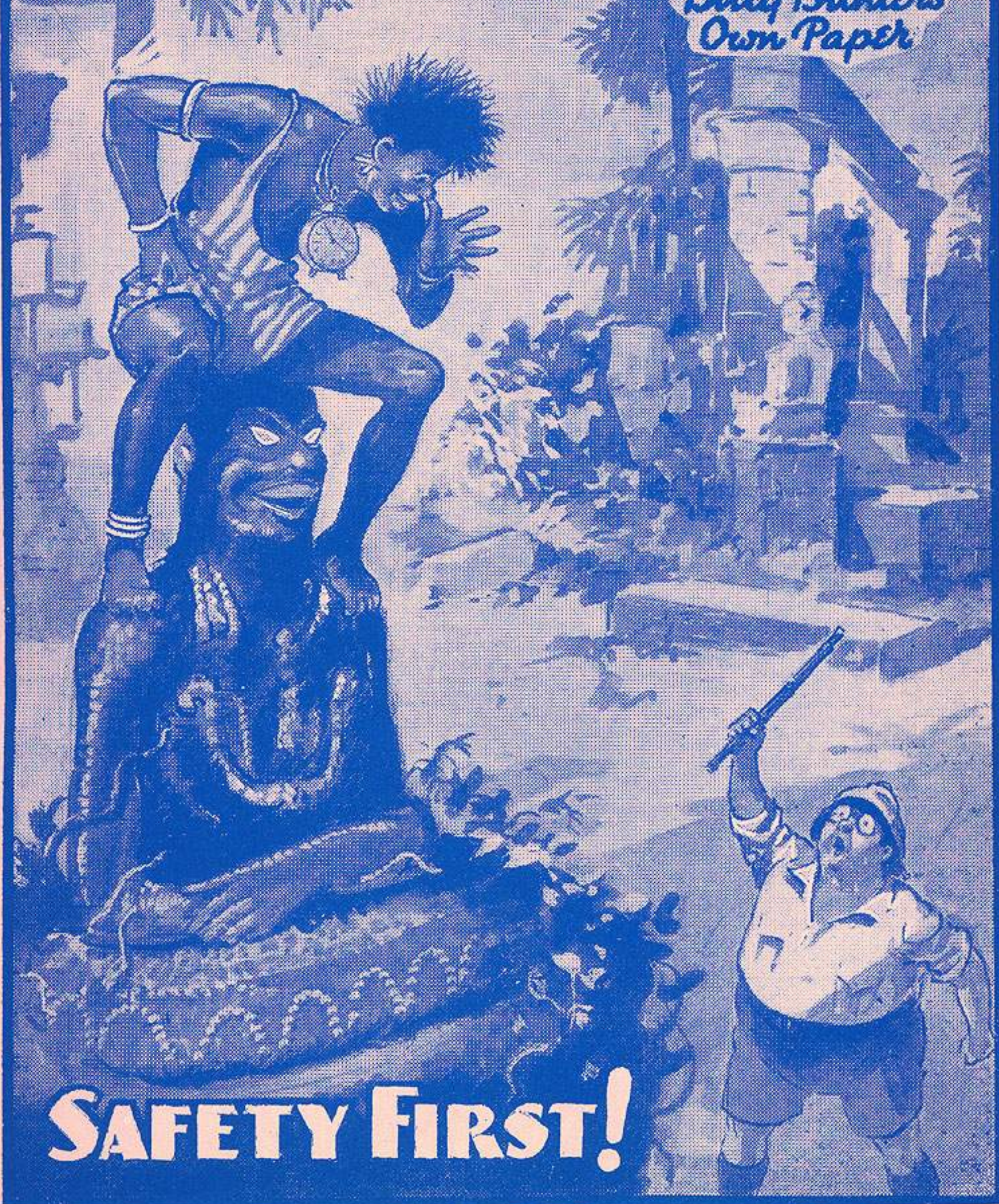


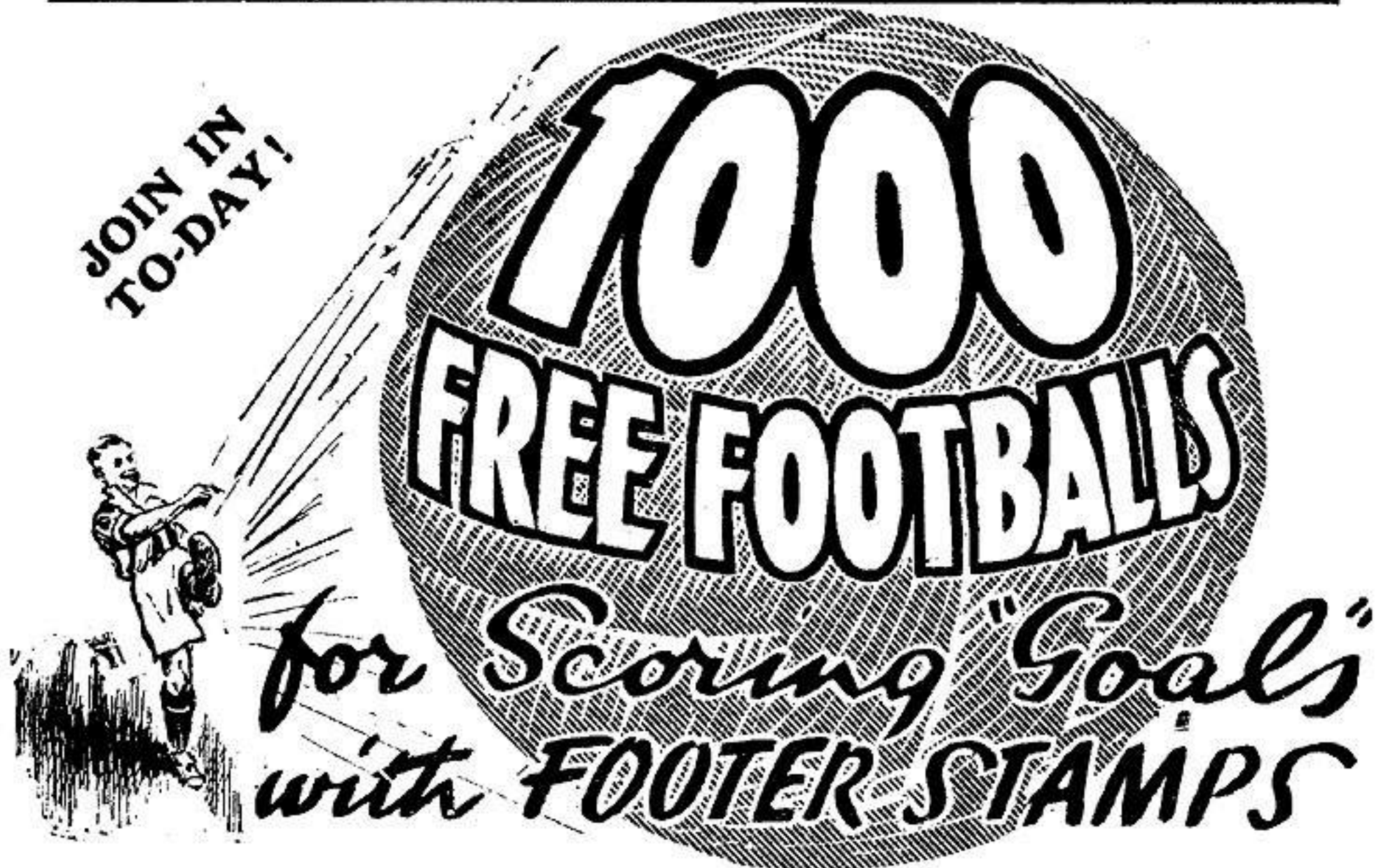
The Magnet 2^D

Billy Bunter's Own Paper



SAFETY FIRST!

ARE YOU IN OUR NEW COLLECTING SCHEME?



ARE you collecting FOOTER-STAMPS? They're all the rage, and you really must be in this wonderful scheme! This is what to do: Every week in MAGNET we are giving "Footer-Stamps"—pictures of six different actions on the football field. The object of this great stamp-game being to score as many "goals" as possible in time for the first prize-giving next week, when the first 250 footballs are to be awarded.

★ **TO SCORE A "GOAL"** you must collect a complete set of six stamps (they're numbered 1 to 6) made up of the following movements: **KICK-OFF—DRIBBLE—TACKLE—HEADER—SHOT—GOAL.**

Easy, isn't it? The more stamps you collect the more "goals" you can score. (Note that the "goal" stamp by itself does NOT count as a "goal"; you must get a set of the stamps 1 to 6 each time.)

We give ten more stamps this week. Cut them out and try to "score a goal," then keep all your stamps until you get some more in our next issue.

★ **If you want to score some other quick "goals" to swell your total, remember that "Footer-Stamps" are also appearing in "Gem" and "Modern Boy" each week.**

Keep at it, pals, because the August contest will close next week, and we shall then ask you how many "goals" you have scored. Up to 250 of the FREE Footballs are going to be awarded then—for readers scoring the highest number of "goals" with "Footer-Stamps" for the month. More footballs will be given in the next month, and so on.

Don't send any stamps until we tell you how and where next week, when the closing date will be announced. **RULES:** Up to 250 Footballs will be awarded in the August contest to readers declaring and sending in the largest number of "goals" scored with "Footer-Stamps." The Editor may extend or amend the prize list in case of too many ties.

Each "goal" must consist of a set of "Footer-Stamps" Nos. 1 to 6, inclusive. All claims for prizes to be made on the proper coupon (to be given later.) No allowance made for any coupon or stamps mutilated or lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence! No one connected with this paper may enter, and the Editor's decision will be final and legally binding throughout.

(N.B.—"Footer-Stamps" may also be collected from the following papers: GEM, MODERN BOY, BOY'S CINEMA, DETECTIVE WEEKLY, TRIUMPH, WILD WEST WEEKLY, THRILLER, SPORTS BUDGET, and CHAMPION.)

OVERSEAS READERS! You pals who are far away—you're in this great scheme also, and special awards will be given for the best "scores" from overseas readers. There will be a special closing date for you as well, of course!

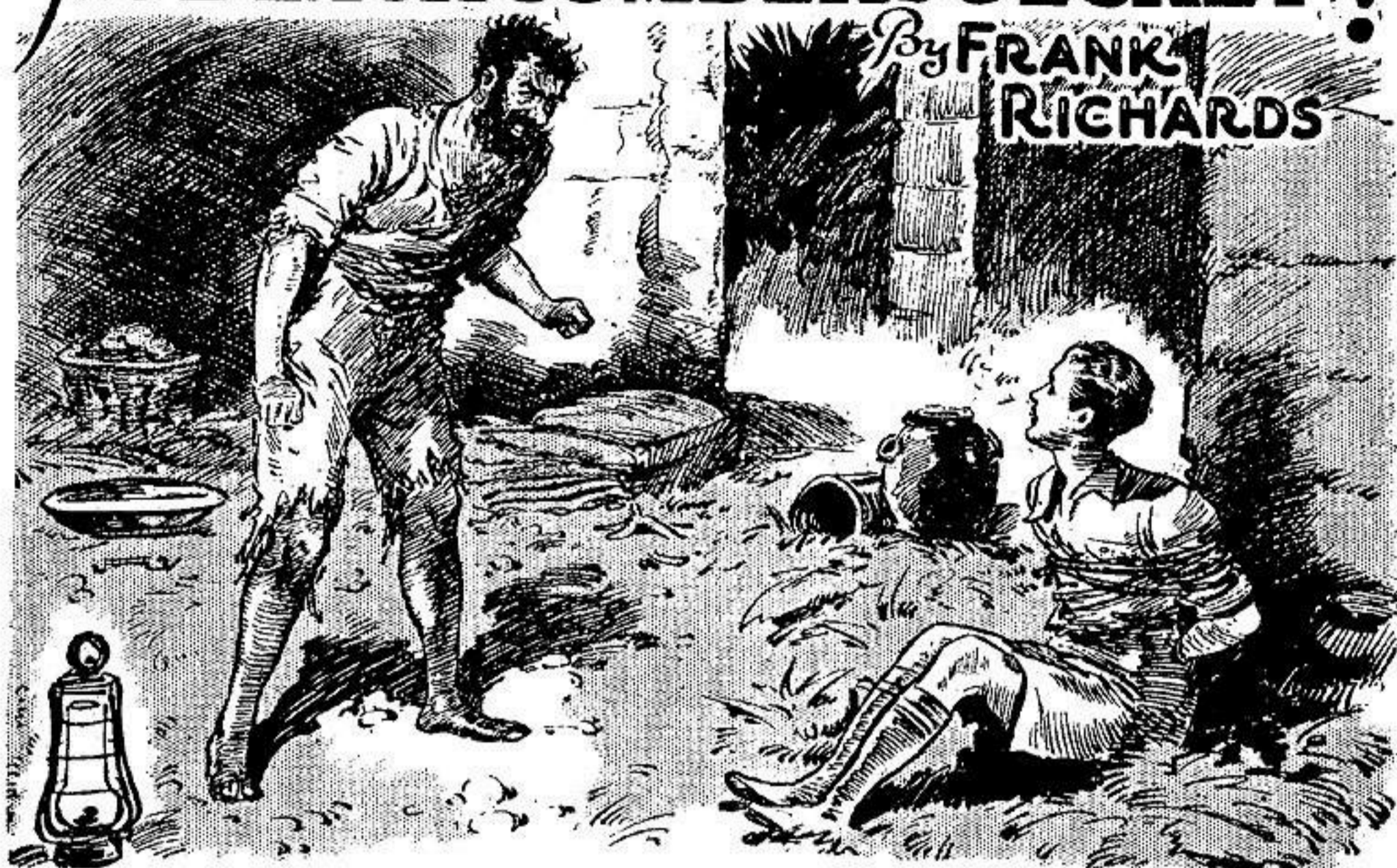
**TEN MORE
FOOTER STAMPS
TO KEEP!**



MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF SCHOOLBOY MILLIONAIRE! In a dungeon beneath the ruins of an old temple on Kalua Island in the far-distant Southern Seas, the existence of which is not suspected by his schoolfellows, is Lord Mauleverer, the schoolboy millionaire, a prisoner in the hands of a ruthless enemy!

The BEACHCOMBER'S SECRET!

By **FRANK RICHARDS**



The beachcomber set the lantern down, and stood looking at Lord Mauleverer. "You've come to, my lord!" he said, with a sneering, sardonic grin. "Twice I should have got away with you if I'd knocked you senseless—and twice I lost you! This time I made sure of you!"

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bump For Bunter!

BUMP!
Billy Bunter yelled. Harry Wharton & Co. stared. It was quite startling. The chums of the Greyfriars Remove had had some surprises since they had arrived at the island of Kalua-alua-lua, in the South Seas. But they had never been quite so surprised as now. It was sunset on Kalua. The juniors had just come up from the beach. The deep, wide veranda in front of the manager's bungalow was cool and dusky after the red glare of the sunset. Billy Bunter, as he rolled in, gave one blink round through his big spectacles, and headed for the nearest chair. Bunter had walked more than a hundred yards, so he was, naturally, tired. Bunter plumped down. Then the surprising thing happened. Mr. McTab, the manager of Kalua, was in the veranda, sitting in the shade. And as Bunter plumped into the deep cane chair, Mr. McTab reached hurriedly towards it, grasped its back, and jerked it backwards, out of Bunter's reach. Bunter sat down, just missing the chair! Naturally, he sat down on the wooden planks of the veranda. He sat with a terrific bump. The veranda was quite strongly built, but it fairly shook under the shock.

Bunter sat and yelled. The Famous Five, and Lord Mauleverer, regarded Mr. McTab in the greatest astonishment. The Scotch gentleman who managed Lord Mauleverer's island was quite a grave and serious gentleman. Nobody would ever have suspected him of playing practical jokes, especially such an absolutely idiotic joke as pulling a chair away when a fellow was going to sit down on it. But that was what he had done!

**Full - of - Thrills Schoolboy
Holiday-Adventure Yarn,
featuring the World-Famous!
HARRY WHARTON & CO.,
the Cheery Chums of
GREYFRIARS.**

"Oh, begad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer, gazing blankly at his manager. The Famous Five stared, hardly believing their eyes. It was really amazing, and made them suspect that Mr. McTab must have been along to the Planters' Club and taken one "wee drappie" too many with his friends there. "Oh!" roared Bunter. "Ow! Wow!

I say, you fellows— Oh crikey! Ooooooh!" Bunter seemed hurt. "Well, my only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What the dickens!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Beast!" roared Bunter. Still sitting on the palmwood planks, the fat Owl of the Remove glared up at Mr. McTab, his very spectacles gleaming with indignant fury. "Beast! Wharrer you up to, you silly old ass?" "Shut up, Bunter!" said Frank Nugent hastily. "Shan't!" roared Bunter. "Ow, I'm hurt, you fathead! That silly old geezer—" "Quiet, fathead!" hissed Johnny Bull. Mr. McTab's action was surprising, startling, amazing. It seemed really unaccountable. Still, a middle-aged Scotch gentleman could not be called a silly old ass and a silly old geezer. But Billy Bunter was enraged. It had to be admitted that Bunter had cause for complaint. He was the fellow to complain, with or without cause, but he had, undoubtedly, cause this time. He had banged on the planks with a terrific bang. He had had a fearful jolt. He saw no reason whatever for not telling Mr. McTab what he thought of him.

"You silly old goat!" he roared.

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"My esteemed Bunter!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You potty old chump!" roared Bunter. "Larking with a fellow at your time of life! You blithering old dunderhead!"

Mr. McTab stepped towards Billy Bunter. Whether he deserved these epithets or not, he did not seem to like them. He stooped and took a fat ear between a finger and thumb that seemed to Bunter like a steel vice.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter. "Leggo my ear, you beast!"

"Ye must learn respect for your elders, laddie!" said Mr. McTab; and by way of instruction he gave the fat ear a terrific twist which elicited a frantic yell from the unfortunate Owl of the Remove. That yell woke the echoes of the bungalow, the beach, and the bush.

"Yoooo-hoop!"

Releasing the fat ear, Mr. McTab stepped back. Bunter rubbed the fat ear, and yelled and yelled.

"I'm vairy sorry," went on Mr. McTab, "that ye had a fall, but there was no other way to stop ye in time from sitting in the chair. Why didn't ye look in the chair before ye sat?"

"Ow! Beast! Owl!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. Mr. McTab's question revealed the cause of his apparently unaccountable action. There was something in that chair into which Billy Bunter had been plumping when it was jerked away.

Bunter had not seen it, whatever it was. For one thing, it was dusky in the veranda, after the glare of the sun; for another thing, the fat Owl was short-sighted. Moreover, he had not even thought of looking into the madeira chair before he sat down. He was in a hurry to sit down. Bunter was never in a hurry to get up, but he was generally in great haste to sit down. He had had a narrow escape from sitting with a heavy plump on whatever it was in that chair.

"But what—" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The juniors stepped towards the madeira chair and looked into it. Then they saw what it contained—a green-and-blue parrot, with a red neck, was squatting there.

The juniors had seen that parrot before. It belonged to Bomoo, the head houseboy in the manager's bungalow. Once or twice they had tried to tempt it, with lumps of sugar, to talk. But its conversational powers were limited to an unmelodious squawking.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob. "If Bunter had plumped down on that poor old bird, he would have turned it into a pancake!"

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Look here, Mauly, if you think I'm going to be treated like this—"

"There's a parrot sittin' in the chair, old bean!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "You'd have sat on it if Mr. McTab hadn't pulled it back in time."

"Blow the parrot!" roared Bunter. "Bless the parrot! Think I'm going to bang down like a ton of coke because of a beastly parrot? Ow!"

"You'd have squashed the parrot, old fat bean—"

"Both'r the parrot!" howled Bunter. "What would it matter if it was squashed? There's plenty more on the island, ain't there?"

"Oh, gad! The parrot wouldn't have liked it, you know!"

"Ow! Wow! Bumping a fellow on the floor because of a putrid parrot!"

howled Bunter. "As if it would have hurt the parrot, too! 'Tain't as if I was a heavy chap! As if my weight would have hurt it!"

"Oh gad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors yelled. Even Mr. McTab's serious face relaxed into a grin.

Billy Bunter's weight, according to himself, was nine stones; according to other fellows in the Greyfriars Remove it was nine hundred stone. Probably the truth was somewhere between the two extremes!

Anyhow, there was no doubt that Bomoo's parrot had had a fearfully narrow escape! Bunter's weight, whatever it was, plumping down on that hapless bird, would have caused it to "go finish," as Bomoo would have expressed it, "close up!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" hooted Bunter. "I'm not going to stand this, Mauly! You beg a fellow to come with you to your rotten island for the holidays, and this is how you treat him. I'd jolly well take the steamer home if—if there was a steamer! Look here—"

"You look here, you fat ass," said Johnny Bull, "you'd have squashed that bird if you'd squatted on it, and Mr. McTab only saved it in time. You ought to be jolly glad!"

"The gladfulness ought to be terrific, my esteemed Bunter," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Beast!"

"Cheer up, old man! We're just going to have tea," said Bob.

"Yah!"

Bunter heaved himself to his feet. He gave the manager of Kalua a devastating blink through his spectacles. He glared round at the grinning juniors. They all sympathised with the fat Owl on account of that heavy bump, but evidently they considered that Mr. McTab had done the right thing in saving that parrot's life! It was just like the beasts, of course—as if a mouldy old parrot mattered in comparison with William George Bunter.

Even the arrival of Bomoo and the other houseboys with tea did not cause Billy Bunter's fat, frowning brow to relax. He had been bumped—and his fat ear had been twisted! He was going to pay that Scotch beast out somehow.

Almost for the first time in history Billy Bunter did not devote his whole and sole attention to the foodstuffs! Like Timotheous of old, he meditated revenge—and the Greyfriars ventriloquist had his own way of getting back on the object of his dire wrath.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Wonderful Parrot!

SQUAWK!

That was the parrot's first remark. It was, in fact, the only remark that Bomoo's parrot could make, and he made it to indicate that he would like a chunk of sugar. The parrot was perched on the veranda rail now.

Billy Bunter gave a fat little cough. He gave it unheeded. The Famous Five were discussing with Mr. McTab a trip that was planned for the morrow—into the bush on Kalua.

Far away from the beach, in the heart of the dense bush, they had learned that there were relics of the ancient inhabitants of Kalua—strange old idols carved in rock, buried for centuries in the bush. Naturally, the juniors were

very keen to see these relics of ancient days, and they were listening to the manager's description with keen attention.

Bob Cherry, however, heeded the parrot's squawk, and presented the old bird with a chunk of sugar—much to Polly's satisfaction. The juniors called that parrot "Polly"—Bomoo's native name for it had at least seven syllables.

"Thanks!" said the parrot, when Bob handed over the sugar.

Bob Cherry fairly jumped.

A dozen times, at least, he had tried to persuade Bomoo's parrot to talk. He had never succeeded once. Now it not only talked, but made quite an appropriate remark.

Bob's attention being at the moment fixed on the parrot, he did not think of Bunter. It did not occur to him that that remark came from the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

Bunter could do these things! If he could do nothing else, he could do ventriloquism.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed the astonished Bob. "Did you fellows hear that?"

"Which?" asked Johnny Bull, looking round.

"That jolly old parrot can speak, after all!" exclaimed Bob. "He's just spoken to me, when I gave him the sugar!"

"Was it the parrot said 'Thank'?" asked Harry.

"Yes, as plain as anything!"

Billy Bunter grinned over his seventh cake. But the juniors were not looking at Bunter; they were all looking at the parrot, which had spoken for the first time.

The parrot, perched on the veranda rail, disposed of the sugar, and sat blinking solemnly with its round eyes.

"My gudeness!" said Mr. McTab. "I've never heard that parrot speak! Are ye sure, Cherry?"

"Yes, rather; it was quite plain," answered Bob. "You told us this parrot couldn't talk, Bomoo!"

"No talk, sar!" answered the houseboy. "That feller parrot no talk, mouth belong him, sar."

"Well, I've just heard him!" said Bob. "Go it, Polly!" he added encouragingly. "Say something more!"

"Something more!" said the parrot.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Great pip!"

The juniors all jumped up, to give attention to that wonderful parrot. Mr. McTab joined them. Only Billy Bunter remained sitting at the tea-table—his face irradiated by a wide grin. Bomoo, greatly astonished, blinked at his parrot.

"Me no savvy!" he exclaimed. "Me no hear that feller parrot talk, ear belong me, sar, any time before. Me no tinkee he talkee."

"You no tinkee any time, you fool nigger!" came from the parrot. "Brain belong you no walk about."

Bomoo almost staggered. His eyes goggled from his brown face at the bird on the veranda rail.

"Him talk!" he gasped. "Him talk plenty too much! Me no savvy what name that feller parrot talk!"

"I canna make this out!" said Mr. McTab, gazing at the parrot. "The bird's never spoken before. Now it's not only speaking, but making quite sensible remarks!"

"More than you can do, you snuffy old Scotsman!" said the parrot.

Mr. McTab jumped.

"Did ye hear that?" he gasped.

"By gad, that's some parrot!" said Lord Mauleverer, in wonder. "Now

it's learned to speak, it had better learn manners, too!"

"Learn manners yourself, you booby!" came from the parrot.

"Oh gad!" gasped Mauly.

Squawk! came from the parrot. This was the first genuine remark that came from the wonderful bird, and it meant that he wanted another chunk of sugar.

"Polly want sugar?" asked Bob.

"Yes, you ass! Get a move on!" said the parrot; or, at all events, seemed to say. "Make yourself useful! You don't fancy you're ornamental, do you?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob, almost overcome.

He had heard parrots talk before this, but he had never heard a parrot talk like Bomoo's parrot. This was something quite new in parrot conversation.

"Polly wants sugar!" went on the voice from the solemn-looking bird on the rail. "Don't let old McTab see you pinching the sugar! He's mean with the sugar—mean as they make 'em! Scotch, you know!"

Mr. McTab's face became purple.

"My gudeness!" he gasped.

"Shut up, McTab!" said the parrot. "What you want, you old Scots fossil, is another taste of Bannockburn!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob.

Billy Bunter grinned over his eighth cake! The Greyfriars ventriloquist considered this quite a shrewd knock at Angus McTab—like mentioning Waterloo to a Frenchman! Billy Bunter had had the battle of Bannockburn in the history class at Greyfriars. Unfortunately, the fat ventriloquist's memory was not so good as his ventriloquism!

Bannockburn, as Mr. McTab and every other Scotsman in the wide world could have told him, was a Scottish victory! Bunter forgot that part!

"My gudeness!" said Mr. McTab, in dizzy astonishment. "I'm asking ye how that bird on Kalua ever hearrd of the battle of Bannockburn. I'm thinking that I'm dreaming this!"

"You're drunk!" said the parrot. "You push too many back at the Planters' Club, you disreputable old Scotsman!"

"Mercy save us!" gasped Mr. McTab. "The bird must be bewitched! Who ever hearrd a parrot talk like that before?"

"Me no savvy!" stuttered Bomoo. "Me no savvy too much altogether. Tinkee aitoo stop along that parrot belong me!"

"Don't be a silly nigger!" said the parrot.

Bomoo's eyes almost rolled out of his head in his amazement.

"Well, this takes the cake!" said Harry Wharton blankly. "Blessed if I make this out!"

"It's vairy odd," said Mr. McTab. "It's vairy odd indeed! I don't understand it!"

"You don't understand anything, you old goat!" said the parrot. "How could you, with a brain like yours?"

"My gudeness!" gasped Mr. McTab. "You feller Bomoo, you take that feller parrot away from this place!"

"Yessar!" gurgled Bomoo.

"Yes, let's go!" came from the parrot. "I'm fed up with that snuffy old Scots fossil! Where did you get that face, McTab? Do you call it a face? Looks like a gas-mask to me!"

"Take it away!" gasped Mr. McTab.

Bomoo clutched the parrot from the rail and walked it off across the veranda to the doorway.

The voice floated back from the parrot as it went:

"Yah! Snuffy old Scotsman! I

saw you counting the lumps of sugar! Snuffy old—yaroooooooh!"

The Greyfriars ventriloquist broke off with a loud yell.

Bob Cherry had tumbled to it suddenly. The remarks from that parrot were altogether too remarkable—and Bob, catching the grin on Billy Bunter's fat face, guessed!

And as he realised that Bunter was making the parrot the vehicle for slanging Mr. McTab, he stepped towards the table and jammed the biggest foot in the Greyfriars Remove on Bunter's.

Bunter roared.

The parrot disappeared with Bomoo, without making any more remarks! Billy Bunter was making the remarks now in his own natural voice; and his remarks were:

"Yow-ow-ow! Beast! Yow-ow-ow! You've squashed my tut-tut-toe! Oh, wow!"

"What the dickens——" exclaimed Harry Wharton. Then he, too, caught on suddenly. "Bunter, you fat villain, you——"

"Ow! My tut-tut-toe! Wow!" roared Bunter.

Mr. McTab stood with quite a dizzy expression of amazement on his face. Unaware that there was a fat ventriloquist on the spot, he was simply astounded by those insulting remarks from Bomoo's parrot.

But the Famous Five were no longer surprised, and they gave the fat Owl warning glares. There was no more ventriloquism! Billy Bunter was too busy nursing his toe to bother about ventriloquism!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Worm Turns!

"POPOO!"

Popoo, the Tonga boy, did not heed his master's voice.

With every passing day that Tonga boy, whom Billy Bunter had taken into his service, and whom he described as his "faithful nigger," had grown more and more regardless of the fat squeak of his fat white master.

Perhaps Popoo considered that, after two or three weeks, it was high time that wages were featured in the programme. No wages had been, as yet, forthcoming.

Bunter was always ready to give his faithful nigger a spot of lawyer-cane to bring him up in the way he should go, but there had not, so far, been the smallest spot of cash.

"Popoo!" roared Bunter, from the veranda.

Popoo still turned a deaf ear—in fact, two!

Popoo was busy! He was enjoying life! His brown, tattooed face was glowing with happy satisfaction. Kanakas' faces were generally cheerful, but Popoo's at that moment, simply beamed. Real happiness had come Popoo's way.

He was seated under a palm, below the veranda. On his bare brown knees was a clock. Popoo had earned a pound by handling cargo for Mr. McTab. That pound he had expended at Joshua Hack's store on Kalua. He had spent it on a "tick-tock."

Any tick-tock would have been a source of delight to Popoo. He could not have told the time by it, having not the remotest notion of the meaning of the figures on the dial, or the motion of the hands. But he had only to put it to a brown ear, to hear it ticking! It only needed winding once a day, to keep

up that delightful performance for twenty-four hours.

And that was not all! This was no common tick-tock! Plenty of Kanakas had tick-tocks that would go on ticking delightfully. But Popoo's clock was able to produce sounds over and above.

By winding it in another place, and pushing a little pointer, Popoo could make it go off, any minute, with a loud buzzing sound!

It was, in fact, an alarm clock. Popoo had no use for an alarm clock, as such! He did not need to be awakened in the morning. But he liked to set the alarm going and listen to it till it ran down!

It was not a melodious sound! But to Popoo's brown ears it was like unto the music of the spheres.

Again and again, hundreds of times in fact, Popoo wound the alarm, set it going, and listened to it buzzing with beatific satisfaction on his simple brown face. Occasionally, by way of variety, he lifted the clock to his ear, and listened to the ticking!

Popoo had been thus engaged for a happy hour when Billy Bunter squeaked down to him over the rail. He was not tired of his new toy yet. He was prepared to go on for hours and hours—enjoying life to the full! The sum of human happiness was, at that moment, in Popoo's brown hands. He was not likely to heed his fat master's squeak at that moment!

"Popoo!" roared Bunter, in great wrath.

The other fellows had gone out, after tea, for a run on the lagoon in the whale-boat. Bunter had been left still packing away provisions. Now, however, he was loaded up to the Plimsoll line, and a little beyond; and he was going out in a canoe with his faithful nigger.

At least, that was his intention. But never had that faithful nigger been so unfaithful.

Popoo did not even look round. With bent fuzzy head, he listened to the merry buzz of the alarm clock, and passed by his fat master's squeak like the idle wind which he regarded not.

Billy Bunter glared down at him. Then he looked round for a missile. Bomoo and the other house-boys were clearing away the remnants of tea. But a dish of oranges remained. Bunter clutched up an orange in a fat hand, and returned to the rail.

"Popoo!" he roared.

Buzz! went the alarm clock; and Popoo remained enwrapped in the same. Bunter took aim!

He took deadly aim at Popoo's head! The orange whizzed! As Popoo was more than a dozen feet away, it was rather good for Bunter to miss his head by less than a yard.

Crash!

Missing Popoo, the orange crashed on the alarm clock, and knocked it out of the Tonga boy's hands.

It dropped on the earth, and its raucous buzzing ceased.

From Popoo came a loud howl of woe and lamentation.

"Feller tick-tock!" he gasped.

He pounced on the clock, and grabbed it up. He jammed it to a brown ear! To his joy and relief, it still ticked! But the alarm-buzz had ceased! Something seemed to be out of order in that department.

"Popoo!" yelled Bunter. "You hear me, ear belong you? You go along quay, get canoe ready along this feller white master."

If Popoo had not heeded before, he was less likely than ever to heed now. He was shaking the clock in the hope of re-starting the alarm after the inter-

vall! All his attention was concentrated on the damaged tick-tock!

Billy Bunter breathed wrath.

This was the sort of thing that no white master could stand—especially a haughty and aristocratic white master like William George Bunter!

He glared round him for his lawyer-cane, grabbed it up, and rolled down the steps from the veranda. His little round eyes glittered behind his big round spectacles! The faithless nigger was for it now!

Buzzzz!

Shaking the clock worked the oracle! The buzz re-started! Popoo's brown face beamed once more: and he did not even see his angry white master bearing down on him with the lawyer-cane. Swipe!

The swipe of the lawyer-cane on his bare brown shoulders apprised him of Bunter's arrival.

Bunter put his beef into that swipe! It was time, Bunter considered, for severe measures. Bunter was not going to be checked by a nigger! Not Bunter! The lawyer-cane rang like a pistol shot as it landed.

Popoo bounded clear of the earth with a frantic howl. Once more the alarm clock went to the ground.

"There!" gasped Bunter. "Now—"

"You plenty bad feller too much!" yelled Popoo. "What name you kill this feller Popoo along lawyer-cane? What name you kill feller tick-tock belong me?"

Swipe!

Popoo yelled again, as the second swipe landed on a brown shoulder.

The next moment the unexpected happened.

Popoo had grown more and more of a faithless nigger every day, but never, until now, had he ventured to lift a hand against his exacting white master. But the damage to his precious tick-tock put the lid on.

He made a jump at Bunter, grabbed the lawyer-cane, and whizzed it away. Then, with a swing of his powerful brown arm he sat Bunter down on the earth, with a heavy bump.

"Oooooo!" gasped Bunter.

He blinked dizzily at Popoo over the spectacles that had slid down his fat little nose.

"Urrrrggh!" he gurgled.

The worm had turned!

Popoo glared at the gasping fat Owl! "You bad feller altogether too much!" he roared. "You make feller orange stop along clock belong me! Me make feller orange stop along neck belong you, my word."

Popoo grabbed up the orange that Bunter had hurled. With his left hand, he gripped Bunter's collar. With his right, he crammed the orange down the back of Bunter's fat neck, squeezing it as he crammed it.

"Urrrrggh!" gurgled Bunter, as the orange burst down his back, and the juice trickled. "Gurrgh! You cheeky black beast—yurrrggh!"

Popoo picked up his tick-tock, and scuttled out of the garden—a little alarmed, perhaps, at what he had done. It was no light matter for a Kanaka to handle a "feller white master"—even if he asked for it.

"Grooogh!" gasped Bunter, wriggling as the orange squeezed horribly down his back. "Urrgh! Why, the cheeky beast—I'll whop him—I'll sack him—I'll—Gurrrrrrrggh!"

The fat Owl tottered to his feet. That rich, ripe orange, down his back, felt absolutely horrible.

He did not pursue Popoo, to administer the swiping that faithless

nigger so richly deserved. He was no longer thinking of a trip in a canoe on the lagoon. He headed for the veranda, and his room—and a change and a wash! With orange juice squeezed all over him, he needed it. Washing was not much in Billy Bunter's line—but even Bunter realised that he wanted a wash now.

Popoo, at a safe distance on the beach, sat down in the shade of a coral rock, and resumed operations on the tick-tock.

The alarm was a little out of order—but, to his joy and relief, it buzzed. It buzzed rather jerkily, and seemed a little uncertain whether to go on buzzing or not. Still, it buzzed; and Popoo, happy once more, listened to the delightful sound, and forgot all about his exasperated white master.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

To Go Or Not To Go!

"START at six!" said Bob Cherry, when the Greyfriars fellows were going to their rooms in the manager's bungalow that night.

"At what?" yapped Billy Bunter.

"Six!"

William George Bunter stopped, and fixed his eyes and his spectacles on Bob Cherry, with a withering glare.

"Did you say six?" he gasped.

"S-I-X, six!" said Bob. "I'll give you a call at half-past five, old fat bean."

"You call me at half-past five," said Billy Bunter, in tones of concentrated indignation, "and I'll jolly well heave a chair at your head! See?"

"Please yourself," said Bob cheerily. "If you don't want to come, old fat man, all serene. You fellows think we could survive a day without Bunter?"

"The survivefulness would be terrific."

"I say, you fellows, I'm coming, of course! If you think you're going to leave me out, you're jolly well mistaken. But I'm not getting up at half-past five; I'm not starting at six! Make it eleven!"

"Make it any time you like, old fat man," said Harry Wharton. "We're starting at six! You start at sixteen, if you like."

"If you think you're going to leave me behind—"

"Well, look here—if Bunter doesn't want to start at six in the morning, we might make it a bit later," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully.

"Bosh!" said Frank Nugent. "We've got a long way to go, Bob, and it will be slow work in the bush. And it gets fearfully hot towards midday. I suppose you've noticed that."

"Yes; but—"

"The esteemed McTab will be ready at six," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "We cannot keep the absurd McTab waiting, Bob."

"No; but—"

"Well, then, start at six, as we've arranged!" granted Johnny Bull.

"Yaas, I really think we ought to start at six, old chap, after arranging it with Mr. McTab," murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"But if Bunter doesn't want to start so early, we might make it a trifle later," urged Bob.

"I should jolly well think so!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "I can tell you, quite plainly, that I'm not starting at six!"

"Make it a bit later, just to please Bunter," urged Bob. "Ain't Bunter the most important chap in the party?"

Ain't he the only really important chap? Does anybody or anything else really matter? Have a little sense, you know! Ain't it Bunter first, and everybody and everything else nowhere?"

Billy Bunter blinked rather suspiciously at Bob Cherry. Bob was stating the facts, from Bunter's point of view. But it was rather unusual for other fellows to see the facts as Bunter saw them.

"What are you getting at, you ass?" asked Johnny Bull. "I tell you we're starting at six!"

"And I tell you that we're going to make it a bit later, if Bunter makes a point of it," said Bob, firmly. "Do you, Bunter?"

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter emphatically.

"That does it," said Bob. "We can alter the time to please Bunter. We'll make it six-one."

"Wha-a-t?"

"One minute past six," said Bob affably. "Mr. McTab won't mind waiting one minute—he's a patient man, really. And we can manage it! Six-one, Bunter! That suit you all right?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors, quite entertained by the fat Owl's face. "You—you—you silly idiot!" yelled Bunter. "You—you funny ass! You blithering fathead! You chump!"

Bob's concession did not seem to satisfy Bunter.

"Well, that's the best we can do," said Bob. "One minute past six, Bunter. You'll have time for at least one extra snore!"

"Beast!"

"Now, do you want to be called or not?"

"No, you beast!" howled Bunter. "If you want me to come, you'll have to make it later! What about ten?"

"Nothing about ten," said Bob. "We shall be doing the jolly old idols in the bush before ten. Six-one—"

"Well, look here—half-past nine!" said Bunter, with the air of a fellow making a big concession.

"Bow-wow!"

"Now, understand this," said Bunter—"I won't come earlier than half-past nine—that's settled! If you go earlier than that, you go without me, that's all!"

"Unsay those cruel words!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled along the veranda to his room. The other fellows, grinning, went off to bed.

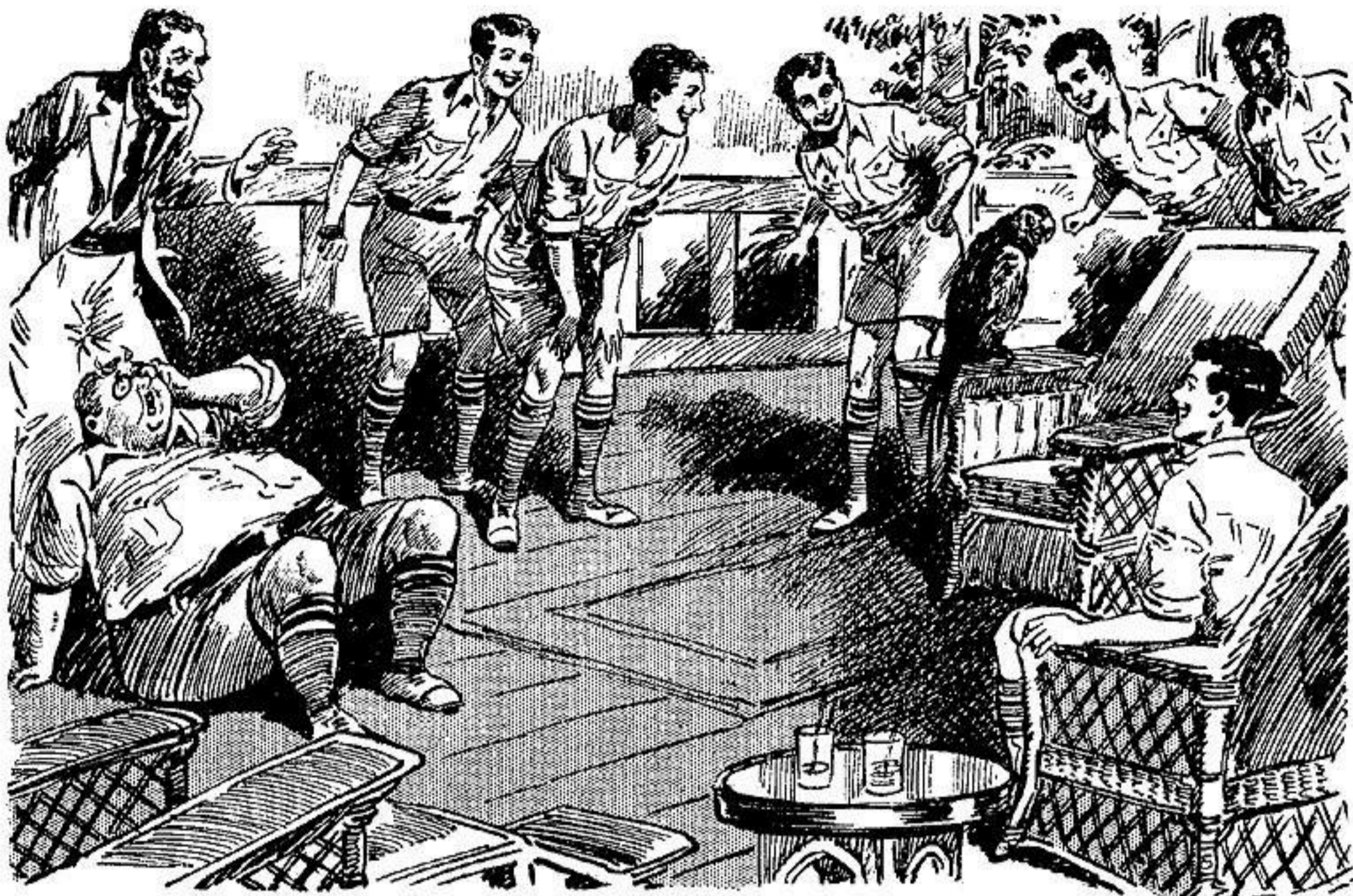
It was necessary to start in the cool of the early morning for a long and arduous trip in the bush. Really, the party could not be expected to toil through the bush under the blazing heat of a tropic sun because Billy Bunter did not like early rising.

Such considerations made no difference to Bunter. In term-time at Greyfriars he had to turn out early. In holiday-time he didn't have to—and he jolly well wasn't going to, either.

Billy Bunter was quite determined on that as he rolled into his room. But second thoughts—proverbially the best—supervened. Instead of turning-in immediately, the fat junior sat on the edge of his bed, to think it out.

Those beasts, of course, ought to wait till Bunter was ready. But would they? Bunter felt that they wouldn't.

It would serve them right to let them go off alone, and deprive them of the benefit and advantage of his company during the day. On the other hand, Bunter did not want to be left behind. He did not want to spend a long



"I'm vairy sorry that ye had a fall," said Mr. McTab, "but there was no other way to stop ye from sitting in the chair."
 "Yooooo-hooooop!" wailed Bunter, rubbing his injuries. "Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "If Bunter had plumped down on that poor old parrot, he would have turned it into a pancake!"

day all by himself, while everybody else was off on an excursion.

All the more, he did not want to stay behind because he had a larking suspicion that it would add to the general satisfaction if he did!

He was going!

But if he went, he had to go early. Much against the grain, Billy Bunter made up his fat mind to that.

Which meant another difficulty, for he had told the other fellows, most emphatically, not to call him. If he was not called, he was not likely to wake. Only too well the fat Owl of the Remove was aware of that. Once his eyes had closed in balmy slumber they were not likely to open again till nine in the morning, at least. By which time the Greyfriars party would be miles on their way into the interior of Kalua.

"Beasts!" breathed Bunter.

He was not going to tell the beasts that he had changed his mind, and ask them to call him, after all—that was beneath a fellow's dignity. But he was going to turn out on time—and it would be a consolation to turn up just when the awful rotters were thinking that they were going to start without him!

What he wanted was an alarm-clock, to wake him at a quarter to six! That was easy enough. Bunter had no alarm-clock, but his faithful nigger had one! Bunter rolled out again.

The rooms occupied by the Greyfriars fellows all opened on the veranda, which ran the length of the bungalow, with latticed doors for ventilation.

The other fellows had all gone into their rooms, and the veranda was silent and deserted.

Bunter rolled along to the end, where it turned the corner of the building. Round that corner, Popoo had his sleeping quarters—his quarters consisting wholly of a tapa sleeping-mat.

At bed-time Popoo laid down the sleeping-mat on the planks, laid himself upon it, and went to sleep! That was all that the Tonga boy needed in the way of accommodation.

It was deeply dusky in the veranda, and Bunter, though he knew that Popoo was there, did not see him till he stumbled on him.

"Oooh!" came a gasp from Popoo, as he awakened.

He sat up on his mat and blinked at Bunter.

He prepared to jump for it, his first impression being that his fat white master had come along to carry on with that interrupted whopping. But that was not Bunter's intention.

"Where's that alarm-clock, Popoo?" he vapped.

"No savvy alarm-clock, sar," answered Popoo.

"You silly nigger! I want to borrow your alarm-clock!" snapped Bunter irritably. "Me wantee borrow tick-tock belong you!" he added, putting it in the "beche-de-mer" language of the Pacific.

Popoo clutched his alarm-clock. That precious treasure lay on his sleeping-mat beside him.

"Oh, sar, me wantee tick-tock!" he said. "This feller Popoo wantee keepee tick-tock belong him. Me likee that feller tick-tock too much, sar."

"You silly black chump, I only want it for to-night!" grunted Bunter. "Think I want to keep your rotten clock, you idiot? You takee back feller tick-tock along morning he come."

"Yessar!" mumbled Popoo, unwillingly but obediently.

Reluctantly he handed over the treasure, and Billy Bunter rolled away with it.

In his room again, Billy Bunter

grinned as he set the alarm on for a quarter to six.

Those beasts, of course, would think he wasn't going! They would be jolly glad not to call him, and to clear off leaving him in bed. That Scots beast would be glad, too; for Mr. McTab, for some reason unknown to the fat Owl, did not like Bunter! It would be disagreeable to turn out early—but it would be very agreeable, on the other hand, to watch their faces when he did turn out!

Wherefore did Billy Bunter grin cheerily as he put the alarm clock at his bed-head and turned in.

A minute after his fat head touched the pillow, a deep and rumbling snore mingled with the drone of the surf on the barrier reef of Kalua.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Man From The Bush!

DARK night lay on Kalua-alua-lalua.

The bungalows of white traders—the palm huts of brown natives—were dark and silent. Midnight had passed, and long before that hour all eyes were accustomed to close on Kalua.

The white beach glimmered in the stars, the lagoon lapping on the sand with a low, faint murmur. From the barrier reef, a mile out, came the ceaseless drone of the surf, as the Pacific rollers broke on the coral. Back of the beach, tall slanting palms nodded, dim and shadowy. On the slopes of the hill, beyond the plantations, the bush lay black—tropical forest, almost as wild and untrodden as in the old days before white men came to the Polynesian islands.

It was from the black shadows of the bush that a dark figure came creeping and slinking an hour after midnight—silent-footed in the gloom.

By dim runways in the bush—by shadowy paths among plantations of sugar-cane and yam and taro—it lurked and slunk, like a wild animal abroad in the hours of darkness seeking its prey.

Near the sleeping native village the howl of a restless dog startled the man who crept, and he hurried his steps, fearful of an alarm.

He stopped at last in the shadow of dim palms, near a small square building, standing apart from all others.

That building was the island gaol, with in it, at the moment, one tenant—the Dutch freebooter, Van Dink.

The Dutchman was held a prisoner there till Mr. McTab could transfer him to Suva, in the Fiji Islands; and he had to wait till there was a ship for Suva. Van Dink had been in the island gaol a good many days now.

The man who had crept from the bush watched and listened. There was no sound from the palm-pole gaol; the Dutchman, no doubt, was sleeping. But there was a sound from outside the building by the locked door.

Two Kanakas were there—one leaning on the wall, the other sitting on the earth, both chewing betel-nut and occasionally speaking in a low murmur.

It was the murmur of a voice that reached the ears of the man who watched and listened, and he gritted his teeth with rage.

If he had been thinking of making an attempt to release the Dutchman, he had to give up the idea now.

One watchman he might have overcome by a sudden attack in silence, but he could not hope to deal with two without giving the alarm.

For several long minutes he remained where he was, listening, then he glided away again.

Again he stopped, near the steps that led up into the veranda of Mr. McTab's bungalow.

The manager's bungalow was dark and silent. The manager of Kalua, his schoolboy guests, and the native house-boys, were all fast asleep long ago. For long, long minutes the man from the bush listened, and then he crept up the steps on tiptoe.

For the moment, the starlight revealed him—a tattered figure in old duck trousers cut short at the knee, a ragged shirt, a tattered hat. His face, burned dark by tropic suns, was stubbly with unshaven beard. His lips were set, his eyes glittering under knitted bushy brows.

He stepped softly into the veranda, and the darkness swallowed him again. The roof shut off the light of the stars, and all was black.

With the stealthy step of a prowling wildcat, he moved slowly along the length of the veranda, stopping at door after door.

Many doors opened in that extensive length. They were of a wide, open lattice-work, which allowed the air to circulate freely within when they were closed. But it was a hot night, and many of the doors had been left wide open for air.

There was no danger on Kalua; bars and bolts were almost unknown. Twenty miles away to the west was the savage island of Baloo, but the savages of Baloo never ventured near Kalua. On Lord Mauleverer's island law and order reigned—under the rule of Mr. McTab. Petty thieving by the Kanakas and an occasional outburst from some native who had drunk too

much kava were the only crimes with which Mr. McTab had to deal, as magistrate of Kalua.

On all the island there was, so far as was known at least, only one dangerous character—the Dutchman who was safe in the palm-pole gaol, with watch and ward kept by two members of Mr. McTab's native police force. It was days since Ysabel Dick, the beach-comber, had been deported, and if he had returned to Kalua, no one on the island was aware of it.

The tattered man lurking in the dusky veranda listened at door after door. Evidently, he was in search of some particular room, but was uncertain how to locate it.

From one doorway, as he listened, came the sound of a resonant snore. From the others there was no sound, but the occasional stirring of a sleeper.

For a long, long time the man in the veranda hesitated, after listening at each door in turn.

Then, at length, he ventured to enter an open doorway, and as silently as he could, struck a match.

He needed only a moment's flicker of the flame to tell him what he wanted to know. A glimpse of the dusky face of Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh on the white pillow under the mosquito-net was enough. The match was instantly extinguished, and he stepped silently out. Evidently, it was not the Nabob of Bhanipur that he wanted.

A minute more and the light of a flickering match glimmered on the face of Harry Wharton in the adjoining room. Again the man from the bush stepped out; it was not the captain of the Greyfriars Remove that he wanted.

For a third time, a match flickered in a dark room. This time it flickered on the sleeping face of Lord Mauleverer.

The match went out, but the man from the bush remained where he was. It was the schoolboy earl of Greyfriars he was seeking.

One glance round in the glimmer of the match had given him his bearings. In the dark, he stepped softly to the bedside.

He lifted the mosquito-net aside, and light as his movement was, it caused the sleeper to stir.

But Lord Mauleverer did not awaken. When he woke, it was suddenly, with a hard and heavy hand pressing over his mouth!

He started into wakefulness. But for the grip of the silencing hand over his mouth, he would have uttered a startled cry. As it was, only the faintest of murmurs came.

"Silence!" A hoarse voice hissed in his ear. "Silence, and keep still! One movement—one cry—and I will crack your skull as a nigger cracks a coconut! Silence—for your life!"

Lord Mauleverer lay still. Something hard touched his forehead as he lay, and he knew that it was a weapon in the hand of the man who had seized him.

For a moment or two his heart thumped wildly. But he was cool again at once! He knew that he was in the grasp of the mysterious kidnapper who once already, since he had been on Kalua, had seized him.

Mr. McTab believed that the kidnapper was Ysabel Dick, the beach-comber; Harry Wharton & Co. believed the same. Actual proof to hand the man over to the law was wanting, but suspicion was strong enough for Mr. McTab to deport him from Kalua, and he had not been seen since. No one on Kalua ever expected to see or hear of him again, and the juniors had almost forgotten his existence.

THE SAVING OF SELBY!



Mr. Selby, tyrant of the Third, is one of the most unpopular masters at St. Jim's, but disliked as he is, a junior doesn't hesitate to set out and help him when the Form-master finds himself under the thumb of an unscrupulous black-mailer! You'll enjoy this gripping yarn.

MARTIN CLIFFORD'S
great Book-Length Yarn
is No. 344 of

SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY

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But whether the unknown kidnapper was Ysabel Dick or not, there was no doubt that the kidnapper was on Kalua now—for Lord Mauleverer, in the darkness, lay helpless in his grasp.

The husky voice in his ear went on: "Silence! I care little whether I take you unharmed, or whether I stun you and carry you on my back like a sack of copra. The choice is yours! Make a movement to resist or cry out, and I crack your skull the next second!"

There was no doubting the hissing earnestness of the voice that came from the darkness.

Mauleverer made no motion. A short, thick cudgel of hard teak was in the desperate hand lifted over him, and it needed only one crashing blow to knock him senseless. There was no doubt that that blow would fall if the schoolboy earl moved—and he did not move.

The unseen man waited a moment or two. Then the gripping hand was moved from Mauleverer's mouth and a gag of tapa forced in. He was jerked to a sitting posture, his hands dragged behind him, a loop of cord passed round his wrists, and drawn fast. A few moments more, and his ankles were bound. The unseen hands worked swiftly.

Silent, helpless, Mauleverer was jerked off the bed. Bound as he was, he would have fallen, but for the grasp of the unseen hand.

The man from the bush caught up a dressing-gown, from a chair beside the bed, wrapped it roughly round the schoolboy. Then, lifting him, throwing the slim figure over his shoulder like a sack, he stepped to the doorway, and out into the dark veranda.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Very Early Rising!

B UZZZZZ!

Billy Bunter jumped.

Bunter was not easy to wake! But, aware of the circumstance, he had placed Popoo's alarm clock at his bed head, within little more than a foot of his fat head! That sudden, raucous, jarring buzz would probably have awakened Rip Van Winkle, or the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. It awakened Billy Bunter, jerking him out of a happy dream of a spread in Smithy's study at Greyfriars.

"Oooh!" gasped Bunter.

Buzzzzzzzz!

For a moment or two the fat Owl wondered what was happening. He had a feeling of being suddenly bombed.

Then he remembered the alarm clock.

Buzzzz!

He clutched at it! It was still dark—densely dark. But the jarring buzz of Popoo's clock guided the fat hand, and Bunter grabbed it, and turned off the alarm. He wanted to be awakened at the appointed time: but a little of that hideous buzz went a long way.

Blessed silence followed.

Bunter sat up in bed, blinking round him. He groped for his spectacles, and jammed them on his fat little nose and blinked again.

"Beasts!" he breathed in concentrated fury.

It was not yet light! Bunter's room was densely dark, and the doorway only a shade less dark. It had not occurred to Bunter's fat brain, over night, that those unspeakable beasts had planned to start before sunrise. Now that fact dawned on him.

Bunter did not know what time the sun rose on Kalua. Not once, since he had been on Lord Mauleverer's Pacific island, had he been up with the sun—

or anywhere near it! But, when Bob announced that they were starting at six, he had taken it for granted that it would be, at least, light!

And it was black as a hat!

The fat Owl was strongly tempted to lay his head on the pillow again, sink back into slumber, and wash the whole thing out. Had he not been so thoroughly awakened, he might have done so. But Popoo's clock had done its work quite thoroughly: Bunter was wide awake.

"Beasts!" hissed Bunter again.

They would be jolly glad if he never turned out. Early rising was horrible; but he was not going to be left behind. He bundled into his clothes, in the dark. Not expecting to turn out before daylight, he had placed no matches at hand. His wrath and indignation grew every moment! Still, early rising had one consolation: it was an excuse, so far as Billy Bunter needed one, for cutting out a wash!

He was soon dressed, and he groped out into the darkness of the veranda. He fully expected to hear sounds of the other fellows stirring. He had timed the alarm for a quarter to six: and they were to start at six: so he had no doubt that he would find them all up, and lights glimmering.

Instead of which, he heard no sound but the distant murmur of the surf, and there was no light to be seen.

As Billy Bunter realised that he was, after all, the first man up, he fairly gurgled with wrath.

They had told him six! It could only want a few minutes to six now! And not a fellow was stirring! They were still fast asleep in bed, the whole lot of them, while Bunter, the only man in the bungalow to wake up, had turned out, all on his lonely own.

It was enough to exasperate any fellow!

But he was up: and if he was up, they were jolly well going to get up, too! Bunter was going to lose no time about that!

Bob Cherry's room was next to his. He rolled along to the doorway, which Bob had left wide open—like most of the other fellows.

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles, as he stepped in! He was going to wake Bob, and he was not going to use any ceremony about it, either!

He rolled across to the bed.

The sound of steady breathing told that Bob was still asleep!

Bunter groped for his pillow! Having grasped it, he jerked it out suddenly from under his head.

There was a startled gasp from the gloom.

Bob Cherry, coming out of slumber at a bound, started up, and tangled his head in the mosquito-net. The next moment, Billy Bunter swiped with the pillow.

Bob rolled over, mosquito-net and all.

"He, he, he!" gurgled Bunter.

"Oh crumbs! What—how—who—" gasped Bob, struggling with mosquito-net and bedclothes.

"He, he, he!"

"Is that you, Bunter?" gasped Bob Cherry, disentangling himself, and glaring into the gloom. He could see nothing but a dim shadow, but he could recognise that cachinnation.

"He, he! Yes, you lazy slacker! I've woke you up! He, he, he!"

"You blithering, blethering, blathering Owl, what have you woke me up in the middle of the night for?" hissed Bob.

"Aren't you starting at six?" grinned Bunter.

"Yes, idiot! Yes, ass! Yes, fathead! Yes, chump! Is that any reason for getting up at three?" hissed Bob.

"Three!" chuckled Bunter, "I like that! It's six!"

"You footling frump, it's light here at five! How can it be six, when it's not light yet?" hissed Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You blithering, bloated bloater, what makes you think it's six, when it ain't light yet?"

"I jolly well know it's six!" retorted Bunter. "I set my alarm for a quarter to six, and it went off nearly a quarter of an hour ago. It's six now."

Bob Cherry breathed fury.

"You pernicious porpoise, you set your alarm wrong, or it went off wrong! It's light long before six! Do you think we were going to start in the dark, you potty piffler?"

"Eh? Yes, of course, as it ain't light at six—"

"It's light at five, you blitherer!"

"Well, it's six now," said Bunter, "and if you think you're going to slack in bed, and keep me waiting, after I've taken the trouble to turn out, you're jolly well mistaken, Bob Cherry! Talk about slacking! Yah! Turn out of bed, you lazy loafer!"

"By gum! I—I—I'll—"

"I'll jolly well give you another swipe with this pillow, if you don't turn out! Lazy, loafing slacker!"

Billy Bunter was rather enjoying this! It was seldom that anyone had a chance of levelling a charge of slacking and loafing at Bob Cherry, the most strenuous member of a strenuous Co. But Bunter had him, this time! Bunter was the only man up! Bunter was going to rub this in!

"Loafing slacker! Yah! Frowsting in bed, when other fellows turn up before daylight! Lazy beast! Out with you!"

There was a scratch of a match. The light flickered, and Bob picked up the watch at his bedside. He held it up for Bunter to see by the light of the match.

"Look, you burbling bandersnatch!" he hissed. "Look, you potty porpoise! Look, you howling idiot!"

Bunter looked! Then he jumped! The watch indicated a quarter to two! Bunter blinked at it! He blinked again!

"Oh crikey!" he ejaculated.

The match went out.

"Your wait till I get out of bed!" breathed Bob Cherry. "I'll give you waking me up at a quarter to two, you potty porker! I'll kick you back to your room, and—"

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

He realised now why it was not light! Even the early sunrise of Kalua-alua-lalua did not arrive so early as a quarter to two!

The Greyfriars party had not, after all, planned to start before dawn. They had planned to start an hour after dawn, as dawn was at five.

Bunter realised it now. That beastly alarm clock he had borrowed from Popoo had gone off at the wrong time!

Really, it was Bunter's own fault. The clock that Popoo had bought at Joshua Hack's store was an American one, and not very reliable at the best of times. Such reliability as it had, had been disconcerted by Bunter banging it out of Popoo's hand with a whizzing orange. Probably, too, the number of times Popoo had wound it up, and run it down, had not improved it!

Anyhow, there was no doubt that that alarm clock had failed to do its duty. Instead of going off at a quarter to six, it had gone off at half-

past one. It might really have gone off at any time. It just happened that it went off at half-past one.

Bunter, who hated turning out, even at nine o'clock, had turned out at one-thirty.

It was awful to think of.

Awful as it was, however, Bunter had not time to think about it at the moment. He could hear Bob Cherry getting out of bed.

Bob, no doubt, would have been glad, had he over-slept himself, to be called at the right time. He was not glad to be woke up at a quarter to two with a swiping pillow. So far from being glad, he was fearfully exasperated. He was going to get hold of that pillow and return the swipe with interest, and chase the fat and fatuous Owl back to his room with that pillow.

Bunter heard him getting out. He had no time to lose. With great presence of mind he hurled the pillow at Bob before he bolted out of the doorway into the veranda.

Even Bunter could not miss, at the distance of a couple of feet. The whizzing pillow landed on Bob, and spread him over the bed. He gave a howl of wrath, and struggled up the next moment, grasping the pillow.

But Bunter had gained a moment or two. He bolted out into the veranda. He turned to the left, which was the direction of his own room, and then swiftly turned to the right.

With Bob Cherry behind him with a pillow, Billy Bunter's fat brain functioned with unusual swiftness. Bob Cherry was going to rush after him towards his room—he knew that. So, instead of heading for his own room, the fat Owl shot along the dark veranda in the opposite direction.

He fairly flew.

A moment more, and Bob Cherry charged out, the pillow in his grasp, and rushed, as he supposed, after Bunter—to the left. The fat Owl's strategy was a brilliant success.

While Bob rushed up the veranda in one direction, Billy Bunter bolted down it in the other.

He shot past the top of the steps, and continued on his rapid career, and did not see a dim shadow that moved in the darkness in front of him. He did not know that anyone was in the way till he crashed.

It was a terrific crash.

Somebody, or something, was in Bunter's way, and Bunter, going like a runaway lorry, hit it fair and square. It bumped over, and something else bumped with it, and Bunter bumped over the two of them, with a wild roar that woke every sleeper in Mr. McTab's bungalow.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Mauly's Narrow Escape!

BILLY BUNTER roared.

He roared frantically.

The Bull of Bashan, famed in ancient times for his roaring, had not a thing on Bunter at that moment.

He fairly bellowed.

What had happened, Bunter did not know. He was too wildly confused for that. He was sprawling over something—something that wriggled and panted. His fat elbow had banged on an object in the dark. He did not know that it was a nose, though the owner of the nose doubtless knew.

A bang on a fellow's funny-bone was enough to make him roar. But Billy

Bunter had had several other bangs along with that bang. His knees were banged, his fat little nose banged—he felt banged all over. He roared, and roared, and roared.

Bunter had intended not to make a sound. He had been going, like that sage animal, Brer Fox, to lie low and say "nuffin'" till Bob Cherry went back to bed. Instead of which he was sprawling headlong over wriggling objects in the dark, and bawling at the top of his voice.

The bungalow fairly rang and echoed with it.

Bob Cherry, of course, heard the first roar. He had reached the door of Bunter's room, pillow in hand, when he heard it. It apprised him of the fat Owl's strategy.

Bunter had not headed for his room. He had headed the other way, and fallen over.

Bob spun round, and charged back. In the rooms along the veranda, Harry Wharton & Co. were turning out of bed in alarm. Mr. McTab's startled voice could be heard calling from somewhere in the darkness. House-boys were buzzing. Bunter, sprawling, roared and roared.

He was sprawling over two objects. One of them wriggled in silence, the other, panting, pitched Bunter aside, leaped up, and leaped away in the darkness.

He leaped in the direction of the veranda steps.

The man from the bush had almost reached those steps with his prisoner, when Bunter crashed, and sent both of them whirling over.

He was not thinking now of the kidnapped schoolboy he had dropped. He was thinking only of escape, and he had barely time for it.

He leaped down the steps, and disappeared into the darkness, hardly a second before Bob Cherry came charging along.

Dark as it was, Bob glimpsed the shifting shadow in the gloom, and supposed for a moment that it was Bunter. But the roaring of Billy Bunter still woke the echoes ahead of him, and he ran on.

A moment more, and he reached Bunter.

"Now, you fat frump!" hooted Bob.

Swipe!

The pillow descended.

"Yaroo! Oh! Help! Wow!"

roared Bunter. "Oh crikey! Yaroo!"

Swipe!

Bunter already had reasons to roar.

Now he had more reason than ever.

Swipe, swipe! came the pillow.

There would have been another swipe, but Bob stumbled over something that was wriggling on the planks.

"What the dickens——" gasped Bob, as he realised that there was someone else on the spot.

"Ow! Wow! Help! Yoo-hoop!"

roared Bunter.

Lights twinkled from various doors.

Harry Wharton was the first out of his room. But Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, were very quickly after him.

"What on earth's up?" exclaimed Harry.

"Bunter," answered Bob.

"Yaroo! I say, you fellows—Whoo-hoop!"

"Shut up, you blithering ass!

You're waking the house!" exclaimed Harry. "Bob, you fathead——"

"My esteemed idiotic Bob——"

"Get a light, somebody!" exclaimed

Bob Cherry. "There's somebody here!

Something's happened!"

"What——"

"Get a light!"

Bob had dropped the pillow now, and was groping over the object on which he had stumbled. It amazed him to find another person on the spot, as well as Bunter. It amazed him still more to find that that person remained silent, and only wriggled. It was clear that something was wrong, though he could not imagine what.

Harry Wharton ran back to his room for a light.

"My gudeness!" came Mr. McTab's voice. The Scotch gentleman, in a dressing-gown, hurried on the scene. Bomoo and three or four startled house-boys followed him. "What has happened?"

"Yaroo!"

"Is that Bunter?"

"Yow-ow-ow! Wow! My elbow—wow!"

"Ye foolish, stupid boy!" roared Mr. McTab. "What are ye doing out of bed at this time of night?"

"Ow! I ran into somebody! Ow! My funny-bone! Wow!" roared Bunter.

"There's somebody here, sir!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I can't make it out. There's somebody. He must be hurt."

Harry Wharton ran back with a lighted lamp. The light gleamed on Billy Bunter, sitting up and yelling, and on a figure enveloped loosely in a dressing-gown, lying on the planks.

"Mauly!" yelled Bob.

"Mauleverer!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"The wee lord," stuttered Mr. McTab.

Bob could see now why there had been no word from the figure sprawling at his feet. He bent over Mauleverer, and removed the gag from his mouth.

Mauly gasped for breath.

"Oh gad! Thanks! Oh gad!"

"Mauly, old man!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

The juniors grasped his lordship and helped him up. Then they discovered that he was bound hand and foot, and hurriedly began to release him from the knotted cords.

"Is—is—is that Mauly?" gasped Billy Bunter. He almost forgot his suffering funny-bone in his astonishment. "W-was it you I ran into, Mauly?"

"Yaas. Much obliged!" gasped Mauleverer. "Is the man gone, you fellows?" He glanced quickly up and down the veranda.

"The man! What man?"

"The sportsman who called on me, and fixed me up like this," answered Lord Mauleverer. His lordship seemed the least excited fellow present. "Same sportsman that got me before, I suppose. I really thought that he had me for keeps this time."

"Oh," gasped Bob, "I—I saw something as I came after Bunter! I know now! He ran down the steps——"

"Who was it, Mauly?" exclaimed Wharton. "Did you see him?"

"Can't see in the dark, old bean! Haven't the foggiest—only I suppose it's the same man as last time——"

"But—but—but——" gasped Mr. McTab. "It was the beachcomber—it was Ysabel Dick, who kidnapped your lordship—and he was sent away from Kalua——" He broke off, and rapped an order to the staring house-boys. "You feller Bomoo—all you feller boy—you look along garden, along beach, you findee that feller that run along dark, close-up."

"Yessar!"

Bomoo and the house-boys ran down

the steps, to search for the escaped kidnapper. But it was quite unlikely that he would be found. He had had minutes—and there was no doubt that he had put them to good use. By that time the bush had swallowed Mauleverer's mysterious assailant.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at Lord Mauleverer and at one another. Mr. McTab tugged his sandy beard in perplexity. All of them realised that Mauleverer had had a terribly narrow escape at the hands of his secret enemy. Only Billy Bunter, barging along unexpectedly in the dark, had disconcerted his scheme—and, by a strange chance, knocked it completely on the head. But for that Lord Mauleverer would have been gone, in the hands of his enemy, and his absence would not have been discovered till morning.

But who was his enemy?

The juniors had believed, like Mr. McTab, that it was Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber, though his motive was a mystery to them. But Ysabel Dick had been deported from Kalua, for that very reason. The juniors had seen him taken away from the island on Barney Hall's lugger. Had he returned, secretly and unseen, or had Mauleverer, after all, some other enemy, unknown and unsuspected, on Kalua? It was impossible to say.

"My lord," said Mr. McTab, after a long and troubled silence, "I'll have Kalua combed for that villain—but in the meantime, ye've got to be kept safe. Ye must not have a room alone after this—one or two of your friends will be willing—"

"You bet!" said Bob. "We're not leaving you alone after this, Mauly."

"And ye'll fasten your door at night," said Mr. McTab, "and I'll have a watch kept in the veranda, from this time forth."

"Sorry to give you so much trouble, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm afraid I'm rather a bother."

"I say, you fellows—"

"But how did ye happen to be up, Bunter?" exclaimed Mr. McTab, turning his attention to the fat Owl. "Did ye hear the man, or what?"

"Bunter seems to have run into him, as he was getting me away in the dark," said Mauleverer. "What woke you up, Bunter, old fat man?"

"That beastly alarm clock went off at the wrong time—"

"Oh gad!"

"I thought it was a quarter to six, you see, and it was only half-past one, and I woke up Bob, and the beast got after me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! I banged my funny-bone on something!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly. "And if I hadn't turned out—"

"Turn in again!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll let you off the rest of the pillowing, old fat bean."

"Beast!"

Bomoo and the house-boys came back, after a vain search for the man who had vanished in the dark. Who the man was, it was impossible to say; but the manager of Kalua and the Famous Five had little doubt. And on the morrow Mr. McTab intended to have the island "combed" from end to end to discover whether Ysabel Dick had returned secretly to Kalua.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Trusty Rifle!

"I'd better take a rifle!" said Billy Bunter thoughtfully.

It was a bright morning.

Not, after all, six o'clock—but seven! A whole hour in bed, over and above, had been conceded to Billy Bunter as a reward for having butted into Lord Mauleverer and the kidnapper in the night.

True, it had been wholly by happy chance that Bunter had so butted; but that did not alter the fact that he had done it; and that, but for Bunter Lord Mauleverer would have vanished from the eyes of his friends.

Such a reward was one that Billy Bunter could appreciate! Certainly, he would rather have turned out at nine than at seven. But seven was better than six! And when Bob Cherry called him—for Bunter did not trust that alarm clock a second time—he woke him with a shake, instead of jerking off the bedclothes or rolling the fat Owl out, to save time.

Everybody was quite nice to Bunter that morning! Everybody was patient while he kept them waiting to pack away a few extra breakfasts. But when he remarked that he had better take a rifle, there were signs of jibbing.

Kalua-alua-lalua was as peaceful a spot as any in the Pacific. Really, it was not necessary to go armed on

(Continued on next page.)



MODEL FAST DAY BOMBER
Challenges all comers!
 You get it for packet tops from
QUAKER CORN FLAKES

"The Speed Demon" is showing its paces! All over England boys and girls are breaking records with it—the speediest model 'plane ever! It was designed by Britain's greatest model aircraft engineer specially for the makers of Quaker Corn Flakes. A high efficiency constant pitch air screw... wings 10" across... fuselage 7½" long... the whole beautifully painted in silver-blue. These are only a few of its wonderful features. And now here's the biggest news of all—every 'plane has a patent winder gearbox! It's

ready for the air in a minute!
 You're going to enjoy getting the "Speed Demon" because it means you'll be having for breakfast every day from now on the crunchiest, tastiest cereal you've ever had—Quaker Corn Flakes. Get mother to buy some from her grocer tomorrow, they're ready-to-eat straight from the packet.
 You only need six packet tops for a "Speed Demon" to be sent to you FREE! Or if you want to get it at once, send only 2 packet tops and 3d. in stamps.

To Dept. M.2, Quaker Oats Ltd., Southall, Middx.
 Please send me my "Speed Demon" Aeroplane with winder gear box. I enclose:—
 * (a) 6 packet tops from Quaker Corn Flakes.
 * (b) 2 packet tops from Quaker Corn Flakes and 3d. in stamps.
 * Cross out which does not apply.
 (Note:—Coupons from 'Puffed' Wheat or 'Puffed' Rice packets may also be used for this offer.)
 WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS

Name.....
 Address.....

Post in 1½d. stamped envelope.
 (Offer applies in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland only.)
 F.66

Kalua. True, Lord Mauleverer's mysterious assailant was loose on the island somewhere; and the juniors were going to carry a stout lawyer-cane apiece, on the remote chance of falling in with him. But seven fellows might have been considered quite safe, even if the kidnapper turned up, without deadly weapons. Neither would any fellow have felt safer, had Bunter carried a rifle! Every fellow would have felt a good deal unsafer.

Five fellows opened their lips to call Billy Bunter variously an ass, a fathead, a chump, a potty porpoise, and a terrific idiot!

But none of those painful truths was uttered, as they remembered in time that they owed it to the fat and fatuous Owl and his fatheadedness that Mauly was not missing.

Instead of telling Bunter what they thought of him, therefore, they shook their heads; and Harry Wharton remarked quite gently:

"We shan't need it, old fat man."

"You don't think so?" asked Bunter.

"Oh, no!"

"Well," said Bunter, "I do!"

He spoke in a tone of finality.

That was Bunter all over! Being treated with such unusual and patient consideration, the fat Owl spread himself.

"My dear chap—" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"It's for your sake, Mauly," explained Bunter. "I saved you from that kidnapping blighter last night. I may have to save you again! You never know. I'd better take a rifle. I may have to protect you."

"Then we shall all want protecting, as well as Mauly!" remarked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Never mind a rifle, old fat man," said Bob Cherry. "Nobody here is tired of life yet! Ready?"

"I'm going to take a rifle!" said Bunter calmly. "You can jaw as much as you like, but you're only wasting time. If anything happens, I shall have to protect Mauly; and I'm going to take a rifle."

"You silly ass!" roared Johnny Bull. "Chuck it, and come on!"

"I'll come when I'm armed," said Bunter. "If that awful villain turned up while we're in the bush, you'd be jolly glad I was on hand with a trusty rifle—"

"But we're walking it," said Bob.

"Eh? What difference does that make?"

"I mean, you won't be on hand! You'll be on foot."

"You silly chump!" hooted Bunter. "I say, you fellows, are we going to hang about while that silly ass makes rotten jokes? Look here—"

"You're safer without a rusty rifle," said Bob, shaking his head.

"I didn't say a rusty rifle, you fathead—I said a trusty rifle—"

"Rusty or trusty, you're jolly well not going to play about with firearms, fathead! Quelch expects us all back at Greyfriars next term."

"You can jaw," said Bunter, "but I'm not taking a step until I've got my rifle! I'll wait as long as you like."

"Let's start!" snorted Johnny Bull. "Mr. McTab's waiting down there with the Kanakas. Come on!"

"Oh, all right—go without me!" said Bunter bitterly. "After all I've done, that's what I expect! If anything happens to Mauly, don't blame me, though! I wash my hands of it!"

"They could do with a wash!" remarked Johnny Bull.

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"Yah!"

"My dear chaps," murmured Lord Mauleverer, "we're not goin' without jolly old Bunter! If he wants a rifle, let him have one."

"Tired of life?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I'll load it for him!" added Mauleverer, closing one eye at the juniors, unseen by the fat Owl.

"Oh! All right!"

Lord Mauleverer went into his room to get that rifle for Bunter.

The fat Owl cast a vaunting blink round at the Famous Five.

He had had his way! That was a great satisfaction to Billy Bunter! If the famous Co. did not like it, they could lump it!

But the Famous Five did not mind. If Bunter chose to fag along with a rifle on his fat shoulder, it was his own business. All they cared about was that the rifle should not endanger life and limb. And as Lord Mauleverer was going to load it, they had no doubt that it would be safe.

Bunter had not observed his lordship's cheery wink, and had not thought about blank cartridges. The other fellows had!

Mauly came back with the rifle.

Bunter, with another triumphant blink at the Famous Five, put it under his arm, and was ready.

Then the juniors went down into the garden, where Mr. McTab was ready with the Kanaka bearers.

Mr. McTab was getting a little impatient; the Scotch gentleman was very punctual.

He stared at the sight of Bunter with a rifle under his arm. Then he glared:

"What nonsense is this?" he grunted.

"What are you doing with that rifle, Bunter? You must not handle firearms—you are too stupid and clumsy!"

"Oh, really, you know—" exclaimed Bunter indignantly.

He turned round to Mr. McTab, thus bringing the muzzle of the rifle, under his arm directly to bear on the Scotch gentleman.

Mr. McTab gave quite a bound. Angus McTab was a brave man—as brave as William Wallace or Robert Bruce. But even Wallace or Bruce might have been alarmed, standing just in front of a rifle handled by Billy Bunter! Mr. McTab bounded like a kangaroo.

"Turn that thing away, ye blockhead!" he roared.

"Nothing to be scared about!" said Bunter scornfully. "I can handle a rifle all right! I can— Oh crikey!"

Bang!

Bunter did not know why the rifle went off. Any firearm, handled by Bunter, was liable to go off in the most unexpected and unaccountable manner.

There was a sputter of alarm from the Kanakas, and a howl of wrath from Mr. McTab. Bunter did not heed them. He jumped clear of the earth, in his surprise, as the rifle banged, and the rifle shot down to the earth with a crash! That set it off again, and there was another bang!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

"Ye dangerous blockhead!" roared Mr. McTab. "Leave that rifle alone! My lord, how could you be so thoughtless as to trust firearms in that silly boy's hands? I dinna ken how I'm still alive! Take it away at once!"

"It's all right, sir!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Blank cartridges, sir—Bunter won't kill anybody to-day."

"Oh!"

"I say, you fellows, Mauly must have loaded that rifle jolly carelessly!"

gasped Bunter. "Look how it went off!"

"Time we went off, too!" said Bob Cherry. "Are you coming?"

"Wait till I get my rifle."

Bunter picked up the rifle—perhaps in a rather gingerly manner. This time he put it over his shoulder. With the muzzle pointing away from him, to the rear, he felt safe with his deadly weapon. Still, it was fortunate that it was not so deadly as Bunter believed it to be.

"Got some more cartridges, Mauly?"

"Nunno. There's still six in the magazine, old bean! You won't want to massacre more than six people in one day."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!"

Mr. McTab, now that he was aware that Bunter's deadly weapon had had, so to speak, its teeth drawn, made no further objection to the rifle. He gave Bunter a glare, and walked on with the juniors, followed by the native bearers, who were carrying provisions and other things necessary for a camp in the bush. Bunter, rifle on shoulder, rolled on behind.

By rights the Kanakas should have followed in the rear, with their packages. But the Kanakas did not know how harmless that rifle was, and not a brown boy was going to walk behind Bunter with the muzzle of a loaded magazine-rifle looking back over his shoulder. Even Popoo, his own faithful nigger, refused to follow behind Bunter.

Billy Bunter formed the rear guard, as the Greyfriars party marched into the bush of Kalua.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter The Hunter!

"WHERE'S the bush?" asked Bunter.

Bunter was getting tired. In the early morning,

bright as the sunlight was, it was still cool on Kalua, and the breeze from the sea delightfully fresh.

For a while the route lay by paths among the many plantations; but it was no great distance to the bush.

The way now lay uphill, as the ancient monuments of Kalua, which the schoolboys were to explore, were some distance up the island hill, hidden in the heart of the bush that clothed the hillside like a tangled green garment.

Under thick, heavy branches that shut off the sun, between walls of almost impenetrable green vegetation, the party followed a "runway" cut and cleared long ago by native knives and axes.

But for that, they would have had to hack every step of the way with bush knives—and progress would have been snail-like.

In that shady aisle of the tropical forest, Billy Bunter blinked round him again and again, with growing impatience.

A little way uphill went a long way with Bunter. He had more to carry than the other fellows. He had been told that they were going into the bush, and he was getting impatient to arrive there!

But his question caused the other fellows to stare round at him.

"Where is it?" repeated Bob Cherry.

"Yes—ain't it time we got there?" asked Bunter irritably.

"You howling ass, we're in the bush now!" said Bob.

"Oh, don't be a silly fathead!" grunted Bunter. "This ain't bushes—this is a forest, and a jolly big one!"



Billy Bunter continued on his rapid career—and did not see a dim shadow that moved in the darkness in front of him, till he crashed. Next moment he was lying on his back and bawling at the top of his voice. The bungalow fairly rang and echoed with it!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter, apparently, had not yet learned that the forest was called the "bush" in the southern hemisphere.

"The bushfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bunter!" assured Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "This is the absurd bush!"

"Rot!" grunted Bunter. "Look here, if we don't get to the bush pretty soon, we'd better have a rest! We've walked miles already!"

"They call this the bush here!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Keep going, old fat man; we shan't be long now. How far now, Mr. McTab?"

"About a mile!" said Mr. McTab.

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter. "You said the bush was quite near, Bob Cherry—only a bit of a walk."

"So it is, fathead—this is the bush!" hooted Bob.

"Yah!" retorted Bunter.

The fat Owl was not, it seemed, easy to convince that a dense, tropical forest was the "bush." Bush or forest, Bunter was getting tired. And the rifle on his fat shoulder was growing heavier and heavier—or, at all events, seemed to be doing so.

Bunter emitted a series of weary groans and moans and squeaks.

"Look out for the game, old fat bean!" said Lord Mauleverer comfortingly. "Might spot some game here."

"Eh? What game?" asked Bunter. "How could there be any game in this beastly forest? No room to play, I should think. Besides, the natives don't play cricket, if you mean cricket."

"Oh gad! I don't mean game—I mean game!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "I mean, as you're the only man with a gun, you may—perhaps—be able to shoot some game for lunch—wild pig, and all that."

"Oh, game!" said Bunter. "Yes,

that's rather a good idea, Mauly! I'll keep my eyes open. I'm a pretty good shot, you know—I do a lot of huntin' and shootin' at Bunter Court."

And Billy Bunter, watching eagerly for game, with his trusty rifle ready to slay the same, cheered up. His eyes and his spectacles roved from side to side of the runway, in search of wild pig, or any other game that might turn up to fall before his trusty rifle.

But no game seemed in a hurry to turn up to test Billy Bunter's powers as a dead shot with blank cartridges!

"I say, you fellows, it's getting jolly hot!" said Bunter, after another ten minutes.

"The sun's getting up, old fat bean," said Bob, "but we shall get to camp before it's really hot."

"It's fearfully hot now! Look here, we'd better stop for a rest," said Bunter. "I'm not thinking of myself, you know—I'm thinking of poor old Mauly. He looks worn out. You don't want to keep on, do you, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Beast! You're jolly nearly tottering, Nugent—you'd like to stop for a rest, wouldn't you?"

"Fathead!"

"Well, look here, old McTab's pretty old, you know—we don't want to walk an old crock off his legs! Better stop, I think!"

Mr. McTab was some way ahead, but he had very keen hearing. Evidently he heard Bunter's remark. Equally evidently he was not pleased by being referred to as an old crock! He gave Bunter a glare. For some reason unknown to Bunter, he hardly ever looked at him without glaring! Now he glared more expressively than ever.

"Ye fat, lazy dunderhead!" said Mr. McTab. "If ye're too slack and lazy to

walk a mile or two, sit down and rest. Ye have only to follow this runway, and even a blockhead could not get lost, though I've nae doubt ye'd get lost if ye could!"

And Mr. McTab, with that, stalked on ahead again.

Billy Bunter blinked after him.

"I can't say I like your manager's manners, Mauly!" he said. "I should advise you to sack him."

"Shut up, you fat ass!"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Do you want me to boot you, Bunter?"

"Eh? No."

"Then shut up!"

"Look here, Mauly, if that's the way you talk to a chap after he shaved you—I mean saved you—"

Lord Mauleverer walked on, accelerating, leaving Billy Bunter to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

"Well, of all the ungrateful beasts!" gasped Bunter. "Talk about an ungrateful serpent being sharper than a child's tooth! I say—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's your jolly old game, Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ph? Where?" exclaimed Bunter eagerly, and he grasped his trusty rifle.

There was a swift scuttling of the Kanaka bearers! But the Famous Five stood their ground. They were not alarmed, though no doubt they would have shared the general alarm had they not been aware of the harmless nature of that rifle.

"Look!"

Bob Cherry pointed to an opening of the thick bush. Between heavy masses of wild vines, pendant from huge branches, an animal was rooting.

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SPEEDWAY BIRCHEMALL!

An Amusing and Amazing Schoolboy Holiday-Adventure Yarn, Starring Jack Jolly & Co., the Laughter-Merchants of St. Sam's.

By DICKY NUGENT

"Roll up! Roll up! This way for the speedboat!" Jack Jolly & Co. jumped. After a ten-course lunch at the Hotel Posh, at Breezyville-on-Sea, the chums of the St. Sam's Fourth were feeling like lords. So, naturally, they were now taking a stroll on the pier. The peer was pretty quiet at this time of the day, and Jack Jolly & Co. were quite surprised to learn that the speedboat was running. But what surprised them still more was to hear the quiet, cut-throat accents of the man who was yelling out about it. "Roll up! Roll up! All thrills and no spills! Two bob a trip! This way for the speedboat!" "My hat! That's a familiar voice to me!" said Jack Jolly, nipping his brows thoughtfully. "I'm sure I've heard it before!" "Just what I was thinking myself, old chap!" nodded Frank Fearless. "Let's go and see who it is." The chums of the Fourth walked round to the corner of the peer from whence the speedboat merchant's voice was coming. Imagine their amazement, on reaching the steps leading down to the speedboat, to find themselves gazing at Doctor Birchermall, their own headmaster!

The Head, who was wearing a peaked cap at the jaunniest possible angle, lowered his megaphone and started violently on seeing the St. Sam's fellows. But he soon recovered himself sufficiently to give them a knowing wink. "Jolly on the sea today, boys!" he cried. "Who's for a ride in the speedboat?" "Grate pip!" "Is it really you, sir?" "It's me right enough!" replied the Head, with his usual faultless grammar. "I expect you're wondering why I'm running speedboat trips from a peer!" "Well, it does seem a little weird, sir!" grinned Fearless. "Are you doing it for munny?" "For a moment, a guilty expression flashed across the Head's face; but he quickly got rid of it. "Munny?" he cried. "Perish the thought! The fact is, it's an act of kind-heartedness on my part. You see, boys, the man who runs the speedboats loses a lot of customers because he has no assistant to run the bizzness while he

ment, on reaching the steps leading down to the speedboat, to find themselves gazing at Doctor Birchermall, their own headmaster!



"Yes, rather!" chorled Fearless and Merry and Bright. Doctor Birchermall beamed, and held out a somewhat grimy paw. "Hand over the dibs," he said. "Two bob each; ten bob for the four!" Jolly paid for the lot, and they descended the steps leading to the speed

boat. Jolly and Fearless parked themselves in front by the pilot's seat, and Merry and Bright sat at the back. Then the Head stepped aboard and sat down at the wheel. "Do you know how to handle the boat, sir?" asked Jolly.

The Head's reply was a startling one. Without another word, he pressed the self-starter; and before you could say 'nife!' the speedboat was roaring away from the pier once more! Naturally, Jack Jolly & Co. thought the old scamp intended to land somewhere on the beach and then proceed to do the vanishing trick! But a surprise was in store for everyone. Some distance out at sea, the speedboat stopped; and the chums of the Fourth saw the Head leaning over the side. Then Fearless gave a shout. "He's rescuing somebody from drowning!" "You're right, old chap!" cried Jack Jolly, excitedly. "It's a swimmer who has got out of his depth!" The captain of the Fourth spoke truly. When, five minutes later, Doctor Birchermall returned to the peer, he had a passenger aboard—a gentleman in a swimming costume, who was just getting over an attack of cramp which had rendered him hors de combat in the water.

There was not the slightest trace of fear left in the Head's face, as he faced the speedboat man. "Don't worry about your boat; my good fellow!" he said loftily. "I shall insist on paying you generously for the hire of it, as soon as I have settled with this gentleman, who I should mention, is Mr. Munn E. Bagges, the millionaire. This way, Mr. Bagges!" Mr. Bagges smiled feintly, as he stepped ashore. "For saving me like you did," he said, "I owe you a debt that I shall never be able to repay in mere lukes. But I shall insist, nevertheless, on making you a handsome cash gift just as a sign of my greatitude!" "Tutt: tutt! I hardly feel like taking it," said Doctor Birchermall. "It was nothing, sir. A mere trifle!" The millionaire razed his eyebrows significantly. "You have acted

like a hero, my man," he said. "But of course I should not dream of forcing money on you which you didn't feel you could accept." "Of course, I wouldn't dream of being so rude as to refuse it," grinned Doctor Birchermall. "This way, dear Mr. Bagges!" And he marched the rescued millionaire up the steps leading to the peer—leaving the speedboat man grinning cheerfully, and Jack Jolly & Co. laughing fit to bust over the amazing luck that had fallen to the lot of Speedboat Birchermall! (You can't keep a good man down, and certainly not Doctor Birchermall. He's on the trail of smugglers next week, in another shattering story by Dicky Nugent.)

speedboat changed its course, missed the peer by inches, and headed for the open sea! Doctor Birchermall, who had not even noticed the incident, took the wheel, grinning from ear to ear as he did so. "Have no fear, boys!" he yelled, above the roar of the engine. "Rest assured that I have perfect control over the boat!" "My hat!" The chums of the Fourth found it hard to swallow that statement—though they were swallowing quite a lot of the salt water that was washing over them! The impression that Jack Jolly & Co. received was that they were in dire danger of capsizing at any minute! One moment the speedboat would be tearing out towards the open sea, the next it would be racing towards the beach. A moment later, it would be streaking madly back to the peer! "Enjoying it, boys?" yelled the Head. "We don't mind, sir!" "Perhaps we had better turn back now!" bawled Doctor Birchermall. "You can't say you haven't had your munny's worth!" He steered the speedboat on a zigzag course back to the peer. By a sheer miracle, he managed to pull up at the landing-stage. As Jack Jolly & Co. scrambled off the speedboat, they were met by a man in a peaked cap, who gave them a ferocious glare! "What's the meaning of this?" he cried. "Who told you to use my speedboat?" "The person you left in charge of it, of course!" answered Jack Jolly. "That gentleman with the beard." "I never left my speedboat in charge of anyone!" he roared. "Fetch the perlice, somebody! I'll have him run in!" "My hat! Then the old rascal was diddling us, after all!" gasped Fearless. "We mite have known it! What have you got to say to this, sir?"

The Head's reply was a startling one. Without another word, he pressed the self-starter; and before you could say 'nife!' the speedboat was roaring away from the pier once more! Naturally, Jack Jolly & Co. thought the old scamp intended to land somewhere on the beach and then proceed to do the vanishing trick! But a surprise was in store for everyone. Some distance out at sea, the speedboat stopped; and the chums of the Fourth saw the Head leaning over the side. Then Fearless gave a shout. "He's rescuing somebody from drowning!" "You're right, old chap!" cried Jack Jolly, excitedly. "It's a swimmer who has got out of his depth!" The captain of the Fourth spoke truly. When, five minutes later, Doctor Birchermall returned to the peer, he had a passenger aboard—a gentleman in a swimming costume, who was just getting over an attack of cramp which had rendered him hors de combat in the water. There was not the slightest trace of fear left in the Head's face, as he faced the speedboat man. "Don't worry about your boat; my good fellow!" he said loftily. "I shall insist on paying you generously for the hire of it, as soon as I have settled with this gentleman, who I should mention, is Mr. Munn E. Bagges, the millionaire. This way, Mr. Bagges!" Mr. Bagges smiled feintly, as he stepped ashore. "For saving me like you did," he said, "I owe you a debt that I shall never be able to repay in mere lukes. But I shall insist, nevertheless, on making you a handsome cash gift just as a sign of my greatitude!" "Tutt: tutt! I hardly feel like taking it," said Doctor Birchermall. "It was nothing, sir. A mere trifle!" The millionaire razed his eyebrows significantly. "You have acted

like a hero, my man," he said. "But of course I should not dream of forcing money on you which you didn't feel you could accept." "Of course, I wouldn't dream of being so rude as to refuse it," grinned Doctor Birchermall. "This way, dear Mr. Bagges!" And he marched the rescued millionaire up the steps leading to the peer—leaving the speedboat man grinning cheerfully, and Jack Jolly & Co. laughing fit to bust over the amazing luck that had fallen to the lot of Speedboat Birchermall! (You can't keep a good man down, and certainly not Doctor Birchermall. He's on the trail of smugglers next week, in another shattering story by Dicky Nugent.)

police to clear the course. And after I'd finished, I was kept busy signing kids' autograph-books for over an hour!" Russell heaved yet another sigh. "Of course, there were plenty of other things I liked doing and did. I went to one music-hall five nights running. The fifth night I developed a headache. I've still got it!" "Another thing I patronised to my heart's content was the scenic railway. I had eight turns on that without getting out. But at the ninth time

bleamed structure and climb down to terra firma without being damaged. But I jolly nearly broke my neck over it, I can tell you!" "It'll be something to look back on, old sport!" I grinned. "You're certainly having a holiday you'll remember—doing just as you like all the time!" "Yes, you're right there," moaned Russell. "I've been doing just as I like—and doing it good and plenty! And yet it's queer. This do-as-I-like holiday isn't quite what I thought it would be!" "My dear old chap, you don't say so!" "Sounds funny, I know—but there it is!" sighed Russell. "I can look back on seaside holidays when I've been restricted at every turn—and yet they seem somehow jollier than this! Is it possible, do you think, that I don't like doing as I like?" "I gave that one up. But I must add that I ran into Russell two days later and found him grinning most cheerfully and chortling over what a happy holiday he was having. And, believe it or not, his parents had joined him, and restrictions were once more in full force! Seems about the only rational explanation you can think of, I suppose. It beats the band, but there it is. Russell just doesn't like doing as he likes!"

MY MISSION AT GREYFRIARS!

By FISHER T. FISH

I was raised in New York. Right way back as far as I can remember, my environment has been dizzy skyscrapers, neon signs, roaring subways and the clattering overhead electric. I leave it to you guys to imagine what it meant to me to leave that life behind and settle down in a one-horse dump like Greyfriars! Believe me, when I first hit this place I could have dissolved in tears! "Popper!" I wailed, in my woe. "What wrong have I done you that you sent me to this mouldering mausoleum?" I'll say the impression on the eyesight surely was painful to a New

Yorker like me. I had been used to streamlined architecture and chromium fittings; and now I'd gotta settle down in a dump that was covered all over in ivy and had not been pulled down and rebuilt once in 500 years! Oh, boy! The strain of it during those first few days! But I guess the blood of the Western pioneers must flow in the veins of F. T. F. I stuck it. "Fisher!" I said. "You got a mission right now. This dump has been asleep for centuries, and that goes for all the guys belonging to it. Attabo! Wake 'em up! Let 'em have it!" That thought, folks, has inspired me in the

uphill battle I've been fighting ever since. When things seem blue, and it looks like I'll never rouse this medieval dump out of its long dream, I picture myself as a kind of Prince Charming guy, blazing his way through the jungle to bring back the enchanted palace to life—and I plunge into the fray, re-zipped! Not till I see these antique buildings demolished and replaced by a slick, ferro-concrete, air-conditioned, all electric skyscraper—not till I see the dopey Greyfriars crowd changed into hustling, super-charged go-getters—shall I feel satisfied with my job. Meanwhile, I'm all out. I guess I got a long way to go. But long odds never daunted F. T. F. Hear me holler—and see if Greyfriars ain't run my way one time!

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The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 306. EDITED BY FISHER T. FISH. August 20th, 1938.



UNCENSORED LETTERS

No. 9 From Mr. Quelch

Dear Skinner,—It was very kind of you to write and invite me to stay at Maulverer Towers for a week. But I am puzzled to know why you so modestly refrained from signing the invitation in your own name. Why go to the trouble of imitating the signature of Maulverer's guardian? I fear that my engagements would have precluded me in any case from accepting the invitation. But knowing in addition, as I did, that Maulverer's guardian was not resident at the Towers at the time when the invitation was issued, I really should hardly have felt enthusiastic about going even had I been free. My inability to accept your invitation, however, must not stop me from expressing my warmest thanks to you for your friendly consideration. Doubtless you invited me without the knowledge or consent of Maulverer's guardian; but you felt sure, of course, that I should have been made very welcome had I gone to the Towers—even though there was only a caretaker present to entertain me. It occurs to me, on giving the matter further thought, that possibly your intention was to remain wholly anonymous. You wished, perhaps, in Pope's immortal words, to "do good by stealth." If that is the case, I do not doubt that by this time you "blush to find it fame." You should have remembered, Skinner, that there are certain habits of expression, not to mention characteristics of penmanship, which betray an individual letter-writer unmistakably to a keen observer. We shall doubtless discuss the matter at length to our mutual enjoyment and enlightenment when we reassemble next term. Meanwhile—again—thank you! Yours sincerely, H. S. QUELCH, M.A.

YOUR EDITOR CALLING

Howya, pals! Fisher T. Fish calling again—Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" while Wharton is moseying around in the South Seas, and for a long time after that if I know anything! Boy! What a fan mail I had the morning after the world heard the bright news that F. T. F. was in the editorial chair! What a glad hand I got from my eager admirers! Here's one letter from a reader who signed himself "Incredulous": "So they've made you Editor! Gosh! What an Editor! Was there ever an Editor like you? Never! Is there, or will there ever be, an Editor like you? So-long, pals!"

"I DON'T LIKE DOING AS I LIKE!"

Removite's Strange Holiday Moan

I was quite surprised (writes a "Greyfriars Herald" correspondent), on running into Dick Russell along the prom at Blackpool, to find him with a face as long as a fiddle. "How now, Russell, old bean?" I greeted, giving him a hearty thump on the back. "Enjoying yourself?" "Oh, rather!" moaned Russell. "Finding Blackpool a wonderful place if you're out for a good time?" I chortled. "Simply marvellous!" sighed Russell. "Of course, a chap's enjoyment is restricted a little by his people," I hinted cautiously. "You here with yours, old sport?" "Not a bit!" groaned Russell. "I'm here entirely on my own, enjoying myself in my own way. It's the pater's idea. I told him I thought one's people usually put rather a stopper on a fellow enjoying a seaside holiday; so he thought he'd let me have one on my own. I'm free to do exactly what I please!" "Well, of all the lucky bargees! I bet you're making whoopee!"



round I got out without intending to do so. Must have been giddiness; whatever it was, I pitched head-first out of the car when we were rounding a bend! Luckily, I managed to grab one of the crossbars of the



(Continued from page 13.)

and at the sound of footsteps it turned a wary head, and two little black eyes twinkled suspiciously at the party. The next moment the wild pig was scuttling into the bush.

But Bunter's trusty rifle was at his shoulder. He pulled the trigger.

"Bang! Bang!"

Bunter fired twice, to make sure! Two blank cartridges roared away. Then he blinked eagerly over a smoking rifle.

"I say, you fellows, did I get him?" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle! I say, I fancy I got him. He can't be far off!" exclaimed Bunter eagerly. "Popoo! Where's my nigger? You feller Popoo!"

"Yessar!" gasped Popoo, eyeing his white master very uneasily.

"You go findee that feller pig, me shoot along gun!" commanded Bunter.

"Oh, sar! No tinkee you kill dead that feller pig, sar!"

"Don't argue with me, you cheeky nigger!" roared Bunter. "Get after that pig! I say, you fellows, what about roast pork for lunch—what?"

"I—I—I don't think you hit it, old fat man!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "I sort of think that pig got away, old bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you can think it got away, if you like!" sneered Bunter. "But I happen to know how I can shoot. I'm not going on without that pig, I can tell you!"

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

If they had waited till Bunter bagged the pig he had fired at with blank cartridges it was clear that they were booked for a long wait!

"Oh, snigger!" sneered Bunter. "Run a fellow down—belittle everything he does! It's like you! Popoo, look for that pig I've shot!"

"Me no tinkee—"

"Look for that pig!" roared Bunter.

"Oh! Yessar!"

Popoo went into the bush—certainly not to look for the wild pig, which had vanished long ago into parts unknown. However, he got out of Bunter's sight.

Having got out of his sight, Popoo leaned on a tree-trunk, disinterred betel-nut from his mop of hair, and chewed the same with satisfaction.

Popoo didn't mind stopping for a rest. No Kanaka was ever known to object to taking a rest! Popoo took a rest while Bunter waited for him to return with the game!

"Come on, fathead!" said Bob, as the fat junior sat down on a log, to rest while he waited.

"Shan't!"

"Look here, you ass—"

"You can go on, if you like!" jeered Bunter. "I'm not stopping for a rest. I'm not in the least tired. I could walk any of you fellows off your legs, I fancy. But I'm not going on without the game I've shot!"

"The Magnet Library.—No. 1,592.

The Famous Five gurgled.

"Well, McTab says he can't miss the way, and Popoo will be with him," said Harry. "Let's get on. Mauly's out of sight."

And the Famous Five hurried on up the runway, unwilling to let Mauly out of their sight. Bunter was left sitting on the log. He was going to sit on that log till Popoo came back with the game he had shot. He was, at all events, going to sit there till Popoo-lo-lingalulo had finished chewing betel-nut behind the tree!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Ancient Temple!

"**B**E G A D!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

The Famous Five looked, in silence.

It was an astonishing sight.

They had reached the end of the journey at last, high up on the side of the hill, where there was a vast stretch of almost level ground. Backed by the hilltop beyond, it faced the sea across the lower slopes of bush.

On that level stood the remains of an ancient building.

This was the first time that the Greyfriars fellows had penetrated so deep into the interior, and their first view of the prehistoric remains of the island.

Mr. McTab's description had interested them, but they had not been prepared for what they saw.

A vast room—or rather, hall—stood there, built of huge, solid blocks of rock. Its length was, perhaps, sixty feet, its width nearly forty.

Much of the roof had fallen in, but part of it remained—thin rock slabs, overlapping like tiles. The height was not in proportion to the extent, being hardly over six feet, though perhaps the centre of the roof, now fallen in, had been higher. The only entrance was a wide doorway facing the sea, where the juniors now stood.

Within were a number of rock slabs on which stood stone images. Some of them were broken, or fallen. Others stood intact—massive figures of the upper half of the human form carved in rock.

The juniors gazed in wonder.

Such remains, on a Pacific island, were enough to make them wonder. Before the white men came, with their tools and implements of metal, the natives had had only stone knives and axes. How they had shaped those huge blocks, and those great images, with such implements, was a mystery. And why, was another mystery.

The present natives of Kalua lived in huts built of palm-poles, laced with pandanus leaves. They neither desired nor knew how to erect buildings like this.

Their remote ancestors, or some other race that had preceded them, had built this temple—if it was a temple—long centuries ago, possibly thousands of years ago.

The stone images, no doubt, were idols probably worshipped with sacrifices by that ancient, vanished race.

But long centuries had passed since then, and the ruins had long been overgrown and hidden by bush and jungle, till discovered and cleared in recent times.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, at last, "that takes the cake! I'd like to know how they handled those blocks! Why, some of them are six feet long! They must weigh a fearful lot!"

"It is an unco' strange sight!" said Mr. McTab. "But nae so strange as what I've seen on Easter Island."

"And nothing's known about it?" asked Harry.

"Naething, except that it's here," answered the manager of Kalua. "It was forgotten centuries ago. The present natives know nothing about it—neither do they care, the loons! It was found by accident, when I was first on the island, and I had it cleared, for it was surely a sight worth seeing. I'm thinking that those stones were standing just where they are now before Julius Cæsar came to Britain—ay, and before Romulus built the walls of Rome! It's an unco' strange sight."

"We're jolly well going to explore this show!" said Bob.

"Yes, rather!"

Mr. McTab smiled.

"I'm leaving ye here for the day," he said. "I can trust ye not to wander into the bush and get lost. Ye'll take care of the wee lord."

"Like the jolly old apple of our eye," said Bob.

The Kanakas laid down their packages inside the ancient temple. They were not interested in the building, like the strangers from afar. It was something that belonged to "long time before," and the happy Kaluans were interested only in the passing hour.

Mr. McTab was going to be busy that day, heading the search for the man who had entered the bungalow the previous night, and whom he suspected to be Ysabel Dick. Having conducted the Greyfriars party to the ruins, the manager left them, and the Kanakas followed him.

With great keenness the schoolboys roamed about the interior of the strange old building, looking at the carved images on the stone slabs, examining the massive old walls. Although there was no cement in the walls the great blocks were so neatly cut that they fitted together exactly.

"I've read of something like this on Easter Island," remarked Bob Cherry. "but it's on a bigger scale there. I wonder who this old johnny was in his time."

The juniors stopped before one of the images which seemed to be the best preserved. It represented a man from the crown to the waist, perched on an immense stone slab.

Its height was a good eight feet, which showed that the old roof must have slanted up from the walls. Its weight could not have been less than four or five tons, and how the ancient barbarians had ever set it up on the slab was a deep mystery. But there it was—grinning down at the schoolboys from Greyfriars.

The features were rudely carved, but had plenty of expression; the lips thick with an upward curve that gave a sneering, disdainful expression. In the deep eye-sockets were fragments of ancient coloured shells, which gave an eerie aspect of eyes watching. It was strange to think how long that image had stood there, grinning and sneering at the centuries as they passed. The top of the head was cut flat, and had no doubt carried a crown in the old days when that unknown race lived on Kalua.

"Jolly good view from up there!" remarked Bob.

He swung himself on the slab and clambered up the image, standing finally on the flat summit of the stone head.

This lifted his own head through the space where the roof had once been, and he had a wide view of the lower slopes of the hill, thick with bush, the beach beyond, and the blue lagoon, and the barrier reef and the wide Pacific—with a sail far out at sea.

"Room for two," said Bob, looking down. "Coming up, Mauly?"

"No fear!"

"Glorious view from here, I can tell you."

"I'll take your word for it, old bean," yawned his lordship.

"Lazybones! Stand clear—I'm going to jump!"

"Don't break your neck, fathead!" said Johnny Bull.

The juniors cleared back to give Bob plenty of room.

The temple was paved with stone blocks, of the same material as the walls. One of them, directly in front of the image, was marked with shallow carvings, distinguishing it from the rest, which were quite bare. As it was exactly in front of him, Bob selected the carved block to jump down on.

He jumped, and landed, with a crash of boots, on the stone.

He gave a yell of surprise as he landed.

To his utter amazement, the stone block, as he landed on it, moved.

To all appearance, it was as firm, solid, and immovable as the rest of the blocks that surrounded it.

But it stirred, and Bob, with a startled yell, stumbled over and sat down on the stone.

"Oh!" he gasped.

"Clumsy!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The jumpfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bob!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob sat and blinked.

The stone on which he sat was immovable. He was sure, absolutely certain that it had shifted when he landed on it, that was why he had stumbled over. But it was immovable now.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Bob. "This beats it! Is this jolly old show haunted, or what? Blessed if I make this out."

"Can't make out why you sat down!" said Johnny. "My dear chap, I thought you would!"

"The stone moved!" gasped Bob.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob scrambled up, with a red face.

"I tell you it shifted!" he roared.

"Think I'm the fellow to tumble over with a jump like that?"

"Looks like it!" grinned Nugent.

"It shifted under my feet—"

"You slipped," said Harry.

"I didn't slip! I tell you that beastly stone shifted!" roared Bob. "The floor looks safe enough—but it ain't safe, by long chalks. I tell you that stone moved when I came down on it."

"You fancied it did, old man," said Harry. "But it couldn't have—"

"It did!"

"Hem!"

"Well, let's see if we can shift it again!" grinned Johnny Bull.

The juniors, grinning, gathered round the carved stone block. That it could have shifted seemed impossible to them. It looked as solid as the rest; as solid as the hillside itself. Its clear-cut edges fitted to the adjoining stone blocks. As there was no cement, which had been unknown to the ancient builders, no doubt it was detachable; but it looked as if it would need a very strong crowbar and some very strong muscles to prize it out.

Certainly the juniors could not move it.

Bob Cherry was determined to prove that it was unfixed. He groped over the carvings on it and got a hold on a section between two shallow grooves. He tugged and exerted all his strength.

But the stone remained motionless.

With a face as crimson as the blossom of the hibiscus he gave it up at last, panting for breath, and rubbed numbed fingers.

"Still think it shifted?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bob made no reply.

As the stone could not be moved it had to be admitted that it was immovable. If it were immovable it could not have moved when he jumped down on it. That seemed clear enough.

Yet he was certain that it had. It was a puzzle. He was driven to the conclusion that he had been mistaken—and yet he was convinced that one end of that stone had tilted when he landed on it. It was exactly as if the end had been pushed up from below—that, at least, was the impression he had had.

"You slipped, old chap," said Johnny.

Bob compressed his lips.

"You didn't notice the stone, any of you, when I jumped?" he asked.

"Well, we were looking at you, not at the floor," said Harry. "But, really, old fellow—"

"It shifted!"

"Hem!"

"Oh, let's get on!" said Bob crossly.

"No good arguing about it, anyhow.

If it didn't shift, I dreamed that it did!

Come on—we've seen enough of that grinning image!"

And the juniors resumed their ex-

plorations—one of them frowning, the others smiling.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Caught Napping!

LORD MAULEVERER yawned.

"Leave it to you, partners," he said.

It was very warm—Mauly, as usual, was lazy.

The juniors had camped for lunch in the doorway of the old temple. After lunch the Famous Five were keen to resume their explorations of that interesting spot.

His lazy lordship did not share their keenness.

His interest in the prehistoric relics of Kalua-alua-lalua had faded. Sitting in the shade inside the old temple—the coolest spot to be found—Mauly yawned.

"I'll wait here for Bunter," he suggested.

"Oh, don't be a slacker, old man!" urged Johnny Bull. "We've done the interior, but there's lots to be seen outside. McTab says that ancient carvings have been picked up in the bush round about."

Yawn!

Mauly was happy and comfortable in the cool shade. He was evidently going to remain happy and comfortable.

"Better not stay alone, Mauly," suggested Bob. "That jolly old kidnapper may have an eye open for you."

"I'll keep a stick handy," yawned Mauly. "Anyhow, you fellows will see him coming if he hikes along."

"That's so," said Harry Wharton.

"The ground's clear all round the temple. Nobody could show up without being seen. Come on!"

And the Famous Five scattered round the old building, keen on exploration.

Lord Mauleverer sat against one of the old slabs, facing the doorway, which was the only entrance to the building.

It did not seem possible for anyone to enter unseen by him; neither was anyone likely to be able to approach the spot unseen by the other fellows. The bush had been cleared for a considerable distance all round, and the ground was quite open.

So Mauly was left to repose, and the other fellows scattered round the building.

From where he sat Mauleverer could see the opening of the runway in the bush, the way the juniors had come. Billy Bunter was somewhere on that runway, not having arrived yet.

Either the fat Owl was still waiting for Popoo to turn up with the game he had not shot, or he was prolonging his rest. As his pockets were stacked with sandwiches and other comestibles, he was probably not, for once, in a hurry for lunch.

Sitting there in the cool shade, Mauleverer idly watched the distant bush. Outside the old stone walls—four or five feet thick—he caught sounds occasionally of the explorers, rooting round the old building.

Certainly no thought of danger crossed his mind.

Mauly was careless enough, but he knew that he was in peril from the mysterious kidnapper, and though he felt drowsy in the tropic heat of the afternoon, he had no idea of going to sleep out of sight of his friends. He did not, like Bunter, feel the urgent need of a nap after lunch—his lunch being a good deal less substantial than Bunter's.

Looking towards the runway in the bush farther down the hill, he expected every moment to see a fat perspiring figure roll into sight.

But what he did see all of a sudden startled him, and made him fairly bound!

His stick lay across his knees, ready to handle if he wanted it, though he had no anticipation whatever of wanting it.

From behind the slab against which he sat a hand suddenly reached—and grabbed away the stick.

Hand and stick vanished like magic.

Mauly was not easily startled, but he jumped with a gasp at that strange and uncanny sight.

He was—or had believed himself to be—alone in the temple. He had heard no sound. It seemed like a kind of horrid magic for that mysterious hand to reach suddenly past him and snatch away his weapon.

"Oh gad!" gasped Mauleverer.

He would have been on his feet in another moment. But in that moment a figure emerged into his view—a tattered man with stubbly face and gleaming eyes, the stick grasped in his hand.

"Keep still, and keep quiet!" said a low, menacing voice; and Lord Mauleverer, after one astonished stare, sat still and kept quiet. The stick was lifted to strike him senseless.

"You!" he said, in a murmur.

"Me!" jeered Ysabel Dick.

It was the man from Ysabel—the beachcomber of Kalua. His stubbly dark face gloated over the schoolboy earl as he held the stick ready to strike him down if he stirred.

At the same time he was listening, like a wild animal. Mauleverer was at his mercy, but there were five fellows within call of a raised voice—and a single sound of alarm would have brought them rushing to the rescue.

He made a gesture with the stick.

"Move out of sight from the doorway!" he breathed. "Quick—and quiet! I do not want to hurt you—but I will stun you with a blow if you utter a sound! I am a desperate man, Lord Mauleverer!"

In silence, Mauleverer moved round the slab. He did not need telling that the man from Ysabel was desperate.

He knew now that Mr. McTab was right—the kidnapper was the beachcomber of Kalua. The manager had never doubted it; Harry Wharton & Co. had hardly doubted it; but Mauly had doubted it, for he could not believe that a man whom he had never harmed could seek to harm him. And even the keen Scotsman could not fathom what motive Ysabel Dick could possibly have had.

But there was no doubt now! For the first time, he saw the kidnapper in the open sunshine; and this was the man—Ysabel Dick!

"It was you—last night!" breathed Mauly.

"You do not need telling that!" sneered the beachcomber.

"And you—before—"

"You know it was!"

"Yaas, I know—now!" said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "I thought it rather hard for Mr. McTab to kick you off Kalua without proof—but I see now that he was right! I could not believe it was you! Why are you doing this?"

"You cannot guess?" asked the beachcomber, his sunken, gleaming eyes fixed mockingly and sardonically on the face of the schoolboy earl.

"Haven't the foggiest!"

"All the better, perhaps! Don't think of calling out—I have been watching your friends—they are too far off to help you, but they would hear a shout. You will not utter a second one!"

Mauleverer shrugged his shoulders.

"You've got me!" he said calmly. "But I don't quite get you! If kidnapping's your game, you can't expect to get me away from here. Some of my friends will spot you the minute you step outside this buildin'."

Ysabel Dick laughed.

"I can't make out how you got here without being spotted," went on Lord Mauleverer. "I suppose you could have clambered over the walls and dropped in—but you can't get me out that way, Mr. Ysabel Dick! Have you simply dropped in this time for a little chat, and to tell me what a dashed rascal you are?"

Mauleverer was puzzled, and his perplexity showed in his face.

The beachcomber laughed again softly.

"I have a safe hiding-place for you," he answered. "You would have found it safe last night if I had succeeded in getting you away. You will find it safe enough—till I can get you off Kalua. Put your hands together—I am going to bind them before I take you away! And remember—one shout to your friends, and you will never utter another!"

The stick was half-raised; the sunken eyes glared a deadly threat.

Lord Mauleverer, breathing hard, put his hands together, and the outcast of Kalua looped a cord over them.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Blaze Away, Bunter!

"**B**EASTS!" breathed Billy Bunter. He blinked round him through his big spectacles with a knitted fat brow.

Bunter had arrived.

He had arrived hot, sticky, dusty, tired, and bad-tempered.

And he had arrived without either Popoo or the "game." Bunter had waited a long time for his faithful nigger to come back with the wild pig he fancied he had shot. Popoo had not reappeared.

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His fat white master would have been wrathful had he returned without the game! He could not return with it! So Popoo had settled the problem in the easy Kanaka way. He stayed in the bush and chewed betel-nut, and left Bunter to wait as long as he liked!

That was all very well for Popoo—lologa-lulo, but it was very irritating and exasperating to Bunter.

The fat Owl was glad of a rest! He was glad of a long rest! But he did not want to sit on that log in the runway for ever!

Having disposed of several packets of sandwiches and a few other things, Bunter grew more and more impatient. He shouted to Popoo about a dozen times, but if the Tonga boy heard, he heeded not!

Finally, Bunter gave it up. He made a mental resolution to give Popoo a record spot of lawyer-cane when he saw him again, and at last rolled on up the runway, in the direction which the Greyfriars party had disappeared more than two hours ago.

It was a direct path, blocked in by walls of thick bush, and, as Mr. McTab had said, even Bunter could not lose his way. He only had, like the deep and dark blue ocean in the poem, to roll on!

But the way was long, and hot, and weary! Bunter covered it at the rate of an old and tired snail.

However, at long last, he reached the end of the runway, where it opened into the wide circular clearing round the ruined temple on the hillside.

Bunter blinked at the ancient building and rolled onward under the blaze of the tropical sun, heading for the big, wide doorway which faced him.

He was not fearfully interested in the building as a relic of the dim and mysterious past, but he was interested in that cool and shady doorway! It was a shelter from the glare of the burning sun. Within the doorway part of the ancient roof remained, and it looked delightfully cool and shady to the fat junior, toiling in the sun-blaze.

He had no doubt that he would find the rest of the party there, as that was their destination. Anyhow, he would find the baskets of grub. A couple of dozen sandwiches had taken the keen edge off his appetite; still, he was late for lunch, and more than ready for it.

He rolled thankfully into the shade, and stood with perspiration streaming down his fat face, the rifle in the hollow of a fat arm fairly steaming with warmth.

It was then that he murmured "Beasis!" Not a fellow was in sight! He could see that this was the camp—the baskets were there, and there were plenty of signs that the party had lunched on the spot. But nobody was to be seen, and Billy Bunter had no doubt that they had all gone wandering off somewhere, forgetting all about him—which, of course, was exactly what he might have expected of such beasts!

However, what he chiefly wanted was rest, and grub, and shade—and all were available. The fat Owl was about to sink down and rest his weary back against the slab near the doorway where Lord Mauleverer had been sitting only a few minutes ago, when he stopped suddenly with a jump.

The ancient temple had seemed to him as silent as the tomb. It had not occurred to him that there was anyone within. So it was startling to hear a voice from the other side of the great rock slab.

But the words were more startling than the voice.

Billy Bunter almost wondered for a moment whether he was dreaming as they reached his fat ears.

"Now, come with me, Lord Mauleverer! You've not far to go, but take warning—keep quiet!"

Billy Bunter stood transfixed.

His eyes looked like bulging through his spectacles.

He did not move; he was too astonished to move, after his first startled jump. He stood as if petrified.

"You won't get by with this, you know, Mr. Ysabel Dick!" came a cool, quiet, drawling voice. "I should advise you to chuck it, and go while the going's good."

Bunter heard a low, mocking laugh.

"You will see, my lord!"

"My friends are not far away," went on the cool, quiet voice. "You'll get damaged when they spot you, my friend. That stick won't help you much."

"Your friends are too far away to help you," came the other voice—that, as Bunter knew from what Mauleverer said, of Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber. "I have been watching them; they are round the building on the other side."

"They will see you when we get out."

"Do you think so?" There was a tone of mockery in the voice of the beachcomber.

"Yaas; no doubt at all about it. Better chuck it!" said Lord Mauleverer, as quietly and calmly as if he were arguing a matter of quite trivial interest.

"That will do!" broke in the harsh voice. "I warn you once more—a single call to your friends and you fall senseless. Now, say no more."

"Oh crikey!" breathed Bunter.

William George Bunter was far from quick on the uptake. But even Bunter could not doubt the meaning of this. He knew what was going on on the other side of that huge rock slab.

Lord Mauleverer's friends had left him there, and he had fallen into his enemy's hands. The beachcomber had watched the Famous Five till they were at a distance, and he did not know that there was another member of the party coming on to join them from the bush; his calculations had been made quite without regard to Bunter.

The Famous Five were still at a distance outside the building. Bunter, by chance, had arrived, and there he was.

His fat heart thumped.

Mauly was in the hands of the enemy! Bunter's first natural thought was to go to his help; but the idea of facing the savage-faced, evil-eyed beachcomber made his fat heart sink almost into his boots.

In his terror he almost forgot the rifle under his arm; but he remembered it and grasped it. There were still several cartridges in it, unused, and there was reassurance in the possession of a firearm. It was fortunate at that moment that Bunter did not know that the cartridges were blank.

He drew a deep, deep breath. Screwing his fat courage up to the sticking-point, he clamped the butt of the rifle to his shoulder and stepped round the great slab of stone.

He passed along the side of the huge square slab, and came suddenly on the scene behind it.

Lord Mauleverer stood there with his hands bound, the beachcomber's hand on his shoulder, about to drag him away.

Both of them jumped at the sight of Bunter.

"Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Bunter, old man! Great pip!"



Ysabel Dick released Lord Mauleverer's shoulder and made a stride towards Bunter, the stick grasped in his hand, savage ferocity blazing from his seamed, sun-burned face. Screwing his fat courage up to the sticking point, Bunter clamped the butt of his rifle to his shoulder. "Shoot, Bunter!" shouted the schoolboy millionaire.

A ringing oath broke from Ysabel Dick.

He released Lord Mauleverer's shoulder and made a rapid stride towards Bunter, the stick grasped in his hand, savage ferocity blazing from his seamed, sun-burned face.

Bang!

Billy Bunter hardly knew whether he meant to pull trigger or not. The rifle was sagging in his fat hands, the muzzle waving about in a circle. Whether intentionally or unintentionally, his fat finger pulled the trigger, and the rifle roared, the report thundering through the silence of the old temple.

Ysabel Dick leaped back.

Bunter had fired at him point-blank, the muzzle hardly six feet away. Had there been a bullet in the rifle, even Bunter could scarcely have failed to hit the target somewhere.

The beachcomber was a desperate man, but it was no wonder that he jumped away from an exploding rifle just in front of him.

Lord Mauleverer gasped.

"Shoot, Bunter!" he shouted. "Shoot, old man! Riddle him! Blaze away, old bean!"

Maulu, in danger as he was, would hardly have called on Bunter to shoot had he not known the harmless nature of Bunter's cartridges. But the man from Ysabel did not, of course, know, and he made a bound for cover as Bunter banged off the rifle again, blazing away.

Bunter was, in fact, so wildly excited and scared that he hardly knew what he was doing with the rifle. He banged it off, and banged it off again, pulling the trigger till the cartridges were exhausted.

Had it been loaded, Lord Mauleverer would certainly have been in as much danger as Ysabel Dick. As it was, he

felt quite safe, and he yelled encouragement to the fat Owl.

"Go it, Bunter! Shoot! Shoot!"

Bang, bang!

The beachcomber was running. He darted away into the interior of the temple, vanishing among the stone slabs and carved images.

From the distance, outside the building, came the sound of a shout. The roar of the rifle rang far and wide, and it had reached the ears of the Famous Five, and started them running back at top speed.

Bunter clicked the trigger of an empty rifle and gasped.

"Oh crikey!"

"Quick!" breathed Mauleverer. "Get my hands loose—quick, old man!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Quick, for goodness' sake!"

The beachcomber had disappeared, but he was still somewhere in the temple. Mauleverer dreaded to see him reappear before his friends could arrive, and before he was free to defend himself.

It was not like Bunter to be quick, but he grabbed out his pocket-knife and cut Mauleverer's hands loose.

Maulu grabbed the rifle by the barrel. He was ready to use the butt as a weapon if the beachcomber reappeared.

Bunter staggered against the slab, gasping for breath.

There was a sound of running feet outside. Mauleverer stood watchful, but the beachcomber was not seen again.

The Famous Five panted up to the spot. That sudden outbreak of rifle-fire from within the old temple had alarmed them for Mauleverer. But at the sight of Billy Bunter they were reassured.

"Only that fat chump!" grunted Johnny Bull. "But what the thump has even that ass been blazing away here for?"

"I say, you fellows——" gasped Bunter.

"You ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "Can't you hold a rifle without letting it go off? You made us think something was happening to Maulu."

"I say——" gurgled Bunter.

"Bump him!" said Nugent.

"My dear chaps——" began Lord Mauleverer.

"The bumpfulness is the proper caper!" declared Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The terrific ass made us jump out of our idiotic wits!"

"Why, you beasts——" spluttered Bunter.

"Hold on!" gasped Mauleverer.

"It's all right! Bunter was blazing away at the kidnappin' sportsman——"

"Wha-a-t!"

"He was here, and he got me again," explained Mauleverer. "I don't think he could have got me away. I don't see how he could. But he had me all right when Bunter blew in with that jolly old rifle and scared him off."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Bib-bub-Bunter did!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Yes, I jolly well did!" roared Bunter. "You go wandering off and leaving old Maulu to it, and I come here and save his life, and all you can do is to slang a fellow! Yah!"

"They didn't catch on, old ap!" said Lord Mauleverer soothingly. "It's

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Vanished!

"MAULU!"
 "Maulu, old man——"
 "What——"
 "It's that ass, Bunter——"
 "That howling ass——"

all right. Bunter was the right man in the right place—"

"As per usual!" said Bunter.

"Oh, ynas! Quits! Blazed away like billy-o!" grinned Lord Mauleverer. "I fancy that bloke is wondering how he got away without being riddled with lead."

"Then—you've seen him?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Yaas."

"It was that beastly beachcomber," said Billy Bunter. "I knew him all right."

"Ysabel Dick?" exclaimed Harry.

"Yaas."

"Well, we jolly well knew it was, and McTab knew!" said Johnny Bull. "Mean to say Bunter frightened him off with that rifle?"

"It looked more dangerous than it was!" grinned Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, my hat!"

"But—where is he, then?" exclaimed Harry. "He never ran out—we should have seen him! He must be here still."

"He's dodged out of sight," said Lord Mauleverer. "He's still here—unless he can have clambered out—"

"Not likely! We'll get the brute this time!" said Harry Wharton. "By Jove, Mr. McTab will be glad to lay him by the heels—he can deal with him now—now that it can be proved that he's the man. He won't be kicked off the island this time—he will be sent to prison at Suva."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Sorry, Bunter, old bean," said Harry Wharton, "you see—we never knew—naturally we thought you'd been playing the giddy ox—"

"Why, you cheeky beast—"

"It was fearfully plucky of Bunter!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, fearfully!" said Bob.

"The fearfulness was terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh solemnly.

"The fact is, pluck's my long suit, as I've told you fellows more than once," said Bunter, with dignity. "You fellows would have been scared, I fancy! Was I? Hardly. Cool as a cucumber, wasn't I, Mauly?"

"Cooler!" said Mauly.

"Some fellows are as brave as lions," said Bunter. "I'm not swanking about it! But there it is!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Of course, I should have tackled him even if I hadn't had the rifle," said Bunter. "But it was jolly lucky I brought that rifle, what?"

"What-ho!" grinned Bob.

"The luckfulness was terrific."

Billy Bunter was still in happy ignorance of the harmless nature of the cartridges he had blazed away. It was fortunate that Ysabel Dick had been equally ignorant! But the juniors did not think of enlightening the fat Owl!

"Let's look for the brute," said Harry Wharton. "Two of us had better guard the doorway, and cut him off if he tries to dodge out."

"You'll find him easily enough," said Bunter. "I got him at least twice—"

"Eh?"

"He must be badly wounded—I know I hit him twice—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," said Bunter, in surprise. "I'm a pretty good shot—and even a cack-handed ass like you, Cherry, could hardly have missed at such a short range—"

"I think I should have missed with that rifle!" chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I didn't!" yapped Bunter. "I

got him all right! In fact, I saw him stagger!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Didn't you see him stagger, Mauly?"

"Nunno; I—I didn't notice him stagger, old bean!" gasped Mauly.

"Well, I did!" declared Bunter. "I got him all right! I'm pretty deadly with a rifle! You'll find him lurking about somewhere, with at least two bullets in him! Take it from me."

"Well, we'll find him, anyhow!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Come on, you fellows."

Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent posted themselves at the doorway, to cut off the escape of the beachcomber. They were reinforced by Billy Bunter, whose attention, however, was concentrated chiefly on the baskets of "grub."

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, the nabob, and Lord Mauleverer, proceeded to search through the old temple for the beachcomber.

That he was still within the building seemed certain, and they had no doubt of rooting him out in a very short time.

They were quite prepared to use their cudgels, if he put up a fight. If he was still in the old Kaluan temple, they were going to lay him by the heels; and it seemed impossible to doubt that he was still there.

But, if he was there, he was not easy to find.

The juniors scattered about, among the slabs and the stone images, searching every nook and crevice of the ancient place, but they failed to root out the man who had fled.

It seemed almost impossible that he could have clambered out of the building. The walls were not high, but along the interior of the walls were the overlapping remains of the ancient roof, which made climbing apparently impossible.

Yet the man was not to be found.

For an hour the juniors hunted up and down and round about, but they had to give it up at last, and they gathered at the doorway again. The fellows on guard there had seen nothing of the beachcomber. It was a deep and intense disappointment, for all the party had taken it for granted that it was impossible to climb out of the building from within. Yet that, apparently, was what Ysabel Dick had done—unless he had vanished into thin air!

"I say, you fellows, haven't you got him?" asked Billy Bunter.

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Fathead!"

"Well, I think you might have bagged him," said Bunter. "Mauly won't be safe so long as that man's loose! Still, I'll look after you, Mauly."

"Thanks, old bean!" said Lord Mauleverer gravely.

"Rely on me!" said Bunter. "I wish I'd got a few more cartridges for my trusty rifle. I say, you fellows, couldn't you trail him by the bloodstains?"

"There weren't any, ass!"

"Well, there must have been!" said Bunter positively. "I know I got him twice! You fellows go about with your eyes shut! I expect there was blood spotted all over the shop! You fellows never see anything. I'll have a look round."

At which the juniors chuckled. They did not think it probable that Billy Bunter's eyes, or spectacles, would pick up a trail in the old Kaluan temple. Bunter was convinced that he had "got" the kidnapper twice; but it seemed to the other fellows improbable that he had "got" him even once—with blank cartridges!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Check!

"OH!" roared Popoo.

He roared as a lawyer-cane descended on his bare brown back, with a really terrific swipe.

It was quite late in the afternoon when Popoo blew in. He had been giving himself an easy day. But he drifted in at last, probably because he was getting hungry.

He found the white masters gathered in the shade inside the old temple, taking a rest after extensive explorations of the prehistoric relics on the hillside. Lord Mauleverer, rather reluctantly, had joined his friends in those explorations. His lazy lordship was not keen on exertion, but the Famous Five were not letting him out of their sight again.

Either Mauly had to walk round with the Famous Five, or the Famous Five had to sit in the shade with Mauly. The latter alternative being a sheer impossibility for such strenuous youths, Mauly walked round.

Now they were going to have tea, and after tea there was going to be more exploration, to which Mauly was looking forward with great dismay. He was even wondering whether he might get a chance of slipping softly away and taking a rest while the other fellows hunted for antiquities and curiosities, and so forth.

Bob Cherry was boiling a kettle on a spirit stove, and the other fellows lending a hand at getting tea, when Popoo blew in.

Bunter sat and watched them—he was going to exert himself when tea was ready, and then his exertions were going to exceed all the rest!

But at the sight of his faithful nigger, the fat Owl woke to activity. His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

If ever a faithful, or faithless, nigger required a lesson, Popoo-lo-linga-lulo did, in Bunter's opinion. He had stayed away most of the day, heedless of the fact that his fat white master might need his services, and now that he had turned up, he had turned up without Bunter's "game"!

So the fat Owl reached for his lawyer-cane—the special one he kept for his faithful nigger's behalf—and as Popoo insinuated himself into the camp, that lawyer-cane fairly rang on the Tonga boy's brown skin.

Popoo roared, jumped, dodged, and bounded away.

Billy Bunter brandished the lawyer-cane.

"Come here!" he roared. "I haven't finished yet, you silly nigger! I'm going to give you a dozen!"

Popoo backed into the shady doorway of the temple.

"No likee, sar!" he gasped.

"I say, you fellows, grab that nigger, and bring him here, will you?" exclaimed Bunter.

"Chuck it, fathead!" answered Harry Wharton.

"If you think I'm not going to keep my nigger in order, Wharton—"

"Ass!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled after his faithful nigger.

Popoo backed farther into the temple. "Will you stop, you cheeky beast?" roared Bunter.

"No likee stick stop along back belong me, sar!" answered Popoo.

Bunter made a rush. Popoo dodged again. There was plenty of space for dodging among the stone slabs and images in the old temple. The active

Tonga boy dodged round one after another, with his infuriated white master panting in pursuit.

When he reached the grinning idol in the centre of the temple on which Bob Cherry had climbed that morning, Popoo clambered on the slab, and whisked up to the top of the stone image. Exertion appeared to the lazy Kanaka no more than it did to Billy Bunter, and he was pretty certain that the fat white master could never clamber up after him. He had too much weight to lift.

So Popoo sat on the flat summit of the gigantic image, and grinned down at his fat white master.

Bunter glared up at him in breathless wrath.

So far from climbing up the stone image after Popoo, the fat junior could hardly have scrambled on to the slab on which it stood! Popoo was safe out of his reach.

"Will you come down?" yelled Bunter.

"No, sar!" answered Popoo. "Me likee stop along this place! Me no likee lawyer-cane stop along back belong me."

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter. "Come and lend me a hand, you beasts!"

Owing to the other slabs and images in the way, the grinning idol was cut of sight from the doorway. So the Famous Five came along to see what was happening.

Bunter pointed with the lawyer-cane to the Tonga boy sitting on the idol's head.

"Fetch him down, will you?" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors burst into a roar, at the sight of Popoo on his perch.

Popoo grinned, displaying a gleaming set of teeth.

"Oh, my hat! He's sitting on the Smiler!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha! Go up after him, Bunter!"

"You go up! Chuck him down!" said Bunter. "Never mind if he comes down whop! It will serve him right."

"I'll give you a bunk up!" grinned Bob.

"I'm rather tired! I'd much rather you went up, old chap! Are you going or not?" demanded Bunter.

"Not!"

"I say, Inky——"

"The notfulness it terrific!" chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Wharton, old man——"

"Fathead! Come and have a cup of tea, and don't play the goat!" said the captain of the Greyfriars Remove. And he went back to the camp in the doorway, followed by the other fellows, laughing.

Nobody, it seemed, was going to climb on the grinning idol to dislodge Popoo from his perch.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

He glared up at Popoo! Popoo grinned serenely. He wanted a meal, still, he was sitting down, which was so much to the good! In laziness, Bunter's faithful nigger was very nearly his master's equal. He sat and grinned.

"You cheeky beast!" gasped Bunter. "I'll sack you!"

"Me likee sack, sar!" said Popoo, derisively. "Me no likee master samce you, sar! What you pay this poor feller Popoo? Me no see feller money, all time you master along me!"

"Why, you ungrateful beast!" howled Bunter.

"Me tinkee you one big-feller fool, sar!" said Popoo, revealing his genuine opinion of his white master, being safe out of reach. "Ugly fat face belong

you, sar. Velly ugly fat face, my word!" Bunter gurgled with rage.

"You fat, all same little feller pig!" continued Popoo. "S'pose you go along Baloo, black feller likee you plenty too much, makee kai-kai, samee feller pig! You velly good along cooking pot, sar, along black feller!"

If Billy Bunter could have lifted his weight to where Popoo sat and mocked him, the lawyer-cane would have had some hefty exercise! But Billy Bunter couldn't, and he could only glare and splutter at that cheeky, faithless nigger!

"Velly ugly face belong you, sar!" went on Popoo. "Little fat feller nose, all samee piecee pork: big-feller mouth all samee hold belong ship: velly ugly altogether too much, sar!"

Bunter brandished the lawyer-cane in nelpless fury.

"Tea's ready, Bunter!" came a roar from the distance.

But Billy Bunter did not heed even that magic word! He was going to whop that faithless nigger!

"Come down, you cheeky beast!" he hissed.

"Me stop along this place, sar!" said Popoo. "No likee stop along ugly white master!" And he made a long nose at the helpless Bunter.

"I—I—I'll——" gasped Bunter.

He glared, and Popoo grinned. Then taking no further notice of his enraged white master, the Tonga boy proceeded to wind his tick-tock, which he carried on a tapa string round his brown neck, and to listen to the ticking. This was a happy game at which Popoo could have spent hours without tiring, and he seemed quite satisfied to sit on the summit of the idol, and listen to his tick-tock. Evidently, he was not coming down.

Billy Bunter glared round for a missile. But there was no missile at hand. He glared at Popoo again.

Popoo did not even take the trouble to look at him, or cheek him! He had the clock to his ear, and was listening to the ticking! He was quite absorbed!

Billy Bunter had to give it up! But, even as he was turning away, a new and bright idea flashed into his fat brain! And he turned back again, his eyes gleaming behind his spectacles!

Bunter had one resource that was quite unknown to Popoo! The Tonga boy did not know that his fat white master was a ventriloquist—and had, indeed, never heard of ventriloquism! But, like all South Sea Islanders, he was superstitious: and it seemed to the Greyfriars ventriloquist that he had a card to play—a trump card!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Knows How!

"YOU bad feller Popoo!"

The Tonga boy jumped.

He gave such a jump, that he nearly fell off his perch.

He dropped the clock, in his startled amazement and terror, and the tick-tock clattered down on the slab, and thence to the floor.

Bunter was standing at a little distance, watching him through his big spectacles.

But if those words proceeded from Bunter, the Tonga boy was quite unaware of it.

The voice was quite unlike Bunter's fat squeak! It was a deep voice, not in the least recognisable as Bunter's. And it proceeded—or seemed to proceed—from the idol on which Popoo was perched!

That grinning image—the "Smiler," as Bob Cherry had named it—was speaking! At least, it seemed to the Tonga boy that it was speaking!

"Ooooooh!" gasped Popoo.

His black eyes rolled in his brown face, as if about to pop out of their sockets. He did not even heed the fate of the precious tick-tock, crashing on the stone floor below.

Billy Bunter grinned.

He had expected a voice from the stone idol to have a startling effect on the Kanaka: but he had hardly expected so startling an effect as this.

"Oh, sar!" gasped Popoo. "Big feller god speakee! You hear big-feller god speakee, ear belong you, sar?"

Bunter nodded, cheerily.

"That big-feller god plenty mad along you, Popoo, along you bad feller boy along white master!" he answered. "S'pose you no good-feller boy along white master, that big-feller god makee you go finish, close-up."

"Oh, sar!" gasped Popoo.

He squatted on the idol's summit, trembling. His brown ears were strained to listen, evidently in dreadful expectation of further remarks from the god of the ancient Kaluans.

The Greyfriars ventriloquist was ready with some!

"You plenty bad-feller Popoo!" came the deep voice from the stone image. "Me velly angry along you, along you bad-feller boy along white master."

Popoo shook like a leaf.

His eyes rolled wildly. His fuzzy hair stood almost on end. He seemed hardly to breathe.

"You go along white master!" went on the voice. "S'pose you no good-feller boy along that feller master, me makee you go finish! You go finish close-up, along plenty too much pain stop along you."

"Me good feller-boy!" groaned Popoo. "You no makee this poor feller Popoo go finish, this feller good-feller boy along that white master."

"You go down along white master!" came the voice. "Me no likee Tonga boy sit along head belong me."

Popoo made one bound off the summit of the idol. He landed, panting, on the stone floor.

Then he stood looking up at the grinning, sardonic face of the stone god, his brown knees knocking together.

From the grinning mouth came, or at least seemed to come, the terrifying voice of the god of the ancient Kaluans.

"You go along white master belong you! You good-feller boy along that white master, you no finish! You bad-feller boy, you go finish close-up, along jaw belong shark."

Popoo backed away from the idol.

"Me good-feller boy!" he gasped.

"Me too much good-feller boy!"

Billy Bunter grinned cheerily. There was no doubt that he had played a trump card with his weird ventriloquial gift! Popoo had not the slightest doubt that the old Kaluan god had spoken, and not the least idea of disobeying the god's behests.

"Oh, sar!" he mumbled. "Me plenty solly, sar! Me no tinkee you ugly face, sar—me tinkee you velly pretty face, sar! Me no tinkee you big-feller fool, sar! Me tinkee you plenty too much savvy! Me likee too much stop along you, sar, velly good boy along you, sponse you likee."

"Follow me!" said Bunter haughtily.

"Yessar!"

Bunter tucked the lawyer-cane under a fat arm. The stick was not needed now! He had his faithful nigger feeding from his hand!

He rolled away from the spot—leaving the stone yod grinning—and Popoo-lo-linga-lulo followed in his master's footsteps!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as they arrived at the camp in the doorway. "How did you catch him, Bunter?"

Sniff from Bunter!

"My nigger would hardly be likely to disregard my authority, Cherry!" he answered loftily.

"He looked rather like it, sitting up on the Smiler's napper!" grinned Bob. "The lookfulness was terrific!"

"Naturally, he obeys my orders!" said Bunter calmly. "I've rather a way with the natives, you know. You fellows haven't. You're never likely to have a faithful nigger. They recognise the master, you know. It's personality does it, really! That's what I've got—personality! It doesn't take me long to bring a nigger to order."

Bunter glanced round at his faithful nigger.

"Popoo!" he rapped.

"Yessar!"

"Got my tea ready!"

"Yessar!" said Popoo obediently.

Harry Wharton & Co. simply stared. Even Lord Mauleverer sat up and took notice. Considering Popoo's state of reckless muzzay, so short a time ago, this was really astonishing.

Popoo not only waited on Bunter—he waited on him hand and foot! He jumped to his lightest order!

Bunter sat down to enjoy a meal—all the more enjoyable with his authority over that faithful nigger so surprisingly displayed.

There was no doubt that Popoo had been reduced to faithful obedience. Never had a slave waited on a Virginia planter so sedulously as Popoo waited on William George Bunter. He seemed really to anticipate his wishes.

"Well, this beats it!" said Bob Cherry. "How did you do it, Bunter?"

"Personality, old chap," explained Bunter. "Some fellows are born to command you know. I happen to be one of them."

"Oh crikey!"

Whatever might be the explanation, there was no doubt that Bunter was, at last, in unquestioned authority over a faithful nigger! How long it would last was another matter; for no impression lasts long on the Kanaka mind. But for the present, at least, Billy Bunter was the equal to Musso-lini—so far as Popoo-lo-linga-lulo was concerned! He was the complete autocrat!

"Popoo!" rapped Bunter, when tea was over.

"Yessar!"

"Come and help me up!"

"Yessar!"

Popoo heaved his fat white master to his feet. The juniors were going exploring again, and Bunter was going with them—this time with a faithful nigger in attendance.

"Popoo, get a paha-leaf! I shall want you to fan me."

"Yessar!"

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

Popoo, with a palm-leaf in his hand, fanned his perspiring white master, when the juniors started. It was rather weary work for Popoo, but very agreeable to Billy Bunter.

"Look here, Popoo," hooted Johnny Bull. "don't play the goat! You needn't fan that lazy fat fooler, see?"

"Him master along me, sar!"

answered Popoo. "Me do all thing that feller master say, sar."

"You shut up, Bull!" said Billy Bunter warmly. "My nigger's going to obey my orders!"

"You fat ass!" said Bob Cherry. "You can chuck it, Popoo!"

"Me likee, sar, do all thing white master say!"

"Oh crumbs!"

After that there was nothing to be said, and Billy Bunter rolled on, grinning, attended by his faithful nigger.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Trapped At Last!

LORD MAULEVERER did not know what struck him.

The blow came from behind, and under it his senses went.

Consciousness came back, struggling. He lifted his head, and a pang of pain shot through it, and he let it sink back again.

He was in darkness—deep darkness.

He lay where he was, wondering, dizzy—almost believing that he had fallen asleep and was dreaming.

Where was he—and how had he got there? If it was not some awful, brain-racking nightmare, what did it mean?

He recalled that he had walked with the other fellows, after tea, exploring. He remembered that he had looked for a chance of dropping behind and getting a rest. He had done so, and strolled back to the old temple. Of danger from the man who had attacked him earlier in the day there seemed no possibility—Ysabel Dick had vanished, and Mauly had no doubt that he was miles away.

Anyhow, wherever he was, he had not returned to the old temple, or the juniors would have seen him. He could hardly have approached it unseen.

So there had been no remote suspicion of danger in the schoolboy earl's mind when he stepped into the shade of the ancient doorway and sat down there. That crash on his head had followed.

That was all he knew!

And all he knew now was that he lay in darkness, that his head was aching horribly, and that his hands were tied behind his back.

He was a prisoner! As he discovered that his hands were tied, he could not doubt that

But who—and what—and where? He could not begin to understand.

For a long time he lay in dizzy semi-consciousness. But he stirred again at last and sat up, peering about him in the darkness.

Then he caught a glimmer of light at a little distance. It came from beyond what looked like a square stone doorway.

Where was he—where could he be? What building was this? There was no building, so far as he knew, on the whole wide hillside, except the ancient temple of the Kaluans. And this was not the old temple.

Probably the sound of his stirring reached other ears. The light in the distance moved and approached him. He discerned that it was a ship's lantern, carried by someone he could not yet see.

But the light showed him his surroundings.

What he had taken for a doorway was the opening of a stone passage. He lay in a room with stone walls at the end of that passage. He was lying on a bed of palm leaves and ferns and grasses, and several articles lay about—evidently used

for camping—dirty blankets, tin cooking utensils, a few pots and pans, a can of water, and two or three bags, probably containing food of some kind. This strange den in which he now found himself had evidently been inhabited—no doubt by the man who was now approaching him with the light.

The man set the lantern down and stood looking at him. Then Mauleverer knew the stubby, seamed face, the tattered clothes.

It was the beachcomber of Kalua.

"You've come to, my lord!" said Ysabel Dick, with a sneering, sardonic grin.

Mauleverer looked at him.

"Yaas," he said quietly. "You knocked me on the head, you cur?"

"I was not taking risks again!" sneered the man from Ysabel. "Twice I should have got away with you if I'd knocked you senseless—and twice I lost you! This time I made sure of you."

"You cur!"

The outcast of Kalua shrugged his shoulders.

"Hard words break no bones," he said. "Be thankful that I am dealing with you, and not Van Dink. The Dutchman would wring your neck like a pigeon's if he had the handling of you!"

Mauleverer, sitting on the greasy bed, leaned back against the stone wall behind him, his eyes on the sneering, sardonic, stubby face.

"You know that!" went on Ysabel Dick. "You know he would have pitched you off the steamer *Sunderbund*—McTab has him in the island gaol for that, now, and I, like a fool, spare your life! Even when I fired on you, one day on the lagoon, my heart failed me—and I missed!"

"That was you?"

"Did you not guess?" sneered the outcast. "Yes, it was I, and if my early upbringing had not left me some rag of conscience, I should not have missed you. Conscience—after combing the beach!" He laughed harshly. "I did not know that I was such a fool! But there it is—you live!"

Lord Mauleverer regarded him in silence. The man was a rascal—a ruthless rascal; a plotting, scheming, lawless scoundrel; yet, clearly, there was some spot of decency left in him; he balked at the last and worst of crimes. Scoundrel as he was, he was no savage brute like the Dutchman.

"If you had remained stranded on Yo'o, when I took away the whaleboat, it would have been well for you, Lord Mauleverer!" went on the man from Ysabel.

"That was you?"

"You did not guess that, either! You do not guess why I have taken you?"

"No!"

Ysabel Dick laughed again.

"Or what is to be your fate?"

"No!"

"A lonely island—some unknown atoll—lonelier than Yo'o, and with no chance of escape!" said the beachcomber. "What is called marooning, if you have ever heard of it. If you had remained there, you would have had the company of your friends! Now you will go alone."

"You will not find it easy to get me off Kalua!"

"I shall find it perfectly easy!" said Ysabel Dick coolly. "Only by chance I failed before. A canoe will be ready on the reef, under cover of darkness—and you will be taken to it in the night—as soon as all is safe! Do you think McTab, or your schoolboy friends, will find you before I am ready?" He gave

jeering laugh. "Do you even know where you are yourself?"

"I can guess now!" said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "I can see that this is underground. We are below the old temple."

"Exactly! Will your friends guess?"

Mauleverer was silent.

Ysabel Dick leaned on the damp stone wall, lighted a cigarette, and stood watching him, mockingly, gloatingly. There was bitter, malevolent triumph in every line of his seamed face.

"It was by accident I found it long ago," he said. "I camped in that old place when I had to take to the bush for a time. One of the stones was marked with carvings, and I noticed that it was different from the rest—and in an idle hour I examined it. It lifted from its place, and I found this den underneath—a dungeon, I reckon, where the priests kept their prisoners for sacrifice in the good old days! A thousand years ago—two thousand, perhaps—there were prisoners in this cell, before you."

Lord Mauleverer knew where he was now.

He remembered that carved stone, which Bob Cherry declared had shifted when he jumped down on it from the summit of the stone idol. This den was under the gigantic image that Bob had called the "Smiler."

A gleam of hope came into his eyes.

The man from Ysabel, noting it, laughed.

"I found it, and found that it lifted," he said. "But your friends will find no such thing, Lord Mauleverer. Is that what you are thinking?"

"And why not?" asked Mauleverer, quietly watching him.

"The stone lifted when I found it—but it can be secured from below," grinned Ysabel Dick. "When I am at home, my lord, I keep it fastened. It needs only a wedge, and it is as immovable as the rest of the floor. Even if your friends had a fancy for examining it, they would not be able to move it."

Mauleverer compressed his lips. He remembered the efforts the juniors had made to shift the stone after Bob's declaration that it had stirred under his feet. They had failed. And he knew now that his enemy must have been hidden below the old temple at that very time—lurking in that secret den, the existence of which was not suspected.

"And I shall not stir out again now that I have taken you, my lord!" went on the beachcomber mockingly. "I have run risks already! Under the stone floor it is impossible to hear sounds above—and every time I have raised the stone, I have had to take the risk of someone being in the temple. This morning, someone—one of your friends, I suppose—stepped on the stone as I was in the very act of raising it—my narrowest escape."

Lord Mauleverer breathed hard.

Had Bob Cherry jumped from the top of the idol a few moments later, he knew now, the stone trap would have lifted under the eyes of the whole Greyfriars party, and Ysabel Dick's secret would have been revealed!

As it was Bob's jump had warned the hidden man that the temple above was tenanted; and he had remained in hiding, and secured the stone from below. It had been, as he said, his narrowest escape.

"I have no occasion to run such risks again!" grinned the beachcomber. "Now that I have succeeded, my lord, I shall remain here—you will remain here! It will be many hours before I venture out again—and then only at



Crash! Smash! The axe came down, with every ounce of Bob Cherry's muscular strength, and the carved stone split under the crashing blow. "Oh!" gasped Bob's chums, staring at the opening which yawned at their feet.

night—and not the coming night!" He chuckled. "Do not bank on that, my lord! I know they will search for you—they may linger on the spot—they may return to-morrow, or remain the night—I shall not be in a hurry to show myself!"

He lighted another cigarette.

"Do you wonder why I have not gagged you?" he asked. "Shout if you like—no sound will pass these solid blocks. Only one stone is thin—the carved stone that gives admittance here—and you are far from that! Exercise your lungs if you choose, my lord."

"Why are you doing this?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"You do not know?"

"How should I know?"

"You cannot guess?" asked Ysabel Dick mockingly.

"How could I guess?"

"How indeed!" grinned the beachcomber. "You are a fool, and will have a fool's fate! Make the best of it!"

He picked up the lantern and moved back along the passage.

Mauleverer was left alone again with aching head in the darkness.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Maully Missing!

"THAT ass—"

"That slacker!"

"Maully!"

"Maully, you fathead!"

"Maully, you chump!"

The Famous Five were a little exasperated. Attached as they were to their noble pal, they were feeling strongly inclined to boot him.

They had missed Maully, and looked round for him, without finding him. But Popoo had noticed that he had strolled back to the old temple, so they followed him there.

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Lying inside the old doorway was the lawyer-cane Mauly had carried. But Mauly was not to be seen.

It did not occur to the juniors at the moment that there was any danger—that anything had happened to Mauly. Ysabel Dick had escaped, and they had no doubt that he was lurking deep in the bush. Anyhow, they would have seen him had he returned, so they could not suppose that he was at hand.

It was to guard against the remotest possibility of danger that they were determined to keep Mauleverer under their eyes. Now, they had no doubt, he was sitting in the shade somewhere and resting.

"Mauly!" roared Bob Cherry, waking all the echoes of the old Kaluan temple. "Mauly, you ass! Mauly, you fathead! Mauly, you silly owl!"

"Mauly!" shouted Harry Wharton.

Only echo replied.

"He, he, he!" contributed Billy Bunter.

"Kick that cackling ass, somebody!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows, Mauly's had enough of your company, you know," grinned Bunter. "Give him a rest! He, he, he!"

"Shut up!" roared Bob. "I say, where the dickens is Mauly? He ought to have more sense, the ass! He must be here somewhere."

"Gone to sleep, perhaps!" said Nugent. "Better look for him! He can't have wandered into the bush—he wouldn't be ass enough to risk it!"

"You plenty sure you see that feller Mauleverer, eye belong you, come along this place, Popoo?" asked Harry.

"Yessar, plenty sure too much!" answered Popoo.

"He must have been here—here's his stick!" said Bob. "I know that stick all right—I cut it for him! He's here somewhere!" And he roared again: "Mauly!"

"He, he, he!" gurgled Bunter.

Billy Bunter had no doubt what was the matter. Mauly was fed-up with the Famous Five—quite a natural thing, in Bunter's opinion. Bunter had been fed-up with them lots of times. Bunter had no doubt that Mauly was sitting in the

shade of one of the stone slabs, and grinning.

But the Famous Five were getting a little alarmed now.

They had no doubt that Mauly had dropped out for a "slack"; that being his lazy way. But had he been within sound of their shouting, he certainly would have answered. And if he was anywhere at hand, he must hear.

"Nothing can have happened to him," said Bob Cherry, rather dubiously.

"Nothing!" said Harry. "But—"

"But where the dickens is he?"

"Better search," said Harry:

"That brute can't have got hold of him," said Nugent. "He can't be anywhere near the place—"

"Not unless Mauly went into the bush."

"He wouldn't be such a fool."

"No; he's here somewhere. For goodness' sake let's find him!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"I'm getting jolly uneasy."

All the fellows, excepting Bunter, were uneasy. They scattered over the temple, searching it in every nook and cranny for Lord Mauleverer, as they had searched it before for Ysabel Dick. Many times their feet passed over the carved stone at the foot of the grinning god's pedestal, but they never dreamed of the secret it hid.

Bunter sat at the doorway and commanded his faithful nigger to bring him "young-feller" coconuts, to quench his thirst with the coconut milk.

He was happily gurgling over it when the Famous Five came back at last, worried and anxious. Their search had only proved that Lord Mauleverer was not in the old Kaluan temple. That he had been there was certain, for Popoo had seen him, and his stick had been left there. He was not there now, and it was a mystery where he was. But all the chums of the Remove were dreading by this time that in some utterly unaccountable way he had fallen into the hands of his enemy.

If he had gone into the bush that was likely enough. Mauly was careless, perhaps a little thoughtless, but was he careless and thoughtless enough to go

into the bush alone? It did not seem possible. Had he been seized and dragged into the bush? It seemed hardly probable, for surely some of the fellows would have seen him. The clearing in front of the old temple extended quite a distance before it met the bush.

It seemed a hopeless puzzle. They would not, if they could help it, believe that he had fallen into his enemy's hands; but they were doubting it less and less now.

"I say, you fellows, it's all right!" said Billy Bunter reassuringly.

"Idiot!"

"I shouldn't wonder if he's started for home," argued Bunter. "In fact, I think that's very likely."

"Dummy!"

"Well, you can call a fellow names," said the fat Owl disdainfully. "When old Mauly was in danger I weighed in with my trusty rifle and rescued him. You fellows never did anything. All you can do is to call a fellow names."

"Mauly hasn't gone back without us," said Harry, trying to be patient with the fatuous fat Owl. "He wouldn't."

"Well, I think very likely he would," said Bunter. "I'm ready to go myself, if you come to that. We're having supper when we get back, you know. I dare say Mauly was thinking of that—"

"Fathead!"

"Well, I know I'm thinking about it!" hooted Bunter. "I've just looked, and I find that there's no more grub. I can hold out till we get back, but I don't want to be late for supper. That's important."

"Shut up, for goodness' sake!"

"Shan't!" hooted Bunter. "Old McTab told us to get back before dark—you know that. He's a beast! Still, I think we ought to do as he asked us. We can't expect him to wait supper for us. There's going to be chicken for supper, too. I know that, because Bomoo told me. Chicken and—"

"Shut up!" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"Beast!"

The Famous Five looked out of the doorway in the glowing red of the tropical sunset. They had a faint hope of sighting Lord Mauleverer ambling back from a thoughtless stroll; but nothing was to be seen of him.

Their faces grew more and more troubled. Mauly might be an ass, and he undoubtedly was a slacker; but he was not the fellow to cause them needless anxiety. He was missing, and it could only be because he could not return.

"The beachcomber must have got him," said Cherry at last.

"But how?" asked Nugent.

"Goodness knows! Must have hung about in the bush, I suppose, watching for a chance. And Mauly—"

"Mauly never went into the bush!" said Harry Wharton decidedly. "He's no such fool! If that brute got him, he got him here. That must be why he dropped his stick, too. He would have taken it with him on a walk."

"Yes, that's so; he got him here," said Bob. "Blessed if I know how he got him away without any of us spotting him!"

"He must have!"

"Yes, I suppose he must have; but I'm blessed if I can make it out! Anyhow, he's got him."

On that point, at least, there could be little further doubt. For a whole hour now the juniors had been hunting for Mauleverer, and it was impossible to suppose that he had willingly remained out of sight all that time. Mauly had his little faults, but want of consideration for others had never been one of

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them. Nothing would have induced him to worry his friends like this, if he could have helped it. How his enemy had contrived to seize him and get him away unseen was a baffling mystery; but the chums of the Remove could no longer doubt that the man from Ysabel had done so.

Dusk was settling on the deep, high bush—the bush that, they had no doubt, hid Mauleverer and his kidnapper. There was not much daylight left, though even in the daylight it would not have been much use for the schoolboys to begin a hunt in the tangled, pathless bush.

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Bunter, losing patience at last, "I'm getting hungry!"

Nobody replied.

"It's getting dark——"

Still no reply.

"Mauly's gone home! That stands to reason. I dare say he knew there was chicken for supper. Bomoo told me, and he may have told Mauly. See? Look here, let's get off."

Harry Wharton breathed hard.

"You can start as soon as you like, Bunter," he said. "We've got to stay here while Mauly's missing."

"If you think I'm going through that filthy forest with nobody but a nigger in the dark——" roared Bunter.

"Then stay here."

"Shan't!"

"Shut up, anyhow!" bawled Johnny Bull. "If you say another word I'll boot you!"

"I'll jolly well say what I like!" bawled back Bunter. "I'll jolly well say—— Yarooop! Yoo-hoop! Beast! Oh crumbs! Whoooooop!"

After which there was a rest from Bunter's conversation, while the Famous Five watched the darkening bush and wondered dismally what was to be done.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Tip From Bunter!

"IDIOT!" said Billy Bunter.

"What?"

"Dummy!"

The juniors looked at Bunter.

Night had fallen. Bright stars, in a sky of deepest, darkest blue, glimmered down on the bush, on the clearing round the old temple, on the thick, stone walls and the grim images, standing dusky on their slabs.

Not for a moment did the Famous Five think of returning to the man's bungalow without Mauleverer. But it was clearly necessary to let Mr. McTab know what had happened, and Popoo had been despatched, with orders to keep on the run all the way home, and carry the news to the manager of Kalua.

That, so far as the Famous Five could see, was all that could be done. They could not help Mauly by remaining, but most assuredly they were not going back without him.

Which naturally stirred Billy Bunter's deep wrath. Bunter had no doubt that Mauly had simply started home early. The fact that there was chicken for supper at the bungalow fully accounted for that, to Bunter's fat mind. He was keen to start home early himself. So was Mauly. It seemed plain enough to Bunter.

Bunter had no idea of traversing the bush in the dark on his own, even for such an attractive supper. If the other fellows stayed, Bunter was staying. But he was growing more and more hungry, and, in consequence, more and more angry and impatient.

Sticking about here, in these mouldy old ruins, while a magnificent supper

was spoiling three miles away, seemed to Bunter the very limit of idiocy.

"Idiot!" said Bunter, his eyes and his spectacles gleaming wrath in the starlight. "Fathead! Chump! Ass! Blockhead! If you haven't the sense of a bunny-rabbit, Wharton, listen to a fellow who has! See? I know where Mauly is."

"Where, you blinking Owl?" growled Bob Cherry.

"Back at the bung, long ago!" snorted Bunter. "I can see now that he jolly well knew there was chicken for supper!"

"Do you want me to boot you again?" hooted Johnny Bull.

"Will you listen to a chap?" howled Bunter. "I can prove it, if you fellows have sense enough to see it."

"Oh, get on with it!" said Harry Wharton. "If you can give us the slightest reason to think that Mauly's gone home we'll be glad to hear it."

"Well, look at it!" argued Bunter. "We know Mauly walked in here. Popoo saw him, and he left his stick here, too. It's about a hundred yards to the bush. The ground has been cleared, and there's no cover. We were pottering about, not far away. How could that villain of a beachcomber have got at Mauly without our seeing him? It ain't possible!"

The Famous Five did not answer that. Actually, it did seem impossible, or next door to it, for Mauly's enemy to have got at him, unseen, if he had remained in the old temple.

But Mauly had disappeared: and nobody but Bunter was likely to suppose that he had been deeply concerned about supper.

"And then," resumed Bunter. "Even if he got at him without being seen, he had to get him away without being seen, too! Even if he knocked him on the head to keep him quiet, think he could have got him away to the bush without one of us spotting him? Have a little sense!"

"It does seem impossible!" said Bob, slowly. "Only—Mauly's gone!"

"Yes: gone home!" said Bunter. "He could have slipped away without our seeing him, if he wanted to: but it's jolly well impossible for a man to have carted him off without a single eye falling on him, and you jolly well know it, as well as I do."

The juniors were silent again.

Bunter was right, so far as that went! It seemed impossible. Even had Mauly slipped off, with the greatest caution, of his own accord, he would most likely have been seen. That an enemy could have carried him off, unseen, verged on the impossible. Only the fact that Mauly was missing, made the juniors believe that it could have happened. Bunter, who had his own wonderful theory to account for the fact that Mauly was missing, was quite assured that it had never happened.

"Now you see," went on Bunter. "Either Mauly sneaked off, and was jolly cute about it, too, or else he's still here! Well, he ain't still here, is he? So he must have sneaked off."

"He wouldn't, you ass!" said Harry.

"That's rot!" said Bunter. "He did! At this very minute, he's sitting down at supper, and Popoo will find him at the bung! While we're waiting here! I dare say they'll keep supper warm for us; but it will be as good as spoiled——"

"Do shut up!"

"Shan't!" howled Bunter. "I'm hungry, you beast! If Mauly ain't gone home, he's larking with us——"

"Larking!" repeated Bob.

"Yes, larking!" hooted Bunter. "Sticking out of sight to pull our leg!"

You jolly well know that that beast never came near the place again, because he couldn't have! Mauly's gone home, or else he's still here—and you jolly well know it."

"You utter idiot, do you think Mauly would alarm us like this, for a silly joke?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Talk sense!" yapped Bunter. "He's gone home—or he's still here! You can't get round that!"

The juniors looked at Bunter, and looked at one another. They had searched every foot, almost every inch, of the interior of the old Kaluan temple: and it was certain that Mauleverer was not there. But Billy Bunter's words started a new train of thought in Harry Wharton's mind.

"I suppose," said Harry slowly, "it can't be possible that there's any hiding-place in this old show—any nook we haven't spotted——"

"We've been all over it," grunted Johnny Bull. "Think Mauly would be fool enough to pull our leg like that?"

"No, of course not! But—if there was any nook out of sight——" Harry Wharton paused. "You know how surprised we were, at that brute getting away when we hunted for him. I never dreamt that he could climb from inside——"

"No: but he must have."

"Well, if there was some hiding-place——"

"My dear chap, you're dreaming!" said Johnny. "Think he might have been hiding behind one of the images, all the time, watching for a chance to pounce on Mauly again? Didn't we search?"

"Yes, every foot of the place! But——" Harry Wharton stared into the dim interior of the old temple. "Suppose——"

"The supposefulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Wharton knitted his brows in thought. It was a new idea to him—and it did not seem possible that there was any obscure hiding-place in the Kaluan temple that the search could have overlooked.

But then, as Bunter pointed out, it seemed impossible that the enemy could have reached the temple from the bush unseen, and got Mauly away again unseen. Really, it looked like a choice between two impossibilities.

"It's rot, Harry!" said Frank Nugent, shaking his head. "We've searched jolly nearly every inch of the place."

"I know! But——"

There was a sudden roar from Bob Cherry. He jumped almost clear of the ground, in sudden excitement.

"Fools!" he roared.

"What——"

"Idiots!"

"Eh?"

"Chumps!" roared Bob. "Oh, my hat! Oh, my only Aunt Sempronia! To think of us standing here like a lot of fools, and leaving it to that fat footling frump to spot what's happened——"

"What the thump do you mean?"

"He's here!" roared Bob. "Here—right under our noses! Don't I know it? That brute from Ysabel never climbed out when we were after him—don't I know it? I know where he went! I know where he's got Mauly! Fools! Idiots! Fatheads! Chumps! Dummies! And me the biggest fool of the lot! Sticking here like a braying ass, and waiting for that born idiot Bunter to put me wise——"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Oh, kick me!" gasped Bob. "Kick me, somebody! We all ought to be
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kicked! Kicked all round, by gum! I knew all the time, if I'd thought of it—and I never thought till that fat ass gabbled—”

“You cheeky beast—”

“What do you mean?” roared Johnny Bull. “If you're talking sense, you ass, what the dickens do you mean?”

“I mean that Mauly's here, right under our noses, and that scoundrel along with him, and I mean that we're going to root them out!” roared Bob.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Smash!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. stared at Bob.

His face was ablaze with excitement. He knew; or at least, he was certain that he knew. He was fairly spluttering with excitement.

“He's here, is he?” grunted Johnny Bull, not at all excited.

“Yes, fathead! Here!”

“Point him out, old chap!” said Johnny, sarcastically.

“Look here, Bob, if you've thought of anything—” said Harry.

“I could kick myself for not thinking of it sooner!” gasped Bob. “It's as clear as daylight—now I think of it! And I never thought, till that blithering owl pointed out that Mauly must have gone off on his own accord, or else he's still here! He never went off on his own accord, and so he's still here—and I tell you, I know where.”

“If you mean that you think there's some hiding-place in the temple—”

“I don't think so—I know!”

“Might have mentioned it before, if you knew!” remarked Johnny Bull, still sarcastic.

“I never thought till that ass Bunter—”

“Well, cough it up now, for goodness' sake,” exclaimed Frank Nugent. “You're wasting time, old man, if there's anything in it.”

“I tell you, it's a cert!” gasped Bob. “You remember when I jumped down off Smiler this morning—I told you the stone I landed on moved—”

“And I told you you slipped—”

“Well, you're a fool, old man, same as I am!” said Bob. “I jolly well knew that that stone tilted when I landed on it—only we couldn't move it afterwards, so I had to believe that I was mistaken! But I jolly well know now I wasn't! That stone did move.”

“Rot, old man!”

“But we found it firm as a rock!” said Nugent.

“I know! I know now! It wasn't fastened when I landed on it—but the brute fixed it fast enough.”

“Bob, old man—”

“Don't jaw!” roared Bob. “I tell you that stone did move—and that means that it can be shifted! I tell you, there is a hiding-place in this show, and it's under that stone.”

Bob was wildly excited, and quite convinced. He had never been able fully to convince himself that that carven stone had not shifted under his feet when he landed on it from the summit of the image. Now the suggestion of a secret hiding-place in the old temple made all clear to him.

But his comrades were by no means so convinced as Bob. They had no doubt that Bob had slipped and stumbled, making that jump, and fancied the rest. Only Harry Wharton, already thinking out the possibility of

a secret hiding-place in the Kaluan temple, looked very thoughtful. The other three looked quite sceptical.

“You don't think so?” hooted Bob.

“Hardly!” said Johnny Bull. “You see, you stumbled over—”

“I did not!” roared Bob.

“Like a clumsy ass—”

“Dummy!”

“Cut it out!” said Harry Wharton. “No good ragging! We're jolly well going to see if there's anything in it, anyhow!”

“May as well as to stand here!” agreed Nugent. “But—”

“We can't move the stone,” said Johnny. “We've tried. We lugged and tugged at the beastly thing hard enough. Still, we'll go and lug and tug again, if Bob likes. A bit of exercise won't hurt us.”

“We're not going to try lugging and tugging again,” said Bob. “What we want is a crowbar, and, as we haven't got one, we can use one of the axes. We're going to get that stone up, anyhow.”

“We'll try,” said Frank.

“The tryfulness will be preposterous,” agreed Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

“Come on!” said Bob. “Don't waste any more time! I tell you I know!”

Bob, at least, had no doubt. And though the doubts of the other fellows were strong, it was obviously necessary to put the matter to the test. No crowbar was available, but there were a couple of axes, and several bush-knives. And each of the juniors selected an implement, and they went into the dusky temple.

“I say, you fellows!” squeaked Bunter, as they went.

But nobody heeded Bunter, and the fat Owl, grunting, rolled after them.

The juniors stopped in front of the grinning stone god on the slab, that looked even more sardonic and unpleasant in the starlight than in the sunlight. Through the open space above, where the ancient roof had fallen, plenty of starlight came in for their purpose.

Bob Cherry bent and examined the carven stone.

It was as firm as the rest of the floor when he got a hold on one of the shallow carvings, and tugged. If it was, as he believed, movable, there was no doubt that it had been secured from below.

The other fellows shook their heads as they looked at it. Though there was no cement to join the stones, they fitted together with wonderful accuracy. Certainly it did not look as if it moved. Moreover, it was possible to see at the temple doorway that the stone blocks of the floor were over a foot thick. If this block was as thick as the others, it was not likely to be prised with the edge of an axe.

“Shifted it?” asked Johnny Bull, as Bob rose again. Johnny was still mildly sarcastic.

“I'm going to.”

“Good! Let's see you do it!”

Bob, in rather grim silence, took an axe. It required rather an effort to drive the edge of the blade between the carven block and the next. He hammered it in with the back of the other axe.

Then, putting his weight on the long hardwood handle, he wrenched. Again and again he wrenched with all his strength.

The stone did not stir, but there was a sudden snap. The blade of the axe cracked off, leaving a fragment of steel in the interstice beside the stone.

“Oh!” gasped Bob.

There had been a faint hope in Harry Wharton's face, but it died out now. The thing looked hopeless enough. To all appearance that block was as solid as the rest, and as firmly embedded. Not a fraction of an inch had Bob's hefty wrenches shifted it.

Bob stood panting.

Harry Wharton, in silence, took the other axe, and set to work. He jammed in the edge of the blade with difficulty, and wrenched and wrenched.

The only result was another snap. Both axes were broken off short now.

“Nothing doing,” said Harry, as he threw the axe down. “I'm afraid there's no shifting that stone, Bob, even if it's hollow underneath, as you think. Later on we may get tools—”

Bob gave an angry grunt. He stood staring at the stone, under which, he was convinced, was some secret den or old dungeon, or something of the kind. But it was clearly impossible to move the stone, movable or not.

“I say, you fellows—”

“Shut up, Bunter!”

“But I say, if you think that stone moves—”

“I know it does! Shut up!”

“Well, look here, then, what about busting it?”

“Idiot!”

“You can call a fellow names,” said Bunter, “but I think—”

“How can we bust a stone a foot thick, you potty ass?” roared Bob.

“How do you know how thick it is?” argued Bunter. “If it's made to move, they wouldn't make it so thick as the rest. They don't make doors as thick as walls.”

Bob Cherry fixed his eyes on the fat Owl. It was quite unusual for Billy Bunter to talk sense, but he was talking uncommon sense now. No doubt his fat intellect was spurred on by the thought of supper waiting at the bungalow.

“By gum!” said Bob. “By gum! It's about time we made Bunter boss of this show—the only fellow here with as much sense as a bunny-rabbit. Stand clear, you fellows!”

The fellows stood clear enough as Bob Cherry grasped the axe with both hands, and swung it round his head.

Bunter hopped back like a kangaroo. Bob put all his beef into a mighty smite.

The other fellows watched, fully expecting that the axe would smash when it landed with such terrific force on solid stone. They were on the lookout for flying fragments of axe.

Crash! Smash!

But it was not the axe that smashed. It was the carven stone. It split into a dozen sections under that crashing blow, and the axe, slipping from Bob's grasp, shot through, and went clattering out of sight into the depths of the earth.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

K.O. And O.K.

“OH!” gasped all the juniors together.

Never had there been such a surprise.

They stared, almost in stupefaction. (Continued on page 28.)

JOIN UP FOR A TALK AND A WALK WITH—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

ALL ROUND GREYFRIARS. Friardale Reach

(1)

It's worthy of remark
That upon the River Sark
There's a decent bit of boating,
And the craft are gay with colour,
So we'll watch them as they pass,
Boats of every size and class,
Most particularly noting
Horace Coker in a sculler.



(2)

All the people standing round
Ask why Coker isn't drowned.
It is not for want of trying,
So we cheer him bravely forward,
Till his vessel gives a lurch,
Topples Coker from his perch,
And his clothes will all want drying
When at length he struggles shore-ward.

(3)

Friardale Reach is nice and straight,
And it's here the racing eight
Get a solid burst of rowing,
Striking thirty to the minute.
Yes, we cheerfully could stay
By the riverside all day;
But, alas, we must be going
To the wood—and now we're in
it—
(Or will be next week!)



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

HURRAH for the HOLIDAYS!

Here is official information about where some of the fellows are going for their summer holidays.

PETER TODD.—He hopes to read the first three volumes of Lockjaw's "Intricacies of the Law of Distrain't." No flowers, by request.

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE.—Is going to Monte. Probably for huntin', shootin', bathin', and fishin'. Any Greyfriars fellow who happens to be there on a day tour is requested not to speak to Temple, who would hardly care to know such scum in that society.

PUZZLE PAR

Once upon a time there were three kings. One was tall, one was high, and one was thin. What were their principal hobbies?

Answer at foot of column 2.

PERCY BOLSOVER.—He's standing just behind me, waiting for me to say something about his face. His sleeves are already turned up! Well, Bolsy's going on a tour to Germany and France, and he will be very interested in the gargoyles on the old buildings—from a point of view of art. I mean, of course. Besides, it will be fine to see something uglier than—I mean—Here, you keep off! Yaroooh!

FISHER T. FISH.—He will stay at the school, and, since the only company he'll have will consist of Gosling, Mrs. Kebble, and the Nimbles, he doesn't expect to make more than three or four bob.

HORACE JAMES COKER.—Is going to Cowes to try the new sailing yacht Aunt Judy's bought him. His many friends will hear the news with great regret, for during his life he caused a lot of fun, and will be sadly missed. Rest In Pieces!

DON OGLIVY.—Going to Scotland, where he hopes to shoot the wild haggis in its lair.

PAUL PROUT.—He will be talking too much to notice.

AN OLD BOY'S MEMORIES Year 2,000 A.D.

I remember, I remember
when I was a youth
I knew a boy whose character
was honesty and truth.
At school he never told a lie,
He always passed temptation by,
And scorned to snaffle anything,
particularly food.
His name was Bunter, I believe—
my memory's pretty good!

Companions of my youthful days,
I still recall their names,
A boy named Coker, I believe, was
very good at games;
'Yes, I remember when he scored
A century, and how we roared
To see his bowling knocking down
the Rookwood fellows' sticks.
My memory is splendid for a
man of seventy-six!

And one especially I recall,
a curly headed lad
Whose energy and breeziness
made all the fellows glad.
He couldn't bear to sleep or yawn,
He'd jump out of his bed at dawn,
And shout: "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
with devastating force!
His name? Let's see! His name?
Why, yes, Mauleverer, of
course!

One fellow was as generous
as anyone could wish.
This lad was an American,
his name, I think, was Fish.
Yes, really, I have never seen
A boy less miserly or mean,
For money never troubled him,
he flung it to and fro.
It's strange how clear one's memory is
of things so long ago!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

PETER TODD

the amateur lawyer of the Remove.

T is for TODD, our learned friend,
Who studies law, and likes to spend
An hour or so a day to read
An interesting title deed!
NOW THEREFORE the aforesaid
Todd



Can only be considered odd,
FOR THIS INDENTURE WIT-
NESSETH

That lawyers waste a lot of breath
And lots of money (other folk's)
In making rather rotten jokes
(in which the newspapers report
By printing "Laughter in the Court"!)
To use three words where one would do
Is loopy, nuts, or off the screw!
To which I set my Hand and Seal,
Although my name I still conceal.

ANSWER to PUZZLE

Talking, liking, and thinking—see?

at the square opening that yawned at their feet. Even Bob, though he had firmly believed that that stone block was in reality a kind of trapdoor, was astonished at his success.

The carven stone had smashed to pieces. That it was not so solid as the rest of the floor was now plain enough. The falling fragments were hot, like the other blocks, a foot thick—such a thickness could never have been affected by the heaviest blow.

They were not more than one inch thick. Amply thick enough and strong enough to take the heaviest tread, but by no means thick enough, or strong enough to withstand the terrific crash Bob had landed with the axe.

Pieces of the stone trap flew about the floor, but most of them fell through with the clattering axe. The juniors could see a ridge two inches down on two sides of the orifice, where the sides of the carven stone had rested. They could guess now, easily enough, that a wooden wedge had been driven in at one of the ends to keep the stone fixed. Thus wedged, it had been immovable from above. Probably even a crowbar would not have stirred it. But it had smashed under that mighty smite, and the way was open.

They stared into it.

Below, they could make out the shape of stone steps, in a glimmer of light. It was not the starlight from above—it was a light from below! There was a light in that hidden den under the old Kaluan temple! Someone was there!

"By gum!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Look!" gasped Nugent.

The juniors knew, now, that a hidden man was below—and did not need telling who! But if they had doubted, they would not have doubted for more than a few moments—for below, in the glimmer of the light, a startled, enraged, stubbly face stared up—the face of Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber of Kalua!

The beachcomber stared—glared—in speechless amazement and rage.

Never for a moment had he feared discovery in that hidden den. Discovery, indeed, would never have come but for Bob Cherry's acrobatic performances that morning in the old Kaluan temple. But it had come now—the way into the ancient dungeon lay open—the outcast of Kalua was trapped in his own hiding-place, and there was no escape for him.

In amazement, in rage, in almost mad fury, he glared up at the faces that stared down.

"That villain!" breathed Harry.

"And Mauly—"

"Come on!" said Bob, between his teeth.

He leaped on to the top step, which was four or five feet down. Three more steep steps led down to the stone passage where the beachcomber stood.

Bob went down them at a leaping rush; and, as he reached the bottom, the beachcomber sprang at him like a tiger.

But Harry Wharton was only a second after him, and after Wharton came the rest. There was a wild, scrambling struggle at the foot of the stone steps. In the glimmer of the ship's lantern the five juniors mixed up with the desperate maddened outcast of Kalua.

From above, Billy Bunter blinked down, his eyes popping behind his spectacles. It did not occur to the fat Owl to join in. But his help was not needed. Five sturdy fellows were much more than a match for the beachcomber, desperate as he was.

For three or four wild minutes that fierce struggle went on, and then Ysabel Dick lay gasping, panting, exhausted, in the grasp of the Famous Five, spent with his frantic efforts, and a helpless prisoner.

Four of them held him, while Bob Cherry twisted his hands behind him, and knotted his wrists together with a twisted handkerchief.

The beachcomber lay panting for breath, and gasping out curses—unheeded, now that he was secured.

Bob grabbed up the lantern.

"Come on!" he gasped.

Breathless and wildly ruffled from the struggle, the Famous Five did not lose a moment. Mauleverer was not to be seen—but he was there, they knew that! Bob led the way along the stone passage, holding up the lantern. His friends hurried after him.

"Mauly!" shouted Bob.

"Here!" came back a familiar voice.

"Mauly, old man!"

They saw him in a moment more—sitting up on the bed of ferns, staring at them blankly as they came. Mauly's head was aching, and his face was pale—but he grinned a happy grin at the sight of his friends.

He was cut lose in a moment. Harry Wharton helped him to his feet.

Mauly pressed a hand to a bruise on his head.

"Oh gad!" said Mauleverer. "You fellows—oh gad! I heard the row, and wondered—"

"We've got that scoundrel!" said Bob. "Got him all right! And we've got you, Mauly, you ass! By gum, if you wander away again—"

Lord Mauleverer chuckled.

"I've got a lump on my napper, about as big an egg, to remind me not to wander away again!" he said. "But if you've got him—"

"The gotfulness is terrific, my esteemed Mauly!"

"Then it's all serene!" said Lord Mauleverer. "But how you fellows ever rooted me out here is a giddy mystery! That blighter banked on it as safe, and I couldn't help thinkin' it was O.K. for him."

"Only it's turned out the other way

round!" chuckled Bob. "K.O., instead of O.K., what? Come on, Mauly, get out of this. Glad to get out?"

"Yaas, I can't say I liked either the quarters or the company!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Ysabel Dick, lying gasping on the earth, glared up, in the lantern light, as the Greyfriars fellows passed him, with Mauleverer, like a trapped wild animal. Lord Mauleverer gave him a glance, and passed on. But he paused on the steps.

"Leavin' him there?" he asked.

"Yes, till Mr. McTab blows in," answered Bob. "He's safe there."

"Leave him the light, then!" said his considerate lordship. "Nasty down here in the dark."

Bob grinned, and put down the lantern. It was like Mauly to have that kind thought for the man who was his bitter enemy, and who now lay bound and helpless, with prison before him.

Leaving the beachcomber gasping for breath, and muttering curses in the glimmer of the lantern, the juniors clambered out of the opening in the floor of the Kaluan temple. And Billy Bunter blinked at Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh crikey!" said Bunter. "Were you there, Mauly?"

"Yaas!"

"Then you hadn't started back early for supper?"

"Oh gad! Not quite," gasped Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lights were gleaming from the dark runway in the bush, when the Greyfriars fellows returned to the doorway of the Kaluan temple.

Mr. McTab, with the police force of Kalua, was arriving.

Mr. McTab arrived in a state of great alarm and uneasiness—which changed to surprise and happy satisfaction at what the juniors had to tell him.

Leaving Mr. McTab and his police force to take charge of the man from Ysabel, the Greyfriars fellows set out on their homeward way—to the accompaniment of moans, mumbles, and groans from Billy Bunter, who was tired, hungry, and peevish.

But moans, mumbles, and groans, ceased, when they arrived at the bungalow, and Bunter sat down to supper—waited on hand and foot by his still faithful nigger!

It was, as Bonoo had confided to the fat Owl, chicken for supper. It had not, after all, spoiled by waiting!

So all was calm and bright!

THE END.

(Ysabel Dick is captured—but it's a long way from Kalua to the prison on Suva, and on the voyage much can happen. Harry Wharton & Co. find that out to their cost in next week's magnificent story.)

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