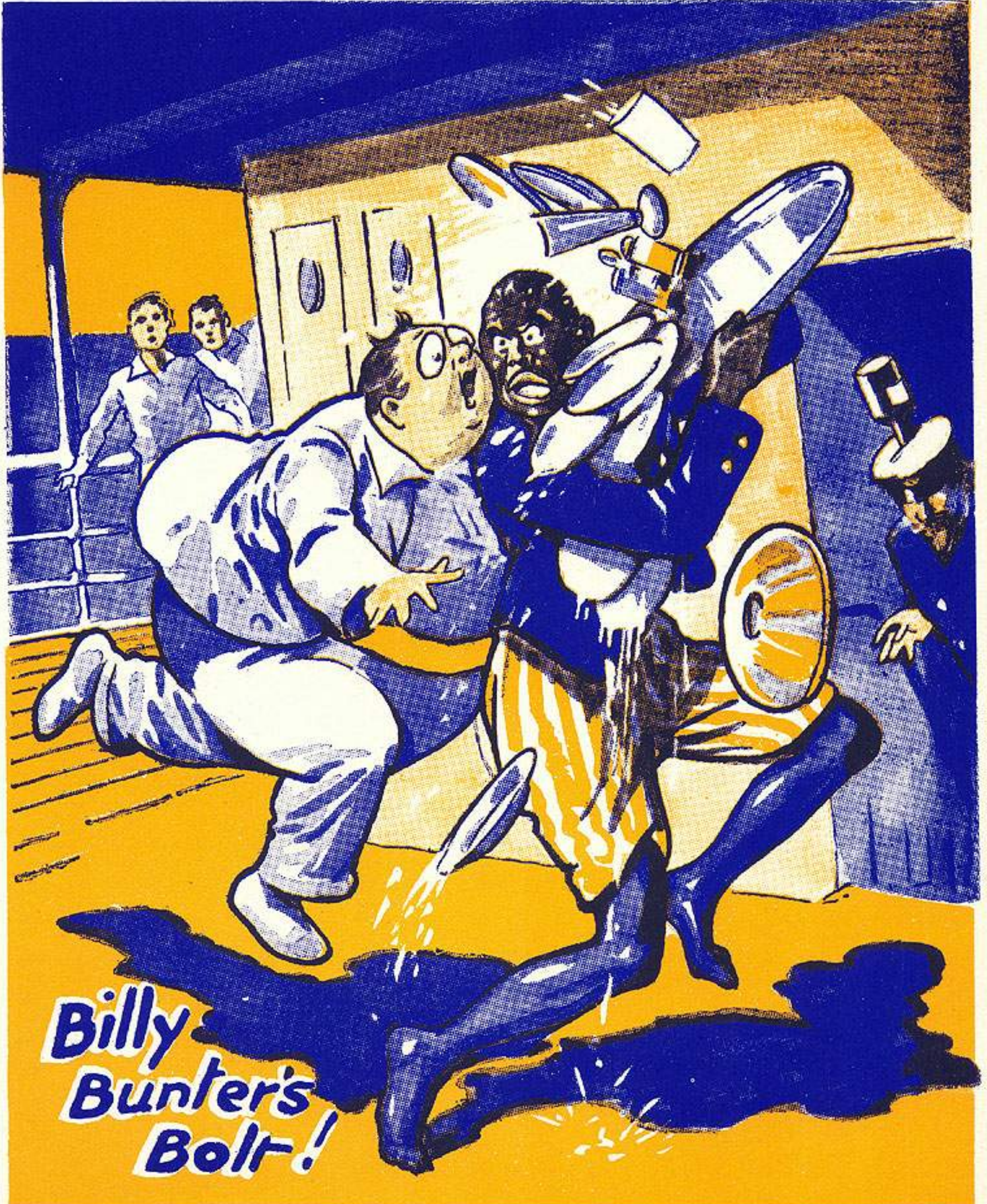


SCHOOLBOYS' AMAZING
ADVENTURES IN AFRICA

“THE MAN-TRACKER OF UGANDA!”

Thrilling Yarn of Harry Wharton & Co.—Inside.

The MAGNET 2^D



**Billy
Bunter's
Bolt!**



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.

I EXPECT most of my readers have laughed at the antics of Micky Mouse, Felix the Cat, and other animated cartoons. But few people seem to realise the tremendous amount of work entailed in filming these cartoons. Jack Warburton, a Clacton reader, asks me if I can tell him

HOW IT'S DONE.

Well, to begin with, every single picture of the film must be drawn by hand—and there are about 16,000 separate pictures to even a short cartoon film! Needless to say, it would be impossible for one artist to draw the lot, so he has several assistants who help him.

One of them will draw the backgrounds, while others take a figure apiece. In cases where the background is seen flashing past quickly, a special panorama—which may be about thirty feet long—has to be drawn, and several artists work on this background at the same time. The figures of the cartoon are generally drawn on sheets of transparent material, so that they can be laid on the background and then photographed, and the same figures can often be used over and over again. For instance, when a cartoon cat or mouse walks across the screen, it is only essential to draw the movements connected with one step. Then these pictures are repeated again and again. But, even when such labour-saving devices are employed, there are still many thousands of pictures to be drawn, which accounts for the length of time it takes to photograph a cartoon comedy!

Have you ever heard of it

RAINING CATS AND DOGS?

I expect you all know the expression, even if you've never seen anything so wonderful happen. However, I think it would interest you to know that it once rained cartwheels! Needless to say, in the village where this occurred, the yokels were terrified out of their lives, but the explanation was simple. The cart-wheels had been carried into the air by a powerful wind, and then dropped, some considerable distance away, when the wind eased up.

The same sort of thing has often happened in various parts of the world, and it has been known to rain frogs, fishes, and even rats! They had been sucked up by tornadoes and water-spouts, which later deposited them farther along the path of the storm.

ONE of my chums, who has heard something about these mysterious "rainfalls," has written to ask me if it is true that it has been known to rain blood? Reports of such miraculous showers have often come from various parts of the world, but scientists have discovered that these showers are caused in the same way as the above. In this

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case, however, the matter that has been picked up by the wind and subsequently dropped has turned out to be a red fluid which is discharged by certain insects when they emerge from their cocoons.

It might also interest this chum to know that in the Polar regions a red snow is found. In this case it is a minute sea plant which causes the colouring matter.

I've just had the pleasure of sending along a handsome pocket knife to William E. Willett, of Red Lane, Sand Pits, Hollington, St. Leonards, in return for the following ribtickler:

"Mother, do you know what I'm going to give you for a birthday present?" asked little Doris.

"No, dear," said the fond parent.

"A blue china vase with golden flowers on it," said Doris.

"But I've got one already, dear," said mother.

"No, you haven't," replied the youngster, "I've just broken it!"

I can assure you, chums, that I've still got a splendid stock of penknives and leather pocket wallets which I am just longing to present to you! All you've got to do to get one is to send along a good joke or a clever Greyfriars limerick. Then, in addition to seeing your effort in print, you'll get a gift that will make your chums green with envy!

I'VE just been talking with a fellow who has been spending a holiday in Germany, and he told me about a most curious place. It is called

THE LEAD CELLAR OF BREMEN,

and the curious thing about this cellar, which is underneath the cathedral, is that bodies placed in it remain in a sort of mummified state. No one has been able to discover why this is, but there

WHO SAYS A DANDY LEATHER POCKET WALLET or a USEFUL POCKET KNIFE?

These handsome prizes are offered for Storyettes and Snappy Greyfriars Limericks. All efforts to be sent to: c/o MAGNET, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

**HAVE A SHOT AT WINNING ONE OF
THESE TOPPING PRIZES TO-DAY!**

are nine bodies in it, one of which has been dead for nearly five hundred years! This must certainly be one of the weirdest places in the world, for the bodies are all on view. Fancy spending a night in a place like that! Grrh! It makes me shiver to think of it!

Now to deal with a number of shorter queries which various readers have put up to me. As usual, here are my

RAPID-FIRE REPLIES.

Obtaining a passport: (O. H., of Berwick.) A British passport costs 7s. 6d., and is valid for five years, after which it must be renewed. You must have a passport to travel abroad. To obtain one you must fill in a form which you can obtain by writing to the Passport Office, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

When do goldfish sleep? (Len G., of Whitehaven.) It is not surprising that you have never seen your goldfish asleep—for the simple reason they never do sleep!

A painting tip. (Harry Akers, of Birmingham.) Sorry to hear you made a mess of your painting job. Next time you have to paint wood, give it a coating of glue or size beforehand. This prevents the paint from sinking into the wood and making the job look streaky.

The cost of a greyhound. (T. Frost, of Devizes.) Some "crack" racing greyhounds are worth a thousand pounds. But you could get a greyhound puppy for about five guineas. It costs a guinea a week for a greyhound to be kept and trained at a licensed racing track. A good dog more than pays for itself, as there are money prizes for all races.

Pet Snakes. (H. G., of Canterbury.) Yes, it is possible to keep pet snakes. I know a fellow who does! Certain kinds of small pythons get very tame, and allow human beings to handle them. But their cages have to be kept at a certain temperature, and it is a ticklish job to rear snakes properly in our climate.

Who says a Greyfriars limerick? For the following effort V. Vesty, of 38, Bushloe End, Wigston Magna, near Leicester, has rightly earned one of our useful leather pocket wallets.

**Billy Bunter, when in his prime,
Once ate three pork pies at a time.**

When asked: "Why the third?"

**Said: "One is absurd—
To only have two is a crime."**

As my space is running short, I had better get down to

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

Thrills alternate with chuckles in our next long complete yarn of the Greyfriars chums. It's called

"THE SLAVE-TRADER'S VENGEANCE!"

and it's "a bonza," as our Australian cousins say, Frank Richards has certainly excelled himself in this latest series of holiday adventure stories, and I have received a large number of letters from readers expressing their delight with them.

Our complete Western yarns seem to have hit the bullseye also. There's an especially good one in store for you next week, in which High, Low, and Nippy run up against some more trouble—and fun!

Then there's another special issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," and our usual short features. Better order your copy now, in case you forget it!

YOUR EDITOR.

REELS OF THRILLS AND A FEAST OF FUN—IN THIS MAGNIFICENT STORY:—

THE MAN-TRACKER

OF

UGANDA!



Featuring
**Harry Wharton &
Co. of Greyfriars
on Holiday.**

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Takes a Pot-shot!

"I SAY, you fellows—"
"Go to sleep, Bunter!"
"Look here—"

"My dear old fat man," said Bob Cherry, "there's nothing to eat till the train stops. So go to sleep again."

Billy Bunter snorted.

For a long, long time Billy Bunter had slept in his corner, and his deep snore had mingled with the rumble of the train.

Harry Wharton & Co. found plenty to interest them, looking from the windows as the train rumbled up the steep gradients of the Kenya-Uganda Railway at about twenty miles an hour. But scenery did not appeal much to Billy Bunter.

Still, Bunter could not sleep for ever.

He blinked from the windows with a rather disparaging blink. He did not think a lot of Kenya. On the whole, he would have preferred Margate to British East Africa.

The Famous Five of Greyfriars, on the other hand, were enjoying every minute of their African trip, and they were rather excited at the approach to Lake Victoria Nyanza, where they were to take the steamer across into Uganda.

"I say, you fellows—" repeated Bunter.

"Next stop Kibos," said Bob Cherry, "a few miles farther on, Lake Victoria Nyanza—and we change the jolly old train for the jolly old steamer."

"But I say—"

"Still time for forty winks, Bunter," said Frank Nugent.

"Hand me my rifle!" said Bunter.

"What?" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"My rifle! It's loaded ready," said Bunter. "Hand it over."

The chums of the Remove stared at Bunter.

Bunter had insisted upon being supplied with a rifle, like the other fellows, for the trip to Uganda. And he had been very carefully supplied with blank cartridges for the rifle. Ball cartridges, in Bunter's fat hands, would have been rather too dangerous for the rest of the party.

Bunter was the kind of fellow who would look down the barrel of a rifle to see whether it was loaded. And when Bunter handled a firearm he was liable to hit anything except the object aimed at.

Bunter was happily unaware that his cartridges were blank. As the poet has remarked, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

There's nothing worse than being without grub—at least, so thought Billy Bunter of Greyfriars, until he was caught in an Equatorial rainstorm in the heart of Uganda!

"What the thump do you want a rifle now for, fathead?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I'm going to pot one of those gorillas."

"One of which?" yelled Bob.

"You fellows travelling with your eyes shut?" sneered Bunter. "We've passed a lot of big gorillas all along the line for miles past."

"Blessed if I've seen any of them!" said Harry Wharton.

"The seefulness has not been terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Well, look!" said Bunter. "There's another—in that field!"

The Famous Five stared from the window.

They had seen only one gorilla since arriving in Kenya, and that was in the

jungle. Gorillas were rather rare in "British East," and certainly the juniors did not expect to find them sprinkled along the railway line.

The train was moving slowly. Along the line could be seen fields of Indian corn, in some of which Kavirondo natives were working.

The juniors had seen a good many Kavirondo in the fields, and had been rather entertained by the specimens of that rather peculiar tribe.

The Kavirondo dislikes clothing, and when he wears anything at all it is a little bushy tail hanging from the back of his waist, which at a distance gives him a ludicrous resemblance to a large monkey.

"There he is!" said Bunter, blinking at the black figure in the field through his big spectacles and pointing with a fat finger. "I can get him with the train going as slow as this!"

"You can get what?" demanded Bob.

"That gorilla! You fellows couldn't, I know, but you know what a crack shot I am," said Bunter. "Hand me that rifle, Smithy."

Herbert Vernon - Smith chuckled.

"You can leave the rifle where it is, fathead," he said.

"You're not allowed to shoot the natives."

"Natives be blowed! Haven't you any eyes?" demanded Bunter. "That's not a native—it's a gorilla!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five.

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

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

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, hand me that rifle before we pass him!" hooted Bunter.

The chums of the Remove did not hand Bunter the rifle. They roared. The train glided on past the black man who was working in the field of Indian corn, who would probably have been

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very startled had he known that any body on the train had thought of "potting" him in passing.

"You silly asses!" roared Bunter. "I've lost him now! Look here, what are you dummies cackling at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You howling ass!" hooted Johnny Bull. "That isn't a gorilla—that's a Kavirondo man—"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you think you can pull my leg to that extent it only shows what silly chumps you are," said Bunter scornfully. "Like me to believe that niggers have tails like monkeys in this country?"

"Tails are fashionable wear in these parts," explained Harry Wharton, wiping his eyes. "It's a Kavirondo custom to wear a tail."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bunter peevishly. "Think I can't tell a nigger from a monkey?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm jolly well going to pot the next one we pass, and chance it," said Bunter, and he grabbed his rifle.

"You howling fathead, they're niggers!" roared Bob.

"Rats!"

"There aren't any gorillas here—"

"Rot! Keep that window open!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter was not to be convinced.

His vision was limited, even with the aid of his big spectacles. And certainly the bushy tails worn by the Kavirondo blacks were deceptive at a distance.

The Owl of the Remove sat with his rifle between his fat knees, his spectacles fixed on the fields past which the train slowly glided as it pulled up to Kibos.

He was quite determined to "pot" the next gorilla he passed.

At close quarters Bunter would not have cared to tackle a gorilla. But in a moving train it seemed safe enough. Even if he failed to make a kill—as was indeed very probable with a blank cartridge—the brute would not be able to get at him.

So Bunter watched and waited, with his little round eyes gleaming through his big round spectacles.

The chums of the Remove chuckled and left him to it.

Certainly they would not have done so had his rifle been loaded with ball. But if Bunter chose to blow off a blank cartridge from the train window it did not matter very much. Blank cartridges were not dear.

Bunter made a sudden movement.

Quite close to the line another Kavirondo black appeared in sight. He was bending to pull up weeds, and his bushy tail wagged behind him in a way that was really laughable. But to Bunter's eyes it was not an ornamental tail worn by a black man; it was a monkey's tail, and he had not the slightest doubt that he was blinking at a gorilla through his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter, greatly excited. "I say, you watch me get him! See him roll over!"

Bang!

"Yaroooooh!"

The Kavirondo did not roll over. He went on weeding, quite unconscious of the fact that he was being shot at for a gorilla. It was Bunter who rolled over. The kick of the rifle did it.

Bump!

Billy Bunter landed on his back among many feet, and roared. And the other fellows roared, too.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Beastly for Bunter!

MR. SAMUEL VERNON-SMITH, financier and millionaire, came along the train when it stopped at Kibos. He peered into the car crowded by the Greyfriars juniors. Six fellows there were grinning, one was grunting, and rubbing a fat shoulder where a rifle had kicked. Still, Bunter was in a fairly well satisfied mood. He had no doubt that he had "got" the gorilla. He had not been able to watch the result of his pot-shot, owing to the misbehaviour of the rifle, but he had no doubts.

Bunter believed in his own skill as a marksman, if nobody else did. The best man at Bisley might have been puzzled to bring down a gorilla with a blank cartridge; but Bunter was still happily unconscious of the harmless nature of his ammunition. He grunted and rubbed, but he was satisfied to know that a mile or so back a gorilla was stretched lifeless by the railway line, a victim of the crack shot of Greyfriars.

Mr. Vernon-Smith, looking in, scanned the juniors suspiciously. He could see that something was "on." The millionaire had been travelling farther up the train with two or three business friends who were going up from Kenya to Uganda. But as the Greyfriars party were in his charge, he kept an eye on them every now and then.

"What have you young rascals been up to?" asked Mr. Vernon-Smith. "I've been told that somebody has been blazing off a rifle from the train. Not you, surely, Herbert?"

"Not guilty, dad!" answered the Bounder, with a laugh.

"It's against all rules, of course," said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Whoever it was may get into trouble. None of you boys, I hope?"

"The not-guiltyfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

Certainly it was not the Bounder or any member of the Famous Five who had blazed away from the train window, and they did not feel disposed to mention that it was Bunter.

But Bunter had no hesitation. Bunter did not see why he should not claim the credit of a crack shot.

"No harm done, sir," he said calmly. "Gorillas are fearfully dangerous animals, and a fellow ought to pot them."

Mr. Vernon-Smith started.

"Bunter, you young ass! Have you been shooting from the train?"

"I took a pot-shot at a gorilla," answered Bunter, with studied carelessness. "I got him all right."

"A—a—a gorilla! There are no gorillas along the railway that I know of!" said Mr. Vernon-Smith blankly.

"Bunter takes the Kavirondos for gorillas, father," explained the Bounder. "He won't believe that their tails are tied on."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Good gad!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon-Smith, in great alarm. "Do you mean to say that Bunter has been shooting at the natives?"

"I've shot a gorilla!" said Bunter obstinately.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Your newsagent has a difficult task in ordering the correct number of MAGNETS every week for his customers. You can alleviate his task by placing a regular order with him, so helping him to order correctly and avoid waste, and at the same time making certain of obtaining your own copy every week.

"Did you not tell the young fool that they were natives?" exclaimed Mr. Vernon-Smith.

"Well, yes. But Bunter knows best," said the Bounder. "Anyway, I don't think the Kavirondo came to any harm, dad."

"Look here, talk sense!" snapped Bunter. "It was a gorilla! I killed him! It's all right, Mr. Vernon-Smith; it was only a gorilla."

"You young ass!" roared the millionaire. "Herbert, you ought to have stopped him! If he has wounded a native—"

"I haven't!" yelled Bunter. "I've shot a gorilla!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is not a laughing matter!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon-Smith. "I must see about this at once! If Bunter has injured a native, he will have to be left at Kusumu in the hands of the police!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

Mr. Vernon-Smith turned away, greatly perturbed and annoyed. The juniors exchanged glances, and the Bounder jumped from the train and ran after his father and caught him by the arm.

"It's all right, dad!" he gasped.

"What—what! It's not all right!" snapped Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Bunter may have injured a harmless native!"

"Not with a blank cartridge."

"Oh," ejaculated Mr. Vernon-Smith, "I'd forgotten that!" His angry face broke into a grin. "Thank goodness the young idiot was unable to do any harm! The man cannot have been hurt, then?"

"Not in the least. He was still weeding when we lost sight of him."

Mr. Vernon-Smith laughed.

"Well, well, it is all right. For goodness' sake, don't let that young lunatic get hold of anything dangerous, Herbert!"

"I'll watch it!" grinned the Bounder.

He returned to the train, Mr. Vernon-Smith going back to his business friends, relieved in his mind.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry winked at the Bounder as Smithy came back. "Has your pater gone to set the askaris after Bunter, Smithy?"

"I say, you fellows—"

The Famous Five were looking very grave now. Billy Bunter was looking rather uneasy. A doubt was creeping into his fat mind as to whether the victim of his trusty rifle really was an ape.

He blinked uneasily from one serious face to another. The Bounder grinned as he caught Bob Cherry's wink, but his face immediately became solemn again.

"I'd better not tell Bunter what the pater's going to do," he answered. "I don't want to alarm Bunter."

"I—I say, you fellows, it really was a gorilla, you know."

"Well, let's hope it was," said Bob. "It will save you from being hanged at Kusumu, old chap, if it really was a gorilla."

"Ow!"

The train ran on. It was only a few miles more to Kusumu, the port on the Victoria Nyanza. Plenty of Kavirondo were to be seen along the railway, and Bunter blinked from the window with an anxious blink. The sight of half a dozen Kavirondo standing in a group, taking instructions from a white man in a topee, made the Owl of the Remove jump.

"I—I say, you fellows, those—those monkeys must be natives!" exclaimed Bunter, in dismay. "I say, they oughtn't to be allowed to wear tails like monkeys if they ain't monkeys! Don't they look like a lot of monkeys with their silly tails wagging?"

The Kavirondo went on weeding, quite unconscious of the fact that he was being shot at for a gorilla. It was Bunter who rolled over. The kick of the rifle did it!



"You can't shoot a nigger because he looks like a monkey!" said Johnny Bull. "You wouldn't like people to shoot a Greyfriars man because he looked like a walrus, would you? What would become of you?"

"Oh, really, Bull—"
"After all, Bunter may not have killed the man," said Bob Cherry, with great gravity. "I saw him move as the train went on."

"Perhapsfully the esteemed idiotic Bunter has only wounded the ridiculous Kavirondo," suggested Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The fatality may not be terrific."

"It would be simply awful for Bunter to be hanged for killing natives!" said Frank Nugent.

"Owl! Wow!"
"Still, you know what a crack shot Bunter is!" said Bob, shaking his head. "With his deadly rifle and his wonderful marksmanship—"

"I say, you fellows, they wouldn't hang a white man for shooting a nigger!" gasped Bunter. "Besides, it was an accident! I thought he was a monkey! I say, you fellows, keep it dark! I—I say, what do you think they will do about it?"

Bunter was convinced at last that his gorilla was a native. It was quite an alarming thought.

"Cheer up, old fat man!" said Bob. "They'll make allowances for your youth, you know. It can only mean imprisonment for manslaughter."

"Perhaps ten years!" remarked Nugent.

"Or fifteen!" said the Bounder. "Anyhow, Bunter will get out of next term at Greyfriars."

"Yes, that's something, Bunter."

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I'd rather go back to Greyfriars! I don't want to go to choky!" gasped Bunter. "I'd rather have old Quelch in the Form-room any day! I say, if they make out it was me, all you fellows can swear that it wasn't! You can bear witness that I never fired a shot, you know, as you saw me do it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Stand by me, you know!" gasped Bunter. "Shove that rifle out of sight! If they ask us any questions, swear that we never had a rifle. I say, that nigger, Kikolobo, is farther along the train somewhere. Suppose we say it was he who shot the gorilla—I mean, the nigger."

"You fat villain!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"We'd better keep it dark," said Bob Cherry solemnly. "Not a word about Bunter potting the nigger, you men! We don't want the askaris to march Bunter off to choky! What should we do without him?"

"Yes, old chap!" gasped Bunter.

"Think of that! You'd hardly like to go on to Uganda at all without me, would you? It wouldn't be much of a holiday, would it?"

"Oh crikey!"

"Stick to me, you know. All of you swear—"

"Can't be did! A fellow mustn't swear, even on vacation. We're supposed to behave ourselves on a holiday."

"I mean, swear it wasn't me!" shrieked Bunter. "Swear that I was asleep all the time! Swear that I never touched a rifle! All of you swear that I was fast asleep when I shot the nigger!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Blessed if I see anything to cackle

at! This is a jolly serious matter!" hooted Bunter. "I'm going to deny the whole thing, and I expect my pals to back me up!"

"Well, we'll do what we can," said Harry Wharton. "We'll all give evidence that Bunter never hit the nigger when he fired, you fellows. I think we can go as far as that."

"Yes, we can say that," agreed the Bounder.

"Hear, hear!"

"Stick to that!" said Bunter eagerly. "Of course, I'm sorry for the nigger. But it was his own fault, making out that he was a monkey. Don't say a word about it, and say that I never hit him, see?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Luckily, we go straight on the steamer at Kusumu," said Bob. "We may get clear before they find the body."

"Sure to, I think," said Harry. "They won't find the body in a hurry."

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter.

But the Owl of the Remove was looking very uneasy and anxious when the train stopped by the jetty at Kusumu. To his great relief, however, nobody paid him any special attention, and Mr. Vernon-Smith and his party went on board the lake steamer for the trip across the great Nyanza without the hand of an askari dropping on Bunter's fat shoulder. But Billy Bunter did not breathe freely till the steamer glided away down the Gulf of Kavirondo, heading for the great lake.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter Takes Cover I

"O BWANA," said Kikolobo, the Kikuyu, "my eyes see a great man!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stood in a cheery group on the deck of the lake steamer, looking round with enthralled eyes as the vessel glided down the Gulf of Kavirondo towards the lake.

Mr. Vernon-Smith, at a distance, was smoking with two or three men who were travelling with him and talking over some of the many business deals which engaged his attention during the African trip. Once the schoolboys were safe on the steamer, the millionaire left them to their own devices.

Billy Bunter sat in a deckchair, with an unusually serious expression on his fat face.

It was not Billy Bunter's way to give much thought to others, but he could not help thinking of that black man he had shot at from the railway.

He really was sorry for that nigger.

Probably he would have been more sorry, but for the fact that the consequences to himself might be troublesome. He was safely started on the voyage across the lake, at all events, and that was a relief. But he would not have been surprised to see a boat or a canoe put off to fetch him back to answer for what he had done. And he turned his big spectacles anxiously on every native canoe that skimmed the waters of the gulf.

The other fellows had almost forgotten the incident in their keen interest in their new surroundings.

It was not, of course, quite so serious to them as it was to William George Bunter.

Kikolobo, the tall Kikuyu, stood with

the juniors, a massive figure in conspicuous striped monkey-skins. The Kikuyu knew the country well, as this was not his first visit to Uganda, and he pointed out many objects of interest to the Greyfriars fellows.

The steamer was approaching the Kasinga Passage when a canoe shot off from the shore, with a white man sitting in it and half a dozen natives paddling.

The Kikuyu's eyes fixed on the white man, and evidently he recognised him as an old acquaintance.

He pointed him out to the schoolboys as the canoe came shooting across to intercept the steamer.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked with some interest at the individual whom the Kikuyu described as a "great man."

He certainly was not great in stature, being rather small and slight. Under his topee his face was almost as dark as a native's, burnt by the hot sun of Africa.

"Who is it, Kicky?" asked the Bounder carelessly.

"O Bwana, he is a great man!" said Kikolobo. "Even I, Kikolobo, am not so mighty a hunter as that white lord! The white men call him Captain McCann, and he is a slayer of elephants and lions. I have hunted in the jungles of Uganda with that white lord, and my eyes have seen him slay Simba, the lion, and Tembu, the elephant."

The lake steamer slowed down, evidently to pick up the man in the canoe.

"McCann, the elephant hunter," said Harry Wharton. "I've heard him spoken of at Nairobi."

"All tongues have spoken of that great hunter, Bwana," said Kikolobo, his eyes reverentially on the little man with the darkly bronzed face.

"I say, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter jumped out of the deck-chair.

His worst terrors had been realised.

He was not safe, after all. That the white man in the canoe was a late passenger, to be picked up by the steamer on her way down the channel of the lake did not occur to Bunter's powerful intellect. He had no doubt that the man was a police officer, and that the black men in the canoe with him were askaris.

"I say, you fellows," gasped Bunter, "is he after me?"

"Eh, what?"

"I say, don't tell him I'm on board! Look here, I'll keep out of sight, and you can tell him I never came on the steamer, see? I say, the steamer's stopping for him! Mind you don't say a word!"

And Bunter rolled hurriedly away and bolted into the saloon. The juniors stared after him blankly.

"What on earth is the matter with that fat duffer now?" asked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bounder.

"He thinks that johnny is after him for shooting the Kavirondo."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Kikolobo stared after Bunter as he vanished.

"O Bwana, has 'the Small Fat One lost his senses?" he asked.

"He never had any to lose!" grinned the Bounder.

Bunter was safely out of sight when Captain McCann stepped on board, and a number of cases were handed up after him, and the canoe paddled back to the bank. His gun-bearer came on board with him.

The steamer resumed her way down the channel, many of the passengers regarding the little bronzed man with respectful attention.

As he caught sight of the tall figure of Kikolobo, the elephant hunter came across to the Greyfriars group. Kikolobo saluted him with deep respect.

"O Bwana, my eyes are glad to see you!" he said.

McCann smiled and answered the Kikuyu in his own tongue, which was an impenetrable mystery to the Greyfriars fellows. After a few minutes' talk with the Kikuyu he turned to the juniors with a pleasant smile.

"Kikolobo tells me that he is in your service for a trip to Uganda," he said. "I should have been glad to engage him, as I am going on safari when we reach Entebbe. You have brought with you the best native hunter in Kenya."

"Sorry, but we're sticking to him," said Vernon-Smith, with a grin. "We wouldn't part with Kicky for his weight in gold."

"The stickfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I will not ask him to leave you," said Captain McCann, with a smile. "He tells me that you boys have been on safari with him in Kenya, and that one of you saved his life from a lion."

"One of us helped!" said the Bounder. "But Kicky exaggerates!"

"O Bwana-wangu," said the Kikuyu, "with your wonderful courage and great daring, did you not save this Kikuyu from the jaws of Simba, and am I not your servant, to serve you faithfully so long as you shed the sunshine of your handsome face on this land?"

"O Kikolobo," said the Bounder with great solemnity, "are not your words as pleasant in my ears as the sound of running waters?"

Captain McCann smiled.

"So you are the lad?" he said. "Well, I congratulate you, young sir, on having gained the regard of a brave



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Kikuyu, who has never failed either friend or enemy!"

With a nod to the juniors, the captain walked away to join some group of acquaintances across the deck.

For a little while, Kicky entertained the juniors with some thrilling accounts of great hunting in company with Captain McCann. The juniors learned that he was not merely a hunter, but that during the Great War he had distinguished himself in the bush-fighting against the Germans, and that, in the years since, he had often been employed on the arduous and dangerous task of running down malefactors, both white and native, who defied the law from the depths of the forest and jungle.

It was, the juniors gathered, upon some such trail that McCann was now going across into Uganda; and it added to their interest in the bronzed little man.

Billy Bunter did not reappear on deck, and the chums of the Remove might have wondered where he was but for the circumstance that they had forgotten his fat existence.

When Bunter was present he could not be forgotten; he was rather like an alarm-clock in perpetual motion. But out of sight was out of mind, and Bunter was forgotten. It was not till lunch was announced on the steamer that the juniors remembered him; the mention of a meal naturally made them think of Billy Bunter!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Where's jolly old Bunter?" asked Bob, staring about the deck. "Anybody seen Bunter?"

"Gone down to feed, perhaps," said Harry. "Anyhow, he's not likely to miss a meal!"

"Ha, ha! No fear!"

The juniors went into the dining-saloon. Bunter was not there. They looked around for him in vain.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Wharton. "He can't be hiding away from that hunter chap all this time?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The guilty flee when no man pursueth," chuckled Nugent.

"Well, he won't miss grub!" said Johnny Bull. "It will be the first time on record if he does!"

"Where is Bunter?" asked Mr. Vernon-Smith. The millionaire was seeing the party disposed for lunch before rejoining his elderly friends. Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith was taking every care of his youthful charges; but he did not seem to yearn very deeply for their youthful and exuberant society.

"He's in hiding!" said Smithy.

The millionaire stared.

"In hiding! From what?"

"From that little gent at the next table, Captain McCann!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith glanced at Captain McCann, who was sitting down at a short distance.

"What do you mean, Herbert? That is Captain McCann, the celebrated hunter and man-tracker. Why should Bunter be afraid of him?"

"He thinks McCann came on board to get him for killing that Kavirondo on the railway!"

"Wh-a-a-t?" Mr. Vernon-Smith gasped and then laughed. "The ridiculous young donkey! Well, he can get a meal later!" And the millionaire left the juniors to themselves.

"But where on earth can Bunter be?" asked Nugent. "There isn't a lot of room to hide in on this steamer!"

"Goodness knows! Under one of these tables, perhaps!" grinned the Bounder.

"Oh crumbs!"

The juniors chuckled at the idea.

The tables were covered with long white cloths, and it was quite possible that the alarmed Owl of the Remove had dodged out of sight under one of them. If so, he must have been in a state of lingering agony, with the smell of cooking and the clatter of knives and forks round him, and nothing to eat!

"The grub will fetch him out—if he's here!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What's up with McCann?"

The juniors glanced round at the little bronzed man. As he sat down and thrust his legs under the table, he gave a start and uttered a startled exclamation. His foot had struck against something that wriggled.

"What the dickens! There's some animal under the table—a dog or something—"

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Wharton.

TIME FOR A JOKE?

Well, here's one for which K. Bell, of Verona, Queen's Drive, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, has been awarded one of this week's **USEFUL PENKNIVES.**



Ship's Passenger (feeling very seasick): "How far is the nearest land?"

Ship's Officer: "Three miles straight down, sir!"

I've got more prizes in stock, chums, so **PILE IN WITH YOUR EFFORTS!**

The juniors had no doubt now where Bunter was hidden!

Captain McCann drew his feet back hastily. He called to the nearest of the native stewards. The man pulled aside the corner of the cloth, and kicked under the table with a large, heavy black foot.

"Yaroooooooh!"

Evidently it was not a dog under the table. The steward's heavy foot had landed on fat ribs, and the voice of William George Bunter responded on its top note.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Only a False Alarm!

YAROOOOOOOH!"

Captain McCann jumped. "What the dooce—"

He stooped and stared under the table.

He had a glimpse of a fat figure curled up there, and a terrified face adorned by a large pair of spectacles.

"Ow! Keep off!" roared Bunter.

"Who—what—what—" ejaculated the astounded captain.

"Ow! Keep off! It wasn't me!" yelled Bunter.

He yelped out from under the table on the farther side, and bounded to his feet. Captain McCann stared at him blankly.

"Keep off!" yelled Bunter. "I won't be arrested! I never killed that nigger! Besides, he wasn't killed! And he was a gorilla—and—"

"Is this some lunatic?" gasped McCann.

He made a stride towards Bunter.

The fat junior leaped away and bolted for the deck.

"Bunter!" yelled Bob Cherry. "You fat chump—"

"Ow! Keep him off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter fled for his life. It was rather unfortunate that a native steward was coming along at the same moment with a large tray piled with dishes. Bunter did not even see him before he crashed.

There was a terrific collision.

Crash!

Bump!

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter! Smash!

"Oh, ye gods!" gasped Harry Wharton.

The native steward went spinning, with plates and dishes crashing and smashing on all sides. Billy Bunter reeled from the shock, and sat down with a bump that almost made the steamer rock.

There were startled voices on all sides. Everyone was on their feet now, staring at the Owl of the Remove.

Captain McCann strode after him, grasped him by the collar, and dragged him to his feet. Little man as he was, there was great strength in the elephant hunter, for he lifted Bunter's extensive weight with a single swing of his arm—as if he had been an infant!

"You young idiot!" roared McCann.

"Who are you, and what are you up to? What do you fancy you are doing?"

"Yaroooooooh!"

"What do you mean?"

"Yooop! Help! I say, you fellows, draggimoff!" shrieked Bunter. "I say, help, rescue! Tell him I never killed that nigger!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, hold him while I get away!" shrieked Bunter. "I say, collar him! Oh dear! Rescue!"

"Is the boy mad?" gasped McCann.

He held Bunter's collar in a grip of iron, and the Owl of the Remove struggled and wriggled and squirmed in vain.

"Yaroooh! Leggo! I tell you it wasn't me!" squealed Bunter. "I've never shot a nigger in my life! Besides, it was a gorilla!"

Harry Wharton & Co. hurried to the spot. They were laughing almost too much to explain.

"It's all right, sir!" gasped Wharton.

"That fat duffer belongs to us. We'll take care of him."

"I say, you fellows—"

"What does he mean by shooting a negro?" asked McCann. "Has the young idiot been monkeying with firearms?"

"It's all right—he hasn't shot anybody. He thinks he has!" explained Wharton. "He took a Kavirondo man for a monkey because he wore a tail—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"But he hasn't shot him—he couldn't hit the side of a house, even if his rifle was loaded, which it wasn't—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He fancied you'd come on board to arrest him!" gasped Wharton. "Leave him to us, sir! It's all right."

"The young ass!" grunted McCann;

and he released Bunter's collar at last and went back grinning to his table.

"This way, idiot!" said Bob Cherry, dragging Bunter away.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Sit down, and shut up!"

"I—I say, are you sure he isn't after me?" gasped Bunter, with an uneasy blink through his spectacles at McCann.

"Ha, ha! No, ass! But that steward will be after you for smashing his dishes."

"Oh, blow him!" said Bunter. "Tell him to put it on the bill. Mr. Vernon-Smith's paying the bill, so that's all right."

"Oh, quite!" said Herbert Vernon-Smith, sarcastically.

"I say, you fellows, I'm hungry! I say, it was awful to stop under that table and smell the grub. I'm famished. But I say, are you sure they're not after me for killing that nigger?"

"You benighted bandersnatch, you never hit the nigger! The nigger never even knew you were playing the goat."

"That's all very well," said Bunter. "But you know what a jolly good shot I am—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Of course, I might have missed, shooting from a train. It wasn't an easy shot! I say, you fellows, do you really think that nigger is still alive?"

"The aliveness is terrific, my esteemed idiotic Bunter," chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Well, that's all right, then," said Bunter. "I thought that beast had come on the steamer after me. The silly idiot jammed his boot in my eye when he sat down."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" snorted Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to go and tell him what I think of him! Still, I won't! I'm hungry."

Fortunately, the foodstuffs on the Victoria Nyanza steamer were good and ample. Bunter found comfort in a solid meal—or, rather, several cold meals one after another. He was still going strong when the other fellows went back to the deck.

When the fat junior came up he found the Greyfriars fellows grouped round Captain McCann, who was chatting with the schoolboys and telling them things about the great lakes of Central Africa. Billy Bunter blinked at him rather suspiciously as he plumped down in a deckchair.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old fat man!" said Bob. "Do you know we're going to see the sources of the Nile?"

"Eh?" yawned Bunter. "Never heard of 'em! Anyhow, Worcestershire sauces are good enough for me!"

"Oh crumbs! Not sauces, ass—sources!" gasped Bob. "The Nile takes its rise in the Victoria Nyanza."

"Bunter may have heard of the Nile," remarked Johnny Bull sarcastically. "But in case you haven't, Bunter, it's a river."

"You can't teach me anything about geography, Bull," said Bunter disdainfully. "I know all about the Nile—it's in India!"

"What?"

"Or China—I forget which."

"Oh, my hat! Egypt!" roared Bob.

"I mean Egypt," said Bunter calmly. "We've had it in geography with Quelch. I remember it all, and I'll tell you fellows, if you like. You don't know it rises in Lake Thingummy, and flows I forget how many miles through the desert of what-do-you-call-it, and enters

India—I mean Egypt—somewhere-or-other, and flows right on to What's-its-name, into the What-the-dickens-is-it Sea."

Captain McCann stared at the fat Owl.

"I congratulate you on your knowledge of African geography!" he remarked, with a sarcasm that was a sheer waste on Billy Bunter.

Bunter nodded.

"Yes, I'm pretty well up in that subject," he agreed. "Same as in most subjects, really. I say, you fellows, I'm going to sleep. Wake me up when we get to Uganda."

At which the juniors chuckled, and Captain McCann grinned. As the steamer did not reach the port of Entebbe, in Uganda, till the following afternoon, it was probable that even Billy Bunter would wake up of his own accord before then.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Man in the Canoe I

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH shaded his eyes with his dusky hand, and stared into the sunset. Across the wide lake

streamed the gorgeous glow of the setting sun, crimson and purple and gold. Less than half the trip had been covered when the sun sank down towards the distant wilderness of the Congo in the west, a hundred miles of water still lay before the steamer before she reached Entebbe in Uganda. Lake Victoria Nyanza was, as Bob Cherry declared, "some lake!"

The juniors had learned that the steamer was to lie up for the night under the lee of an island, navigation after dark being difficult and dangerous, as lights on the lake were few and far between. The steamer was churning long, slowing down, as she headed into the gorgeous sunset; and here and there, on the glowing waters, native canoes could be seen gliding.

It was upon a canoe that Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had fixed his keen, dark eyes, shaded by his dusky hand.

The canoe had glided out from the shadow of an island of rugged granite. It was approaching the slowing steamer, four men paddling. A fifth man sat in the canoe, his face shaded by the wide brim of a plaited grass hat.

For some reason the Nabob of Bhanipur was keenly interested in that canoe and its occupants.

Harry Wharton & Co. followed his glance, wondering what it was that drew the schoolboy nabob's attention so keenly.

The canoe looked, to their eyes, much the same as a dozen others that had glided by. It was long and slim, formed of long slats of raffia—palm wood, bound together by vegetable ropes—and moved more swiftly and steadily than the "dug-out" canoes, hollowed from trunks, that were more common on the lake. Still, there were plenty of such canoes about from time to time, and the juniors saw nothing special about this one. But it appeared that Hurree Singh did.

Bob Cherry clapped the nabob on the shoulder.

"What about it, old bean?" he asked. "You don't know anybody on that canoe, what?"

"The knowfulness is not a dead certainty," answered Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh. "But the thinkfulness is terrific."

"Looks much the same as the others we've seen," said Harry Wharton.

"The samefulness is not exact, my esteemed chum. The paddlers are not black men, but Arabs," said the nabob.

The juniors looked again.

They discerned that the four men paddling the canoe were lighter in hue than most that they had seen, and that they wore the burnous. Probably they were Arabs, with a dash of negro.

"Well," asked Wharton, "what else, Inky?"

"I am terrifically interested in the white man 'n that esteemed and ridiculous canoe."

"Is he a white man?"

"Morefully or lessfully, I think."

Little was to be seen of the man in the canoe except the dingy white drill he wore and the big hat that shaded his face from view. But the juniors observed that he had a rifle across his knees.

Now that they gave him their special attention it seemed to them that there was something vaguely familiar about him, little as they could see of him.

"You've seen that merchant before, Inky?" asked Wharton, puzzled.

"I think so, my absurd chum."

"But we don't know anybody this side of Kenya—we're a couple of hundred miles farther west than we've been before—"

"I had a glimpse of his esteemed face," said the nabob quietly. "It was a very dark face, with very light blue eyes."

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton.

Back into the minds of the juniors came the remembrance of Ludwig Krantz, the half-Arab German slave-trader.

They had seen and heard nothing of the man since he had fled from Kenya with the askaris on his track, and they had had no doubt that he had vanished into the interior of Central Africa, and that they would never hear of him again.

Krantz's face, with its dark Arab skin and light German blue eyes, was one not easily forgotten.

"My hat! Krantz!" exclaimed the Bounder.

Smithy's eyes glittered at the man in the canoe. If it was Krantz, he was the Bounder's deadly enemy.

But the broad, plaited hat hid the man's face as the canoe glided to intercept the steamer.

It seemed as if the man was intentionally keeping his face shaded from view, yet the juniors had an impression that he was watching keenly from under the brim of the big hat.

"If it's Krantz—" said Wharton dubiously.

"I am not sure, my esteemed chum, but the thinkfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, his eyes still fixed intently on the man in the canoe, who sat motionless, the rifle across his knees, while the four Arabs paddled.

"Plenty of nerve to be canoeing around the lake when he's wanted by the authorities in Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika," said Bob.

"Well, the brute has plenty of nerve," said Frank Nugent. "He had nerve enough to bag Smithy while we were on safari in Kenya, and he came jolly near getting away with him."

"If it's that slave-trading brute, he ought to be collared," said Johnny Bull. "What about speaking to Captain McCann?"

"Better make sure first."

"Well, he seems to be coming to the steamer, whatever he is," said Harry Wharton. "If he's Krantz, I can't see his game. There must be plenty of people on this steamer who know his

Bunter trod on the juicy fruit, and fairly whizzed. He let out a wild whoop and clutched frantically at Captain McCann's neck. "Ooooh!" spluttered the captain, staggering in Bunter's frantic grasp. "Groooogh!" gurgled Bunter.



description. Captain McCann would be sure to know him."

"Can't be after us again?" grinned Bob.

"Well, he can't possibly know we're on the steamer, and it looks as if that canoe was waiting under the lee of the island for the steamer to pass. He was waiting for the steamer, but he can't be after us."

"Watch for his chivvy," said Bob. "As soon as I get my eyes on his chivvy I shall know whether he's Krantz or not."

And the juniors continued to watch the approaching canoe, which was paddling to intercept the steamer as she approached the island.

That Krantz could know that the Greyfriars party were there, and was seeking them with hostile intention seemed impossible. He could have known nothing about the plans of Mr. Vernon-Smith.

But the man in the canoe obviously had some interest in the steamer. There was no doubt about that.

Captain McCann was standing by the rail at a distance from the juniors. He was looking in another direction, watching a group of hippopotami floating like logs on the water.

"I say, you fellows——"
It was Bunter's voice behind the group watching the canoe.

"Dry up, old fat man," said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, is that Uganda?" Bunter jerked a fat thumb towards the granite island ahead.

"Fathhead! Uganda's still a hundred miles off."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bunter peevishly. "Uganda joins on to Kenya; it's the same country really——"

"That's north of the lake, ass!"

"Well, I don't see why we couldn't have gone that way, instead of rocking about on this beastly steamer!" granted Bunter.

"The railway runs to the lake, ass; though, of course, they'd have built a new railway for you if they'd known you were coming. But they didn't."

"Beast! I say, what are you staring at the canoe for?"

"Looks like Krantz in it, fathhead!" Bunter jumped.

"Krantz! Oh crikey! I say, you fellows, if he's after us——"

"He isn't, ass! And if he was, do you think he could capture this steamer single-handed?"

"He might be going to pot somebody with that rifle. You can see he's got a rifle! Look!"

The canoe was quite near now; less than a hundred yards away. The man in the big grass hat was seen to lift the rifle from his knees and hold it in readiness as if for immediate use.

Harry Wharton caught his breath.

"My hat! It looks——"

"He's going to shoot!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh crikey! Help!"

Certainly it looked as if the man in the canoe was going to use the rifle; though it was quite possible that his intention was to take a pot-shot at the

floating hippopotami. It seemed incredible that he intended to fire on the steamer, even if he really was the desperate outcast, Ludwig Krantz.

The juniors could not see his face yet, but from the direction of his head they knew that he was not looking towards them. His eyes seemed to be fixed on the steamer from under the shadow of his hat, but at a point a distance from the Greyfriars group.

But details like that were lost on William George Bunter. The bare possibility that the man was Krantz with a rifle in his hands was enough for the Owl of the Remove.

If the man was going to shoot, Bunter did not want to stop a bullet. Very much indeed he did not want to.

"I say, you fellows, run for it!" gasped Bunter.

And Billy Bunter set the example. If the man was Krantz, and if he was going to shoot, Bunter had no doubt that the Greyfriars group would be the target. He detached himself from that group in a great hurry and bolted along the deck.

There was a mango fruit lying on the deck, dropped by a careless black steward, and someone had trodden on it already. It lay, juicy and squashy, directly in Bunter's path.

Bunter trod on it and skidded.

Then he whizzed!

What was happening to him Bunter did not know. He felt as he had felt on the ice when the skates refused to behave themselves.

He let out one wild whoop and flew, his arm sawing the air frantically. He clutched at the first hold he came to to save himself. That happened to be the back of Captain McCann's neck, as the captain stood at the rail, unconscious of Bunter whizzing behind him.

"Ooooooh!" spluttered the captain, as he felt the sudden clutch behind, and staggered back in Bunter's frantic grasp.

"Groooogh!" gurgled Bunter.
 "What the dooce— Ooooh!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Bang!

From the canoe came the sudden ring of the rifle, and the topee was torn from Captain McCann's head by the bullet as he staggered back from the rail in Bunter's grip. That hat, with a bullet-hole through it, flew across the deck as Captain McCann sprawled headlong over Billy Bunter.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

"**K**RANTZ!" yelled Bob Cherry.
 "Ludwig Krantz!"
 The echo of the rifle-shot rolled across the silent lake under the sunset. There was a roar of startled voices on the steamer.

As the man in the canoe fired, the Greyfriars fellows saw his face at last; a dark face, almost black, with light blue eyes that gleamed oddly from the dusky complexion. It was Ludwig Krantz, the half-Arab slave-trader, and they knew him now. And it was Captain McCann at whom he had fired.

"The villain!" panted Wharton.
 "Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "Ow! Rescue! I say, you fellows— Yarooooop!"

Captain McCann was on his feet in a twinkling.

He did not give the sprawling Owl a glance.

He had felt the wind of the bullet as it tore the hat from his head; the bullet that would have crashed through his brain, had not Billy Bunter dragged him over just in time to save him.

Hedless of Bunter, heedless of the wild excitement along the deck of the steamer, Captain McCann leaped to the rail, an automatic pistol in his hand, and his keen, glinting eyes searched for the man who had fired.

The canoe was paddling swiftly away. The instant Ludwig Krantz had pulled trigger the canoe had swept round and shot back towards the island.

The four Arabs were paddling as if for their lives.

Probably Krantz believed that his murderous shot had been successful, knowing nothing of Billy Bunter's antics. He was a crack shot, and he had fired from under fifty yards.

But, successful or not, he knew that he had no time to cut to waste after firing. Wild confusion reigned on the lake steamer; but it would not be many moments before firearms were turned on the canoe, even if the man-tracker had been killed by the shot.

The canoe fled almost at lightning speed, making for the cover of the island.

"It's Krantz!" panted the Bounder.
 "Oh, if I had my gun handy!"

Harry Wharton ran along the deck towards Captain McCann.

Automatic in hand, the captain was searching the lake with his eyes for the man who had fired; he knew that the shot must have come from a canoe, but there were several canoes in sight.

Wharton touched his arm.
 "That's the man, sir!" He pointed.

"It's Krantz, the slave-trader—"

"Krantz!" roared McCann.

Evidently the slave-trader's name was familiar to him.

"Yes—in that canoe—with four Arabs! They're making for the island—"

Wharton was pointing to the fleeing canoe.

"Krantz!" breathed Captain McCann, between his teeth. "The man I'm after—the man I want! Waiting for me—on the lake, by gum!"

His eyes gleamed over the levelled automatic.

Crack, crack, crack!
 The schoolboys and the other passengers on deck watched breathlessly as McCann fired shot after shot.

The name of Krantz passed from lip to lip. It was a name well known throughout the East African territories.

"He's hit!" breathed Bob Cherry.
 They saw the big grass hat spin on the head of the man in the canoe. But Krantz did not fall. The bullet had gone close, but it had not struck. The distance was already great for pistol practice, and the canoe was in swift motion.

A fearful yell came floating back from the canoe. One of the paddlers had crumpled up in the bottom of the craft, a bullet through his body.

Instantly Ludwig Krantz seized the paddle as it fell from the hand of the wounded wretch and paddled in his place.

The canoe shot on and vanished past a granite bluff projecting from the island.

McCann flung a last shot after it as it disappeared. Then it was gone, and he gave a grunt.

Pursuit was impossible, even if the lake steamer could have left its course to take up the pursuit of the assassin. The swift canoe, keeping the island between it and the steamer, was fleeing as fast as paddles could drive for the distant shore.

McCann gritted his teeth.

Bob Cherry picked up his hat and brought it back to him. The captain looked at the bullet-hole that passed clear through the topee, with a grim eye.

"A jolly narrow escape, sir!" said Bob.

"Not my first, and probably not my last!" said McCann composedly, as he replaced the topee on his head. "By gum! I never expected even Krantz to take a chance like that!"

"You know that rotter, of course?" said Wharton.

McCann smiled.

"More than a little," he said. "I've been after him for three years; and he must have found out somehow that I was crossing by this steamer, and laid in wait for me by Lotui Island. But what do you schoolboys know about such a man as Krantz?"

"Lots!" grinned Bob. "We met him long ago near Nairobi, and Smithy gave him a wallop. Then he got after us, while we were on safari, and bagged Smithy, intending to carry him off and sell him as a slave in Central Africa—at least, so he said. But we got clear of the brute, and the askaris went after him, and we never expected to see anything more of him."

"You will be fortunate if you do not," said the captain gravely. "He is a very dangerous enemy to make."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's all serene, Bunter! You can get up!" chuckled Bob. "He's gone."

"Sure he's gone?" gasped Bunter.

"Gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream, old fat bean. Nothing to be afraid of now."

"Oh, really, Cherry! I hope I'm not afraid of a half-breed nigger!" said Bunter.

"What a hopeful nature!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Billy Bunter had remained flat on the

deck, deeming that the safest place while shooting was going on. Assured, however, that Ludwig Krantz was gone, the Owl of the Removo resumed the perpendicular.

He blinked rather uneasily over the rail at the lake glowing in the gorgeous hues of the sunset.

"I say, you fellows, there's a canoe—"

"Only a nigger fisherman in it, fat-head!"

"And there's another—"

"Bunter is going to see Krantz in every canoe on the Victoria Nyanza, after this!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Beast! You all right, Captain McCann?" asked Bunter, blinking at the little bronzed man through his big spectacles.

"Eh? Yes!"

"I'm jolly glad I saved your life."

"What?"

"Presence of mind did it," said Bunter, while the captain stared at him in amazement. "That's where I come out strong, you know—presence of mind and pluck!"

"What the dooce—"

"Oh, really, sir! If I hadn't pulled you back in time—"

"You young ass! You slipped over something, I suppose—anyhow, you blundered into me and dragged me over without knowing what you were doing!" grunted the captain.

Bunter's fat lip curled.

"Well, I like that!" he said. "After I've saved your life—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Shan't! If you're trying to make out that I didn't save this man's life, Bull—"

"Cheese it, idiot!" said Nugent.

"Jealousy, same as usual!" sneered Bunter. "All you fellows sticking round doing nothing, while I save people's lives at a fearful risk. Not that I thought of the risk, of course. I shouldn't! Not my style."

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter—"

Captain McCann burst into a laugh.

"Certainly the young idiot blundering into me saved me from the bullet," he said. "I am much obliged to you, Master Bunter. It was fortunate for me that there was such a clumsy, stupid young ass on the steamer."

With that the captain walked away.

Bunter blinked after him.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated.

"That's what he calls gratitude, I suppose! After I shaved his wife—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, saved his life!" roared Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that Krantz coming back in the canoe?" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly.

"Yaroooh!"

"Take a squint at that canoe, Bunter—"

But Bunter was gone.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Landing in Uganda!

"**E**NTEBBE!" said Mr. Vernon-Smith.

It was the following afternoon, and the lake steamer was throbbing to her destination.

Seen from the lake, Entebbe was a picturesque spot, on a rugged promontory, backed by the hills. The juniors watched it with keen interest, noticing at once the great trees for which the capital of the Uganda Protectorate was famous. Only here and there, in

Kenya, had they seen such stately forest giants.

Billy Bunter blinked at the town on the promontory, not looking for forest giants or gorgeous tropical blooms, but for the hotel. Bunter was chiefly interested in the hotel. It was there that grub was to be found.

"I say, you fellows—"
"Ripping, isn't it, old fat man?" asked Bob. "Captain McCann says we shall see trees here that will make those in Kenya look like pieces left on the counter."

"Oh, blow the trees!" said Bunter. "If I want to see trees I can stay at home and look round Bunter Court."

"Oh crikey!"
"There's a famous oak at Bunter Court, where King William the Fifth hid after the battle of Bunker's Hill!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Beats this place hollow!" said Bunter, with a disparaging blink at Entebbe. "I'd like to ask you fellows to Bunter Court some time. Only, you see, I have to be rather particular whom I ask, as we have rather a swell crowd there in the holidays. I say, you fellows, I can't see the hotel. I hope there's an hotel. I'm hungry!"

"You must be, after packing away five or six lunches only a couple of hours ago!" said Bob Cherry sympathetically.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"
"I will see to the baggage at the Custom House, my boys," said Mr. Vernon-Smith, as the steamer drew in to the pier at Entebbe. "You may take rickshaws to the hotel if you like, without waiting for me. But don't get lost."

"I'll look after them, sir!" said Bunter cheerfully.

"Eh?"
"I'll take care of the party, sir. You can leave them to me!"

"You young ass!"
"Oh, really, sir—"
"Herbert, take care that Bunter does not get lost again, as he did on the Kenya railway."

"I'll take care of the fat idiot, father!"

"Look here, Smithy—"

"Dry up, ass!"
Snort from Bunter! Bunter had lost himself several times since the Greyfriars party had travelled in Kenya, but he was quite prepared to take charge now they had arrived in Uganda. Billy Bunter's confidence in his own abilities was unlimited, but the abilities, unfortunately, were very limited indeed.

The steamer closed in to the pier, and the passengers began to disembark. Captain McCann waved his hand cheerily to the juniors as he went ashore, followed by his gun-bearer, carrying his baggage. Kikolobo saluted the man-tracker with deep respect as he went.

The Kikuyu followed the juniors to the pier, but there he left them. He was taking up his quarters at a native house, while the party remained at the Uganda capital.

Harry Wharton & Co. were glad enough to leave baggage and Custom House formalities to Mr. Vernon-Smith. Glad to stretch their legs after twenty-eight hours on the steamer, they scampered cheerily away from the pier to the broad, tree-shadowed road that led up into Entebbe. Billy Bunter panted and puffed after them.

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter.

"Oh, buck up, Bunter!"
"If you get out of my sight you'll get lost!" bawled Bunter. "And I can jolly well tell you that I'm not going to hunt all over Uganda for you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Rickshaw, sar—rickshaw!"

There were native boys in abundance with jinrickshas, looking for customers from the passengers who had come over from the Kenya side in the steamer.

"I'd rather walk," said Bob Cherry. "I want to stretch my legs a bit. Who's for a walk?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"
"Bung Bunter into a rickshaw, for goodness' sake," exclaimed Johnny Bull, "and give the darky a tip to tip him into the lake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Beast! I'm jolly well not going to walk!" hooted Bunter. "Old Smith told us to take rickshaws— Yaroooh! Who's that kicking me?"

"Little me!" said the Bounder cheerily. "And there's some more to come if you want it!"

"Beast! Look here, you fellows. Old—I mean Mr. Vernon-Smith told us to take rickshaws."

"You can take one, and be blowed to you!" said Bob Cherry.

"I'm not going alone!" snapped Bunter. "One of you fellows can come along with me. I don't trust these niggers."

"Fathead!"
"Oh dear!" groaned Harry Wharton. "Who's going with Bunter?"

All the juniors preferred to walk, excepting Bunter. Bunter was going to ride, and he was not going alone. Bunter was not wholly sure that the rickshaw boys were not cannibals. Perhaps the fat junior was aware that he would be a tempting prize to any cannibal!

He blinked round at the other fellows. Riding in a rickshaw with Bunter was rather a privilege, and ought to have been a pleasure, from the fat Owl's point of view. But nobody seemed to jump at the chance.

"Rickshaw, sar—rickshaw!"
Baganda boys crowded round with half a dozen rickshaws, eager for custom.

"I say, you fellows, one of you hop in with me," said Bunter. "I don't care which it is, but don't all speak at once."

The juniors did not all speak at once. There was a lack of enthusiasm on all sides.

"Look here, you fellows—"
"I suppose the fat fool will get lost if he goes alone," said Vernon-Smith.

"It's up to me, I suppose, as I told the pater I would look after him, and I was ass enough to let him hook on for the holidays!"

"If that's the way you talk to a guest, Smithy—"

"Oh, dry up!"
"Look here, I'll go if you like," said Wharton hastily.

The Bounder was taking Bunter on as a painful duty; but painful duties did not make Smithy good-tempered. He was scowling.

"Oh, leave it to me!" said Smithy.

"Get in, Bunter. Or do you want me to chuck you in?"

"If that's what you call civil—"

"Get in!" roared the Bounder.

"Yah!"

Bunter plumped into the rickshaw, which creaked and groaned under his weight. The Bounder stepped in after him.

A grinning Baganda boy took the shafts of the light, two-wheeled vehicle and started off.

Harry Wharton & Co. followed on foot.

It was a broad and handsome road that led up into the town from the pier of Entebbe, through tall, stately trees and tropical gardens.

The chums of the Remove enjoyed the walk, not the less because William George Bunter was not grunting and grousing behind them.

For a few minutes they kept Bunter's rickshaw in sight, but it disappeared as they turned from the road into a shady path through the park.

The Famous Five strolled on cheerily, taking it easy. Entebbe was a pleasant place to look at, and it was their first sight of Uganda. There was no hurry, so they made no haste, and it was nearly an hour before they arrived at the Entebbe Hotel. Rooms had been booked long ago by Mr. Vernon-Smith, and the party were expected, but to their surprise they found that the rickshaw had not yet arrived with Bunter and the Bounder. They little guessed the cause of the delay!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Meeting!

"I SAY, Smithy!"
"Shut up!"
"Look here, you beast—"
"Shut up, bother you!"

The Bounder was not in a good temper.

Billy Bunter sometimes tried the tempers of the Famous Five rather severely, and Smithy was by no means so good-tempered and tolerant as any member of the Co.

It was one of Billy Bunter's happy little ways to run counter to the general wishes of the party. His fat thoughts being entirely concentrated on W. G. Bunter, he really could not realise that anybody else mattered.

Though what the Bounder had to grumble at in the present instance was a mystery to Bunter.

He was riding instead of walking, and he had the company of a pleasant, agreeable, and, in fact, fascinating fellow. What more did he want?

Bunter turned an indignant blink on the Bounder's sullen face through his big spectacles.

"I'm afraid I made rather a mistake in joining up for this holiday," he said, with a shake of the head. "It's not turning out as I expected. After all, a fellow should keep to his own class. I forgot that."

This agreeable remark elicited no reply from the Bounder.

"After what I'm accustomed to at Bunter Court, it's a bit thick!" went on the Owl of the Remove. "A dashed

(Continued on next page.)



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THE MAN-TRACKER OF UGANDA!

(Continued from previous page.)

Bank Holiday crowd—and you're about the worst of the lot, Smithy."

The Bounder glanced at him.

"Do you want me to pitch your neck and crop out of this rickshaw, Bunter?" he demanded.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"If you don't shut up—"

"Beast!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith turned a shoulder to Bunter, and stared out of the rickshaw. A little, bronze-faced man, strolling under the tall trees, gave him a nod, as the rickshaw passed. It was Captain McCann. Billy Bunter blinked round at the man-tracker, and grunted.

"There's the man whose life I saved on the steamer—"

"Shut up!" growled Smithy.

"He's ungrateful," said Bunter. "As ungrateful as any of you. After all I've done for you—"

Captain McCann disappeared behind as the rickshaw ran on. The coolie turned into a broad avenue, shaded by tall over-arched trees, delightfully shady after the glare of the sun.

Leaning against the trunk of a mango was a man dressed in rather dingy white drill, with a large pair of smoked glasses showing under the rim of his topec.

Vernon-Smith's eyes dwelt on him carelessly for a moment. But the man under the mango, as he caught sight of the Bounder's face looking out of the rickshaw, gave a violent start.

Under the shadow of the topec, and with the big, smoked glasses over his eyes, his face was not easily distinguished; but he saw Herbert Vernon-Smith's face clearly, and evidently recognised him.

For a moment, after that sudden start, he stood quite still, staring at the rickshaw as it approached.

Then he stepped away from the trunk of the tree, and cast a swift glance up and down the road.

The long, shady avenue was, for the moment, untenanted, save by the rickshaw and the man in the smoked glasses. Captain McCann, who was walking in the same direction, had been left a good distance behind, and had not yet turned into the avenue.

That swift glance seemed to satisfy the man in the smoked glasses. He ran quickly out into the road, and called to the rickshaw boy to stop.

The Baganda halted.

Vernon-Smith stared at the man in astonishment, and Bunter blinked at him. He came swiftly to Vernon-Smith's side of the rickshaw.

"You!" he said, between his teeth.

The Bounder gave a jump.

The light blue eyes were hidden behind the smoked glasses, evidently worn for disguise in Entebbe; but he knew the harsh voice, and now he saw the man closely he knew the dark, coppery face. Had he thought of Ludwig Krantz, he would never have dreamed that the slave-trader would have dared to show himself in Entebbe. But it was Krantz.

He grinned savagely at the juniors in the rickshaw. The coolie stared at him, not understanding.

"Got on!" shouted Vernon-Smith to the coolie.

A revolver glimmered in the dusky hand of the slave-trader. He rapped out a word or two in Baganda to the coolie; and the black man stood where

he was, his black eyes rolling in alarm and amazement. The sight of the revolver was enough for the coolie.

"You!" repeated Krantz, his light blue eyes gloating on the Bounder.

"I was watching the road for an enemy—I did not think of you! But he will keep—now that I have you in my hands, Herbert Vernon-Smith! You will not escape me as you did before."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his big glasses with terror, as he realised that it was the slave-trader who had stopped the rickshaw.

"Lift a finger, and you will not live to repeat it!" said Krantz, his eyes on the Bounder. "I will shoot you as I would a jackal! You know it!"

Vernon-Smith breathed hard.

He was utterly at the ruffian's mercy, if Krantz dared to pull trigger. And there was no doubt that he would dare. He had been watching the avenue, as he said, for an enemy, and the Bounder could guess that the enemy was the man-tracker, Captain McCann, who had a commission from the Uganda Government to hunt the outcast down. And Smithy did not need telling with what intention the desperado had been watching for McCann. A swift shot; and a swift flight through the tropical park of Entebbe, away to the hills; that was the half-blood's desperate scheme. But all thought of the man-tracker had left Krantz's mind at the sight of the schoolboy who had beaten him like a dog on the Nairobi road in Kenya.

Billy Bunter blinked at him in sheer horror.

For the moment, Krantz's attention was concentrated on Herbert Vernon-Smith; he hardly seemed to notice that Bunter was in the rickshaw at all. For once, Billy Bunter was glad to pass unnoticed. It was not Bunter's way to make rapid decisions or to move quickly. But there were occasions when he could do both; and this was one of the occasions.

With a sudden jump, Bunter bounded out of the rickshaw on the farther side, and ran.

Krantz half-lifted the revolver, as if intending to fire after the fat junior as he fled. But instantly the revolver was directed on the Bounder again. He had no time to waste on Bunter; he had not a fraction of a second to spare, if he was to get away with his desperate intention. The Bounder was eyeing him like a tiger, watching for a chance; the coolie staring on almost dumbfounded. In the distance, at one end of the avenue, a horseman could be seen ambling. The half-Arab desperado stepped into the rickshaw.

"One cry, and you know what to expect!" he snarled between his teeth. "If I have to run for it, I shall leave you dead! You know it!"

He snapped a word to the coolie.

What he said, in the native tongue, the Bounder did not understand; but the coolie's eyes rolled with terror, and he gasped: "Yes, sar!" and ran on with the rickshaw.

The vehicle turned from the broad avenue, into a narrower way that ran through the tall trees. The muzzle of the revolver was jammed against the Bounder's ribs.

He sat gritting his teeth.

That the desperate rascal would shoot, he knew; it was sudden death if he lifted so much as a finger. Vernon-Smith sat quite still. The broad avenue was left behind; and the coolie, obedient to the threats of the ruffian in

the rickshaw, ran on by a lonely, shadowed path—leading the Bounder could not guess where, but certainly not to the Entebbe hotel.

His thoughts raced, as he sat, with the revolver-muzzle grinding into his ribs. He was in the hands of the slave-trader once more; and the ruffian evidently counted on getting him out of Entebbe, a prisoner. But he was not out of Entebbe yet.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Gets His Tea!

CRASH!

Bump!

"Ow! Keep off! Wow!"

Billy Bunter roared as he rolled.

Seldom did William George Bunter put on speed; but the speed he put on as he raced up the avenue was amazing. He fairly flew. He had no time to look where he was going; and as a slightly built, bronze-faced man came round the corner, Bunter hurtled into him full tilt, and sent him spinning.

Captain McCann sat down, and Bunter rolled over from the shock, and rolled and roared.

"Holy mackerel!" ejaculated the captain. "What—what—what— Oh! You! You young fool, where are you running?"

"Ow! Keep off!" yelled Bunter.

Captain McCann picked himself up, and stared down at the sprawling fat junior.

"You young ass!" he roared.

"Ow! Beast! Keep off! Help! Rescue! Murder!" roared Bunter.

The little man-tracker stooped, caught him by a fat shoulder, and jerked him to his feet.

"What has happened?" he snapped.

It was not ten minutes since the rickshaw had passed Captain McCann, and he had seen Bunter and the Bounder in it. Looking up the avenue, he saw the rickshaw whirl out of sight into a path that turned off the avenue. Then he turned to Bunter again. Something, evidently, had happened, though the captain could not guess what.

He shook Bunter impatiently by the shoulder.

"What has happened," he repeated—"an accident—or what? Answer me, you young fool!"

"Yaroooh!"

Bunter blinked wildly at the bronze face. He was almost out of his fat wits with terror. But he recognised Captain McCann.

"Oh! You!" he stuttered. "I say, keep him off! Keep that villain off! He's got a revolver! Oh dear!"

"Who?" roared the captain.

"That villain, Krantz!" gasped Bunter.

"Krantz!"

"Yes, he's got Smithy—"

"He's got Smithy!" repeated the captain blankly. "Do you mean young Vernon-Smith—in the rickshaw?"

"Ow! Yes! He's got him! Oh dear!" gurgled Bunter. "Oh crikey! I want to go home! Ow! I've had enough of this! Wow! I'm not going to be shot and— Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Calm yourself, you young ass!" rapped the captain. "The man is not in sight, if he was here at all."

"Oh dear! Is he gone? Ow!"

Billy Bunter blinked round. Nothing was to be seen but the figure of a horseman in the far distance. Smithy's rickshaw had vanished from sight.

"Where were you going in that rickshaw?" demanded the captain.
 "Ow! To the hotel! Wow!"
 "It has turned off the avenue! It is not going towards the hotel now. Is Vernon-Smith still in it?"
 "Ow! Yes! I suppose so! Oh dear!"
 "Why has he turned off the road, then?"
 "Ow! I don't know! Oh crikey!"
 "You are sure you saw Krantz?"
 "Oh dear! He had a revolver—"
 "He has not used it, or I should have heard the shot. But what—" The captain knitted his brows in perplexity. "He cannot have seized the rickshaw and the boy in it. By gad, though, that is what he has done!"

And as that thought flashed into his mind Captain McCann started up the avenue at a run.

Bunter blinked after him.
 "I say!" he yelled "I say—stop!"
 Captain McCann stared impatiently over his shoulder.
 "What? What is it? Have you anything more to tell me? Quick!"
 "I've got to get to the hotel—"
 "What?"
 "I don't know the way—"
 "Fool!"

The captain sped on without giving the fat Owl any further heed. His feet covered the ground almost as fleetly as a deer's, and as Bunter watched him he reached the corner where the rickshaw had turned out of the avenue, whipped round it, and vanished from sight.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.
 What had happened to Smithy Bunter did not know. But that was not the most pressing question, so far as Bunter could see.
 He was stranded, on foot, and did not know his way to the hotel! That was what mattered.

"Oh dear! The awful beast! Leaving a fellow to it like this!" gasped Bunter. "Oh dear! What am I going to do, I'd like to know! Oh crumbs. And I'm fearfully hungry. Lot that beast cares—after I saved his life, too!"
 There was nothing for it but to walk back to the place where the rickshaw had been taken, and take another. Having reached that decision, Billy Bunter started to walk.

It was not a very long walk, but it was much too long for Billy Bunter. He grunted and groaned, and puffed and blew, as he rolled on.

But everything has an end, and that walk had an end at last. Billy Bunter found another rickshaw, and rolled into it. The name of the Entebbe Hotel was enough for the coolie, he trundled away with Bunter.

On the way the fat Owl blinked right and left, with bulging eyes, in momentary terror of seeing the dark face and light blue eyes of the half-Arab German. In his terror of Krantz he even forgot to doubt whether the rickshaw coolie might not be a cannibal. But on his way he saw nothing of Krantz, or of the Bounder, or of Captain

McCann. And as he came in sight of the hotel, on the hillside over the lake shore, Bunter promptly forgot their existence.

Bunter was hungry. And when Bunter was hungry he was not likely to think of less serious matters.

The rickshaw stopped, and Bunter rolled out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here they are!" Billy Bunter blinked round at the sound of Bob Cherry's voice.

"This way!" called out Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"

Harry Wharton paid the rickshaw boy, and he departed with his rickshaw. Bunter gobbled jam and rolls. Why he had arrived alone was a mystery to the Famous Five so far, and Bunter was far too busy to explain.

"Where's Smithy?" asked Harry.
 "I don't know! Pass that cake, will you? Don't trouble to cut it—I can manage the lot."

"That wasn't the rickshaw you and Smithy started in," said Harry, puzzled. "It's a different coolie. Did Smithy kick you out?"

"Eh! No! Will you pass that cake?"



Vernon-Smith grabbed at Krantz's arm, dragging the pistol-muzzle clear of himself. Bang! The bullet whizzed away, narrowly missing the Baganda boy!

"This way, owl!"
 The Famous Five were at tea, under a shady tree in the hotel garden, overlooking the wide waters of the lake. Billy Bunter, with a grunt of relief, rolled over to them.

"Fifty cent, sar!" called out his rickshaw coolie.

Bunter did not heed.
 He joined the chums of the Remove under the tree, and a black waiter placed a chair for him, and he sat down, with a gasp.

"Ow! I'm tired! I'm hungry! I say, pass a fellow something! Is that jam? Shove the jam this way! And a few rolls! I say, I'm famished!"

"Fifty cent, sar!" said the rickshaw coolie, over Bunter's fat shoulder, as he started on rolls and jam.

"For goodness' sake pay that nigger, one of you fellows," said Bunter peevishly.

"Why not pay him yourself?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"
 "Fifty cent, sar," said the coolie.

"You pay! Fifty cent."

"Here you are, you cormorant! Is Smithy coming on, or what?"

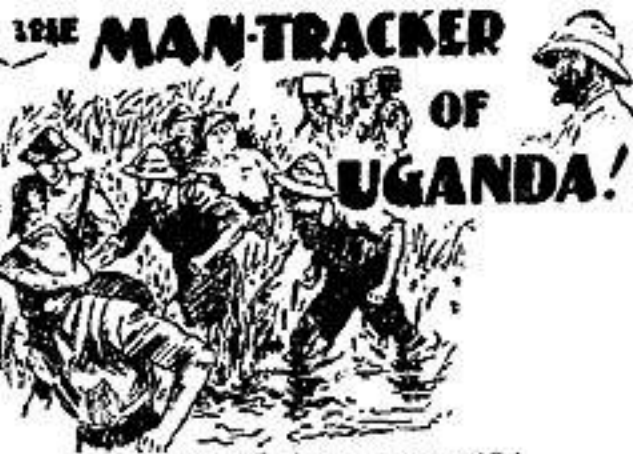
"Groogh! Gug-gug-gug! I wish you wouldn't make a fellow jaw while he's trying to get a mouthful of food! Groogh! I say, you fellows, tell that nigger to bring another cake! I shall be finished this one in a minute! And some more jam! And—"

"Look here, Bunter—"

"For goodness' sake give a fellow a rest till he's had something to eat. You fellows are like a sheep's head—all jaw! Never saw such a lot for cackle, cackle, cackle! Tell that nigger to bring some more grub. You'd like to see me perish of hunger under your eyes!"

And Bunter gobbled. Bunter certainly was not indifferent to the fate of Herbert Vernon-Smith, had he had time to think about it. But when a fellow was hungry a fellow had to eat! Gobbling came first—and Billy Bunter gobbled!

(Continued on page 16.)



(Continued from page 13.)

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Saved from the Slave-trader!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH sat silent, quiet, tense. Every nerve was tense—the Bounder was on the alert, watching for his chance. The Baganda boy ran on swiftly with the rickshaw, his bare feet pattering incessantly. Smithy had nothing to expect from him; in his terror of the man in the smoked glasses the coolie thought only of obeying Krantz's snarled orders promptly and unquestioningly.

What it all meant the rickshaw boy did not understand, but he understood quite clearly that he did not want to provoke the anger of the ruffian who had seized on the rickshaw. The glimmer of the revolver, and the savage snarl of the half-breed had been more than enough for him. But there was no fear in the Bounder's heart—he was incapable of fear. It was cool sagacity that kept him quiet, while the muzzle of the pistol was pressed to him. But he watched like a cat for his chance, and he was ready to take desperate risks.

And his chance came unexpectedly. Mingling with the patter of the coolie's bare feet came another pattering, from behind, which neither of the occupants of the rickshaw noticed at first. Krantz was the first to catch the sound, and he started a little, and breathed hard. And the Bounder, catching it, too, listened intently. Someone was running behind the rickshaw, drawing closer, swiftly as the vehicle rolled. And it was the sound of booted feet that came from behind, showing that it was a white man who followed the rickshaw.

Smithy's heart throbbed.

Krantz muttered an imprecation in German and stared back to see who was following.

It was Smithy's chance; a desperate chance, but he took it.

For a second the ruffian's attention was off him; and that second was not lost by the wary, watchful Bounder.

He grabbed at Krantz's right arm and dragged at it, dragging the pistol-muzzle clear of himself.

Bang!

Krantz's finger was on the trigger, and the revolver exploded, whether intentionally or not.

But the Bounder had jerked the pistol-hand clear, and the bullet whizzed away from the rickshaw, narrowly missing the Baganda boy.

There was a yell of terror from the rickshaw boy.

Possibly he believed that he had been fired at; certainly the bullet went close enough, and he felt the wind of it.

He dropped the handles of the rickshaw on the instant, and bolted across the track to the trees at the side.

In a twinkling he vanished from sight.

Krantz was turning on the Bounder, snarling. With desperate strength and

swiftness the Bounder struck at him, his clenched fist crashing on the ruffian's chin, almost with the force of a hammer. At the same time he clung to the dusky right wrist with his left hand.

Bang!

It was a random shot, as Krantz received the Bounder's blow, but it tore past Smithy's arm, grazing the sleeve of his jacket.

Then, with a savage wrench, Krantz tore his right arm free of Smithy's desperate clutch.

Another moment—

But the running footsteps behind had reached the rickshaw now. As Krantz was in the act of pulling the trigger he was grasped and dragged headlong to the earth. The revolver cracked, the bullet flying up to the tree-tops.

"Oh!" panted Vernon-Smith. "Oh, my hat! McCann— Oh, good luck!"

He had a glimpse of the little bronze-faced man who had leaped on the slave-trader and dragged him out of the rickshaw.

It was Captain McCann, the man-tracker of Uganda!

The next moment McCann and the slave-trader were a mixed and whirling heap, struggling furiously, rolling over and over, fighting like wild-cats.

The German's revolver had dropped from his hand as he fell, and he was grasping at the man-tracker, clutching him fiercely; and McCann returned grasp for grasp.

He was smaller and lighter than the slave-trader; but he seemed quite as strong as his more bulky enemy, and as elastic as an eel.

Over and over they rolled, in desperate conflict.

Captain McCann had his hands on his man at last—the man he had hunted through Kenya, and Uganda, and Tanganyika, and the Belgian Congo. And the man-tracker's grip was tenacious.

For a few moments Vernon-Smith panted for breath, watching the desperate struggle. Then he leaped from the rickshaw and rushed to the aid of the man-tracker.

Krantz, freeing one hand, tore a knife from his belt, and the Bounder caught the gleam of the blade as it was bared. He jumped at the ruffian, caught his right arm, and dragged it back, twisting it savagely, and Krantz dropped the knife, with a howl of agony.

The next moment the knife was in the Bounder's grasp.

As ruthless as Krantz himself, for the moment, the Bounder struck at the slave-trader with the keen blade.

Krantz twisted aside from the blow, and the keen edge of the knife gashed along his cheek, laying open the skin from mouth to ear.

Before the Bounder could strike again, the slave-trader, with a terrific effort, tore himself loose from McCann and leaped away.

For a split second he glared at his enemies, panting. Then he bounded away towards the trees.

"After him!" panted the Bounder.

McCann was springing after the German like a leopard. Krantz vanished into the trees, with the man-tracker close behind.

Vernon-Smith rushed after them; but in a few seconds both were far from sight, and the rustling in the trees died away. The schoolboy had no chance of keeping pace with the desperate flight and pursuit.

He halted and returned to the rickshaw. The rickshaw boy, frightened out of his fuzzy wits, had disappeared.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured the Bounder.

He mopped his streaming forehead. He listened, but he could hear no sound of Krantz or the man-tracker. They were far away. He had no doubt that McCann would keep up the pursuit while a chance remained of getting his man, and it was useless to await his return.

He pitched Krantz's knife into the bushes and started to walk back the way he had come.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Jam for Bunter!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Smithy!"

"The esteemed and ridiculous Smithy!"

Leaving Bunter gobbling at the teatable in the hotel garden, Harry Wharton & Co. had strolled down the road, winding down the hill overlooking the lake, to look for the Bounder.

At some little distance from the hotel they sighted Herbert Vernon-Smith coming up the hilly road.

"Oh, here he is!" said Harry Wharton. "I was beginning to think that something must have happened."

"I expect Smithy's jolly old temper happened," grinned Bob Cherry. "Most likely he kicked Bunter out of the rickshaw. He looked like doing it when we left him."

The Bounder did not look as if anything untoward had happened. He came swinging cheerfully up the road, his hands in his pockets, whistling as he came. He gave the Famous Five a grin as he met them.

"Lookin' for me?" he asked.

"Well, we thought we'd come along to see if you were coming," said Harry. "Bunter's got in by himself."

"Oh! Bunter's got in, has he?"

"Yes; about a quarter of an hour ago."

"I wondered what had become of the fat fool!" said the Bounder carelessly. "So he found his way all right."

Vernon-Smith walked on to the hotel with the chums of the Remove.

"Is the pater in yet?" he asked.

"No he hasn't arrived so far."

"Oh, good! He would have been alarmed. I'm glad I've got in first. All serene now."

"Alarmed?" repeated Wharton. "What was there to be alarmed about?"

Smithy stared at him.

"You fellows weren't alarmed?" he asked sarcastically.

"Eh? No!"

"Thanks!" said the Bounder, still more sarcastically. And he began to whistle again as he walked on.

The chums of the Remove exchanged glances. Smithy, apparently, was getting his back up; why, they did not know.

"Look here, Smithy, what are you driving at?" demanded Wharton.

"Nothin'."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Johnny Bull. "What the dickens is the matter with you? Did you want us to get into a flutter because you were late for tea?"

"Not at all."

"My esteemed Smithy—"

"I'm jolly hungry!" said the Bounder. "I hope Bunter hasn't scooped all the grub in Entebbe yet. You fellows had a good tea?"

"Quite."

"That's good! I should have been sorry to spoil your appetites with any unnecessary anxiety."

"That's sarc, I suppose," said Bob Cherry, staring at the Bounder. "I'm blessed if I know what you're driving at, Smithy!"

"My dear man, I'm not drivin' at anythin'. My father would have been alarmed, as I've said; but that's only because he attaches an absurd value to his son, you know. No reason why you should worry."

"I don't see any reason for worrying because a fellow's late for tea!" said Wharton tartly. "If I worried about either of you, it would be about Bunter—the fat ass might have lost himself."

"Which would have been awfully serious!" said Vernon-Smith, with a nod. "It's a great relief to hear that Bunter hasn't lost himself."

"Well, we've got to look after the duffer, as he's with us, and you undertook to bring him along," said the captain of the Remove sharply. "I offered to go in the rickshaw with him, but you took it on. And if you want to know, I think you might have seen him safe to the hotel, troublesome ass as he is."

"I was rather occupied!" said Smithy dryly.

"Well, you shouldn't have been!" said Johnny Bull. "If a fellow undertakes to do a thing, he should do it."

Vernon-Smith came to a halt, and stared directly at the chums of the Remove, with a very unpleasant expression on his face.

"What do you mean by that, Bull?" he asked.

"I mean what I say, as I generally do," answered Johnny calmly, "and you needn't give me any of your black looks, Smithy—I'm not Bunter, and I don't care two straws for your scowling!"

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "Wash it out, Smithy! Bunter's got in all right, so it's all serene, anyhow. But what the thump have you been doing all this time?"

"What have I been doing?" repeated the Bounder.

He stared blankly at Bob.

"Well, we naturally expected to find both of you at the hotel, as you took a rickshaw, and we walked through the woods. But Bunter came in after us—and you come in last of all, scowling like a demon in a panto. Have you been getting into a shindy with somebody in Entebbe?"

The Bounder jumped.

"Great pip! Hasn't Bunter told you?"

"Told us what?"

"Then he hasn't!" ejaculated the Bounder.

"Has anything happened?" asked Wharton.

The Bounder stared at him, and then burst into a laugh.

"What did Bunter say when he came in?" he asked.

"He said he was hungry."

"Nothing else?"

"Only that he wanted grub."

"Oh crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Vernon-Smith. "Oh, my hat!" His face had cleared now. "Sorry, you men—I thought Bunter had told you, of course."

"What the dickens was there for Bunter to tell us?" asked Nugent.

"Have you been getting into trouble, or what?"

"Well, just a few!" grinned the Bounder. "I've met Krantz—"

"Krantz!" exclaimed the juniors, all together.

The Bounder explained.

"Well, I dare say he was hungry," said Vernon-Smith, laughing. "Naturally, he forgot everything else."

"You've had a jolly narrow escape, Smithy," said Harry. "Thank goodness that man McCann got on the spot! I hope he'll get that villain!"

"The hopefulness is terrific."

"So that's why you were getting your back up, Smithy?" said Johnny Bull. "You thought we knew all about it, and didn't care, what?"

The Bounder coloured.

"Sorry!" he said. "But—"

"But the execrable Bunter should be made a ridiculous example of," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "If we had known, my absurd Smithy, we should have been terrifically concerned and should have endeavoured to come to the ridiculous rescue—"

"We'll jolly well squash Bunter!" said Bob. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's the fat villain—still going strong!"

The juniors entered the hotel garden. Under the shady tree Billy Bunter was still busy. He blinked round at the sound of the juniors' footsteps and voices.

"I say, you fellows— Hallo! Is that you, Smithy? I say, you fellows, I've finished the jam. Look here, this is jolly good jam—really good. I think it's made from mangoes—anyhow, it's good! That blessed nigger has disappeared. Call to him, will you? I want some more jam."

"You want some more jam?" said Bob.

"Yes; I told you I was hungry!" said Bunter warmly. "You walk off, and never care if a fellow gets enough to eat! I've called that waiter three times, and he doesn't hear, or pretends he doesn't! If you fellows think I'm going to starve—"

"Oh, kill him!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Why didn't you tell us about Smithy?" roared Bob. "Eh! I was going to, if you'd give a fellow a chance to get a bite of something when he's starving. You walk off and leave a fellow—lot you care if I perish of hunger under your eyes! If this is what you call pally—"

"You shall have some jam," said Bob Cherry. "Lots and lots of jam! I'll see to that at once, Bunter."

"Good! You're not such a selfish beast as those other beasts, Cherry! But buck up, old chap! I'm hungry!"

Bob Cherry lost no time. He called to a black waiter, and jam was brought to the table—a large jar, containing seven pounds. Billy Bunter blinked at it almost ecstatically. It was good jam, really good jam, and seven pounds was enough even for Bunter.

"Good!" said the Owl of the Remove. "That's something like! You might help a fellow!"

"Just what I'm going to do," answered Bob. "All you fellows help, too!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

All the fellows helped. Billy Bunter was collared by many hands and jerked out of his chair, and spread on the earth, spluttering. Then the big jar of jam was up-ended over his fat face.

Jam streamed out in a cascade.

"Grooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ooooch! Wooooch! Groooooogh! Oooooogggggh!"

"Give him some more!"

"Jam for Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yarooogh! Gug-gug-gug! Oooch! Leggol! Leave off! Wooooh! I don't want any jam! Help! Rescue! Whooooop! Gug-gug-gug!"

(Continued on next page.)

GREYFRIARS HEROES.—No. 3

This week the GREYFRIARS RHYMESTER reveals the hero worshipped by Billy Bunter. Can you guess whom it can be?

*Each fellow worships some man best,
From Lindenberg to Nero,
And Billy Bunter, like the rest,
Has his own favourite hero;
This chap has a widespread fame,
Which nothing can diminish;
We'll tell you what he's like—his name
We'll keep until the finish.*

*Now first of all, he's very fat,
As Bunter's hero should be;
He's podgy like our Bill, and that
Is quite as fat as could be;
He likes to wag his silly chin
And make his comrades barmy,
Except when he is stuffing in
Enough to feed an army.*



*He uses whoppers hot and strong,
Like many other liars,
And doesn't think it very wrong
To copy Ananias;
A boaster, too, he doesn't cease
To tell the world he's handsome,
As though his foolish frontispiece
Was worth a prince's ransom.*

*Suppose, at night, you hear a sound
Like forty lions roaring,
Then you can safely bet a pound
It's Bunter's hero snoring;
The celebrated view hallo!
Of John Peel, in the morning,
Compared with this chap on the go
Would sound like sparrows yawning.*

*He thinks no damsel can resist
His fascinating figure;
He's also a ventriloquist,
And owns a charming snigger.
And, lastly, he's perpetually
As hungry as a hunter;
Well, have you guessed whom it can be?
You're right—it's BILLY BUNTER.*

Taken internally, it was nice jam! Taken as Bunter was taking it, it was horrid. It streamed over his fat face, down his fat neck, into his fat ears, and mixed with his hair. Bunter had often been jammy in his fat career, but never had he been so jammy as now!

He was, so to speak, of the jam, jammy!

"Ow! Oh crikey! Ooooch! I'm sticky! Owl Beasts! Wharrer you up to? Yaroooh! Help! Oooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry scraped the last of the jam out of the jar with a large spoon, and shoved it, spoon and all, down Bunter's neck.

"There!" he gasped. "Is that enough jam?"

"Ooooooooch!"

"Now kick him——"

"Help!"

"All kick together——"

"Yaroooooh!"

A jammy Bunter scrambled up and fled wildly. A roar of laughter followed him. And for the next hour Billy Bunter, breathing wrath and indignation and jam, was busy cleaning off stickiness. For once in his podgy life Billy Bunter had had too much jam!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Into the Heart of Africa!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. enjoyed the next few days. Mr. Vernon-Smith's business kept him nearly a week in Entebbe, during which time the juniors saw little of the millionaire. While Mr. Vernon-Smith dealt with cotton propositions, and railway propositions, and all sorts of propositions in "big business," the Famous Five and the Bounder spent the sunny days in canoes on the lake, or trips in the forests under the guidance of Kikolobo.

On most of these occasions they were deprived of the fascinating company of William George Bunter.

Bunter preferred a long cane chair, under a shady tree in the hotel garden overlooking the lake, with a table at his elbow, loaded with refreshments, liquid and solid.

That was Billy Bunter's way of enjoying a trip to Central Africa, and the juniors cheerfully left him to it.

Bunter, in these days, was almost satisfied; indeed, he told the other fellows that, so long as this lasted, Uganda was nearly as good as Margate. Unfortunately, from Bunter's point of view, it could not last for ever.

The next journey was across the neck of Uganda that lies between Lake Victoria Nyanza and Lake Albert Nyanza. Lake Albert was the limit of Mr. Vernon-Smith's journeyings in Equatorial Africa; there was a "cotton" proposition in that direction which the millionaire had to examine, and the juniors were glad to hear of it. Indeed, they would have been glad enough to cross Lake Albert into the Belgian Congo, and keep on till they reached the Atlantic, had time and Mr. Vernon-Smith permitted.

The farther they penetrated into the heart of mysterious Africa, the wilder it grew; and the wilder it grew, the better the Greyfriars fellows liked it—with the exception of Billy Bunter. Bunter was satisfied with a seat under a shady tree, and unlimited supplies of grub, at Entebbe; but the other fellows had not come out to Uganda merely to eat mango jam. There was keen anticipation as they made their preparations to go westward to Lake Albert.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,232.

"I say, you fellows, it's all rot, you know," said Billy Bunter peevishly. "Why not stay here and let old—I mean, let Mr. Vernon-Smith hike off on his own? The grub here is good."

"Jolly good idea!" said the Bounder cordially. "I'll ask the pater to fix it up for you to stay on here, Bunter, and we can pick you up when we come back. It's only a fortnight."

"Oh, really, Smitty——"

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry. "Bunter will be comfortable here—as he says, the grub is good, and I'm awfully afraid that he won't find the grub so good in the interior. I'm rather worried about that."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"The worryfulness is terrific," declared Hurreo Janset Ram Singh. "It is preposterously important for the esteemed and idiotic Bunter to be made absurdly comfortable."

"Oh, really, Inky——"

"Just what I was thinking," said Johnny Bull, entering into the game, as it were. "Bunter will hardly be comfy trekking along through forests full of roaring lions."

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"And leopards," said Wharton. "There's a frightful lot of leopards in Uganda, and if one of them should get hold of Bunter——"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"And crocodiles," said Frank Nugent. "Bunter had a narrow escape of being eaten by a crocodile, back in Kenya—or the crocodile had a narrow escape of eating Bunter——"

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"And the flies and the mosquitoes," said the Bounder. "The bite of the mosquito causes all sorts of fearful diseases——"

"Look here——"

"And there's the sleeping sickness," said Wharton. "Awfully dangerous in this country! Bunter's prone to it! You know how he sleeps, even without any sickness."

"The sleepfulness is terrific."

"After all, the chief thing is for Bunter to be safe and comfortable, and to have plenty to eat!" said Bob Cherry gravely.

"Glad you can see it!" snorted Bunter.

"Then I'll speak to the pater about it," said Vernon-Smith. "We'll pick you up as we come back, Bunter—if you haven't burst all over Entebbe by that time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say you fellows if you think you're going to leave me behind, to be kidnapped by niggers, and murdered by slave-traders, you're jolly well mistaken!" hooted Bunter. "I dare say that beast Krantz is still hanging about looking for a chance at me."

"My dear ass, Krantz has bolted into the interior, with Captain McCann after him," said Wharton. "He will never dare show himself in Entebbe again. We might meet him round Lake Albert, though."

"Very likely, I think," said Nugent solemnly.

Bunter blinked at the juniors uneasily.

"I—I say, you fellows, d-d-do you think that's likely?" he asked. "I—I'd rather not meet that beast again, you know."

"Well, we can't be sure, of course, but it's jolly probable," said Wharton, "and if we meet him, and he pots you——"

"Ow!"

"Or catches you and sells you to some African chief for the cooking-pot——"

"Wow!"

"We should miss you next term at Greyfriars," said Bob, shaking his head sadly. "When we're doing Latin prose with Quelch it would be awful to think of you left in the interior of a cannibal—I mean, in the interior of Africa——"

"Grooogh! Look here, you fellows, I'm not coming!" gasped Bunter. "You can't expect it! I'm jolly well not going to be eaten by lions, and torn to pieces by leopards and crocodiles, and devoured by filthy cannibals, just to please you! I shan't come."

The juniors exchanged a glance—quite an ecstatic glance. If one thing was needful to make that trip into the interior a success, it was Billy Bunter remaining behind at Entebbe. It was going to be good, anyhow; but that would be the finishing touch to make it perfect.

Unfortunately, the fat Owl caught that ecstatic exchange of glances. A fat grin came over his face.

"I say, you fellows——"

"I'll go and speak to the pater about it now," said the Bounder.

"You needn't trouble!" grinned Bunter. "I'm coming! It's all right, you fellows—I quite understand the danger; but the fact is I rather like danger! I'm not funky—like some fellows."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Besides, it's up to me to look after you fellows! I came out here chiefly to protect you, and I'm going to do it! If we come across Krantz, leave him to me."

"Wha-a-t?"

"I'll deal with him" said Bunter calmly. "I'll handle him all right. As for lions, I'm rather keen on getting a lion's skin to take back for the study at Greyfriars! As for leopards, they don't frighten me like they do you fellows. And if you're afraid of crocodiles, just leave 'em to me."

"You frabjous chump——"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"You benighted idiot——"

"You can call a fellow names," said Bunter. "But if you think you're jolly well pulling my leg, you're jolly well mistaken, see? I'm coming! So you can jolly well tell me the time of the train."

"The what?" yelled Bob.

"The train! Better tell old—tell Mr. Vernon-Smith to make it an afternoon train. I shan't get up early, and you may as well understand that first as last."

"There isn't any train, fathead, as there's no railway, ass! There's a road part of the way, and a track most of the way! And we're going through forests that are simply crammed with lions——"

"Keep it up!" grinned Bunter.

"And leopards, and snakes, and cannibals——"

"He, he, he!"

"And if you had the sense of a bunny rabbit you'd stick here and feed till we came back!"

"Yah!"

"We might really meet Krantz again——"

"He, he, he!"

The juniors gave it up. If anything would have made Bunter determined to go on with the party, it was the knowledge that there was a general desire to leave him in Entebbe. Though had Bunter been able to foresee a tenth part of what was destined to happen on that adventurous trip into the heart of Africa, it is certain that wild horses

would not have dragged him out of the Entebbe Hotel.

But, unfortunately for himself and the other fellows, Billy Bunter did not foresee. His impression was that the other fellows were trying to keep him out of something good; and Bunter was not to be kept out of it—not if Bunter knew it.

And when Mr. Vernon-Smith and his young charges left Entebbe, Billy Bunter left with them.

There were many ways of travelling across from Lake Victoria to Lake Albert, on the border of the Congo country—on foot, or by rickshaw, or by Cape cart; but Mr. Vernon-Smith chose none of these ways. A huge motor-car appeared as if by magic, with a motor-van to carry the baggage and the native servants, and the party left in style, with half Entebbe watching them.

Billy Bunter settled back comfortably in a corner and grinned cheerily at the other fellows. It was a bright and sunny morning, and the car rolled swiftly and smoothly. Bunter had packed away several breakfasts, and there were no lions about. Bunter was feeling quite merry and bright.

Entebbe and the Victoria Nyanza disappeared behind, and the car hummed on by a shady forest road. So far, the going was good, and Bunter was satisfied.

"I say, you fellows, this is all right!" he remarked. "Where are those jolly old lions you told me about? He, he, ho!"

From the thick trees that lined the forest track, as if in answer to the fat Owl's question, came a sudden, reverberating roar.

Bunter jumped.

"Oh crikey!"

He blinked from the window.

Glaring from an opening in the trees a gigantic African lion stood, lashing his ribs with his tail. Possibly the buzz of the car had disturbed him.

Bunter blinked at him, his eyes almost bulging through his spectacles.

"Oh lor!" he gasped.

The car flashed past, and Simba disappeared behind, though his roar followed. Bunter sat and blinked.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"What about stopping for that lion?" asked Bob Cherry. "Bunter wants a skin for his study at Greyfriars."

"Let's!" said Nugent.

"I—I think we'd better keep on!" gasped Bunter. "I—I shall have plenty of time to get a lion's skin! Any—any time will do, really."

"Any time but the present?" asked Bob.



Billy Bunter was collared by many hands and spread on the earth, spluttering. Then the big jar of jam was up-ended over his fat face. "Yaroooh! Gug-gug-gug!" gurgled the Owl of the Remove. "Help! Rescue! Whoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows, what—wha-a-at's that?" stuttered Bunter, with a startled blink from the window.

On a huge branch that stretched across the track, a sinuous, spotted cat-like creature clung, staring down at the car.

The juniors looked out.

"That, old bean, is a jolly old leopard!" said Bob Cherry.

"I—I say, suppose it jumps on the roof of the car—"

"Then we shall hear it drop!"

"Ow!"

Bunter listened in anguish, as the car glided swiftly under the branch to which the leopard clung. But there was no sound of the great cat dropping on the roof, and he breathed again.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I think I'd rather stop in Entebbe, after all," stuttered the fat Owl. "I'm not afraid of lions, of course, or—or leopards—but—but I've heard that it's hotter on Lake Albert than on Lake Victoria, and—and on the whole, I think I'd rather go back."

"Too late, old bean!" grinned the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy! Look here, I'm jolly well going back! I say, Mr. Vernon-Smith! I say, I want to go back."

Mr. Vernon-Smith took his face out of the "British East Africa Leader," and stared at Bunter.

"What, what?" he ejaculated.

"I want to go back."

"You young donkey!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith put his face back into the newspaper. Billy Bunter, in his deep concern for his fat self, had forgotten the immense value of Mr. Vernon-Smith's time; but Mr. Vernon-Smith was not likely to forget it. He snorted and resumed his newspaper. He was perusing an article dealing with financial matters in "British East"; a subject of entrancing interest to the millionaire; and the roaring of lions did not draw his attention from it. Still less was he likely to heed William George Bunter.

"I—I say, you fellows, how far have we come?" groaned Bunter.

"About thirty miles."

"What's the whole distance?"

"About a hundred and fifty."

"Oh dear! Do we get in before dark?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, do we get in before dark?" hooted Bunter.

"You silly owl!" said Bob. "Do you think we're running on the Brighton road? Rickshaws do the trip in about ten days—we may do it in three, if we don't have engine trouble, and breakdowns, and cannibals, and lions, and elephants, and crocodiles, and—"

"Ch lor'! I—I say, I suppose there are some decent hotels on the way?" groaned Bunter.

"Naturally," said the Bounder sarcastically. "First-class Grand Hotels, with baths and lifts complete, in the middle of the African jungle."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There are rest-houses here and there, fathead," said Harry Wharton. "We shall get shelter o' nights."

"You'll get used to the lions roaring under your windows, old fat bean," said Johnny Bull kindly.

"Oh crikey!"

"If you find a snake in your bed, you just knock it on the head—"

"Ow!"

"And if the car upsets in a river, a crocodile immediately puts you out of all your troubles—"

"Wow!"

Billy Bunter was very dubious now whether it was a good thing that the other fellows had tried to keep him out of. He doubted whether he was going to enjoy that trip into the heart of Africa after all. But there was no help for it now; Bunter was booked.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wet!

"M'VUA comes, O Bwana?" said Kikolobo.

It was the second morning, and the tall Kikuyu stood watching the sky over the high tree-tops that lined the track.

The night had been spent at one of the many rest-houses on the route; and though the quarters were far from palatial, the travellers slept soundly enough, and turned out cheerfully in the morning.

It was a bright and sunny morning; but there was a thoughtful shade on the dusky face of the Kikuyu as he watched the sky.

"M'vua?" repeated the Bounder, with a grin. "Who is jolly old M'vua, Kicky?"

Harry Wharton & Co. glanced along the track. For the moment, they supposed that the Kikuyu meant that someone was coming along the road—possibly a member of his tribe.

"M'vua—the rain?" said Kikolobo.

"Oh! The rain!" said Harry Wharton, and he smiled. The juniors had already noticed the native way of speaking of things as if they were persons.

"Ndiyo, Bwana! This Kikuyu thinks that there will be heavy rain, which we shall see with our eyes before noon."

"Well, a little rain won't hurt us!" said Bob Cherry.

"The rainfulness will be grateful and comforting after the terrific sunshinefulness!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Hear, hear!"

The schoolboy travellers had noticed that it grew hotter as they penetrated further into Uganda, towards Lake Albert. A heavy shower of rain would have been far from unwelcome.

But the Kikuyu's face was grave.

Mr. Vernon-Smith came bustling out of the rest-house. All was ready for the start.

"O Bwana-m'kubwa!" said the Kikuyu. "There will be much rain before noon, and this Kikuyu thinks that the fire-wagons, which are heavier than many loaded rickshaws, will not pass on the swampy road."

"Eh! What—what?" said Mr. Vernon-Smith. He stared up at the sky. "It looks fine enough to me."

"The eyes of the Bwana-m'kubwa do not see all that is seen by the eyes of this Kikuyu!" answered Kikolobo gravely. "There will be much rain."

Mr. Vernon-Smith grunted.

Roads in Uganda left very much to be desired by a motorist, though great improvements had been made of late years. If the forest track was swamped by heavy rain, it was likely to give trouble. But Mr. Vernon-Smith was not the man to submit to delay if he could help it.

"We may get through," he said. "Anyhow, we'll try!"

"As my lord wishes!" said the Kikuyu.

The big car was packed with passengers again, and rolled away, followed by the baggage-van.

Mr. Vernon-Smith glanced from the window several times; but the morning remained fine. Weather and the state of the roads permitting, the millionaire hoped to get in at Butiaba, on Lake Albert, by nightfall.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter gave a fat chuckle. "That nigger, Kicky, is a silly ass, you know! It's as fine as anything."

"Listen to the man who knows!" said Bob Cherry.

"The knowfulness of the idiotic Bunter is terrific."

"Well, I can jolly well tell you that it's going to be fine," said Bunter. "I'll swallow all the rain we get this morning."

And Bunter settled down for a nap in his corner. He needed one, after the breakfast he had packed away in the rest-house.

An hour passed; with Billy Bunter's musical snore mingling more or less harmoniously with the rumble of the car.

By that time, the sunny sky was overcast; and shadowy dimness reigned in the forest track.

Patter, patter patter! came the rain on the roof.

Mr. Vernon-Smith expressed his feelings with a grunt. Billy Bunter snored on. The juniors listened to the rain, beating down more heavily every moment, and watched the trees weeping with water. Rain formed in pools on the track, and the wheels splashed up water and mud.

The forest was thinning away, the trees growing fewer and fewer, replaced here and there by low bushes. A tract of swamp lay ahead of the travellers, across which the track ran towards another forest that loomed dark in the far distance.

Bunter opened his eyes, and blinked round. The rain was no longer pattering on the car; it was beating and crashing. It came down past the windows in a flood. It was the first time the juniors had seen an Equatorial rain-storm, and it was a new and rather startling experience for them. It seemed as if the sky had opened flood-gates on a weeping earth.

"I say, you fellows, what's that row?" gasped Bunter.

"That's the jolly old rain that wasn't coming!" answered Bob.

"Oh crikey!"

"Are you going to swallow it all?" asked the Bounder sarcastically. "I don't think even your mouth would be big enough, old fat man."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith puckered his brows rather anxiously. The car was jerking and jolting, labouring along a track that was now soaked by water, that flooded over it in streams.

Slower and slower grew the pace.

It was difficult to see anything from the windows in the drenching rain. The juniors had a dim view of wide-stretching flats, streaming with water. Tons of water were falling inexhaustibly.

"I say, you fellows, we're stopping!" said Bunter.

"We've stopped!" said Nugent.

"The stopfulness is terrific!"

The Eurasian chauffeur looked round, met Mr. Vernon-Smith's eye, and

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shugged his shoulders expressively. The wheels were sinking in the rain-soaked earth, and further progress was impossible.

The heavy baggage-van was already bogged, some distance back; and now the car had stopped. The juniors could almost feel it sinking under them.

"I say, you fellows, we can't stop here, you know!" said Bunter.

"What else are we going to do, Fatty?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Kicky!" Kikolobo, with water running down him in torrents, appeared at the door of the car. The tall Kikuyu seemed indifferent to the rain. He addressed the millionaire gravely through the window.

"O Bwana-m'kubwa, now your eyes see that the fire-wagons cannot go on," he said.

"Grunt from Mr. Vernon-Smith.

"You're guide! What are we to do?" he rapped.

"O Bwana-m'kubwa, the fire-wagons must remain where they stand, and many men must be sent to move them after many days!" said Kikolobo.

"Good gad!"

"But I, Kikolobo, will go on, and bring rickshaws for the Bwana-m'kubwa and the young lords, for at Koto there are many rickshaws. And my lords will please to wait till I, Kikolobo return."

"Lose no time!" said Mr. Vernon-Smith.

"O Bwana-m'kubwa, the feet of this Kikuyu will be as swift as the flight of Tai, the eagle, in the forests of Masalindi."

And the tall figure in monkey-skins disappeared in the rain.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hoofing It I

"DAMP, isn't it?" remarked Bob Cherry.

The juniors grinned ruefully.

The rain had stopped at last, after a torrential downpour lasting about an hour.

The dark clouds rolled away, and the sky shone blue again, and the glowing heat of the African sun revived.

Harry Wharton & Co. descended from the car to look round.

How long it would be before the Kikuyu returned they did not know; but it was likely to be some time yet. It was not likely that the rickshaws would take the road till the rain had stopped, and Koto was at a considerable distance.

Round the bogged car was a weeping swamp. The track could hardly be distinguished from the surrounding swamp, and the wheels had completely disappeared from view. It was likely to be a long and arduous task to get the car going again; and, as the Kikuyu had said, it required many men, after many days. The journey had to be finished by rickshaw, and they had to wait for the rickshaws.

"The dampfulness is truly terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Never mind! What's the odds, so long as you're 'appy?" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

Mr. Vernon-Smith stared grimly from the car. This was one of the little episodes of African travel, and could not be helped. But Mr. Vernon-Smith counted his time by golden minutes, and delays irked him severely.

He talked for a few minutes with the Eurasian chauffeur, and then stepped from the car.

"I suppose you boys can walk?" he grunted.

"The walkfulness of our esteemed selves is terrific and preposterous, honoured sir!" answered the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Mr. Vernon-Smith grinned.

"Well then, we may as well get out and meet Kicky with the rickshaws," he said. "The chauffeur knows the route; he has been over it many times. The cars can be left here with some of the servants to guard them."

"Good egg!" said the Bounder. "I'd rather walk than hang about waiting."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows—" Billy Bunter blinked in alarm from the car. "I say, I can't walk it, you know."

Mr. Vernon-Smith gave the fat Owl a glare and a snort.

"Stay in the car!" he said. "I will send a rickshaw for you later."

"Oh, really, sir!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith grunted and turned away. He had plenty on his hands just then without Bunter.

The fat junior blinked at the chums of the Remove in deep indignation.

"I say, you fellows, you're not going on without me!" he exclaimed. "Suppose a lion came along?"

"Well, that would put a stop to your chin-music," said the Bounder.

"Beast! I'm not going to be left here alone!" roared Bunter.

"There will be half a dozen of the native servants left with the cars, fat-head!" said Wharton. "You won't be left alone."

"If you think you're going to leave me to be eaten by black cannibals, Harry Wharton—"

"Oh dear! Well, get out and walk, then!"

"Do you think I came here to walk miles and miles through a swamp?" roared Bunter. "Of course, I can't walk! I expect my pals to stay with me!"

"Let your pals know, then, whoever they are and wherever they are," suggested Johnny Bull, "and shut up!"

"Beast!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith's arrangements were soon made. Half a dozen of the native servants were directed to remain with the cars, till help could be sent. Four more took on their shoulders the more essential portion of the considerable baggage of the party. The juniors carefully sorted out their rifles and cartridges, for Billy Bunter's fears of seeing a lion were by no means unfounded. Then they were ready to start, Bunter watching them from the car with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

Bunter could scarcely believe that these beasts, selfish as they were, really intended to go on and leave him, or, alternatively, as the lawyers say, to make him walk miles through a reeking swamp. But he realised at last that that was just what they did intend to do, and he hopped out of the car.

Walking was not attractive to Bunter, but it was preferable to being left alone among a lot of niggers, who might, for all Bunter knew, be cannibals, and who might be watching for that very chance of securing such a fat morsel as William George Bunter.

"Coming, Bunter?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Yes, you beast! Wait till I get my rifle."

"Don't forget your cartridges!" grinned the Bounder.

And the juniors chuckled. Bunter's supply of blank cartridges was a little jest among the juniors, which Bunter did not share.

Bunter felt safer with a rifle in his

hands, but the other fellows would have felt far from safe had that rifle been loaded with ball. With blank cartridges, even Billy Bunter could not do a lot of damage—to himself or anyone else.

Those innocuous cartridges were not likely to make any difference if Bunter fired at a lion, for the fat Owl had never been known to send a bullet within six yards of a target. Any object over that distance from the target would have been in danger.

Splash, splash, splash! With the Eurasian chauffeur in the lead, guiding the way, the juniors tramped cheerfully through water and mud. Mud soon clothed them like a garment.

From Billy Bunter came an incessant series of grunts and gasps and growls. Travelling in Uganda was far from satisfactory to Bunter. No doubt, in the present circumstances, Margate would have been rather more attractive. But Billy Bunter was for it now; and he tramped and grunted, and splashed and stumbled on, and took it out in grousing.

Koto was the nearest rest-house, and Koto was a good twelve miles away, and every yard of those miles was hard going. But the juniors took it cheerfully; Mr. Vernon-Smith took it philosophically, and the native porters tramped on with the baggage with stolid patience. Nobody groused but Bunter; but Bunter groused enough for the whole party, and a little over.

"I say, you fellows, who's going to carry my rifle?" asked Bunter, after he had plugged along about a quarter of a mile.

"We're carrying our own," said Harry Wharton mildly.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Chuck it away!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"I think one of you fellows might carry this rifle. You'll be jolly glad I've got it, if we meet a lion!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I say, this rifle is jolly heavy! You could put it on your other shoulder, Bob."

"I could!" assented Bob cheerfully.

"But I'm jolly well not going to!"

"What about you, Franky? You're not such a selfish beast as Cherry."

"I am!" answered Nugent, shaking his head. "Worse, in fact."

"I say, Inky—Inky, old man, you carry it for me!"

"The answer is in the esteemed negative, my absurd fat Bunter."

"Of all the selfish beasts!" said Bunter, in disgust. And he continued to carry the rifle himself.

Mr. Vernon-Smith looked round.

"Don't lag behind, Bunter!" he said.

"If you get lost here, you will be lost for good! This isn't Kenya."

"Oh, really, sir—"

Grunt! Mr. Vernon-Smith stalked on.

"I say, you fellows, don't walk so fast!" howled Bunter.

"Oh, get on, for goodness' sake!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter lagged behind. He lagged more and more, deaf to the objurgations hurled back at him by the other fellows. Feeling fairly certain that they would not go on and leave him to be lost in the swamp, Bunter saw no reason why he should not lag as much as he liked.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "Is that a lion following us?"

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter put on a spurt.

After which, the fat Owl did not lag a single inch behind.

The open swamp was left at last, and the party came into a track through a forest of tall trees. Here the going was easier, though their feet still sank in rain-soaked earth. Every vestige of a cloud was now gone from the sky, and the sun was blazing down as if stormy skies were unknown in Uganda. The shade of the trees was very welcome to the muddy, way-worn travellers.

"I say, you fellows!" groaned Bunter. "It's hot!"

"Dear man, we've noticed that already," answered Bob. "Did you come to the Equator to keep cool? That was rather a mistake."

"I'm tired."

"And nobody else is tired!" remarked Johnny Bull. "These things only happen to Bunter."

"Oh dear!"

Bunter plugged on wearily.

The track wound through thick forest, the branches overhead still dripping from the storm, foliage and trunks drenched; the whole place stifling with humid heat. Several times the juniors heard some unseen animal creeping in the underbrush, and they kept their rifles ready. The shadowed track wound ahead of them almost like an immenso tunnel of dripping greenery, barred thickly on either side by trees and brush.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly.

From ahead, in the distance, came a sound of running feet. The sound was approaching the party, though the runner was as yet hidden from sight by the winding of the track.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed the Bounder. "It's the rickshaws at last!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith halted, and mopped his crimson brow with a handkerchief. The walk in the humid heat was telling on the portly gentleman, and he was glad to hear the sound of running feet, which he had no doubt portended the arrival of the rickshaws from Koto. It was likely as not that Kikolobo would send a runner ahead to announce that they were coming.

"Stop," said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "We may as well wait here."

"I should jolly well think so!" groaned Bunter. And he stopped, and leaned his rifle on a tree, while he wiped the streaming perspiration from his fat brow.

All the party were glad enough to stop. They stood in the middle of the track, waiting for the runner to appear in sight round the bend of the winding path ahead.

The running feet came on swiftly.

No one doubted that the man, when he appeared, would prove to be a native runner from Koto, with news of the rickshaws. And there was a general gasp, when the running figure came in sight; for it was that of a white, or half-white, man; in torn and dingy drill, with a battered topee on his head, and with a dark, coppery face and light blue eyes that the Greyfriars fellows knew well.

"Krantz!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Ludwig Krantz!"

"Good gad!" stuttered Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Is that Krantz? Good gad!"

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THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Face to Face!

LUDWIG KRANTZ came running swiftly on.

Almost every moment, as he ran, he glanced over his shoulder, evidently in fear of pursuit.

In the deeply-shadowed track under the huge trees, he did not for the moment perceive the halted group ahead of him. It was plain that the ruffian was pursued, and his attention was given to the danger behind him. He came running on towards the astonished Greyfriars party without even seeing them.

From his looks, Krantz had struck hard times since he had fled from Entebbe with Captain McCann on his track. Probably, with the man-tracker and the askaris hunting him in forest and jungle, he had been cut off from escape into the interior, and from re-joining his savage gang of slave-hunters on the Belgian side of Lake Albert.

His clothes were almost in rags, and he carried no rifle, perhaps having abandoned it when his cartridges gave out. There was a knife in his belt, but he seemed to have no other weapon. His mosquito-boots were almost in tatters, his topee a shapeless rag. His face was stubby with a week's beard; his eyes haggard and sunken. It was evident that he had been driven hard, and at the present moment he was running for his life, and the juniors, staring at him blankly, wondered who was in pursuit. It was possible that he had fallen in with Kikolobo, coming on from Koto with the rickshaws.

He came tearing on, and was scarce a dozen feet from the little crowd in the middle of the track, when he perceived them.

"Ach!"

He panted breathlessly, and came to a sudden halt.

His eyes seemed to start from his head at the unexpected sight of the Greyfriars party.

The Bounder's rifle leaped to his shoulder.

The muzzle bore full on the half-Arab, as he halted, panting, and the Bounder's eyes gleamed over it.

"Get that scoundrel, you chaps!" rapped out Herbert Vernon-Smith. "Don't let him get away."

"You bet!"

"Ach! Ach! You!" panted Krantz.

"Good gad!" stuttered Mr. Vernon-Smith, staring blankly at the ruffian. "Is that Krantz? That scoundrel—"

"I say, you fellows, keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove fairly goggled at the desperado, through his big spectacles. Bunter had been leaning on a tree, feeling as if he could not take another step to save his fat life. But he took another step very promptly now, dodging behind the tree with a howl of terror.

Krantz backed away a pace or two, clenching his hands, and breathing in panting gulps.

Faintly, from the distance, came a sound of running feet; the footsteps of his pursuer.

Judging by the footfalls, there was only one pursuer; but evidently it was one whom the ruffian dared not face, for he did not turn back. After a brief halt of indecision, he came on again, desperately taking the risk of the Greyfriars party's rifles.

"Stop!" shouted Herbert Vernon-Smith. His finger was on the trigger, his eye glinting over the rifle.

Krantz did not heed.

He bounded on, leaping to the side of the track, in an attempt to dodge past the juniors.

Bang!

Harry Wharton & Co. hesitated to fire on the man. It was obvious that he was not dreaming of attacking them; he was seeking only to escape.

But Herbert Vernon-Smith had no such hesitation. The man who had twice seized him, with the intention of selling him into slavery in the heart of Africa, was under the muzzle of his rifle. And the Bounder of Greyfriars did not mean to let him get away. He fired with a steady hand, and only the swift leap of the ruffian saved him from a bullet through the body.

As it was the ball went close, tearing a gash along the slave-trader's shoulder, and the juniors saw the blood run down the ragged sleeve.

A sharp cry came from the ruffian, and he staggered; but the next second he was bounding on like a deer.

"Collar him!"

The Famous Five rushed at Krantz. He eluded them almost by a miracle, leaped on, and seized the rifle that was leaning against the tree where Bunter had been standing a few moments before. It was Bunter's rifle, and the fat Owl had forgotten its existence when he dodged behind the tree at sight of the desperado.

The ruffian snatched up the rifle in passing, and tore on. After him rushed the juniors.

"Good gad!" gasped Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Herbert—all of you! Stop—stop! Come back! Do you hear me!"

But Mr. Vernon-Smith's agitated shout passed unheeded.

The juniors rushed on in pursuit of the fleeing man.

"Good gad!" gasped the millionaire.

Patter, patter, patter, came the swiftly running feet of Krantz's pursuer. Mr. Vernon-Smith stared round.

It was a tall figure in monkey-skins, with three fighting spears that came sweeping into sight round the bend of the track.

"Kikolobo!" gasped Mr. Vernon-Smith.

It was Kikolobo, the Kikuyu, who was on the trail of the fleeing slaver. He halted reluctantly as Mr. Vernon-Smith shouted to him.

"O Bwana-m'kubwa!" panted the Kikuyu. "Do not delay this Kikuyu now, for I am following the evil Mzungu who is the enemy of your magnificent son. My eyes saw him, O Bwana, even as I came from Koto with the rickshaws for your lordship, and he fled from my spears. And it is in my mind to slay him, Bwana, so that your noble and handsome son may be safe from his evil."

"Go after them!" gasped Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Send the boys back! Do as you like, but send the boys back!"

Like a deer the tall Kikuyu bounded on.

"Good gad!" bleated Mr. Vernon-Smith, as he watched the tall, active figure vanish up the forest path.

It did not take the Kikuyu long to overtake the Greyfriars fellows. They glanced round as they heard him running with them, and recognised Kikolobo.

"Oh, good!" panted the Bounder. "We'll get him now! Kicky, old bean, Krantz is just ahead!"

"It was you after him, Kicky?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Yes, lord. The evil Mzungu fled from my spears, like the antelope from Simba, the lion. But the feet of this



Bob Cherry dragged the taggots away, and there was a terrified squeak as Bunter was revealed. "Ow! Help! Meroy!" wailed the fat Removite, as a pair of strong hands gripped his feet. "I'm not here! Keep off! Help!"

Kikuyu are swift, and it is in my thoughts that he will die under my spear."

The Kikuyu forged ahead of the juniors, swiftly as they ran. A curve of the winding track hid the running slave-trader from sight; but he came in view again a few minutes later, running hard. The Kikuyu's eyes blazed at the sight of him.

"We'll get him!" breathed the Bounder.

"Put it on!" gasped Bob Cherry.

The juniors tore after the racing Kikuyu. Krantz was straining every nerve to escape; but the tireless Kikuyu was gaining. Suddenly the slave-trader halted and spun round, desperately facing his pursuers.

The rifle leaped to his shoulder.

It was upon the tall figure in monkey-skins that the muzzle bore. Full at Kikolobo the desperate rascal aimed, his bloodshot, sunken eyes glaring over the rifle.

"Look out!" panted Nugent.

The Kikuyu rushed on with lifted spear.

Bang!

He was only six yards from the slave-trader when Krantz pulled trigger, and it seemed impossible that the ruffian could miss.

But the tall Kikuyu, unharmed, rushed on.

Krantz, for a second, stood as if stunned. He was a crack shot, and he had fired point-blank at the tall figure rushing down on him. And he could not have doubted that the Kikuyu would roll over at his feet, shot dead. Instead of which Kikolobo was rushing

on, his spear uplifted to transfix the slave-trader.

Bob Cherry gave a gasp.

"Oh crikey! That's Bunter's rifle!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Good luck!"

The juniors understood, if the slave-trader did not. It was a blank cartridge that the desperate ruffian had fired.

Crash!

Krantz had barely time to swing up the rifle and ward the blow from the broad blade of the Kikuyu's spear. With a howl of desperation he flung the useless weapon at the Kikuyu, and plunged headlong into the thick, thorny brush that bordered the track among the tall trees.

The rifle crashed on Kikolobo, and for a moment he staggered. Then, as it fell at his feet, he leaped on and plunged into the thorny brush after the fleeing outcast.

The juniors came to a halt. The slave-trader and the Kikuyu had vanished into trackless bush, and it was not much use for the schoolboys to attempt to follow them. They were more likely to lose themselves in the thorny wilderness than to find Ludwig Krantz.

The Bounder gave a grunt.

"Leave him to Kicky," he said. "Kicky will get him. Better go back to the pater. I fancy he called after us."

"I fancy he did," grinned Bob Cherry.

Nugent picked up Bunter's rifle. Nobody had expected Billy Bunter's trusty rifle to come in useful on the trip to Central Africa. But undoubtedly it

had; for the blank cartridge with which Bunter had been so thoughtfully supplied had saved the life of the Kikuyu.

The juniors walked back to the spot where Mr. Vernon-Smith had been left with the porters and the baggage. The millionaire gasped with relief when he saw them.

"You young rascal, Herbert! I called to you to stop!" he snapped.

"Did you, dad?" The Bounder grinned. "I was understudying jolly old Nelson at the battle of what-do-you-call-it; only I turned a deaf ear instead of a blind eye."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that Bunter? Haven't you died of fright, old fat man?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The rickshaws are coming," said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Let us go on and meet them. Has Kikolobo gone after that scoundrel, Krantz?"

"Yes, dad. He won't be happy till he gets him," said the Bounder. "We've left him to it."

"Well, come on!" grunted the millionaire.

The party pursued their way. Half a mile farther on they came on the natives with the rickshaws from Koto. All the party were glad enough to get into the rickshaws—especially Billy Bunter. The fat Owl gave a grunt of relief when he felt wheels under him again.

Many times as the rickshaws rolled on to Koto the Greyfriars fellows looked back. But they saw nothing of Kikolobo. In the depths of the tangled

forest the Kikuyu was hunting the "evil Mzungu." And the Bounder, at least, had no pity to waste on the ruffian, if he perished under the spear of the Kikuyu

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Where is Bunter?

HARRY WHARTON & Co. turned in that night at the rest-house at Koto, without having seen Kikolobo again. But when they came out in the sunny morning the first figure to catch their eyes was the tall, massive figure in striped monkey-skins.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Kicky!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. Kikolobo saluted the "white lords" gravely.

Even the iron-limbed Kikuyu had a weary look. And it was evident that he had trekked long and hard in the forest, on the trail of the evil Mzungu. "Did you get him, Kicky?" asked the Bounder eagerly.

The Kikuyu looked glum. "O Bwana, this Kikuyu has failed!" he answered. "The evil Mzungu was aided by the wicked ghosts who are his friends, and in the waters of the Maanja river he escaped my spears. But whether he lives, or whether the river-ghosts have taken him, is not known to this Kikuyu, but only to N'gai, whose eyes see all things from the summit of the Great Mountain."

"Better luck next time," said Vernon-Smith.

"Anyhow, we're done with him," said Harry Wharton.

"I wonder?" said the Bounder.

"Captain McCann and the askaris are after him, and he hasn't much chance of getting clear," said Bob.

"We shan't see any more of the brute."

"I wonder?" said the Bounder again.

"I say, you fellows, it's rather a pity I didn't go after him," said Billy Bunter thoughtfully.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Only I was jolly tired, you know—not funky like some chaps. If I'd got a bead on him——"

"A whatter?"

"A bead, with my trusty rifle——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows can cackle," said Bunter disdainfully. "That fellow Krantz has got you all scared stiff; but I can jolly well tell you that I'm not afraid of him!"

"Not while he's out of sight," chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'd just like to see the villain coming up the road now——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, with a look of alarm. "Who's that coming up the track, you men? Doesn't he look like Krantz?"

"Look out!" gasped Nugent. "Bunter, get your rifle—quick!"

"Oh crikey!"

It was a native porter coming up the track. But Billy Bunter did not stop even to blink at him. He bolted.

"Buck up with that rifle, Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

But answer there came none. Billy Bunter had vanished like a ghost at cock-crow.

Mr. Vernon-Smith came out of the rest-house, and preparations were made for resuming the journey. The millionaire had arranged for a party from Koto to get the cars out of the swamp, and take them back to Entebbe. The journey was to go on in rickshaws, and runners had been dispatched ahead to provide relays of coolies. The baggage from the cars had been brought in overnight. All was ready for the start with a long string of rickshaws, and a longer string of native porters. All was ready—excepting Bunter.

Bunter was not ready.

Bunter was not to be seen.

"Where is that stupid boy?" snapped Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Why is he not ready? Herbert, where is Bunter?"

"Hiding somewhere," grinned the Bounder. "He fancied a native porter coming up the road was Krantz."

"Only I was jolly tired, you know—not funky like some chaps. If I'd got a bead on him——"

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"Look out!" gasped Nugent. "Bunter, get your rifle—quick!"

"Good gad! Find the young donkey at once! We are losing time."

"Puzzle—find Bunter!" grinned Bob Cherry.

It was not easy to find Bunter. Up and down and round about the juniors hunted for him. Bunter was lying low—very low indeed. Mr. Vernon-Smith fumed with annoyance. He might have fumed for a very long time had not Hurree Janset Ram Singh suddenly detected a foot sticking out from under a heap of faggots near the rest-house.

Bob Cherry dragged the faggots away. There was a terrified squeak as a fat figure was revealed.

"Ow! Help! Mercy! I'm not here! Keep off! Help!"

"You fat idiot!" roared Bob.

"Oh, I say, you fellows, is it you? I say, is he gone?" gasped Bunter.

"Ow! Stop kicking me, you beast! Yaroooooh!"

"Kick him into his rickshaw!" said the Bounder.

"Whooooop!"

Billy Bunter lost no time in getting into his rickshaw.

By forest and jungle and swamp the journey went on, westward to Lake Albert. And a few days later the Greyfriars fellows came in sight of the lake, and the rickshaws rolled into Butiaba. Far beyond the gleaming lake loomed the forests of the Belgian Congo—a wilderness that the chums of the Remove did not expect to tread, for they had now reached the limit of their journey into the heart of Africa. But they were destined to tread the jungly paths of the Congo wilderness, in strange and terrible circumstances of which they did not yet dream.

THE END.

(There's more lively fun and thrilling adventure in: "THE SLAVE-TRADER'S VENGEANCE!" next Saturday's magnificent yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. on holiday. Make sure of reading it, by ordering your copy EARLY!)

GREYFRIARS HERALD.

(Continued from pages 14 and 15).

TEMPLE IN TRAINING

By Our Football Correspondent.

Passers-by in the vicinity of the Fourth passage last week were startled to hear a hoarse voice bellowing out commands to the accompaniment of a series of deafening crashes.

Investigation showed that the unusual sounds emanated from Temple's study. On opening the door of that apartment, a curious crowd was astonished to find the celebrated leader of the Upper Fourth taking running kicks at a football which had been pegged to the floor on a length of rope. The hoarse commands were coming from a gramophone on the table.

In response to the polite inquiries of one or two of the visitors, Temple explained that the record was an instructional one produced by a famous professional footballer. Although, as Temple was careful to explain, he really didn't need any instruction in the great winter game, he had bought the record with the idea of having a little indoor practice on scientific lines.

It appeared that, despite the fact that it wasn't really necessary, Temple had been taking his indoor practice pretty seriously. Of course, it may have been that the study mirror was broken, a chair wrecked, and the bookcase smashed to smithereens before he started; but there seemed to be quite a possibility that these little accidents had occurred since practice had begun.

Members of the Remove looked forward after that revelation of Temple's intensive methods of study with considerable interest to the Upper Fourth match.

The match duly took place last Wednesday.

Temple succeeded in distinguishing himself by spraining an opponent's ankle, giving Bolsover a thick ear and Hazeldene a black eye, and scoring the only two goals of the match against his own side.

In response to inquiries after the match as to whether he intended continuing football practice by gramophone, he maintained an obstinate silence.

The same evening a gramophone record was seen flying out of Temple's window.

Somehow we don't anticipate hearing any more hoarse commands and deafening crashes from the direction of Temple's study!

LITTLE LETTERS to the GRATE

Our Larfable New Feetcher

To HORACE J. COKER, ESQ., FIFTH FORM.

Dere Coker,—Go and eat coke!

Yours sinnically,
THE EDDITOR.

To PERCY BOLSOVER, ESQ., REMOVE FORM.

Dere Bolsover,—You're a booly and a cadd. Yah!

Yours skornfully,
THE EDDITOR.

To GERALD LODER, ESQ., SIXTH FORM.

Dere Loder,—Go and chop chips!

Yours kontemptuously,
THE EDDITOR.

To C. R. TEMPLE, ESQ., UPPER FOURTH FORM.

Dere Temple,—Who's the most con-seated, swanking ass in the Skool? Why, you, of course!

Yours sneeringly,
THE EDDITOR.

(NOTE.—The above feetcher should be eggstremely popular. We invite suggestions for names of other gentlemen to whom we can send similar brief communications. All suggestions carefully considered on their merits!—Ed.)

THE JUNTA DERBY!



Smashing Complete Yarn, featuring High, Low, and Nippy, the Cheery Cowpuncher Pals.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Foul Play!

THE moon came up over the ridge of the hills.

It was a large, round moon, and to "Doc" Low's sleepy imagination, it seemed to have some difficulty in climbing the grade.

"Whass she wants is more exercise!" he muttered sleepily; then, chuckling at his own idiotic fancy, he turned over to get another nap ere daybreak brought the resumption of hard riding.

But, as he turned, his half-closed eyes visioned five mounted figures outlined against the pale disc. His eyes snapped open wide enough then, for he, High Jinks and Nippy Nolan, had not sighted another living soul in the last three days, and this was a part of the country that had a pretty bad name, anyway, and it behoved one to keep a wary eye upon night-riders.

Doc Low and the other two of the "Must-Get-Theirs" trio had taken the precaution of making their night camp in the middle of a curious outcrop of rocks, such as often occurs in the Western desert, and therefore it would not be easy for anyone at a distance to distinguish them or their horses from the surrounding boulders.

In any case, the riders in the moonlight seemed to be riding at a pace which showed they had some important business on hand which needed immediate attention.

"Bunch o' punchers goin' somewhar, I guess," murmured Doc Low. "No business o' mine. Let 'em ride, an' be darned to 'em!"

But, somehow, he could not get to sleep again, and once more his eyes snapped open to fasten upon the moving figures silhouetted against that placid, big moon.

Suddenly he jerked upright, fumbled in his war-bag, and brought out his field glasses, focussing the moving outlines. He gave High a kick in the ribs, and that lengthy individual awoke with a grunt.

"Wha' in heck d'yer want?" he grunted. "'Tain't sun-up yet, surlie?"

"Take a look yarnder, long 'un!" whispered Low, as if the riding parties could overhear him. "Looks to me like thet feller in th' middle's lashed to th' saddle. Yeah, by ginger, he is lashed to th' saddle, too!"

"Goo' luck! He won't fall off! Go to sleep!" snorted High. "What businay is it o' yours, anyway?"

"Thar's somethin' funny goin' on. I

The "bookies" all smiled at Nippy Nolan's freak horse "Take It Easy," but some wept when the "nag" romped home an easy winner!

feel it in my bones," urged Low. "They're arter no good wi' thet feller!"

"Yuh should worry!" replied High. "Go to sleep! I guess it's a sheriff's posse wi' a pris'ner. They're allus busy 'round these yer parts!"

"It ain't!" urged Low excitedly. "It's a necktie party, High—a lynchin', by gum!"

"Huh! Waal, it's a grand night. Hope it keeps fine for 'em!" muttered High lazily.

But before he could get to sleep again he received another kick in the ribs—this time a violent one.

"Say, yuh do thet ag'in, an' I'll lam th' stuffin' out'n yuh!" he threatened. "Lemme sleep, blow yer!"

"High, d'yuh know who it is? It's young Harry Holyoak, thet nice guy with th' racehorse thet we met in Tia Juana. They're goin' to lynch him!" Suddenly another thought struck him. "Jest t'other side o' thet ridge is Hangman's Tree, whar th' old necktie parties useter be held durin' th' Border War, when thar was so much rustlin'—"

"Harry Holyoak!" muttered High, and narrowed his wonderful hawk's eyes to peer at the distant figures, now almost disappearing over the ridge. "By heck, boyee, I b'lieve yuh're right. He's ridin' Nightshade!"

They rushed for their horses, and quickly saddled their own and Nippy's. Then the latter was hiked out of his slumbers, and swung, half-asleep, on his little Indian racing pony.

"Ride like billy-o for th' ridge, an' then scatter, so's they think we're more'n we are. If they think they're outnumbered, they may skip wi'out puttin' up a scrap. Fifty-fifty, anythin' might happen in this light," ordered Doc Low, to whom the others always looked as to a general. "Boys, dyuh remember Holyoak told us of th' feud thet was goin' on 'twixt him, his gal's father, an' a big land speculator, Reub Lespence? This is jest about th' part o' th' country th' old man has his land thet Lespence is tryin' to swizzle him out of—"

"Cool! Yer ain't 'arf ro-mantic!" jeered Nippy, with a gusty yawn. "Stretchin' th' long bow o' coincydence a bit, ain't yer, professor? Gettin' us up in th' middle o' th' night to go chasin' might-bes or never-wassers! Wot are yer—a little boy sprout, doin' yer one good deed per day, in th' middle o' th' night? All right, Raleigh! Lead hon, Sir Walter!"

Low's strategy was good. They galloped over the top of the ridge at full speed; but the moment they could sight their quarry in a little clearing below, they scattered until two or three hundred yards was between each of them, then they dropped off their horses and rapidly made their way on foot to the shelter of some trees which commanded a view of the scene.

It was well that they had galloped and moved on the spur of the moment and Low's hunch, for already the bound prisoner's horse had been led below the branch of a great, gaunt, stricken oak, which history said had often been the scene of similar happenings.

The thongs which bound his ankles under the saddle were cut, and he was forced to stand upon the saddle with the rope circling his neck. The great black stallion stood motionless at a whispered word from his master, facing death from his favourite's back. The second the animal moved at the lash of a quirt, Harry Holyoak would be left dangling, dead fruit of the old Hangman's Tree.

High crept amongst the shadows until the slender rope sharply outlined against the pallid moon.

It was a case for a rifle in that light, and he wasted not the tick of a second in taking a fine sight and firing. As the bullet severed the rope, Harry Holyoak dropped into his saddle, and his great, black stallion jumped off at a gallop.

The four men whirled as one, and their own weapons spoke as they fired at the faint smoke wreath that curled upwards in the moonlight. But High Jinks was not there. He was too old a campaigner to remain in the same spot whence he had fired, and as the volley of bullets dropped spattering amongst the bushes, he fired again from a spot a few yards to the right.

Low's and Nippy's weapons also spoke, and as they came from such far different directions, it naturally seemed to the lynchers that the number was greater than it really was. The three shot fast, pumping bullets from their automatic rifles as rapidly as they could press trigger.

They purposely shot high, so as not to hit any of the men, for they did not wish to shed blood until they knew something of the merits of the case, and, anyhow, Holyoak was well away, and could outdistance any of the other horses on his flying, racing black.

"Beat it, boys; they're too many for us!" yelled the leader of the lynchers sharply, as one of High's bullets whirled his hat from his head. "Didn't know Holyoak had friends around byar, but I guess th' jig's up!"

"Reckon that jasper was Reub Lespence," surmised Low, as the pardners jogged back to their camp after taking a careful survey from the ridge. "But them fellers c'ud sure shoot some, an' if they'd but known how few of us thar was we'd have had a sticky time."

"Pity they didn't know," said High regretfully. "From what Harry H. told us, this yer Lespence guy is a mean sorter cuss that needs shootin', an' we c'ud do wi' a lectle healthy scrap our—"

"Mister Jinks," interrupted Low, reproachfully, "yuh forget that we are on our way back to th' peaceful regions o' Colorado, to th' old Leanin' L Ranch,

and the thoughts o' battle an' bloodshed must be left behind. Let our motto be 'peace, perfect peace,' from now on!"

"Sure!" agreed High, with a wink at Nippy Nolan. "I'm strong for thet my own self, until somebuddy starts some-thin'. An' I guess yer much th' same, Doc. However, we'll be over th' border by to-morrer, an' joggin' homeward all nice an' see-date!"

"Cross yer fingers an' spit over yer shouder, 'Igh," warned Nippy. "It ain't lucky to prophesy!"

So it proved, for in less than a couple of hours Nippy himself was to be the victim of an accident that meant a long delay to the pardner's homeward pilgrimage, and led to peculiar happenings.

They were pushing northwards at a gallop, with Nippy in the lead on his little racing pony, when he suddenly disappeared from their view, pony and all. They rushed for the spot, and only just pulled up in time to prevent their own horses following Nippy's pony, which was lying twenty feet below them in the bed of a dry arroyo, struggling to rise with a badly slipped shoulder.

There was a cloud of dust like a fog, from the midst of which came piteous, bleating cries for help in their light-weight comrade's voice. In a few

ANOTHER READER WINS A USEFUL LEATHER POCKET WALLET

for sending in the following Greyfriars limerick:

That shady young gambler,
Skinner,
Was given a tip for a winner.
So he laid out his cash,
But, too late, moaned: "'Twas
rash!"
The nag, spotting grass, stopped
for dinner!

Sent in by Miss I. Peacock, 18,
Falcon Terrace, London, S.W.11.

moments Nippy emerged, his arms beating around his head as if he was shadow-boxing, whilst a curious humming sound came from the thick air around him.

"What th' heck's th' matter wi' 'im?" cried Low. "He ain't busted his neck, anyway, from th' row he's makin'!"

"Hornets!" yelled High. "Beat it, Doc!"

He set the example himself by turning his horse on a pivot and galloping for dear life, followed by Low. As we know, the three puncher pals were no cowards, and would face any ordinary danger and die in defence of a pal; but this was something in which they could be of no assistance to Nippy, and certainly where discretion was the better part of valour.

"Yer cain't fight a swarm o' hornets wi' six-guns!" explained High, as they drew rein and watched poor Nippy struggle up the steep, treacherous, sandy bank of the dry arroyo, and stagger blindly on.

Eventually the hornets left their prey and returned to their desecrated home, and Doc and High galloped down to Nippy, and assisted him to the shade of some pepper-trees.

Low found a cactus of a certain specie from which he extracted a cooling fluid,

which went far to soothe poor Nippy's stings. The little Cockney was not only in great pain, but in less than an hour his face, hands, and body had swollen tremendously.

"Pueblo—my pony!" were his first words. "'E's 'urt! Lemme get to 'im!"

"Okay, boy, I'll see to him. Keep still, an' let Doc bind yuh up," soothed High.

He soon returned with the pony, his slipped shoulder replaced, limping badly, but not much the worse for his tumble.

They jogged slowly northwards, making for a small tributary of the Rio Grande, where they camped for the day, and both Nippy and the pony were attended to. Luckily Doc Low lived up to his title, and had a peculiar and extensive knowledge of herbs and Indian medicines. He concocted strange brews, and eased Nippy's painful hornet stings as best he could. But nothing would reduce the swelling for some days, and Nippy's usually cherubic countenance looked like a fat boy's who had been worsted in a stiff fist fight.

"Orright, yer blighters!" he mumbled from swollen lips, trying to peer at them from eyes which had disappeared in purple swellings. "I know yer achin' to laff, so laff an' git it over! I'd do th' sime if it was you. Lummy, my fice feels like a bladder o' lard that's been hunder a steam-roller!"

They jogged on in the cool of the evening, and had just climbed a steep rise, when High paused and sniffed the breeze.

"Grass fire; an' a bad 'unt!" he shouted. "Gee! Look at th' smoke!"

They set spurs to their horses, and raced for the top of the steep. Down below them a great stretch of grass-land was well alight. In the distance two horsemen galloped hard towards the east. High gave a yell.

"Two o' th' necktie party. I reker-nise their hosses. Come on, boys! Thar's a farm right in th' way. If we're slippy we kin save it!"

Low's Wheeze!

HIGH and Low raced for the farm, skirting the flames of the burning grass. They flung themselves from their horses and set the grass alight at the edge nearest the ranch-house. Luckily the wind was blowing away from it, and soon there was a bare patch extending far enough to meet the big blaze and prevent its further encroachment.

Then they rushed for the well, intending to wet the roofs of the buildings to prevent their catching. But the well had caved in, as from an explosion, and they knew that some miscreant hands had not only set the grass alight, but had demolished the means of putting out the flames.

A thin puff of smoke was already rising from one of the buildings; then another burst into flames, and they knew that the little ranch was doomed. There was a shrill scream from the dwelling, and a pretty girl rushed out, wringing her hands.

"Harry—Harry! Where are you?" she screamed. "Oh, they've caught him again!"

But High's keen ears had caught a sound from one of the barns already well alight. He rushed for the big

doors and swung one back, to be met by a puff of smoke and a volume of sparks. Regardless, he plunged inside, caught sight of a leg protruding from under some hay, and, with a mighty haul, brought the man out from beneath.

It was Harry Holyoak, once more tied hand and foot!

One sweep of High's keen knife, and he was free of his bonds. He spat the gag from his mouth and yelled:

"My hoss! Help me, quick!" He began to haul frantically at some piled-up hay bales, disclosing a smoke-filled stall, cleverly concealed.

He and High plunged in, the latter throwing his coat over the terrified stallion's head.

By sheer force they dragged the frantic animal into the open, where his owner soon calmed his fears. Then Holyoak turned to High, recognising him, with a shout of surprise.

"High Jinks, the Shootin' Fool!" he

latter scoundrel held mortgages on the old Kentuckian's land and ranch which the old man was finding it more and more difficult to meet.

He and the other two partners paid many visits to the nearest town of Junta, where Reub Lespence was the "big noise."

A week hence was the big county fair week, during which time horse racing was the attraction. The Junta Derby was the big race of the week, and this was regarded as a "gift" for Lespence's Jaybird, a raking Kentucky bay, which had already won races at big meetings back East.

Nippy, in particular, was all a-bubble with excitement, for what the little ex-boxer, ex-jockey, ex-acrobat did not know about horses was not worth knowing.

"If Pueblo wasn't crocked up I'd have entered him for that sime Derby as they calls it, an' lost this 'ere Jaybird. Know 'oo's ridin' 'im? Bandy Blink,

Nippy Nolan's Nag

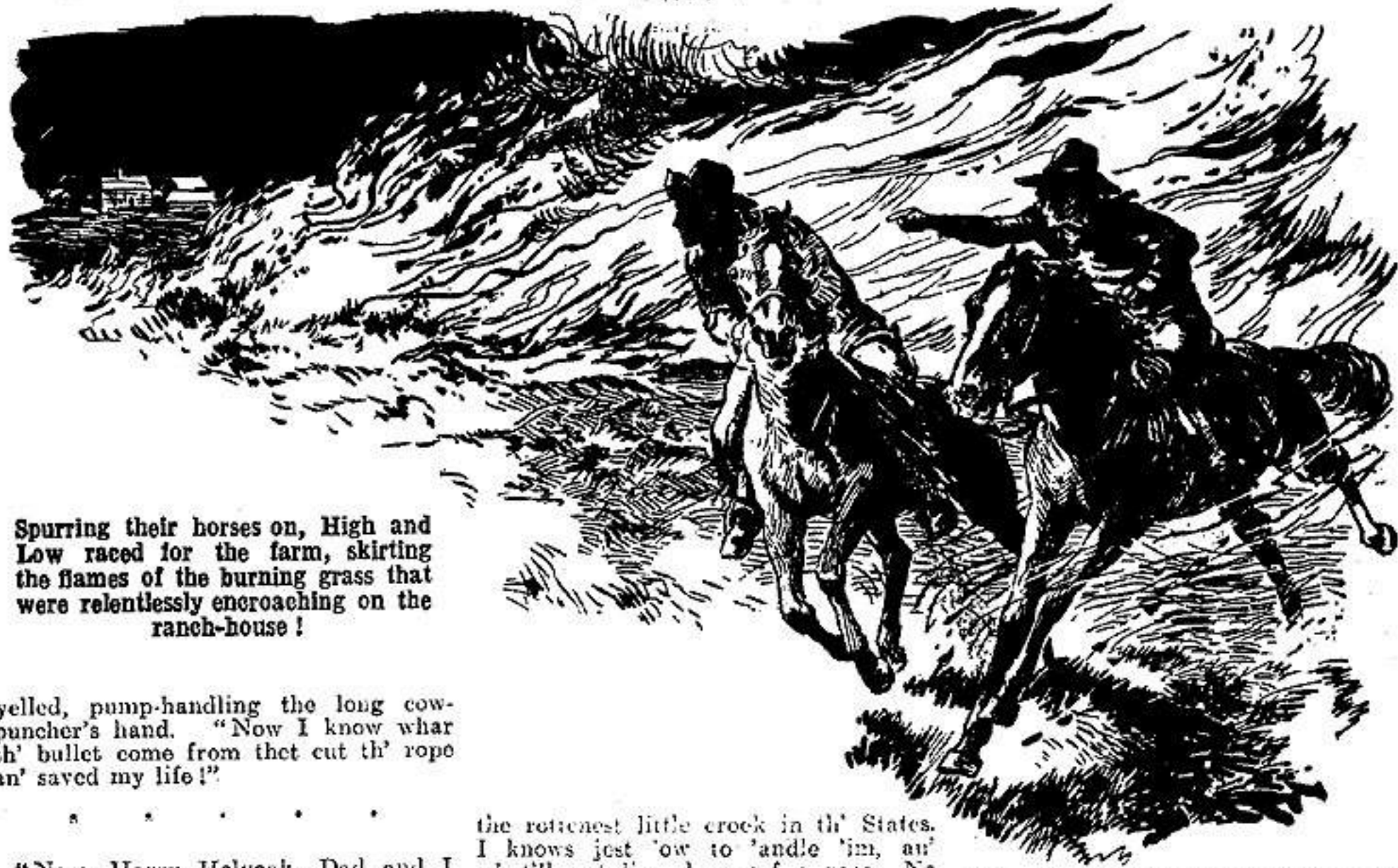
FOR an hour Low was closeted with Curtis Carew and Harry. "How come yuh haven't entered Nightshade for the Derby?" he demanded of the latter.

"No money. Besides, he's never raced on a course, an' I'm too heavy to ride him. He wouldn't stand anyone else on his back."

"Sez yuh!" jeered Low. "Have yuh seen Nippy call him in th' paddock, an' thet fierce, man-eatin' stallion poke his nose in th' kid's pocket for an apple? Have yuh seen Nippy jump on his back from th' corral rail, an' ride him round bareback without a bridle? Believe muh, whar thet Cockney kin do with a hoss 'ud surprise yuh."

"But Nightshade's too well known, anyway. Everybody hyar knows he's a flier, an' he'd be a hot fav'rite."

"Gimme two hours with th' hoss to-morrer, an' yuh'll see somethin'!" urged



Spurring their horses on, High and Low raced for the farm, skirting the flames of the burning grass that were relentlessly encroaching on the ranch-house!

yelled, pump-handling the long cow-puncher's hand. "Now I know whar th' bullet come from thet cut th' rope an' saved my life!"

"Now, Harry Holyoak, Dad and I are goin' to take care of you, Nightshade, and our good friends hyar," the girl, Molly Carew, declared an hour later, after they had watched the doomed ranch burn itself out. "Yuh've had a set-back, but yuh can soon build again, an', meanwhile, we've got to see that Reub Lespence gits his!"

For a week the three "Must-Got-Thems" idled away their time on the big ranch belonging to Curtis Carew. Molly made a special pet of Nippy Nolan, and reproved the others when they chaffed the little Cockney as his face changed from purple, black and blue, to orange and various sunset hues.

"Let 'em laff, miss!" he mumbled. "They're nought but an iggerant bunch o' cow-nusses, anyway. There's one good thing—I ain't ever likely to 'ave rheumatiz, for if bees' stings is good for it, surelie 'ornets'll drive it clean out o' th' system!"

Meantime, Low had set his thinking cap on. He knew from what Harry Holyoak told them that Curtis Carew was in deep water, owing to the machinations of Lespence; that the

the rottenest little crock in th' States. I knows jest 'ow to 'andle 'im, an' what'll put 'im clean orf a race. No judge o' peace, 'e'll run 'is mount to a standstill 'arf-way rahnd. If 'e 'ad a real jock ag'inst 'im 'e'd lose 'is blinkin' 'cad an' fall orf! Blue me, if I on'y 'ad a cab'orse I'd go in an' beat 'im!"

"Does Bandy know yuh, kid?" demanded Low.

"'E did know me—too blinkin' well for 'is 'ealth; but I passed 'im yesterday, an' 'e gimme a glawnee, looked puzzled, an' walked hon—"

"Not surprisin', seein' how th' hornets have disguised yuh!" grinned High. "With a dial fifteen diff'rent colours, yer haid swole twice it's size, and yer weight gone up owing to swellings and bandages—"

"Boys—boys, an idea! Aw crum's! An idea!" gasped Low, stopping suddenly, and grasping both by the arms until they winced. "Aw, what a peach! What a chanet to take it 'out'n Mister Lespence, an' do Harry Holyoak a turn!"

He would say no more, but as they rode back to the ranch indulged in fits of silent laughter which irritated his two pals beyond endurance.

Low. "I was with a Injun hoss coper for months, an' what he couldn't do! Oh, Boy! Look hyar, Curtis, hyar's one o' th' biggest chances yuh'll ever have to git quits wi' thet pi'zen skunk, Lespence, an' at th' same time save yer ranch, thet yuh'll ever have, if yer not afraid o' riskin' some dough to git twenty times in rec-turn."

He pleaded so hard, that at last Carew yielded, and gave Low carte blanche with his banking account.

The Doc spent the promised two hours with Nightshade, using certain mysterious Indian unguents, dyes, and injections, which only he could guess the nature of. When he appeared before the party assembled in the cool of the evening, leading a gaunt, dirty grey, mottle-coloured steed, with a rough coat, swollen knees, hairy hocks, and chipped hoofs, there was a yell of derision from the punchers.

"Hello, Doc! 'Been hoss stealin'?" shouted Harry. "How in peace did yer come by thet spavined ol' crowbait?"

"Not mine. It belongs to yuh, Harry," replied Low gravely. "Yuh

THE JUNTA DERBY!

(Continued from previous page.)



give me two hours wi' Nightshade. Hyar he is!"

Hearing his master's voice, the stallion whinnied and stretched his neck out, turning a bleary-looking eye in his direction. Then, with a yelp of wrath, Holyeak vaulted the railing and rushed for Low.

"Yuh durned crook!" he yelled. "It's a plant! Yuh've plumb ruined my—"
"Hold up!" said the Doc, not moving a muscle. "Nippy, come on, boyee! Do yer stuff!"

He gave the feather-weight a leg-up, and in a second that dejected-looking animal was transformed. In long, graceful strides he swept over the ground, with the little rider lying down on his neck like a monkey. Like the wind he swept round the grass of the paddock, finishing up a half-speed gallop without breathing enough to blow a candle out.

Low also set to work on Nippy. To his already swollen appearance he made artful additions by means of cunningly arranged pads, until the ex-jockey looked like a swollen dwarf. With his curiously tinted face and mottled complexion, Nippy was a laughable sight. Once or twice he was seen in Junta, mounted on the disguised Nightshade, and when it was announced that Mr. N. Nolan's "Take It Easy" was actually entered for the Junta Derby, one yell of delight went up.

But if the appearance of Nippy and his mount was the signal for laughter, loud and long, in the street, how much more was it when at last they appeared on the racecourse on the great day?

From somewhere Nippy had unearthed an old racing saddle, patched in a hundred places. His bridle was of rope and he wore a dirty old pair of ordinary cowpuncher's boots which belonged to High Jinks. His jockey's jacket seemed to have been made out of an old patchwork quilt, whilst a battered tweed cap, many sizes too large, had some of the same material sewn jaggedly over it in contrast with his rainbow complexion.

A tattered old Indian blanket, to which the number "13" had been sewn, completed the outfit. In place of a jockey's whip he carried a peeled hazel twig, and as he sat humped up on his strange-looking steed, one yell of derision went up.

"Hoi, whar's yer organ?" one wit yelled, and the cry was taken up all round. "Monkey Glands" was the popular name for him as the horses paraded.

But there was one man who was strangely uneasy as he watched the gaunt and peculiar-looking "Take It Easy" and his jockey through powerful glasses. Nothing could quite disguise Nightshade's powerful flanks, great chest and barrel, and the speculator moved uneasily in his seat as he saw the rippling muscles under the shaggy-looking coat.

Reub Lespence had backed Jaybird for a large amount; but, apart from that, he had financed more than half the bookmakers who had laid twenty to one against "Take It Easy."

"If by some fluke or miracle that animal wins, I lose nigh half a million," he said to one of the bookies, in a shaky voice. "Who's been backin' him? Thar's thousands on him."

"Thet long guy who was doin' th' fancy shootin' in th' Ace High, t'other night," replied the bookie. "He seems to have unlimited dough, an' some other stranger cowpunchers follered his lead. But don't worry; thet freak c'udn't win a donkey race. But if yer afeared, tell Bandy to 'tend to him. I'll bet Monkey Glands never saw a racecourse afore, an' whar Bandy don't know 'bout foul ridin' ain't wuth knowin'!"

Accordingly, Bandy had his instructions. He was next to Nippy at the starting-gate, and edged his horse over, trying to make Nightshade nervous.

Nippy, crouched low in the old patched saddle, watched his manoeuvres out of the corner of his eye, and shot from the corner of his mouth:

"Try any tricks wi' me, yer foul-ridin' crook, an' I'll give yer wot I give yer at St. Louis—th' father an' mother of a 'ridin' that'll keep yer out o' th' blinkin' saddle for a twelvemonth. I've beat yer afore, an' I'll beat yer ag'in—on an 'orse, or be'ind th' stables. Keep yer distance, or I'll 'ave yer hover th' perishin' rails, mark me. Play fair, or it'll be th' wuss for yer!"

"Send I may live! It's Nippy Nolan! I thought I knoo yer, but didn't think it c'ud be true!" wailed Bandy.

"It's true, and yer'll know it in five minnits!" grinned Nippy, as he leant forward, and edged Nightshade towards the tapes.

As they went up, the great stallion dashed into his stride, and in a flash was a couple of lengths ahead of the others. Nippy had been drawn on the extreme outside, but before the bend was reached he was hugging the rails, and eased his mount so as to conserve his speed for one final dash.

He gloated as he felt the magnificent sweep of the racer's stride, the power in those rippling muscles as Nightshade moved like a machine under him. The race was two miles, and Bandy rode exactly as Nippy had foretold. The conversation at the gate had rattled the jockey, and he could tell at a glance that the curious-looking animal Nippy was up on had all the stamina needed if he had the speed.

He made the mistake he always made when over anxious, and took too much out of his horse in his anxiety not to lose position.

At the end of a mile and three-quarters Jaybird was sweating like a bull, and had serious "bellows to mend." He fell back, amidst the frantic shouts of his supporters, and Reub Lespence nearly fainted as he saw the mottled grey gradually steal up to take premier position; and as they passed the stands Monkey Glands just leant forward, flourished his hazel wand, and shot past the post a winner by ten lengths!

A somewhat stout, Roman-nosed cow-puncher, wearing shell-rimmed specs, stood beside Lespence, accompanied by a long, lank ditto, with two six-guns swinging low at his thighs. They were grinning all over their faces.

"Bear up, bawss! Whar yuh want is to take it easy!" murmured the spectacled one. "An' if yuh want a pick-me-up, take a dose o' deadly Nightshade! Git mah?"

The long one flourished a great bundle of bookmakers' tickets, the names on which Lespence recognised with a sick feeling in his stomach, for they were all those behind whom he stood as backer.

"I'm now goin' to collect, brother, an' when I says collect, I means it; for I've gotta coupla persuaders hyar that have never been known to miss a welsher! Doc, 'One For All—'"

"'All For One!'" supplied Low. "An' thet one is Miss Molly Carew an' her husband, whar was made one this yer very mornin'! Good-day, mister! I fear this has been a somewhat Lespen-sive day for you!"

With which fearsome pun the two "Must-Get-Thems" proceeded to get it!

THE END.

(High, Low, and Nippy run up against more trouble—and fun—in next week's complete Western yarn. Don't miss it, chums, whatever you do!)

"COLUMBUS" PACKET AND STAMP OUTFIT

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Come to Me Before It's Too Late!
 Gay Dogs, Bold Bad Lads, Rorty Knuts, and all others who are treading the downward path! Come to me, I implore you, and let me show you the error of your ways in words of not less than ten syllables. Brief sermons lasting four or five hours given every half-holiday for the benefit of the fallen. NO COLLECTION.—Alonzo Todd, Study No. 7.

FROM YOUR TEMPORARY EDITOR
 Dicky Nugent

I am told, dear readers, that editors always refer to themselves as "we." I will therefore commence the editorial duties which for one brief week, have fallen upon me by making it quite clear that when I say "I," I really mean "I."
 Here goes:
 We hope you will thoroughly enjoy the unweek number which we have prepared for you. If you have any suggestions to make, drop in and see us and we shall be delighted to hear them. Constructive criticism we welcome; but if anybody says anything nasty about us, we shan't hesitate to call round and punch him on the head—that is, unless he gets in quickly and delivers us a punch on the nose first!

As we rise these phew lines, we hold in our hand a cable, just received from the regular editor, who, as you know, is at present residing somewhere in Africa:
GREYFRIARS HERALD, GREYFRIARS, near FRIARDALE, KENT.—KEEP THE FLAG FLYING, BOYS, HAVING A HIGH OLD TIME OUT HERE. ALL THE BEST—WHARTON.
 Well, we think we can say that we're keeping the flag flying all right, this week; in fact, when Wharton sees this number, we shouldn't be at all surprised if he reckons us superior merit and hands over the editorship for good and all!—Till that time, dear readers, we remain,
YOURS TRULY,
 Dicky Nugent.

BE A CREDIT TO YOUR FORM
A Removite's Hints to FAGS

How to preserve that schoolboy complexion and those delicate schoolboy hands is a problem confronting every fag-to-day. Let me tell you briefly how it is done:
1. NEVER WASH. This should be your Golden Rule. Shun the bath-room as you would the plague; pass by the innocent looking bar of soap with averted eyes. They're no good to you!
2. Sprinkle ink in plentiful quantities over your hands. Ordinary blue-black ink do, but red and green are more artistic, while purple copying ink leaves more lasting effects.

No. 64.

The Greyfriars Herald

Special Issue
 Edited by
DICKY NUGENT
 September 26th, 1931.

LATEST EXTRA GOOD EDITION

Hypnotise Your Form master!
Why Not?
 All those who would like to learn how to switch on the bewance, and hold their Form masters in the hollow of their hands, are invited to send 6d. or 4d. notes (not more than 2 days old) for my amazing new book, "Mysteries of Hypnotism." Don't delay! Nollidge is power!—Dicky Nugent, Orther, Second Form room.

Something New In School Stories
 By **GEORGE TUBB**



"Wot's all this 'ere about?" barked Mr. Huggins, the illiterate and bullying master of the Third at Birmingham, as he vaulted through the open window into the Form-room.
 "Nothing!" replied Derek Young, the strikingly handsome captain of the Third, frowning the infuriated master with fearless, flashing eyes.
 Mr. Huggins' rat-like eyes roved furtively round the Form-room. With the exception of half a dozen tree fights, a game of leap-frog and some singing, the Form-room had presented an idyllic scene of well-disciplined order when he entered. Yet this hulking, great brute had to find some excuse for venting his spleen on his innocent and long-suffering pupils.
 "Oid out your 'and, you!" he snapped, indicting Young, with a jerk of his grimy thumb. Derek Young hesitated. Should he obey the tyrant's cruel command or not? While he hesitated, the Third watched in agonised silence, yelling themselves hoarse with encouraging cries as they did so.
 "Go for him, Young!"
 "Give him a one!"
 "Dot his eye for him, old chap!"
 With a lightning-like movement, Derek's fist shot out.
 "Yarooooooop!"
 "How's that?" smiled Derek. And the verdict was "Out!"
 Our hero's blood was up, now. He walked quickly out of the Form-room. In the passage outside, he ran into Wato, the captain of the school. He planted a pile-driver in the great fag's chest and marched on, rejoicing. Next, he encountered Mr. Tripe, the master of the Fourth. A smashing blow on the jaw and Tripe collapsed, howling.
 After knocking out several more prefects and a master or two, our hero spied the Head himself. Many a Third-Former would have hesitated to go for such an eminent personage as the Head. But not Derek Young! He walked calmly over to the Head, took careful aim, and sent him flying, under a beautiful upper-cut.
 Then, with the cheer of his grateful Form-fellows in his ears, Derek Young went up to his study for tea. And all Birmingham rang with praise for the Hero of the Third!

"I take this opportunity of bringing to the notice of our readers the Fag Charter, which has been drawn up to remedy the grievances under which we groan at present. We have already braved legal a-f-ity, to draw up a document in proper phases, and he seems to have thought we had spelt correctly. Here are our demands:
 1. Abolition of all punishment.
 2. Abolition of the Head.
 3. Abolition of the masters.
 4. Abolition of the prefects.
 5. All power to be vested in R. Nugent, Esq., for and on behalf of the Second Form.
 6. Loder to be boiled in oil.
 7. Walker and Carno to be cancelled with their own asphaltants.
 8. Lessons to be optional. Tutors but to overthrow them by force of arms and simply kompel them to except our terms!
 9. Tuckshop to be open twenty-four hours a day. All tuck to be supplied free, gratis, and for nothing.
 10. Frequent charabane outings to be organised—free, of course.
 11. Swings, roundabouts, coconut shies and other amusements to be erected in the quad.
 12. Abolition of compulsory washing.
 No reasonable man, we feel, can possibly find anything objectionable in these trifling demands. We trusted, therefore, that the orthodoxes will grant them immediately. If they don't, we are afraid we shall have no alternative but to overthrow them by force of arms and simply kompel them to except our terms!

The Fags' Charter
 Minimum Demands

Satisfaction or Revolt

"Wrong in ones, Hawkerret!" snarled the King of the Underworld. Then he uttered a sharp, crisp command: "Give him the works, boys!"
 Immediately, the six corpses which were lying on the heavy plush carpet jumped to life and flung themselves on the slooth. But Hawkerret had been eggpecting it. Ordinary people wouldn't have noticed that they were really alive, but he had suspected it all along.
 Ringing a bomb into the midst of the furious crooks, he grabbed his assistant by the right ear and rushed for the corner. But Al Diamond had not finished with him yet. As he reached the stairs, they disappeared, and a yawning chasm opened up before him.
 An ordinary person would have fallen in. But Hawkerret simply pressed the control of his secret heel-springs and landed safely on his feet in the hall below. Still he was not through. As he rushed towards the front door a steel shatterer fell before him, cutting him off from the outside world. At the same moment another door opened by unknown means, and six hungry, man-eating tigers flew out; and to make quite sure of their work, the crooks operated a lever which made the walls of the hall close in on him and also released a supply of deadly poison gas.
 An ordinary person might have been eggscused for feeling a little flustered. But Hawkerret didn't even turn a hair. Instead, he suddenly—
 (Don't miss the neckst thrilling instalment, if and when it appears!)

HAWKERRET, the Super-Slooth

Thrilling Detective Serial
 By **Dicky Nugent**

Hawkerret, the grate 'tec, larked grimly as he opened the door of the landing cupboard in Oldgrove Manor. Something had caught his eagle eye. Ordinary people wouldn't have noticed it, but nothing escaped Hawkerret's observation. It was a corpse.
 Several other corpses came to light as he dragged on the first one. Hawkerret lifted his magnificent eyebow.
 "What fowl mystery is this?" he cried.
 Just as he spoke, a sinister hand appeared through the heavy plush curtains at the back of him, holding a dagger. Any ordinary man would have been stabbed before he could say "Nile!" But the super-slooth noticed the escaping dagger through the periscope at the top of the doorway. He pushed his hand into his trouser pocket and his right hand was ready for it. As the blow fell, he stepped aside and the dagger buried itself harmlessly in the neck of Jack Jones, his boy assistant.
 "Cotcher!" he cried, in his steted, Oxford accent, as he threw himself on the crook and snatched the bracelet on the second girl's ankles. They, in tones of egg-scuse satisfaction: "Al Diamond, my great-



est enemy! So I have got you at last!"
 "Wrong in ones, Hawkerret!" snarled the King of the Underworld. Then he uttered a sharp, crisp command: "Give him the works, boys!"
 Immediately, the six corpses which were lying on the heavy plush carpet jumped to life and flung themselves on the slooth. But Hawkerret had been eggpecting it. Ordinary people wouldn't have noticed that they were really alive, but he had suspected it all along.
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FRENZIED FISHING
ANGLERS' TERRIFIC CONTEST

The First Annual Fishing Competition was held from the bank of the Sark on Saturday last and resulted in a fearful struggle for supremacy between the patrons of the rod and line who had entered.
 It was soon seen that some record hauls were likely to be made. Russell drew out his line with an old boot hanging on it within the first minute. Peter Todd bagged a dead cat immediately afterwards, and after that soldon more than a second or two went by without some fresh inhabitant of the swishing waters being brought to light.
 Towards the end, competition became acute and lines were rattling in almost as soon as they were thrown. The finish came in a riot of excitement, the frenzied anglers wading in knee-deep to make sure of adding to their catches.
 The results are given hereunder:
1st Prize.—M. NEWLAND, 35 points. (Catch included several old boots, an ancient alarm-clock, and many jam-jars).
2nd Prize.—R. BAKE, 33 points. (Catch consisted principally of bottles and old tins).
3rd Prize.—T. BROWN, 31 points. (Qualified for counting judge's sou'wester in his catch and prize awarded to R. RUSSELL, whose catch included a bicycle-pump and an umbrella).
"Ranest Fish" Prize.—S. Q. I. FELD, who caught one tin of unopened sardines.



SECOND FORM INVALIDS
 Mysterious Ailments

HOW WERE THEY CAUSED?
 We regret to announce that he knows of nothing which could Sammy Bunker is at present confined to his bed, suffering from a mysterious attack of stomach trouble. What could have caused the trouble is a baffling problem. Bunker is sure he ate nothing which could possibly disagree with him. His last meal before the illness was plain and wholesome and consisted of twenty-three doughnuts and half a dozen bottles of ginger-pop. It really is a most unaccountable indisposition.
 Gatty, we are sorry to say, has had to seek medical advice in regard to two black eyes and a broken nose. Apart from the three or four fights he had yesterday,

FELLOW-SLAVES
 Rise Up In Your Wrath

Loder has just kuffed our old pal, Dicky Nugent! Are we going to stand this fresh insult lying down? No; a thousand times no! Assemble in your hundreds to-morrow, when Dicky will lead an invading army to Loder's study. Bring along all available tracks, thumb-sticks, cat-terminators, and other instruments of torher—we may need 'em!
 (Signed) GATTY & MYERS, Joint Commanders, 2nd Form Shock Troops.