hall, on Thursday afternoon, so don't make any other arrangements. Joey Banks is coming up to the school on Thursday morning unless I pay him what I owe him. What hopes!

HAROLD SKINNER.

THE SOCIETY FOR SQUASHING CHEEKY FAGGS.
 President: Horace James Coker.
 Secretary: Horace James Coker.
 This Society is formed for the purpose of keeping the faggs in their places, and regging them bald-headed if they show any disrespect to them. Jars and betters. The Society is run upon the lines of the Spanish Inkwit (i. e., "The rules are:
 1. Members shall meet as often as necessary to deal with cheeky fagg and Remoooves.
 2. The Headquarters of the Society shall be in Coker's study.
 3. The Official Torture Chamber of the Society shall be in the Krypt.
 4. The President shall have power to kick out any lout who doesn't behave himself.
 5. Grimacing or hamper-snatching is strictly barred, and any fagg

GIVE YOUR FRIEND SOCKS
 for a birthday present. The best quality and the cheapest prices.
HE WON'T GET SHIRTY
 with our shirts—silk, cotton, woven, and sports shirts to order.
HAVE THE GLOVES ON WITH HIM
 —our gloves are as comfortable as they are handsome, and you will not by giving him our handkerchiefs and neckties!
THE FRIARDALE HOSIERY STORES.

THE BOOLOWOOLOO ISLANDS AGAIN.

GOSLING—TAKE NOTICE!
 You will probably be required to attend a flogging in Big Hall, on Thursday afternoon, so don't make any other arrangements. Joey Banks is coming up to the school on Thursday morning unless I pay him what I owe him. What hopes!

HAROLD SKINNER.

THE SOCIETY FOR SQUASHING CHEEKY FAGGS.
 President: Horace James Coker.
 Secretary: Horace James Coker.
 This Society is formed for the purpose of keeping the faggs in their places, and regging them bald-headed if they show any disrespect to them. Jars and betters. The Society is run upon the lines of the Spanish Inkwit (i. e., "The rules are:
 1. Members shall meet as often as necessary to deal with cheeky fagg and Remoooves.
 2. The Headquarters of the Society shall be in Coker's study.
 3. The Official Torture Chamber of the Society shall be in the Krypt.
 4. The President shall have power to kick out any lout who doesn't behave himself.
 5. Grimacing or hamper-snatching is strictly barred, and any fagg

GIVE YOUR FRIEND SOCKS
 for a birthday present. The best quality and the cheapest prices.
HE WON'T GET SHIRTY
 with our shirts—silk, cotton, woven, and sports shirts to order.
HAVE THE GLOVES ON WITH HIM
 —our gloves are as comfortable as they are handsome, and you will not by giving him our handkerchiefs and neckties!
THE FRIARDALE HOSIERY STORES.