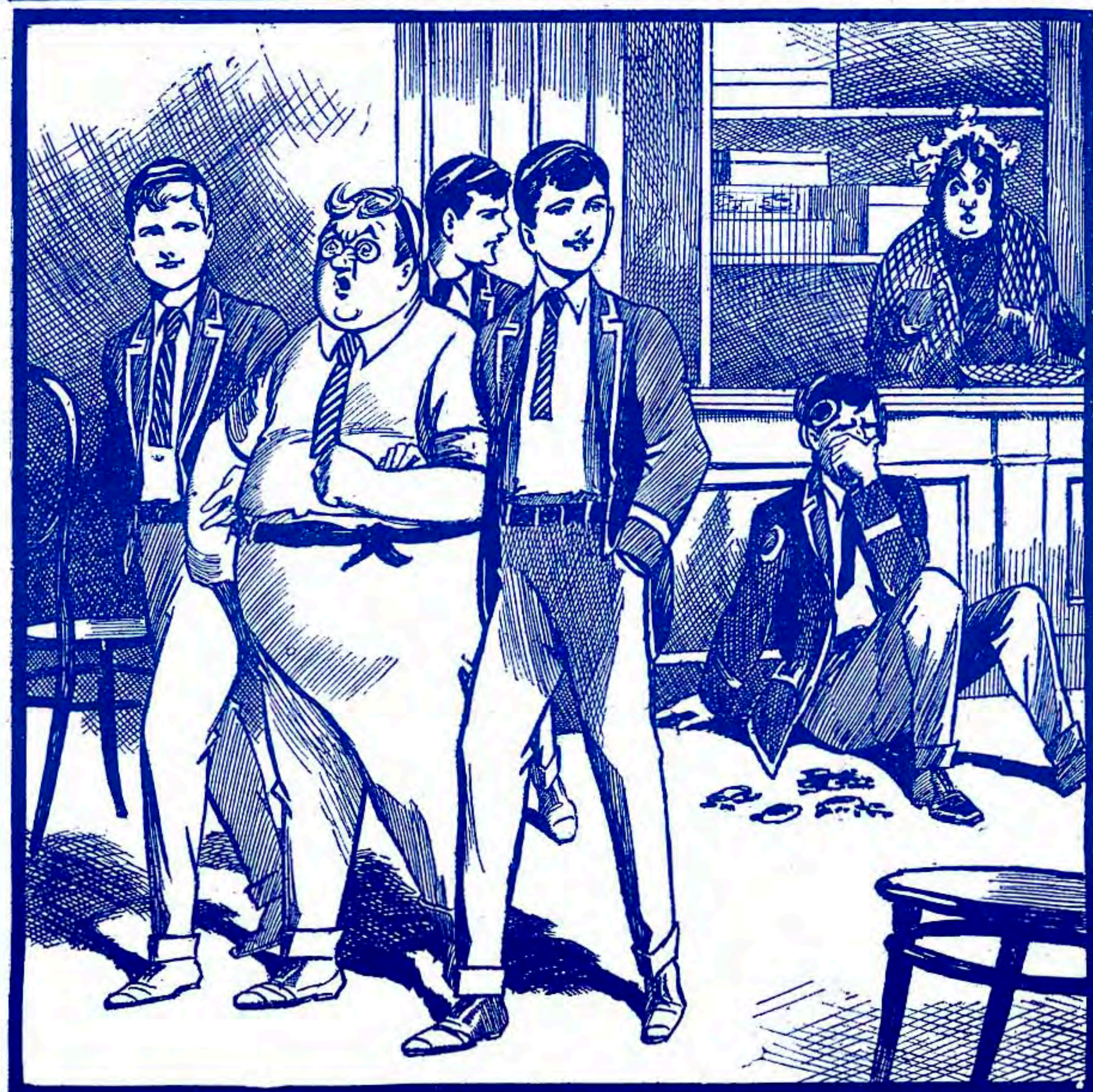
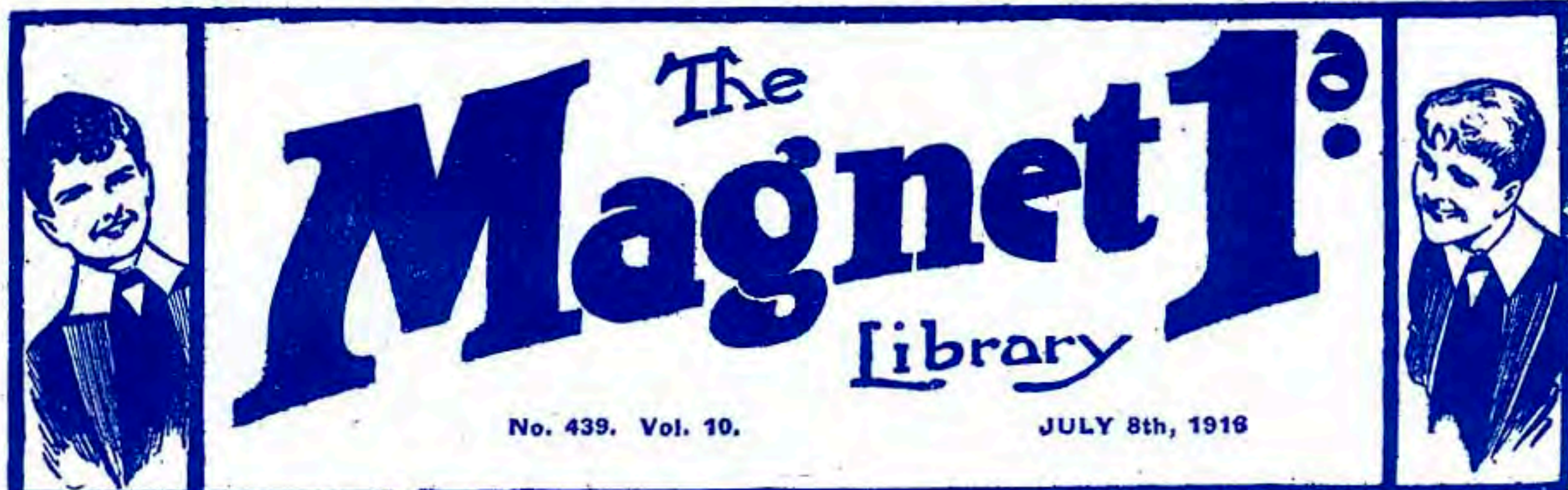


THE OTHER BUNTER!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Tale of the boys of Greyfriars



BULLY BOLSOVER GETS HIS DESERTS!

(An Extraordinary Scene in the Splendid Long Complete Tale of School Life in this Issue.)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.



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:

"THE GIANT OF GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

In the grand long complete story which appears next week there appears upon the scene a new games master, appointed at the instigation of the school governors, rather against Dr. Locke's wishes. From the very outset this gentleman, Mr. Ransome, carries matters with a high hand, and soon has the Remove up in arms against him. That Form does not so much object to his thrashing Loder, the bullying prefect, though the general opinion is that the punishment was carried too far; but the Remove does object very strongly when Mr. Ransome, adopting the attitude that in them he has to deal with slackers and duffers, proceeds to devote practically his whole attention to them in most drastic and unpleasant fashion. Messrs. Prout & Quelch, in their different ways, are also up against the new master, who belittles their authority. Finally the Head himself is roused; and then—exit

"THE GIANT OF GREYFRIARS!"

OUR WEDNESDAY COMPANION PAPER.

Have you heard of the Terrible Three?
What? Never heard of them!
It seems hardly poss such a thing should be,
But you'll find them in the "Gem"!
Monty Lowther, of infinite jest;
Harry Manners, a comrade true;
And Tom Merry, one of the very best—
You'll find them there on view.
Have you heard of Study Six?
Herries, and Digby, and Blake,
And the noble Gussy—all four real bricks.
You haven't? It's your mistake!
Of the trio of New House fame,
Figgins, and Kerr, and Wynn;
Of him who to school as a cracksman came.
Get the "Gem," my friend, and wade in!

A TESTIMONIAL WORTH HAVING.

Death-beds are not particularly cheerful things to talk about; but a dying man is not at all necessarily a miserable man, and I have lately heard of a case in which the "Magnet" helped to keep one such cheerful. An old reader writes to tell me that his father, who recently died, enjoyed our paper right up to the last, and never ceased to be amused by the egregious William George Bunter. "It used to do my mother's heart good to see my poor father laughing at Bunter's adventures," he says. This is a testimonial worth having, and fairly to be compared with the story of the man who, when the "Pickwick Papers" were coming out in monthly parts, refused to put any faith in the doctor's verdict that he had less than a fortnight to live. The next number of "Pickwick" would not be out for three weeks, he said, and he did not mean to die until he had read that. Possibly in both cases life was really prolonged by the patients' keenness for something which took them outside their own sad thoughts.

NOTICES.

For Correspondence, Etc.

Private K. V. Edgar, 4241 3/4 Battn., Loyal North Lancashire Regt., A Coy., stationed at Weeton Camp, Kirkham, Preston, would be glad to have letters from "Magnet" readers.

A. Seaton and F. Bull Beck, 8, Mayles Road, Milton, Portsmouth, would like to hear from readers willing to contribute to an amateur magazine.

Will Ben Flanagan write to G. Querce, at 60, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W.?

E. E. Hilton, 1, King Fields, Coventry, would like to correspond with another boy reader of about his own age (17).

D. Whaley, of Wood Green, wishes to thank the many readers who sent replies to his query about a song.

Private H. Gladman, Royal Defence Corps, No. 3 Coy., Southminster, Essex, would be glad to correspond with boy readers.

W. Bolderston and C. H. Panther, of H.M.S. Yacht Ombra, wish to thank the many readers who replied to their appeal for correspondence, and to apologise to those whom they have been unable to answer.

Re Leagues.

H. Copestake, 84, Church Street, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent, wishes to form a "Gem" and "Magnet" League, and would be very pleased to hear from anyone in his locality who would care to join.

Fred Williams, 13, Mill Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is forming a League open to all readers of the Companion Papers anywhere. Glad to hear from all interested. Stamped and addressed envelopes, please!

J. Murray, Mount Annan, Annan, is forming a "Gem" and "Magnet" League, open to all the world, Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks excepted, and will be pleased to hear from anyone interested.

G. M. Webster, 110, Poolstock, Wigan, wishes to form a local "Gem" and "Magnet" League. Apply to address given by letter.

W. J. Northcott, 10, Newbridge Road, St. Anne's, Bristol, would be glad to hear from anyone who would care to join an open "Gem" and "Magnet" League (not merely local).

Robert L. Fraser, Chrissy Cottage, Kirkfieldbank, via Lanark, would be glad to hear from presidents of other "Magnet" Corresponding Leagues with a view to a joining of forces.

D. Chambers, 53, Walton Road, East Molesey, wants to form a "Gem" and "Magnet" League, open to readers anywhere, with the purpose of sending papers to soldiers.

Fixtures Wanted.

Holy Trinity Boys' C.C. (Bow), average age 15½—16, want matches within 6-mile radius of Bow. Hon. Secretary, Horace R. Tayler, 99, Bridge Street, Bow, E.

F. Marsters, 98, Fernlea Road, Balham, S.W., Hon. Sec. Thistle C.C. (average age 12), would like to arrange matches with junior clubs within a mile or so of his address.

For Back Numbers, etc.

Lance-Corporal John McTighe, 1714, No. 2 Platoon, A Coy., 6th Batt. Sherwood Foresters, B.E.F., France, would be very pleased to have some back numbers of the "Boys' Friend" 3d. Library.

Private John Jackson, 4585, No. 5 Platoon, B Coy., 1/4th East Lancs Regt., 42nd Division, M.E.F., c.o. G.P.O., London, would be glad to receive back numbers of the "Gem" and "Magnet."

Leonard Rose, 7, Cleveland Row, St. James', London, S.W., wants to buy Vols. 1—3 of both the "Gem" and "Magnet."

Rifleman E. Andrews, 19/366, B Coy., 19th Batt. City of London Rifles, Donard Camp, Newcastle, co. Down, would be glad to have back numbers of the "Magnet."

Private J. Hurley, 2691, Lewis Gun Section, 2nd Welsh Regt., B.E.F., France, would be grateful if some reader would send him both the "Gem" and "Magnet" regularly.

Private G. Prior, 8767, 1st Bedford Regt., Engländerlager II., Raumbhan Block, Hornee 14, Munster, Germany, a prisoner of war, asks for back numbers of the "Gem" and "Magnet."

Frank Lambert, 67, Whitefield Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, wants the number containing "Bob Cherry's Barring-Out!"

Your Editor

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

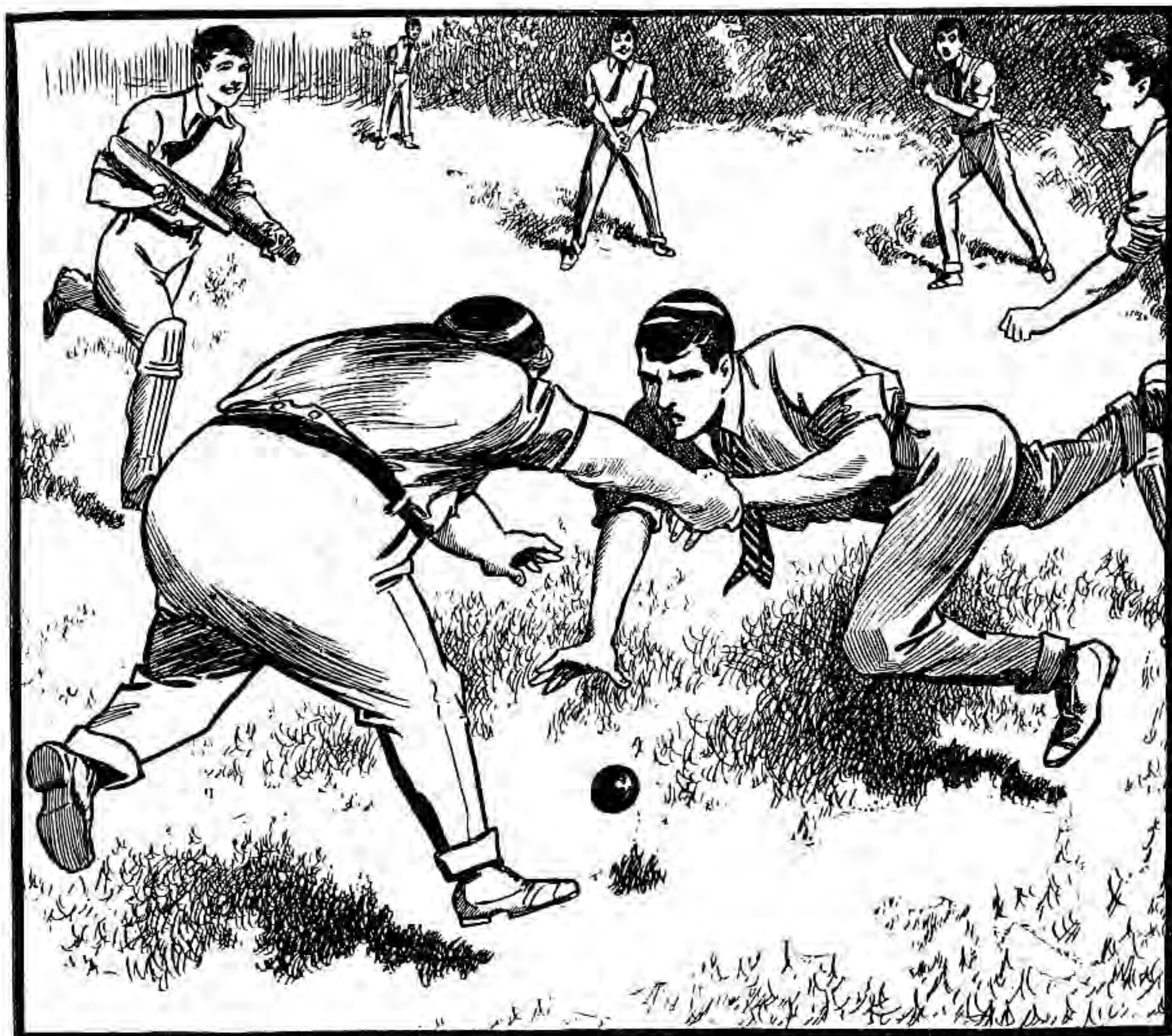


The Editor will be
obliged if you will
hand this book,
when finished with,
to a friend. . . .

THE OTHER BUNTER!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Linley was groping for the ball, to save time in returning it. The batsmen were running a second run. Bunter was after the ball, too, and he clutched it as Linley's hand closed on it, and held on to the Lancashire lad's fingers. (See Chapter 10.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Bolsover Major!

BILLY BUNTER was standing in the big doorway, with his fat fists driven deep into his pockets, and a deep, thoughtful frown upon his fat face.

He seemed to be buried in thought.

Bob Cherry grinned as he came down the passage. Bob was in great spirits. He generally was. Naturally, he greeted Bunter with a powerful smack on the shoulder, and,

equally naturally, Billy Bunter came out of his reverie with a jump, and uttered a terrific yell.

"Yow-ow! Wharton, you silly ass——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter set his glasses straight on his fat little nose, and blinked at Bob Cherry in almost speechless wrath.

"Yow-ow! You ass, Cherry! You've jolly nearly busted my shoulder! Yow-ow!"

"You shouldn't go to sleep standing up like a horse!" said Bob chidingly. "Not in the doorway, at any rate!"

"I wasn't asleep, you fathead! I was thinking!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Bob incredulously.

"The fact is, I'm waiting for the postman," said Bunter, rubbing his shoulder. "I was just thinking what I should do if my postal-order didn't come. Perhaps you can suggest something?"

"Certainly," said Bob. "There's only one thing you can do, so far as I can see."

"What's that?"

"Do without it!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! Look here, perhaps you could help me out?"

"Quite easy," said Bob, drawing back his right boot. "Where will you have it? I'll guarantee to land you half-way across the quad!"

Billy Bunter dodged hastily.

"You ass, I don't mean that! I mean, help me out of my difficulty! You see, my cousin Wally's coming. Of course, I shall have to stand him a decent tea in the study, and I happen to be stony. Perhaps you could lend me ten bob?"

"Perhaps," assented Bob Cherry. "The odds are that I couldn't, especially as I've only got one tanner!"

"Well, I'll have the tanner," said Bunter discontentedly.

"No, you won't," said Bob cheerfully. "That's my whack towards tea in No. 1 Study. I'm standing a pot of jam. But I'll tell you what, Bunter. Will your cousin be here by tea-time?"

"Yes; any minute now."

"Is it the cousin who came before—the chap exactly like you, except that he doesn't wear any barnacles, and doesn't tell whoppers?"

"Oh, really, you know——"

"Is it that chap?" demanded Bob. "The chap who was so awfully good at cricket?"

"Yes, that's the chap."

"Well, he was a good sort, and I'm blessed if I know how he came to be your cousin," said Bob. "I suppose miracles will happen. You want to stand him a feed?"

"That's it," said Bunter, his eyes glistening behind his spectacles. "If you could lend me ten bob——"

"Ten rats! We'll stand him a tea in No. 1 Study!"

"I say, that's jolly decent of you."

"Send him in when he comes," said Bob.

"Eh?"

"Send him into No. 1 Study."

"Bring him in, you mean," said Bunter, with emphasis.

"Not at all. Send him in!"

"I suppose I'm going to have tea with my own cousin!" said Bunter warmly. "I'll stand my whack, too, if you're going to be mean about it. When my postal-order comes——"

"Oh, ring off!" said Bob Cherry, laughing. "I'm fed-up on the postal-order! Bring him in, and we'll stand you for his sake. I can't say fairer than that. If the other fellows scalp me, it will be your fault!"

"If you don't really want my company, Cherry, of course, I shall decline to accept your invitation!" said the fat junior, with dignity.

"Right-ho! Don't, then!" said Bob cheerily.

"I—I mean, I can take a joke," said Bunter, grinning feebly. "I don't mind your little jokes, Bob, old chap. I'll come!"

"Bow-wow!" said Bob.

And he crossed the quadrangle with his quick, long strides to the tuckshop, to expend his final sixpence upon a pot of jam for tea.

Billy Bunter cast a glance towards the school gates. He still had a faint hope of the postman turning up with a postal-order.

A plump youth, of Bunter's own age and size, came in at the gates, and walked towards the School House.

He was amazingly like Billy Bunter, the only difference being that he did not wear glasses.

He was dressed differently, however, and at a closer inspection it could be seen that, fat as he was, his colour was healthier, and his eyes brighter, his step firmer, than those of the Owl of the Remove. Wally Bunter was fat, but he was in good condition.

Two or three fellows who spotted him in the quad stared at him.

"Blessed if I didn't think Bunter was indoors!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "Hallo, Bunt! What have you changed your clobber for?"

The new-comer grinned.

"I haven't changed my clobber since this morning," he replied.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

"Why, you ass, you were in Etons in class!" exclaimed Bolsover.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cousin Wally laughed heartily. On his previous visit to Greyfriars he had been taken for Billy Bunter. He did not take it as a compliment, however. He flattered himself that he bore only a superficial resemblance to his cousin.

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Bolsover major angrily.

The bully of the Remove was very quick to anger, and he was accustomed to bullying fellows like Bunter as much as he liked.

"You!" replied the new-comer cheerily.

"What!"

"Your face, you know," said Wally Bunter calmly.

There was a chuckle from some of the juniors, though they wondered at hearing the Owl of the Remove cheek the truculent Bolsover in this way.

Billy Bunter, blinking out of the doorway of the School House, grinned. He could see that the Remove bully took his cousin for himself. Bolsover major had not the slightest suspicion.

"You cheeky porpoise!" howled Bolsover. "What are you doing without your specs, too? I always said you were humbugging about your short sight!"

"Oh, I'm not short-sighted!" said Wally Bunter calmly.

"I can recognise a silly ass when I see one, anyway!"

"What the dickens has come over Bunter?" ejaculated Bulstrode of the Remove, in astonishment.

"I know what's coming over him!" roared Bolsover major. "I'm coming over him! I'll teach him to be funny with me!"

And Bolsover major rushed at the new-comer.

Bolsover major intended to collar the fat youth, and sit him down in the quad with a terrific bump. But he didn't do it. What happened next seemed like an earthquake to the bully of the Remove.

Instead of collaring Bunter, he was collared himself, his heels flew in the air, and he sat down on the cold, unsympathetic ground with a bump that jarred every tooth in his head.

"Ow!" gasped Bolsover.

There was a howl of astonishment from the juniors.

Wally Bunter sauntered on carelessly. Skinner rubbed his eyes.

"Bunter!" he said faintly. "Bunter's floored Bolsover! What the thunder——"

"Tain't Bunter!" shouted Ogilvy. "Look there! It's another Bunter!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Bolsover major.

Wally Bunter joined his cousin on the steps of the School House. The juniors stared at them blankly.

"Tain't Billy!" chuckled Bulstrode. "It's that cousin of his. Bolsover's woke up the wrong passenger!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Bolsover, crawling painfully to his feet. "Oh, dear! Yow!"

Wally Bunter greeted the Owl of the Remove with a grip of the hand which nearly doubled up William George.

"How do you do, Billy?" he asked affably.

"Groogh!" gasped Bunter. "Leggo my fingers, you ass! You're crushing them! Yow!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry came up with his pot of jam in his hand. "That you, young 'un! Come up to the study; tea's nearly ready!"

"We're having tea in No. 1," explained Bunter, rubbing his fingers, which had suffered from Wally's powerful grip. "My pals are standing a feed for you specially, old chap. Come on!"

The cousins followed Bob Cherry. Billy Bunter dropped a little behind Bob, and spoke to Wally in a low voice.

"I say, Wally, old chap——"

"Hallo!" said Wally.

"I've been disappointed about a postal-order——"

"Go hon!"

"If you'd like to lend me five bob, old scout, I'll send on the postal-order to you," murmured Bunter.

Wally Bunter's reply was peculiar. He stopped, bent his head towards his cousin, and opened one eye wide with a finger and thumb.

"Look!" he said impressively.

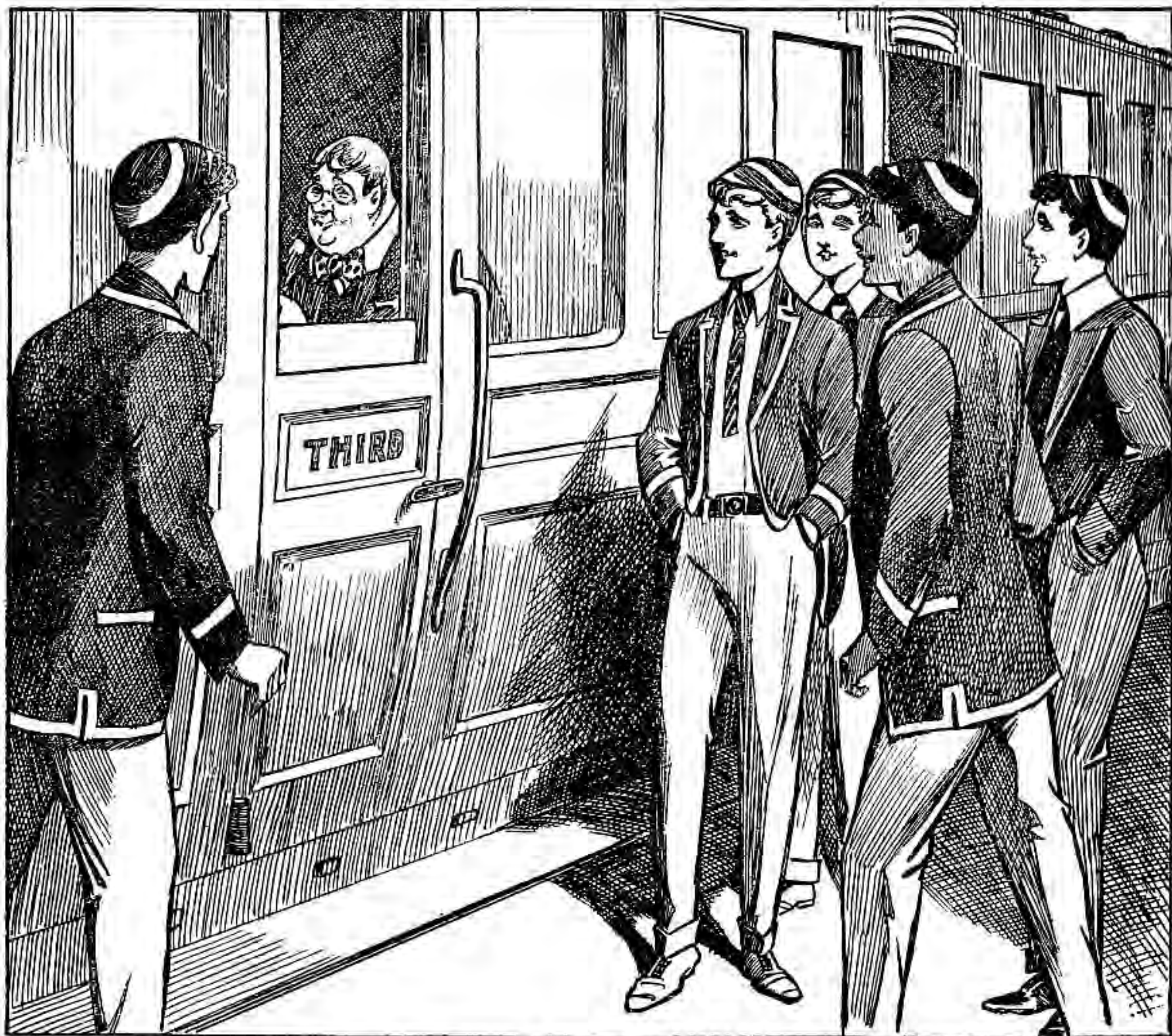
"Eh? What? Where?"

"Into my eye."

"What for?" demanded Billy, puzzled.

"See any green in it?" asked Wally affably.

Billy Bunter snorted, and rolled on, and Wally followed him, grinning. Apparently the visitor to Greyfriars knew his cousin well, and was not inclined to advance any hard cash on the security of Bunter's anticipated postal-order.



Bunter entered the train, and the juniors watched it glide from the station. The last they saw of the Owl of the Remove, he was commencing operations on the lunch-basket, with a grin on his fat face. (See Chapter 5.)

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Cousin Wally!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were in No. 1 Study, and tea was on the table. The festive board waited only for the contribution of Bob Cherry's pot of jam.

The study looked very cheerful, and Nugent and Johnny Bull, Hurree Singh and Squiff and Tom Brown looked cheerful, too. Harry Wharton was a little more thoughtful than the others. The responsibility of cricket captain was on his youthful shoulders, and he was much exercised in his mind on that important subject.

There was a match with St. Jude's College on the morrow, and the Remove eleven was not up to its usual form.

Johnny Bull had a damaged wrist, and could not play, and Peter Todd was still absent with his Uncle Benjamin and Alonzo. Hazeldene had gone home for a few days, and Vernon-Smith was laid up with a bad cold. There were plenty of reserves to fill the vacant places in the team, and Wharton had filled most of them, but he had not yet decided about the eleventh man. That point had to be settled pretty soon, however.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as he came in and slammed down the pot of jam on the table. "I've brought you some visitors."

"Chaps from Highcliffe?" asked Wharton.

"No; Bunter—"

"Oh, blow Bunter!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE GIANT OF GREYFRIARS!"

"And Bunter's Cousin Wally."

"Oh, good! Trot him in!"

The two Bunters came into the study.

But for the fact that Wally was in lounge-clothes, and did not wear glasses, the chums of the Remove would have been puzzled to know which to greet as the visitor. As it was, they could guess.

"Welcome, old scout!" said Wharton cordially, shaking hands with Wally. "Glad to see you again!"

"The gladfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, greeting the visitor with a deep salaam.

"Here's a chair, kid."

"Thank you, Nugent," said Billy Bunter, seating himself.

Nugent glared. The chair was intended for Wally Bunter. But Johnny Bull pulled out another, and Wally sat down.

Harry Wharton & Co. were hospitality itself to the visitor. They liked Wally Bunter, though they had not forgotten how he had "pulled their leg" by pretending to be Billy during his last visit to Greyfriars.

"Blessed if I should know t'other from which, but for the barnacles!" said Johnny Bull. "Don't you ever get mixed up at home?"

"Wally doesn't live with me at home," said Billy Bunter loftily. "Wally is—ahem—ahem—"

"A poor relation," said Wally cheerfully. "Same noble and aristocratic family as Billy, but poor in this world's goods. Billy takes notice of me because he's such a noble-hearted chap."

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

"That's it!" said Billy Bunter fatuously. "I'll stand by you, Wally."

The juniors grinned. Billy Bunter never could see when his fat leg was being pulled.

"Billy's always awfully condescending," explained Wally. "He carries his condescension so far as to borrow half-crowns of me when I've got any. Don't you, Billy?"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"And he's so jolly condescending that he doesn't always return them," pursued Wally. "Ain't you, Billy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" began Bunter.

"My dear chap, I'm only singing your praises," said Wally Bunter. "Awfully good of you chaps to stand me a feed like this, especially considering how I pulled your leg last time I was here!"

"Oh, that was only a jape!" said Wharton, laughing. "You couldn't do it again. If you're staying here any time you can see some cricket. I remember you were jolly keen on cricket; you helped the Fourth to beat us in a match."

Bob Cherry uttered a sudden whoop.

"Got it!"

His chums stared at him.

"Got what?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"It!" said Bob enthusiastically. "It—absolutely it! Wally Bunter can play for the Remove to-morrow against St. Jude's. We're short of men, and he's as good a cricketer as any chap in the Remove—better than most!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Ripping good idea!" said Wharton heartily. "What do you say, kid? If you're staying over to-morrow you'd like a game?"

"Oh, what rotten luck!" said Wally dismally. "I can't stay. I suppose it's a half-holiday with you chaps to-morrow?"

"Yes; it always is on Wednesdays."

"Tain't for me," said Wally. "I'm a junior clerk in an office—and jolly full up with work now that the grown-ups have gone to the war. I don't even get my Saturday afternoons now."

"Hard lines!" said Wharton.

"Oh, I don't mind! It's my little bit towards the war, you know. But cricket matches don't come in my way much," said Wally Bunter. "I'd like it better than anything else going. But it's N.G."

"The rottenfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh. "The esteemed Wally would be a surprise-package for St. Jude's."

"Just when we want a good man, too!" said Wharton.

"I suppose you couldn't screw a half-holiday somehow?"

Wally shook his head.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, with his mouth full, "I've got a jolly good idea—"

"How to get Wally a holiday?" asked Bob.

"No," said Bunter peevishly, "of course not! I mean, I'm a better cricketer than Wally, and I'll play for you if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter in No. 1 Study. Billy Bunter's cricket was, as Bob Cherry said, a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

The Owl of the Remove blinked indignantly at the hilarious juniors.

"Look here!" he hooted. "You know jolly well that I'm only kept out of the team by personal jealousy! On an occasion like this I think such mean feelings ought to be laid aside!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Billy!" murmured Wally. "Always the same funny merchant!"

"Oh, really, Wally—"

"Here, have another egg and dry up!" said Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter took the other egg, with an indignant blink.

"I've got an idea," said Bob Cherry. "You came here pretending to be Bunter once, kid, and that fat boulder got a holiday while you were here. Well, why shouldn't Bunter go to your office and pretend to be you?"

"If you think I look like an office chap, Bob Cherry—" began Billy Bunter wrathfully.

"Well, you don't!" admitted Bob. "But you could wash, and put on a clean collar. Then you'd pass all right."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wally chuckled.

"Billy wouldn't pass," he remarked. "He couldn't do the work. He can't add two and two together without making nine or ten of it! Bless you, Billy hasn't brains enough to be anything but a public-school chap—excuse me!"

"Thanks all round!" said Wharton good-humouredly. He could discern that Billy Bunter's airs of superiority as a "public-school chap" had got on Wally's nerves to some extent.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

Billy Bunter sniffed contemptuously, and devoted himself to the last slice of ham.

"If you think I'd go into an office, you're jolly well *mis* taken, Bob Cherry," he said, when he had disposed of the ham. "Pass the cake, and don't talk out of the back of your neck!"

"I suppose it wouldn't be any good," said Bob. "Bunter hasn't sense enough."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I'd risk it, though, if Billy would," said Wally. "I'd give anything for a good game of cricket once more. I could coach the silly ass—"

"Look here, Wally, I'm not going to do anything of the sort, and I think it's like your cheek!" hooted Bunter. "You may not understand that it would be derogatory to my personal dignity as a gentleman!"

"The gentlemanliness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "If I had the honour to be his esteemed cousin, I should smite him dotfully in his ludicrous eye!"

Wally grinned, and helped himself to cake. He was accustomed to the Chesterfieldian manners of William George.

"Well, there's still light for some cricket," said Wharton. "When you've done tea, we'll go down to the nets for a bit."

"Good egg!" said Wally. "I needn't leave before half-past six. I'll show you that I haven't forgotten my cricket."

"I say, you fellows, I haven't finished tea—"

"Stay and finish, my son," said Bob Cherry.

And Wally Bunter and the Co. left the study, leaving William George to finish what was on the table—which he duly did to the last crumb.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

On the Cricket-field!

"HERE he is!"

Skinner uttered the words as Wally Bunter came out with Harry Wharton & Co. And Bolsover major bore down on them with a truculent look.

"So that's Bunter's cousin?" he exclaimed.

"The same, at your service!" said Wally politely.

"Blessed if I can see any difference between the two porpoises," said Bolsover. "But you're the chap who downed me in the quad, anyway?"

"I'm the chap!"

"Well, you can come behind the gym and put your hands up!" said the bully of the Remove. "I don't allow fellows to squat me down on the ground."

"But you tried to squat me down, didn't you?"

"That's nothing to do with it! I'm going to lick you for your cheek!"

"Right-ho! I'm your man!" said Wally carelessly.

"Nothing of the sort," said Harry Wharton sharply.

"Bolsover, this chap is a visitor here, and there's not going to be a row."

"He downed me—"

"Serve you right! Come on, kid!"

"Oh, let him have his way!" said Wally.

"Get out of the way, Wharton!" roared Bolsover major. "I'm going to mop up the ground with him!"

"You're not!" said Wharton coolly. "You'll keep your hands off our guest. You can put your hands in your pockets, Wally; you're not going to fight him. You had better clear off, Bolsover!"

"Fed up, you know," said Johnny Bull.

Bolsover did not reply. He made a rush at Wally Bunter.

Before he could reach him, however, the Famous Five had the bully of the Remove in their grasp. Wally Bunter, evidently, was not afraid of the burly Bolsover, and knew how to take care of himself. But the Co. naturally did not want his visit to Greyfriars to be marked with a fight, which would have damaged him seriously, even if he had proved the victor. They were not disposed to put up with Bolsover's truculence, by any means.

Five pairs of hands swept Bolsover major off his feet, and he went down on the ground with a bump and a roar.

"Now clear off!" said Wharton. "If you raise your paw again, you'll get the frog's-march round the Close!"

The chums of the Remove walked on with the smiling Wally, and Bolsover major sat up and blinked after them, and gasped. But he did not follow. Even the bully of the Remove did not want to be "handled" by the Famous Five in concert. He mumbled threats, and limped away.

A good many of the Remove were at the nets in the early summer evening. Wally Bunter was stared at a good deal, his resemblance to Billy Bunter causing him to be taken for

the Owl of the Remove, minus his spectacles. But the juniors remembered Wally, and he was welcomed on the cricket-field as soon as his name was known.

"Let's see you do some batting, kid!" said Bob Cherry.

And Wally Bunter went to the wicket with great enjoyment. The Greyfriars fellows remembered his cricket. On the occasion of his former visit he had surprised them with it.

His batting was very nearly as good as Harry Wharton's, and his bowling was quite as good as Hurree Singh's or Squiff's. The captain of the Remove would have been glad enough to strengthen his team for the morrow's match by the addition of Wally Bunter. But that was not to be.

Wally was in great form, in spite of want of practice.

He knocked Hurree Singh's bowling all over the field, and did the same with Squiff's and Tom Brown's.

Wingate of the Sixth paused to look on, on his way back from Big Side. The captain of Greyfriars watched the batsman in astonishment for some minutes, and then called to Harry Wharton.

"You've got a good bat there," he said.

Harry smiled.

"Yes; a real good man," he said.

"Why don't you play him in the Form team? I never knew that Bunter could play cricket."

"That isn't Bunter," said Wharton, laughing.

"What!"

"It's Bunter's cousin, Wally—the same thing, but without the specs."

Wingate looked at the captain of the Remove suspiciously.

"Is that a joke?" he asked.

"No! Honest Injun!"

"They're wonderfully alike," said Wingate, staring at the batsman again. "He's got a good pace, too, though he's so fat. Well, my hat!"

And Wingate walked away, still looking astonished.

Wally Bunter took a turn with the bowling, and Harry Wharton, at the wicket, found that he had all his work cut out to keep his sticks intact. Long hours at war-work had evidently not robbed Wally's hand of its cunning.

Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth came along with Dabney and Fry, and with his new bat under his arm. He burst into a chuckle at the sight of the fat bowler.

"Hallo! Bunter bowling!" he ejaculated. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Like him to floor your middle stump?" grinned Bob Cherry.

Temple laughed.

"He couldn't touch my wicket in a year!" he sniffed.

"Not for three years, or the duration of the war!" grinned Fry. "What is he bowling for? Is it a lark?"

"He's put on wonderful form," said Bob Cherry solemnly.

"You try him, Temple. Here, Wharton, let Temple bat; he thinks he can deal with Bunter's bowling."

"Right you are!"

"What utter rot!" said Temple a little excitedly. "I'll stand you ten to one in dough-nuts that the fat idiot can't touch my wicket!"

"Done!"

"The donefulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Singh.

Temple sniffed, and went to the wicket. Wally Bunter grinned, and closed one eye at the chums of the Remove. He knew Cecil Reginald's measure from of old.

"Go it!" said Dabney. "Mind your nappers! When Bunter bowls, everything's in danger except the wicket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Even Coker of the Fifth can't equal him," said Fry. "Go it, Bunter! I'll stand you a jam-tart if you get the wicket."

"Done!" said Wally Bunter.

He took a little run, and sent down the ball.

Crash!

Cecil Reginald Temple had swiped at that ball—or at where he was sure it was. But it wasn't there. He wondered where on earth it was for the fraction of a second. Then the crash of the falling wicket told him.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" ejaculated Temple in astonishment.

"Ten to one in dough-nuts!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Wally Bunter looked round at Fry.

"You owe me a jam-tart!" he said.

"Oh, my hat!" was all Fry could say.

"I—I say that was a howlin' fluke!" said Temple. "You try that again, Bunter!"

"Any old thing!" said Wally Bunter.

Squiff fielded the ball, and tossed it back to the bowler. Cecil Reginald Temple took his stand at the wicket again, very carefully this time.

But his care did not avail him.

The ball came down with a break on it that would have puzzled many a better bat than Temple of the Fourth.

The middle stump was whipped out of the ground, leaving the wicket with a gap-toothed look.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

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Temple stared at it like a fellow in a dream. There was a roar of laughter from the Removes.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well bowled, Wally!"

Temple started. The name enlightened him.

"Wally!" he ejaculated. "Isn't that Bunter?"

"Yes; Wally Bunter," chuckled Bob Cherry. "Done, old scout—done in the eye!"

Temple grinned feebly as he came off the pitch.

"I thought it was that idiot Bunter!" he said. "I remember, now, how this chap can bowl."

"What price dough-nuts?" grinned Bob.

"Oh, I'll pay up," said Temple. "Come along to the tuckshop! Come on, you young fraud!" he added to Wally.

"You're entitled to a whack!"

"What-ho!" said Wally promptly.

And in Mrs. Mumble's little shop Wally proved that he did not resemble his cousin Billy merely in features. He had an appetite on the same scale, and he did full justice to the lion's share of the dough-nuts.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Coming to Terms!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. walked to the station with Wally Bunter when the time came to go. Billy Bunter said good-bye at the gate—he didn't feel inclined for a walk. The juniors walked into Friardale in the dusky evening. Wally seemed to be very thoughtful as they waited on the platform for the train.

"Penny for 'em, kid!" said Bob Cherry, clapping him on the shoulder.

Wally grinned.

"I was thinking about that match to-morrow," he said.

"I jolly well wish I could get off, if you'd really like to play me."

"You can bet your Sunday socks on that!"

"Yes, rather!" said Harry Wharton. "Three of our best men have to stand out. We can fill the places, of course, but not with fellows up to your form."

"Try to squeeze out a holiday," said Johnny Bull.

Wally wrinkled his brows.

"I'll try," he said. "I'm at the firm's office in Canterbury now—that's how I've been able to run over here to-day. If I could do it—and come—"

"Then we'll keep a place for you," said Harry. "I won't put the eleventh man in till the last minute."

"If that ass Billy had sense enough to take my place, as I took his once, it could be worked as easy as rolling a log," said Wally. "But he hasn't the brains, and he's too jolly lazy, anyway!"

"We'll lump him and make him, if you think it could be worked," said Bob Cherry.

Wally grinned.

"You can try, if you like. Billy knows where to find me in Canterbury, and if he chooses to come over I'll do my best. He would have to change clothes and take off his barnacles, that's all. The governor's away, and my senior is a pal of mine, and would see me through if he could. I'd give a good deal to play in the match. If it can't be worked, I might run over later and see the finish."

"Do!" said Harry. "We'll be glad to see you, anyway!"

"The gladfulness will be terrific!"

"Here's the train!" said Nugent regretfully.

Wally Bunter stepped into the train, and shook hands all round with the Co. They waved their hands to him as the train rushed out of the station.

"Jolly decent chap!" said Bob, as they walked homeward to Greyfriars. "Blessed if I know how Bunter came to have such a cousin!"

"It's a giddy mystery."

"And what a cricketer, fat as he is!" said Squiff. "He would be a rod in pickle for St. Jude's when they come over."

"We'll jaw Bunter, and make him change with his cousin to-morrow," said Bob Cherry determinedly. "Wally thinks it could be worked. It would be a treat to him to have a game of cricket after being stuck in a blessed office. Bunter ought to be glad to do him a good turn like that."

"Catch him!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, we'll make him."

"We'll try," said Harry, laughing. "But I'm afraid Billy won't come up to the scratch. Bunter isn't a philanthropist."

The chums of the Remove looked for William George Bunter as soon as they arrived at Greyfriars. The fat junior

was in his study, with Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, his sole study-mate while Peter and Alonzo were away. He blinked discontentedly at the juniors as they came in.

"I say, you fellows, I suppose you were joking in the study. You can't really think that Wally is a better ricketer than I am! I could play his head off!"

"Bow-wow! Now look here, Billy! We want Wally to play for the Remove to-morrow if it can be worked," said Bob.

Bunter snorted.

"Then you're a silly ass!" he replied. "Wally can play cricket after a fashion, but nothing like my form."

"Nothing!" agreed Bob. "That's why we want him."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Wally thinks it could be worked if you'd take his place," said Wharton. "You'd have to go to Canterbury, and change clothes with him at his digs—"

Another sniff from Bunter.

"I suppose you don't think I could go into an office as a junior clerk, even for one afternoon, Wharton?"

"Why not?" demanded Wharton.

"A gentleman has to consider his personal dignity!" said Bunter loftily.

"That doesn't apply to you."

"Look here—"

"You look here, you fat bounder!" growled Bob Cherry. "You ought to be glad to do your cousin a good turn."

"Of course, I'm always kind to Wally," said Bunter, with a tolerant look, which made the juniors long to bump him on the spot. "He's a poor relation, but I always take notice of him and treat him with kindness. Nothing snobbish about me!"

"Blessed if I see what you could be snobbish about!" granted Johnny Bull. "Nothing in being a fat porpoise to make you put on airs, is there?"

"Look here, Bull—"

"It would do Wally a good turn," urged Bob Cherry. "He did as much for you when he came here in your place and you got a holiday."

"He was glad to come here, of course," said Bunter. "Wally had never visited a public school before. That was different, too. I got a holiday at Margate that time. This time I should have to stick in an office for the afternoon."

"Well, that would be good-natured."

"Oh, rats!"

Evidently William George Bunter did not think it was worth while taking much trouble for the sake of being good-natured.

"Oh, bump the fat beast, and have done with him!" said Johnny Bull.

"Shush!" said Bob. "Look here, Bunter! We'll take it as a personal favour if you'll do this."

"I'm rather surprised at you, Cherry, for asking me favours, when you refused to lend me sixpence only this afternoon!"

"Oh, you fat rotter—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Bunter. "I can get you right out of the difficulty about getting a good batsman. I'll play in the St. Jude's match if you like. That's a fair offer."

"Bump him!"

"I—I say, you fellows! Hands off! I—I'll think about it!" said Bunter, reading danger in the exasperated faces of the Removites. "You see, I should want my return fare to Canterbury—first-class, of course—"

"We'll stand that, fathead!"

"And then I should have some expenses there—"

"What expenses?"

"Ahem! Well, I should want some refreshment if I missed my tea here. But if you're going to be mean about it—"

"We'll stand you five bob for expenses!" growled Wharton.

Bunter shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Wharton, but I couldn't possibly accept a money gift from you. I hope I'm not a sponger!"

"You—you hope what?" gasped Wharton.

"I hope I'm not a sponger!" said Bunter, with dignity. "I'm certainly not going to accept a gift of five shillings from you! But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll accept ten shillings as a loan, to be repaid out of my postal-order."

"You fat idiot!"

"Those are my terms. You can take them or leave them."

The Famous Five looked at one another. They would have been glad of Wally's services in the match, but beyond that they were keen to give Wally the treat of a cricket-match. But the financial resources of the Lower Fourth Form were limited.

"That will run it into a quid altogether," said Nugent.

"Well, that's only four bob each for the five of us," said Johnny Bull.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

DELICIOUS TUCK-HAMPERS ARE GIVEN AWAY TO READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND." 1D.

"Less than that," said Squiff. "I stand my whack, and Tom Brown will stand his. Ogilvy will take a share, too."

"Easy enough if you're not mean," said Bunter. "I'll tell you what I'll do. Make it twenty-five bob, and it's a go!"

"A quid will cover it, you fat oyster!"

"A fellow must have some cash in his pocket in case of accident. Of course, I shall return the whole amount out of my next postal—"

"Cheese it! What do you say, you fellows?"

"Done!" said Bob. "We'll go round with the hat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Right-ho!" said Wharton. "It's a go, Billy!"

Billy Bunter extended a fat fist.

"Money down!" he remarked.

Wharton shook his head.

"You'd blue it all in the tuckshop, and let us down," he said. "You shall have the cash to-morrow, after dinner."

"Look here, Wharton, if you can't trust me—"

"Well, we can't!"

"The trustfulness is not terrific, my esteemed Bunter," said the Nabob of Bhanipur, with a shake of his dusky head.

"The swindlefulness is great."

"Then it's all off!" growled Bunter.

"Rats!"

"We'll hand you the cash to-morrow, and see you off in the train," said Harry Wharton. "You can catch the express from Courtfield, and Wally can come on in the next train. If we bat first, he can be last man in—he'll get here in time for that. If we field, we can play a substitute till he comes. Perhaps Quelchy may let you off early, too. You can ask him to let you miss dinner."

"Then it's all off!" growled Bunter.

"Yes; then you can catch the twelve-thirty express."

Billy Bunter blinked at the captain of the Remove with almost speechless indignation.

"Miss dinner!" he ejaculated. "I suppose you're off your rocker, Wharton! I'm certainly not going to miss my dinner for anybody!"

"You silly owl!" roared Squiff. "What does your dinner matter?"

"Oh, really, Field—"

"You can have a feed in the train," said Wharton. "Mrs. Mimble will make up a lunch-basket for you."

"That will cost another five bob," said Bunter.

"I'll get you a lunch cheaper than that."

"You won't!" said the fat junior firmly. "I'm not going to risk damaging my health. It will cost you five bob, and I'll order it myself."

"Let's bump him!"

"Hold on," said Wharton. "Another five bob won't hurt to get Wally here in time for the match. We'll have a whip round!"

"I'd like the money now," said Bunter discontentedly, as the juniors turned to the door.

"You can like," said Bob Cherry politely.

Harry Wharton & Co. left the study, and Bunter snorted. Then a fat grin overspread his face, and he chuckled—a fat, satisfied chuckle.

"Yah!" he murmured. "Beasts! You'll see!"

From which it might be guessed that some scheme was working in William George Bunter's fat mind. Tom Dutton looked at him curiously. The deaf junior had not heard a word.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Bunter. "I say, Dutton, I lent Toddy my last bob before he went. Can you lend me half-a-crown?"

"Brown!" said Dutton. "Do you mean Tom Brown? What about him?"

"Oh, you ass! Lend me half-a-crown!"

Tom Dutton rose.

"Blessed if I know what you want me to knock you down for!" he said. "But I'll do it with pleasure."

Billy Bunter dodged out of the study just in time, and fled.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Goes!

THE next morning at lessons it might have been observed that Billy Bunter was wearing a fat smile of contentment, and seemed unusually well satisfied with himself.

As Bunter was in his usual state of impecuniosity, and his celebrated postal-order had shown no signs of arriving, the Remove fellows did not quite see what Bunter had to feel so pleased about.

But Bob Cherry thought he knew. He slapped Bunter on the shoulder as they left the Form-room in quite a friendly way.



Bunter had sent in the ball, and there was a terrific yell from Bob Cherry, who was six or seven yards from Bunter, and not in the line of the wicket at all. Bob was seen to clap his hands to his head, and sit down suddenly in the grass. (See Chapter 10.)

"Glad you're going to do a chap a good turn—what?" he asked.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course! Where's the tin?"

"Wait till we see you off," grinned Bob. "Ask Quelch about letting you off early, as he comes out. Pitch it to him nicely."

Mr. Quelch came out of the Form-room, and the Owl of the Remove rolled to intercept him.

"If you please, sir—" began Bunter.

Mr. Quelch stopped.

"Well, what is it, Bunter?"

"If you please, sir, may I miss dinner to-day?" asked Bunter meekly.

Mr. Quelch looked at him blankly. Such a request from Billy Bunter was more than enough to surprise his Form-master.

"Bless my soul! What do you want to miss dinner for, Bunter?" exclaimed the Remove-master. "Are you not feeling well?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I want to catch a train."

"Indeed?"

"The fact is, sir, I've got a cousin at Canterbury," said Bunter confidentially. "He's doing double work, owing to the war, lots of the clerks having left. I'm going to spend my afternoon helping him, if you'll let me go, sir."

Mr. Quelch gave the fat junior a very benign smile.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 432.

"My dear Bunter, that is a very generous thought. You may certainly go. But you must not miss a meal."

"Oh, I don't care about that, sir! I shall just take a sandwich in the train."

"Then you may certainly go, Bunter. I may say that I am very pleased to see you thus thoughtful for others. Is the cousin you mention the lad who was here yesterday, who I noticed greatly resembled you?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going to do his work this afternoon, and then he will be able to get off for a game of cricket, sir."

"My dear Bunter, you surprise me!" said Mr. Quelch. "I am very glad to see this—very glad. Is your cousin coming here to play cricket?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have my permission to go as soon as you please, Bunter."

"Thank you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch passed on to his study, very puzzled, and considerably pleased.

Thoughtfulness for others had never been a distinguishing trait in Billy Bunter's character. The Remove-master was very glad to find it there.

When Mr. Quelch was gone, Harry Wharton & Co. surrounded the Owl of the Remove with rather grim looks.

Bunter grinned at them.

"All serene," he remarked.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE GIANT OF GREYFRIARS!"

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

"You spoofing bounder!" growled Bob Cherry. "You've been pulling Quelchy's leg!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I think I told him the exact facts. I'm going to do Wally's work this afternoon while he plays cricket, ain't I?"

"Precious lot of work you'll do!"

"Well, it's time to get off!" said Wharton. "We'll trot down to the station with you, Bunter, and take your ticket." Bunter's face fell.

"I can take my ticket all right," he said. "You needn't trouble."

"The trouble is, you mightn't take it," said Bob Cherry. "I sha'n't feel sure about you till you're fairly started for Canterbury."

"Look here, the express doesn't stop this side of Wiccombe!" exclaimed Bunter.

"Well, you don't want it to, when you're going all the way to Canterbury," said Frank Nugent, eyeing the Owl of the Remove suspiciously.

"Nunno, of—of course not!" said Bunter hastily. "Still, you fellows needn't take the trouble to come to Courtfield. Just hand me the tin——"

"At Courtfield," said Wharton coolly.

"Look here, Wharton, if you can't trust me——"

"Bow-wow! Get on your cap, and come on!"

Billy Bunter grunted, and gave in. There was no help for that. The Famous Five and Bunter started for Courtfield together. Billy Bunter's footsteps lagged, but Bob Cherry took his arm and marched him on at a good pace.

"Buck up!" he remarked. "We've got to get back for dinner. And we've got to get your lunch-basket in Courtfield before the train goes—unless you'd prefer a sandwich, after all."

"Br-r-r-r!" growled Bunter.

The juniors arrived in Courtfield. The lunch-basket was duly purchased at the bun-shop, and they proceeded to the station. There was five minutes to wait for the express.

"I say, you fellows," began Bunter, "you needn't wait."

"I'll take your ticket," said Harry.

"Leave me the money, and I'll take it. There's lots of time."

"Rats!"

"First-class, mind!" howled Bunter, as Wharton stepped to the booking-office.

"Look here, it's rotten to waste money on first-class fares in war-time," said Harry. "What's the matter with third?"

Bunter considered.

"Well, take third, and hand me the difference," he said.

"I happen to be rather short of tin."

"Shylock!" growled Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton took the return-ticket, and handed the change to Bunter. The fat junior received it with great satisfaction.

"Now you can clear off," he said. "No need for you fellows to wait for the train."

"We'll see you off first."

"Look here——"

"Come on! The train will be in in a minute or two."

Bunter followed the Famous Five to the platform.

"I say, you fellows, I shall have to change clobber with Wally," he remarked, with a cunning gleam in his eyes. "I can't stick in his office in Etons."

"You can go to his digs, and change with him there," said Wharton.

"All serene!"

The train came in, and Bunter entered it. The juniors watched the express glide from the station. The last they saw of Bunter, he was commencing operations on the lunch-basket, with a fat grin on his face.

"That's all serene, then," said Bob Cherry. "We shall see Wally after all."

Wharton knitted his brows for a moment.

"Yes, it's all right," he said. "It seemed to me that Bunter was up to some trick; but he's bound to go to Canterbury now. Let's get back, or we shall be late for dinner."

And the chums of the Remove hurried back to Greyfriars.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The New Recruit!

BOLSOVER MAJOR snorted.

The Remove cricket list had appeared on the notice-board at last. The eleventh man was there—Walter Bunter.

No wonder Percy Bolsover snorted.

Bolsover was of opinion that one fellow, and one fellow only, was entitled to the eleventh place in the Remove team, and that one person was Percy Bolsover of the Remove.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

Instead of which, a perfect stranger had been put in—a chap who didn't belong to the Remove, or even to Greyfriars at all—a fellow who had "downed" the great Bolsover in the quadrangle, instead of dutifully allowing himself to be "downed" by the bully of the Remove.

Naturally, Bolsover major was wrathful. He held forth on the subject to the fellows who gathered to read the list.

"Rotten!" said Bolsover major, with an emphatic snort of disgust. "Rotten! The chap has no right to play for Greyfriars Remove—a rank outsider like that! Besides, he can't play cricket."

"Jolly good at batting, bowling, and fielding," said Rake. "Waat more do you want?"

"Bosh! Bunter can't play, and his cousin's as big an ass as himself. They're as like as two peas."

"Except in cricket," said Ogilvy.

"Tosh! In cricket as well as in everything else," snorted Bolsover. "I've seen him guzzling in the tuckshop, just like Bunter. He will simply let the side down, just as Bunter would."

"Bow-wow!" said Ogilvy. "I've seen him play."

"I tell you, he will let the side down!" roared Bolsover major. "It's a rotten team, anyway. Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Hurree Singh, Field, Brown. I don't say they're not all right—especially Field. But what about Ogilvy?"

"Right as rain!" said Ogilvy cheerfully; and there was a laugh.

"And what about Penfold?"

"Jolly good!" said Pen, laughing.

"And Mark Linley?"

"One of the best!" said the Lancashire lad.

Bolsover major snorted again. The juniors were all grinning, and did not seem to share the dissatisfaction of the bully of the Remove.

"And Bulstrode, too—what about him?" pursued Bolsover.

"Well, what?" asked Bulstrode.

"Do you mean to say you bat like I do?" demanded Bolsover major.

Bulstrode shook his head.

"No, that I jolly well don't! Wharton wouldn't put me in the team if I did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be a funny ass!" growled Bolsover major. "It's a rotten team; but it might pass, except for the eleventh man. But the idea of putting in that fat young bounder—chap who doesn't know anything outside quill-driving——"

"Might as well put in Billy Bunter himself!" said Skinner.

"Putting in that outsider, and leaving me out!" said Bolsover major, in deep wrath and indignation. "I'm jolly well going to speak to Wharton about it!"

And Bolsover major strode away in search of the captain of the Remove. He found the Famous Five chatting in the quadrangle. They smiled as the bully of the Remove came up with a wrathful face.

"Look here, Wharton!" burst out Bolsover. "I thought I was going to have a chance in the St. Jude's match, as Toddy is away, and Bull and Smithy crocked."

"Sorry!" said Wharton. "Can't be did! You're playing on Saturday, you know."

"Yes; a match with the Fourth!" grunted Bolsover. "Anybody can beat the Fourth. I want a chance in a good match."

"Well, stick to practice, and perhaps——"

"Oh, rats! You're talking rot!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, if I'm talking rot, I may as well shut up," he remarked. "Good-bye!"

"You're putting an outsider in——"

"Yes; he will be an insider when he's in, you see."

"Remove chaps ought to play for the Remove," said Bolsover. "You don't want to dig up a junior clerk from an office in Canterbury."

"That's where you're mistaken. I do want to!"

"Well, I think it's rotten!" roared Bolsover major.

"You're welcome to your opinion, Bolsover, dear boy. But don't tell the whole county. They don't want to know about it in Deal and Dover."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major was almost crimson with rage. He had forgotten once more that his bullying tactics had no success with the Famous Five.

"Well, I'll tell you what!" he gasped. "That fat young scoundrel cheeked me yesterday; I'm going to smash him!"

Wharton's face set grimly.

"Then we'll keep an eye on you, Bolsover," he said. "If you bother young Wally Bunter even a little bit, you'll get a Form ragging. You can keep your bullying for Greyfriars, and let visitors alone!"

DELICIOUS TUCK-HAMPERS ARE GIVEN AWAY TO READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND," 1D.

"I shall do as I like. And I'll take the first opportunity of giving that pushing young hound a hiding!"

And with that threat Bolsover major stalked away in great wrath. A gleam came into Harry Wharton's eyes.

"Keep an eye on that hooligan this afternoon," he said. "Wally Bunter mustn't be bothered. I dare say he could lick Bolsover, as a matter of fact; but he isn't coming here for a scrap. By the way, it's nearly time for the St. Jude's chaps to be here. I hope Wally will come in time for the start."

"He can't get here much before three," remarked Bob Cherry. "We agreed to have stumps pitched at half-past two. Still, he might be early."

The Famous Five strolled down to the gates to look for the St. Jude's brake. They were already in flannels, and ready for the match. Stumps were pitched on Little Side. It was a glorious summer's afternoon, and the Removees were looking forward to the match in great spirits.

The brake appeared on the road in a cloud of dust.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here they are!"

St. Jude's had arrived.

There were fifteen or sixteen fellows in the brake. It was followed by a number of cyclists, too. Quite a little crowd of St. Jude's fellows had come to see their team "mop up" the Greyfriars Remove; or to be mopped up by them, as the case might be. Opinions differed on that point, naturally.

Harry Wharton & Co. welcomed the visitors cordially, and the cricketers proceeded to Little Side. Wharton had cast a last glance down the road; but Wally Bunter was not yet in sight. The captain of the Remove had hoped that he would be in time for the beginning of the match.

It did not take the St. Jude's team long to be ready. Harry Wharton and Lunn, the St. Jude's junior skipper, tossed for choice of innings, and the choice fell to the visitor. He elected to bat first.

Wharton consulted with his chums.

"I should think we can play a substitute till young Bunter comes," Wharton remarked. "I suppose he couldn't really have got here so early as this. Lunn won't object to a substitute in the field till he comes."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. He pointed towards the distant gates.

A fat figure had just entered.

"Bunter, by Jove!"

"Billy Bunter!" exclaimed Nugent.

Wharton shook his head and laughed.

"No; Wally in Billy's clobber," he said. "They were to change clothes, you know, for Billy to take Wally's place in the office."

"Blessed if he hasn't put Billy's glasses on!" exclaimed Squiff. "Wally doesn't wear glasses as a rule, does he?"

"No; that's queer!"

The fat junior came towards the cricket-ground, and all eyes were turned upon him. Whether it was Wally or whether it was Billy could not be told, excepting from the clothes and the spectacles. And it was understood that Billy was to change clothes with his cousin.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You've got here in time!"

"Yes!"

"I suppose you're Wally?"

"Who did you think I was?"

"Well, you're so like Billy, you know," said Wharton.

"In his clothes, you're exactly like your cousin."

"Look here, I'm not so jolly like my cousin as all that!" exclaimed the fat junior. "I'm considered better looking."

The juniors laughed.

"So you are," said Bob Cherry soothingly. "Now I come to look at you, you're not nearly so fat about the chivvy as Billy."

"He, he, he!"

"Hallo! What's the joke?"

"You are," said the visitor cheerfully. "Your face, you know!"

Bob Cherry seemed to swallow something with difficulty. A remark like that from Billy Bunter would have been replied to with a pull of his fat ear. But Wally was a visitor.

"I've changed into Billy's clobber," said the fat junior, blinking at them. "But I shall want some flannels. Has Billy any flannels?"

"Yes; we've brought them down to the pav. ready."

"Good!"

"But what have you put Billy's barnacles on for?" asked Nugent, puzzled.

The fat junior hesitated.

"The fact is, I—I really need glasses," he explained. "I don't wear 'em as a rule, but in a game of cricket I think I'd better. The fact is, my sight is getting a bit like—like my cousin's."

"Sorry," said Wharton.

"It runs in the family, really," said the fat junior. "I think I'd better keep the glasses on for the game."

"Right-ho!"

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE GIANT OF GREYFRIARS!"

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"Did you leave Billy at Canterbury?" asked Squiff. The fat junior nodded.

"Yes; he's in the office now."

"You've done it pretty quickly," remarked Johnny Bull. "I hardly thought you'd get here so soon as this."

"I was all ready, you see, and I caught a fast train. There's a new train put on between Canterbury and Court-field."

"That's lucky."

"Yes, isn't it? Well, I'll change now. I suppose Billy's flannels will fit me."

"His Etons seem to," said Harry Wharton. "They look as if they were made for you."

"So they were—I mean, they were made for a chap exactly my size, you know," said the fat junior.

He followed Harry Wharton into the pavilion, and proceeded to change into Billy Bunter's flannels.

The cricketers waited for him outside the pavilion.

"He's more like Billy than ever," Bob Cherry remarked. "Rather hard lines on the kid about his sight. He never said anything about it before."

"And he certainly seemed to see all right yesterday," remarked Nugent.

"I suppose it really runs in the family. If he takes to wearing barnacles as a rule, there won't be any telling the difference between them at all."

"You fellows ready?" asked Lunn.

"Just a minute—one of our men has only just come."

"Right you are!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

The new recruit came out of the pavilion in white. Then Harry Wharton led his men into the field.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Not Up to Sample!

ROUND Little Side a goodly crowd of spectators had gathered.

There was considerable interest among the juniors in Wally Bunter's cricket. They remembered how he had played on his previous visit to Greyfriars—his play had been equal to anything in the Remove. Even mighty men like Wharton and Mark Linley and Bob Cherry had not put him in the shade.

The addition of Wally to the Remove team was a fortunate circumstance, considering that three of the best men were out of it. The St. Jude's match was always a hard one, and the Remove needed the best players they could get.

The St. Jude's innings opened, with Lunn at the batting end, and Harry Wharton tossed the ball to Bunter.

There were several good bowlers in the Remove team, like Hurree Singh and Tom Brown, but Wally Bunter was quite equal to them; and politeness to the visitor constrained Wharton to give him the first over.

"Catch!" he called out, and tossed the ball.

The fat junior made a catch at it, and missed it, and it rolled in the grass.

"Clumsy!" he said.

Wharton stared a little.

He was surprised to see Wally Bunter miss so easy a catch, and the fat fellow's remark was not exactly polite. However, he made no rejoinder.

The fieldsmen took their places, and Bunter prepared to bowl.

Fat as he was, Wally Bunter was a very active bowler, and he had a quick and springy movement. But he seemed to have lost his quickness and springiness now. He lumbered back, and lumbered forward, and sent the ball down with a clumsy fling. The fieldsmen opened their eyes.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The St. Jude's captain grinned.

It was such a ball as a fag in the Second Form might have sent him, and he was prepared to knock it sky high.

Clack! The leather went soaring, and the fieldsmen phased it, and the batsmen ran. Once, twice, thrice, before the ball came in from Squiff.

Three to St. Jude's for a beginning!

The wicket-keeper sent the leather back to Bunter, and the fat junior prepared to bowl again.

Jones, of St. Jude's, was at the batting end now, and he was grinning. He wondered what induced Wharton to give the first over to so utterly rotten a bowler. But it was a good thing for St. Jude's, and he was ready to make the most of it.

"Off his form!" Bob Cherry remarked. "He'll pull round!"

"The off-bitness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Janset



Bolsover major intended to colla the fat youth, and sit him down in the quad with a terrific bump. Instead of collaring Bunter, he was collared himself, and sat down on the cold, unsympathetic ground with a bump. (See Chapter 1.)

Ram Singh. "The bowlfulness resembles that of the esteemed fatheaded Billy!"

Bunter blinked along the pitch, and bowled again. Jones grinned, and cut the ball for two.

Another ball gave St. Jude's three, and Lunn was taking the batting again. He drove the fourth ball to the off boundary.

The Greyfriars fieldsmen were looking serious now.

They had expected the first over to cost St. Jude's at least one wicket, perhaps two or three, from what they remembered of Wally Bunter's bowling.

Evidently that result was not to be expected now.

The over finished with a total of fourteen runs for St. Jude's, and the two batsmen still at the wickets.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances of something like dismay.

They had been very pleased to obtain this valuable recruit. But if this was a sample of the form he was going to show, his inclusion in the eleven was likely to be a serious matter for the Remove.

The fat junior seemed quite satisfied with his performance, however. As the field crossed over, Wharton spoke to him.

"Rather bad luck for the first over," he remarked. "A bit off your form—what?"

"Long railway journey," remarked Bob Cherry. "I suppose you're a bit tired, Wally?"

The fat cricketer blinked at them.

"Not a bit," he said. "I'm rather hungry, as a matter of fact. But I'm in great form. The fielding's rather poor."

"Eh?"

"My idea is to get them to give catches. You muffed away two easy chances, Cherry."

"I did!" gasped Bob.

"Yes; and Wharton was very slow with that return. The wicket ought to have gone down that time."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

"Oh!" said Wharton. The fat junior nodded sagely.

"Yes. You know, you'll have to buck up a little, or St. Jude's will walk over you!"

There was no reply made to that. Politeness to a visitor forbade the captain of the Remove to express his opinion.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh bowled the second over, and then matters looked up a little for Greyfriars. Bunter's bowling had made Lunn a little over-confident, perhaps; at all events, he was out to Hurree Singh's first ball. The fall of the wicket was a relief to the Removites.

"Well bowled, Inky!"

Hurree Singh grinned, and bowled again.

Another wicket fell at the end of the over, and only two runs had been added.

"Man in!" said Lunn.

"Look out for that blessed nigger! What the dickens did they put that idiot on for, when they've got a bowler like the Inky chap?"

All the St. Jude's fellows were wondering that.

The fat cricketer rolled up to Wharton as another man went in.

"Chuck me the ball," he said.

Wharton hesitated.

The captain of the Remove had intended to give Wally Bunter the lion's share of the bowling, partly out of compliment to the visitor, and partly because he had proved himself,

on a previous occasion, a first-rate bowler.

But his performance in the first over had dismayed Wharton.

Probably long hours of office-work had robbed him of his skill; and yet the previous day he had seemed in as good form as ever.

Perhaps the morning's work and the train journey had tired him. Whatever the reason, his bowling was very bad.

But he was evidently unconscious of the fact, and evidently expected to be given a prominent part in the game.

"Give him another chance," murmured Bob Cherry.

Wharton made up his mind.

"All serene! Go it, Bunter!"

The fat junior took the ball.

The St. Jude's batsmen exchanged a grin, and prepared to pile runs on their score. They had quite taken Bunter's measure as a bowler.

There were caustic remarks among the Removites looking on. Bolsover major had a sympathetic audience now. Certainly Bolsover, at his worst, would never have bowled so utterly badly as the new recruit.

"Looks like a win—what?" snorted Bolsover. "Didn't I tell you all along that that fat idiot couldn't play?"

"You did!" agreed Skinner.

"Of course he can't!" said Snoop. "Any ass can take a few wickets by a fluke! That's all he ever did. He's showing his real form now."

"I guess the match is a goner, if Wharton lets him bowl," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "I calculate I'd have played, if Wharton had asked me. Better than that jay, I guess!"

"Couldn't have been much worse," said Russell. "That's as rotten as anything Billy Bunter could do!"

"Pretty nearly!" snorted Bolsover. "And I'm left out, too, to make room for a fathead like that. Well, the game's a goner!"

And Bolsover major really looked as if he had found some solace in the reflection that the game was a "goner."

It certainly looked like it—if the new recruit had much of the bowling. For his second over was a repetition of his first.

The St. Jude's batsmen knocked his bowling where they liked. There was not even a chance of a catch for the fieldsmen.

There was a couple of byes, and the rest of the balls were slammed hard for threes and fours.

The spectators gave a suppressed groan at the end of the over. Harry Wharton's face was a study.

His conscience was smiting him.

He had taken on this new recruit, he had put him in the team, he had picked that eleventh man himself—and this was the result! The Remove looked like being licked to the wide—and they would have something to say about it to their captain afterwards, that was certain!

Yet it was very perplexing. How had so accomplished a cricketer as Wally Bunter lost all his skill of a sudden? It was mysterious.

But one thing was certain; Bunter's bowling was at an end for the match. Politeness was all very well; but cricket came first, and Wharton did not feel inclined to trust the ball into his hands again.

The fourth over was bowled by Tom Brown, with good results for Greyfriars. There were only two runs, and St. Jude's lost a wicket.

The field crossed over, the ball being given to Squiff. Bunter blinked at the captain of the Remove, and caught him by the sleeve.

"I suppose I'm bowling again?" he exclaimed.

Wharton shook his head.

"I think not, Bunter!"

"Look here, I suppose I'm going to have a show in this match!" said Bunter warmly. "I expected to take half the bowling. I'm not tired. You only need to use your change bowlers to relieve me, you know."

"The fact is, your bowling isn't good enough," said Wharton, forced to speak plainly. "I suppose you're off your form, and I'm sorry; but I can't throw away the match. You go into the field, Wally!"

"What rot!"

"Eh?"

"What the dickens do you know about bowling?"

Wharton coloured. Wally Bunter seemed to have borrowed the manners of his cousin Billy, as well as his clothes, for the afternoon.

"My dear chap, you must leave it to me," said Wharton, as politely as he could. "You go to point."

Bunter grunted.

"Well, you're chucking away the match," he said. "You've got a good bowler, and you won't let him bowl. I suppose it's jealousy!"

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A sudden realisation of the dreadful truth flashed into Harry Wharton's mind. He grasped the new-comer by the shoulder, staring into the surprised face. "Who are you?" he gasped. (See Chapter 10.)

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, who overheard that remark.

Wharton affected not to hear it; but he made an inward resolve that the fat cricketer should never play on the Greyfriars ground again.

Bunter went discontentedly to point, and Sampson Quincy Ifley Field bowled to Robinson of St. Jude's. Robinson went out for a duck's egg, and there was a cheer from the Greyfriars crowd.

Next man in put up an easy catch for point. All eyes were on Bunter.

The fat cricketer did not even seem to see the ball coming. He made a grab at it too late. The leather dropped.

"Butter-fingers!" yelled Bolsover major.

"Clumsy ass!" shrieked Skinner.

Wharton suppressed his feelings with an effort. If a Remove fieldsmen had muffed that easy catch, his captain would have made some plain remarks to him later. But Wally Bunter was a privileged person.

The fat cricketer groped for the ball, and tossed it in, after a run had been taken.

"Ye gods!" said Nugent. "What's the matter with him? He can't bowl, and he can't field. I thought he was a cricketer!"

The St. Jude's fellows had a careful eye on Bunter now. They favoured him, having noted that he could not take the easiest catch. It was a weak spot in the field which helped them considerably.

Bunter did not bowl again—and he made no catch, though he muffed several. The innings closed for a total of 60.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

An Interrupted Feast!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. gave their new recruit somewhat grim looks as the players came off. They had expected great things from Wally Bunter. He had disappointed them, and that was not all. There was a new "swank" in his manner which they had never perceived before in Wally, and he passed criticisms—quite unjustified—on the team, which did not make the team feel agreeable. Had he been a Remove fellow, Wharton would have dropped him out of the eleven without ceremony. But he could hardly take that course with a fellow who had come all the way from Canterbury especially to play for the Remove.

The fat cricketer joined them outside the pavilion, where Bob Cherry was handing round ginger-beer.

"I say you fellows, I'm rather hungry," he remarked. "I suppose there's time before the innings for a snack at the tuckshop?"

"Lots!" said Wharton. "Plenty of time before you bat."

"Eh? I suppose I open the innings, don't I?"

"Well, I was thinking of sending you in last."

"What rot!"

"Ahem!"

"If you think I've come from—from Canterbury to go in at the tail of the innings, you're mistaken!"

Wharton coloured.

"Look here, Wally," said Bob Cherry bluntly. "You're no good! We can't open the innings with a howling ass!"

"If that's the way you talk to a visitor, Cherry——"

"Cheese it, Bob!" said Wharton uneasily.

"Well, the truth's the truth," said Bob. "Wally's a cricketer, and he must know that he's right off his form to-day!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Bunter. "I don't say I'm at the top of my form. But my bowling would have cleared them out pretty fast if I'd had proper backing in the field. I never saw a rottenner set of fieldsmen!"

"Oh!"

"I insist upon opening the innings. I consider I'm entitled to it, as I'm the best cricketer here!"

"Great Scott!"

"Otherwise, I shall know what to think of Greyfriars manners!" said the fat junior, with a disdainful sniff.

"You can open the innings," said Wharton quietly.

"You'd better buck up at the tuckshop, in that case. We can't wait for you!"

"Oh, all right!" The fat junior turned away, and then turned back. "I say, I came away from the—the office without any cash. I was in such a hurry. I suppose you fellows could lend me a few bob?"

Wharton looked at him, and went into the pavilion for his jacket. He placed five shillings silently in the new recruit's fat palm. He rolled away at once to Mrs. Mumble's little shop in the corner of the Close.

The Greyfriars fellows exchanged queer glances.

"More like Billy than we supposed!" said Nugent drily.

"Much more," said Wharton. "Be as civil to him as you can, though, you fellows. We asked him here."

"Tain't so jolly easy to be civil to such a cheeky worm!" growled Bob Cherry. "But I suppose we've got to stand him."

Bunter had disappeared into the tuckshop. He had not reappeared when the time came for the Remove innings to begin. Wharton had warned him that the cricketers would not wait, and he did not stand upon ceremony. The innings opened with Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

Bolsover major grinned at Skinner, and they left the ground together. The bully of the Remove felt that his chance had come. Bunter was still in the tuckshop, and the other fellows were engrossed with the game.

Skinner and Bolsover made their way to Mrs. Mumble's shop. The fat cricketer was seated on a high stool at the counter, finishing the last of the five shillings in tuck. He blinked round as the two juniors came in, and nodded to them.

"Well, here you are!" said Bolsover grimly.

"Oh, really, Bolsover——"

"Isn't he exactly like Billy?" ejaculated Bolsover. "Talks like him, and looks like him, and plays cricket like him!"

Skinner chuckled.

"Well, are you ready for a licking?" demanded Bolsover.

"Look here——"

"You downed me in the quad yesterday," said Bolsover. "You haven't got those rotters crowding round you now. I'm going to lick you!"

"I—I say, I—I didn't down you, you know!" stammered Bunter. "I—I mean, I didn't mean to. Hands off! Yah!"

Bolsover major grasped him, and jerked him off the high stool. The fat junior began to choke. His mouth was full of ice-cream.

"Yow-ow-ow!" he spluttered. "Groogh! Leggo! Help!"

"Master Bolsover!" exclaimed Mrs. Mumble.

"It's all right, ma'am. I'm only going to lick the fat boulder," said Bolsover major.

"Yow-wow! Help!"

"Why, I haven't touched you yet!" exclaimed Bolsover, in disgust.

"Help! Murder! Fire!" yelled Bunter.

"More than ever like Billy!" grinned Skinner. "He's as big a funk as Billy. Blessed if I know how he handled you yesterday, Bolsover!"

"Well, now I'm going to handle him. Get up, you fat funk!"

"Yah! I won't! Help!"

"Shut up, you silly ass——"

"Help! Murder! Fire!" shrieked Bunter.

He sat on the floor and roared.

His wild howls reached to a good distance from the tuckshop. There was a rush of feet outside, and Tom Brown and Nugent and Mark Linley ran in. Bunter jumped up and scuttled behind them at once.

"Keep him off!" he roared.

"So you're bullying our visitor, Bolsover?" exclaimed Nugent. "You were warned what you would get. Collar him!"

Bolsover major put up his hands at once. But the three juniors collared him, and he was bumped on the floor. Skinner strolled out of the tuckshop. He had not come there for a "scrap."

The bully of the Remove struggled furiously, but he was pinned down, and Nugent caught up some of Bunter's tarts from the counter. The tarts were promptly plastered over Bolsover's face. They stuck upon his eyes and nose and mouth, and he gurgled in a suffocated way.

"Gerroogh! I'll smash you! Groooop!"

"Now bump him!" said Mark.

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

"Yaroooh! Yow-ow-ow!"

The three juniors left Bolsover major sprawling on the floor, roaring, and marched Bunter out of the tuckshop. The fat junior was grinning now.

"Not hurt?" asked Tom Brown.

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"Jolly nearly fractured my backbone, I think!" said Bunter. "Of course, I'd have licked him, if you fellows hadn't come!"

"Yes; you looked like it!" said the New Zealand junior grimly.

It was the duty of the Removites to protect their visitor, but they could not help feeling disgusted with the funk he had shown. They walked him back to the cricket-field. Bolsover major did not follow. He had had enough—for the present, at least.

"Hallo! Batting?" exclaimed Bunter, as they came on Little Side again. "Look here, I'm going to open the innings."

"Too late!" grinned Nugent. "You were too busy with the tarts."

Bunter grunted discontentedly.

"Well, you'll start the innings pretty rottenly then," he said. "There! I told you so! There goes Bob Cherry's wicket!"

"He's taken fifteen runs!" said Nugent indignantly.

"I should have taken fifty!"

"Oh, bow-wow!"

"Look here, Nugent——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are!" said Bob Cherry, as he came off the field. "Go in, and stagger humanity, Fatty!"

And the fat cricketer went in, though not to stagger humanity. He remained at the wicket just as long as it took Lunn of St. Jude's to deliver a single ball. Then his middle stump was whipped out.

"What price ducks' eggs?" yelled Sammy Bunter of the Second Form. Bunter minor was watching the fat cricketer with great interest.

The fat cricketer blinked at his wretched wicket.

"I suppose that was a trial ball?" he remarked.

"I suppose it wasn't!" growled the umpire. "You're out!"

"Look here——"

"Next man!"

And the valuable recruit grunted and rolled off the pitch, with a big round nought to his credit.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Very Agreeable Visitor!

AFTER the way the new recruit had shaped at bowling and fielding, the Greyfriars fellows were not surprised to see him out for a duck. The surprise was on the side of the St. Jude's fellows. They simply could not understand why Harry Wharton, who had a keen eye to a player's form, should play such a hopeless duffer. But it was all the better for St. Jude's, and they grinned over it cheerfully. The Removites felt quite differently.

They could not help feeling that Wally Bunter had "wedged" into the team under false pretences. He had certainly succeeded in giving the Remove the impression that he was a ripping cricketer. He had quite obliterated that impression now, and many fellows were inclined to grumble to Wharton for having played him.

And the exasperating part of the matter was, that the fat boulder had no sense at all of his hopeless failure.

He blinked at the game after he was out with an expression of tolerating contempt on his fat face, and passed remarks on the play that made the Greyfriars fellows who heard him quite wild.

According to him, he hadn't been given really a chance at either batting or bowling. He did not hesitate to hint that personal jealousy on the part of Wharton had kept him deliberately in the shade. As for the loss of his wicket, he put that down to intentional unfairness on the part of the umpire.

It was fortunate for him that he was a visitor at Greyfriars, and that the Remove fellows felt themselves bound to respect the stranger within their gates. Otherwise, he would certainly have been bumped hard, for his nerve and impudence.

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ONE PENNY.

As it was, the juniors were looking forward to the time when they would say good-bye to him for the last time.

"Call that cricket?" said the fat junior, as Harry Wharton was caught on the boundary in a gallant attempt at four.

"Poof!"

"Wharton's scored twenty!" howled Bob Cherry.

"And gets out like that!" sneered Bunter. "Pah!"

"Why, you fat image, you had only a duck's egg!"

"That was a swindle!"

"A what?"

"The umpire was against me."

"Why, you—your silly ass, you were clean bowled—as clean as a whistle!"

"Rot!"

Bob Cherry choked back his feelings with difficulty, and turned away. He wondered how he had ever seen anything to like in Cousin Wally. The fat junior continued his disparaging remarks.

"Look at that fellow Linley at the wicket!" he said to Johnny Bull.

"Well, what's the matter with Linley?" demanded Johnny, breathing hard through his nose.

"What isn't the matter with him?" jeered Bunter. "Do you think I should stand at the wicket like that?"

"I jolly well know you wouldn't! You'd stand there like a fat ox!"

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"Oh, scat!"

"Well, I must say I like the manners here!" sneered Bunter. "I may as well say that I didn't come over from Canterbury to be insulted."

"Sorry!" stuttered Johnny Bull. "Ahem! I forgot. But you're enough to exasperate a stone image. You don't know anything about cricket!"

"That's only your ignorance, my dear chap."

"My—my ignorance?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Yes. You don't know anything about the game."

"Oh! My hat!"

"It's the same with you other fellows," said Bunter, blinking round at the group of Removites before the pavilion.

"I've never seen such a gang of fumlbers at the game. You don't mind my speaking out, do you?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Squiff. "We—we like it. It's so polite. So courteous. Keep it up!"

"Well, if you don't mind my being frank, I'll give you a tip about the way you bat, Field. You don't seem to see the ball coming. You bat as if you were threshing corn!"

"I—I do!" gasped Squiff.

"Yes, you do. As for you, Nugent, you can't bat at all."

Nugent controlled his feelings.

"You don't mind my saying so? I like to speak out, you know; besides, I can give you some tips about the game."

"How to get ducks' eggs, f'rinstance?" asked Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That was a swindle——"

"Better not let the umpire hear you say so," remarked Bulstrode drily. "He might punch your silly, cheeky head!"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"Br-r-r-r!" growled Bulstrode. "For goodness' sake dry up! I shall take you for your Cousin Billy, and biff you soon!"

"Order!" murmured Wharton, joining the group. "So you don't think much of our cricket here, Wally?"

The fat junior shook his head.

"I must say I'm disappointed in it, Wharton. It wasn't worth while to come over from Canterbury and play in a fumbling game like this!"

Wharton made no rejoinder. He could not think of any remark equal to the occasion. The polite visitor's remarks ran on, as the Greyfriars innings continued. The St. Jude's bowling, however, was decidedly good, and even a bat like Mark Linley was dismissed for 2 runs, and Bulstrode for a single. Several of the others had done well, but the average of runs was slow—and the duck's egg scored by Bunter, of course, brought down the average.

The Remove was all out for 52, leaving St. Jude's 8 to the good on the result of the first innings.

"Just what I expected!" said the fat junior, with a sniff, as the players came off. "Blessed if it's worth while to play it out! You're booked!"

"What time does your train go back to Canterbury?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bunter grinned.

"Never mind that. Why?"

"If you'd like to catch an earlier one——"

"Cheese it, Johnny!" murmured Wharton.

"I can't stand him," muttered Johnny Bull. "He's too

13

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

"We brought it on ourselves," said Wharton ruefully. "We've been taken in—I'd never have thought he was a chap like this. I suppose we might have foreseen that he was like his cousin in nature as well as looks."

"The mightfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh. "But the blindness was batful. It is now too late, as our esteemed statesmen say."

The fat junior rolled towards the captain of the Remove.

"For goodness' sake, give me the first over when they bat again!" he said. "I'll do my best to pull the game out of the fire."

"You're not going to bowl at all!" said Wharton curtly.

"Now, look here, Wharton, don't be an ass! I don't come over from Canterbury to stick in the field and watch you fellows fumble!"

"Ready, you chaps?" said Wharton.

"Am I going to bowl?" demanded Bunter.

Wharton shook his head decidedly. Politeness to a visitor was all very well. But there were limits, and the limit had been reached.

"Can't be did!" he said. "We shall have a tussle now, and throwing away runs would settle us. It can't be did!"

"It's the only way of saving the match."

"Well, I don't agree with you, that's all."

"You wouldn't," said the fat junior disdainfully. "You're too pigheaded!"

"Thanks!"

"What you don't know about cricket would fill books. The fact is, I insist upon bowling. I decline to be stuck in the field doing nothing!"

"You won't be doing nothing," said Bob Cherry. "You'll be muffing catches, you know."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You'll take the first over, Inky," said Wharton, "and for goodness' sake give us the hat-trick if you can! We need it!"

"So you're not going to let me bowl?" demanded the fat junior, blinking angrily at the captain of the Remove.

"I'm sorry," said Harry, with a worried look, "but I can't do it."

"Then I shall refuse to play any longer!"

Wharton brightened up.

"Do you mean that, Wally?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Very well, then. We can play a substitute in the field. As for the batting, your wicket would go for a duck's egg, anyway."

"Why, you silly ass—"

"Ahem! Call Bolsover, somebody—Bolsover can field—"

"I say, I'll play!" exclaimed Bunter hurriedly. "I was only joking. Of course, I'm not going to be left out."

"If you'd rather look on—"

"I wouldn't!"

"Oh, all right! Come on, then!" said Harry.

And the valuable recruit went into the field with Harry Wharton & Co.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Sudden Surprise!

ST. JUDE'S began their second innings in high spirits. Lunn and Jones opened the innings, in hopes of seeing the fat junior bowl, and give them a good start. But it was Hurree Janset Ram Singh who bowled the first over, and the start was not so good.

The Nabob of Bhanipur did his best to get a wicket; but the St. Jude's batsmen did not give him a chance. But the over only brought the visitors a couple of runs. Then Squiff went on to bowl from the other end.

Bunter was at cover-point now, with his hands in his pockets. There was a disconcerted frown on his fat face, and he looked so exactly like Billy Bunter of the Remove that it was quite startling to look at him.

Jones drove the ball away, and Mark Linley, at point, had a chance at it, while the batsmen were running. But Bunter made a run for it, too, and bumped into the Lancashire junior, and the ball went to grass.

Mark fell on one knee, almost floored by the weight of the fat fieldsman. Bunter gasped for breath.

"You clumsy ass!" he exclaimed.

"What?" ejaculated Mark.

"You've spoiled my catch!"

"You fat ass!" roared Bob Cherry from the slips. "You've mucked up Linley's catch. Get out of the way!"

"It's!"

Linley, without wasting words on Bunter, was groping for the ball, to save time in returning it. The batsmen were running a second time. But Bunter was after the ball, too.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

He clutched it as Linley's hand closed on it, and held on to the Lancashire lad's fingers.

"Give it to me!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Let go, you fool!" broke out Mark, utterly exasperated by the waste of time, while the batsmen were making the running.

"You let go, you silly duffer!"

There was a loud howl of wrath from the Greyfriars crowd, while the St. Jude's onlookers laughed. It struck them as comic to see two fieldsmen disputing over the ball while the batsmen were making runs.

"Will you let my hand go?" shouted Mark.

"No, I won't! Gimme the ball!"

"You fat idiot—"

"You cheeky cad—"

Mark was on the point of laying Bunter on his back. But there was no time for that. He released the ball, and Bunter collared it triumphantly.

"Send it in, quick!" panted Mark.

"Mind your own business! I suppose I know how to field a ball without instructions from you!" said Bunter.

"They're running again—quick! Quick!"

"You're putting me out with your shouting, Linley! I wish you'd mind your own business, and leave me to field in my own way."

"Send in that ball!" roared Wharton.

The batsmen, grinning with glee, were crossing the pitch for the third time. It should really have been a risky single; it was turning out a safe three. There was a loud cackle of laughter from the St. Jude's crowd.

Bunter took his time to send in the ball. He paused to bestow a derisive blink in the direction of Harry Wharton, who was knitting his brows with anger. He paused to give Mark Linley a lofty sneer.

Then he threw in the ball—missing the wicket by several yards, and sending the ball far across the pitch.

It required fielding again, and meanwhile the St. Jude's batsmen scored another run. They were safe in the creases again when the ball came whizzing in like a bullet from Tom Brown.

"Four!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Four! Oh, the dangerous maniac!"

"Four!" murmured Mark Linley, barely able to keep from taking the fat cricketer by the collar and shaking him like a rat. "Four! Oh, you fathead!"

"All your fault," said Bunter calmly. "If you hadn't got in my way—"

"You got in my way, you chump!"

"Oh, you crass duffer!"

Mark Linley went back to his place, leaving the valuable recruit grunting. Harry Wharton called out to him:

"Bunter, keep further back, and don't get in the way of the field!"

"Bosh!" retorted Bunter.

"Send him off!" howled Johnny Bull from the pavilion.

It was upon Wharton's lips to order the new recruit off the field; but he felt that he couldn't, after having invited the fellow to make a long journey to play in the match. He had to grin and bear it. It was a case of "noblesse oblige."

And the new recruit was not finished yet.

As he was not allowed to display his remarkable powers as a bowler, he seemed determined to show what he could do in the fielding line, and all he could do in that line apparently was to get in the way of the other fieldsmen.

The batsmen sent the ball in Bunter's direction whenever they could, pretty certain that it was safe there.

The runs were mounting up fast, and the wickets were falling slowly. The two teams were pretty well matched, apart from Bunter.

With that dreadful recruit hanging like a dead weight on the team, it was no wonder that the Remove were going downhill.

When last man in was called, the St. Jude's score was at 75, and last man in did not depart at once.

Once more the ball came out to Bunter, who declined his captain's order to keep back, and insisted upon getting up close.

Bunter made a clutch at it, and prevented another man from getting it, and rolled in the grass after it. The batsmen were running hard. Seeing that Bunter had the ball, they had ventured on a second run, assured of immunity.

"Buck up, Bunter!" yelled the field, as the fat cricketer paused to adjust his glasses on his fat little nose.

"Get a move on!" shrieked the crowd.

"Oh, my hat! They call this cricket!" snorted Bolsover major. "Serves 'em right—serves 'em jolly well right! They would play him!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter had sent in the ball. Whether he meant to send it to the wicket or to the wicket-keeper was not clear, but it was quite clear where he did send it. There was a terrific yell from Bob Cherry, who was six or seven yards from Bunter, and not in the line of the wicket at all.

Bob was seen to clap his hands to his head, and sit down suddenly in the grass.

Bunter blinked at the wicket.

"Hallo! Isn't that wicket down?" he ejaculated.

"Yaroooh! My head! My hat! Yaroooh!" roared Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, St. Jude's!"

The batsmen were running again, though they were laughing almost too much to run.

Wharton fielded the ball and sent it in, while Bob sat and rubbed his damaged head. The batsman's wicket went down in a heap.

"How's that?"

"Out!"

"Yow-ow-wow-w!" gasped Bob Cherry, staggering to his feet. "Where's that fat villain? He's brained me! Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All down for 77!" said Lunn of St. Jude's, with a grin.

"All over her shouting, I think!"

"Hold on, Bob!"

Bob Cherry did not hold on. He had a bump on his head, and his head was singing. He was making a ferocious rush at Bunter.

The fat junior gave him one blink and fled for the pavilion, with the enraged fieldsman after him. There was a roar of laughter round the field.

"Go it, Bunter! Put it on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The innings was over, and the rest of the field rushed after Bob Cherry, amid shouts of laughter. Bunter reached the pavilion, roaring:

"Keep him off! Yow-wow! I say, you fellows, keep him off!"

Wharton overtook the infuriated Bob, and dragged him back just in time.

"Hold on, Bob!"

"Look at my napper!" shrieked Bob.

"Ha, ha! I mean, sorry! But—"

"I'll pulverise him!"

Bunter dodged behind Bulstrode, and blinked in alarm at Bob Cherry, who was restrained with difficulty by two or three of the cricketers.

"Keep him off!" he gasped. "The clumsy ass shouldn't have got in the way, you know!"

"I wasn't in the way!" yelled Bob furiously. "You clumsy lubber, I was yards and yards out of the way!"

"Pooh! You were in the way, or the ball couldn't have touched you!" said Bunter. "Tain't my fault if you're clumsy!"

"Clumsy! Lemme gerrat him!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed a cheery voice. "What's the trouble? You in the wars again, Billy?"

The juniors spun round.

A fat youth, in lounge clothes, with a straw hat, and without glasses, but otherwise the image of Bunter, had come up. He nodded cheerily to the juniors as they stared at him.

"Sorry I couldn't get here in time for the match," he said.

"Wha-a-at! What the thump does it matter whether you got here in time for the match or not?" growled Johnny Bull.

The new-comer looked surprised.

"Well, as you asked me to come, I suppose it matters," he said, a little tartly. "If you don't want me, however, I suppose it doesn't matter."

A sudden realisation of the dreadful truth flashed into Harry Wharton's mind. He grasped the new-comer by the shoulder, staring into his surprised face.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"Eh? I'm Bunter!"

"I know you're Bunter, but which Bunter?"

"Wally Bunter, of course!"

There was an instant of silence, then Bob Cherry yelled:

"Spoofed!"

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ONE
PENNY.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Spoofed!

"SPOOFED!"

The juniors echoed the word in every tone of amazement and rage.

They understood now.

The new-comer was evidently the genuine Wally.

If proof were needed, it was provided on the spot by the fat cricketer who had palmed himself off on the team as Wally, for that fat impostor took to his heels at the sight of the genuine article, and raced away towards the School House.

The Removites stood astounded. Lunn and his comrades looked on curiously. They were puzzled and perplexed.

"So—so you're Wally?" gasped Bob Cherry.

The new-comer nodded, and frowned a little.

"Of course I'm Wally! Look here, don't pile it on so much about my being like Billy! I'm not such a fat, greasy bounder as all that, I hope!"

"But—but— Stop him!" shouted Bob.

Ogilvy and Bulstrode rushed after the fleeing impostor. Billy Bunter—for evidently the fat cricketer was Billy Bunter—was half-way to the House; but he was not a good runner, and he was speedily overtaken. Two hands clutching at him from behind brought him to a sudden halt.

"Leggo!" he yelled. "I—I say, you fellows, it was only a joke, you know! I—I say— Yaroooh!"

The captured impostor was marched back to the pavilion.

"I say, what's the little game?" asked Wally Bunter, in astonishment. "What has Billy been doing?"

"What has he been doing?" gasped Wharton. "He's been playing cricket!"

"You played him instead of me?"

"Rats! We thought he was you!"

"Oh, draw it mild!"

"He said he was you. He—he started for Canterbury to change places with you for the afternoon," said Wharton.

"We—we thought it was Wally who came back, as arranged, in Bunter's clothes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wally. "What a game!"

"Bring him here!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Somebody get a bat! We're going to brain him!"

"Yow-wow! Help!"

"You fat fraud!"

"You spoofing rotter!"

"Bring him here! Gimme a bat!"

"I—I say, you fellows," gasped Bunter, as he was dragged into the circle of threatening faces—"I say, you know—"

Wharton fixed his eyes on the fat junior grimly. Now that the cheat was discovered, Billy Bunter was wriggling with apprehension.

"So you've been spoofing us!" exclaimed Wharton.

"You're not Wally at all!"

Bunter grinned feebly.

"Nunno! Not exactly!"

"You didn't go to Canterbury!"

"That's why he got here so early!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "The fat villain didn't go to Canterbury at all!"

"That's why he didn't want us to take his ticket!" shrieked Bob. "He never intended to go to Canterbury."

"Spoofing us all the time!" howled Squiff.

"What did you do it for, you fat lunatic?" demanded Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton! You might be decently grateful!"

"Grateful!"

"Yes. I felt that it was up to me to save the match."

"To—to what?"

"You wanted a good player," said Billy Bunter firmly. "I know I am whole streets ahead of Wally at cricket."

"My only aunt!" murmured Wally.

"Besides, I really couldn't go to Canterbury," urged Bunter. "I couldn't have made that long journey without my dinner. Just one lunch-basket wasn't enough. Besides, I couldn't demean myself by working in an office, even for one afternoon. It's all very well for a chap like Wally—a poor relation. But I really couldn't do it. A fellow like me has to consider his standing, you know."

"Why, you—you—"



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"I acted from a sense of duty, too," said Bunter loftily. "I knew you wanted a good player for this match, and I knew that you were too jealous of me to play me if you could help it, Wharton."

"I—I—I—" stuttered Wharton.

"So I got out at Wiccombe, and took the next train back," went on Bunter, his confidence increasing. "As you were expecting Wally, it was easy enough—and I knew you'd be pleased in the long run."

"Pleased!" gasped Wharton.

"Yes, certainly. After I'd won the match for you, you see. It's not too late now. I shall probably get a century in the last innings, and that will give St. Jude's the kybosh."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Leggo my ear, Ogilvy, you beast! There's nothing to make a fuss about," said Bunter. "Wally wouldn't have been of much use to you—he's no cricketer, you know. I shall make the fur fly in the last innings, I can tell you. We'd better have tea first, though; I'm hungry."

The cricketers stared blankly at Bunter.

The imposture had taken them all in. They had expected Wally, and as he was the image of Billy, the cheat had been perfectly easy. Billy Bunter had simply gone half-way to Canterbury—and returned as his own cousin!

The way he played cricket certainly ought to have enlightened the Removites as to his real identity—they realised that now. Unfortunately, they had not realised it at the time.

"So—so—so you've been spoofing us, and you've lost us the match with your silly rot!" exclaimed Wharton at last. "You've had the cheek to shove yourself into the team under your cousin's name, and muck up the whole game!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! But for me, the score would be a good bit bigger against you, and you know it. Only my splendid fielding kept the runs down!"

"Your—your splendid fielding!" said Wharton dazedly.

"Yes, certainly! And if you'd let me bowl, we shouldn't have needed to bat a second time, either. St. Jude's wouldn't have taken fifty in both innings put together. You must admit that it was all your own fault!"

"My fault!"

"Yes; it's a rotten thing for a cricket captain to be jealous," said Bunter, wagging his head reprovingly. "Whether you think I'm Billy, or whether you think I'm Wally, it's just the same—jealousy all the time!"

"Oh, spifficate him!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Squash him!"

"Jump on him!"

"Here, I say, you fellows—Yarrooh! Leggo! Yoooooop!" roared Bunter, as the juniors, excited and enraged, closed round him and grasped him. "Leggo! Help! Fire!"

Billy Bunter descended on the earth. Two or three juniors turned him over and held him there while Bob Cherry fetched a stump. The Owl of the Remove yelled in horrid anticipation.

"Leggo! Lemme up! Help! Fire! Murder!"

"Here's the stump!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Now, keep him steady!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

The yells that arose from Billy Bunter were, as Hurree Singh justly remarked, terrific.

Bob Cherry seemed to be under the impression that he was beating a carpet.

The St. Jude's fellows looked on in astonishment. Wally Bunter stood with his hands in his pockets, grinning. Bob Cherry swept the stump up and down, and at every "down" there was a fresh yell from William George Bunter.

"That'll do!" said Harry Wharton, at last, laughing. "You'll waste that stump if you break it on him."

"Yarrooh! Yow! Help!"

"Bötter give him a few dozen more—"

"Ha, ha! That's enough!"

Bob Cherry reluctantly desisted. Billy Bunter rolled over and roared.

"Now buzz off, you fat fraud!" said Wharton. "You've lost us the match, and you ought to be scragged, and you know it!"

"Yow-wow-wow! I'm killed—I mean, I'm fatally injured! I can't move! My backbone's broken in three—yow-ow!—places! Help!"

"If he can't move, we shall have to kick him away," said

Nugent. "Now then, all together, and kick your hardest!"

"Right-ho!"

Billy Bunter leaped up as if he had been electrified. He found it was possible to move. Before a single boot could reach him he was bolting for the School House at top speed. The fat junior disappeared into the School House, and the Remove eleven were left to make the best they could of the match the Owl of the Remove had so thoroughly "mucked up."

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Well Won!

HARRY WHARTON was looking rather grim.

Bunter's audacious fraud had been punished; but the damage he had done could not be undone. St. Jude's were far ahead, and it looked like a certain win for them—chiefly owing to Bunter's trick. And the team were a man short for the last innings—not that Bunter's wicket would have been of any value to his side.

Lunn tapped Harry Wharton on the shoulder. The St. Jude's skipper, having observed the resemblance between the two Bunters, had a pretty clear idea of what had happened. He was grinning, but he sympathised with the Remove captain's feelings on the subject.

"You've played the wrong man, it seems," he remarked.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Yes," he said ruefully. "The fat bounder took us in! He's as like his cousin as two peas, that's how it is."

"I wondered why you played such a howling duffer," said Lunn. "That other fat chap is the fellow you meant to play, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, play him in the last innings!"

"I can't claim—" he began.

"It's all right!"

"We started the match with Billy Bunter—"

"Under a mistake," said Lunn. "It's all right. We don't raise any objection. Put your man in now he's come. It's only fair-play."

Wharton brightened up considerably. It was, of course, only fair-play, though it was very sportsmanlike of the St. Jude's skipper to make the suggestion. Billy Bunter's trick had cost the Remove dear already. With Wally in the ranks instead of the egregious Owl of the Remove, there was a bare chance of yet pulling the game out of the fire.

"Well, if you don't object—" said Harry.

"Not at all! We don't want to win the game under a mistake—or, rather, a swindle. Play your man, and let's get on!"

"You're a sportsman!" said Harry. "It's a go!"

Lunn nodded. All the Remove team looked decidedly more cheerful at the idea of playing Wally, though only in the last innings. And that youth received the news joyfully.

"You must have been duffers to be taken in," he told Wharton. "Billy isn't so much like me as all that. And then his cricket—"

"We thought you were awfully off your form."

"I should say so, if you took Billy's cricket for mine!" said Wally Bunter, in disgust. "And then his barnacles—"

"He told us he—I mean you—were getting short-sighted, and had to take to glasses, you see—"

"What an awful spoof! Still, you ought to have spotted him. He's so jolly much fatter than I am."

Wharton smiled, and made no reply to that observation. As a matter of fact, there was nothing to choose between the two cousins in the matter of circumference.

Tea was taken before the Greyfriars second innings commenced. But the juniors did not linger long over tea. Wharton was anxious that the match should not be left unfinished. St. Jude's were miles ahead, and Greyfriars only chance of a win or a draw lay in finishing the second innings.

Harry Wharton tapped Wally on the shoulder as they went back to the field.

"You'll open the innings with Bob," he said.

"Right-ho! I'll do my best."

"We've got to get 85 to win," said Harry. "Owing to that precious cousin of yours!"

Wally whistled.

"Well, never say die!" he replied. "Hang the fat young rascal! I could have got off after lunch if he'd come for me. I came as soon as I could, anyway. I'm feeling jolly fit. I don't think they'll take my wicket easily."

"That's right! Man in, Bob!"

Bob Cherry and Wally Bunter went to the wickets, and Bunter received the first bowling. The St. Jude's fellows in the field were grinning. Wally, in flannels, looked so exactly as Billy had looked that it was hard to believe that it was

ANSWERS

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not the same fellow. The Saints did not suppose for a moment that he was a better cricketer than his double.

But there was a surprise in store for them. Appearances are sometimes deceptive, and so it proved in this case.

Lunn took the first over.

He delivered the first ball somewhat carelessly, fully expecting Wally's wicket to go down, as Billy's certainly would have gone down.

The St. Jude's men were prepared to chuckle over a duck's egg.

But ducks' eggs were "off."

Wally Bunter stepped out of his crease. There was a clack of willow and leather meeting, and the ball flew.

Far over the heads of the fieldsmen it flew, and Bob Cherry started to run, but Wally waved him back.

"All serene; it's a boundary!"

And a boundary it was!

The Removites round the field burst into a loud cheer. It was a good beginning, and it gave them a great impression of the prowess of the new recruit. This was rather a change after William George.

The St. Jude's fellows opened their eyes.

"Fluke!" remarked Jones.

Lunn sent down the second ball, and it followed the first. And the batsmen ran hard—once, twice, thrice!

They were safe home again before the ball came whizzing in. And Jones of St. Jude's had to admit to himself that if it was a fluke, flukes were likely to be plentiful in that innings, and all in favour of the batting side.

Bob Cherry had the bowling now, and he slogged it.

Perhaps he slogged it a little too energetically, for the last ball of the over knocked his middle stump out, and he had to retire for 4 runs.

"Bad luck!" said Wharton, as he came out, looking a little crestfallen. "But Wally's going great guns."

"Topping!" said Bob heartily.

"Now then, Nugent!"

Frank Nugent joined Wally at the wickets.

Nugent did not remain long—the St. Jude's bowling proved too much for him.

Bulstrode was next man in, and then Penfold. The runs piled up slowly as the wickets fell.

There were loud cheers for Wally, still at the wicket, and evidently determined to stay there.

By the time the fifth wicket fell Wally Bunter had knocked up 40 runs on his own, and he seemed fairly set.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked very cheerful now. Billy Bunter had cost them dear, but Cousin Wally looked like making it good. With the "leg-up" he had given them, matters were looking up for the Greyfriars Remove.

The St. Jude's fellows were surprised, but they had taken the new Bunter's measure now, and they gave him their very special attention. But it was in vain that they tried every variety of bowling upon the fat cricketer. He put "paid," so to speak, to every ball.

Harry Wharton went in to join him at last. Wharton judged that Wally would not be bowled by the St. Jude's men, and he was right. And the captain of the Remove went in last to bat, the score then being at 65—of which 46 were credited to the redoubtable Wally.

Bob Cherry rubbed his hands as he looked on. Bob could forget his own bad luck in the good prospects for the team. Eleventh man was a great success, after all!

"They won't get him!" said Bob confidently. "It all depends on Wharton now. And Wharton's good enough for them."

Mark Linley nodded assent.

"Some of us have had hard luck," he remarked. "But there's a good chance now, at all events. 21 wanted to win, though."

"There goes 4 of them!"

Harry Wharton had the bowling, and he was knocking it away in great style. The fat cricketer at the other end backed him up well. Over succeeded over, and Harry Wharton and Wally Bunter were still at the wickets in unbreakable partnership, and the St. Jude's fieldsmen were looking red and fagged with incessant leather-hunting.

Every hit was greeted with cheers by the Greyfriars fellows.

The St. Jude's bowlers and fieldsmen did their level best. Only the fall of a wicket stood between them and victory.

But the wicket did not fall. 80—82—84!

"Only 2 wanted to win!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Good old Wally! Go it, you fat boulder!"

The sun was low in the west, but the light was still good. There was plenty of time to finish. Round Little Side the excitement was keen. It had been a match of many vicissitudes, and the finish was close. Wally received the ball from Lunn—a tricky ball which would have beaten many a good bat. But it did not beat Wally Bunter.

Clack! Away went the ball, and the batsmen were running. Once—and a roar announced that the score was tied.

Twice! Then the ball came whizzing in, straight at the batsman's wicket—straight as a die. There was a crash!

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"THE GIANT OF GREYFRIARS!"

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ONE
PENNY.

But Wally's bat was on the crease, and the umpire shook his head.

"Not out!"

Then all Greyfriars roared.

There was a rush on the green field, which became black with the crowd, and Wally Bunter was hoisted shoulder-high and marched off—not an easy task, for in weight, as in most other things, he resembled his Cousin William George.

But up he went, grinning, over the heads of the cheering juniors.

"Good old Porpoise!"

"Hooray!"

"I say, you fellows—"

The cricketers, in cheery mood, were trooping into the School House when Billy Bunter met them.

St. Jude's had departed in their brake; but Wally Bunter, the eleventh man in the Remove team, was staying later. There had been one tea on the cricket-ground, but there was to be another in No. 1 Study, and Wally was the guest of honour. Harry Wharton & Co. marched him in in triumph. Wally was the hero of the hour, but the cricketers gave Billy Bunter grim looks as he rolled in their way.

"Buzz off!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I think you might be decently grateful, after my cousin's won the match for you!" said Bunter, in an injured tone.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I'd have won the match myself, for that matter, if Wharton had given me a chance," said Billy Bunter. "But what can a chap do when he's kept in the shade by personal jealousy? But even Wharton can't deny that my Cousin Wally has won the match."

"Quite so," said Wharton. "Small thanks to you, you spoofing oyster!"

"It's entirely due to me," said Bunter. "Wally's my cousin, ain't he? If it wasn't for my kindness and generosity in taking notice of my poor relations Wally wouldn't have been here at all. So you see— Yarooooh!"

Bump!

The cricketers marched on, leaving Billy Bunter sitting on the floor, some of them pausing to wipe their boots on him as they passed.

In No. 1 Study a merry party gathered.

As Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh justly remarked, the merriness was terrific. While the celebration was in progress a fat face and a pair of big glasses looked in. There was a howl of:

"Get out, Bunter!"

"All serene, you fellows!" said Bunter, coming in. "I can take a joke, you know. I'll sit beside my cousin if you don't mind—"

"Don't trouble!" said Wally.

"No trouble at all, Wally; I'll have Nugent's chair." Bunter sat down, and Nugent, who had risen to replenish the teapot, glared at him speechlessly. "Pass the cake, Wharton, will you?"

Harry Wharton passed the cake silently. He was quite overcome.

After tea Harry Wharton & Co. walked to the station with Wally Bunter, unaccompanied by Billy, however. They took a cordial leave of the fat cricketer, and when they returned to Greyfriars Billy Bunter met them at the door. The Owl of the Remove was looking thoughtful.

"I suppose it's all right now, Wharton?" he began.

"Eh? What's all right?"

"About the cricket?"

"Oh, that's all over! You ought to be scalped for your fat-headed trick, but—"

"I wasn't speaking of that," said Bunter peevishly. "I mean, it's all right about my playing for the Remove in future?"

"Wha-a-at!"

"After what's happened to-day, I suppose I'm going to take a regular place in the Remove eleven, I mean?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You've seen how I play now," said Bunter argumentatively. "You've seen just what I can do, and now you've got no excuse for leaving me out—none whatever! And what I say is this— Yarooooh!"

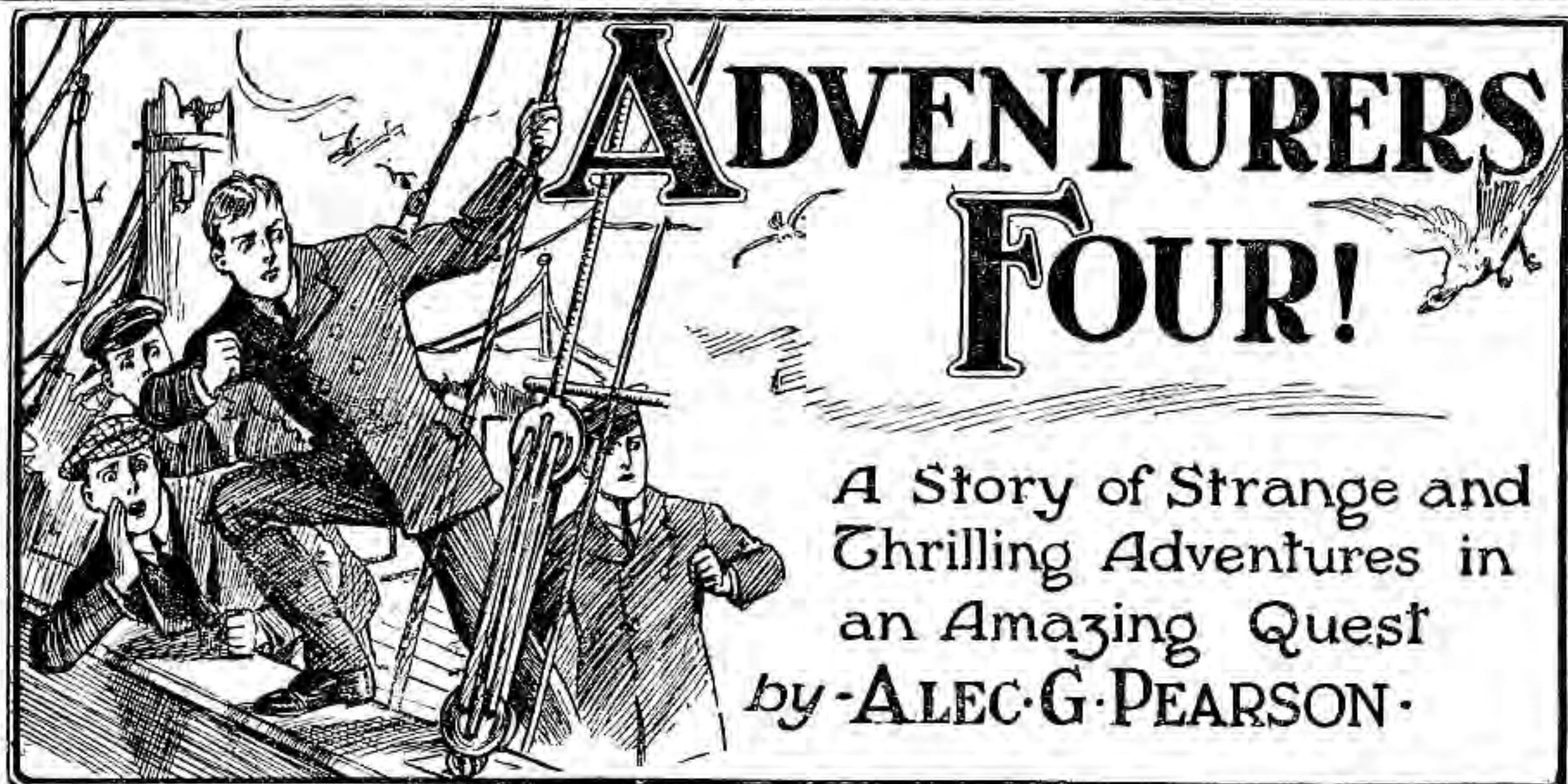
It was the introduction of Bob Cherry's boot into the conversation that caused Bunter to finish his remarks in that way. Which was an unmistakable intimation to Billy Bunter that he was not likely again to take his place in the Remove team as eleventh man.

THE END.

(Do not miss "THE GIANT OF GREYFRIARS!"—next Monday's Grand Story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

Our Magnificent Adventure Serial Story.

START TO-DAY!



A Story of Strange and Thrilling Adventures in an Amazing Quest
by ALEC G. PEARSON.

PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Hal Mackenzie receives a mysterious message urging him to come out to the Southern Andes and learn the secret of the Tower of the Golden Star. He sets out upon the voyage accompanied by his chums, Jim Holdsworth, Bob Sigsbee, and Pat O'Hara.

After exciting experiences in the hands of a treacherous captain, they arrive at Buenos Ayres. Later, Hal is captured and imprisoned by a band of ruffians, from whom he is rescued by his chums.

They proceed upon their journey, and, having penetrated some twenty miles into the mountains, come upon a ruined estancia, which they decide to make their quarters. During the night they are awakened by the sound of voices outside, and discover that a party of brigands have arrived, with the daughter of a native chief whom they have captured. The ruffians are about to torture her to obtain information which she possesses of hidden treasure, when the four adventurers intervene and succeed in disarming them. The girl is suspicious of the party's presence in the estancia, and fear that they, too, may be after the treasure.

(Now read on.)

The Prisoners' Escape.

They had a quarrel with her captors; but would she be any better off in the end? These thoughts troubled her, while she awaited a further development of the dramatic scene. It was natural she should be assailed by doubts and fears, for the white men she had hitherto encountered had been nearly all Argentine or Chilian desperadoes, who had taken to the mountains because they were fugitives from justice.

However, she was soon reassured when Sigsbee addressed her as gently and courteously as he would have spoken to a white girl similarly situated, telling her to have no more fear, as she was now among friends who would protect her.

"When we have settled what to do with these fellows," he added, indicating the discomfited brigands with a wave of his hand, "you can tell us how we can be of further service to you."

She thanked him in a few words, and with a grave inclination of the head. Truly, she bore herself with all the pride and dignity of a great chief's daughter.

"You can lower your hands now," said Hal to the outlaws, when they had all been disarmed. "In the morning you will be allowed to go your ways, but we shall keep your rifles and revolvers, so that you can't get up to any more mischief until you have bought, or stolen, a fresh lot."

"Who are you," demanded the leader fiercely, "that you should rob us, and order us about as though we were slaves?"

"We're the best men," replied Hal, with a laugh. "Or, as my American comrade would say, 'we're the top-dogs in the fight.'"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 439.

"Caramba! It is simply then, with you, that might is right. But that it was by a vile trick that you gained the advantage over us—"

"Hould yer whist, ye snuff-and-butter-coloured spalpeen!" interrupted O'Hara angrily. "What d'ye mane by a vile trick? Is it yourself to talk av vile tricks aafter the way ye've thrated this young lady? Carajo! If you're not plazed wid the way we've baten ye, I'm ready to foight any two av ye! But it'll be wid fists. Ye'll not be trusted wid weapons av any sort."

As this explosive harangue was mostly in broad Irish, with a few uncertain Spanish words thrown in, it is not surprising that the brigand leader was rather bewildered, and had but a vague idea what it was all about.

Sigsbee was grinning broadly, while Jim and Hal were in fits of laughter.

"You're wasting your breath, Pat!" exclaimed Jim. "These chaps are not going to have any favours shown them, not even the doubtful one of being properly hammered with your fists. They'll have to be shut up in one of the rooms until daybreak, then we'll turn them loose."

"If you deprive us of our rifles when we are released," protested the leader, "we starve. When we require food, we have to shoot a wild animal—one that it is possible to eat."

"You have enough provisions for two days," replied Hal, "and in that time you can ride back to Lujano. Of course, it might not be healthy for you to show yourselves there, but that's your look-out."

Sigsbee now made a tour of the rooms, to see if there was one in which the brigands could be safely locked up for the night. He decided on one which had evidently been used as a store-room, as it had no window. It was on the lower floor.

"This'll suit, I guess," he said. "There's a good strong door, and it can be bolted on the outside. We'll just bustle these black sheep into their pen at once."

The prisoners made no protest, except such as was conveyed in the savage, scowling glances they directed at their captors. Resistance they knew to be useless. But at the doorway the leader turned.

"It is your advantage now," he snarled, "but a time will come when it will be ours! Then we shall pay the debt. I, Antonio Comoto, swear it!"

"That's all right," said Sigsbee indifferently. "Get it off your chest if it relieves you!"

He closed and bolted the door on them.

"Funny how these blame robbers get kind of virtuously indignant," he added, "when they're held up themselves, and paid back in their own coin!"

There was now the matter of finding suitable quarters for Aymara, and, naturally, the most comfortable room in the estancia was selected for her.

Pat O'Hara, always most attentive to the fair sex, wanted to prepare some supper for her, but she declined to have anything to eat.

DELICIOUS TUCK-HAMPERS ARE GIVEN AWAY TO READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND," 1D.

"How came you to fall into the hands of these brigands?" Hal asked her.

"They laid a trap for me," replied the girl. "My home is in the mountains, and I wander where I choose. Two days ago I received a message that an old man, one of my race, was dying in a cave, alone, and wished to see me. I went. But it was a trick. These men, who are as cruel and cowardly as wolves, were hiding in the cave, and sprang out upon me. They seized me and brought me here. Then they hoped to force me to tell them the secret of the Inca treasure. You heard and saw."

"Yes, I'm glad to say we did," said Hal. "But is the story of the Inca treasure true? I have heard it before, but didn't put much faith in it."

"It is true," replied Aymara. "Men have sought for it, but it will never be found, and few have returned alive from the quest. But you are not of those foolish ones, who go into the mountains to seek it?"

Hal shook his head and smiled.

"No; we are not after any treasure," he returned. "In another country, far away from here, we discovered a treasure which made us all as rich as we want to be. We are going into the mountains for quite another purpose."

The girl looked at him cautiously.

"I will not ask for what purpose," she said, "for perhaps I know."

"That's hardly possible," replied Hal. "You've never seen us before in your life, and can scarcely, I think, have ever heard of us."

"I am of the royal blood of the Incas," said the girl quietly, "and I hear and see and learn many things which those of your race never dream of. It would not be wonderful if I had heard of your coming."

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," quoted Jim, laughing. "That's what Shakespeare said, and he was a wise sort of chap. Now, I think we'll do the rest of the talking to-morrow morning, for Senorita Aymara has had a pretty rough time, and will be glad of a rest."

"That's sense," agreed Sigsbee.

So Aymara bade them all good-night, and retired to her room. Then the four arranged that a watch should be kept for the remainder of the night, in case the prisoners made an attempt to escape.

"It wants about five hours to daybreak," said Hal, "so that means a little more than an hour each on duty. It doesn't matter how the turns go. Make your choice."

It was decided that Jim should have the first turn, then O'Hara, then Sigsbee, and Hal last. Then all but Jim went back to the room to continue their interrupted slumbers.

Nothing happened during his watch, and nothing during O'Hara's. Sigsbee came on at about three o'clock in the morning.

He was standing on the balcony about half an hour later, when he fancied he heard a trampling of hoofs away over by the corral. Instantly he ran to a window which overlooked the outbuildings. The corral was about two hundred yards from the house.

The night was clear, and there was sufficient light from the stars to make out objects fairly distinctly at a moderate distance. What he saw caused him to give vent to a shout of amazement and dismay. It also caused him to bring his rifle quickly to his shoulder.

Half a dozen horsemen were in the corral, driving out the mules, and even as he looked they got them clear and started them at a gallop across the shallow valley.

Sigsbee fired three shots in rapid succession, but only one took effect, for he had scarcely paused to take aim.

The nearest rider flung up his arms and dropped forward on his horse's neck, the affrighted animal racing madly past all the others.

Hal, Jim, and O'Hara came rushing out of the room, the sound of the shots having aroused them.

"What's happened?" cried Jim.

"Our mules have been stampeded out of the corral," replied Sigsbee. "Six mounted men—they looked like those brigand guys. We'd best see if they've somehow managed to evaporate."

They almost fell over each other as they ran down the stairs and along to the lower room in which the prisoners had been confined. The door was bolted on the outside just as they had left it. Hal dragged the heavy bolt back and swung the door open. The room was empty!

The Chase.

"Well, that bates magic!" exclaimed O'Hara. And that was all he could think of saying in the extremity of his surprise.

They all looked at each other blankly. It seemed incredible that the brigands had escaped, for they obviously had not quitted the room by way of the door, and there was

no window, nor, so far as they knew, any other means of exit.

"We haven't to deal with magic or magicians," said Hal, "but with a clever set of rascals who know a good deal more about this old estancia than we do. There must be some means of accounting for their disappearance."

Of course there was, and after a search round the room the explanation was forthcoming. In one corner they discovered a trapdoor, so cunningly concealed that they would not easily have found it but that it had not been properly closed when the brigands made their escape down through it.

A brief examination revealed a small vault underneath, from which ran a narrow passage, terminating at an out-building close to the corral.

"Well, there we have it!" exclaimed Sigsbee. "I guess that's one to the robbers. They've scored. I sure never thought of underground passages and secret vaults in connection with this place. But Spaniards have a great notion for those sort of contrivances."

"It doesn't much matter how those thieves got away," said Jim. "The point is that they've gone off with our mules, and we're left stranded. We could follow their trail, but that'd be precious little use, as we should have to do it on foot. We could never hope to catch up to them."

"They've given us a hard knock," put in Hal, "but I'm not going to take it lying down. We're not beaten, and there's one point in our favour."

"What's that?"

"They haven't any weapons—not so much as a knife between them. They had to leave those behind. And they'll have to get some more just as soon as they can manage it, if only for self-defence."

"They'll get them," said Jim. "Expert thieves don't get worried over such a trifle as not having something they want. They just help themselves the first opportunity."

This fresh excitement, which was little short of a disaster, had for the time being put their lovely guest out of their minds. But suddenly, while they were still discussing what was best to be done, she came into the room.

"They have escaped!" she said, realising at once what had happened.

"Yes, they have escaped," replied Hal, and he explained all that had taken place. "We must pursue those robbers," he concluded, "though there seems little hope that we shall overtake them."

"You know the way they went?" said Aymara.

"Yes; to the north," Hal indicated the direction with his extended arm, for he wasn't sure that she understood the points of the compass.

The girl nodded.

"Then you may yet catch them," she said. "For half an hour they will ride, and then they will come to a river. But they will not be able to cross it, for there have been heavy rains on the mountain, and the river is now deep and swift. Yet they will seek a place where they can cross, riding along the bank. By their tracks you will know whether they go up or down stream."

"The river will delay them, certainly," admitted Hal, "and we may manage to cut them off before they reach a ford."

"If they ride up-stream," continued Aymara, "they will come to a barrier of rock which they cannot climb. The river falls over these rocks in a great cascade. They must turn back, for that way there will be no crossing."

"But if they happen to ride down-stream in the first instance—"

"I have a canoe," said Aymara. "It is hidden, but I will tell you how to find it. You may use it. Then, going with the river current, you will travel as swiftly as a horse can gallop."

Sigsbee had explained to Jim and O'Hara all that she said, as their knowledge of Spanish wasn't good enough to enable them to clearly understand her. She spoke in Spanish because none of them understood the Inca tongue.

"Good egg!" exclaimed Jim, when it was all made clear to him. "This girl is no end of a brick! We shall nab those horse-thieves, sure enough, and give them particular beans when we catch 'em!"

"'Tis starting at wanst we should be," said Pat O'Hara.

They all agreed to that. But what about the girl? They couldn't ask her to come with them, and they didn't like the idea of leaving her alone in the estancia.

But Aymara herself settled that difficulty.

"Those bad men," she said, "will not return here. They will fear to do so. And it is nothing for me to be alone. When the day breaks I shall go back to the mountains. You are all so good and kind and brave that I hope we shall meet again." She smiled a little wistfully. "We can if you wish," she added.

"We do wish it," replied Hal. "Let us know where we can find you."

"Two days' journey from here," she said, "along the road which you must follow, you will come to a great pillar of rock of many colours. It is there you will see me. I may then have something to tell you which it will be well that you should hear."

Then they packed away the greater part of their outfit, and the weapons which they had taken from the brigands, and only carrying with them rations for two days, they set out to track down the gang of rascals who had outwitted them.

The trail made by six horses and five mules could be followed at a run, and as they were not hampered with much to carry, they went at a scout's pace, running a certain distance, then walking a few hundred yards, then running again.

Ground can be got over quickly by that method, and it can be kept up for hours by fellows who are in any sort of training.

The distance from the estancia to the river was about five miles, and they covered it in three-quarters of an hour. Here they found that the trail turned down-stream.

Evidently the brigands knew it was useless going the other way.

"Then this is where we take to the water," said Jim. "Where did Aymara say her canoe was hidden?"

"Up that bit of a creek," replied Sigsbee, "among the rushes."

Day was just breaking, which was fortunate, as it would have been dangerous work negotiating the river—which, being in flood, was racing like a mill-stream—in the dark. As it was, it was a ticklish job. But they had had plenty of experience on all sorts of waterways, in all manner of craft, so they didn't bungle anything. There was plenty of room for the four of them in the canoe, and when they had taken their places they gripped the paddles and shoved off.

"This reminds me of one of our river trips, when we were on the road to the City of Flame," said Jim.

"With our lives in our hands then," replied Hal.

"That seems to be a common experience of ours," returned Jim cheerfully. "After all, we're out for adventure, and you don't get any worth naming without a spice of danger."

"A spice, is it?" muttered O'Hara. "'Tis glad I am I can swim!"

There were jagged rocks here and there in the stream, around which the water raged and foamed, and it was only by the most dexterous use of the paddles that they managed to steer clear of them. Even as the Irishman spoke the canoe shot between two points of rock which stuck up out of the water like fangs, and it seemed for a moment that the frail craft must be swamped in the swirling, boiling current.

The spray broke over them in a drenching shower, and the canoe was half filled with water. She plunged, and bucked, and seemed inclined to dive, but recovered herself, and presently swept on a straight course again, riding the water as lightly as a seagull.

"Whoever built this tight little craft," said Jim, "did their work properly. She's a treat!"

"Be the powers, we're moving!" exclaimed O'Hara, as he drove the broad blade of his paddle through the water in long, vigorous strokes.

Trees, bushes, rocks on shore, or in mid-stream, showed up, were passed, and were lost sight of astern, all in a very few minutes. The current was running at fully eight knots, and as the four comrades were paddling just as hard as they knew how—of course, with the stream—the canoe must have been making about fourteen miles an hour.

They had covered perhaps fourteen or fifteen miles, when Sigsbee, who was in the bows, uttered a shout:

"There they are, the thieving galoots, jest roundin' that bend, 'bout two miles ahead of us! We've got 'em now, sure!"

But there's a good old proverb which says, "It's best not to count your chickens before they're hatched." They hadn't got the brigands yet, though they were overtaking them fast. But the natural force which was helping them—that is, the swiftly-rushing river—might yet be the means of their undoing.

For just then a sound reached their ears which they only too well knew the meaning of—the sullen boom of falling waters! They were approaching a cataract!

The current was running even more swiftly than before, and with one accord they stopped paddling.

"We must make for the bank!" shouted Jim.

But even as he spoke he knew it would be useless to do so, for in that reach of the river the banks rose steeply on each side to a height of ten or twelve feet, and landing was impossible.

"No use," replied Sigsbee. "We must keep right on, and shoot the falls!"

There was nothing else to be done. They used the paddles now for steering only, as there were some projecting rocks at the edge of the cataract which they would have to keep clear of. If the canoe struck one of them she would be dashed to pieces, and there would be precious little hope for any of them. As it was, they didn't know the depth of the fall, or whether there were rocks at the bottom on which they would be flung.

"The saints preserve us!" exclaimed O'Hara fervently. "'Tis meself that's hoping we won't have a long drop."

The brigands had now caught sight of them, and had evidently recognised them, for they had reined up, and were gesticulating and pointing. They were quite close to the fall, and could overlook it from the high ground. As the canoe was swept nearer it could be seen that they were laughing. It was clear they believed that their pursuers could not escape destruction.

"They laugh best who laugh last," growled Hal. "We're not dead yet!"

The current was whirling them along with frightful rapidity, and the noise of the falls was deafening. They were fifty yards from the edge—twenty—

"Look out!" yelled Sigsbee. "Hold tight!"

They couldn't hear what he said, but they understood his gesture. Paddles were flung down, and they gripped the sides of the canoe. The next instant, amidst a smother of spray, they shot out into space.

The Pillar of Rock.

It was an amazing leap—for as a leap it can only be described—and not the least surprising part of it was that the canoe kept in an upright position as it shot through the air. That may have been because of the tremendous impetus it received from the roaring torrent.

The drop was luckily not so great as they had feared, but it was quite enough—about fifty feet. Down went the canoe, with a rush like a falling rocket, her nose just slightly lowered as she made the dive.

The four occupants were ready to jump overboard as the craft struck the seething whirlpool, for they made sure she would go right under. But she didn't.

She struck, and then she made a leap forward, six feet clear of the water. She struck again, and made a second leap. When she came down this time she was swept onward by the current, still floating upright, and not very much damaged.

It had been a performance like going down the old water-chute at Earl's Court, but on a very much exaggerated scale.

"Holies!" exclaimed the Irishman. "I was wonderin' was I on the back av a bucking horse or in a boat! Me stummick's turned entirely wild the lapin'!"

However, they had no time to concern themselves with the condition of Pat O'Hara's stomach, for the brigands had to be attended to with promptness and despatch.

Those rascals had expected to see the canoe smashed to pieces at the foot of the falls, and the occupants drowned, and their amazement was great when no such thing happened. With excited shouts they prepared to gallop away from the dangerous vicinity of the river, for they knew their pursuers were armed, whereas they had no weapons.

But Sigsbee whipped his revolver from the inside of his shirt, where it had kept dry, and fired a couple of quick shots at the crowd of men and horses. There were only five brigands now, so the one he had shot at the corral must either have been killed or badly hurt that his companions had abandoned him to his fate. There's no true comradeship among such fellows. It is every man for himself.

One of the American's bullets took effect; a horse reared up and fell, flinging its rider to the ground, and throwing all the others into confusion.

"There's a place where we can land yonder!" Hal shouted. "Make for it!"

Heading the canoe across stream towards the bank, they paddled fast and hard, and presently ran their craft in between two flat shelves of rock. She was as safe there as if she was in a tiny dock. Then they leaped on shore, and scrambled up on to a low bluff.

But the brigands had not waited; they had galloped off, the one whose horse had been shot riding double with another. They had been obliged to abandon the mules in their haste to get away.

"Well, they must go, and a good riddance!" said Jim. "We've recovered our mules, and that's all we want."

"I allow they'll be kind of sorry they ever met us," remarked Sigsbee, grinning.

(Continued on page iv of cover.)

GREAT POPULAR TRIUMPH OF "HAIR-DRILL."

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Coliseum, London, W.C.,
October 27, 1915.

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6. Do you notice an irritation of the scalp?
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MAGNET, July 8th, 1916.

ADVENTURERS FOUR.

(Continued from page 20.)

While O'Hara and Jim got the mules together—they were quietly browsing on some scanty herbage—Sigsbee and Hal pulled the canoe up on to the rocks, where they had to leave it. For to paddle it back against that swiftly-running current, even if they had carried it up well beyond the falls, would have been an impossibility.

When these things were all finished they mounted the mules, Jim leading the pack animal, and rode back to the estancia, which they reached soon after midday.

Aymara had gone, but they had hardly expected to find her there, for from what she had said they did not expect she would await their return.

"After we've collected all our traps," said Bob Sigsbee, "I vote we clear out of this house. I don't cotton to the place nohow. Seems the kind of shanty that'll bring folks ill-luck."

"Well, it brought the brigands ill-luck, at all events," replied Jim, "and that's cheered me up a lot. All it's done for us is to delay us a few hours; and that isn't of much consequence."

"We're a bit the gainers, it seems to me," put in Hal, "for we've met Aymara, and I've an idea she will help us in this queer adventure of ours; and we are in possession of the brigands' weapons, which may come in useful. It's always an advantage to have some spare rifles and revolvers."

"She's a purty girl," murmured O'Hara, "an' ye wouldn't be afther taking her for an Indian at all, at all. Two days' journey, she said, to the great pillar av rock, where we'll be seein' her again. Sure, it's time we made a start."

His comrades laughed, for the Irishman's admiration for the fair sex was well known, and he was often chaffed about it. However, his suggestion was agreed to, for they had all had enough of the estancia, no matter whether it brought them good or bad luck, and half an hour later they were on the road again.

That night they camped in a sheltered ravine, and at day-break the following morning continued their journey.

Every mile they traversed now took them deeper and deeper into the lonely recesses of the mighty mountain-range. No human being did they meet—not even a solitary Indian. Even wild animals seemed to be scarce; but condors—the vultures of South America—were far too numerous. They flew past, high overhead, and O'Hara shook his fists at them.

"'Tis unpleasant fowls ye are," he exclaimed "and your room would be better nor your company, even up in the clouds! The burds I loike are the swate singers; and ye can't sing any better'n a foghorn!"

"No, they sure wouldn't win a prize for singing!" agreed Sigsbee, roaring with laughter.

"How many miles do you think Aymara meant when she said it was two days' journey from the estancia to the pillar of rock?" asked Jim.

"About forty, I should think," replied Hal. "Twenty miles a day is as much as we can manage, even on mules, on these steep mountain-paths. That is, where there are any paths. Half the time it's a scramble over rocks, or forcing our way through thick undergrowth."

When they pitched camp that night they reckoned they had about another ten miles to go, but when morning broke the weather looked so threatening that at first they thought it would be better to remain where they were until the storm had passed.

For a storm in the heart of the mountains is no joke. As a rule it is of short duration, but it is terrible while it lasts.

However, they decided to push on, and keep a look-out for a cave large enough to shelter in if needs be.

They had covered about seven miles when they were faced by a steep wall of rock, which necessitated their bearing sharply off to the right. The air had become hot, still, and oppressive, and up among the higher peaks the thunder was muttering. The perspiration was streaming from their faces as they toiled over the uneven ground, for they had now to dismount and lead their mules in single file.

All at once Sigsbee, who was in advance of the others, waved his arm and gave a shout.

"Here's a cave!" he cried. "Shucks! It's got an entrance as wide as a cathedral door!"

He was pointing upwards, and to his right. As the others came in turn to the point of view they saw a broad ledge of rock, between thirty and forty feet higher up, and, opening on to it from the sheer precipice behind, the great arched entrance of a cavern.

A sloping path, which looked as if it had been shaped out by the hand of man, led up to the ledge of rock, and Sigsbee was already climbing it. His comrades followed.

A hundred men could have stood easily on that rock platform, and when they reached it they found they had a view of a vast amphitheatre in the mountains, which until then had been hidden from their sight. Exclamations of wonder and admiration broke from their lips at the scene which lay before their eyes.

"By Saint Pathrick!" cried O'Hara. "Here's the great Pillar, sure enough! Did ye iver see the loike?"

It is a certain thing that none of them ever had seen anything like it. What might be called the floor of the amphitheatre was a circular sheet of water, about three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and of unknown depth. It was a dark, gloomy, silent lake, with not a single ripple upon its surface.

And rising out of its centre, to a height of seventy or eighty feet, was a column of rock, which gleamed with all the mingled tints of the opal. The colours of the rainbow seemed to be all blended together in it—not merely showing on the outside like a painted column, but shining right in it, as though it was full of liquid fire of many hues.

"I'll wager," exclaimed Jim, "there's not another collection like that in the whole wide world!"

"Aymara has chosen a sufficiently striking and mysterious spot at which to meet us," said Hal.

"An' how'll she get to that column?" demanded O'Hara.

"Sorra a boat is there upon the bit av a lake. Nothing's floating on it. Will she be afther rising out av the wather?"

"Don't ask riddles, Pat," said Jim. "I say, you chaps, we'd better get the mules into the cave. The storm will burst on us in a minute, and we'll get it hot and strong."

"You're right, Jimmy!" cried Hal. "Hustle! If the mules get frightened, and stampede, we'll never get them again."

The black thunderclouds hung so low that the morning had become almost as dark as night. A deafening crash of thunder echoed and re-echoed from crag to crag and through the deep ravines. There was a pause, a deathlike stillness of several minutes, then Sigsbee cried out in startled tones:

"Look! Great Caesar! Look there!"

Sigsbee's exclamation, sharp with the note of startled amazement that was in it, instantly drew all eyes in the direction that he was pointing. Rigid as a statue he was standing, with an arm extended upward, his outstretched fingers indicating a great, projecting crag of rock at least five hundred feet above them.

Balanced on the point of this crag was a huge ball of fire, which cast a weird radiance over the wild and sombre scene, that was reflected from the unruffled surface of the silent lake as from a mirror.

The phenomenon was wonderful, and it looked unnatural; but men who had witnessed electrical storms in great mountain ranges had seen such appearances before.

Hunters called it St. Elmo's Light, or St. Elmo's Fire, though it isn't clear why they did so. It was a globe of electric flame, which appeared in that form instead of the more familiar lightning-flash.

"Electricity," said Hal. "The air's full of it, and it's bound to become visible in some form or other."

"It makes me more aisy in me mind to know what it is!" exclaimed O'Hara. "'Tis a great counthry, anyway, where big electric lights come an' sate themselves convaynient so's you can see what you're doing. All the same, I'm hopin' it'll stop up there on its perch, for it might cause trouble if it came down here."

"I'm with you in that hope," laughed Hal; "for if it dropped close to us our adventures would come to a swift and sudden termination. I've been told—though I don't know it from my own experience—that one of these fireballs has dropped on a house and completely destroyed it in a few seconds—as quickly, indeed, as a stroke of lightning might splinter a tree."

"Then we had best get inside this cave with the animals," advised Sigsbee. "That blamed bunch of condensed lightning looks as if it's going to make another move presently."

"Be the powers," exclaimed O'Hara, "'tis going to make a start now! To'blazes wid it! Why can't it rest aisy on the bit av rock?"

The fireball, twice the size of a man's body, was swaying about on the projecting crag, and presently it rolled off into space. Then it slowly descended—not straight, but in erratic curves.

There was a stampede at once. The mules were driven into the cave, and their owners hurriedly followed them.

"If that blessed thing chases us in here," said Jim, "we shall be properly done! I'm not sure it wouldn't have been better to stop outside."

It was curious that they all spoke of the mass of electric fire as though it were a living thing, possessed of a certain amount of instinct. And it did indeed seem to drop from the crag as though it had suddenly caught sight of them, and was swooping down like a bird of prey on its quarry.

(There will be another grand instalment of this exciting story in next Monday's issue of THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY. Order your copy in advance.)

