



The Magnet ^{1 1/2}

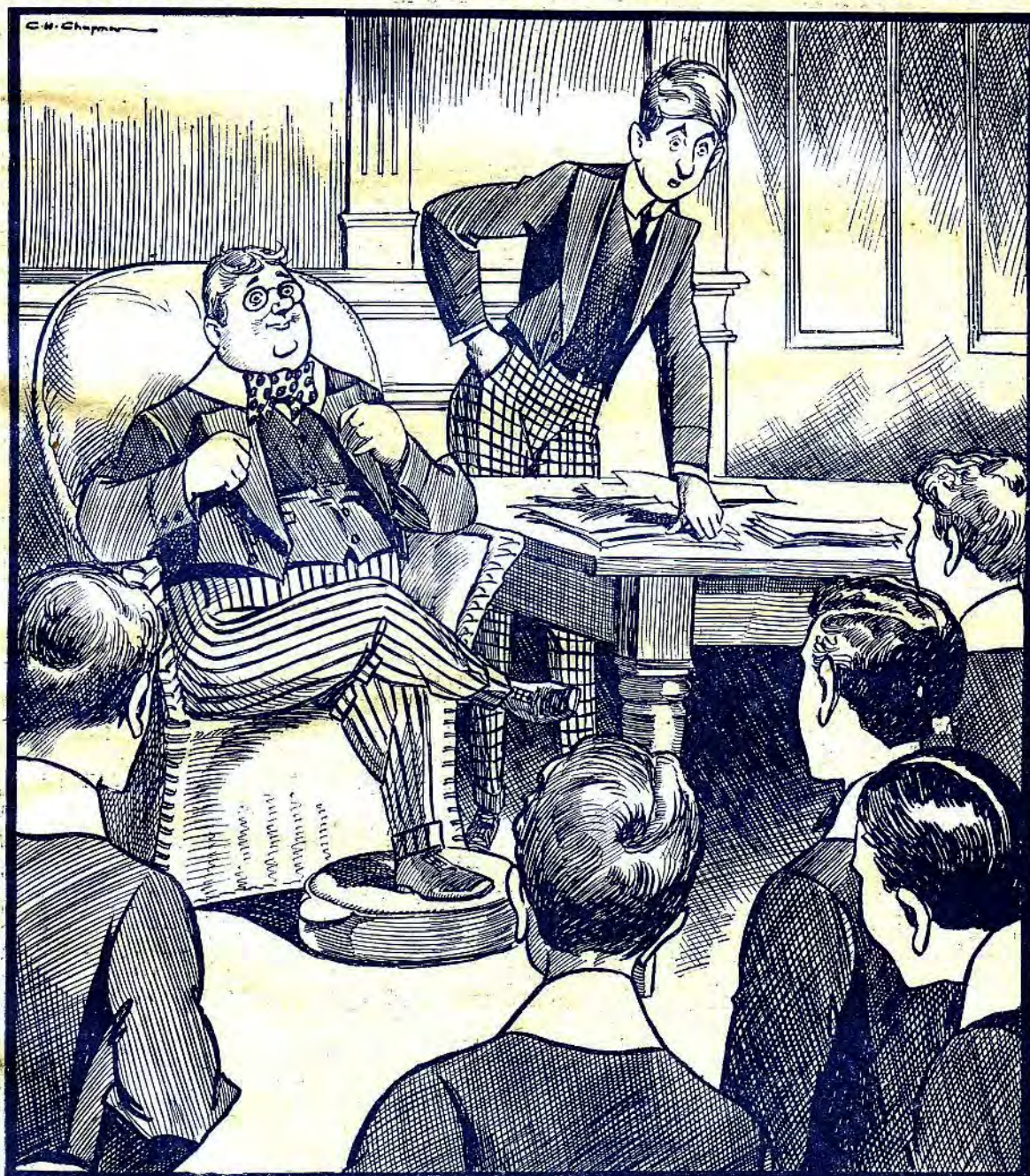
Library

No. 640. Vol. XVII. 20 PAGES. May 15th, 1920.



BUNTER THE BANKRUPT!

GRAND SCHOOL STORY.



THE GREAT GATHERING OF BUNTER'S CREDITORS!
(An Amazing Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



For Next Monday :

"THE INVASION OF GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

Greyfriars School is turned into a state of unusual excitement by the appearance of a body of workmen who come to redecorate the building.

The masters, disapproving of the Form-rooms being occupied by the workmen during the class-time, send a deputation to the Head, which results in Dr. Locke giving the whole school a week's holiday—quite an unexpected move on the Head's part.

Eager planning as to how they can spend this holiday ensues among the boys. I shall not disclose more than this this week; but all my chums should make a special point of reading

"THE INVASION OF GREYFRIARS!"

"THE SECRET OF THE SILENT CITY!"

By Dagny Hayward.

Another instalment of this wonderful serial will appear next Monday.

The party, no longer beset by the dwarfs, continue their dangerous journey into the heart of South America, fully determined to reach the Silent City in a few days' march. But Fate resolves otherwise. There are more obstacles to overcome before they reach their goal.

BEING SOMETHING ELSE!

There is a rare lot of dissatisfaction knocking about. This is not the least peculiar to the present day. It always was so, and the likelihood is that it always will be so. For many reasons it is a good thing. Dissatisfaction has helped to build up nations. In the same way, the same quaintly-wise quality turns an office-boy into a departmental manager, and then onward into the chief of the business.

But it is one thing, wanting to be something else, and working for that goal—three tries and then an easy win—to roaming round the place looking gloomy and discontented, and not doing anything to help yourself, or to help the firm with which you happen to be connected. Long faces have wrecked more careers than mere mistakes.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you—not at you. It is the very mischief when the world takes to laughing at you. That means you are getting out of the running. There is a keen look-out for the chap who seems to be sitting up and taking notice, and who feels an interest in what he is doing. Such a one is wanted all the time, and promotion is waiting for him.

But the wise individual seeks to improve himself in his own special line. It is the discerning wight who succeeds.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 640.

Mere discontent is not a marketable bit of goods at all. It can be carried to absurd lengths. The milkman may want to be an African explorer, and the dust-man may fancy he is really cut out to be Emperor of China.

There are letters come to me from chaps who are just lonely and miserable. They think the world is against them. This is very sad. The world is not really against anybody. There is room for everybody, and always will be. There is scope for more thinkers—how badly they are wanted, too!—and there are chances for each type of fellow who plunges into the flood of life.

This may seem a big thing to say, but it is true. All the myriad types are appreciated, though there may be regret about some fellows who, despite the good there is in them, seem to take a weird kind of pleasure in concealing their admirable characteristics, and in saying uncalled-for things.

THE DREAMER!

We know him well. Everybody has met him. He is ridiculed, and told that he is a moonshiner; but the dreamer cannot always help it. He has been rather out of things, probably through no fault of his own. When he goes to a museum he has no wish to play leapfrog over the forms where the students sit when the spectacled professor comes along and discourses on Ancient Egypt or the habits and customs of flowers. This kind of chap always uses long words—the longer, the better he likes them. He says a thing is deleterious when he only means it is bad, and he studies up things while others are kicking a leather sphere about and shouting.

The dreamer gets mocked at, of course. He would, but in his special line he is helping the world along, and there it is. I should like to congratulate him. Now, the fellow one does feel sorry for is the victim to lack of concentration. He is dubbed lazy. So he is, as regards the immediate subject in hand, but this is not real laziness. He is only thinking.

The column of figures he has to add up turns into a sort of ladder of imagination, and instead of totting up the miserable numerals he is soaring off into realms of his own fancy. He is dreaming about history, or of some book he has read, when he ought to be intent on the small duty which he has to perform. This sort of weakness sometimes indicates genius—not always, so please don't think it.

A WELL-KNOWN FACT!

You may not agree with these next few lines. You may think they are prosy. If so, don't make a song about it. Just skip them. But it is one of those facts, hard as Cornish granite, and just as difficult to swallow, that the majority of seniors do not really under-

stand boys. Funny thing, but just take notice next time the chance comes. A grown-up person ought to know something of the subject, for he has been a boy himself. At least, there is every reason to assume this is so, but you listen to him talking of the young generation. Why, the poor soul seems to have forgotten all about what a boy is!

A youngster, for instance, goes down to the seaside for a holiday. He does not want to sit round listening to the band. It may be a good band. Often enough it is simply rotten, and plays those mouldy old tunes which were worn out fifty years since. Now, that youngster does take an interest in the sight of some Navy men taking a submarine to bits. He could stand and watch this performance for hours on end, and then have it all over again. His uncle, or his father, or his elder brother want to dress up and sit round and do nothing. No wonder the boy is fed up. He likes to be in things, active things, to have a boat, stormy or not, or to scramble up rocks.

He gets more out of the seaside than anybody. When one of those jolly, semi-gipsy fair arrangements camps out on the bit of waste ground at the end of the esplanade, the boy knows exactly what to do. He patronises all the shows, kills all the bottles, does a corner in cocoanuts, wins the pick of the china-booth, gives the roundabout man a contract job, and chaffs the merchant all the time; and then, when he has had enough of it, he just goes back to resume relations with the sailors who are unriveting the plates of the condemned submarine.

All this is, of course, after he has read his new copy of the MAGNET. We can take that much for granted.

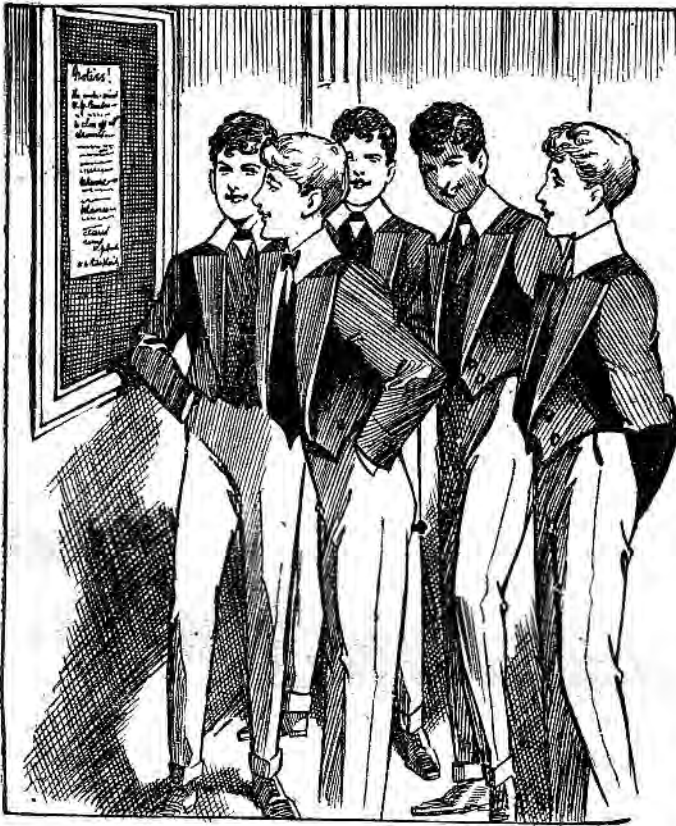
"EVERYTHING IS JAKE!"

This is the message which comes from Canada in a letter from two chums. This is what they say respecting certain grumbles:

"How can anyone find fault with the grandest and finest paper for boys under the sun? So cheer up, Editor! The war is over, spring is coming, and everything is Jake."

Many thanks. But who is Jake? My correspondents want a correspondence league. I am afraid not. There is an unofficial league at present. I insert all the correspondence notices I can find room for in the papers. Perhaps later it might be possible to extend the feature.

Your Editor



Bunter the Bankrupt!

A Magnificent, Long,
Complete Story of
Harry Wharton & Co.
at Greyfriars School.

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Seeks Legal Advice!

"I WANT—"
"Nothing doing!"
"I want—" roared Bunter.
"My dear man," said Peter Todd patiently, "you can want as much as you like, but you won't get! Nothing doing—also-blessed-lutely nothing!"
And Peter Todd waved his hand at his fat study-mate to enjoin silence, and resumed his work, which consisted of poring over a ponderous volume, and making notes therefrom.

The volume was a big law-book, and Peter was slugging into it with great patience and fortitude. Peter's father was a solicitor, and Peter was going to be articled some day, and already Peter's knowledge of law was fearful and wonderful. Peter could read books that made other fellows' heads ache simply to look at them; it was rumoured in the Remove that he even understood them.

When Peter Todd was deep in what he called his legal studies he was not to be interrupted. Harry Wharton had looked into the study to remind Toddy that it was fine weather, and that cricket practice was on, and Toddy had politely requested the captain of the Remove to shut the door after him. Sammy Bunter of the Second had looked in, to ascertain whether his major was in funds; but he had left without gaining any information.

Peter bent his brows over his big volume, and Billy Bunter blinked at him through his glasses wrathfully. Bunter wanted to talk, as he generally did; Peter wanted to work, as he often did; and Peter was accustomed to having his own way in Study No. 7 in the Remove.

"Look here, Peter—" said Bunter at last.

"Shurrup!" said Peter, without looking up.

"But I want—"
"Silence!"

"I want—" "My hat!" Peter Todd sat up, and glared at Bunter. "Look here, you fat boulder, I'm going to study! I've cut cricket for study, and do you think I'm going to leave it off to be burred at by a fat jabberwock? Ring off!"

"But I want—" "I know what you want," roared Peter, "and I've told you there's nothing doing! I know all about your postal-order that hasn't come, and never will come; I know you want to borrow half-a-crown till it does come, and I'm not going to lend you half-a-crown! Scat!"

"Tain't half-a-crown! I want—" "Whether it's half-a-crown or a bob, it comes to the same thing—nothing doing! Bunk!"

"But I want—" "My only Aunt Sempronia! I know what you want—a thumping good larping! Give me that stump from the corner!"

"Wha-at for?" "To lay round you, of course!" "Oh, really, Peter—" "Are you going to give me that stump?" roared Peter.

"Look here, Toddy, I want—" Peter rose from his chair, and strode across to the corner. Billy Bunter edged round the table.

"Now you're going to get what you want!" remarked Peter. "Where will you have it?"

"I—I say, Peter, I want— Keep off! I want—yaroooh—I want to ask your advice—legal advice, you know!" yelled Bunter, dodging frantically round the study table.

"Oh!" Peter Todd paused. "Legal advice?"

"Ye-es!" gasped Bunter. "That alters the case," said Todd, quite genially. "Why couldn't you say that at first, you fat owl?"

"Did you give me a chance?" hoisted Bunter.

"Don't ask irrelevant questions!" Peter Todd sat down again, keeping the stump handy, however. "Now, then, what's the trouble? Have you been getting into debt?"

"N-n-not exactly."
"Been libelling anybody?"

"Nunno!"
"Is it a case of theft?"

"Oh, really, Peter—" "Or murder?"

"Of course not!" howled Bunter. "Well, what crime have you committed?" demanded Peter.

"I haven't committed any crime, you silly ass! I've been thinking—" "Oh, is that it? You've been thinking! My advice is, go on doing it! A change will do you good!"

"Look here, Peter, it's a serious matter," said Bunter. "I want your legal opinion, you know, as you know all about the law, and such rot."

Peter Todd pointed to a chair. "Sit down! I don't keep my clients standing! Now, then, state your case!"

Peter seemed almost to think that he was a full-blown solicitor already.

"It's an idea that's come into my head," explained Bunter.

"Room for it! Go on!" "I owe a few small sums in the Remove—"

"A few! Ye gods! But get on!" "And a little here and there in the Fourth, and—and a bit of an account at the school shop, and there's something due to Uncle Clegg in the village. I don't know how much it comes to, but it's a good bit altogether."

"Well?" "In fact, my affairs are involved," said Bunter.

Peter grinned. William George Bunter had evidently picked up that phrase from some newspaper report. But he became grave again at once. It was not a solicitor's business to grin at

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 640.

his client's statements. Such propensities had to be controlled till the client was gone, in the legal profession.

"Your affairs are involved, Mr. Bunter," said Peter gravely. "I see! Pray proceed."

"What are you calling me Mr. Bunter for, you ass?" asked the Owl of the Remove, in astonishment.

"This study is at present a solicitor's office," explained Peter. "Kindly keep to the matter in hand, Mr. Bunter. Time is valuable. I have other clients to see—ahem! Proceed."

"Well, my affairs being involved," said Bunter, "I ought to seek legal advice, oughtn't I?"

"Certainly. A very proper step, Mr. Bunter. Unless people's affairs became involved, and they sought legal advice, the legal profession would have to take to working for its bread. Continue, please."

"Now, you know all about the law, Peter."

"You may rely upon the legal knowledge of this firm."

"This firm?" blinked Bunter. "What firm?"

"This firm!" snapped Peter. "Get on with the wailing—I mean, proceed with the statement of the case."

"Well, as you know all about law, I suppose you've studied bankruptcy?" said Bunter.

"Bankruptcy?"

"That's it. I was reading in the paper the other day about a chap who went bankrupt. He paid a penny in the pound, and started afresh. Now, can anybody who likes go bankrupt, Peter?"

"Certainly, if he owes more than he can pay!"

"And when it's over he starts afresh, not owing anybody anything?" inquired Bunter eagerly.

"Exactly!"

"What becomes of his debts, in that case?"

"They're wiped off, after he's paid all he can."

"That's a jolly good idea!" said Bunter, his eyes glistening behind his spectacles. "It gives a chap a chance, don't it? Now, I believe I could pay a about a penny in the pound."

"You!" ejaculated Peter.

"Yes. The fact is, it's rather a worry to be always owing chaps money," explained Bunter confidentially. "I'd rather wipe it all off, and start afresh, free of debt. After a chap's settled up all round, so to speak, fellows ought to be willing to make him small loans without a lot of fuss. Do you think I can go bankrupt, Peter?"

"My only hat!"

"Mind, you're speaking as my solicitor now, Peter. I appoint you my legal adviser," said Bunter. "I'm willing for you to take the matter in hand, and see the—the debts—I mean the creditors, and explain to them, and carry through the whole bizney, in fact—not just yet, of course. If a chap's going bankrupt, he may as well go the whole hog, and I'd better try to get a little further in debt first. Don't you think so?"

"Oh!"

"What do you think of the idea, Peter?"

Peter's hand moved towards the stump, but he refrained. It was legal advice Bunter wanted: though, perhaps, the stump was what he needed.

"As your legal adviser, I'll tell you what I think," he answered. "I think you're a spoofing, dishonest little fat Hun! I think you'd better pay your debts. Schoolboys can't go bankrupt."

"Why can't they?"

"Never mind why they can't. Dry up!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 680.

And if you try to get further in debt, with the idea of bringing off a swindle, I'll lay this stump round you hard, Mr. Bunter. Try to be honest! That's my advice!"

"But—"

"That's my advice!" roared Peter.

"Now, six-and-eightpence, please!"

"What?" yelled Bunter.

"Six-and-eightpence!"

"What do you mean, you ass? I don't owe you six-and-eightpence!"

"Six-and-eightpence is the legal fee for a solicitor's advice. Kindly pay the fee and leave the office, Mr. Bunter."

"Look here—"

"Six-and-eightpence!" roared Peter.

"Oh, my hat! I—I'll put it down among the other debts when I go bankrupt!" suggested Bunter. "Will that do?"

"That will not do! Solicitors can't be wretched, you fat duffer! You can pay a penny in the pound to anybody outside the legal profession; inside that profession twenty shillings in the pound is paid, if not twenty-one. Six-and-eightpence, please!"

"I'll settle up out of my postal-order when—"

"By the time your postal-order comes I shall be receiving a regular seven-and-sixpence a week from the Government. Six-and-eightpence, please!"

Billy Bunter edged towards the door, as Peter picked up the stump, apparently with the intention of enforcing his claim on the spot.

"I—I say, Peter, I know you're only joking—"

"Six-and-eight!" roared Peter.

"I—I think Bob Cherry's calling me!"

Peter Todd made a jump for Bunter, and Bunter made a jump for the door.

The stump crashed on the door with a terrible crash, and Bunter roared as loudly as if it had crashed on his fat person, and disappeared down the passage at a great rate.

The schoolboy lawyer grinned and returned to his legal studies, which were not interrupted again by William George Bunter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

First Aid!

"I SAY, you fellows—"
Harry Wharton & Co. were at cricket practice, when Billy Bunter rolled on to Little Side.

Naturally, Bunter's fall passed unheeded.

Bunter's financial affairs occupied his fat mind to the exclusion of all other matters; but cricket, naturally, was a more important matter to the Famous Five of the Remove.

Bob Cherry was at the wicket, and Frank Nugent was bowling to him, and six or seven of the Removeites were round about; all supremely indifferent to William George Bunter.

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter poked Johnny Bull in the ribs, Johnny being the nearest of the Co. Johnny retorted with his elbow, without even looking round, and Bunter yelled.

"Yow-ow! You silly ass, you've nearly punctured me!"

"Gerraway!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter decided to leave Johnny alone; he was the least promising member of the Famous Five. He turned to Horree Jamsot Ram Singh, the ducky member of the Co.

"I say, Inky—"

"Get off the grass, Bunter!" called out Harry Wharton.

"I'm speaking to Inky—"

"You're in the way."

"Rot! I suppose I can come on the cricket-ground if I like," said Bunter warmly. "I say, Inky, old chap—"

"Buzz off, my esteemed fat Bunter," said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "I am busy with the playfulness!"

"Yes; but I say—it's important!" urged Bunter.

"Look out, Bunter!" shouted Wharton.

"Eh?"

Bunter blinked round.

"There was not much time for him to look out. He was standing in the way of the ball, which Bob Cherry had just driven across. Had Bunter been holding probably he would never have stopped that ball. As it was, he stopped it—with his expansive waistcoat."

"Biff!"

"Yooooooooop!"

Billy Bunter sat down in the grass—

a roar—

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well stopped, Bunter!" yelled Dick Cherry.

"Bravo, Bunter!"

"Yow-ow-woop! I'm killed!"

yelled Bunter. "Ow! Ow! Waw! Yoop!"

"I warned you!" snapped Wharton.

"What do you want to stand in the way for, you fat duffer? Get off the ground."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Chuck that ball in!" called out Nugent. "See if you can get him again to the same place, Bob!"

"What-ho! I'll do my best," said Bob Cherry heartily.

"Yow-ow! Help!"

Vernon-Smith tossed the ball back to Nugent, who prepared to bowl. Billy Bunter sat and roared.

"Help! Send for a doctor! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Will you clear off?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in great exasperation.

"Yow-ow! I can't! I'm injured."

"You'll be still more injured if you stay there!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"You'll get it on your silly napper next!"

"Yow-ow! Help!" roared Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove had received a smart rap upon his ample waistcoat, and he was determined to make the most of it. Some of the juniors gathered round him, grinning.

Skinner knelt beside the fat junior.

"Where do you feel the pain, Bunter?" he inquired.

"Ow! I—I think my spinal column's broken!" groaned Bunter. "I—I can feel the pieces moving—ow—"

"Is that the place?" asked Skinner.

"Yarooooh!"

"Hallo, what's the matter now?"

"What are you punishing me for, you beast?" howled Bunter.

"I was only touching the spot," said Skinner blandly. "Isn't that the place? Perhaps that is it—"

"Yah! Leave off!"

"Or that—"

"Ow!"

Billy Bunter rolled away in the grass. Skinner was pointing out possible places rather forcibly.

"You—you rotter, lemme alone!" he gasped. "I'm injured! I'm surprised at you, Wharton; you might have a little sympathy when a chap has received severe internal injuries. I say, you fellows, you'll have to carry me in. I—I can't walk."

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Wharton.

"You're interrupting the practice. Roll away!"

"Blow the practice! What does your silly cricket matter, when I'm severely



"Look out, Bunter!" called Harry Wharton. "Get off the grass!" Bunter blinked round. But he was too late when he did move. The ball which Cherry had sent down caught him in his expansive waistcoat. Biff! "Yoooooooooooooop!" he roared. (See Chapter 2).

injured?" roared Bunter indignantly. "Help!"

Billy Bunter caught sight of Wingate of the Sixth in the distance, and he yelled vigorously. He wanted to attract a prefect to the spot; and he succeeded. The big Sixth-Former came striding up. "What's the matter with Bunter?" he asked.

"Nothing," answered Harry Wharton. "Only playing the goat!"

"The goatfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Ow-ow-ow!" Billy Bunter put on steam, so to speak, as Wingate stood and looked down at him. "I've had a fearful blow from a cricket-ball, Wingate, right in the tummy! Yooop! My inside is smashed to a jelly! I can't breathe! Ow! Wow!"

"You're making a thumping row for a chap that can't breathe!" grunted the captain of Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter's yells changed at once into low, anguished moans. But the change was rather too sudden to be convincing. Wingate grinned.

"So you're badly hurt, are you?" he asked.

"Ow! Yes!" moaned Bunter faintly.

"You can't get off the ground?"

"Ow! No."

"Can't you walk?"

"Woool! Impossible! I—I say, you'd better send for an ambulance!" said Bunter in an expiring voice.

"We'll send for an ambulance if you can't walk," said Wingate gravely. "But we'll make sure first."

"The fat duffer is all right. Wingate," exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He's only spoofing!"

"Oh, really, Wharton!" moaned Bunter. "But—but I forgive you. If—if I die, I die forgiving you, Wharton."

"You silly chump!" was Wharton's ungrateful reply.

"We'll see," said Wingate. "Hand me that bat, Cherry."

"Here you are, Wingate!"

Wingate took the bat, and Bunter blinked at him rather apprehensively through his big spectacles. He was not quite sure now whether Wingate was properly sympathetic or not.

"Now, I'm going to prod you with this bat!" said the Greyfriars captain.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Till you're able to get up. I think you'll find you're able to move all right. But we'll see."

And Wingate prodded forcibly. There was a loud howl from Bunter, and he bounded up like an india-rubber ball. Evidently he was able to move.

"There! I told you so!" said Wingate; while the juniors yelled. "Now

let's see whether you can walk." "Prod, prod!" "Why, you're walking all right—running, in fact!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter was running, and he did not cease running till he was fifty yards away. He had had enough of Wingate's method of first aid. Wingate handed the bat back to Cherry and walked away, grinning. In the distance, William George Bunter shook a fat fist at the cricketers, and rolled disconsolately away.

But Harry Wharton & Co. went on with their cricket, regardless, apparently not troubled in the least by the wrath and indignation of the Owl of the Remove. Billy Bunter rolled dismally into the School House. It was getting near tea-time, and Bunter was hungry—as he generally was, whether it was near a meal-time or not. But he was in his usual state of impecuniosity—his celebrated postal-order had not arrived. And his wonderful new scheme of raising a fresh series of loans, to be wiped off by bankruptcy, did not seem at any easy one to carry out.

"Beasts!" murmured Bunter. "Selfish beasts—after all I've done for 'em, too! I—I suppose I'd better try Maundy."

And the Owl of the Remove rolled up to the Remove passage in search of Lord Mauleverer.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Very Good Construe!

LORD MAULEVERER was in his study when Billy Bunter looked in. His lordship had a detention task to get through, and he was getting through it by gnawing the handle of his pen and yawning, when William George Bunter dawdled upon him in the doorway of Study No. 12.

For once Mauly seemed pleased to see Bunter. Even Bunter was welcome as an interruption to work. Mauly was not an energetic youth, but he had been known to break into a run at the sight of Bunter in the offing. But now he gave the fat junior a nod; and Bunter, encouraged, rolled into the study.

"Lines, old top?" he asked sympathetically.

"Worse than that!" groaned Mauleverer. "It's simply cruel of Quelch! I've got a construe to do!"

"I'll help you," said Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer did not look happy. Bunter's construing was a standing joke in the Remove. It was Bunter who had become famous for rendering "Arma virumque cano" into "the armed man and the dog."

"Thanks, old chap," said Mauly dispiritedly. "But, you see, I've got to translate Virgil, and—and it's got to be something like the original."

"I suppose I can construe!" said Bunter warily. "Look here, just tell me what you've got to do, and I'll help you out!"

"Fifty lines of the *Æneid*!" groaned Mauleverer. "I've got to put the dashed lot into English! I've been working at it an hour now!"

"How much have you done?"

"Well, I haven't done any so far," confessed Mauleverer. "I—I've been thinkin' it out—turnin' it over in my mind, you know. Sort of gettin' a grasp on the subject."

Bunter grinned.

"It's getting near tea-time," he said. "Is it?"

"I say, Mauly old man, you leave it to me," said Bunter. "I'll construe for you. I can knock it off in next to no time. I'll take it to my study and translate the stuff, and bring it back to you in half an hour. Then you'll only have to copy it out."

Lord Mauleverer regarded him dubiously.

It was a tempting offer, if Bunter's construe was likely to satisfy Mr. Quelch. But that was a very doubtful point.

"And one good turn deserves another," continued Bunter. "My postal-order hasn't come, Mauly——"

"Not really?" asked Mauleverer, with a faint grin.

"No; owing to a delay in the post. Those strikes, you know," said Bunter vaguely. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Mauly. I'll do your construe, and you shall lend me ten bob, and I'll hand you the postal-order as soon as it comes. Is it a go?"

"You can't construe, old top!"

"I'll turn it into first-class English. You needn't hand over the ten bob till I've done it."

Lord Mauleverer hesitated. As a matter of fact, he had little hope of getting through the construe himself. It required energy and application—two qualities which had, unfortunately, been left out of his lordship's composition.

"Well, you can have a try if you like," he said. "Mind, make it a bit like what old Virgil says. Some sort of connection with the subject, you know, or Quelch will make me do it over again."

"Leave it to me!" said Bunter confidently.

"Done!" said Mauleverer.

Billy Bunter gathered up a volume of Virgil and a sheaf of impot paper and rolled out of the study. Lord Mauleverer stretched himself upon his luxurious sofa to rest. He felt that he was entitled to a little repose after his terrific mental efforts.

The Owl of the Remove did not proceed directly to his study. He made his way to the school library first, and when he turned up in Study No. 7 he had another volume under his fat arm with Virgil. Peter Todd looked up grimly as he came in.

"Have you come to settle?" he inquired.

"Settle what?" snapped Bunter.

"The six-and-eightpence you owe me."

The Owl of the Remove gave him a lofty blink.

"As a matter of fact that's just what I'm going to do," he said. "I'll settle up at tea-time, Toddy."

"Postal-order come?" inquired Toddy, with deep sarcasm.

"There are some fellows who trust me enough to lend me ten bob on a postal-order due shortly," said Bunter.

"Not fellows that know you."

"Oh, rats! Give me some more on the table!" grunted Bunter. "I've got some work to do!"

"Well, I'm always glad to see you work. Hallo, what have you got old Dryden there for?"

"I'm fond of poetry," said Bunter.

"My hat! This is the first I've heard of it. Well, pile into your poetry, and don't jaw!"

Peter Todd resumed his legal labours; and Billy Bunter, for once too busy to talk, started work. For a fellow who was going to construe Virgil his proceedings were rather peculiar. He did not open the volume of P. Virgilius Maro. He opened the volume of Dryden. Peter Todd, immersed as he was in his legal studies, glanced several times at Bunter curiously. Great poet as John Dryden undoubtedly was, Billy Bunter had never been known to give any attention to his works, save when Dryden happened to come up as a subject in the matter. And now Bunter, who had brought "Glorious John" in the study, and was digging into him of his own accord.

Peter looked over the fat junior's shoulder at last at what he was scribbling, and gave a whistle. For this is what Bunter was scribbling:

Arms, and the man, I sing, who, forced by Fate

And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate, Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.

Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,

And in the doubtful war, before he won The Iatian realm, and built the destined town.

"You frabjous ass!" said Peter Todd, in measured tones. "You're copying out of Dryden's translation of the *Æneid*."

"Shurrup!"

"What's the little game?"

"I'm in a poetic mood, you know."

"B-r-r-r! Has Quelch set you a construe?"

"Nunno!"

"If he has you can't palm that off on him. We don't do our construes in rhyme, you fat duffer! And do you think Quelch hasn't read Dryden?"

Bunter sniffed.

"I don't care whether he has or not. I'm not taking this to Quelch."

"Then what are you doing it for?"

"Don't worry, old chap. I'm busy!"

Peter Todd grunted, and returned to his studies. William George Bunter laboured on, as fast as his pen could go, till fifty lines had been copied out of Dryden. The fiftieth line was not really a good one to end on, and it was:

"Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,"

But it was all right in Bunter's view. He did not mind ending on a comma in the middle of a sentence. Fifty lines was the bargain; and he had written fifty lines. His task was done.

He rose with a sigh of relief.

"You can take that book back to the library, can't you, Peter?" he asked.

"I can!" assented Peter.

"Thanks, old chap."

"But I'm not going to!"

"Look here——"

"Take it back yourself, lazybones!"

"Always the same—selfish!" said Bunter scornfully. "Well, I'll take it

MAY.

New Long Complete Story Books.

Now On Sale.

DETECTIVE TALES.

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY.

Sexton Blake Figures Prominently in all the Following Stories:

No. 124.—THE MYSTERY OF THE THOUSAND PEAKS.

A Manchurian Romance, introducing Sexton Blake, Tinker, and the Hon. John Lawless. By the author of "The Admiral's Secret," etc.

No. 125.—THE CASE OF THE STRANGE WIRELESS MESSAGE.

Telling how a strange call for help came to Sexton Blake, introducing "Gravels" Grant, the Secret Service Man.

By the author of "The Case of the King's Spy."

No. 126.—THE GREAT DIAMOND BLUFF.

A Brilliant Yarn, a Masterpiece of Bluff, featuring Sexton Blake, Tinker, and Pedro.

By the author of "The Case of the King's Spy," etc.

No. 127.—THE AFFAIR OF THE ORIENTAL DOCTOR.

An Unhappily Story told in a clever way.

By the author of the Leon Kartel series.

PRICE 4D. EACH.

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.

No. 506.—THE SCHOOL OF SPORT.

Magnificent Yarn of Athletics.

By CAPT. MALCOLM ARNOLD.

No. 507.—LIMELIGHT LURE.

Splendid Story of Stageland.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

No. 508.—ON THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE.

Thrilling Tale of the North-West Frontier.

By GORDON WALLACE.

No. 509.—THE SCHOOLBOY CASTAWAYS.

Superb Story of Tim Merry & Co, of St. John's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

PRICE 4D. EACH.

COMPLETE NOVEL IN EACH NUMBER

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS



Bunter found his lordship on the sofa when he entered the study. "I—I— say, Maully," he said, "I've done your construe, so now you owe me ten bob!" "Oh, all right!" mumbled Maully, only half awake. (See Chapter 3.)

back. I suppose there would be a row if it was missing!"

"Did you get leave to bag that book, Buntie?" said Toddy. "I fancy there would be trouble if the fellows were found digging poets out of the library to use as cribs."

"That's why I didn't ask leave," grinned Bunter. "It's all right; there was no one there. But you might take it back for me. Quelchy knows you don't use a crib, if you're seen. You're one of those dull, plodding duffers that don't need a crib."

"Why, you—you—" Peter looked round for the cricket-stump, and Bunter hastily left the study. He dodged into the library with Dryden, and returned "Glorious John" to his place, and then studded away to Lord Mauleverer's study.

He found his lordship asleep on the sofa. Maully awoke suddenly as Bunter tapped him on the nose with a sheaf of foolscap.

"I say, Maully—"

"Oh! Grooh!" mumbled his lordship. "Is that you, you fat boulder? Gerroot!"

"Oh, really Maully! I've brought you your construe—"

Lord Mauleverer sat up and rubbed his eyes and yawned portentously.

"Oh! I'd forgotten! Have you done it?"

"Look here!"

Billy Bunter proudly held up the translation. He was pretty certain that Lord Mauleverer had never read Dryden.

Mauleverer stared at the written sheets. The sprawling writing was undoubtedly Bunter's, also some variations in the spelling smacked of William George. But that the verses were Bunter's seemed amazing.

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Mauleverer. "Why, you've put it into rhyme!"

"I find it comes easier that way," said Bunter calmly.

"Begad! Does it?" said his lordship, in astonishment.

"Oh, yes. Fairly good, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I'm not going to read it. But, I say, won't Quelchy think it rather odd for it to be in rhyme?" asked Mauleverer dubiously.

"Well, if he does, say you thought you'd do it that way, as it sounds better. Dryden did it in rhyme, you know. Why shouldn't you?"

"But I can't say that, as I haven't done it," said Maully.

Bunter sniffed. Scruples of that sort did not appeal to him in the least.

"Well, say any old thing you like," he answered. "I've done your construe, and you owe me ten bob, Maully!"

"All right. I'll chance it with Quelchy."

Lord Mauleverer tossed a ten-shilling note to Bunter. Ten-shilling notes were

not of much consequence to the school-boy millionaire. They were of a good deal of consequence to William George Bunter, however; and the Owl of the Remove clutched this one greedily. His fat face wore a grin of satisfaction as he turned to the door. But he turned back.

"I say, Maully, I was going to give you my postal-order for this—when it comes!"

"Were you?" grinned Maully.

"Certainly! But there are some other little sums I owe you—some trifling amounts—but I want to settle them up."

"Oh, gad!"

"Do you mind if I put this down to the account, instead of handing you my postal-order?"

Lord Mauleverer found energy enough to chuckle.

"Not at all, dear boy," he answered. "It comes to the same thing."

And Billy Bunter rolled out of the study with his plunder, which was to be put down to the account and cleared off by the forthcoming bankruptcy. Lord Mauleverer settled down to the task of transcribing Bunter's "construe," blissfully unconscious of the fact that he might as well have transcribed it from Dryden in the first place. That fact was destined to dawn upon him later, when he presented the precious construe to Mr. Quelch.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Lawyer's Fee!

"SIX-and-eight—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"From ten—that leaves three-and-fourpence!"

"Did you do that in your head, Buntie?" asked Bob Cherry humorously.

The Famous Five had come in from cricket, and they were heading for Study No. 1 for tea. They came on Billy Bunter in the Remove passage, ruminating. Bunter had a wrinkle in his plump brow as he muttered to himself, apparently deep in some abstruse calculation.

"I say, you fellows!" said the Owl, blinking at the ruddy-faced quintette. "Just the chaps I wanted to see!"

"How popular we are—at tea-time!" murmured Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"I'm glad you've recovered from your fearful injuries, Bunter," remarked Bob Cherry. "If you still feel bad I'll give you some of Wingate's medicine, if you like."

Bob had a bat under his arm, and he let the cane handle slip into his hand. Bunter jumped back.

"No larks, you ass!" he exclaimed.

"I say, I want you to change a ten-shilling note for me."

"Puzzle—find the ten-shilling note!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"If you think I haven't got a ten-shilling note, Bull—"

"I don't think—I know it!"

"Look here, then!"

To the amazement of the Famous Five Billy Bunter held up a ten-shilling note between a fat finger and thumb.

"My only hat! Whose is it?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Mine, you ass!" snorted Bunter. "I say, I want you fellows to change it for me. I owe Toddy six shillings and eightpence."

"Well, you're not going to pay Toddy."

"Yes, I am. I always settle up, you know."

Bob Cherry staggered against the wall, as if quite overcome by that statement.

"Hold me, somebody!" he murmured.

"Oh, don't play the goat!" said Bunter crossly. "Anybody would think I was a chap who never paid up!"

"Well, aren't you?" demanded Nugent.

"I decline to answer a question like that, Nugent. It would be beneath my dignity. As a matter of fact," continued Bunter, elevating his fat little nose in a very lofty way, "I have a scheme on for settling up all I owe at Greyfriars—clearing up the account all round. I'm going to wipe out all my debts and start afresh."

"Great pip!"

"What a memory you must have if you can make a list of them!" said Bob Cherry admiringly.

"The memory must be great, for the list would be terrific," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I owe you fellows some trifling sums," said Bunter. "I'm going to clear the lot off. You'll see. Now, change this tanner for me, so that I can square Toddy."

"Toddy can give you change for it, can't he?"

Bunter shook his head promptly.

"No, that wouldn't do. You see, if I pay Toddy six-and-eight, he will be morally bound to stand tea in the study, won't he? I shan't mention that I have three-and-fourpence change. He might think I could stand the tea, then. Toddy's rather mean, you know."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Oh, let's get on!" said Bob Cherry. "It's past tea-time. Bunter's conversa-

tion is delightful, but I want something more solid."

"Change this note, then, some of you!" exclaimed Bunter.

The Co. moved off, but Harry Wharton good-naturedly went through his pockets to find change for the ten-shilling note. He found three half-crowns, two shillings, and a sixpence.

"Here you are, Bunter."

"Thanks, old chap!"

"Well, give me the note," said Harry impatiently.

Bunter paused.

Having received change for the ten-shilling note and slid it into his pocket, he seemed rather in doubt about parting with the note itself.

"The fact is, Wharton—"

"What?"

"I'm making an arrangement—a legal arrangement—to clear off all my little accounts early next week. Do you mind letting the ten shillings stand over till then?"

"What ten shillings?"

"The ten shillings you've just lent me, old chap!"

Wharton gave the cheerful Owl a look such as might have been bestowed by the fabled basilisk.

"You fat villain, I haven't just lent you ten shillings!" he exclaimed. "I've handed you ten shillings change for that currency note in your fat paw. Hand it over! I want to get into tea."

"If you insist, Wharton—"

"Of course I do, you fathead!"

"I think it's rather mean—"

"Wh-a-a-at?"

"I'm going to clear off all my debts early next week. You might let it stand over till then. I put it to you as a sportsman, Wharton," urged Bunter. "Is it a go?"

Wharton gasped.

"Do you want change for the note or not?" he demanded. "Hand me one or the other, before I knock your silly head on the wall!"

"If you're going to be mean— Here, hands off, you ass! I'm giving you the note, ain't I?" howled Bunter. "Here it is! Ow! Stop it!"

Harry Wharton put the ten-shilling note in his pocket, and walked off to Study No. 1. Bunter cast and indignant and scornful blink after him.

"Beast!" he murmured.

With his new supply of cash jingling in his pocket, Billy Bunter headed for Study No. 7. He found his study-mates, Peter Todd and Tom Dutton, there, getting tea.

Tea looked like being a frugal meal in Study No. 7 that evening. Money was tight with Toddy and Dutton, and a contribution from William George was seldom to be expected.

"Hallo, porpoise! Has your postal-order come?" grunted Peter Todd, as the Owl of the Remove came in.

"My postal-order has not come!" answered Bunter with dignity. "I'm expecting it early to-morrow—"

"Scat! There'll be a rather thin tea," growled Peter Todd. "Can't you get an invitation along the passage somewhere?"

"I could if I liked. Precious few studies I'm not welcome in," said Bunter.

"That's what comes of being popular."

"Well, put your merry popularity to the test for once," suggested Peter. "Go and plant yourself on one of your many friends for tea, there's a good porpoise!"

Billy Bunter did not seem to hear. Perhaps he was afraid that if his popularity was put to the test it would break under the strain. Certainly it would have been a rotten reed to lean upon.

"Why can't Bunter whack out for once?" asked Tom Dutton, with a glance of great disfavour at the fat junior.

"Echo answers why?" returned Peter Todd.

"Eh?"

Tom Dutton had the misfortune to be deaf; or Study No. 7 had the misfortune, would perhaps be more correct.

"Echo answers why?" howled Peter.

"What sort of a pie?" asked Dutton, with interest. "If it's a pork-pie, that's all right. Is it a pork-pie?"

"Oh, my hat! There isn't any pie, Dutton, you ass!"

"Mutton-pie. Well, anything's welcome when we've only got a few sardines. Where did you get a mutton-pie, Bunter?"

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "I say, Toddy, you can stand tea this evening, if you like."

"Stony, ass!"

"But I owe you six-and-eight," said Bunter loftily.

"Fat lot of use, anything you owe anybody!" grunted Peter.

"I'm going to pay you."

"Rats!"

"I believe it's necessary in legal proceedings to pay the legal adviser," said Bunter, blinking at him. "Of course, you understand, Toddy, that you're my paid adviser, and you're to help me out."

"Help you out of the study, do you mean? I'll do that with pleasure!"

"I mean, in my bankruptcy proceedings."

"You footling ass!"

"All I've told you is in confidence, you know—same as with a real solicitor," said Bunter. "You're not to let on about the bankruptcy yet. I want to increase my liabilities first as much as possible, like a real bankrupt, you know. And here's your fee."

Peter Todd blinked with astonishment as Bunter laid two half-crowns, a shilling, and a sixpence on the table. The fat junior fumbled in his pockets and produced a penny and two half-pennies, which he added to the little pile.

"Six-and-eightpence!" he said loftily.

"Wh-a-t-wh-a-t!" stuttered Peter.

"Whom have you been robbing since I saw you last?"

"Oh, really, Peter—"

"Take your tin away, you fat duffer! You don't owe me six-and-eight!" growled Peter. "I was only pulling your idiotic leg! But, as you're in funds, you can stand tea. It's about time you did, for once."

Bunter shook his head.

"You can stand tea with the money if you like, Toddy," he answered. "It's yours."

"You silly ass, it's not mine!" howled Peter. "I tell you I was only pulling your leg about the six-and-eight."

"I prefer to pay the fee," said Bunter. "You can stand tea with it, if you like."

"Well, anyhow, it can go to standing a tea," said Peter. "Never mind whose it is. Let's have tea. Take it down to the tuckshop and get in some supplies with it."

"All right." Bunter gathered up the six-and-eightpence. "It's understood, of course, that this is your money, Toddy, and I'm only doing the shopping for you."

"You can understand anything you like, fathead, so long as you buck up and don't jaw!" answered Peter politely.

Billy Bunter rolled out on his shopping expedition. He had the satisfaction of paying his legal fee and at the same time of expending the cash upon tuck, of which he was to have the lion's share. It was killing two birds with one stone. And when Billy Bunter reappeared in the study with the new supplies, the quantity seemed rather small for the sum of six shillings and eightpence, which indicated that the shopper had helped himself on

the way back, doubtless on the principle that the labourer was worthy of his hire.

But it was a very nice tea in Study No. 7 after all, and Tom Dutton, though a little puzzled by the non-appearance of the mutton-pie, felt called upon to acknowledge it to his fat study-mate.

"Jolly good, Bunter!" he said, as he rose from the table. "It's about time you played up, wasn't it?"

"It wasn't me—it was Todd!"

"Odd! Who's odd?"

"Todd! Todd stood the tea with the fee I paid him!" howled Bunter.

"The what?"

"Fee!" shrieked Bunter.

"Tea?"

"No, fee—six-and-eight!"

"I'll wait, if there's anything more," said Dutton. "I don't see anything more."

"Oh, you ass! I didn't tell you to wait, did I?" gasped Bunter.

"Well, what is there to wait for?"

"Nothing!" roared Bunter.

"Then why did you tell me to wait?" demanded Dutton warmly.

"Oh dear! You yell it to him, Toddy."

"My dear man, do your own yelling!" answered Peter.

"I'm blessed if I understand you, Bunter. It was high time you stood your whack," said Dutton. "I don't mind saying it was a good tea. But it seems to me that you're going potty, Bunter—talking about mutton-pies, and then telling a chap to wait, when there's nothing to wait for. If you're making fun of me because I'm a trifle deaf—"

"No!" roared Bunter.

"Go? I'm just going. But I suppose I can stay in my own study if I like!" exclaimed Dutton, in surprise. "Where's the hurry for me to go?"

"Oh dear!"

"In fact, I'll stay now, just to show you that you can't order me out of the study!" exclaimed Tom Dutton indignantly.

Bunter did not attempt to explain further; he did not feel equal to it. And Dutton stayed.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Mauly Misunderstands!

"MAULY!" called out Bob Cherry, when the Remove turned up in their dormitory at half-past nine that evening.

"Hallo, dear boy?" yawned Lord Mauleverer, who was sitting on the edge of his bed, negotiating his boots—a long and laborious task to Mauly.

"Have you taken in your impot to Quelch?"

Lord Mauleverer started.

"Begad! I forgot!" he ejaculated.

"You awful ass!" said Bob Cherry. "Quelch will ask you for it in the Form-room in the morning! You'll get scalped!"

"It's all serene, dear boy!" answered Mauleverer, with a smile. "I only forgot to take it in. It's done. Bunter helped me."

"Bunter helped you with a construe!" exclaimed Wharton in astonishment.

"Yaas!"

"Is it any good?"

"I don't know! I haven't read it, of course. That's Quelch's job!" said his lordship cheerfully. "Remind me to take it into the Form-room with me in the mornin', there's a good chap. Yaw-aw-aw! Goo-night!"

Lord Mauleverer slept the sleep of the just that night. He hoped that Bunter's construe would satisfy the Remove-master; but if it didn't, it was no use meeting troubles half-way. Lord

Mauleverer had a strong objection to meeting troubles at all, in fact. So he cheerfully dismissed the matter from his mind—so successfully that, when the Remove started for the Form-room the following morning, he had not remembered it.

Fortunately, Bob Cherry remembered, and in the Form-room doorway he stopped Mauleverer by playfully taking hold of his noble ear.

"Wow!" said Mauleverer. "Leggo, dear boy!"

"Have you got your impot?"

"Oh, gad, no! Who'll go up to my study and fetch it for me?" asked Mauly, with an appealing glance round at the juniors.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"I'll come with you, and help you get it," he said.

"I—I think I'll chance it with Quelch!" murmured his lordship. "He can have it later! Ow! Leggo!"

"I'm taking your ear up to your study, old chap!" answered Bob. "Suit yourself whether you come along with it."

"Oh gad!"

Lord Mauleverer went along with his ear. He came back with Bob—and the construe—just as Mr. Quelch entered the Remove-room for morning lessons. The Form-master called to Mauleverer at once.

"Mauleverer!"

"Yes, sir?"

"You did not bring your construe to me last evening, Mauleverer."

"No, sir!"

"You must cure yourself of these slack ways, Mauleverer," said Mr. Quelch severely. "I shall double—"

"Hold on, sir; it's done!" exclaimed Mauleverer, in a great hurry. "I—I've got it here, sir!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. "In that case you may hand it to me, Mauleverer."

"Yes, sir."

Mauly approached the Form-master's desk, and handed over the imposition. Mr. Quelch glanced at the first page, and a rather peculiar expression came over his face.

"It's—it's in rhyme, sir," stammered Mauleverer, rather apprehensively. "I—I suppose that's all right, sir. You—you didn't say blank verse, sir."

"I did not say blank verse, Mauleverer. If you can turn Virgil into English verse you are very welcome to do so," said the Remove-master, in a rumbling voice.

"I—I'm so glad you're pleased, sir!" murmured Mauleverer.

"You are under a misapprehension, Mauleverer; I am not pleased," said Mr. Quelch, rumbling more loudly than before. "Do you dare to tell me, boy, that you are the author of these verses?"

Mauleverer started.

If he had chosen to exert himself, certainly he could have construed quite as well as Bunter; and, doubtless, if he had written verse in rhyme, it would not have been worse than any of Bunter's original lucubrations. How Mr. Quelch guessed that he was not the author of this translation was a mystery to Mauly.

"I—I—" he began.

"How dare you attempt to deceive me, Mauleverer!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Poor Mauly jumped.

"I—I wasn't, sir!" he stammered. "I—I never said I was the author of the lines, sir."

"You have brought it to me as your work!"

"Chaps help one another with their work sometimes, sir!" murmured Lord

Mauleverer. "I—I admit I've had assistance with those verses, sir."

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon Lord Mauleverer with a look that Hurree Janset Singh would have described, justly, as terrific.

"Mauleverer! You—you tell me that you had assistance from the author of these verses?"

"Ye-es, sir!"

"Are you out of your senses?"

"Nunno, sir! I—I hope not!"

"Then what do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "As you have written these verses down, you must be acquainted with the author's name—"

"Oh, quite, sir!"

"Then you must know that he is dead, and has been dead a long time."

"Wha-a-at!" Mauleverer jumped almost clear of the floor. "I—I'm sorry to hear it, sir! It—it's rather a shock, sir!"

"Are you out of your senses, I repeat? How can it be a shock to you to learn that the author of these verses is dead?"

"Well, it is, sir," said Mauleverer. "He wasn't a nice chap, I know—he was a fat little beast, it's true, but if he's dead—it's so sudden, sir. Only this morning I saw him alive and well at—"

Mr. Quelch seemed petrified.

"You—you saw him alive and well—this morning?" he shrieked.

"Yes, sir; certainly," answered Lord Mauleverer in bewilderment. The noble youth had his back to the class, so he did not see Bunter in his place there. As he supposed Bunter to be the translator in question, Mr. Quelch's statement that the author of the verses was dead had naturally given Mauly a shock. "I—I saw him, sir, at brekker—"

"In the name of all that is absurd, Mauleverer, of whom are you speaking?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Are you not aware that John Dryden died in the first year of the eighteenth century?"

"I dare say he did, sir," answered Mauleverer, wondering what Mr. Quelch was mentioning Dryden for. "But—"

"Then to whom were you alluding?"

"Bunter, sir, of course."

"Bunter!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "What has Bunter to do with the matter?"

"He's the author of those verses, sir," said Mauleverer innocently. "I mean, he was. Poor old Bunter! I'm glad I let him have the ten bob now. How—how did he die, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a roar from the Remove.

Lord Mauleverer spun round, and stared at the class. With the news of Bunter's death so recent, he thought this outburst of merriment rather heartless. He jumped as he saw William George Bunter sitting in his place as usual—very much alive.

"Why—what—there he is, sir!" babbled Mauleverer blankly.

"Silence! There is who, Mauleverer?"

"Bunter, sir! You—you said he was dead, sir!" stammered Mauleverer. "It—it gave me quite a shock, sir."

"This boy must be out of his senses!" said Mr. Quelch, apparently addressing space. "Ah, I think I see! Did you obtain these verses from Bunter?"

"Ye-es, sir!" stammered Mauly. "I—I—I suppose I've given him away now; but—but you said he was dead, sir, so—"

"You utterly ridiculous boy!" almost hooted Mr. Quelch. "Are you not aware that these verses are the beginning of Dryden's translation of Virgil—a work as well known as the Commentaries of Cæsar?"

"Are they, sir?" mumbled Lord

Mauleverer. "Oh, gad! I've been spoofed! I—I thought it was queer that fat villain—I—I mean Bunter—being able to construe fifty lines in half an hour!"

"You utterly dense boy!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "It appears that you asked assistance from Bunter, and he copied out for you verses which he must have known would be familiar to me. Bunter, stand out here!"

"Oh dear!" mumbled Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove came out very unwillingly before the class. He gave Lord Mauleverer a reproachful look. He had not expected his name to be mentioned—and neither would Mauly have mentioned it but for the unfortunate misunderstanding.

"So you palmed these lines upon Mauleverer as a construe of your own, Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "You copied them out of a volume of Dryden?"

"Nunno, sir! They—they're my lines."

"What! Every line is quite familiar to me."

"Oh dear! I—I didn't know you knew Dryden so well, sir—I—I mean, I thought nobody ever read that rot!"

"What?"

"I—I mean, I'm awfully fond of Dryden, sir, and I admire him no end, and—and so I learned those lines by heart, sir!" gasped Bunter. "In—in helping Mauly, I must have reproduced them unconsciously, sir, thinking they were my own."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Does the fat idiot think that will do for Quelch?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Bunter, you state that you know these lines by heart, and did not copy them deliberately from a volume?"

"That's it, sir. Just a little mistake."

"Then recite them to me now," said Mr. Quelch.

"Wha-a-at?"

"If you know them by heart, you should have no difficulty in reciting them," said the Form-master, with a glare at the hapless Owl.

"I—I—I—"

"I am waiting, Bunter."

"The—the fact is, they've clean gone out of my head now, sir!" gasped the Owl of the Remove, in great dismay. Bunter did not remember a single line he had copied out so hurriedly from "Glorious John." It was another exemplification of the old proverb, that a certain class of persons should have good memories.

Mr. Quelch picked up a cane from his desk—a proceeding that was eyed with great apprehension by both the culprits.

"Mauleverer, you may go to your place. You will construe a hundred lines, and bring them to me this evening. As for you, Bunter—"

"If—if you please, sir, may I go to my place?"

"I have not yet finished with you, Bunter."

"Oh dear!"

"You have spoken untruthfully, Bunter—deceived your foolish Form-fellow, and attempted to deceive me. For that I shall cane you. It will be an example to anyone in this Form who may be tempted to use prevarication in his dealings with me!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"If—if you please, sir—"

"Hold out your hand!"

"If—if you please, sir, instead of caning me, as an example to the other chaps, sir, c-could you cane one of the other chaps, sir?"

"What?"

"As an example to me, sir!" gasped Bunter.

Mr. Quelch blinked at the Owl for a moment blankly, as he made that really valuable suggestion. Then he found his voice again.

"Hold out your hand!" he thundered.

"Ow!"

Swish, swish!

Buty-Bunter crawled back to his place, with his fat paws tucked under his fat arms, looking as if he were trying to fold himself up like a penknife. He confided to Mauleverer, who sat next to him, in a tragic whisper, that he was dashed if he would ever help him with a construe again. To which Mauly rejoined that he sincerely hoped that Bunter wouldn't.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Adding to the Liabilities!

"SAY, you galoots!"

Fisher T. Fish came into Study No. 1 that evening, where Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were at tea. Wharton pointed to a chair with his teaspoon; but the transatlantic junior shook his head, and remained standing. He was in too great a hurry to sit down. Fisher T. Fish always was in a hurry. He was, as he proudly explained, a born hustler. It was his object in life, as he was willing further to explain, never to get left. So he never had any time to cut to waste. Though what he was in a hurry about, and what use he put his valuable time to, nobody but Kishy himself was aware. Probably, like many hustlers of the most efficient kind, he was very busy doing nothing.

"Nope. Guess I'll stand," he said.

"Can't stop a minute. It's about Bunter."

"What about Bunter?" asked Wharton, with a smile. "Has he been doing any construes for you?"

"I guess not!" said the Yankee junior emphatically. "I kinder reckon I've got my eye-teeth cut. He's after the dust."

"What on earth does he want dust for?" ejaculated Nugent, in surprise.

"Hay? Isn't he always after the rocks?" demanded Fisher T. Fish. "Isn't he just continually in line to rake in the durocks?"

"Oh, you mean cash!" said Nugent. "Excuse me. I never studied your language, old top; though, of course, I speak it to some extent."

"Oh, come off!" answered Fisher T. Fish. "Look hyer, you galoots. Once upon a time Bunter had some money. It was only once, but he had it, I remember. Is he going to have some more?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Harry.

"Well, he's talking about a big settlement of his debts early next week," said Fisher T. Fish. "If his father's rolling in oof again, and is going to send him tenners, as he did once, why, I guess—" Kishy paused. "I mean, I'd like to get to know. Is it straight goods about the jay squaring up next week?"

"Ask us another."

"Then I guess I'm not lending him anything," said Fisher T. Fish. "He's offered me good terms—I O U for a quid for five bob down. Of course, if he's going to have money next week, it's good enough. If he isn't, that's a mule of another colour. I guess I'm not risking it. Sure you fellows don't know anything about it?"

"Nothing, at all."

"Bunter's not put you wise?"

"No," said Harry, laughing. "He has been gassing about clearing off his

"Waal, I guess I shall keep my spon-dulics in my trousers-pocket till it's a bit clearer," said Fisher T. Fish; and, with a nod, he jerked out of the study.

Wharton and Nugent went on with their tea. They were not interested in the financial enterprises of the business man of the Remove. But they did not trouble to tell Fishy what they thought of his enterprises and himself. Fishy was quite impervious to criticism.

The chums of the Remove had nearly finished tea when the door opened again and William George Bunter rolled in.

"Too late!" said Nugent.

"Eh? Too late for what?" asked Bunter, with a blink.

"Tea! Tuck's all gone!"

"I haven't come to tea, Nugent. I've had tea with Skinner and Snoopy."

"My hat! What is Skinner standing you a tea for?" ejaculated Wharton. "Are you really going to have some tin next week, then?"

Bunter grinned.

"Skinner's very civil," he answered. "Why shouldn't he be? Some fellows are worth making friends with. You fellows don't see that. It's your loss."

"We'll try to bear it," said the captain of the Remove.

"I've come to have a business talk with you chaps," said Bunter, sitting down in the armchair. "I haven't come to tea; still, I'll try the cake, as you're so pressing. You're not finishing the cake, I suppose?"

"Not much chance to, now you've got your paws on it!" grunted Nugent.

"He, he, he!"

Bunter decided to take that remark as a joke, and he chortled. He also took the cake.

With his mouth full, the Owl of the Remove proceeded:

"I dare say you fellows know I owe some small sums up and down the Remove, and in the Fourth?"

"I don't see how anybody could help knowing that," answered Wharton. "Is there anybody you don't owe money to?"

"I don't know—there may be one or two," said Bunter cautiously. "But it's not a state of affairs that satisfies me. I've felt for a long time that I ought to get clear."

"Hear, hear!"

"I believe I owe you a little, Wharton—"

"I believe you do," assented the captain of the Remove.

"I dare say," said Bunter loftily, "that you supposed you were never going to get it?"

"You dare say the exact fact?"

"Same with you, Nugent?"

"Exactly!" grinned Nugent.

"And the same with the other chaps, I dare say—"

"The shamefulfulness is terrific!" said the voice of Hurree Singh at the door, and the dusky junior came into the study.

Bunter snorted.

"Well, you'll see," he said. "Will it be convenient to you fellows to have all accounts squared on Wednesday?"

"Quite!"

"That's settled, then. On Wednesday everything is going to be cleared off, and I start afresh."

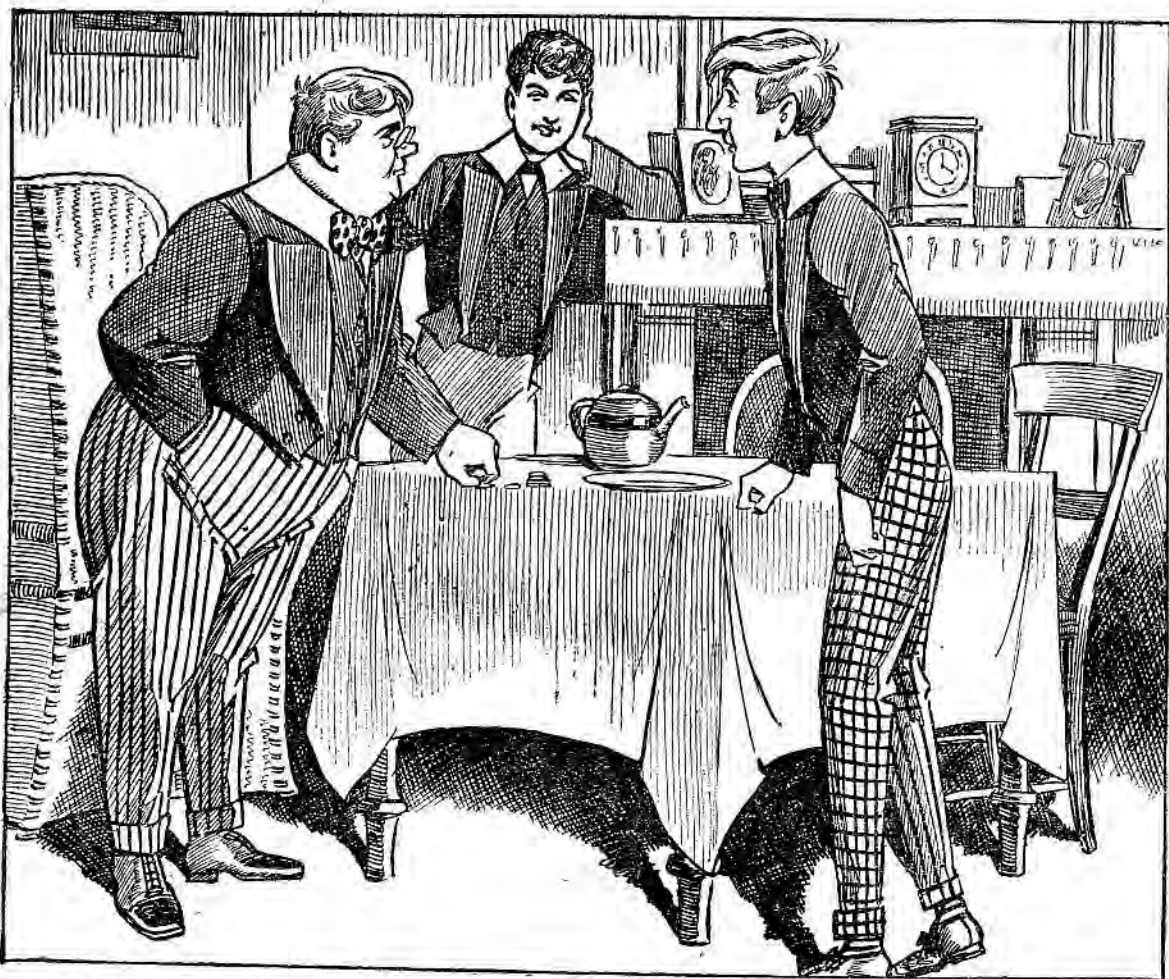
Billy Bunter spoke with so convinced an air that the juniors looked at him very curiously.

"Have you come into a fortune?" asked Wharton.

"Not exactly. But you'll see. Everything is going to be cleared off to the last penny."

"It will come to a tidy little sum," said Nugent, laughing.

"Let it!" answered Bunter airily. "I expect my fellows to make up the



Peter Todd blinked with astonishment as Bunter laid a little pile of money on the table consisting of two half-crowns, a shilling, a sixpence, and two coppers. "Six-and-eightpence—your fee," said Bunter loftily, "for my bankruptcy proceedings!" (See Chapter 4).

accounts, putting in every item, and let me have them by Wednesday morning. See?"

"I don't suppose anybody could remember half the items," answered Wharton. "I'm certainly not going to try to."

"Then it's your loss. It's understood that only claims presented by Wednesday will be met."

"The meanness will not be great!" remarked Hurree Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

"I suppose you can take my word?" said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Everything's going to be done in order," explained Bunter. "I've appointed Toddy my legal adviser, and paid him a fee."

"Phew!"

"Toddy, as my solicitor, will see the thing through, fair and square," said Bunter. "I can't say fairer than that. You fellows put in your accounts—put 'em in round figures—I'm not particular to half-a-crown or so. Nothing mean about me, I hope. Wednesday morning's the latest."

"My esteemed Bunter, I will present a terrific account on Wednesday morning," said the Nabob of Bhanipur, with a grin.

"Right-ho, Inky." Billy Bunter rose, and walked to the door, but there he turned, as if struck by an after thought.

"I say, you fellows, as everything is to be cleared up on Wednesday—"

"Now it's coming!" grinned Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! As everything is to be cleared up, you might stand me a few bob to see me over the week-end. I happen to be short of money at the present moment, owing to a disappointment about a postal-order. Could you make it ten shillings, Wharton?"

"No!"

"Did you say five bob, Nugent?"

"I didn't!"

"What did you say, Inky?"

"I did not make any remarkfulness at all, my esteemed fat Bunter!"

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull loomed up in the doorway, and Bunter turned to them.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Still tight enough for some cricket," said Bob Cherry. "Turn out, you slackers!"

"Hold on a minute. I'm settling up all round on Wednesday, Cherry—"

"Gammon!"

"But I want a few bob to see me over the week-end. You're not so jolly mean as Wharton, Cherry, old chap. Could you—"

"My dear porpoise, I'm quite as mean—meaner, in fact," answered Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Put me down as too mean, and try next door."

"I say, Bull, you're not a rotter like Bob Cherry—"

"Yes, I am," answered Johnny Bull at once. "We're in the same boat, Bunter, old man. Birds of a feather."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave a baffled blink round at the five grinning faces. He felt bitterly that there really wasn't much scope for a prospective bankrupt in the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

"I say, you fellows, you might do the decent thing for once," he pleaded. "I'm really going to clear off everything next Wednesday—honour bright! There!"

"Your honour isn't so jolly bright, though," remarked Bob Cherry. "It's wanted polishing for a long time."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"How are you going to settle up all round if you've not got any tin?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"All the cash that's necessary will be forthcoming," answered Bunter. "I give you my word on that!"

"Well, is Bunter's word worth a bob?" asked Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Dear at the price!" said Bob.

"The dearfulness is—"

"Terrific!" grinned Nugent.

"I say, you fellows, just this once, on a special occasion—when I assure you that every claim will be met on Wednesday—"

"Oh, give him a chance for once!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 640.

said Wharton, tossing a shilling on the table. "There you are, fatty!"

The rest of the Co. followed his example. Billy Bunter gathered up the five shillings hurriedly, as if fearful that the Famous Five might change their minds.

"Thanks!" he said. "You wouldn't care to make this a quid, I suppose?"

"Your supposition is absolutely correct!" said Bob Cherry solemnly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, put it down in your accounts," said Bunter. "Mind, on Wednesday morning. No claim not received by Wednesday morning will be considered."

And Billy Bunter rolled out of the study, leaving the Famous Five considerably astonished. It really looked as if William George Bunter was suffering from a conscientious attack, and was telling the truth for once, and actually intended to settle up his many and varied liabilities. But in that case, as Bob Cherry remarked, it was pretty clear that the chap who said that the age of miracles was past was seriously offside.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Notice to Creditors!

"H A.L.I.O, hallo, hallo!"

"Bunter again!"

"Bunter's latest!"

On the wall of the junior Common-room on Monday evening a paper was pinned, and a little group of juniors stood round it when Harry Wharton & Co. came in from cricket. The paper was in Billy Bunter's "fist," and its contents excited much interest—and entertainment—among the Remove fellows.

The Famous Five grinned as they read it down. It ran:

"NOTISS!

"The under-sined, W. G. Bunter, is prepared to clear off all accounts owing to fellows in the Remove and the Fourth Form. Every fellow with a klame on W. G. Bunter is rekwested to present his akount, in riting, not later than Wensday morning. Klames not received by that dait will not be considered. There will be a meating in the Common-room after dinner on Wensday, when all akounts will be cleared.

"Sined, W. G. BUNTER.

"N.B., Rite planely."

"Now, I wonder what that means?" remarked Bob Cherry, in a very thoughtful way.

"The wonderfulness is terrific."

"Blessed if it doesn't look like business!" said Skinner, staring at the notice. "What would he stick that up for if he wasn't going to pay? I know Bunter had money once—"

"Perhaps his pater's brought off a fresh swindle on the Stock Exchange," suggested Snoop, with a grin. "He did once, and sent Bunter tenners."

"Looks like it!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Here's Toddy. Do you know anything about this, Toddy?" inquired Bob Cherry.

Peter Todd joined the group, read down the notice, and grinned. He did know something about it, as a matter of fact; he was aware of the peculiar means by which W. G. Bunter planned to "clear" off the "accounts." But he was bound to secrecy; Bunter had consulted him as legal adviser, and, as legal adviser, Peter could not betray the confidences of a client. The schoolboy-lawyer was well up in the etiquette of his future profession—to that extent, at least.

THE MAGNET LIP ARY.—No. 640.

"Well, what does it mean, Toddy?" asked Wharton.

"Better ask Bunter," said Peter.

"Is he really going to pay up?" demanded Skinner.

"He says so."

"But you ought to know, as you're in his study," said Dick Rake. "Bunter told me he'd appointed you his legal adviser to see the thing through."

Peter nodded.

"That's right!" he said.

"Then you know all about it."

"Exactly!"

"Tell us about it, then, you ass!" exclaimed Bolsover major.

Peter Todd shook his head.

"A solicitor never repeats what his client tells him," he explained. "It's against all the rules of the profession."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bolsover major. "You're not a solicitor yet. You're only a silly goat!"

"Look here, Toddy—"

"Nuff said!" answered Peter loftily.

"W. G. Bunter is my client—"

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"But, speaking as a lawyer," continued Peter calmly, "I shouldn't advise anybody to lend Bunter money on the strength of that document."

"Oh! That's what I wanted to know," murmured Fisher T. Fish.

"But is he going to settle up?" asked Skinner. "If he is, he must be going to have a thumping lot of money on Wednesday."

Skinner was wondering whether it was worth while standing Bunter another tea. If he was going to have a "thumping" lot of money so soon as Wednesday, evidently it was worth while. But was he? That, as Hamlet remarked of old, was the question!

"You'll see on Wednesday," answered Peter. And he strolled away to elude further questioning.

There was a good deal of chuckling over Billy Bunter's notice. But it was to be observed that several fellows were rather civil to W. G. B. that evening. Skinner was quite honeyed in his manner to him, and listened to his remarks with the most flattering attention. To that extent the astute Skinner felt that he could safely go. Honeyed manners, at all events, cost nothing.

Snoop and Stott were very attentive, too, and some other fellows. As for Fisher T. Fish, that businesslike youth was in a state of mental uncertainty that almost amounted to anguish. Bunter had offered him an I O U for one pound sterling in return for five shillings down. If Bunter was going to clear off all debts on Wednesday, evidently it was good business to close with the offer. But—but Fishy was tormented by doubts. He saw that the Famous Five took Bunter's notice as a joke, and decided to keep his five shillings in his pocket. Then he observed Skinner & Co., "sucking up" to the Owl of the Remove, and decided that he had better risk it. But he observed, further, that Skinner became suddenly deaf when Bunter raised the subject of a small loan, and he changed his mind again. But once more he fluctuated when he noticed Snoop marching Bunter off to his study for supper. It really was a very painful state of uncertainty for a cute business-man to be in.

When Bunter came out of Snoop's study Fisher T. Fish met him in the Remove passage. He had finally decided to "pump" Bunter and ascertain the facts—if any.

To his surprise, Bunter waved him off.

"I say, Bunt—" began Fisher T. Fish, coming on all the more as Bunter appeared disinclined for the interview.

"Oh, don't bother, Fishy!" said Bunter loftily.

"About that five bob—"

"Too late!" said Bunter.

"Gee-whiz!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish.

All his doubts were resolved now.

If Bunter refused the loan, that settled the matter. It did not occur to his cute mind that W. G. Bunter was astutely pulling his transatlantic leg, and leading him on by his transatlantic nose.

"The fact is, I've been looking for you, Bunter—" he urged.

"I sha'n't want it now, as it's so near to Wednesday," said Bunter loftily.

"You needn't trouble."

"My dear old chap," said Fisher T. Fish cordially, "say the word, and the five bob's yours!"

Bunter seemed to hesitate.

"Here's a fountain-pen, if you like to write out the I O U, old fellow. A leaf from my pocket-book will do."

"Well, after all, I may need a little ready cash to-morrow!" remarked Bunter, relenting.

"Of course you may, old top!"

"It's a go, then!"

William George Bunter wrote out the I O U, and accepted the five shillings, with a lofty air.

"Don't forget to put in your claim on Wednesday!" he said.

"You bet!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Otherwise, you won't get squared with the rest," said Bunter warningly.

"All claims have to be cleared off Wednesday afternoon."

"Rely on me!" grinned Fisher T. Fish.

He went to his study to lock up Bunter's I O U. Billy Bunter winked at the ceiling, and rolled away in the opposite direction.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Accounts Come In!

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER the following day was an object of considerable interest in the Remove.

His offer to "square" all accounts was a matter of interest, in fact, to most of the juniors at Greyfriars.

For whole terms W. G. Bunter's liabilities had been piling up. He was a borrower of dreaded skill; he had been known to raise loans in the most unlikely quarters. Orpheus, with his lute, drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek; but the skill of Orpheus was as nothing to that of W. G. Bunter when it came to drawing little loans from reluctant lenders. There was hardly a fellow in the Remove who had not shelled out "bobs" to Bunter—and in some cases the "bobs" were countless, and the half-crowns were many. If Billy Bunter was going to satisfy all his creditors, it was certain that a very considerable sum of money would be required. How the Owl of the Remove was going to raise that sum was a deep mystery. Certainly, it never occurred to anybody that the fat youth was going to declare himself bankrupt, and offer a penny in the pound. That seemed to William George Bunter a simply splendid idea; but it was not likely to seem so splendid to the creditors when the "meating" came off.

Nearly every fellow to whom Bunter owed money was making up his account. As Dick Rake remarked, there was no harm in putting in the claim; if it wasn't settled, matters would be no worse than before. On Tuesday, quite a crowd of fellows were making up lists of small sums on odd bits of paper or the backs of envelopes.

And it was surprising how the sums mounted up. Fellows who were careless

with their money when in funds, were Bunter's special victims, and a shilling here, or a half-crown there, was hardly noticed in a time of plenty. But when the account came to be made up, fellows realised how much Bunter had "stuck" them for.

In Lord Mauleverer's case, it amounted to a good many pounds, but his lordship did not make up his account. He was too lazy, even if he had believed it was of any use. But in other cases the sums were rather large. Bob Cherry dropped into Study No. 1 that evening with a half-sheet of impot paper and a pencil in his hand, and a thoughtful wrinkle in his brow.

"You fellows done your accounts?" he asked.

Wharton shook his head.

"Not going to?" asked Bob.

"No; what's the use?"

"Well, Bunter says he's going to pay to-morrow. May as well put in the claim. He owes the money, dash it all!"

"He won't pay!" said Wharton.

"Then, what is he driving at?"

"Blessed if I know."

"Most of the fellows are making up their claims," said Bob. "I'm going to. Dash it all, Bunter ought to square, and now he's promised to. Nobody's asked him to promise, so he ought to be kept up to it. I say, I can't remember all the items, but I find Bunter owes me a lot of money. I never noticed it, a bit at a time, but it's over a pound that I can remember."

"I've got down items coming to twenty-five shillings, and I know that's not the lot," said Nugent, looking up from the table.

"Inky's got down five pounds," said Bob. "Johnny Bull says his lot comes to over four."

"My hat!"

"Smithy's got a long account, too, and all the fellows make it come to something considerable," said Bob. "It's amazing how a bob here and a bob there mounts up in the long run. I'm going to have a new bat with mine."

"With your what?" ejaculated Wharton.

"My pound, when I get it."

"When!" said the captain of the Remove, with a smile.

Bob Cherry frowned.

"Look here, he's going to pay!" he exclaimed warmly. "He's undertaken to do it, hasn't he? When a fellow realises that he's parted with what amounts to a sum of money he naturally wants to be paid. I do. It didn't seem to matter when it was a bob here and a bob there, but now—well, a pound's a pound! I'm not rich!"

"Neither is Bunter, and he would have to be jolly rich to square all he owes in the Remove."

"There'll be trouble if he doesn't. If he's not going to pay, he should not make fellows realise so clearly how much they've parted with," said Bob Cherry. "There'll be a row if he doesn't square, I can promise him that!"

Vernon-Smith looked into the study.

"I've done my account," he said, with a grin. "I can't remember further back than last term; but it comes to three pounds ten shillings. Nice little windfall, what?"

"Yes, if you get it!"

"I'm going to get it, or Bunter will get something," said the Bounder grimly. "I'm not having all this trouble for nothing!"

"Just what Rake said!" remarked Bob Cherry. "I think all the fellows feel the

same. If Bunter doesn't square there'll be no end of a row."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"There's some catch in it," he said. "I don't know how, but that's what I think."

"Then Bunter will catch something, too!" growled Bob.

Bob Cherry went along to Study No. 7 with his account in his hand. Bunter and Todd and Dutton were at prep there when Bob looked in. On one corner of the study table was a pile of papers in various hands, with an inkpot standing on them as a paper-weight.

"Here's my little lot, Bunter!" said Bob.

Billy Bunter blinked round at him.

"Put it with the rest," he said airily.

"Eh?"

Bunter jerked a fat thumb towards the pile on the corner of the table.

"My hat! You're getting rather a collection already!" remarked Bob, as he added his account to the stack under the inkpot.

"They're not all in yet," answered Bunter carelessly.

"And how much is this lot already?"

"About fifteen pounds, so far, I think."

"Holy smoke! You'll have a handsome bill to pay. Is the money coming down in a waggon from the bank?"

"Don't you worry!" said Bunter. "All accounts will be cleared off, and I shall start afresh, not owing any chap a cent."

"I hope you will!" said Bob.

And he left the study, feeling very much puzzled.

The Bounder dropped in with his account, and then Rake and Ogilvy and Russell and Tom Brown and other fellows. It was a regular procession to and from Bunter's study.

The heap of accounts under the inkpot grew at an alarming rate.

Peter Todd grinned as he watched them accumulate. He had a little account of his own against Bunter, but he did not trouble to write it down and add it to the stack. Peter was not anxious to receive payment at the rate of a penny in the pound. As for Bunter, he seemed rather pleased than otherwise by the formidable dimensions of the stack of accounts. It was rather pleasant to feel that he was going to clear off those heavy liabilities and start afresh.

Bunter did not trouble to balance the accounts that evening. There were more to come in the morning. But Peter glanced at the pile before he left the study, and made a comment.

"Over twenty-quid already, Bunter!"

"Really?" said Bunter carelessly.

"Yes. You awful spoofing bounder, I never realised before how much you had screwed out of the fellows. You were an ass to make them realise it, too. You see, you've whetted their appetites for cash now."

"I'm going to clear it all off, you know, to-morrow afternoon."

"And start afresh?" grinned Peter.

"Just so!"

"And run up another lot like this, what?"

Bunter grinned. That certainly was his hope and intention—whether it was to be carried out or not.

"Well, I think you're a silly ass!" commented Peter. "There's an old saying that you should let sleeping dogs lie."

"Rats!" said Bunter.

Peter Todd shrugged his shoulders and left the study. He had a strong suspicion that when Bunter's intentions became known there would be trouble for the happy bankrupt. Some of the fellows were spending in advance the money they

were going to get, and their disappointment was likely to make them wild. That was a point the cheery Owl of the Remove had failed to take into consideration, but Peter was a little more astute, and he thought of it. But he reflected that there couldn't be more trouble for Bunter than Bunter deserved, so it was all right.

The next morning the last accounts came in; after morning lessons fellows dropped into Study No. 7 with them. After dinner Bunter announced his intention of going through the bills, and fellows were requested to turn up in the Common-room at three, for full settlements. There was no doubt that they would turn up.

Harry Wharton glanced into Study No. 7 after dinner, and found Bunter and Toddy going through the accounts. It was rather a heavy task, and Bunter was leaving most of the work to Toddy.

"Twenty-five pounds," Bunter was remarking. "But that's not the lot, Peter!"

"Not at all!"

"Twenty-five pounds!" ejaculated Wharton. "Has that fat bounder really screwed all that out of the fellows, Toddy?"

"More!" answered Peter Todd cheerfully. "This goes over this term and part of last, but all the fellows ain't claiming; I don't find your name here, Wharton."

"Would it be much use putting it there?" grinned Wharton.

"Ahem! Speaking as a lawyer, I should say—ahem!—no."

Bunter blinked up at the captain of the Remove.

"Better put in your claim while there's time," he said. "It's really too late now, but I'll give you a chance. Put it in, and take your chance with the rest."

"I won't trouble, thanks! But I looked in to warn you, Bunter, that if this is some game of spoof, you'd better look out. The fellows won't like having their legs pulled."

"Rot!" said Bunter.

Wharton walked away, and Bunter and his legal adviser went on with their accounts. When the balancing of the accounts was finished, they gathered up their papers to start for the Common-room.

"It's really a jolly good idea, isn't it, old chap?" said Bunter cheerily.

"Oh, ripping!" said Peter.

"Topping, you know, to clear off everything like this, and start afresh, with a clean bill of health, you know. I've felt for a long time that something ought to be done about these accounts."

"So have some other fellows."

"Now I'm going to get clear, all fair and above board and legally," said Bunter, rubbing his fat hands. "Some fellows have hinted that I'm not really a square chap—"

"Not really?" ejaculated Peter.

"Yes, they have, you know; in fact, said so out quite plain," said Bunter. "They won't be able to say so after this. It'll be ripping to feel that I don't owe anybody a cent. Then I don't see how a fellow can refuse to let a chap have a little temporary loan if he wants one."

"Oh, my hat! Is there any lunacy in your family, Bunter?" asked Peter Todd.

Bunter stared.

"Eh? No! Why?"

"Oh, I thought there might be! Come on!"

And Bunter and his legal adviser started for the Common-room.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 640.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Penny in the Pound!

THE junior Common-room was crowded.

All Bunter's creditors were there, and their name was legion. And the few fellows who were not his creditors were there also, to watch the proceedings. There were also creditors who had not troubled to send in their accounts, but they were there, too, curious to know what was going to happen. Keenest of all was Fisher T. Fish, with his claim for one pound sterling. But Skinner & Co. were very keen, too. They had been very nice to Bunter of late—and they had quite lavished tarts and ginger-beer on him—with an eye to the loaves and fishes. Now they were going to see the loaves and fishes—perhaps!

There was a buzz of voices in the crowded room, and it grew louder as Bunter and Peter Todd came in.

"Here they are!"

"Here's a chair for you, Bunter," said Skinner cordially.

"Thanks, old chap!"

"Like a footstool, Bunter?" asked Fisher T. Fish amicably.

"Good!"

Fisher put a footstool under Bunter's feet. Billy Bunter smiled round at the assembly. He was a very important person just now; evidently a person whom Skinner & Co. delighted to honour. Skinner & Co. were quite convinced now, for they could not suppose that Bunter would venture into the creditors' meeting unless he really had the wherewithal to settle the claims. They were expecting the production of a wad of banknotes. Nothing less would have sufficed to meet the many claims on Bunter.

Billy Bunter sat at the table, with his fat chin up and his look lofty. Peter Todd stood by his side, with the sheaf of papers before him.

All was ready for the proceedings to proceed.

"Go it, ya cripples!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"I guess I'm hyer for a pound—"

"Mine's a bob!" remarked Sidney James Snoop.

"Mine's three pounds ten, and I'm sorry for Bunter if I don't get it!" grinned the Bounder.

"Order!"

Peter Todd rapped on the table.

"Silence, please!"

"Yep. Silence, you galoots!" bawled Fisher T. Fish. "Silence for the chair! Now, Bunter!"

"What have you got to do with it, Toddy?" demanded Squiff.

"I'm here as Bunter's legal adviser."

"Oh, my hat!"

"My client—"

"Your which?" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"My client, Mr. W. G. Bunter—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Order, please! My client, Mr. W. G. Bunter, a gentleman well known—"

"In the tuckshop!" interjected Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!"

"Unless order is kept, these proceedings cannot go on!" said the schoolboy-lawyer severely. "If there are any more unseemly interruptions, I shall advise my client to adjourn the meeting."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Go it, Toddy! On the bawl!"

"I say, you fellows, shut up!" said Bunter. "Go it, Toddy!"

Toddy went it.

"My client, Mr. W. G. Bunter, a gentleman well known to you all, has

placed his financial affairs in my hands. Do I see present all the creditors of the said W. G. Bunter?"

"You do!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Here we are, old top!" said Rake.

"Waiting to be squared!"

"The waitfulness is terrific, my esteemed and jawful Toddy!"

"Order!" Peter Todd took up a

paper from the heap before him.

"Gentlemen, kindly lend me your ears.

I have been through the various accounts

presented to my client, Mr. W. G.

Bunter. The total sum owing by my

client, according to these accounts, is

twenty-seven pounds."

"Great Scott!"

"Phew!"

"The fat burglar!"

"Twenty-seven quidlets!"

"Forty-six creditors have sent in their

names—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There may be others," said Peter

Todd. "The others will be left out of

the present distribution, as they have

not chosen to send in their claims. I am

here to deal with forty-six gentlemen,

whose claims amount, in the aggregate,

to twenty-seven pounds."

"In the which?"

"In the aggregate," said Peter Todd

loftily.

"What's that?"

"He's got that out of one of his blessed

law books!" said Rake. "I don't be-

lieve he knows what it means!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It means, the total sum is twenty-

seven pounds," said Peter Todd conde-

scendingly. "Mr. Bunter!"

"Hallo!" said the Owl of the Remove.

"Kindly place the money on the

table."

"Certainly, old top!"

There was a general movement of in-

terest as Billy Bunter fumbled in his

pocket. The juniors, especially the

creditors, crowded closer round the big

table.

Skinner & Co. beamed on Bunter, with

most affectionate glances. A fellow who

was going to hand out twenty-seven

pounds in a lump was worthy of affec-

tionate glances, in Skinner & Co.'s

opinion. Fisher T. Fish looked as if he

could have hugged him. Never had

Fisher T. Fish realised what deep and

sincere friendship really was until that

moment.

"It—it's genuine, after all!" mur-

mured Harry Wharton, in great astonish-

ment.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Don't you wish you'd put in your ac-

count now, old top?"

"Let's see the cash, though," said

Harry.

"Shell out, Bunter!"

All eyes were upon the Owl of the

Remove. Bunter fumbled in his pockets

for a few moments, and then his fat hand

came out.

It did not contain a wad of banknotes,

as most of the fellows fully expected by

that time. The fat fist was closed, and

what was in it could not be seen, but

assuredly it wasn't a wad of banknotes.

"What on earth—" began Johnny

Bull.

The fat fingers opened, and two six-

pences were laid on the table. The

juniors stared at the coins.

"Why, what—"

"What—"

"That isn't all," said Bunter.

"Oh!"

Another dive into Bunter's pockets,

watched with growing interest, mingled

now with anxiety. Bunter's pockets were

not very easy to get at, as his garments

were extremely well-filled by his ample

person. But his fat fist emerged at last, and two more sixpences were added to those on the table, and then a penny piece.

"Is this a lark?" exclaimed Skinner, staring at the coins.

"That isn't all."

"Buck up, then!"

Once more Bunter dived into his

pocket, and this time he produced two

more pennies. These were laid on the

table, and the fat paw did not seek his

pocket again. The magnificent sum of

two shillings and threepence lay on the

table, and that, evidently, was all that

William George Bunter was going to

produce.

The juniors stared at Bunter and at

the two-and-threepence as if they were

mesmerised. They seemed deprived of

the power of speech for the moment.

Bob Cherry found his voice first.

"What's this game?" he demanded.

"Explain to them, Toddy!" said

Bunter cheerfully.

"Look here—" began Skinner.

"Where's my quid?" gasped Fisher T.

Fish.

"Gentlemen—"

"Look hyer—"

"Silence for Toddy! Go it, Toddy!"

"Gentlemen," said Peter Todd, with

legal gravity. "Gentlemen, my client,

Mr. W. G. Bunter—"

"Cut the cackle!" interrupted Snoop.

"Look here—"

"My client, Mr. W. G. Bunter," pur-

sued Peter Todd unmoved, "owes the

sum of twenty-seven pounds—"

"We know that!"

"Come to the point, you fathead!"

"And he has produced the sum of

twenty-seven pence—"

"Two-and-threepence!"

"Order!"

"Twenty-seven pence," resumed the

schoolboy-lawyer. "That is to say, one

penny in the pound."

"Wha-a-at?"

"My client, Mr. W. G. Bunter, here-

by declares himself bankrupt—"

"What?"

"And this meeting of his creditors has

been arranged at Mr. W. G. Bunter's

request, in order to declare his bank-

ruptcy and settle with his creditors. The

liabilities are twenty-seven pounds, the

assets are twenty-seven pence. That

works out at precisely one penny in the

pound. All the creditors who are satis-

fied with this composition—"

"Why, you—you—"

"Will now stand forward and receive

their share of the bankrupt's assets.

Those who are not satisfied are at liberty

to withdraw their claims, and either

appeal to a higher court—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Or proceed against Mr. W. G. Bun-

ter in the usual way. Speaking as a

lawyer—"

"Oh, cut off the gas, Toddy!"

"Speaking as a lawyer," continued

Peter Todd imperturbably, "I advise the

creditors to be satisfied with this com-

position. A penny in the pound is not,

perhaps, an over-generous offer. But it

is all they will get. An old proverb

declares that a bird in hand is worth two

in the bush. Creditors who cannot get

their due are well-advised to take what

they can get. I may further point out

that, although a penny in the pound may

seem a small payment, my esteemed

client has never been known to pay any-

thing at all before—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Speaking as a lawyer, therefore, I

advise the acceptance of this offer," said

Peter Todd. "In that case the bankrupt

will be discharged. Now, don't all

speak at once—"

But the Removites did all, or nearly all, speak at once. There was a roar in the Common-room.

"Bankrupt! My hat!"

"Bunter, you spoofer!"

"Bunter, you fat villain!"

"Bunter, you—you—you toad!"

"You fat Hun, Bunter!"

"Scrag him!"

"Bump him!"

"Pay up, Bunter!"

"I—I—I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter, alarmed by the looks round him. "It—it's all right, you know—"

"Pay up!"

"Lots of people go bankrupt, you know, and pay a penny in the pound

"Burst him!"

"Where's my quid?" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "My quid! I guess you owe me a quid, Bunter! Why, I lent you live bob—five whole bobs! Where's my quid? By gum, I guess I'll have that quid or bust you! I—I—I—" Words failed Fisher T. Fish, and he could only grimace and gesticulate frantically.

"Order! If my client owes you a pound, Fish—"

"He does! I guess he does—"

"Then you are entitled to one penny if you join in this composition—"

"Fenny be gol-darned!" raved Fisher T. Fish.

"Otherwise you get nothing—"

"I guess I'll take it out of his hide, then!"

"Pay up, Bunter!"

"You fat spoofer!"

"I—I—I say you fellows," stammered Bunter—"I say, it's all right! Tell them it's all right, Toddy—quite legal, you know."

"Can't quite tell 'em that!" answered Peter Todd cheerily. "I've acted as your legal adviser, Bunter. Now, as legal adviser to the Remove generally, I advise them to give you the raggin' of your life. That's what you really want, and—speaking as a lawyer—I think it's what you ought to get!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Scrag him!"

The juniors closed round Billy Bunter. A dozen pairs of hands were laid on him, wherever there was room for them, and he was yanked out of his chair. He landed on the floor with a bump and a bellow.

"Yaroooooop!"

"I guess—my quid—I'll—I'll— Pay up, you galoot! Pay up, you mug-wump! I—I—I guess I'll—"

"Yow-ow! Help!"

"Bump him!"

"Squash him!"

The roaring of William George Bunter was like unto that of the celebrated bull of Bashan. But there was no mercy for Bunter. Had he, on Peter's sage principle, allowed sleeping dogs to lie, it would have been well with him. But his wonderful scheme of clearing off his liabilities by a bankruptcy was too much for the Removites. He had made every fellow there realise just how much money he had parted with, and at the same time that there was no prospect of getting any of it returned. It was natural that the creditors were infuriated. Billy Bunter rolled and bumped, and bumped and rolled, with a succession of fiendish yells.

What became of the two-and-three-pence in the confusion no one knew, excepting Fisher T. Fish. The other fellows were too busy with Bunter. When the Removites streamed out of the Common-room at last, William George was left sitting on the floor, with his jacket

split up the back, all the buttons off his waistcoat, and his collar hanging by a single stud; his hair like a mop, and his fat face like a beetroot, and gasping away as if for a wager.

It was ten minutes before the hapless Owl of the Remove recovered sufficient breath to crawl away, feeling as if life were not worth living. And indeed for some days after that life really was not quite worth living to Bunter the Bankrupt!

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled "THE INVASION OF GREY-FRIARS!" By Frank Richards. Make a point of ordering your copy EARLY.)

READERS' NOTICES.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED, ETC.

H. L. Evans, 21, Beatrice Street, Oswestry—with a Colonial reader.

R. C. Staegeman, P.O. Box 32, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere, age 16-17.

W. Erbstoesser, c.o. P.O. Box 451, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere.

R. Montague, 49, Carlyle Road, Easton, Bristol—with readers anywhere, age 15-17.

Miss G. Illingworth, 14, Water Dale, Doncaster, Yorks—with readers anywhere, age 14-16.

Alfred Hall, 42, Devereaux Drive, Poulton, Wallasey, Cheshire, wants members for his Correspondence Club.

Miss G. Anderson, 12, Holywood Road, Strandtown, Belfast—with readers living in Canada, especially Toronto, age 17-20.

Members wanted for "M & G" Club. Write the District Secretary, 11, Ashgrove Road, Redland, Bristol.

J. Simpson, 70, Campbellfield Street, Whitevale, Glasgow—with readers anywhere.

H. F. Carter, P.O. Box 92, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere, age 16-20.

M. Wheeler, 70, Acton Lane, Haresden, N.W. 10—with readers interested in photography.

W. Allen, 49, Main Street, Kinsale, co. Cork—with readers interested in boxing.

Miss R. O. Vanos, P.O. Box 2, 174, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa—with readers anywhere.

F. Browne, 72, Water Street, Guelph, Ontario, Canada—with readers anywhere, age 17-19.

Edward Strode, 41, Durham Street, Guelph, Ontario, Canada—with readers anywhere, age 17-19.

R. Marriott, 502, Spence Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada—with readers interested in foreign stamps.

L. Meacher, P.O. Box 235, Simcoe P.O., Ontario, Canada—with readers interested in postcards.

United Boys Sports and Social Club wants members, age 14-19. Write hon. sec., E. Davies, 6, Danvers Street, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

A. Russell, P.O. Box 236, Simcoe, Ontario, Canada—with readers interested in postcards.

Members wanted for Star Correspondence Club, magazine, competitions, etc. Write S. Dacre, 4, Nowell Avenue, Harehills, Leeds.

Miss Simmonds, 54, Bury New Road, Sedgeley Park, Prestwich, Man., wants "Gems" Nos. 244, 368, 520-523, 527, 562, and 566. 3d. each offered.

G. Scofield, 27, The Parade, Church Village, Llantwit, Vardre, Glam., wants "Gems" Nos. 39, 56, 262, 278, 287, 420, 446. 3d. each offered.

Miss R. Overend, Lombardy House, 556, Huddersfield Road, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury, Yorks—with readers anywhere, age 18.

Members wanted for Correspondence Club, age 16 upwards, magazine, etc. Write R. Hope, junr., 8, Hamilton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

L. Pickering, 32, Ninth Avenue, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne—with readers interested in wireless telegraphy.

J. Bateman, 171, Biddulph Road, Chell, Tunstall, wants members for his Correspondence Club, age 12 or upwards.

A. E. Hamblin, 4, Prospect Road, Hungerford, Berks—with readers living in Bicester or Eastleigh.

J. Rice, 12, Queen's Row, Walworth, S.E., wants readers for his amateur magazine.

J. Eastment, 16, John Street, Cefn Cribbur, Bridgend, South Wales—with readers anywhere, age 15-17.

Miss J. Rabinstein, 2, Walworth Road, S.C. Road, Dublin—with a reader living in Australia, America, or New Zealand.

O. Hughes, "Carteff," Rodney Road, New Malden, Surrey—with readers interested in stamp-collecting, age 12-14.

Miss L. Liddle, 17, Somers Road, Sydenham, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers living in the British Isles.

H. Broadbent, 13, Cecil Street, Ryecroft, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs, wants members for his Correspondence Club.

M. W. Martin, Collegiate School, Colesberg, South Africa—with readers anywhere, age 18 or over.

A. E. Cunningham, 119, High Street, West Bromwich—with readers anywhere, age 16-17.

F. Woodland, 146, Bravington Road, Paddington, W. 9—with readers anywhere.

R. E. Dawson, c.o. the Oxcroft Colliery Co., Ltd., near Chesterfield, Derbyshire—with readers anywhere, age 17-18.

Wm. H. Harris, 2, Cross Row, Dinnington Colliery, Dudley, S.O., would like to hear from Miss Nancy Hettle, of Belford.

John Frack, 8, Commissioner Street, Burghershop, Krugersdorp, Transvaal, S. Africa, wants "Magnets" and "Gems," No. 1-300. 3d. each offered.

Alec V. Everitt, 3445, Birnam Avenue, Park Avenue Extension, Montreal, P.Q., Canada, wants Nos. 9, 11, and 12 of "Young Britain."

J. H. Sproston, 84, North Avon Road, Richmond, Christchurch, New Zealand, wants "Magnets," Nos. 1-200. 2½d. each offered.

Sam Holdsworth, 24, Denby Street, Whetley Hill, Bradford, Yorks, wants "Penny Populars," Nos. 40 and 41.

Ernest W. Rowe, 50, Etno Road, East Malvern, Victoria, Australia, wants "Gems" entitled, "The Toff," "The Call of the Past," "Cast Out From School," and "A Mission of Mystery." Clean. 6d. each offered. Write first.

P. H. Horne, Oostende, 9, Bandoeng, Java, wants red-covered "Magnets." 3d. each offered. Write first.

John Pettit, 64, Queen's Gate, London, S.W. 7, wants "The Taming of Harry Wharton," "The Making of Harry Wharton," and "After Lights Out." 2d. each offered. Write first.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 640.

HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE FOR HOME USE.

(Continued from last week.)

THE MICROPHONE.

This instrument, as its name implies, serves to make small sounds greater.

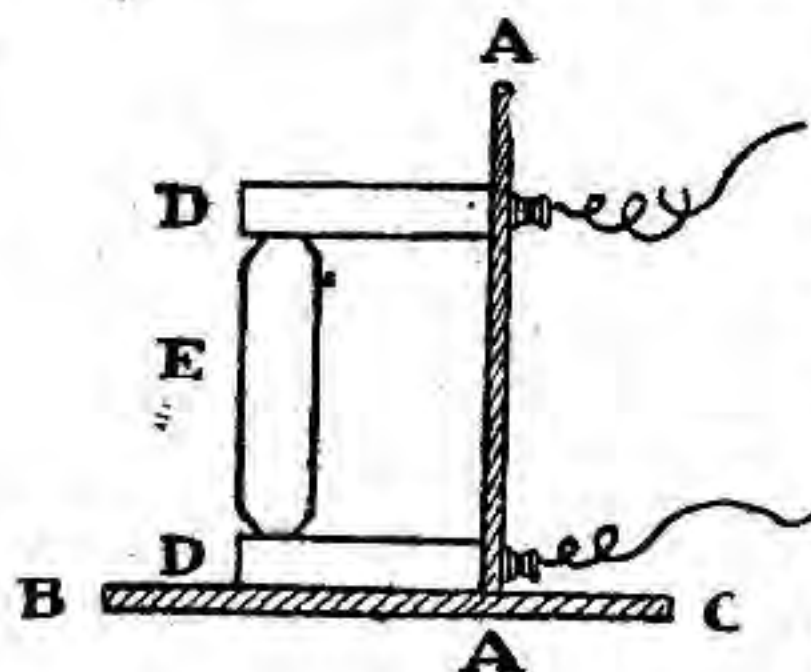
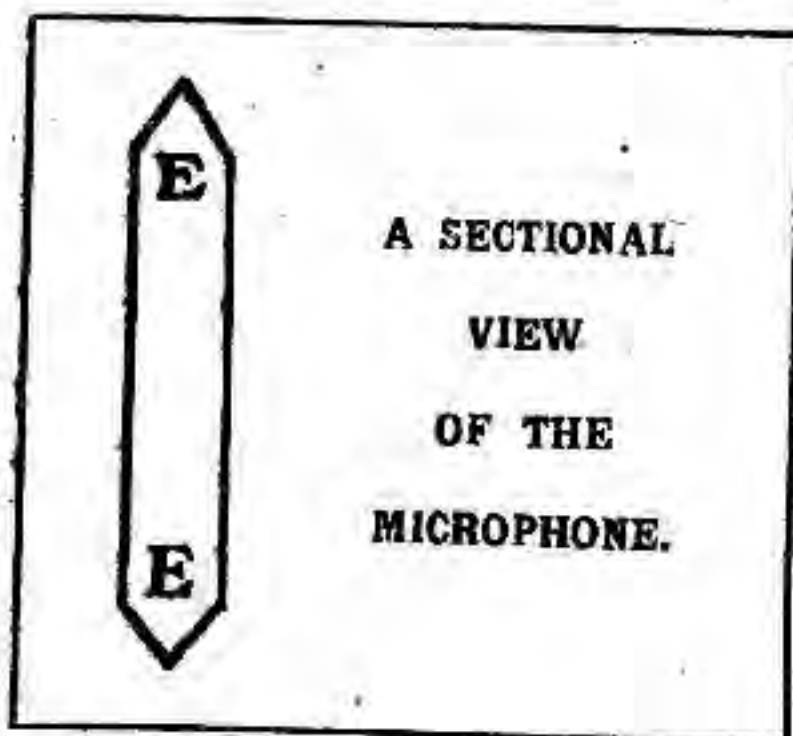


Fig. 1.—Sectional View of Microphone.

Besides being useful in conjunction with a telephone, it is also of interest in itself. Make base, B C, and an upright, A, from a piece of thin pine wood, as shown



in Fig. 1. Buy from the electrician two blocks of carbon, such as are used in batteries, each measuring about a cubic inch. In one side of each of these blocks

fasten a long, binding screw; whilst in an adjacent side make a hollow with a rat-tailed file or a penknife. Then get a small pencil of charcoal, such as is used in the large arc lamp, and cut off a piece 4in. long. File both ends to a point in the way that you sharpen a pencil (E, Fig. 1).

Having made these various parts, fit them together. Screw the two pieces of carbon to the upright in such a way that one rests upon the base, whilst the other is at such a height that the charcoal pencil rests lightly in the hollows between the two carbons, as in D D, Fig. 1.

The microphone is now complete, and can be attached to the telephone, as shown in Fig. 2. It will be found to increase the sound to such an extent that your voice will be distinctly audible, and conversation perfectly clear.

By attaching one receiver and the battery to the microphone, as shown in Fig. 3, very slight sounds will be in-

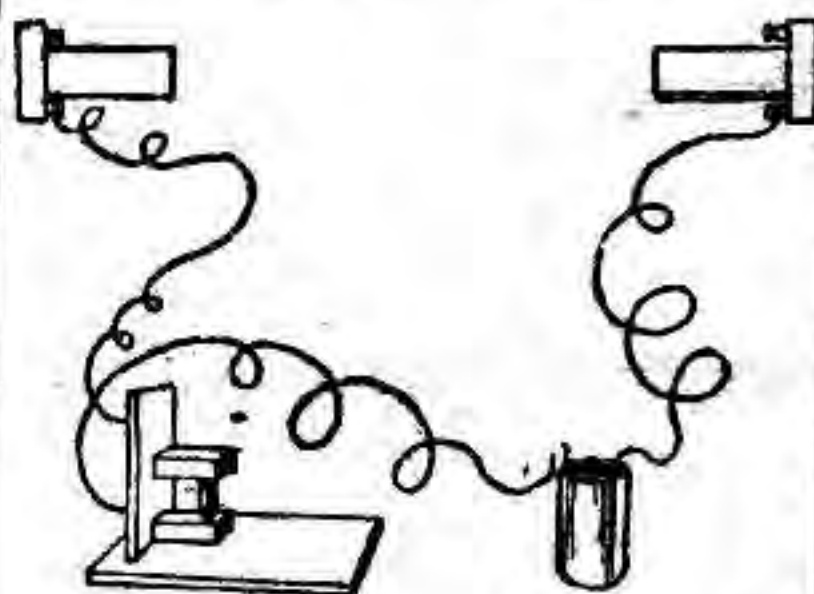


Fig. 2.—Connection of Microphone and Telephone.

creased to an extraordinary degree. The ticking of a watch seems like so many heavy footfalls; and if you can succeed in getting a fly to walk across the sounding-board, as the base is called, the footsteps will be plainly heard. Many interesting

experiments can be performed in this manner, and as the microphone is so easily made, it is well worth constructing one for the sake of such experiments alone.

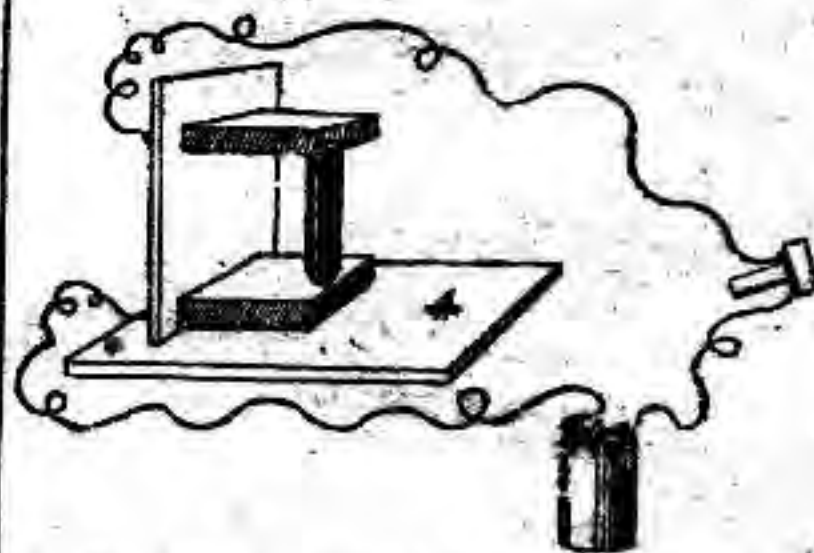


Fig. 3.—Experiment with Microphone.

A GALVANOMETER ADAPTED.

Like most of the inventions that have revolutionised the world, the electric telegraph is constructed upon the simplest principles.

As will be shown, an instrument for transmitting and receiving messages can easily be made at a very small cost by anyone prepared to devote a little care to its construction, and, when completed, it will be found of considerable use and convenience.

To make a model of the elaborate machines now employed in the larger post-offices, which not only receive but print messages in legible Roman characters, would be far beyond the scope of any amateur, necessitating the purchase of many costly parts, and requiring a considerable knowledge of engineering to fit them satisfactorily together. But the instrument that can be made according to the following instructions, is exactly similar to those in use throughout many smaller offices the world over.

(This splendid and instructive article will be continued in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY. Please order your copy in advance.)

TWO SEPARATE SETS OF PRIZES



A topping new puzzle picture competition in PUCK for which every boy and girl should enter. Nothing to pay, and two complete sets of prizes—one for boys—one for girls. Many Consolation Prizes. You'll find all particulars of this unique prize offer TO-DAY in the pages of

PUCK 2D.

The Famous COLOURED Picture Paper.

THE SECRET OF THE SILENT CITY.

Our Grand Adventure Serial.

By DAGNEY HAYWARD.



Presently the leaves and branches rustled and stirred. The next instant there was a rushing, roaring wind, and great tree stems bent and twisted like cane !
(See page 15.)

READ THIS FIRST.

Mr. Sherwell, producer of the Southern Film Company, accompanied by his staff, set out in search of the Silent City, which is situated in the wilds of South America.

The staff includes Tom Rackett, the operator; Tubby Bouncer, a comedian; Dick Grainger, Mike Rafferty, and Larry, three boy chums; two servants, Tung Wu, a Chinaman, and Quambo, a nigger; also three animals, Augustus, an elephant, Wonga, a chimpanzee, and Boris, a boarhound.

Mr. Sherwell's chart is incomplete, and he has only a vague idea as to the position of the Silent City.

Tom Rackett obtains many wonderful and interesting films en route. Later it is discovered through Wonga, the chimpanzee, that a rival film company is making for the Silent City.

Later Dr. Harland, an Englishman, who has been masquerading among a savage tribe as a "magic-man," joins the party.

Later they arrive at a walled town occupied by dwarfs, and Tom Rackett secures a film of a chart tattooed on the back of one of them. The party is trapped in a cavern, but later, through the aid of Boris, escapes, and is pursued back to their camp.

Here they make a gallant stand against the dwarfs, and, after a stern fight, eventually drive the enemy off.
(Now read on.)

A New Trail !

BORIS had fought with the best of them, and had received some slight wounds. Augustus' thick hide had prevented him from receiving much damage, though he had several nasty spear-wounds, but fortunately not in a vulnerable part.

During this discussion of the fight Dr. Harland had dressed Mr. Sherwell's wound, and the leader, though contrary to the doctor's advice, insisted on going to see everyone, and ask them how they had fared.

He learnt that several of the baggage-men had unfortunately been killed, and

that no less than six mules had been slaughtered.

Several more were in such a condition that they had to be shot.

These gaps in the ranks were a very serious thing.

The guides and mules could not be replaced, and it meant that, besides Augustus having to take more of the heavy baggage, much of the equipment would have to be left behind. What mules remained were already as heavily laden as possible, and could take no more.

Mr. Sherwell would not allow the boys to see round the stockade, for the sight it presented after the fight was not one for young eyes. The leader went round with Dr. Harland and Rackett, and ordered every available baggage-man to clear up the debris.

The dead dwarfs were buried quickly, and the mule-drivers, who had given their lives for the whites, were quietly and reverently put away, while Mr. Sherwell read a portion of the Burial Service over the dead.

While the remainder of the debris was cleared up Tung Wu and the boys were sent outside the stockade to reconnoitre. There was not a sign of the dwarfs. They had evidently had enough. No sound came from the Rock City.

The Chinaman and his charges cautiously crawled along till they could see part of the city and the rock temples. But not a human being could they discern.

It was well into the afternoon before the expedition started on its way once more.

They retraced their footsteps for about two miles, and then struck off at right angles, which the leader said would take them to a river which he knew existed, and which would have to be crossed.

So once more the party were on the move, Augustus leading, with Quambo on his head, the boys and Wonga, with Boris walking with Rackett, with Tung Wu, Mr. Sherwell, Dr. Harland, and Tubby behind. In the rear was the long train of mules and baggage-men.

"Well, boys," said Rackett, as they steered their way through jungle which Augustus was smashing down, "the dwarf has promised Mr. Sherwell that he will lead us to the Silent City. We made him understand what we wanted by signs, and our leader gave him a present of feathers and beads which have pleased him immensely.

"Mr. Sherwell has compared his own map with the part tattooed on the native's back, and what the dwarf has marked on his skin is the clue to the complete chart. There's no doubt about it. We have all been studying the tattooed and the drawn map, and we have come to the conclusion that we have solved the riddle of the whereabouts of the Silent City. I think you boys are lucky to be in such an expedition, for if we hadn't had the fight, or if we had missed the Rock City, we should never have discovered the missing part of the map."

"Lucky?" cried Dick. "I should think we are!"

"We've got the luck of Ould Oireland herself!" said Mike.

The Wonders of the Silent City !

HOW far is it to the Silent City?" inquired Larry.

"It's difficult to tell," answered Rackett. "It is some distance away yet, and we can't tell what dangers or difficulties we may have to face before we reach our goal."

"When we get there, what shall we see?" asked Dick.

"That I am unable to tell you. No white man, so far as we know, has ever set foot in the Silent City. But there are wonderful legends about it which have been handed down from generation to generation to some of the South American Indian tribes. It is also rumoured that the Aztecs once inhabited it, and that it was not unknown to the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians. The Aztecs were a wonderful race, and highly cultured and civilised. There are rumours of gold and jewel mines, and treasure of all kinds, that make one think they will rival the riches and romance of King Solomon's mines. I reckon that if we reach the Silent City we shall see things that will fill us with amazement and awe, boys!"

So Rackett went on, filling the boys with excitement and a keen desire to get to this wonderful Silent City with all speed. They could think and talk of nothing else.

As they proceeded the light began to fail them rapidly. It became almost as dark as night, although they were only on the fringe of the jungle.

Presently Mr. Sherwell and Dr. Harland came hurrying up.

"There's going to be a storm, boys!" said the leader. "It may burst upon us at any moment. I'm going to call a halt."

He gave the signal for the whole cavalcade to come to a standstill.

"Get the mules and all the animals under what cover you can," he shouted. "Move farther into the jungle. Get out the tarpaulins as quick as possible, for we shall all have to get what shelter we can!"

Everyone obeyed with alacrity. Very quickly the mules, Augustus, and everyone were farther in the jungle. Tarpaulins were pegged down with extra care and strength, beasts were tethered to big trees, and every man was told to look after himself.

The air was heavy and oppressive. Not a leaf stirred. The silence of the vast forest filled all with a sort of nervous anxiety and excitement as to what would

happen next. The deep gloom, almost as dark as night—it wanted nearly two hours to sundown—was uncanny.

Presently the leaves and branches rustled and stirred. The next instant there was a rushing, roaring wind, great tree-stems bent and twisted like cane. There followed a terrific crash of thunder like the crack of doom, and the rain fell as if a mighty cataract were emptying itself into the jungle.

In great, vivid streaks the lightning, jagged and twisted, forked in between giant trees, momentarily lighting up the dense forest. Flash succeeded flash in dazzling, blinding fury.

The crash and splinter of falling trees, struck by lightning, rent the air in between the reverberating rolls of thunder.

It was appalling.

Dick, Mike, and Larry, crouching under a stout tarpaulin, with Tubby, Tung Wu, Mr. Sherwell, and Dr. Harland and Rackett, clung on to roots and low branches, with faces touching the ground. The velocity of the wind was so frightful that they had as much as they could do to prevent themselves from being torn from their hold.

Suddenly there was a tearing, rending, splitting sound. A big tree hard by crashed to earth, splintering branches of trees at it fell.

Then there came another terrific swirl of wind. It ripped up the tarpaulin under which the boys crouched, taking pegs and rope with it. One of these, as it was torn from the ground, just caught Larry on the shoulder. He cried out with pain.

But none heard him.

The Rival Party Again!

THEY were now at the mercy of the tempest, and things were looking truly black. Other falling trees might very well do them terrible damage, and the tornado itself was a danger not to be despised. Then, suddenly, with an abruptness as though someone had cut off the wind with a single blow, it dropped.

An uncanny calm followed. After the roaring and shrieking of the gale the silence that fell was oppressive, unnatural, and such as made one wonder what new blow was about to fall.

Nothing further happened, however, and Dr. Harland, whose residence in those parts had made him familiar with such occurrences, rose and shook some of the wet from him, with a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness that is over," he said. "We shall not be worried with any more gales for some time now."

"Do these tornadoes always stop as suddenly?" asked Dick.

"Yes. It often happens that just as you think the world is coming to an end the tornado comes to an end instead. But what is the matter with you, Larry?"

Larry explained what had happened, and in a few moments the doctor had bandaged him, and made his shoulder comfortable.

"It is only a slight bruise," he said. "You will have forgotten all about it in a couple of days' time."

There was no going on that day, so Mr. Sherwell ordered the camp to be made, and sent Tom Rackett and Mike round to find out exactly how much damage had been done. Luckily, they were able to bring back an encouraging report. Beyond the loss of a few ropes, and the splitting of one tarpaulin, which

could be mended, there was no harm done.

An early start was made next morning, and before the sun was very high in the heavens they found themselves looking on the Yrique River, which, as their chart told them, they would have to cross in order to reach the Silent City.

"How ever are we going to get across?" asked Dick, as they stood gazing at the raging river. The recent storms had swollen it to twice its usual size, and the muddy waters swirled past the banks in great eddies, bearing branches, and in some cases whole trees, which had been felled in the fury of the tornado.

"In one way or another it has got to be done," said Mr. Sherwell. "The map says our path lies across it, and unless we wait for the water to subside we must get over it as best we can."

"Can't we sling the stuff across like we did over the canyon?" asked Dr. Harland.

"We cannot exactly sling it, but we can get a rope across, and use it as a sort of ferry-rope, which we can all cling to as we cross. We shall have to put some rafts together, and haul them over by the rope."

"Volunteers to cross the river first!" cried Larry. "I am going for one. Who else?"

"I am!" cried Dick and Mike together.

"You no leaves me out!" said Tung Wu. "Me famous swimmer. Me vellee needful come, too."

Their attention was drawn aside for a moment by Wonga. He had been sitting very quietly, watching things in general, and staring with his sharp little eyes at the opposite bank in particular. Suddenly he started up, and began to chatter and make a great noise.

"What is the matter?" asked Dick.

Wonga pointed to the opposite bank and danced frantically.

All eyes were turned in the direction he indicated, but no one could see anything. Then the clever chimpanzee tried to make himself intelligible. He snatched Dick's hat and stuck it on his own head at a rakish angle; he picked a small twig from the ground and stuck it in the corner of his mouth as though it were a cigar. Finally, he put his hands by his sides, as though thrusting them into trouser-pockets, and stalked a few paces in a lordly style.

Everybody burst out laughing.

"By Jove," said Dick, "he is trying to imitate somebody! Who can it be?"

"Me know, massa!" said Quambo. "Wonga make like the 'Merican gentleman some time back!"

"He is right!" cried Tom Rackett. "Good old Wonga is giving a lifelike imitation of Mr. Phineas Smick!"

Another roar of laughter, as everyone recognised the typical characteristics of the American. Then Mr. Sherwell turned solemnly to the boys.

"Wonga is not doing it for fun," he said. "What does he mean, do you think?"

Wonga pointed again excitedly to the opposite shore of the river, and a fresh light burst upon Mr. Sherwell.

"Look!" he cried. "Wonga is right! Can you not see there are the remains of a camp there? Look closely, and you will see the charred ashes of a fire, and, unless I am much mistaken, there is a small bit of rag fluttering from a twig."

Crossing the Torrent!

NOW that their attention was called to it, it was clear that such was the case. Wonga's sharp eyes had spotted signs of their American rivals, and he had told them his discovery in his own way.

"That settles it," said Mr. Sherwell. "We must get across at once. They must have got on the right track after all. If we are not careful we shall have them at the Silent City before we get there."

All hands turned feverishly to prepare a raft to carry the boys and Tung Wu across the river with the rope. Some planks were soon lashed together, and, armed with long poles, they pushed out from the bank.

Click, click, click! It was Tom Rackett taking a film of the scene. Nothing escaped him. All was grist that came to his photographic mill.

Just as the raft left the shore another passenger leaped aboard. It was Boris.

"Faith, and Boris is our good luck!" said Mike. "He saved us once before. He will bring us luck this time, bedad!"

"I hope so!" said Larry. "Pole for all you are worth, Mike! This is going to be a tough job."

There was no doubt about that. The current was stronger and the river was deeper than they had imagined, and before the raft had got a dozen feet from the shore they felt themselves being swept down with the current. Dick had lashed the rope they were bearing to the aft end of the raft, and all four were poling with all their strength to keep the raft against the current and to work her across the river.

The rope kept them from drifting very far down the stream, and by dint of great labour they had worked their way about half-way across, when a sudden jerk threw them all on their faces. As they scrambled to their feet they heard loud shouts from the shore. Dick was the first to realise the disaster that had happened.

"Quick!" he cried. "Pole for all you are worth! The rope has parted, and we are drifting down-stream! Pole, boys, pole!"

It was the worst position they had ever been in. Their frail raft was in the midst of a roaring torrent, bearing them no one knew whither. Any moment it might strike a rock and throw them, helpless, into the stream. They were not strong enough to make headway against the current, nor could they reach either shore.

"Look!" cried Tung Wu frantically. "Vellee big smash! Look!"

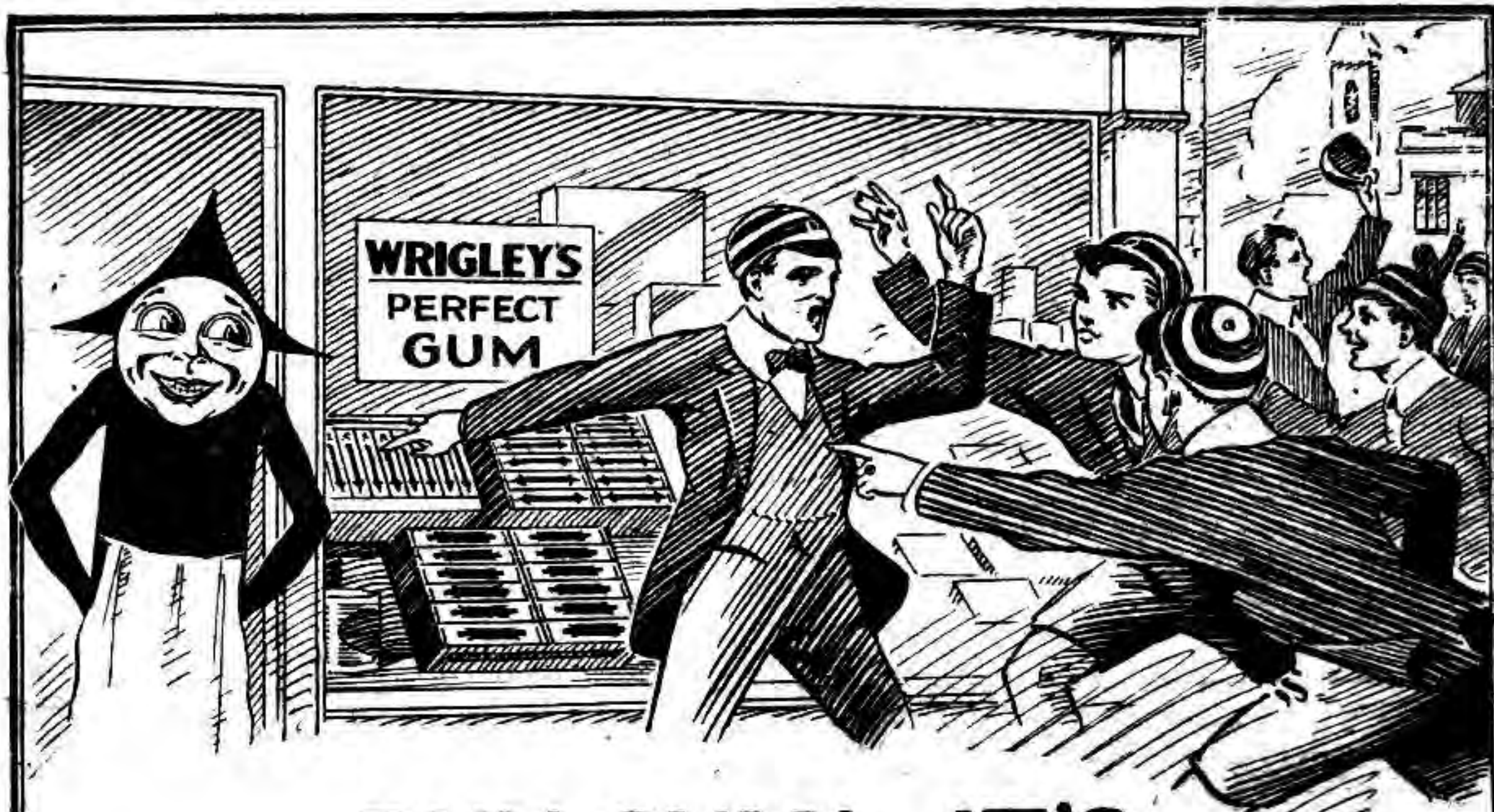
The next moment the big smash came. The raft had struck a point of rock which was jutting out of the water, and with a splinter and crack went to pieces. Luckily, Tung Wu's warning had come just in time. Larry seized Boris round the body, the others helped themselves, and all four managed to drag themselves from the wreck of the raft and cling to the rock in mid-stream.

"By gum!" gasped Dick. "We are safe for the moment. How are we going to get off, though?"

"Bedad," answered Mike, "it's glad enough I am to find myself alive! I thought I was dead, faith, but I don't think I can be, after all!"

Meanwhile, the party on shore had raced along the bank, until they stood opposite to the rock upon which the boys were clinging.

(Continued on page 20.)



BUY GUM! IT'S WRIGLEY'S

School Captain :

"Now, you fellows, here's the real stuff. It keeps us fit and always in fighting trim. It's the only (and the best) stuff you'll get while in training for our Sports. It keeps your mouth moist, your wind in fine fettle, your training right, and—well, it is just the thing I want you to train on.

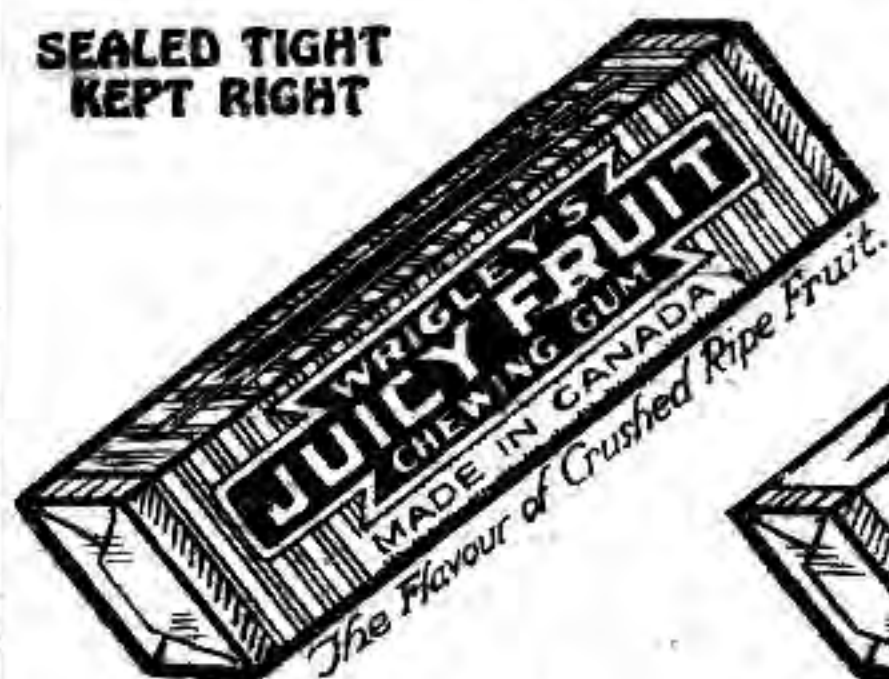
"Now take my tip, you fellows, and try one of the three different flavours of long-lasting joy TO-DAY, at only

3d. PER PACKET.

Take Your Choice !

Sold Everywhere."

SEALED TIGHT
KEPT RIGHT



WRIGLEY'S, Ltd., 235, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

"THE SECRET OF THE SILENT CITY!"

(Continued from Page 18.)

"Hang on!" cried Mr. Sherwell. "We will fix up a raft and fetch you off! Can you hold on till we come?"

"We are all safe!" cried Dick. "Can't you throw us a rope?"

"I don't think we could reach so far," was the answer.

But Wonga thought differently. Unperceived by the others, who were running hither and thither to collect the planks for a raft, he secured a long coil of rope, hurried with it to the very edge of the water, and then, with a cunning worthy of a cowboy, sent it spinning through the air, until it landed actually in the outstretched arms of Larry!

"Bravo!" cried Dr. Harland, who had seen what had happened. "Wait a moment, Sherwell. Wonga has solved all our difficulties."

"That chimpanzee has more sense than all of us put together!" said the producer. "Here, some of you hang on to the rope and make it taut! They have got nothing to tie it to their end, unluckily!"

While they were making the rope fast to the bank, Tung Wu had tied the other end round his body. When he had finished he threw himself into the water on the farther side of the rock, and let the current carry him down. By this ingenious means the rope became taut at once, and so strong was the current carrying Tung Wu, that Larry—the first of the boys to venture over the rope—reached the land without getting so much as a ducking in the water.

Needless to say, Tom Rackett was filming the whole wonderful incident.

One by one the three boys clambered into safety, and when Mike, the last to cross, was on dry land, Tung Wu dragged himself out of the water, scrambled across the rock, stepped into the stream again, and was slowly pulled to land. Boris had come in Larry's arms, and was already barking his joy at the safe ending

to what had threatened to be a fatal adventure.

"But we are no nearer at getting across the river," said Tom Rackett.

"No; but I think I have got a solution to the difficulty," said Dr. Harland, who had been away for a few minutes talking to the native they had captured. "This fellow with the map tattooed on his back tells me that he knows of a shallow crossing farther up the river. Of course, he may be lying, but it will do no harm to go and have a look. Shall we do that?"

"By all means," said Mr. Sherwell. "Let us go at once. There is no time to be lost."

It was just as the native had said. About three hundred yards farther upstream they came to a spot where the banks nearly approached one another, and though the stream ran correspondingly fast in this bottle-neck, the difficulties of getting across were much lighter.

(Another long instalment of this exciting story in next Monday's number of the MAGNET LIBRARY. To make sure of your copy you MUST order your copy in advance.)

ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. F. 3 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Miss Davies 3½ inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Kettle 4 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. This system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and £100 Guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.



NERVOUSNESS

Get My One-Week Cure, and Win Success.

It is nearly always the cleverest people who are nervous, who blush and hang back. The stupid are too dull to feel nervous or shy. Are you going to let these dull people leave you behind in the race for social or business success? You know you could easily beat them but for your bashfulness. Then cure your Nervousness, Bashfulness, and your Blushing and win forward. You can do it in a week by My System quite privately at home. My System develops your Will Power and gives you that fine confidence that leads on from success to success till you have achieved your highest ambitions. Write to me at once, mentioning MAGNET, and I will send you full particulars of My System free in plain envelope. Address: Specialist, 12, All Saints Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

THE UNBEATABLE PACKET OF STAMPS!

This Packet contains 30 varieties, including specimens from Nigeria, Peru, Reunion, Tasmania, Victoria, Wurtemberg and Trinidad. Price 7d. to approval applicants.—WHITE, 85, Dudley Road, Lye, STOURBRIDGE.

Buy your Boots

Overcoats, Shoes, Suits, Raincoats, Trench Coats, Costumes, and Winter Coats, Silver & Gold Pocket and Wrist Watches, Rings, Jewellery, &c., on easy terms. 30/- worth 5/- monthly; 60/- worth 10/- monthly; &c. CATALOGUE FREE. Foreign applications invited. MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Street, RYE. Estd. 1869.

"CURLY HAIR!" "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes E. Welch. "OURLIT" curls straightest hair. 1/3, 2/6. (U.K. stamps accepted.)—SUMMERS (Dept. A. P.), 21, UPPER RUSSELL STREET, BRIGHTON.



SHORT MEN AND WOMEN

are often ignored and looked down upon. Tall people receive favourable consideration and attention in every walk of life. By my easy, scientific, and safe method you can grow several inches taller. Many people have added 1½ in to 4 in. to their height by My System. Write at once for FREE particulars, mentioning Magnet.

Address: Inquiry "N" Dept., 51, Church Street, South Shore, Blackpool.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet."

PEN COUPON

Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C. 4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 15/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 12 coupons and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the MAGNET readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.



FACTORY TO RIDER

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Fifteen Days' Free Trial. LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS. Prompt delivery. Save Dealers' Profits. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for Monster Size Free Lists and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorp. Dept. B 607, BIRMINGHAM.

Boys, be Your Own Printers and make extra pocket-money by using THE PETIT "PLEX" DUPLICATOR.



Makes pleasing numerous copies of NOTE-PAPER HEADINGS, BUSINESS CARDS, SPORTS FUTURE CARDS, SCORING CARDS, PLANS, SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS, DRAWINGS, MAPS, MUSIC, SHORT-HAND, PROGRAMMES, NOTICES, etc., in a variety of pretty colours. Send for one TO-DAY. Price 6/6 complete with all supplies. Foreign orders, 1/6 extra.—

R. PODMORE & Co., Desk M.T., Southport. And at 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

MAGIC TRICKS, illusions, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6, 10/6. Sample Trick, 1/-. T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N. 1.

KEDAH PACKET, 6d. contains 55 Stamps—Siam, Timor, Kedah, Panama, Oceania, etc. 1,000 Mounts, 8d. 200 Mixed Stamps, 7d. 30 unused, 9d.—Brooks, 43, Edmund St., Camberwell, S.W. 5.

GET CAT. NOW

BARGAINS. Catalogue Free!

Lady's & Gent's Watches, Oxidised & Nickel, 9/9 to 37/6; Silver, 21/- to 60/-; Alarm Clocks, 13/6, 15/-, 18/9. Gold Shell Rings 1/3. Send Hole in Card for Size. Hair Clippers, 10/-, 12/6. 2/6 Hair Brush 1/3. Jewellery, etc. All Bargains Post Free. PAINE'S Presents House, Dept. 2, HASTINGS.



IF YOU SUFFER

from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, or feel awkward in the presence of others, send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment.—GODFREY ELLIOTT SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

FREE FUN! The Latest Screamingly Funny Surprise Novelty, causing Boars of Laughter; FREE to all sending 1/6 for the Comical Real Moving Photo. Greatest fun maker out. Press sides, and smiles, Frowns, Grins, Laughs, etc. Boys bubble, girls giggle, and grand old guffaw! Everybody wants one. Send 1/6 and get more fun than a bandstandful of comedians.—O. HUGHES, 35, Southam Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS BE SURE AND MENTION THIS PAPER.