

RUN TO EARTH!

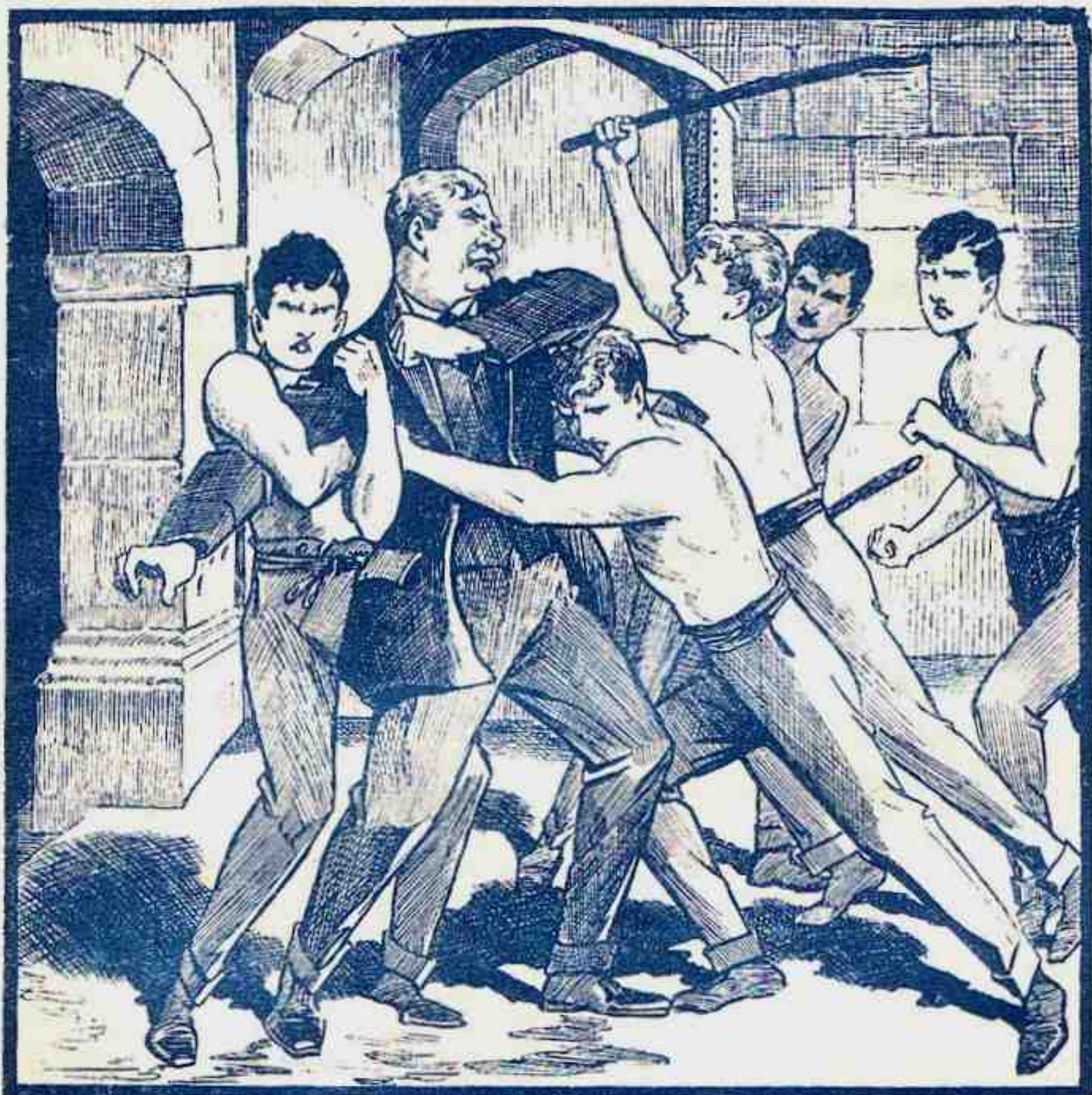
A Grand Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.



The
Magnet 1st
Library

No. 437. Vol. 10. JUNE 24th, 1916.





AT GRIPS WITH THE GERMAN SPY!

(A Thrilling Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale in this Issue.)

MY READERS' PAGE

OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE BOYS' FRIEND," 1d., Every Monday. "THE GEM" LIBRARY, 1d., Every Wednesday. "THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d., COMPLETE LIBRARY. "THE PENNY POPULAR," 1d., Every Friday. "CHUCKLES," Price 1d., Every Saturday.

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums, at home or abroad, and is only too willing to give his best advice to them if they are in difficulty or in trouble. . . . Whom to write to: Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For Next Monday:

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

By Frank Richards.

Wibley's impersonations have figured in more than one or two of our famous author's most humorous yarns. In the great story which will appear next week there is a somewhat stronger vein of seriousness, though the element of fun is by no means lacking. Monsieur Charpentier, the likeable and popular little French master at Greyfriars, gets into trouble in connection with that very fishy character Mr. Banks. The rascals of the Skinner breed do all they know how to make trouble for the master; but Harry Wharton & Co., with an unexpected ally in Bolsover major, who for once shows up well, foil their plots, and Monsieur Charpentier is saved from the danger of losing his post at Greyfriars—a danger which had been a very real one—by the dramatic genius of

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

BOB CHERRY IN THE "FORD TIMES."

Here is an extract from the "Ford Times," which appears to be some sort of an advertising sheet published by the American motor-car people:

"Good lord! Henry Ford has incurred the wrath of Bob Cherry, the fourteen-year-old rock of the school in the boys' own 'Magnet.' Verily the day grows dark under a hail of Cherrystones."

As it is quite certain that if I do not quote the passage which gave rise to this gibe I shall be inundated with inquiries as to where it may be found, I may as well state here and now that it is on page 13 of No. 423 of the "Magnet," and that what Bob said was: "This is a sort of Ford peace party. Well, Ford the peace-maker is an advertising money grabber, and his peace-party are duffers and cranks. I don't think much of peace-parties. Run away and leave us to fight it out, and don't be Fords!"

In a daily paper a few months ago appeared some doggerel rhymes about the great Ford which have stuck in my memory somehow. They went:

"There was an old man
Who had a wooden leg;
He didn't want to work
And he didn't want to beg.
So he took four spoons
And an old tomato-cann.
And he called it a Ford—
AND THE BLAMED THING RAN!"

Bob Cherry's reply to the "Ford Times" comment may be anticipated safely. It will be monosyllabic: "Rats!"

REPLIES TO A FEW INQUIRIES.

Some readers simply will not take any notice of the numerous broad hints I have given as to their letting me have names and full postal addresses. Yet they expect to be answered. Some of them will not get what they expect; but I am answering a few here, and I hope they will see the answers, but am doubtful, as it would appear that they do not read my hints. H. P., of Bolton, wants to settle an argument as to whether "the book was called 'Skinner's Supreme Sacrifice.'" He is apparently referring to "The Sunday Crusaders," for the words he quotes were those under the cover illustration of that story. A Waterford reader wants a story with plenty of fun in it, to give her (this reader is a lady, I am sure) a good laugh in these sad times. I had the impression that most of our stories were that sort, though here and there one is more serious, naturally. A young lady with the romantic pen-name of "Blue-Eyed Violet" asks my opinion on a matter of some

importance, and would have had it by return of post if she had given me the chance of replying thus. To her I can only say here that she can hardly go wrong by staying where she is, which seems to be what she wants to do. But I do wish those names and addresses were given in every case!



NOTICES.

H. Warrington's address is now 26, Stackpole Road, Southville, Bristol. He is still wanting more members for the "Magnet" League he has started.

H. Parish, 4, John Street, Cwmearn, Newport, Mon., would be glad to arrange cricket fixtures in the neighbourhood for his club, average age 14.

Horace L. Jones, 21, Brunswick Square, Camberwell, S.E., would be glad to hire—or buy if preferred—back numbers of the "Magnet" and "Gem."

Jack F. Sharp, 33, The Branch Eastwood, Netts, wants to buy old copies of the "Magnet."

G. H. Cawton, 174, Doncaster Road, Wath-on-Dearne, wants to form a "Gem" and "Magnet" League in his locality, and would be glad to hear from any reader interested. He would also be glad to buy Nos. of the "Magnet" between 200—300.

R. Foxall-Smedley, School House, Seagrave, Loughborough, will give double price for copies of the "Magnet" containing the following stories: "Alonso's Marvellous Mixture," "The Rival Ventriloquists," "Surprising the School," "The Slackers' Eleven," "The Fall of the Fifth."

F. Ewins, 12, Clifton Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol, would like to correspond with a girl reader in shorthand, for practice.

Parselown C.C. (average age 16) want home and away fixtures in the South-Western district. Hon. Sec., L. Yates, 48, Morning Road, Tooting, S.W.

J. A. Ellacott, 279, Wallington Road South, Stockport, wants to buy back numbers beyond 250 of both the "Magnet" and "Gem."

H. Wade, 7, Batts Grove, Arncliffe, Leeds, thinks of starting a small amateur magazine, and will be glad to hear from readers interested.

Barnet Brownson, 19, Townley Street, Chorlton, Manchester, has formed a "Magnet" League, and would like to get more members. Will anyone interested write to him, or call between 5 and 8.30 a day evening? Stamped and addressed envelope, please.

Lance-Corporal Ben Taylor, 2945, 5 Platoon, A Coy., 1/5 Loyal North Lancashire Regt., B.E.F., France, would be glad to receive back numbers of the "Magnet" and "Gem," and to correspond with a girl reader.

Leonard J. Haynes, 15, River View, New Ferry, Cheshire, would be glad to send to any reader interested particulars of his Correspondence Club, open to anyone over 15. Stamped and addressed envelope, please.

George Drew, 3, Park Avenue, Holloway, Bath, wants players (age 12—15) for a cricket team, and would be glad to hear from anyone in his neighbourhood who would care to join.

N. Lincoln, King Albert's Hospital, Store Street, London, W.C., wants to buy back numbers of the "Magnet" earlier than 400.

The "Magnet" Exchange and Correspondence Club, Hon. Sec., J. C. Offham, jun., 5, Walter Street, Nottingham, wants to get more girl members. Particulars sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope.

Sorry—Will Mary Kent communicate with her old friend and schoolmate, Dick Pittman, and let bygones be bygones?

H. Patrick, 47, Isley Road, Hammersmith, London, W., wants to form a local "Gem" and "Magnet" League, and will be glad if anyone who thinks about joining will apply to his address.

Your Editor

A Complete School-
Story Book, attrac-
tive to all readers.

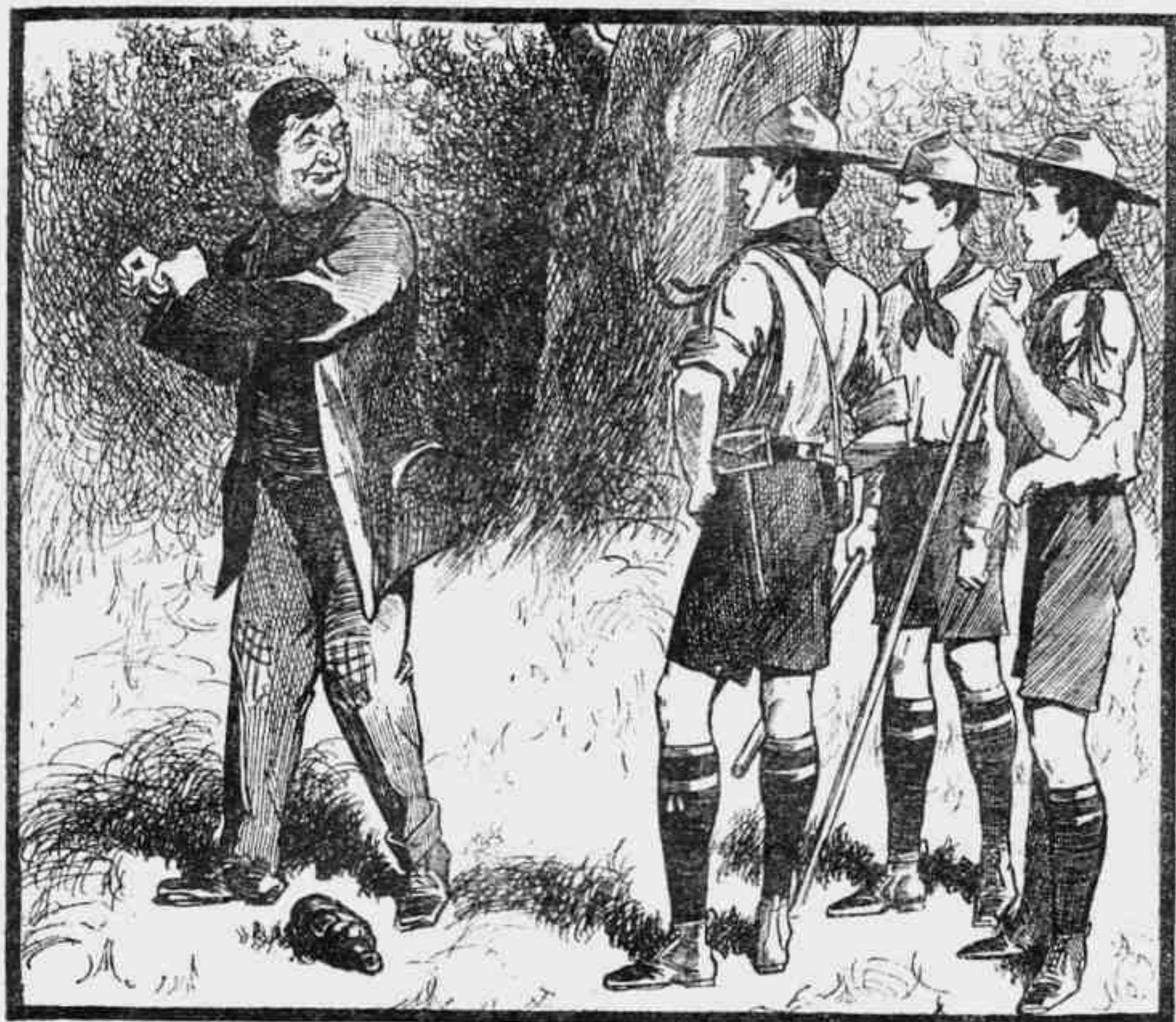


The Editor will be
obliged if you will
hand this book,
when finished with,
to a friend. . . .

RUN TO EARTH!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of
Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



"I'm going to Greyfriars like this 'ere!" the man said. "I'm goin' to your 'eadmaster! I'll see whether a honest workin'-man is goin' to 'ave larks played on 'im when he takes a little snooze arter a 'ard day's work!" And the tramp started. (See Chapter 8.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. An Interrupted Picnic!

"**S** HUSH!" Bob Cherry held up his hand for silence. "What the dickens—" began Harry Wharton. "Shush, I tell you!" Bob Cherry's companions "shushed!" regarding Bob with astonishment the while.

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They could see no reason for "shushing." There were eight in the party, seated on the grass under the old trees in Friarsdale Wood. It was a little picnic, planned by the Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove. Marjorie Hazeldene, and Miss Clara, and Phyllis Howell, of Cliff House School, were there. Cake and ginger-beer and lemonade were being disposed of amid a cheery buzz of talk, when Bob Cherry suddenly held up his hand and called upon the picnickers to "shush!"

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June 24th, 1916.

Bob's eyes were fixed upon the thick trees that bordered the glade. And, as the picnickers "simshed" there was audible the sound of a rustle in the underwood.

It had caught Bob's keen ear first.

The juniors understood now.

They had supposed themselves alone in the deep glade in the heart of the wood. The rustle in the thicket showed that they were mistaken.

Bob Cherry was grinning.

"We've been tracked down," he murmured. "Billy Bunter was very anxious to know where we were going. I left him sitting on the steps at Greyfriars, and I shouldn't have thought he'd got his wind back yet. But he's tracked us down—he's got the nose of a blaghound for grub!"

There was another rustle in the thicket, close behind Bob Cherry.

Then suddenly:

Crack-ack!

It was the echoing report of a gun, far-off in the wood. The juniors started as they heard it.

"Some giddy poacher at work!" said Johnny Bull.

"Never mind the giddy poacher," said Bob. "I'm going to poach Bunter. Don't move, but hand me that soda syphon."

Harry Wharton passed the syphon across to Bob.

"Bob!" murmured Marjorie.

"Only a little joke on Bunter," said Bob, in low, cautious tones. "You watch him jump when I start on him. The fat bouncer thinks we don't know he's there. He will show up when he gets the soda."

Bob rose to his feet, syphon in hand.

The thicket rustled again.

The picnickers watched Bob intently. They had no doubt that Billy Bunter had tracked down the picnic, though they were surprised that he was lurking in the thicket instead of showing himself and demanding a "whack" in the good things. Perhaps he was doubtful about the reception he would get. He would not have much further doubt, however, when Bob Cherry got to work with the soda syphon.

Bob made a sudden spring towards the thicket with his thumb on the nozzle.

Squish!

A sudden stream of soda-water shot into the thicket, and there was a sudden howl of surprise and alarm.

"Gerroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

Sizz-z-z-z! Squish!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter in the glade died away abruptly as a figure rolled out of the thicket into view.

For it was not Bunter.

It was a man—a man with a blonde face and pale-blue eyes, at which he was gouging frantically with both hands. The sudden jet of soda-water had evidently caught him full in the face.

Bob Cherry lowered the syphon, and blinked at the stranger.

"Mon-mun-my hat!" he gasped. "'Tain't Bunter! Oh, my hat!"

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "Oh, Bob, you see! You've put your foot in it this time!"

"Well, what was he creeping about in the bushes for?" demanded Bob. "He shouldn't have made me think he was Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The picnickers were all on their feet now.

The stranger was kneeling in the grass, gouging at his face. He left off gouging, and blinked at the juniors with a furious countenance.

"Sorry, sir!" said Bob. "Lemme help you up! I took you for somebody else!"

"Ach! Ach! Mein Gott!"

"Great pip! It's a German!"

"A giddy Hun!"

"The Humfulness is terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "What is an esteemed and disgusting Hun doing here?"

The stranger scrambled to his feet.

He cast one quick, savage look at the juniors, and then sprang at Bob Cherry, felling him to the ground with a savage blow.

The next instant he had plunged into the wood and disappeared.

"Yow-ow!" roared Bob.

He sat up dazedly.

"Why, the rotten brute!" exclaimed Wharton wrathfully.

"After him! Collar the rotter!"

"Wow-wow!" mumbled Bob, his hand going to his face.

"Groogh! My blessed nose is knocked off! Yow-ow!"

Wharton and Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent made an

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angry rush after the fleeing stranger. Certainly it must have been very unpleasant to be suddenly swished with soda-water; but the blow the man had dealt Bob Cherry, full in the face, was savage and brutal, and the juniors were excited and angry. Hurree Singh helped Bob to rise. Bob was quite dazed. His nose was bleeding, and his eye was already darkening. His head throbbed and ached.

"The brute!" exclaimed Marjorie indignantly.

"Oh, my hat! Oh, my nose!" mumbled Bob. He leaned heavily on Hurree Singh's arm. "What an awful beast to hit out like that! Yow-ow!"

There was a sound of quick footsteps and rustling in the thickets.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here come some more of them!" exclaimed Bob.

A man in khaki, with a rifle in his hand, rushed from the trees.

He stopped in astonishment at the sight of the picnickers.

"What in thunder—" he exclaimed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Looking for somebody?" asked Bob, rubbing his nose ruefully.

"Yes, yes. Has he passed this way?" exclaimed the soldier.

"That depends on who it is!"

"A German—we're after him! Have you seen anything of him? Quick!"

Two or three more khaki-clad figures appeared among the trees.

"Have you seen him?"

"We've seen a German!" gasped Bob. "He's given me this nose! He's gone that way—making for the old Priory, I should say."

"Good!"

"What is it?" exclaimed Bob. "An escaped prisoner?"

"A spy! You are sure he went that way?"

"Yes; my pals are after him!" said Bob.

"Right!"

The men in khaki vanished into the wood, on the track of the fugitive and the pursuing juniors.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Here's a go! Fancy swishing a German spy, and thinking it was Bunter all the time! No wonder he biffed me and bolted! I—I say, if you'll excuse me, I'll get off! I should like to give him a nose like this before he's caught!"

And, without really waiting to be excused, Bob Cherry rushed off into the wood. The nabob made a movement to follow, but he paused. The three girls could not be left alone in the wood.

"I will protectfully remain with the esteemed misses," said Hurree Singh, seating himself on the grass again. "May I pass you the estimable cake, Marjorie?"

But Marjorie shook her head. The Cliff House girls were not in a mood for picnicking now. They were too anxious. The fugitive and his pursuers had vanished into the depths of the wood. The knowledge that a German spy was being hunted through the wood by the soldiers from Wapshot Camp was exciting. Phyllis Howell's bright eyes were gleaming.

"Let us follow them!" she exclaimed.

The nabob shook his dusky head.

"There may be dangerousness for the esteemed misses," he murmured.

"Oh, blow the danger!" said Miss Phyllis. "I'm going, anyway!"

"Hear, hear!" said Miss Clara. "Come on, Marjorie!"

Marjorie nodded assent.

"The wilfulness of the esteemed misses is lawfulness," said Hurree Singh; and the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur led the way.

The picnic was left; but it was not left for long. About ten minutes later a fat face, adorned by a large pair of spectacles, looked into the glade. Billy Bunter, of the Remove, blinked round him in astonishment.

"My hat! Here's the picnic—but—where are those bounders and the girls?" he murmured. "Must be silly asses to leave a good feed like that lying here! I—I suppose they'd make me welcome, anyway. I don't think I'd better stand on ceremony. What a ripping cake!"

Billy Bunter sat down to the unfinished picnic. It was soon finished.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Tragedy of the Pool!

THERE he is!" Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, and Nugent had dashed in pursuit of the German without stopping to think. Who or what he was they did not know; but they knew that they meant to call him to account for the brutal attack on Bob Cherry. He had vanished into the wood; but a few minutes later they sighted



The stranger was kneeling on the grass, gouging at his face. He left off gouging, and blinked at the juniors, with a furious countenance. "Sorry, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "Let me help you up! I took you for somebody else!"

(See Chapter 1.)

him again. He was running hard, winding among the trees like one who knew his way well in the wood. He vanished again among the underwood and thick foliage.

"That's the rotter!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "After him!"

The three juniors redoubled their speed.

Ahead of them they could hear now the panting of the fugitive. The man had been making heavy exertions, and he was almost spent. The juniors were fresh, and they had no doubt of running him down.

They sighted him again as they came dashing into an open glade near the ruins of the ancient Priory. Wharton put on a spurt, and his outstretched hand almost touched the shoulder of the German.

"Stop, you cad!" shouted the captain of the Remove.

The German rushed on a few paces, and then stopped, with a savage snarl like that of a wild animal. He stopped and spun round. Wharton was springing on him, when he suddenly stopped. A revolver gleamed in the hand of the German, and it was rising to a level.

"Look out!" shrieked Nugent.

Wharton saw the white, desperate face, the murderous, gleaming eyes, the levelled weapon, and he threw himself down just in time.

Crack!

A bullet sang over him.

Johnny Bull and Nugent had promptly taken cover. The

sight of the deadly weapon warned them of the kind of man they had to deal with. They had no chance against a revolver in a desperate hand.

The German stayed only to pull the trigger once. Then he turned and dashed on again. As he crashed away through the trees, Wharton sprang up. His face was a little pale.

"Thank goodness you dodged it, Harry!" exclaimed Nugent. "Who—who the dickens can he be—using a revolver like that!"

"A giddy criminal of some sort," said Johnny Bull. "Are we going after him again?"

Wharton hesitated.

"We haven't much chance against a pistol," he said. "I wasn't looking for anything of that kind, of course. I'd like to give him a hiding, but—"

There was a crash of footsteps behind, and three or four soldiers came dashing into view. The juniors turned towards them.

"Have you seen him?" shouted a sergeant. "That was a pistol-shot—"

"The German, do you mean?"

"Yes, yes—Max Pfalz! Was it he who fired?"

"It was a German. We followed him as far as this," said Harry. "He has gone towards the Priory Pool. I'll show you the way."

"Come on, then—quick!"

The juniors did not hesitate now. They ran on with the

NEXT
MONDAY—

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry
Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

men in khaki. Bob Cherry, his nose still streaming red, joined them, panting.

"Seen the rotter?" he gasped.

"Yes; he fired on us!"

"My hat! He's a giddy spy, the sergeant says!"

"He can't get away," said Wharton, between his teeth.

"He's heading straight for the pool, and he's cut off."

"Good egg!"

The pursuers, running hard, were skirting the old ruins of the Priory. There was little left of the ancient building, excepting the massive walls, in some places eight or nine feet thick. On the southern side the old walls were laved by the waters of a deep pool, darkly shaded by overhanging trees on three sides.

It was directly towards the pool that the fugitive was running.

The underwood still hid him from sight, but his crashing footsteps could be heard ahead.

The sergeant was running beside Wharton.

"You know this ground?" he asked breathlessly.

"Every inch of it," said Harry. "The man's heading for the pool. He will have to turn off sharp to the right when he comes to it, unless he tries to swim across."

"You're sure?"

"Quite!"

The sergeant panted an order, and a couple of the soldiers bore away to the right, to cut off the fugitive when he dodged.

A minute or two later the pool came in sight.

It was about thirty yards in extent, lying dark and sullen under overhanging branches, save on the side where it laved the ancient walls of the Priory. On the edge of the deep pool the fugitive had halted.

He was in full sight of the pursuers as they burst from the trees.

"Got him!" gasped the sergeant. "Surrender, you scoundrel!"

They fully expected the ruffian to turn, revolver in hand, either to surrender, now that he was run down, or to fight to the last.

But he did not turn.

Without even a look behind, he threw up his hands and plunged headlong into the pool.

In a second he had disappeared under the dark waters.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed the sergeant.

The pursuers halted on the bank.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye the men in khaki scattered to surround the pool. They were on the watch at all points long before the German could have swum across. If that was his intention, it was doomed to failure.

Every eye was on the sullen surface of the shadowed water.

But the German's head did not appear.

Two—three—four minutes passed.

The ripples on the surface had died away, and the smooth waters of the pool lay unbroken.

The sergeant muttered something between his teeth. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged startled glances.

"He—he hasn't come up!" muttered Bob huskily.

"He can't be alive under water all this time," said Wharton. "He's drowned himself to escape!"

"Good heavens!" murmured Nugent.

"Might be hiding in the rushes," said Johnny Bull.

"He hasn't come up."

The juniors' faces were pale now. The man was a spy—he had attempted murder to save himself from capture—but it was terrible to think that even a Hun had gone to his death with such fearful suddenness.

The soldiers were searching the circle of the pool, beating the rushes and reeds, disentangling the thickets that grew out into the water, leaving not a foot of space unsearched.

But there was no trace of the German.

The juniors helped in the search, though without hope of making any discovery. It was only too evident that the man had not come up after his desperate plunge.

The search was still going on when Hurree Jamset Ram Singh arrived, with Marjorie and Clara and Phyllis. Harry Wharton joined them, his face pale and grave.

"What has happened?" asked Phyllis quickly.

Wharton pointed to the pool.

"He plunged in, and hasn't come up," he said. "I—I suppose the body will rise, later."

"He was a spy," said Bob. "I suppose he would have been shot if they had caught him."

Marjorie caught her breath.

"It is terrible!" she said, in a low voice.

Even Miss Clara's high spirits were dashed.

Phyllis Howell looked over the pool with her keen, bright eyes.

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"I—I suppose he must be drowned, then?" she said hesitatingly.

"He has been under water a quarter of an hour now."

Phyllis nodded.

"Then he must be—"

"Dead!" said Harry.

The girl shuddered slightly.

"The deadfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh, with a shake of his dusky head. "The rascalfuness of the esteemed rotter was great, but it is a shockful happening. But the sorrowfulness is not great."

The sergeant came up, saluting the three girls politely.

"There seems no doubt about it," he said. "Thank you for the help you've given, young gentlemen."

And the men in khaki went their way, evidently satisfied that the German spy had met his doom in the dark waters of the pool.

Harry Wharton & Co. turned silently away. The tragedy had had its effect upon them, though they could feel little pity for the man whose rascalities had brought him to such an end.

"I—I don't feel much inclined to—to get on with the giddy picnic," murmured Bob at last, with a doubtful look at his companions.

Marjorie shook her head.

"Let us go home," she said.

Harry Wharton & Co. walked to Cliff House with their girl chums, and then returned to the glade where the picnic had taken place to take away the unfinished things. They found a basket and crockery, but nothing that was eatable.

"Somebody's been here," said Bob Cherry, with a faint grin. "I suppose Bunter found the picnic after all. Well, he's welcome, so far as I'm concerned. I suppose that poor brute was skulking away from the soldiers when he came on our picnic and skulked in the thicket. I forgive him for this nose now."

The juniors returned in silence to Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Question of Ownership!

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE of the Fourth Form at Greyfriars looked into No. 1 Study that evening. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent had finished their prep, and some of their chums had come in for a chat before bed-time. There were, in fact, seven or eight juniors in the study when Temple of the Fourth looked in.

"Come in," said Harry Wharton, as Cecil Reginald's elegant figure appeared in the open doorway. The captain of the Fourth came in.

"I hear you've had a sort of adventure this afternoon," he remarked.

Wharton nodded.

"The whole school's talking about it," said Temple. "Wingate saw old Tozer, the Friardale bobby, and he's told him about the chap. Rather a pity you chaps didn't collar him."

"Well, we couldn't," said Bob Cherry.

Temple nodded.

"No doubt, no doubt! I wish I'd been there!"

"Why, you fathead?" said Bob warmly. "What the dickens would you have done if you'd been there?"

Temple smiled—a superior smile. Temple possessed a very lofty and superior smile, which had an exasperating effect upon Remove fellows when he turned it on them.

"Oh, I rather think I should have bagged him!" he said. "It seems that he came right on you when you were picnicking, and you let him go."

"We could have collared him then," admitted Wharton. "But we didn't know who it was then."

"I think I should have guessed," smiled Temple.

"You mean you'd have guessed," remarked Johnny Bull. "That's more in your line, Temple; you'll admit that." And the Remove fellows smiled audibly.

Temple frowned.

"You see, the man ought to have been collared," he said. "He's a dangerous character. Old Tozer's told us all about him. He's been known to have been on this coast for weeks, and the police have been searching for him, and they've been helped by the Territorials from Wapshot. They can't find out where he hides himself, and they think he's got accomplices. The rotter makes signals to Zeppelins—they've nearly caught him in the act, signalling from the Black Pike. Now he's got away again—"

"But he hasn't got away," said Nugent. "He's drowned in the Priory Pool."

Temple shook his head.

"Is he really drowned?" he asked.

"Of course he is," said Wharton. "He plunged right in, and never came up again. It gave us all a bit of a shock, too, though he was only a German spy."

"You mean you didn't see him come up?" said Temple.

"I mean that he didn't come up," said Harry.

"Look here, what the dickens are you getting at, Temple?" asked Squiff, looking curiously at the captain of the Fourth. "The man's drowned, right enough. There were soldier chaps on the scene, too, and they wouldn't have missed him if he'd come up."

"My idea is that he was dodging," said Temple. "I want you kids to give me all the particulars about him. We're going to hunt for him."

"You are!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Certainly!" said Temple. "We've had a Zeppelin at Greyfriars once, and we don't want another. This is where the scouts of the Fourth come in. We're going to bag that spy before he does any more damage."

"He's bagged himself, you ass!"

"Rats! He was spoofing you!"

"Fathead!"

"Look here," said Temple excitedly. "I jolly well know it's a fact! Old Tozer told Wingate all about it, and I heard him. The police were after that fellow last week, and he dodged them in the wood, and jumped into the pool—"

"What?"

"There were six or seven bobbies close after him, and they almost had him when he jumped in," said Temple. "They watched for him to come up, but he didn't come. They thought he was drowned, same as you did. It was reported in the local paper, too; Dab says he read it when he was looking for cricket news."

"By Jove!" said Wharton.

"He spoofed the peelers that time, and he's spoofed the Tommies this time," said Temple. "I suppose he swam some distance, and sneaked out under the willows."

"But we searched all round the pool!" exclaimed Nugent.

"The searchfulness was terrific," said the nabob, with a shake of the head. "The drowsiness of the esteemed spy is a dead cert."

"Oh, rats!" said Temple. "People who are born to be hanged can't be drowned. That's an old proverb. Now I want you kids to give me a description of the chap, and all about him, and I'm going to lead the scouts to-morrow, as it's a half-holiday, and bag him if I can. We don't want any more Zeppelins here."

There was a buzz of excitement in No. 1 Study.

Temple's information put quite a new light on the matter. The Removites had concluded that, beyond the shadow of a doubt, Max Pfalz had been drowned in the dark depths of the pool. But if it was the second time he had disappeared from pursuers in like manner the matter assumed a very different aspect.

"I shouldn't wonder if he stayed in the water, hidden among the willows or the rushes, till you'd cleared off," grinned Temple. "That's why I wish I'd been there. But I'm jolly well going to track him down to-morrow! He must have a hiding-place in the wood somewhere. And there'll be tracks. He's bound to have left wet tracks after leaving the pool. We shall pick up the trail to-morrow."

"My hat!" said Bob. "It really looks as if it might be spoof, and the rotter isn't drowned after all. I say, this is where we come in! It's a chance for the Remove scouts!"

"Well, of all the cheek!" exclaimed Temple indignantly. "Haven't I just told you that the Fourth Form scouts are going after him? I've arranged it with Dab and Fry and Scott and a lot of our fellows."

"You can keep off the grass!" said Bob warmly. "It's our spy, isn't it? Look at my nose! That's where I got his German paw!"

"You'll get another paw there, and jolly quick, if you begin scouting after my spy, you cheeky lag!"

"Your spy! I like that! Look here, Temple, you may as well make up your mind at once to leave our spy alone—"

"I tell you he's my spy!" roared Temple excitedly. "All I want is for you kids to give me all the information you can. You can leave the rest to me!"

"Bow-wow!"

"That may be all you want," said Wharton. "But it isn't all you'll get, if you chip in after our spy! We've been after him once, and we're going after him again. We'll chuck the Form match to-morrow, and—"

"Look here, if you come fooling round after our spy you'll get shifted off the ground!" exclaimed Temple. "We sha'n't stand on ceremony with you, I can tell you!"

"If we find you on the ground to-morrow we shall mop you up!" said Johnny Bull. "Besides, it'll be dangerous; the beast has a revolver, and he fired at Wharton."

"Only scaring him, I expect."

"It didn't scare me!" exclaimed Wharton indignantly.

"Anyway, I don't care for his revolver!" said Temple.

"I'm not afraid. I shall give him a clump with my staff and settle his hash when I get at him—"

"The whonfulness is terrific."

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

EVERY
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"I've no doubt at all that we shall be able to pick up his tracks, and track him down to his hiding-place," said Temple. "Then we may call the soldiers in to seize him. It depends. But we're not going to have any Remove kids fooling round and mucking up the whole bizney. That's got to be understood!"

And Temple stalked out of the study with a sniff.

He left the Removites in a state of some excitement. The chums of the Remove agreed, without a dissentient voice, that it was like Temple's cheek to think of looking for "their" spy, and they were still more convinced that Temple & Co. would lunge the whole matter, and seriously prejudice the Remove scouts' chances of success.

"Those Fourth Form duffers can't be allowed to interfere," said Wharton decidedly. "We'll call out the Remove scouts to-morrow afternoon—"

"Hear, hear!" said Peter Todd. "And if the Fourth chip in we'll mop them up first, and then hunt for the spy."

"That's the idea! We can't have them tramping over the tracks and putting us off the trail. They've got to keep off the grass."

"Hear, hear!"

And Harry Wharton promptly called a meeting of the Remove scouts in the Rag to acquaint them with the programme. The scouts were quite enthusiastic, and it was agreed on all hands to chuck the cricket match with the Fourth, and take up the trail of the spy.

As Harry Wharton explained, it would be "one up" for the Remove if they could lay the rascal by the heels.

Temple & Co. were also keen and enthusiastic. There was a meeting at the same time in Cecil Reginald's study, and the Fourth Form scouts heartily agreed to devote the morrow afternoon to hunting for the spy, and, incidentally, to "mopping up" the Remove if those cheeky youths should venture to "chip in."

So it was quite certain that the half-holiday would be an eventful one, and that something would happen—though whether that "something" would be the capture of the German spy was exceedingly doubtful.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Zepps!

WINGATE of the Sixth looked into the Rag, where there was a loud buzz of voices.

"Bed-time!" said Wingate. "And a little less row, please!"

The Remove meeting broke up, and the juniors marched off to the dormitory. They were still discussing their plans for the morrow when they turned in, and the captain of Greyfriars extinguished the light.

The buzz of voices in the dormitory died away at last, and the juniors slept.

The stroke of one was booming out from the clock-tower when Harry Wharton awoke. In his dreams he had seen again the plunge of the fleeing German into the dark pool, and he awoke with a start and a shiver. The dull boom of the hour striking came faintly through the night.

Wharton sat up in his bed, shivering a little. His dream had been very realistic, and it left in his mind a picture of the German's body floating on the sullen waters of the pool. The dormitory was silent and dark round him; the whole Form was sleeping, and only deep, regular breathing came to his ears.

There was a glimmer of faint starlight at the big window. Wharton's glance had turned towards it. In the daytime the summit of the Black Pike could be seen from that window, standing out clear against the sky—a barren summit of rock that looked out over the waters of the North Sea.

The junior gave a sudden start, and rubbed his eyes.

Through the dimness of the night his eyes caught a sudden flash.

He was wide awake now.

Flash again!

"My hat!" muttered Wharton.

He slipped from his bed, and ran to the window. It was open to let in the air of the summer night. Wharton mounted on a chair and looked out with keen, searching eyes.

Away seaward, hidden from sight by the darkness, was the high Pike. But where he knew the hill to be there was a quick succession of flashes, penetrating the blackness overhead like strokes of a knife.

Flashes of light on the Pike!

Wharton turned his head, and called out softly:

"Bob! Squiff!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" yawned Bob Cherry. "What's that?"

Bob Cherry sat up in bed.

"What the thunder——"

"Hallo! What's the row!" said Nugent sleepily.

"There's a signal on the Pike!" said Wharton.

"My hat!"

"Come here, Bob!"

Bob Cherry scrambled out of bed, and joined the captain of the Remove at the window. Half a dozen other juniors, awakened by the voices, followed him.

Their eyes were fixed upon the flashes that now followed one another in quick succession from the hill, as if the signaller were suspended in mid-air.

"My hat!" murmured Bob. "It's the spy—or a spy, at any rate!"

"What the dickens is he signalling to?" muttered Vernon-Smith.

"Hark!"

Crack-ack!

It was the report of a firearm, echoing faintly over the woods through the silence of the night. Faint, but unmistakable, it reached the ears of the juniors at the open window of the dormitory.

"Somebody's after the rotter!" muttered Todd.

The juniors held their breath.

Several reports followed the first; but the signal-lights still continued. Then suddenly they ceased.

"Hit, perhaps!" murmured Squiff.

"Or he has finished his signals," said Mark Linley quietly. "Listen!"

Faintly there came through the still air a sound of throbbing.

"What the dickens is that?" said Ogilvy.

"It's an engine!"

"An aeroplane, perhaps——"

"Or a Zeppelin!" said Mark.

"Oh, crumbs!"

The juniors listened intently. The throbbing sound grew louder, humming through the air like the panting breath of some huge animal.

"That's not an aeroplane!" said Harry Wharton quietly.

"I've heard that before—the night the Zepps came!"

"I say, you fellows!" It was a quivering voice from Billy Bunter's bed. "I say, is that Zepps?"

"Yes, dozens of 'em, Bunter," called out Bob Cherry humorously. "There's one in the quad, and another on Little Side, and one just coming in at the window."

There was a howl of terror from Billy Bunter as he rolled out of bed.

"Yaroooh! Keep 'em off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows, don't cackle when I'm in awful danger!" shrieked Bunter. "I say, Bob Cherry, s-s-stand in front of me, will you?"

"Eh! What for?"

"In—in case the bombs come!" gasped Bunter.

"Well, of all the cheek!" gasped Bob. "I say, let's all stand behind Bunter. Bunter's fat enough to cover the lot of us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow! Oh dear! We shall all be blown up and murdered in our beds!" howled Bunter. "I—I say, was that a bomb?"

"No; that's only Bob putting his boots on!" chuckled Squiff.

"I guess there's nothing for you jays to cackle at!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish, turning out of bed. "Zepps ain't a laughing matter. They've no right to drop bombs on a nootral, blow 'em! I guess if I got one of their bombs our President will have to send 'em another Note."

"Better give the alarm," said Mark Linley. "Shall I go and wake Quelch?"

"Might as well," said Bob. "You'd better get under the bed, Bunter. You, too, Fishy. I'll tell you when there's a bomb coming."

Fisher T. Fish's teeth were chattering. Billy Bunter was wriggling with terror. Sidney James Snoop had put his head under the bedclothes. But the rest of the Remove were not very much alarmed.

Bunter stooped ready to dive under his bed. Fisher T. Fish was on the other side of the bed, and he stooped, too. The bed would not have been much of a protection against a falling bomb, but it seemed safer.

Bob Cherry grinned as he saw them.

"Look out!" he gasped suddenly.

"Is—is it coming?" stuttered Bunter.

"Yow! Ow! I guess——"

"Here it comes—right for the dorm!" said Bob. "Can't you hear it whizzing through the air?"

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There were two simultaneous howls of terror, and Billy Bunter and Fisher T. Fish dived under the bed from opposite sides.

Crack!

Then there was a terrific roar. Two heads had come into sudden contact under the bed.

"Yaroooh!"

"Oh dear! I'm killed! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, my napper!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm brained! I've bumped my head on a lump of wood, or something! Yow-woop!"

"Ow! Help! I'm bombed!" shrieked Bunter. "My head's blown off! Yow-ow! I can feel my brains running down my back! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh! I'm bombed! It's hit me on the head! Yaroooh!"

The dormitory door opened, and Mr. Quelch stepped in. The Remove-master was in dressing-gown and slippers.

"Silence here!" he exclaimed. "Boys, be silent, and do not be alarmed! What are you all out of bed for?"

"There's a Zepp coming, sir," said Bolsover major. "We've seen light-signals on the Pike, too."

"I have just received telephone warning," said Mr. Quelch. "But the Zeppelin does not seem to be coming in this direction. Keep calm, and, above all, do not show a light of any description!"

"Yarooocoooh!"

"Bless my soul! Is that Bunter? What is the matter, Bunter?"

"Yaroooh! I'm bombed! Send for a doctor!" shrieked Bunter. "My head's blown off! I'm dying! Help!"

"Silence!" rapped out Mr. Quelch angrily.

But Billy Bunter's fear of the Zeppelin was greater than his fear of Mr. Quelch. He continued to roar:

"Help! A doctor, quick! I'm smashed to pieces! Help! The bomb burst right on my head! Yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cease this untimely merriment at once!" exclaimed the Remove-master. "This is no time for laughter! Bunter, you utterly ridiculous boy, be quiet! You are not hurt!"

"I'm dying! Help!"

"How dare you show such cowardice, Bunter!" exclaimed the Remove-master, in a tone of exasperation.

"I'm dying!" groaned Bunter. "The bomb's made a fearful bump on my head, sir!"

"There is no bomb here, you stupid boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "And if there were a bomb, that is no excuse for panic!"

"But it hit me on the head, sir!"

"Has anyone been playing a trick on Bunter? This is no time for tricks!"

"I think he knocked his head against Fishy's, sir!" gasped Bob Cherry. "They dived under the same bed to hide from the Zepp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm jolly nearly brained!" groaned Fisher T. Fish.

"If you are hurt, you deserve it, for your foolish cowardice!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "The object of these Zeppelin attacks is to cause terror, but a British boy should be ashamed to show fear!"

"Fishy ain't British, sir," said Bob Cherry. "He can't help it. We're not nervous, sir!"

"Not a bitfully, sir," said Hurree Singh.

"My hat! There's the guns!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

There was a rush to the window. From the darkness of the night came the heavy reports of the coast batteries.

Boom! Boom!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A "Zeppelin Night"!

BOOM! Boom!

The guns were booming out rapidly. The juniors stared in the direction of the Pike. But no further flashes were visible. The secret signaller had been driven from his rascally work.

Boom!

"They're going it!" said Bob Cherry. "I'd give a term's pocket-money to see the Zepp brought down!"

"I—I say, you fellows, wasn't there a bomb?" asked Billy Bunter, sitting on the floor and rubbing his head, surprised to find that it was still upon his fat shoulders.

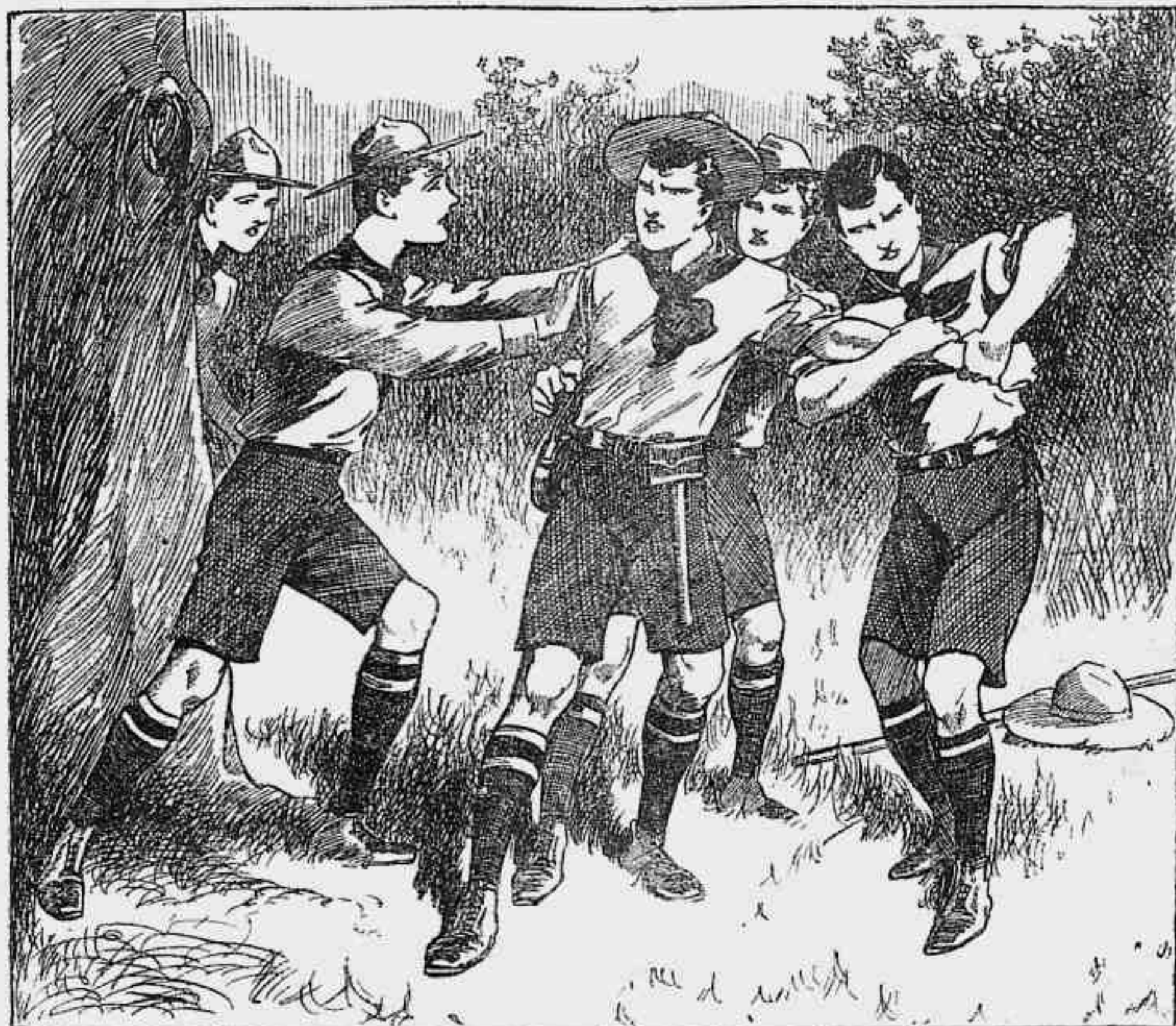
"Of course there wasn't, are!"

"But—but Bob Cherry saw it coming!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, you beast! Not that I was alarmed."

MAGNIFICENT TUCK-HAMPERS FOR READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND," 1^d. OUT TO-DAY.



Through the parting twigs a figure appeared, and the instant it came within reach there was a springing from all sides of the scouts. Four or five pairs of hands were laid upon the figure, and it was borne, struggling, to the earth. (See Chapter 6.)

said Bunter, scrambling up. "Of course, I'm not afraid of Zeppelins! Keep your eyes on me, you chaps, and buck up! I'll look after you!"

Mr. Quelch had left the dormitory to make a round of the school, and ascertain that no lights were shown. All Greyfriars had been awakened now by the heavy booming of the guns, which rattled every window in the school.

Billy Bunter had quite recovered his confidence now. Fisher T. Fish was rubbing his head under the bed. He felt safer there. Billy Bunter adjusted his big glasses on his fat little nose, and blinked out of the window.

"I can't see any Zepps," he said. "Don't be alarmed, you fellows!"

"Why, you cheeky porpoise, you were shivering like a jelly a minute ago!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent, you shouldn't show jealousy of a chap simply because he's braver than you are!" expostulated Bunter. "All the Bunters are brave, you know. It's hereditary in my family. Keep your pecker up, Wharton!"

"What!" ejaculated Wharton.

"You're looking rather white about the gills," said Bunter, blinking at him in the gloom. "Don't be nervous!"

"You fat idiot, I'm not nervous!" roared Wharton.

"Shush!" said Bunter. "It's silly to try to keep your courage up by raising your voice, like a chap whistling in the dark. Simply pull yourself together, and keep an eye on me. I'll show you an example!"

"Why, you—you—you—" stuttered Wharton.

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"Don't tremble like that, Bob!"

"Who's trembling?" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"You are, you know. Keep a stiff upper lip," said Bunter encouragingly. "Keep an eye on me. Nugent, old chap, buck up; you're rather pale!"

"How can you see whether I'm pale or not?" said Nugent, in sulphurous tones.

"This is a time to keep cool," pursued Bunter calmly. "Follow my example. Don't make me ashamed of you!"

"Why, I—I—I—"

"Don't keep on shaking like that, Desmond!"

"Who's shaking?" roared Micky Desmond.

"You're all in a tremble," said Bunter. "Dash it all, you might keep your pecker up when I'm showing you an example of courage! Yaroooh! Who's got hold of my ear?"

"Sure, I've got hold of it!" said Micky Desmond, in concentrated tones. "And sure I'll make ye shake, ye cheeky chafe of the worruld!"

"Yaroooh! Yow-ow! Leggo!" roared Bunter.

"What is this noise?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, putting his head in at the door.

Micky released Bunter's fat ear quite suddenly.

"Yow-ow! It's Desmond, sir! He's in a panic—in hysterics, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Desmond!"

"I'm not!" roared Micky indignantly.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"He got hysterical, sir, and clutched hold of my ear!" howled Bunter.

"Silence! Come away from that window at once! You may be struck by shrapnel!" said Mr. Quelch.

There was a wild howl from Bunter. He had not thought of that. His example of coolness and courage to the Remove was instantly at an end. He made a wild rush for the door, and crashed into Mr. Quelch.

The Remove-master staggered back into the passage.

"What—what is that? Is that Bunter? Bunter—"

But Billy Bunter did not stop to listen. He was speeding down the passage, to seek safety in the regions below.

Mr. Quelch murmured something under his breath.

"Close that window, and draw the curtains, Wharton," he said. "Keep well away from the window."

"Yes, sir."

The juniors sat about on the beds and waited.

The booming of the guns could still be heard; but there was no sound of exploding bombs, though their ears were strained to hear it.

An hour passed, and most of the juniors turned in again. The guns had died away, and the Zeppelin could not be heard. It was cold sitting up in pyjamas.

Wingate of the Sixth came in at last.

"You can go to sleep, you kids," he announced. "There's been a telephone call from Wapehot. The Zeppelin's driven off!"

"Hooray!"

"They think it's been hit," said the captain of Greyfriars. "It buzzed off with its nose down. Anyway, it's cleared off over the North Sea. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Wingate!"

The Removites had turned in, but they were too excited to think of sleep. Billy Bunter had not returned, and Wingate had not noticed his absence in the darkness.

"That fat duffer's skulking downstairs somewhere!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I hope he finds it nice and warm in the cellar!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is Fishy here? Fishy—Fishy?"

There was no reply from Fisher T. Fish. The Yankee junior was evidently gone, too.

The two funks of the Remove had doubtless hidden themselves in some remote corner, and were unaware of the fact that the danger was past.

"That was a spy making light-signals on the Pike," Squiff observed. "It looks as if Temple was right, and the man got away from the pool, you fellows. It's most likely the same man!"

"Most likely," agreed Wharton. "They may have bagged him to-night. We shall hear in the morning. All the more reason why we should bag him if they haven't!"

"We'll put a stop to his giddy signalling!" said Bob Cherry. "We may be able to pick up his trail on the Pike!"

"He may have a hiding-place there," remarked Wharton. "It's odd that the police haven't been able to run him down, when they've known for weeks that he's on the coast. He must be able to lie pretty low!"

"We'll rout him out," said Bob confidently.

The Remove scouts had little doubt of being able to rout out the hidden enemy—at least, if Temple & Co. did not chip in and "muck up" the enterprise. They fell asleep at last, and there were many yawns when the rising-bell aroused them in the summer morning.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as he jumped out of bed. "Fishy and Bunter haven't come back! They've been down all night!"

"Making a night of it!" grinned Squiff.

When the Remove went down, they looked for the two absentees. But Fisher T. Fish and Billy Bunter were not easily found. It was close on breakfast-time when they were unearthed—Bunter in the pantry, and Fisher T. Fish in the coal-cellar.

They came out of their hiding-places looking very sheepish, and shivering in their pyjamas. They made their way to the dormitory to dress under a hail of chaff and laughter.

The juniors were eager to see the morning paper. They learned from it that a Zeppelin had approached the coast in the night, and had been driven off by gunfire. Of the light-signals on the Pike there was no word. But the shots the juniors had heard from the dormitory showed that the spy's presence was known, and that he had been hunted for.

"But they haven't caught him," said Bob Cherry. "It would be mentioned if they'd bagged him. That's our bizney this afternoon."

And all that morning the Removites were thinking of the "bizney" of the afternoon, much to the dissatisfaction of Mr. Quelch, who found them considerably wanting in attention.

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tion at lessons. It was fortunate that the Remove-master did not guess the cause of their inattention, for if Mr. Quelch had been aware of the intended expedition it was very probable that the Remove would have found themselves "gated" for the afternoon. But Mr. Quelch was not aware, and after dinner that day the schoolboy scouts made their preparations in great spirits.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER

Scouts on the War-path!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. gathered in the Close in their scout rig as soon as dinner was over. Three Remove patrols were starting together. Squiff and the Famous Five were the "Eagle" Patrol. Peter Todd was the leader of the "Lambs," and Tom Brown, the New Zealander, led the "Owls." All the scouts were eager for the fray, and keen to get to close quarters with the German spy.

They marched off in high spirits, while Temple & Co. of the Fourth, who were a little slower in getting to business, were still making their preparations. Cecil Temple was leader of the "Cats." A dozen Fourth-Form fellows were going with Cecil Reginald. The Fourth generally were not quite so keen about the spy as the Remove were.

By the time the Cats started the Eagles, Lambs, and Owls were out of sight, on their way to the Black Pike.

It was a sunny summer afternoon, ideal weather for a scout run, and the juniors were prepared to enjoy themselves, though some of them had very strong doubts about falling in with the spy.

The cunning rascal who had baffled the efforts of the police for weeks was not likely to be captured by Boy Scouts—so some of the more modest of the Remove scouts considered.

But the Famous Five had high hopes.

Their scouting runs round and about Greyfriars had made them acquainted with every foot of the country, and they considered that they had a much better chance than the police.

It was certain that the spy had a cunningly-concealed hiding-place, and the fact that he had not been captured showed that it was somewhere that the police had not thought of looking.

The light-signals on the Pike had pretty thoroughly convinced the Famous Five that the German had not been, after all, drowned in the pool. At all events, it was certain that there was a spy in the district, whether it was the same man or not. And Harry Wharton & Co. were strongly inclined to believe that it was the same man.

The scouts arrived at the foot of the Black Pike, and a halt was called.

They regarded the steep hill rather doubtfully. It was a good afternoon's work to climb to the top and descend again.

"We're not going up!" said Wharton decidedly. "We should never pick up his tracks on the rocks. He wasn't on the top, either. He couldn't have climbed it in the dark, unless he can see like a cat. He was about half-way up, I should say; but goodness knows exactly where. Like searching for a needle in a bundle of hay."

"Then where is the esteemed beginefulness?" asked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Must begin somewhere," said Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton wrinkled his brow thoughtfully. Looking for the spy did not seem quite so easy on the spot as it had seemed when planned at Greyfriars.

The scouts waited for orders. Wharton was captain, and it was up to him to give a lead.

"Of course, his hiding-place might be in some den on the Pike," said Harry. "But I don't think it's likely. The police have been looking for him for weeks, it seems, and they're bound to have searched the Pike. It's the most prominent place in this part of Kent."

"I can see you've got an idea in your noddle," said Bob. "Out with it!"

"Well, I think most likely he hides somewhere in the wood. He was making for the old Priory when the soldiers were after him yesterday. He vanished at the pool. I suppose he wasn't heading in that direction simply to get a ducking. It looks to me as if the hiding-place must be somewhere near the pool."

"Right on the wicket!" said Bob.

"But the soldiers searched the Priory," said Johnny Bull. "They searched it from end to end, though he had gone into the pool."

"We can search it again," remarked Nugent.

Wharton shook his head.

"We can search round it," he said.

"For what?"

"Tracks," said Harry quietly. "I believe his hiding-place

must be near that place from the fact that he headed for it when he was chased. He may hide in some hollow bank, or a hollow tree, for all I know; but most likely he'd come out a bit when the coast's clear, and get some air. Then he very likely comes out to communicate with other rascals—most likely he was doing that when the soldiers got on his track yesterday. Well, he can't do it without leaving some sign. That's where we come in."

"Good egg!"

"But if he was drowned, after all?" said Johnny Bull.

"I don't believe he was. He wasn't the first time he disappeared in the pool, so I don't see why he should have been the second time."

"True, O king!"

"Then let's make for the pool," said Squiff. "We've come a long way round."

Somebody was making signals on the Pike last night," said Harry. "If it was the same man we ought to find some tracks between the Pike and the Priory. That's where we make a start."

"And let's pile in," said Dick Rake.

The schoolboy scouts piled in at once.

They scattered to cover a wide extent of ground, and, with the keenness of bloodhounds on the scent, they advanced into the wood from the Pike.

From the road a footpath led to the old Priory ruins, and the juniors followed it, scanning the ground on either side of the path for a good distance, as well as the path itself.

A good many tracks rewarded them, though whether they were the tracks of the German or not there was no telling so far.

They were drawing near to the old Priory when Harry Wharton gave the signal to halt. The Eagles were a little ahead of the rest of the party.

Wharton held up his hand.

"Listen!" he said, in a low voice.

"Somebody's there!" murmured Bob.

There was a sound of brushing in the thickets a dozen yards or so ahead of the juniors. They exchanged quick glances.

Someone was in the wood, forcing his way through the underbrush.

A chance pedestrian would have followed the footpath, of course, and the fact that the unseen stranger was plunging through the thickness of the wood struck the scouts as a suspicious circumstance.

"My hat!" murmured Squiff. "We might come on the chap right here—out to take his constitutional, you know."

There was a faint chuckle from the scouts.

"Shush!" said Wharton, in a low voice. "He's coming in this direction, whoever he is. Lie low, and collar him. If he's somebody else, it won't hurt; and if it's the man we want, why, we want him!"

"Right-ho!"

Word had passed along to the whole party now, and the scouts took cover in a state of considerable excitement.

The brushing in the thickets came nearer. The unknown, whoever he was, was heading directly for the spot where the famous Five had halted.

Quietly and cautiously, the juniors drew out of sight among the bushes, ready to pounce upon the stranger as he came by. They had not forgotten the revolver of Max Pfalz, and they did not mean to give him a chance to use it, if it was he.

Through the parting twigs a figure appeared, and the instant it came within reach there was a springing from all sides of the scouts.

Four or five pairs of hands were laid upon the figure, and it was borne, struggling, to the earth.

The juniors hardly saw it in their excitement, and the stranger certainly did not see them till they piled on him and bore him down.

"Got him!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Hold on!" gasped Wharton.

"We're holding on! Hurrah!"

"Mind his revolver!" yelled Nugent.

"Yarrah!" roared the prisoner. "Help! Rescue, the Fourth! He's got me! Help!"

It was the voice of Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Fourth Form at Greyfriars!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

On the Trail!

"TEMPLE!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Temple! Oh, the ass!"

"That silly ass Temple!"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh. He had seen the prisoner as he was borne down, and had guessed that there was a mistake. The German spy might be in any kind of a disguise, almost, but he was not at all likely to be dressed as a Boy Scout. And Wharton had spotted the scout garb.

"Let him go!" said Harry.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 437.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
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ONE
PENNY.

The Remove scouts released their prize in great disgust. Cecil Reginald sat up, gasping for breath, and blinking at the Removites.

"Oh, it's you!" he stuttered. "You silly asses! I thought that beastly German had got hold of me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you doing here?" demanded Rake.

"I'm looking for the spy, of course, you dummy! I believe I was on the track, too," asserted Temple. "I've found a trail. Oh, here you are!"

A dozen Fourth-Formers came bursting excitedly through the bushes. They had their staves all ready for business.

"Where is he?" roared Fry, with a ferocious glare round.

"Where's the German?"

"Where's the Hun?"

"Where's the Bosche?"

"He ain't here," growled Temple. "It was only these silly fags. They collared me and thought I was the German, the howling idiots!"

"And you thought we were," chuckled Bob.

"What are you Remove fags doing here?" demanded Fry warmly. "Don't tramp round here and muck up the trail."

"Where's the trail?" asked Wharton.

Temple staggered to his feet.

"I was following it," he growled. "I've found a trail—jolly big feet, too—bigger than even Bob Cherry's—"

"Eh? What's that?" growled Bob.

"Bigger than yours," said Temple. "I wish you Remove kids would clear off!"

"Oh, we'll follow the trail for you!" said Squiff. "Let's have a look at it. We've seen nothing of it."

"I've lost it a dozen yards back," said Temple. "I was trying to pick it up again when you silly asses jumped on me. You're jolly well not going to help. Find a trail for yourselves!"

Temple led his merry men back into the wood, and the Fourth-Formers gathered round their trail again, at the point where Temple had lost it. The Remove scouts looked on rather enviously. They had found nothing so far, and Temple had certainly found a trail. In the greensward there were the marks of a large pair of boots, where the ground was clear of bushes.

Temple found the track again, and the Fourth-Form scouts pressed on in great spirits, with triumphant and lofty looks at the Removites.

"Look here! I suppose we're not dead in this act," exclaimed Tom Brown. "Let's mop up those silly asses, and clear them off!"

"Hold on!" said Wharton.

He dropped on his knees to examine the trail the Fourth-Formers were following. The footprints were well marked on the soft soil.

"Big boots, down at heel," said Wharton, as he scanned one particularly well-marked track. "Pretty old boots, jolly out of condition. Looks like a tramp's trail, I should say."

"Might be our man's," said Bob.

Wharton shook his head.

"Tain't his track. There were plenty of his hoof-marks by the pool yesterday, where he stood on the damp ground before plunging in. I didn't take any special notice of them, but I remember they were smaller than this, and his boots were in good condition. Temple's on a false scent."

"They're heading for the Priory," said Squiff, looking after the disappearing Fourth-Formers.

"Let 'em! We'll get round to the pool."

"Right-ho!"

The Remove scouts went on their way. Meanwhile, Temple & Co. were following the trail with great glee. The Removites disappeared in the wood in a different direction. Here and there Cecil Reginald lost the trail, but he found it again, and it led him on towards the ruins of the Priory on the north side, where the ancient entrance was. The pool was on the south.

"We're getting closer," murmured Temple. "You can see the track runs right on to the Priory. It's gone here, where the ground's more stony—but the man went into the Priory right enough."

"Might be there now," whispered Fry.

"Of course he's there now!"

"How do you know?" demanded Scott. "Might be hours and hours since that track was made."

"It jolly well wasn't," said Temple positively. "Fat lot you know about scoutcraft, Scott! If the track wasn't fresh, there'd be some more tracks over it."

"Nobody ever comes this way," said Scott.

"Well, somebody might," said Temple. "Anyway, I'm sure it's fresh."

"But how do you know?" asked Wilkinson.



The wet trail stopped under a big oak a dozen yards from the pool, and no sign of it could be found further. The Australian junior stood looking at the big oak thoughtfully. "May have taken to the trees here—branch to branch," suggested Tom Brown. (See Chapter 9.)

"I do know," said Temple, with an air of finality. "I haven't the slightest doubt that the scoundrel is hiding in the Priory at this minute."

"The chap who made the tracks, you mean? How do you know he's a scoundrel?"

"Ain't a spy a scoundrel, you jabberwock?"

"Yes; but you don't know that it was the spy who made these tracks," said Scott argumentatively. "There are a few other people in Kent, you know."

Some of the scouts chuckled, and Temple gave Scott a withering look.

"That's just like a Scotchman, always arguing," he said. "I suppose you won't believe it's the spy even when we collar him and hand him over to old Tozer? Who's likely to come sneaking along to the Priory, excepting that villain?"

"How do you know he was sneaking along?"

Scott appeared to have quite a thirst for information.

"Oh, don't jaw!" said Temple crossly. "Now, you stay here while I creep ahead. If he's there, I'm going to spot him, and then I'll come back, and we can surround him. We've got to be careful because of his blessed revolver, you know. Wharton says he had a revolver yesterday. Wait here!"

The scouts waited, while Temple crept on towards the ruins with tremendous caution. Some of the scouts grinned while they waited.

But they all looked serious enough about five minutes later, when Cecil Reginald reappeared, his face blazing with excitement.

"Found him?" gasped Fry.

"You bet!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He's in the Priory!" panted Temple. "I crept right in

and saw him. He's lying on the grass, under a tree, as cool as you please. He's got his revolver in his hand all ready while he's resting."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Sure you saw a revolver?" murmured Scott.

"I saw something shiny in his hand," said Temple. "Of course, he'd have the revolver ready. Come on!"

The scouts looked at one another, and looked at Temple. The fact that the scoundrel had a revolver in his hand did not seem, somehow, to entice the heroes of the Fourth forward.

"Well, why don't you come!" said Temple, looking back impatiently.

"Ahem! I—I don't like revolvers," murmured Wilkinson.

"Look here—"

"Suppose we call these Remove chaps?" suggested Fry. "If the beast is armed, it's better to have a crowd to tackle him."

Temple snuffed disdainfully.

"And having those fags saying that we couldn't capture a spy without their help?" he exclaimed. "No jolly fear! I'm not afraid of his revolver, for one. Besides, I think he's asleep!"

The Cats brightened up considerably.

"We'll be on him before he can begin shooting," said Temple confidently. "Rush right on him when I give the

signal, and mop him up! You needn't mind if you hurt him—he's only a Harp. Brain him if necessary! Come on!"

Temple led the way again, and the Fourth-Formers followed him—sincerely hoping that the scoundrel was asleep, and that Temple was mistaken about the revolver.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Another Capture!

WITH bated breath Temple & Co. crept towards the old Priory.

They drew round closer, their breath growing more and more bated.

Where once the great door of the Priory had stood there was a wide, open space, overgrown with thickets on either side round the remains of the massive walls. The sun streamed down cheerily upon the mossy ruins. Silently, with their hearts almost in their mouths, the Fourth-Formers crept in at the doorway. Within, the cracked flagstones were thick with moss and creepers, with here and there a tree or a bush.

There was a gasp from the whole party as they sighted their quarry.

A burly man in rough attire lay under the shade of a tree on his side, his face hidden in his arm. He was motionless, and seemed to be sleeping. There was something in his right hand that gleamed and glittered in the rays of the sun. All the juniors could see on his face was the end of a ragged beard.

"There he is!" whispered Temple, in a thrilling whisper.

"Fast asleep, by gum!" murmured Scott.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Come on, and don't make a row! Surround him. If he

looks like waking, rush on him at once, and pin him down!" whispered Temple.

The scouts advanced on tiptoe to the attack.

As they drew nearer they discovered that the bright object in the ruffian's hand was not a revolver, but a bottle. They breathed a little more freely as they observed it. Of course, they weren't afraid of a revolver; but—but it had rather weighed on their minds, somehow.

Closer and closer they crept.

Suddenly the man made a movement. Perhaps some sound had awakened him, in spite of the great caution of the Fourth Form scouts. He sat up and gave a tremendous yawn.

He hadn't quite time to finish the yawn. Although it was not a revolver in his hand, the scouts did not doubt that he could produce one at a moment's notice, and they did not give him time.

As if moved by the same spring, they leaped upon the ruffian, and in a second he was struggling under a swarm of excited juniors.

The surprised man uttered a gasping roar, and began to struggle furiously.

"Hold him!" yelled Temple. "Pin him down! Yarooch!"

The victim was hitting out, and Temple had caught a set of hard knuckles with his nose. Temple sat down. But the ruffian was securely pinned down by the rest.

Indeed, there were so many scouts piling on him that it was a wonder that the unfortunate scoundrel was not crushed as flat as a pancake.

"The rope, quick!" panted Fry.

"Hold his hand! Mind his revolver!"

"Elp!" yelled the prisoner. "Perlice! 'Elp!"

"We'll give you help, you spying villain!" said Dabney.

Three or four pairs of hands dragged the prisoner's wrists together, and Dabney slid the cord over them and pulled it tight. Temple & Co. had come prepared to take a prisoner. Dabney knotted the cord and wound it again round the thick wrists, and knotted it again. Then the gasping juniors rose from their victim, and surrounded him in a gleeful crowd. Temple rubbed his nose thoughtfully; it was streaming red. But the spy was a prisoner!

"Got him!" said Temple triumphantly. "What did I tell you? What will those Remove kids say when they hear of this?"

"Hurrah!" chortled Fry.

"I suppose it really is the spy?" said Scott. Scott was a long-headed youth, and he really seemed to be understudying Doubting Thomas that afternoon.

"Really the spy?" snorted Temple. "Don't you know a spy when you see one, you ass?"

"Well, I've never seen one, you know."

"You can see one now. Look at his face—look at the wickedness and treachery in every feature!" said Temple.

"More beer than anything else," said Scott.

"I tell you I'd know the man was a spy anywhere; he's got the face of a scoundrelly Hun!" snorted Temple.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 457.



"Got him!" gasped the sergeant. "Surrender, you scoundrel!" Without even a look behind, the German threw up his hands and plunged headlong into the pool. (See Chapter 2.)

"There's villainy in every line of it—spying and treachery written all over his face!"

"You young warmint!" roared the prisoner, finding his voice at last. The tussle had left him breathless. "Wotcher up to? Wot's the little game? Wotcher tied up my 'ands for? I'll smash yer!"

"Hallo! He speaks English!" grinned Scott.

"Of course he does," said Temple. "All German spies speak English. It's no good jawing, my man—we've got you. I'm sorry, in a way, as I suppose it's rather unpleasant to be shot, but you've brought it on yourself. Why didn't you stay in Germany?"

"Germany!" gasped the prisoner, blinking dazedly at Temple. "You're mad—that's wot you are. Untie my 'ands, or I'll 'ave the law on yer!"

"They speak English," murmured Scott. "But not that kind of English. What's your name, my man?"

"Which my name's Bill 'Iggs, and I'll 'ave the lor of yer!" roared the prisoner. "Are you goin' to untie my 'ands, or are you not? I know you, you young rips! You belong to Greyfriars, and I'll go to your 'eadmaster about this 'ere lark!"

The Fourth Form scouts looked doubtfully at Temple. Temple coughed.

"Of course, it was possible that a very cunning German spy might attempt to pass himself off as a common or garden tramp. But even Temple was beginning to think that this tramp was remarkably like the genuine article.

Bill Higgs was sitting up, his beery face crimson with fury, struggling wildly to wriggle his hands loose from the cord. But Dabney had done his work well, and the unfortunate Mr. Higgs could not get loose. It was perhaps fortunate for the

enterprising scouts that he could not. There would certainly have been assault and battery on the spot.

The tramp struggled to his feet at last, with his hands still bound. He glared at Temple & Co. as if he would eat them.

"I'm goin' to Greyfriars like this 'ere!" he said. "I'm goin' to your 'eadmaster! I'll see whether a honest workin' man is goin' to 'ave larks played on 'im when he takes a little snooze arter a 'ard day's work!"

And the tramp started.

The juniors exchanged doubtful glances. Even Temple had to admit that this couldn't possibly be Max Pfalz the spy. The scouts of the Fourth were not at all inclined to take their prisoner to the police-station in Friardale and hand him over to Mr. Tozer. That part of the programme had to be "scratched."

"We—we've made rather a mistake, I think!" stammered Temple at last.

"You have, you mean!" said Scott unpleasantly.

"I—I say, my man!" called out Temple desperately. Temple shivered to think of what would happen if this rough customer presented himself at Greyfriars with his hands bound and a tale of woe. Temple's palms tingled at the prospect. "I say, don't cut up rusty. We took you for somebody else."

"We'll see wot your 'eadmaster 'as to say about this 'ere!" said Mr. Higgs savagely. "I'll show yer! Young war-mints!"

"I say, if—if five bob would make it all right!" stuttered the unhappy captain of the Fourth.

Mr. Higgs calmed down considerably. But he still looked ferocious.

"Five bob be blowed!" he snorted. "I been assaulted and battered. I been attacked by a gang of young 'ooligans—me, a 'ard-workin' man! I'm goin' to your 'eadmaster, and we'll see—"

"Go, and be hanged!" growled Temple.

"Here, hold on!" said Wilkinson. "I don't want a licking, if you do, Temple. Make it ten bob, and we'll have a whip round for the other five."

Temple granted, and the Fourth Form scouts turned out their pockets. Mr. Higgs was released, and the ten shillings were handed over. Mr. Higgs received it with considerable satisfaction, snorted, and started off through the wood. If the scouts of the Fourth had wanted to trail him further, they would not have been put to the trouble of picking up his tracks. Mr. Higgs was making a "bee-line" for the Cross Keys.

After he was gone the scouts looked expressively at Cecil Reginald Temple. Cecil Reginald was pink.

"What sort of a blithering idiot do you call yourself, Temple?" asked Scott, still apparently in an inquiring mood.

"We—we're not done yet," said Temple, unheeding the question. "It's a good time yet to calling-over. Let's—"

"I'm going home to tea," said Wilkinson.

"Same here!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Look here," urged Temple, "we've done nothing so far, and there's a spy still knocking round somewhere—"

"Let him knock," said Fry; "I'm off!"

And the scouts, quite fed up with their doings for the afternoon, started off. Temple followed them, frowning. As they followed the footpath through the Friardale Road they almost ran into a burly man who was hurrying along the path. He started back at sight of the juniors, plunged into the trees, and disappeared.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Fry, in amazement. "Who's that? What's he dodging us for like that?"

Temple gave a shout.

"It's the man!"

"Oh, rot!"

"I tell you it is!" shouted Temple. "He looked like a German. What did he dodge for, if he's not afraid of being seen? After him!"

Temple started at a run on the track of the stranger, who was hurrying through the thick wood. The scouts hesitated a moment or two, and then dashed after him. It really looked as if they had come on something at last. They soon had proof. A loud, savage voice rang through the trees.

"Back! Back, or I shall shoot!"

Temple & Co. halted suddenly. They instinctively threw themselves flat on their faces. There was a crash in the thickets as the man fled again. Temple sat up, his face very pale.

"It's him!" he said breathlessly and ungrammatically.

"Let's get away!" muttered Fry. "We—we'll go and tell old Tozer. I'm blessed if I like revolvers!"

"Rats! We—we can't exactly tackle him, perhaps, but we can follow his track, and find out where he hides," said Temple. "I'm going, anyway."

The sound of the German's footsteps had died away. Somewhat reassured by that circumstance, the Fourth Form scouts followed Temple as he picked his way through the trees. They were undoubtedly on the track of the spy at last—but they were very, very doubtful as to whether they quite wanted to come up with him.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Baffled Again!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. had not been losing time. They had reached the pool, under the shadow of the old south wall of the ruined Priory, and they were industriously searching for "sign."

That the spy's hiding-place was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the lonely pool seemed quite probable, if not certain. The soil was damp and soft, and very receptive of footprints. The Rover scouts had high hopes of finding "sign" among the bushes and willows that surrounded the dark pool.

It was Squiff who made the first discovery. The vicinity had evidently not been visited since the chase of the German spy the previous day. The juniors found many of their own tracks still imprinted in the soil by the margin of the pool.

The Australian junior was on his knees by the edge of the water, when he called out excitedly to the scouts:

"Sign!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered round at once. From the Black Pike to the pool they had found nothing, so far.

Squiff was examining the deep dent of a boot on the very edge of the water. The boot had sunk well into the damp soil, and its imprint was left clear and distinct. Another print was close to it, and another, and another, leading away from the pool, and finally being lost in the harder ground among the trees.

"That's not a soldier's boot, or one of ours," said Harry Wharton, bending over the track. "It's the same as the rotter left yesterday on the bank before he took his plunge."

"On the giddy track at last!" said Bob Cherry.

"Jolly queer," remarked Vernon-Smith. "That track leads away from the pool, and I don't see a track leading towards it!"

The scouts scanned the trail in wonder.

The well-marked footprints led directly away from the dark, sullen waters. Harry Wharton scanned the wide, deep pool with searching eyes. All round it the bushes and

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the willows grew, in the shallows, and overhanging the water.

"It's queer," said Squiff. "Looks as if the man hid in the pool somehow, and got out later. Must have been skulking under the willows."

"But we were searching here for a good hour after he jumped in yesterday," said Nugent.

"Well, you missed him."

"But there were half-a-dozen Tommies, and they searched, too," said Wharton, utterly perplexed. "They routed out every bush all round the pool."

"If that's his track, he got out again," said Squiff. "But the queer thing is that this track was made to-day, not yesterday. You can see that it's fresher than the old tracks about here. It's wet, too, showing that the chap's boots had been in the water. I'll bet you it's only a few hours, at most, since this track was made."

"But the Hun couldn't have stayed in the water all night!" hooted Bob.

"Not likely. Perhaps he's been chased again, and dodged into the pool, the same as before."

"Perhaps! In that case, there's some hiding-place among the willows where he can lie low," said Harry.

"Looks like it."

"Anyway, let's follow this track and see what comes of it," said Squiff. "It seems to be lost in the trees here, but we may pick it up again."

The scouts, puzzled by the strange discovery, entered upon the search with zest. But it was in vain that they sought further traces. The wet trail stopped under a big oak a dozen yards from the pool, and no sign of it could be found further. The Australian junior stood looking at the big oak thoughtfully.

"May have taken to the trees here—branch to branch," suggested Tom Brown.

Squiff nodded.

"May have," he said. "But—but I've been thinking. The chap had wet boots as far as this tree and no further—not a trace of damp past it. I'm jolly well going to examine this tree."

Squiff clambered up the stout trunk, and swung himself into the branches. The scouts watched him, wondering what was in his mind. There was a sudden chirrup of glee from the Australian junior above.

"Good egg!"

"What have you found, Squiff?"

"The tree's hollow."

"By Jove!"

"The man isn't there?" shouted Bob.

"No; but something's here!" said Squiff. "There's a bundle shoved into the hollow trunk. I'll jolly well have it out in a jiffy."

The scouts were thrilling with excitement now. Squiff was busy in the tree for some minutes, and then a bundle dropped to the grass among the scouts, and Squiff clambered down.

The scouts eagerly dragged the bundle open and examined it.

It was a complete suit of clothes, rolled up round a pair of boots. A glance was enough to show that the boots had made the track they had followed from the pool to the hollow oak.

"He's left his clothes here!" gasped Bob Cherry. "My only hat! He can't have started in life in Adam's rig-out, surely."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fathead!" said Squiff. "He's changed his clothes here. He came out of the pool soaking in water, and he changed his clothes and hid the wet things in the hollow tree."

"But what did he put on?"

"Dry clothes, of course."

"Where the merry thunder did he get them?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"He had 'em ready in the tree."

"It's getting clearer," said Wharton, with a nod. "It's jolly certain now that the rotter wasn't drowned yesterday."

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

He hid in the pool, and got out after we were gone. He knows this place like a book, of course. I dare say he got his information all ready before the war."

"These clothes have been in the water to-day," said Squiff quietly. "They're still wringing wet. He's got a hiding-place somewhere in the pool—under the willows, I suppose."

"But he can't have stayed in water for twenty-four hours."

"No, by Jove, he can't! It beats me!" confessed Squiff.

"We've made a discovery, anyway," said Bob. "We've got his clobber. And this shows that he isn't in his hiding-place now. He's gone out."

"I dare say he's got lots of business out of doors," grinned Squiff. "He has other things to do besides showing light-signals from the Pike at night. I dare say he knows something about the fire at the munition works at Courtfield the other day. And you remember the main railway-line was found damaged last week, only ten minutes before a troop-train was to pass. I dare say this Johnny could tell us how it was done."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Wharton. "But what beats me is, how he could have hidden in the pool. I tell you we searched every inch of the bank."

"I suppose the beast couldn't have stayed under water," said Nugent. "It's a giddy mystery!"

Squiff held up his hand suddenly

"Hark!"

"Some of the Fourth Form asses!" growled Johnny Bull, as a rapid rustling was heard in the wood.

The juniors heard a sound of panting breath. Someone was running hard towards the pool. The runner burst into sight suddenly, and the Remove scouts gave a yell.

"There he is!"

"The German!" shouted Bob.

"Collar him!"

The scouts rushed at the man. He swerved a little, and ran for the pool, with quick presence of mind, though undoubtedly taken by surprise by the sudden sight of the scouts.

"After him!"

The German was evidently making for the pool, and the scouts tore after him. They had forgotten his revolver, and indeed the weapon would not have served the spy against nearly a score of assailants. Bob Cherry's staff was nearly touching the rascal as he reached the pool and plunged headlong into the water without a second's hesitation.

Splash!

Bob halted with his boots in the water, panting.

"Watch for him!" he yelled.

The ripples spread on the pool where the German had dived out of sight. They died away, and the juniors watched the surface eagerly.

But the German's head did not rise to view.

He had disappeared!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

No Luck!

THERE was silence for some minutes.

The Remove scouts stared at the pool in wonder and amazement.

Max Fals had vanished under the dark waters, and he had not reappeared. Was he drowned? The scouts did not believe so for a moment. He had disappeared under the water, as he had disappeared the previous day—and on still another occasion, as Temple of the Fourth had learned from P.-c. Tozer.

On the first occasion the pool had been searched for the body, but the body had not been recovered, naturally.

"He's hiding somewhere, somehow!" exclaimed Wharton at last. "He's swum under water somewhere—blessed if I know where!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes somebody after him!" exclaimed Bob. "Temple, by Jove!"

Temple of the Fourth came cautiously through the bushes. He stared at the Removites, and joined them breathlessly.

"Have you seen him?" he exclaimed. "We were after him."

"Yes. He's dived."

"Hasn't he come up?"

"No!"

"Then we've got him!" said Temple, with great satisfaction. "All we've got to do is to surround the pool and collar him when he gets out. He can't use his beastly pistol after being in the water."

"He won't get out while we're here," said Wharton, with

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a shake of the head. "He's got some weird sort of a hiding-place."

"Oh, rot! He's not a fish, I suppose," said Temple. "Come on, you fellows." The Fourth-Form scouts were arriving now. "He's in the water, and we've got him. Surround the pool, and beat the bushes!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

The Remove scouts joined Temple & Co. in the search.

For a couple of hours they searched the shore of the pool, scanning every foot of ground, examining the willows, thrusting their staves into every bush a dozen times over.

But they did not discover the German.

If they could believe the evidence of their own eyes, the man had not emerged from the waters of the pool.

Yet how he could have remained in the water, and under the water, and lived, was a mystery they could not fathom.

The scouts were baffled and bewildered.

"He must really be drowned this time," said Temple at last. "He hasn't got out, and he can't live under water like a fish."

"It was the same yesterday," said Wharton.

"Oh, he dodged you yesterday!" said Cecil Reginald, with his superior smile. "He hasn't dodged us, though. He's done for! We'd better report this at the police-station."

"I suppose there's nothing more to be done here?" remarked Scott. "Are you going to report both captures, Temple?"

"Oh, rats!" said Temple crossly.

The Fourth Form scouts marched off, tired and somewhat disappointed.

"I suppose we may as well be clearing," remarked Bob Cherry. "I'm getting hungry, for one. Past tea-time."

"Hold on a minute," said Wharton. "Let's have a look in the ruins."

"But he couldn't have got in there without our seeing him."

"It's impossible," said Squiff. "He'd have to pull himself out of the water, and climb over that wall. It couldn't be done."

"Let's have a look, all the same."

"Oh, all right!"

The Remove scouts moved round the pool and entered the old Priory. Harry Wharton climbed on the massive remains of the wall that bordered the pool. The old stones were laved by the dark waters. That the German could have escaped that way seemed impossible. But Wharton evidently had some idea in his mind. He examined the old wall with the minutest care. He tapped it here and there with his staff, as if in search of a hollow.

"What the dickens are you looking for?" asked Bob. "That wall's as solid as the cliffs."

"Perhaps!"

"Well, it feels solid enough," said Bob, stamping on it. "And the giddy Hun can't have climbed over it without our seeing him. Why, it's a dozen feet or more above the water!"

Wharton nodded.

"The game's up!" he agreed. "Let's get off. We'd better take that wet clobber to the police-station, and tell them what we've found."

"Yes, I suppose so."

The scouts gave it up at last. The disappearance of the German was amazing, but it was evident that there was "nothing doing." The general opinion was that the Hun had really been drowned at last.

Police-constable Tozer, at Friardale police-station, was astonished when the scouts brought in the German's clothes, and explained the discovery in the hollow tree. Mr. Tozer was strongly inclined to think that it was a little joke of the Removites. He knew them of old as extremely humorous young gentlemen.

Harry Wharton & Co. were tired and hungry when they came back to Greyfriars, and they were only just in time for locking-up.

Billy Bunter greeted them when they came in with a reproachful blink.

"I say, you fellows, I've been waiting for you," he said. "I've been anxious about you, you know, and I haven't had my tea."

"Go and have it now!" grunted Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'm going to have tea with you! I've been disappointed about a postal-order," explained Bunter.

"You'll be disappointed about a tea, too."

"Ahem! I'll tell you what," said Bunter. "You haven't caught the spy, I suppose? Well, I'll come with you next time, if you like. With my knowledge of scoutcraft I dare say we can do the trick. If you like to take a good lunch next time, I'll come. I can't say fairer than that. Yaroo!"

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Keep that beastly staff away, you silly ass! You've nearly punctured me!"

Harry Wharton was looking very thoughtful during tea. An idea was working in his mind; but it was so strange, so bizarre, that he hesitated to confide it to his chums.

"Get it off your chest!" said Bob Cherry suddenly.

"I—I've been thinking," said Harry. "But it seems so jolly thick. Look here! Are you fellows game for a little excursion to-night?"

"Out of bounds?"

"Yes."

"Any old thing," said Bob. "But what's the programme?"

"If there's lights on the Pike to-night, we'll go," said Harry. "I'll stay awake and watch. That's all."

"Not much good tackling him on the Pike," said Nugent doubtfully. "It's too jolly big a place for a search in the dark. And there was shooting there last night. We don't want to stop one of the bullets, you know."

Wharton shook his head.

"That isn't the idea. But when the spy is showing light-signals on the hill he can't be in his hiding-place. That's the time to look for the hiding-place—when we're sure he's not there. If we could find it—"

"The if-fulsness is terrific," murmured Hurree Singh.

"If we could find it, we could wait there for him to come back and collar him on the spot. That's what I've been thinking."

"And you've got an idea about the hiding-place?"

"I think I have." Wharton rose from the tea-table. "I'm going to the library now."

"What the dickens for?"

"There's a plan of the old Priory there. You remember a gang of archaeologists came down there once, a long time back, and examined the place. It was before I came to Greyfriars, but I have heard about it. There was a party of the old johnnies, and they made a report for some archaeological society. There's a copy of the report in the library as well as the old plan of the Priory; you know, it belonged to Greyfriars a few hundred years ago. I'm going to look at both."

And Wharton left the study.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Out of Bounds!

THERE was some suppressed excitement at Greyfriars as bed-time drew near.

The fellows were all wondering whether there would be any more Zeppas.

The Zeppelin the previous night had been driven off by gunfire, and they wondered whether the enemy would return. It was probable that the light-signals on the Pike had been intended to enable the air-raider to avoid the coast batteries, but the close watch that was being kept had interrupted the spy. The Remove fellows were not very nervous, but some of them put on an air of extreme gravity for the humorous purpose of scaring Bunter and Fisher T. Fish.

Fishy and Bunter went to bed in a state of fear and trembling. Fisher T. Fish was indignant as well as alarmed, for, as a "nutral," he considered that the Huns had no right to drop bombs on his Transatlantic head. He assured the Removites that if he should be damaged the American Eagle would begin to scream, and that Humland would be simply bombarded with Presidential Notes.

"That's where our blockade's no good," remarked Bob Cherry. "The Huns are running short of everything but wastepaper; but they'll never run short of that so long as these cargoes of Notes are allowed to pass the blockade."

Whereat Fisher T. Fish snorted.

Harry Wharton did not close his eyes. He had a plan formed in his mind—if the light-signals were seen again on the Pike.

After a hard day with the scouts, it was not easy for the captain of the Remove to remain awake; but he contrived it. He was dozing when midnight rang out from the clock-tower, and he started up.

It was a clear, fine night, and moonlight glimmered down on the old school—a real Zeppelin night.

The captain of the Remove left his bed, and dressed, and watched from the window.

In the moonlight he could see the dim shape of the Pike in the far distance. It lay a black mass against the sky.

The rest of the Remove were sleeping soundly. With grim patience Wharton kept up his watch.

His vigil was rewarded at last. Suddenly, from the dimness of the Pike, a flash of white light shot into the sky.

It was followed by another, and another.

Wharton's heart beat faster.

It was the spy's signal.

Darkness followed the flashes. Harry Wharton hurried away from the window. In a few minutes he had awakened his chums.

Bob Cherry and Nugent, Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull, and Sampson Quincy Illey Field, turned out of bed.

"The lights?" asked Bob.

"Yes! Look from the window!"

"Dark as the inside of a hat," said Squiff, looking out.

"I saw the lights! The man's there, right enough. It's time we got off," said Harry. "If you fellows would rather not—"

"Rats! We're ready."

"Don't wake the others fellows!"

The juniors dressed quickly in the darkness, their hearts beating fast. Breaking bounds at night was a risky proceeding, and would lead to serious trouble with the Head if it was discovered.

And if there was a Zeppelin raid, and the school was awakened, the absence of the six juniors was certain to be discovered.

But Wharton had resolved to take the risk, and his chums were ready to back him up.

They left the dormitory quietly, and quitted the house by way of the lower box-room window at the back. In a few minutes they were scudding across the Close, and they dropped from the school wall one after another into the road.

Each of the juniors had taken some weapon with him—a cricket-stump or a thick stick. They knew that there might be danger, though they hardly realised how serious it might be.

They scudded quickly down the lane, and turned into the footpath through the wood towards the Priory.

As they quitted the lane, Wharton raised his hand and pointed towards the distant Pike.

"Look!" he muttered.

Lights were flashing again from the slope of the hill. Again they ceased, and darkness enwrapped the Pike.

"The rotter's there!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Either the Zepp's coming, or the rotter thinks it may be coming," said Wharton. "We shall cut him off from the pool, anyway, as he's on the Pike now."

"We might collar him," remarked Squiff. "But if he jumps in and vanishes as he did before, it leaves us where we were."

"Not if we're in his hiding-place ready for him," said Wharton quietly. "That's what I've got in my mind. I've been over the plan, and the report of those archaeological chaps. And I've found out something. There were six of the archaeological party, and one of them was a German. His name's in the report—Otto Bramberg."

"What does that prove?" asked Nugent.

"It proves that if there's a secret in the old Priory, very likely a German nosed it out," said Harry. "It's well known that Germans were spying in England for ten years before the war, getting information ready. This coast is the place where they'd take most trouble. That German archaeologist years ago was most likely a spy; he may even have been this fellow Pfalz under another name. That would account for his knowing all about this district."

"Likely enough."

"And what about the plan of the Priory?" asked Bob.

"Anything in that?"

"Yes. There's a doorway marked in the old wall by the pool. You've noticed that the wall's ten feet thick there. It looks as if there was a room in it, cut out of the thickness of the wall. Those old buildings were full of secret places. It may have been the place where the monks kept their treasures, or their wine-cellar, perhaps."

"That's jolly queer," said Bob. "I've been over the place often enough, and I've never seen any opening in the wall."

"It's covered up now; part of the wall has tumbled down, and it's blocked up with stones and bricks. That plan was made in the Eighteenth Century, when the Priory was in a much better state of repair. That old doorway has been out of sight under piles of rubbish for a hundred years or more."

"My hat! Then the German can't have used it."

"Not from the Priory side. But suppose he's seen the plan, and knows it's there, and a room hidden in the thickness of the wall?" said Wharton. "Suppose there's another opening—into the pool?"

"Under water?"

"Yes."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"That's my idea," said Wharton quietly. "I know it sounds rather thick. But it's the only way to explain the German disappearing in the pool. He can't stay under water and live. He couldn't have got out without being seen. I believe there's some opening in the old wall under water—"

"My hat!"

"He swims to it under water, and enters, and gets into the hidden room. That's above the level of the lake," said Harry. "There's some passage from the room down to the lake level, and under it. The opening's covered with water, of course, and it would need a swimmer with a good nerve to enter that way. But that fellow's got plenty of nerve. And you couldn't think of a safer hiding-place."

"But—but then he would have to swim every time he comes out into the open!" exclaimed Bob.

"Exactly. That accounts for the tracks we found to-day, leading away from the pool, with none leading towards it; and the wet clothes in the hollow tree. He comes up from the pool, changes his clothes, and leaves the wet clobber in the hollow oak, when he has to go out on his spying bizney. He changes back into them when he has to dive to get back to his den—unless there's somebody after him, as has happened three times. Those times he plunged in as he was. But I've no doubt that for weeks past he has been going in and out of that den every day and night. I dare say he has other clothes concealed in other places in the wood, too. We found the bundle in the hollow tree, but most likely there are others."

"By Jove, it really looks as if we've got it at last!" exclaimed Squiff. "But how the dickens are we going to find the place?"

"I'm going to dive where he did," said Harry quietly.

"Great pip!"

"If there's a secret passage ending under the water, I'm going to find it. If I find it, you fellows can follow me in, and we'll be all ready for him when he comes back."

"It's too risky—"

"Blow the risk!"

The juniors tramped on. As they reached the margin of the pool there was a sound of gunfire from the coast. Against the sky bright flashes danced from the direction of the Pike. The spy was still at work.

"Still at it!" muttered Nugent, watching the sky. "And they're after him again; they're firing!"

Harry Wharton was already stripping off his jacket and boots. His chums watched him anxiously.

"Wait here," said Harry.

"For goodness' sake, be careful, old chap!" said Frank Nugent anxiously.



THE STORY BEGINS
"OOH!"



THE GHOST IS
HEARD APPROACHING!
"O WOOOH!"



IT ENTERS THE
ROOM!
"YAR OOOOH!"



WHEN THE "GHOST" TURNS
OUT TO BE A HARMLESS
CAT—"POOH! I KNEW
IT ALL THE TIME!"

A VERY AMUSING CONTRIBUTION SENT IN BY A KEEN READER OF THE "MAGNET."

Our talented young artist is Master T. G. Osborne, of Southsea, Hampshire.

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry
Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"That's all right."

Wharton plunged into the pool. And the juniors, with anxiety tugging at their hearts, watched the ripples spreading and breaking in the moonlight.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Secret!

HARRY WHARTON had disappeared under the shining surface of the pool. The captain of the Remove was a splendid swimmer, and he had taken on his dangerous task with cool intrepidity. With a few strokes he had reached the Priory wall where it frowned down blackly on the moonlit water. Keeping under the water, the swimmer groped his way along the wall where the pool submerged it.

Wharton had thought the matter out carefully; and unless there was an opening in the wall where it extended beneath the water, there was no way of accounting for the disappearance of the spy. Where the German had gone he could go.

For a full minute the captain of the Remove was beneath the surface, groping along the submerged stones.

Then he came up to breathe.

"He's up!" muttered Bob, as Wharton's head appeared on the surface, at a distance from the waiting juniors.

The head disappeared again.

Again and again Wharton came up, but again and again he plunged, seeking the opening he was sure existed.

The juniors watched in silence. And at last, the Remove captain's head did not reappear again. A minute elapsed two minutes—three minutes! The Co. looked at one another with grim, pale faces.

Had Wharton found what he sought, or— The alternative made the juniors shiver! Had he paid for his daring with his life?

Bob Cherry threw off his jacket.

"I'm going in for him!" he muttered.

"He—he might be caught in the weeds, under the water!" muttered Johnny Bull. "But he may have found what he was looking for. Hang it! I wish—"

There was a splash, as Bob Cherry plunged in. He swam to the Priory wall, where Wharton had disappeared.

Meanwhile, where was Harry Wharton?

The captain of the Remove had been groping along the Priory wall, well below the surface, when the solid stone wall seemed suddenly to recede from his hand.

His heart beat faster.

He knew that he had found the opening!

His groping hand felt an arched opening in the wall, filled by the water of the pool. It required an iron nerve to trust himself into the recess, but where the German had gone Wharton did not fear to go. He forced himself into the arch, holding his breath hard.

Blackness was round him.

Not the faintest shadow of moonlight penetrated here. He could see nothing, hear and feel nothing but the buzzing of the waters in his ears.

His lungs seemed on the point of bursting.

Into what death-trap had he ventured? Suppose there was no outlet? Suppose he had been mistaken? But even while the thought flashed into his brain he felt the solid stone above his head no longer there, and he rose, and rose, and his head came above the water's level.

He breathed again.

The darkness was intense. But his head was above water, and he breathed freely. For a full minute he did nothing but draw deep breaths.

Then he swam gently, feeling about him. His hand struck hard, cold stone—his foot struck upon a stone step under the water.

A stone stair was beneath him now.

He dragged himself up the stair, and stood dripping, in darkness. He groped in his trousers-pocket for his electric flash-lamp.

He found it, and drew it out and pressed the button. A ray of bright light penetrated the darkness about him.

Wharton was well on his guard.

There was no doubt now that he had found the secret hiding-place of the German spy. He believed that the man was absent from his den. But it was possible that he was mistaken on that point, and he would not have been surprised to see the savage face glaring at him from the gloom.

He was ready to extinguish the light instantly.

But there was deep silence about him, no movement, no sound. He cast the light round in a circle, and saw that he was alone.

He stood in a little room, evidently formed out of the thickness of the old Priory wall.

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On one side was an ancient doorway from which the door had long fallen away. But the doorway was blocked by huge piles of masonry—the mass of ruins that could be seen from the interior of the Priory.

No gleam of moonlight penetrated through that mass, but there were undoubtedly small openings that could not be seen, for the air in the room was fresh.

Plain signs of recent habitation were to be seen on all sides.

Several large waterproof bags lay in a corner, showing how the German had conveyed the necessities into the hidden room through the water. Doubtless the rascal had made all his preparations there long before the outbreak of war, reserving the hiding-place for use in case of need.

There were several thick rugs on the floor, a small spirit-stove, and piles of tinned meats and biscuits, and cooking utensils.

All that was necessary for camping-out was there, doubtless conveyed, a few articles at a time, by the cunning German long before the time came when he had to put them to use.

A more secure hiding-place could not have been wished. The German might have lain hidden there any length of time.

But for the fact that his nefarious business forced him to leave his den, he could never have been discovered.

Wharton took in his surroundings at a glance.

He did not stop to make any investigations. He knew that his chums must be waiting anxiously for his reappearance.

He set the electric-lamp on the floor, to help as a guide when he returned, and plunged into the water again.

The stone steps led down directly to the opening in the wall; and now that he knew the way it was easy enough to follow it.

He plunged down into the flooded archway, and made his way through into the open pool.

His head struck something as he rose to the surface. It was a swimmer's foot. He came up into the moonlight, and found himself behind Bob Cherry.

Bob gave a gasp of relief at the sight of him.

"Thank goodness!"

"You here, Bob—"

"I thought—perhaps— My hat! I'm jolly glad to see you again!" gasped Bob.

"It's all right, Bob! There's an opening, and I've found it. Get down the wall from here, and you'll find it. I've left the lamp on the other side. The German's not there."

"Right-ho!" said Bob.

Harry Wharton swam back to the spot where the Co. were waiting anxiously.

"All serene!" he called out. "Get your things off and come in. I've found the place!"

"Good egg!"

From the direction of the Pike bright flashes were darting into the sky again. They stripped off jackets and boots, concealing them in the thickets. It was necessary that the German should see nothing to arouse his suspicions when he returned.

Then they plunged into the pool.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Fairly Caught!

HARRY WHARTON led the way. Now that he had explored the route it was easy enough to follow it. The Removites were all good swimmers, and they followed Wharton without hesitation.

After the suffocating plunge through the submerged archway, they came up puffing on the stone steps within the hollow wall.

Bob Cherry was there already.

In the light of the electric lamp the adventurers drew themselves from the water in the hiding-place of the German. They gazed around them in wonder.

"Well, this beats the band!" said Squiff. "The chap couldn't have wanted a better place than this to skulk in. Rather a wet way of going in and out, that's all."

"All the better for him," said Harry. "There wasn't much chance of anybody following him into the pool, but they would have followed him anywhere else."

"Blessed if I know how he found the place, though," said Nugent. "I've explored the Priory lots of times, and never had the least idea of this."

"The spyfulness must have been terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh.

ANSWERS

MAGNIFICENT TUCK-HAMPERS FOR READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND," 1^D. OUT TO-DAY.

"Some Germans know a good deal more of this coast than we do," said Harry. "I've no doubt this fellow Pfalz was the German who came down with the archaeological party years ago. By looking at the plan of the Priory he would know the room was here, just as I did."

"But the opening under the water—"

"That may be mentioned in some of the old records," said Harry. "It's a way of escape the old monks had when they lived here—they needed it in those days, when the Norse pirates used to land on the coast here. Very likely it was a way for getting their treasures into safety if the place was attacked—as it must often have been in those days. The German found some hint of it in the old Latin records, and looked for it, and found it!"

"And got it all ready for hiding in after war came," said Bob. "This is what comes of allowing Huns to potter about the country in peace time."

"And we've bowled him out!" said Squiff gleefully. "I suppose he's bound to come back here sooner or later. Then we'll have him!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"That's the game! There are enough of us to tackle him. He won't be able to use his pistol, either, if we collar him as he comes in. He must keep it in a waterproof case. I should think, when he goes under the water. Or if it's wet it won't be any use. This looks like a win for us."

"Hear, hear!"

"I wish he'd buck up, now we're ready!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I'm feeling rather damp."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He may come any minute, or he mayn't come for hours," said Harry. "We've got to wait for him. But there are towels here, and we can dry ourselves. Better put out the light when we've done that."

"Right you are!"

The room was well supplied with towels; the spy had needed them for his own use. The juniors rubbed themselves warm. Harry Wharton turned off the light.

The blackest darkness reigned.

"Blessed if I shall see him when he comes!" murmured Bob.

"We shall hear him," said Wharton. "He won't have the faintest idea that we're here, of course. He can't see the wet footmarks till he turns on a light. We shall hear him coming through the water."

"And then?"

"Keep quiet till he's right in the place. He's bound to turn on a light then, and then we all jump on him together!"

"Right, O king!"

The Greyfriars juniors waited. Each of them had a stick or a stump, in case it should be needed. They did not intend to stand on ceremony with the German.

An hour passed slowly to the waiting juniors, and another, and yet another. It seemed many hours to the Removees. Two or three of them nodded off as they waited and watched.

But Wharton did not venture to close his eyes. He knew that the German must return to his hiding-place ere long; the early summer dawn would soon be breaking over the woods.

A splash in the water broke the dead silence of the hidden room.

The juniors started into broad wakefulness and watchfulness. But they remembered Wharton's warning, and did not make a movement or utter a sound.

They listened, their hearts beating hard.

Splash! And splash again! Then a sound of feet dragging from the water, and a quick, panting breath.

In the intense darkness they could not see an inch before their faces. But they heard the movements of the new-comer.

The German had returned!

He was within a few yards of them, utterly unsuspecting their presence.

The juniors' hearts thumped like hammers.

There was a sudden gleam of light in the blackness. The German had turned on an electric lamp.

"Ach!" they heard him mutter, and something else in German followed.

Then there was a sudden yell of alarm and affright as the six juniors leaped forward as if moved by the same spring.

For a second the German stood transfixed, glaring at them.

Before he could move the juniors were upon him.

His lamp went to the floor with a crash, and darkness rushed upon them again; but three or four pairs of hands had fastened on the spy, and he was borne to the ground.

He struggled furiously.

Wharton hastily turned on his light and set his pocket-lamp on the floor, and then piled in to the help of his comrades.

The German was struggling desperately under the juniors, who were swarming over him.

They did not use their weapons. The German was down, and they pinned him down by weight and main force.

Johnny Bull had hold of his right wrist with both hands.

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EVERY
MONDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

and he held on like a bulldog. Bob Cherry held his left arm securely.

Squiff planted his knee on the German's chest. Nugent had an arm round his neck from behind. Harree Jannet Ram Singh was across his legs.

Wharton gripped his collar.

"Ach! Mein Gott!" gasped the German. "Mein Gott! Mein Gott!"

"Pin him!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Hold the brute!"

"We've got him!" grinned Johnny Bull. "No good wriggling, you beast! We've got you where your hair is short!"

The spy was still struggling, and pouring out breathless curses in German. But he had no chance against the Removees. The odds were too heavy.

His struggles died away at last in exhaustion.

Then his hands were dragged together, and Bob Cherry produced a cord from his pocket and knotted it round the thick, hairy wrists.

The juniors rose, panting, to their feet. Max Pfalz lay gasping on the floor, exhausted, bound, and helpless, and still muttering maledictions in guttural Hunnish.

"That job's jobbed!" gasped Bob Cherry. "But, I say, how the merry thunder are we going to hand him over?"

"Well, we can tell the police where he is, and leave them to fetch him," said Harry. "Tie up the rotter's feet, too! And we'd better search him for weapons. Can't be too careful with a Hun."

The German kicked as his feet were seized, but his ankles were soon bound together.

A revolver was found upon him, and was promptly tossed into the water. He lay and glared at the juniors with the glare of a captured wild beast.

"No more signalling and Zepping for you, my son!" said Bob Cherry. "This is where you get it in the neck, you know!"

"Ach!"

"Some of us had better watch him while one goes for the hobbies," said Nugent. "He's too slippery a beast to be left alone. They'll have to drag away those piles of rubbish to get him out."

"I'll go," said Harry.

The captain of the Remove plunged into the water and passed through the arch into the pool. As he rose to the surface there was a shout from the shore:

"There he is!"

"He's come up!"

Wharton dashed the water from his eyes. In the moonlight half a dozen khaki-clad figures were moving on the margin of the pool. Wharton understood. Once more the pursuers had tracked the spy to the pool, where he had slipped through their fingers—out of the frying-pan into the fire on this occasion, as it happened.

"Hallo! Don't shoot!" shouted Wharton.

"Surrender, you scoundrel!"

Wharton grinned, and swam to the bank. There were exclamations of astonishment as he landed. The soldiers had naturally taken him for the German when his head appeared on the surface of the lake.

"Who in thunder are you?" exclaimed a burly sergeant.

Wharton smiled.

"Don't you remember me, sergeant? I was with you yesterday when you were looking for the spy."

The sergeant peered at him.

"You're one of the schoolboys?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing here?"

"Capturing your spy for you!" said Wharton coolly.

"What?"

"We've got him—tied up safe and sound," said Harry, enjoying the amazement of the men in khaki.

"Got him!" gasped the sergeant. "Where?"

"In his hiding-place. We found it, and waited for him there."

"Great Scott! And where is that?"

Harry Wharton explained. The sergeant looked at him very keenly.

"That sounds like a cock-and-bull story to me, my lad," he said. "But, by thunder, it explains how the villain got away yesterday! So you tackled him—you, a set of schoolboys—what?"

"There's half a dozen of us," explained Wharton. "The rest are guarding him now. I'll take you to the place, if you'd like a swim."

"H'm!" said the sergeant, who apparently did not want a swim. "Is there no other way in?"

NEXT
MONDAY—

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

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"There's a doorway, blocked up with fallen ruins—it will take a good many hours to clear it," said Wharton.

"Show me the place."

Wharton led the way into the Priory. Ten minutes later he was in the hidden room again by way of the submerged arch, where he found his comrades guarding the prisoner.

"It's all serene!" he announced. "The soldiers are outside. They're going to clear the lumber away and get in by the doorway. We can clear off."

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry. "I shall be sleepy in class to-morrow morning. Well, we've beaten the Fourth, anyway!"

Greyfriars was still sleeping when Harry Wharton & Co. found themselves once more in the Remove dormitory. They turned into bed, and slept like tops till the ringing bell clanged out.

However, the chums of the Remove turned out with the rest. They looked and felt very sleepy at breakfast. As yet they had said nothing of their adventure, but they knew it must come out sooner or later. After breakfast Cecil Reginald Temple came up to the Famous Five in the quad in great excitement, with the "Daily Mail" in his hands.

"Seen the news?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Anything going on?" yawned Bob.

"It's a telegram in the latest news," exclaimed Temple—"second edition of the paper. Just says that the spy is captured, that's all. No particulars."

"Our spy?" grinned Nugent.

"I suppose so; his name's given—Max Piaz. That's the chap," said Temple.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Temple.

But the Removites only cackled, and did not explain.

It was not till the evening papers came that full particulars could be had of the capture of the spy. Then there was a description of his peculiar hiding-place, and of the breaking open of the piled-up doorway, and the finding of the spy in the hidden room.

Shortly afterwards Harry Wharton received a call to Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove-master looked at him very severely as he presented himself.

"Wharton, were you out of bounds last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dr. Locke has received a telephone message from Wapshot Camp. It was a very surprising message. The commanding-officer states that a dangerous spy was captured last night, owing to some boys of this school having discovered his hiding-place."

"That is correct, sir."

"The officer desires his thanks to be conveyed to the boys in question, and expresses great admiration of their conduct," said Mr. Quelch. "Your name was mentioned."

"Oh, sir!"

"Kindly give me all the particulars, Wharton."

Harry Wharton did so, and the Remove-master listened with keen interest.

"I'm sorry we broke bounds, sir," Wharton concluded.

"But, under the circumstances, sir, we felt that—that—"

"I quite understand. I congratulate you and your companions, Wharton, upon having shown great courage, and upon having performed a valuable service to your country."

"Thank you, sir!"

"And you will take two hundred lines each for breaking bounds."

"Oh!" said Wharton.

"You may go, my boy," said Mr. Quelch very kindly.

And Wharton went.

The six juniors did their lines; but they did not mind the lines very much. By that time the whole school knew the story, and they were the heroes of the hour. There were volunteers from the Remove to help with the lines. And when the impots were taken in Mr. Quelch seemed to have lost his usual keenness of vision—at all events, he did not appear to observe the remarkable variety of hands.

Cecil Reginald Temple was a little sore at the success of the Removites; but he confided to Fry and Dabney that if the Hun hadn't been laid by the heels, he—Cecil Reginald—would certainly have laid him by the heels very shortly, in which Fry and Dabney heartily concurred. But whatever Temple & Co. might or might not have done, the Remove took all the credit for the capture of the elusive Hun who had been so successfully "Run to Earth."

THE END.

(Do not miss "MONSIEUR WIBLEY!" next Monday's Grand Story of the Chums of Greyfriars, by FRANK RICHARDS.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 437.

MAGNIFICENT TUCK-HAMPERS FOR READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND," 1D. OUT TO-DAY.

BRIEF REPLIES

To Readers of THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY.

"Two East Ham Readers."—Correspondence Exchange closed.

J. R. P. (Bootle).—Imaginary.

Jimmy H.—Herbert Vernon-Smith, David Morgan. I don't know Flynn's Christian name. Skinner, Stott, and Snoop are the worst characters in the Remove. Bokover major is a bully. Treluce and Trevor might be better, and there are also Fisher T. Fish and the great Bunter.

"Loyal Reader" (Balham).—Cannot say for certain, but I think Talbot might prove a shade superior to Russell in a boxing contest.

L. C. W. (Newport, Mon.) finds only one fault with my papers—that the stories are not long enough! But they never could be for some readers, I think.

"Nil Desperandum" (Scarborough).—But they are! The Fleetway House is a very big building, you know, and there is room for a good many papers' offices within its walls.

C. G. C. (Belfast).—Some simple physical exercises, done regularly, and some running every day would improve your physique and your wind.

H. K. (Birmingham).—Wynn is not related to Bunter, and would not be at all proud of it if he were. Glad to hear your mother likes the "Magnet."

"Thistleite."—You may see this, exams. and teachers permitting, or you may not. Anyway—thanks! If you are not an absolutely regular reader, you are at least an enthusiastic one.

"An Interested Reader."—As a rule, twenty-six "Magnets" or "Gems" go to the volume. But the last volume of the "Magnet" was allowed, for private reasons, to run on all through the year. You should be able to get your copies plainly bound for somewhere about two shillings.

"Scout."—No, I don't! Harry Wharton & Co., and the Cliff House girls as men and women, you suggest. And after that? Pair them off, I suppose, and start with a new set of characters? But what for?

F. B. A. (Arnold).—The "Magnet" was first published early in 1908.

"Hardy and Loyal Magnetite" (Indiana, U.S.A.).—If you will send your name, I will let you have a dozen or so copies of the paper for distribution. Your verses are not great. Do they usually speak that way in the "Yewnted States"? Never mind, old pard; I am grateful for your readiness to help.

"The Spider."—(1) I don't know, but it does not sound likely. (2) Sixteen.

C. W. F. W. (Southwick).—I don't know of any Brighton boys at either St. Jim's or Greyfriars. Wun Lung's brother has not gone; he is still at school. Sketch, fair to middling.

"Australian Reader" (Northcote).—Sorry! You cannot do as you wish, because the place you name is quite imaginary.

"Irish."—Will speak to Mr. Richards on the Micky Desmond subject.

G. E. (Manchester).—Fiction.

T. O. (London, W.C.).—Thanks for photos. Will use with pleasure.

W. J. R. (Australia).—About 200 boys at Greyfriars. Dr. Locke has been Head for ten or twelve years, at least.

S. C. (Norwich).—Glad you liked the contents of the Tuck Hamper. Your brother will know better another time.

W. O. (Richmond).—But Inky and Nugent have not been fighting! How can I tell you the result? Bunter's postal-order will cause a shock throughout Greyfriars when it does arrive.

Miss G. D., who has lost Miss L. B.'s address, would be glad to hear from her again. Will other readers please note that the Correspondence Exchange has not been reopened? These young ladies were in correspondence before.

Will any of our readers who have back numbers to spare send them along to Private J. G. Benson, 2046, R. Ward, County of London War Hospital, Epsom? Private Benson, just back wounded from the Dardanelles, would also be glad of correspondence.

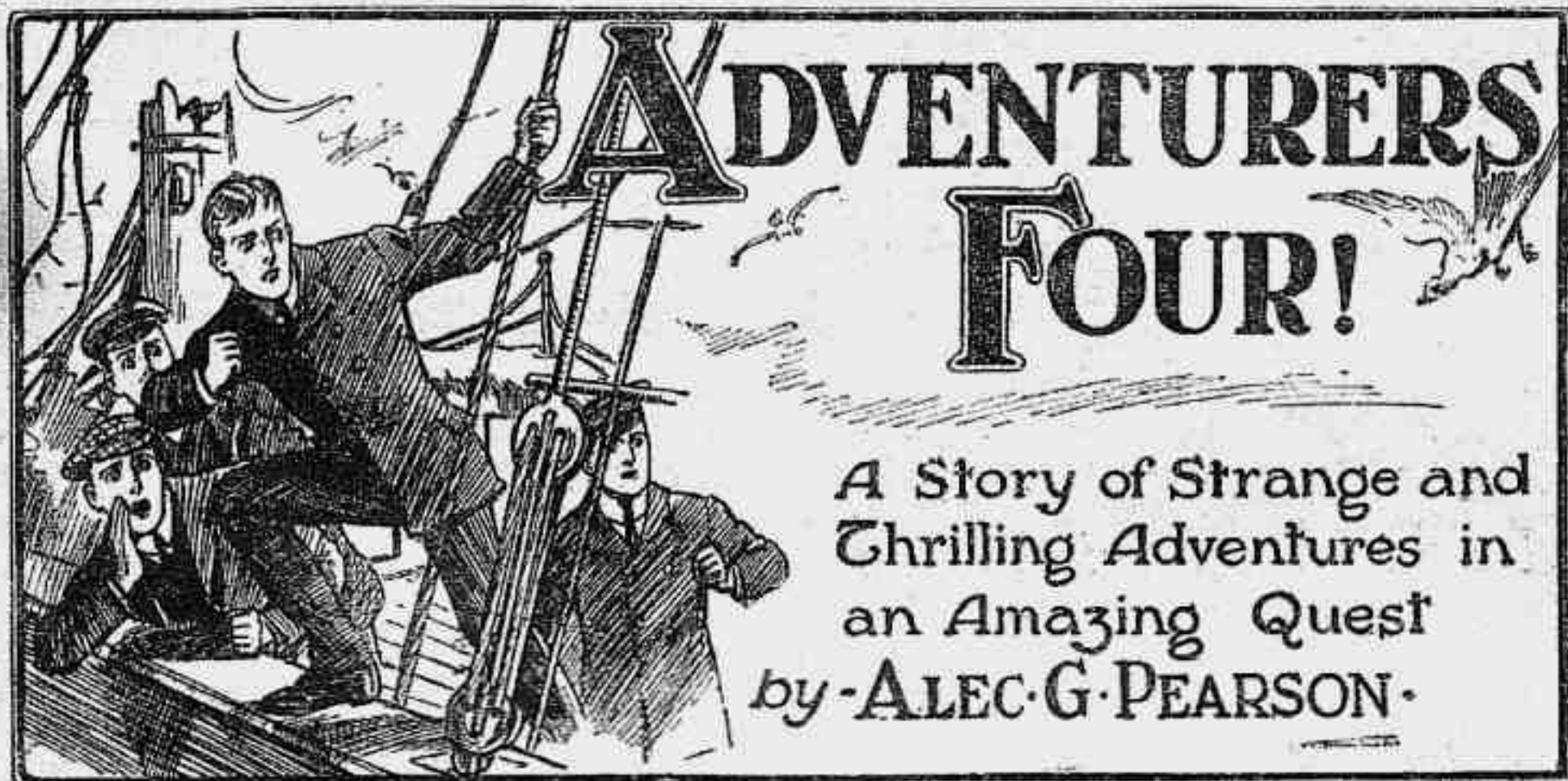
C. S. (Edgbaston).—(1) Shell is higher than Fourth. (2) Wynn has no recognised understudy. He never seems to be ill. (3) Sorry, but I can't.

E. R. G. (Acton Green).—Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Bull, and Hurree Ramset Jam Singh are the Famous Five. But surely any one of the stories would have told you so much?

(Readers will find a further List of Notices on cover, page ii.)

Our Magnificent Adventure Serial Story.

START TO-DAY!



PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Jim Holdsworth, Hal Mackenzie, Bob Sigsbee, and Pat O'Hara, four chums, meet at Mackenzie's riverside bungalow. By the rescue during the evening of a drowning man, a message is delivered to Hal, urging him to come out to the Southern Andes and learn the secret of the Tower of the Golden Star. He, together with his chums, set out upon the voyage, towards the end of which the captain of the schooner (Heron) entices them on to a derelict, where he leaves them. Fire breaks out upon the wreck. The chums build a raft, and have just pulled off when a terrific explosion occurs, and the derelict disappears for ever beneath the waves. After a night of hunger and suffering, they are rescued by a British steamer and taken to a port wherein the Heron is at anchor. They sneak aboard the schooner, where they find the captain, with whom they intend to have a settlement, sitting at the table of his cabin counting a pile of dollars, and they are about to advance upon him.

(Now read on.)

The Cafe of the Golden Star.

Five minutes later Captain Scarth, engaged in the congenial task of counting dollars, suddenly became aware that he was not alone in the cabin. He had heard no sound, but felt the draught of air which comes with the opening of a door.

He looked up quickly, and opened his mouth to speak; but the words froze on his lips. His face went an ashen grey, his eyes were filled with terror, and he sat there staring at the four figures confronting him, bereft of speech or the power of movement.

His four passengers, whom he fully believed had gone down in the derelict—which craft he was convinced must have foundered in the storm—had risen from their ocean grave to denounce him. He was superstitious, as most evildoers are, and his conscience—such as it was—made him a coward.

He tried to say something, but his lips only worked convulsively, and no sound came from them.

Hal feared he was going to have a fit, so decided to bring the first scene of this comedy-drama to a close.

"Counting the dollars you have been paid for getting rid of us, Captain Scarth?" he said.

It was a bow drawn at a venture, but the shaft went home. Evidently those dollars were "blood-money." The terror-stricken skipper found his voice at last.

"No, no!" he almost screamed. "I did not mean—I intended to return and fetch you. But the storm came on—"

"I am speaking of that money, not the storm," interrupted Hal.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 437.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"MONSIEUR WIBLEY!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

"It was given me for—for—" Captain Scarth stopped abruptly, for all at once it had dawned on him that he was speaking to living men, not to spirits. He sprang to his feet. The revulsion of feeling was so great that from abject fear he changed to blustering rage.

"What kind of trick d'you think you're playing on me?" he shouted. "Why couldn't you come into the cabin the same as ordinary men would, and not sneak in silently as though —"

Pat O'Hara stepped forward, and laid a muscular hand on his shoulder.

"Kape silent, an' listen to what I'm goin' to tell ye," said the Irishman. "You don't seem over plazed at seeing us alive—"

"You're mistaken!" protested Captain Scarth. "You took me by surprise, and startled me, but I'm overjoyed to know you escaped!"

"Well, you don't look ut," said O'Hara. "An' I'm believing more what your eyes say than what your tongue says. But there ain't any made to talk. You left us to an unpleasant death, an' you know widout me tellin' ye why ye did ut. Now we've come on board to fetch away the things that belong to us, and also to settle our account with you. An' so as to save toime, while my three friends are collectin' our belongings, I'm goin' to settle the account by giving you the biggest thrashing you ever had in your life. That's the programme we've arranged."

And the programme was faithfully carried out.

Before starting on their long train journey to the foot-hills of the Andes—and to them long train journeys were more than a bit wearisome—Hal, Jim, Sigsbee, and O'Hara, determined to spend a few days in the city enjoying themselves. For they felt they deserved a little recreation after what they had gone through.

Captain Scarth they dismissed from their minds as a creature not worth troubling about any further.

He had "had his beans ladled out to him," to use Sigsbee's expression, and the account was squared.

Perhaps they had jumped to a too hasty conclusion in deciding that Scarth was not worth further thought, for he was as venomous as a snake, and the severe thrashing he had received from the Irishman was something he was not likely to forget in a hurry. Moreover, his plans had failed, and it was more than likely he would have to refund his ill-gotten blood-money.

For the men who had employed him did not pay for a failure. He had received his dollars on the supposition that he had succeeded. He knew very little of these men, for

they were not the sort to take such a man as he fully into their confidence, and perhaps in his heart he feared them. At all events, he must have felt pretty certain that he would have to refund the money.

These considerations would make him eager to "get some of his own back," and the best way to do that would be to set another trap for his four ex-passengers.

Meanwhile, the four, intent on a little well-earned relaxation, were "doing" the sights of the city. They finished up the first day at the theatre.

Nothing unusual occurred, except that they attracted the attention of a couple of villainous-looking Argentines who were hanging about outside the theatre when they quitted it, and who shadowed them to the hotel where they were staying. As these worthies took good care to keep out of sight themselves Hal and his chums were quite unaware of the incident.

The following day was spent in driving about the city and suburbs, but in the evening Hal announced his intention of remaining in to write some letters.

"I hate letter-writing," he declared: "but it has to be done sometimes, and I must tackle the job to-night. I may not have another chance, as we must start on our journey inland to-morrow."

"All right, we'll have a ramble round," replied Jim. "Will you come out later and meet us somewhere?"

"I don't think so," returned Hal: "it's nearly eight o'clock now. Be good boys, and don't get into mischief."

"All right, papa," laughed Jim. "we'll promise to be good. So long as we've got O'Hara with us there's not likely to be trouble."

"I wouldn't like to bet on it," retorted Hal. "It has always seemed to me that if there's any trouble to be found, Pat is the one to find it."

"Thank ye kindly!" said the Irishman.

Then the three went off, laughing gaily.

Hal got through his correspondence rather quicker than he expected, and he felt sorry shortly after nine o'clock that he hadn't arranged to meet his comrades, as Jim wanted him to.

He was wondering whether it would be any use going out on the chance of picking them up, when the head-waiter entered the room and handed him a letter.

"For the Senor Mackenzie," he said.

"That's me," replied Hal.

He tore open the missive and read the contents.

They ran as follows:

"If the Senor Mackenzie and his friends wish to learn something of importance in connection with their expedition into the unknown, will he or they go to the Cafe of the Golden Star at ten o'clock to-night. Ask for Gaston Mendoza. It will be wise to keep this appointment."

There was no signature.

"Who brought this?" asked Hal.

"A boy," replied the waiter. "When he had delivered it he went away."

Hal glanced at the letter again. The Cafe of the Golden Star! And it was the Tower of the Golden Star which he and his comrades had to search for in the heart of the mountains! It was a queer coincidence that the names should be similar, he thought.

"Do you know where the Cafe of the Golden Star is?" he asked the waiter.

That functionary directed him how to find it.

"But it is not of the first class," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Hal scrawled a few words on a half-sheet of paper, which he enclosed in an envelope with the note he had received.

"See that my friends get this as soon as they return," he said, slipping a dollar at the same time into the waiter's ready palm.

"It shall be done, senor," the man assured him.

As he did not know what might be in front of him, Hal went up into his bed-room, loaded his revolver, and put it in his pocket. It was as well to be prepared for any emergency. Then he went out.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought him to the cafe, which, judging from its outward appearance, was not the sort of place he would have patronised on ordinary occasions. Pushing open the swing-doors, he entered a fair-sized room, in which there were a number of marble-topped tables. Long mirrors, some of them cracked and starred, decorated the walls. At the far end of the room was a drinking-bar. Only two of the tables were occupied, and five men lounged at the bar. He didn't like the look of them.

As he walked up the room one of these men made an almost imperceptible sign to the bar-tender. He was one of the two who had shadowed them on the previous night, though, of course, Hal was not aware of this.

"I want to see Gaston Mendoza," said Hal to the man who was serving out the drinks.

The bar-tender nodded.

"You are the senor he expects," he said. "Yea, it is so. Bueno! This way."

Hal followed him through a doorway, along a passage, and down a short flight of steps. A door faced them. The bar-tender flung it open, disclosing a lighted room beyond.

"In there," he said. Then he called out loudly: "It is the Senor Inglese, whom you wish to see!"

Hal stopped into the room. There was no one in it.

He heard the door close softly behind him. Then the light suddenly went out. He swung round sharply, and tried to open the door, but it was fastened. He felt for his revolver. It was gone!

The Axe of Jim Holdsworth, the "gun" of Bob Sigsbee, and the Shoulder of Pat O'Hara.

It was eleven o'clock when the three returned from their evening ramble, and Hal's letter was handed to Jim by the hotel waiter.

"Hal seems to have gone out for a ramble on his own," said Jim, as he slit open the envelope. "Got tired of his own company, I expect. Wonder where—Hullo!"

"What's to do?" asked Sigsbee.

"Why, listen to this," replied Jim.

He first read the letter which had been the means of luring Hal to the cafe where he had been trapped:

"If the Senor Mackenzie and his friends wish to learn something of importance in connection with their expedition into the unknown, will he or they go to the Cafe of the Golden Star at ten o'clock to-night. Ask for Gaston Mendoza. It will be wise to keep this appointment."

"That's durned queer!" exclaimed Sigsbee. "Who in this city can know anything of our expedition? Cap'n Searth knew nothing about it, because we never took him nor any of the galoots aboard the Heron into our confidence."

"Captain Searth is like a cheap sausage," replied Jim—"there's an unpleasant sort of mystery about him! Whether he knows anything or nothing, we can't say, but it's a sure thing he was employed by someone to try and put us out of the way. And it seems to me this someone—I'll wager it's the mysterious Chilian—has friends in Buenos Ayres whom he has warned to be on the look-out for us, in case we got here safely."

"To blazes wid all that!" exclaimed O'Hara. "Where's Hal? That's what I'm wantin' to know. 'Tis quare the name av the cafe mentioned in that bit av paper should be the Golden Star!"

"A jolly rum coincidence," admitted Jim. "But this is Hal's note which he left for us. Listen:

"I'm going to keep the appointment at the cafe. The enclosed letter, which I have just received, will tell you as much as I know myself. I can't understand it. But it seems to me I'd better go and find out what it means. As ten o'clock is the time named, I can't wait for you chaps."

"There you are. That's all!" concluded Jim.

"What'll we do?" asked O'Hara.

"I don't altogether like that blamed letter!" said Sigsbee. "It's too mysterious, and I ain't got any kind of fancy for written mysteries. We won't sit on our tails here, doin' nothin' but yap. We'll just go and see what that cafe's like, and if Hal is there we can join him, and find out what all the pow-wow's about. Y'see, we figger in the invitation, anyway. The letter says, 'the Senor Mackenzie and his friends.' That's good enough for us!"

"Then we'll be afther starting at wanat!" exclaimed the Irishman. "An' if it's not a square deal, an' Hal's been tricked, or any harm's come to him, we'll burn down the Cafe av the Golden Star over the heads av the spalpeens what's running it!"

So they sallied forth on this fresh adventure, and whatever may have been the feelings of Jim and the American on the matter, it is certain that O'Hara rather hoped there would be a "bit of excitement" in the way of a scrimmage, at least.

His hopes were destined to be fulfilled.

On arriving at the cafe they decided, as Hal had done, that it was a doubtful-looking place, which was best avoided under ordinary circumstances. They entered, and thought even less of it when they were inside. There were only two men now lounging at the drinking-bar, and if they were honest citizens their evil-looking faces belied them.

"I scent throuble!" whispered O'Hara, with a cheerful grin.

(Continued on page iv of cover.)



A. P. POTTER and B. ROBINSON,
Leamington.



A LOYAL FRIEND,
Yorkshire.



D. DAVIES,
Cardiff.



H. GARLAND and W. ROGERS,
Bridgewater.



ERNEST SOWERBY,
Bolton.



WILLIAM GIBBONS,
Bradford.



PHILIP ALLSOP,
Cannock, Staffs.



A KEEN READER,
Yorkshire.



"CURLY CULLY,"
East Ham.



Private S. T. FULLER,
Covevey, Cambs.



"THE FOUR LOYAL READERS,"
Battersea, London.



Gunner FRED TAYLOR,
191st Brigade, R.E.A.



Gunner E. N. WORBOYS,
Alexandria, Egypt.



Signaller J. H. ROBINSON,
Birmingham.



EDWARD CONNOR,
Belfast.



LEONARD ROSE,
"A True Watton Reader."



HERBERT A. McBRIDE,
Londonderry.



A WEST AUSTRALIAN
READER.



R. D. BLAIR,
Santiago de Cuba.



Cadet-Sergt. F. PATKIN,
Vancouver, B.C.



HARRY CAULDFIELD,
Glasgow.



A Member of the "Boys'
Friend" Anti-German
League, Newbilly.



R. M.,
Sunderland.



STANLEY J.,
A Loyal Reader.

ADVENTURERS FOUR.

(Continued from page 20.)

The bar-tender placed glasses on the counter, as though he expected the new-comers to call for drinks. But he knew quite well who they were.

"We want to see Gaston Mendoza," said Sigsbee.

"Then you're too late," replied the barman. "He has gone!"

The conversation was carried on in English, which is spoken by all the saloon-keepers of Buenos Ayres.

"All right," returned Sigsbee easily. "Mayhap we can do without him. But a gentleman came here at ten o'clock this evening to see Mendoza. He may have given his name, or he may not, I can't say."

"An Englishman, name of Mackenzie?" interrupted the bar-tender.

"You've sure got the name all right?" pursued Sigsbee. "Well, is he here now?"

The barman hesitated for a fraction of a second before replying; then he said:

"He went away with Senor Mendoza."

Sigsbee knew from the bar-tender's manner that he was telling a lie, but for the moment he was uncertain how to act. That Hal had been hired into a trap in this den of rascality—and he felt sure the cafe was all that—he was now almost certain, and his hand dropped on to the butt of his "gun," as though he fancied all further questions would have to be backed up with that weapon.

Still, it wouldn't do to act rashly, as the situation was an awkward one—awkward, that is, because he and his companions had not the faintest idea of what had happened to their chum.

However, two events occurred almost simultaneously which cleared away all doubts, and gave them an opening for prompt and decisive action.

Jim had asked the bar-tender whether "Senor Mackenzie had left a note or a message," and received a reply in the negative, when Pat O'Hara—who had been keeping his eyes particularly wide open—gave a short, leaped clean over the bar, and snatched up a light, silver-mounted cane which was lying on a shelf half-hidden by a cloth.

"Whirroo! Be jabbers!" he cried. "'Tis Hal's bit av drick, what he wouldn't part with for a handful av gowld! If he had gone, he wouldn't be aftther laving it behind him!"

Both Sigsbee and Jim recognised the cane, and knew that Hal valued it, because it was a present from an old school-mate.

The words were scarcely out of the Irishman's lips, when a sound reached their ears which held their instant attention. It was a faint but continuous knocking which seemed to come from somewhere at the back of the premises.

The barman and the two suspicious-looking loafers heard it, too, and exchanged swift and meaning glances.

"That settles it!" exclaimed Sigsbee. "Hal's in this den of thieves, sure enough, and we're going to get him out!" He turned to the bar-tender. "Now, see here," he continued, "we're going to find out the meaning of that knocking right away. I've a notion it's our friend who's got shut up somewhere where he don't want to stop. Savvy? So you just got to hustle, and lead the way to the room where that tattoo business is bein' played, seemingly on the door. Ah! Would you?"

For the bar-tender had snatched a revolver from his hip-pocket, and evidently meant to use it. But Sigsbee was too quick for him. He had drawn his own weapon, and fired with the upward swing of his arm. The barman's revolver was sent flying from his grasp, with the lock shattered by the American's bullet.

"If you play any tricks with me," growled Sigsbee, "I'll shoot your face through the back of your head!"

But the revolver-shot had an unexpected result, for, as though it had acted as a signal, it brought half a dozen more evil-looking ruffians on the scene.

"If it's a foight they want, badad, we'll oblige them!" exclaimed O'Hara, who never troubled to count the odds.

They were not left long in doubt of the intentions of the new-comers. They may not have wanted a fight—at least, not a fair one—but they meant mischief, and apparently had only been waiting a signal to put in an appearance. One of them called to his associates in a low, fierce voice, and in the vile Spanish of the Argentine "toughs":

"They are the three English we have been told about. You know the orders. What we have to do is best done with knives! They are silent!"

Then there was an ugly rush.

Sigsbee was the only one of the three who was armed, but Jim had noticed a wood-cutting axe lying on the floor by the end of the bar, and he contrived to gain possession of it. O'Hara didn't bother to look for a weapon. The strength of the Red Irishman was so great that he was a terrible antagonist with nothing but his bare hands.

"Break through the skunks!" cried Sigsbee, as he brought his "gun" into play.

A man went down, howling out curses. But the bar-tender and the two loungers had joined in with the six "toughs," for they were all of the same gang, so there were still eight against the gallant trio. And as the doors of the cafe had been closed and bolted, no help could come from outside. But in that quarter of the town it was not to be looked for.

"Knives, is it?" granted O'Hara. "Well, I'm nading wan to cut my corns wid."

And, gripping his nearest assailant by both wrists, he gave a downward jerk and snapped the bones. The fellow screamed with pain, and his arms hung limply by his sides. But O'Hara hadn't time to pick up the knife which the other had dropped.

Jim, at the same time, had got busy with his axe, and quickly cleared a space in front of him. For at close quarters an axe is a very effective weapon.

So the rush of their foes was checked, and three of them put out of action. But the six who remained were the worst of the gang; savage and cunning fighters, quick to adopt any foul means of gaining an advantage. They had crouched a little, and were spreading themselves out.

"It's out turn to rush now!" shouted Jim. "Go for 'em!"

And shoulder to shoulder they went for their opponents. Knives gleamed, Sigsbee's revolver rang out, Jim's axe whirled threateningly, and O'Hara's fists dealt sledge-hammer blows on bodies and faces. Their foes were hurled aside, and they gained the door which opened on to the passage. But the door was locked. O'Hara put his shoulder to it, and gave a heave. The woodwork splintered, and the door was burst from its hinges.

"Hurroo! This way!" he cried.

For at the far end of the passage they could hear the knocking, now more distinct.

Along the passage they raced, down a flight of steps, and then they were faced by another door. Someone was hammering on the inner side of it.

"Is that you, Hal?" called Jim.

"Yes," came the faint reply.

"Stand clear!" shouted Jim. "We're coming through!"

Again O'Hara got to work with a mighty heave of his shoulder. The panel cracked, but the door did not give. It was a stronger one than the other.

Sigsbee sent a bullet through the lock, but that didn't have the desired effect. Then Jim attacked it with his axe.

"Keep a look-out," he said, "in case those brigands come creeping up behind us."

It was a keen-edged axe, and in five minutes he had cut a panel clean out.

"Hal, old top," he shouted, "is the hole big enough for you to crawl through?"

"Give me a hand," Hal gasped, from the inner side. "I'm nearly done up!"

Jim peered through the opening, and could dimly make out his chum's form in the darkness beyond. Hal was close to the door; and Jim put his hands through and caught hold of him under the armpits. With some difficulty he dragged him out through the aperture into the passage.

"There was no air in the room," gasped Hal, who was as white as a sheet. "I was nearly suffocated."

"Hobbs! The murderin' villain!" cried O'Hara. "Ye'll not be able to walk, so I'll carry you. Arrah, now, don't say a word! I can do it aisy."

And the big Irishman lifted him up in his arms as though he was no more than a feather-weight, though Hal scaled eleven stone.

There was no farther opposition from the gang who had attacked them. Five of them had been placed hors de combat, but none of them were killed. The other four, apparently, had had enough firing for that evening, as they had disappeared.

The way was clear, and the comrades passed through the now empty cafe and gained the street.

"Another score wiped off the slate," said Jim cheerfully; "and on our side nobody hurt, unless— But there is blood on your shirt on the right side, Pat. You have had a knife-thrust, then. I didn't know."

"Just a little wan," replied O'Hara. "No harm done. A bit av sticking-plaster'll be all it nades."

(Another grand instalment next week.)