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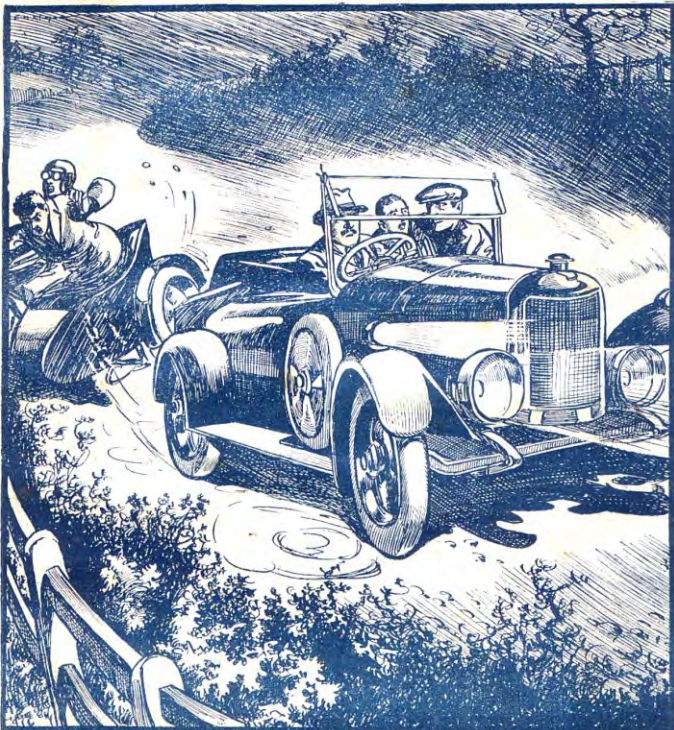
With which is incorporated
The Greyfriars Herald.

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No. 692. Vol. XVIII.

May 14th, 1921.



WRECKED! The Greyfriars rescuers frustrated at the last moment by the kidnapers!
(An exciting moment in the long complete school story in this issue.)

The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

Our next grand complete school story of the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled:

"BUNTER'S PICNIC!"

By Frank Richards.

I tell you straight away that this story is a scream! Billy, in his anxiety to do Harry Wharton a good turn, accidentally—ahem!—opens one of his letters. The contents give Bunter an idea, which is immediately worked up by the Owl of the Hermes, not only to his own satisfaction, but to the satisfaction of such shining lights as Skinner & Co. In the end, they agree that Billy Bunter's idea of a picnic is not theirs, for trouble follows the opening of that letter!

Readers who want a hearty laugh must not, on any account, miss next week's magnificent story of

"BUNTER'S PICNIC!"

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD!"

This little paper, edited by Harry Wharton, will appear as a supplement in our next issue. There will be stories, articles, and letters contributed by Greyfriars fellows, all of which can be criticised in one word—fine!

Tom Brown, I might mention, contributes an article which deals with the theatrical world as it affects Greyfriars. Tom has something to say which will interest every boy and girl.

Get next week's MAGNET LIBRARY, my chums. The safest way is to have it delivered to you. Your newsagent will do this if you ask him to.

"THE POPULAR."

There is now on sale at all newsagents a splendid little companion paper of ours—"The Popular." In that paper you will find two grand long complete school stories, a really splendid serial, an easy competition for money prizes, and last, but not least:

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

This little supplement is very funny. It is bound to be by the time Billy Bunter has finished with it! Billy's ideas of running a "Weekly" are peculiar, to say the least of it.

I strongly advise all my chums to have a good hearty laugh by getting a copy of "The Popular," which can be obtained to-day from all newsagents.

Replies in Brief.

"George" (Birmingham).—Send me your address, and I will reply to your letter by post. I cannot spare the space to go into the matter to which you refer. **THE MAGNET LIBRARY, No. 662.**

You should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

"A Constant Reader" (Mile End, E.).—I am always willing to help my chums. I am willing to criticise your story, but I warn you that my criticism will be perfectly candid. Criticism, unless candid, is absolutely useless, and only liable to lead people to think they can do better than they are really capable of doing. But don't be discouraged. Send the MSS. along, if you like.

"A Loyal Reader."—Your suggestion, though welcome, is not quite a new one. However, I will see what can be done. Many thanks for the trouble you took in writing to me.

P. H. Andrews (St. Peter's).—Your address is insufficient for me to write to you. Send it along, and I'll answer your letter. Thanks for your nice remarks concerning the MAGNET and "The Popular."

Chas. Rimmell (Hyde Park).—Did you try and make as many words out of Constantinople as you did out of "Alteration"? If so, I should think you are in the running for a prize.

Correspondence.

Robert Cunningham, jun., 58, Rosebank Street, Dundee, Scotland, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 17-18, anywhere.

Miss Marion R. Dickens, 1, Derby Road, Wimbledon, S.W.1, wishes to correspond with readers.

Alex McKinney, 26, Findlay Street, Glasgow, would be glad to hear from readers interested in photography and

music. This correspondent wishes to hear from his chum, Sammie, whose address he has mislaid.

J. H. McGraw, 20, Carr Street, Stockton-on-Tees, wishes to hear from readers wishing to join the Amateur Authors' Association.

Henry Mair, 145, Stockwell Street, Glasgow, wishes to hear from amateur magazine editors on the subject of contributions, articles, and stories. He would like to assist with a magazine.

W. Perry, jun., 13, Leonard Street, Warrington, wants members for the Junior Rabbit Guild. All letters answered if stamp is enclosed.

E. Macpherson, 48, Ferie Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes correspondence with readers, ages 17-18.

A. P. Glennon, 28, Nuns' Island, Galway, Ireland, would like to correspond with readers overseas, especially with soldiers of the Rhine Army.

Sidney L. Birch, 13, Grosvenor Road, Hounslow, Middlesex, wishes to correspond and exchange stamps with an Australian reader, age 15-14.

Achue T. Sellors, 119, Monton Road, Eccles, near Manchester, wants correspondence with readers anywhere, interested in stamp-collecting. All communications answered.

D. J. Thomas, 3, Afan Terrace, Cernavon, near Port Talbot, South Wales, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, 14-15. All letters answered.

V. Crogan, c.o. P.O. Box 41, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Thomas Andrew Venter, c.o. P.O. Box 42, Dundee, Natal, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

L. Longworth, P.O. Box 666, Cape Town, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers, and exchange stamps and postcards.

Miss Josephine Sowbury, 16, Coleridge Avenue, South Shields, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 16-17.

Miss Elsie Lanchester, 69, Margaret Street, North Adelaide, Australia, would like to correspond with readers overseas.

Thomas Parker, 40, Beelaerts Street, Troyerville, Johannesburg, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-17.

Albert Blagbrough, 175, Whitman Road, Bromhill, Sheffield, would like to exchange stamps and correspondence with readers overseas.

Roy Hudson, 123, Fitzgerald Street, Bradford, would like to hear from readers anywhere.

Miss Kathleen Thimo, c.o. Messrs. Hallis & Co., Box 143, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, would like to correspond with readers, ages 13-20.

Your Editor.

MARVEL COMES THE CRIZZLES!

Young Folks Tales 15

Greatly Enlarged

A new number every Friday. The ideal fairy story book for your little brother and sister.



Mauleverer's Peril!

A Magnificent, Long,
Complete School Tale
of Harry Wharton
& Co., and Lord
: : Mauleverer. : :

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Thoughtful Bunter!

"**H**OOK it, Bunter!"

Three voices uttered that command at once, as Billy Bunter, of the Remove, rolled into the School House at Greyfriars.

In the doorway lounged three juniors, all elegantly attired in Etons. They eyed Bunter coldly.

"Buzz!" said Harry Wharton, pointing to the doorway.

"Cut!" said Nugent curtly.

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh remarked in his veiled and wonderful lingo that the buzz-off-fulness of the esteemed Bunter was terrific.

Bunter gave a fat grunt.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.

"Scout!"

"Does not the ludicrous Bunter understand the plain English?" purred Hurree Singh inquiringly.

"Ha, ha, ha! Not that sort!" chuckled Nugent.

"Look here, you fellows, don't rot—"

Nugent shook his head.

"It's no good, Bunter," he said, "we're stony!"

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter. "I don't want your blessed money!"

Frank Nugent placed his hand on his heart, and raised his eyebrows.

"Bunter, you shouldn't do these things so suddenly. You really mean to say that you don't want any money?"

"No!"

"Aren't you expecting a postal-order?"

"Nunno! Ahem! That is, as a matter of fact, I am expecting one from a titled relation of mine. It's awfully good of you, Nugent," smirked the fat junior.

Billy Bunter's postal-order had become almost legendary. He had been expecting it since he had first set his fat foot in Greyfriars, but unfortunately it had never arrived. But he seldom lost a chance of raising a loan on the strength of it from unsuspecting new boys. Wharton & Co., however, were far from being new boys, and knew Bunter's postal-order as of old.

"What are you holding out that fat paw for?" grinned Nugent, as Bunter extended his hand.

"Eh? Ain't you going to cash my postal-order?"

"I? My hat, no!"

"Why, you silly chump!" glared Bunter.

"I'll give you a thick ear if you don't buzz off!" growled Harry Wharton.

The captain of the Remove was looking somewhat red and uncomfortable. His collar was very white, and very tight, while his topper was a model of shoddiness. He was not in a mood to waste time on Bunter.

Bunter blinked at him uncertainly.

"I say," he said, "where are you going, Wharton?"

"Out!" answered Wharton briefly.

"Did you think we'd put on our Sunday bogs and toppers to stand here?" asked Nugent sarcastically.

"The ridiculousness of the inflated Bunter is terrific," purred the dusky member of the Co.

"I suppose you're waiting for Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull?" grunted Bunter, blinking through his large glasses.

"You suppose right," answered Nugent. "And we're also waiting for you to buzz off, my son. I'll give you till I count three: One—"

"But I say—"

Nugent made a motion forward; the fat junior sprang hastily backwards.

There was an instantaneous yell, and a flaxen-headed youth, who had come silently along the passage, sprang into the air.

"Ow!"

Bob Cherry danced round excitedly on one foot, clutching the other in both hands.

"Ow, my foot!" he howled. "Bunter, you maniac, I'll brain you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. burst into a roar of uncontrolled laughter. Bob Cherry certainly presented a peculiar sight as he danced round and round.

"You silly asses!" he hooted. "Do you think I'm doing this for fun? Bunter, you fat owl! Just you wait!"

Bunter looked round in alarm. He

had not the least desire to wait, but Johnny Bull, who had followed Bob Cherry along the passage, caught him by the arm.

"No hurry!" he grinned.

Bob Cherry placed his injured foot tenderly on the floor, took off his shiny top, and with equal tenderness placed it out of harm's way.

His next action sent a cold shiver down Bunter's spine. With a look of terrific ferocity, Bob pushed back his cuffs.

"Now!" he said grimly, squaring up.

Bunter gave a wail of terror.

"Ow!"

He struggled frantically, but Johnny Bull kept a tight grip on his arm.

"Ow! Leggo! Don't be a beast, Cherry! I—I—"

"Be a man, Bunter!" urged Nugent.

Johnny Bull gave the Owl of the Remove a hearty and well-meant shove. Bob Cherry gave him a playful punch as he passed.

Bob's playful punches were usually more hard than playful, and Bunter sat down very suddenly for the second time that afternoon.

There was a bump and an ominous squeak.

Bob Cherry gave a frenzied yell.

"My hat!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha! Not yours—Bob's!" yelled Nugent.

Bob Cherry's face was a study, as Bunter, palpitating with fear, rose from his silken seat.

In a silence more profound than words, Bob Cherry picked up his ruined head-gear, and eyed it sorrowfully, almost tearfully.

"M-mum-mum my hat!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha! Can't take that to Cliff House!" laughed Wharton. "Why didn't you leave Bunter alone, Bob?"

"Oh, blow Bunter! What about my hat? I—Hullo! What's that?"

He broke off, and stooped to pick up an envelope from the floor.

Bunter jumped quickly forward to snatch the letter away.

"I say, that's mine—"

Bob Cherry waved him aside, his brow as black as thunder.

"You fat liar!" he roared. "Why, it's got Mauly's name on it!"

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"Mauly's name!" shouted Nugent.

"Bunter, you idiot, have you been boning Mauly's letter?"

Bunter gave an angry blink.

"I hope you don't mean to suggest that I would steal another fellow's letter?" he said, with a lofty sniff.

"You're such an ass that you take anything!" replied Harry sternly.

Bunter's idea of mean and team were certainly misty; if not very foggy, and the juniors were not being unjust to suppose that Bunter, on the principle of "findings keepings," had pilfered that letter. Bunter was a fool, that was generally agreed; he was also a knave. But most of his knavery was the outcome of his folly, and allowances were made on that understanding. It was quite easy for Bunter to convince himself that what was another fellow's was his, if he wanted it.

"Mauly's a careless ass!" said Wharton seriously. "He doesn't deserve to have letters, especially when there are such asses as Bunter in the world!"

Bunter almost choked.

"Look here, Wharton," he commenced blusteringly.

"You're going to take this to Mauly?" granted Bob Cherry. "You fat fool!"

"Well, I was going to, wasn't I?" shrieked Bunter.

"Were you?"

"Of course I was! Give it to me!"

He made a grab at the envelope, but Bob Cherry drew back.

"Nothing doing!" he grinned, and placed it behind his back.

"Look here, you fellows," he said. "I've got to borrow a topper, and I'll see that this letter gets to Mauly. You had better go on; I'll catch you up."

Harry Wharton nodded. "Better give Mauly a bumping for being a careless ass. He'd never have got that letter if it hadn't dropped out of Bunter's pocket."

As Wharton, Nugent, Bull, and Hurree Singh walked down the steps, Bob Cherry took the fat junior's ear between his finger and thumb.

"Kim on!" he said.

"Ow!"

Bunter struggled for a second or so, but Bob's fingers were like a vice, and it was evident that Bunter's ear would go with Bob. After a second's decision Bunter decided to go with his ear.

In this manner Bunter was led up to the Remove passage. They halted outside Study No. 12, and Bob Cherry tapped loudly on the door.

From within came an answering sleepy drawl.

"Come in!"

Bob Cherry turned the handle, kicked the door open and entered. Inside the magnificently-furnished study Lord Mauleverer lay on the expensively-upholstered Chesterfield.

He turned a sleepy eye towards the intruders.

"Hallo, dear boys!" he said, in a tired voice.

Bob Cherry frowned. He was the most energetic fellow in the Remove, and to him the slowness of Mauly was appalling. "Tired?" he asked sarcastically.

Mauly nodded.

"Yas! Be quick, there's a good chap! What is it?"

"Bunter has a letter for you," said Bob. "I thought I'd bring it along."

"Thanks, dear boy! Leave him here."

"You'd better open it. Mauly—Mauly, you lazy ass!"

Snore!

Lord Mauleverer was asleep.

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Bob Cherry picked up a cushion, and with unerring aim hurled it at the sleeping peer.

Mauleverer awoke with a start and a yell.

"You silly ass!" he howled. "What did you do that for?"

"Letter for you!" chuckled Bob.

He threw it across, and it alighted on Mauleverer's aristocratic nose.

Before the lazy junior had time to reply, Bob Cherry walked from the study, and slammed the door behind him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter's Little Impersonation!

"MAULY!" Bunter shook the sleeping figure.

"I say, Mauly!"

But Lord Mauleverer was again embossed in the arms of Morpheus, and the voice of his fat charmer was lost upon him.

Bunter picked up the letter, and fidgeted it hungrily, as though he were itching to see the contents—as he was!

Bunter's eyes glared behind his huge spectacles, and he cleared his throat.

"I say, Mauly, suppose there's a remittance in this! Hadn't I better open it?"

"Gerraway! Do anything!"

"Shall I open it, old chap?"

"Yes, only shurrup!"

Mauleverer stretched his legs, and sighed.

Bunter opened the envelope, and feverishly dragged forth the contents.

His fat face dropped. There was no remittance enclosed!

"Mauly, you ratter!" he blinked. "You said you were expecting a remittance—"

"Um!"

"This is only a mouldy letter."

"Well, leave it alone, and buzz off, there's a good chap!"

Bunter thought for a moment.

"Shall I read it to you?" he asked.

"Yes, anything! Hurry up, though, and buzz off! You make me most frightfully tired, dear boy!"

The fat junior unfolded the sheet of paper, and blinked in surprise at the typewritten communication.

"I—I say, it—it's from solicitors, or lawyers, or something."

Mauleverer gave a hollow groan.

"Chuck it away, dear boy!"

"But it says you'll hear something to your advantage—"

"Don't want to. Want to go—sleep."

"And they're sending a man named Jaggors to the station—"

Snore!

"They want you to meet him at three!"

Bunter's eyes danced.

"Mauly!" he grunted, shaking the dozing Removite. "Mauly, do you know this chap, Jaggors—I mean Jaggors?"

"No! Never seen him! Gerraway!"

"Does he know you?"

"No! Buzz off, you fat chump."

With really startling suddenness Lord Mauleverer sat up, and poised upon the unsuspecting Bunter.

"Why can't you leave a chap alone?" he asked crossly. "Get outside!"

But Bunter—

Mauleverer picked up a cushion, and raised it above his head.

Bunter stood and blinked at him for a moment, and half opened his mouth to speak. He changed his mind, however, and fled from the study, leaving the letter.

Mauleverer, with a sigh, allowed the cushion to fall to the floor, dropped back

on the Chesterfield, and in a moment was fast asleep.

A second later the door opened, and a fat face peered in.

"Mauly!" breathed Bunter.

There was no reply, and the fat junior tip-toed into the study, and squeezed round the table to where Mauleverer's fur motor-coat hung on its peg. With a sly glance at the dozing junior Bunter slipped the coat under his arm, and rolled out of the study.

His subsequent actions would have surprised Mauleverer had that tired youth seen them; for Bunter was in the Remove dormitory, sorting among Mauleverer's clothes.

With a grunt of satisfaction the Owl of the Remove placed a shiny, silken topper on his round head. It was not a perfect fit, but a piece of paper placed judiciously in the leather brain lining soon rectified that small fault.

"Topping!" he murmured, as he surveyed his fat figure in the long mirror. "Nobody could know the difference now! I wonder if I could do without my glasses."

He slipped his spectacles into his pocket, and placed a monocle into his eye. It was some minutes before he could keep it there, and his face would have made a contortionist weep with envy.

"Ha," he murmured fatuously, swinging the gold-headed cane. "Huh! Lord Mauleverer, that's me. Ha, ha!"

The motor-coat, large though it was, would not button up without placing a severe strain on the buttons, and Bunter allowed it to flap open. Moreover, he wanted the fur lining to be seen.

"It's a pity I can't wear one of his waistcoats," he mused regretfully. "He's such a skinny boulder."

The fat junior had already tried on two of the waistcoats with deplorable results. What Mauleverer would say, when he found them, Bunter dared not imagine. But he wisely refrained from meeting trouble half way.

"Topping!" he breathed again.

One last look, then he rolled from the study. His feet hurt him; for the patent boots he had borrowed were half a size too small. The white spurs were strained at the buttons, and their creases entirely spoil them.

But Bunter was quite happy. As he rolled down the stairs there came a shout from below.

"My only aunt!"

"Bunter!"

Dicky Nugent of the Second Form was coming up the stairs, and he gave a whistle of surprise, and looked at his chums.

"Well, I never!" he gasped.

"Did you ever?" grinned Mywe.

"Well, hardly ever!" murmured Gatty.

Bunter gave them a lofty blink.

The fags made a gag for him, and bowed deeply, but when he reached the bottom he gave a shriek of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter turned round with as much dignity as his boots allowed, and, screwing his monocle tightly into his fat face, gave the fags a look that should have frizzled them up on the spot.

But somehow it didn't. There was a fresh roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With a scornful sniff Bunter rolled down the steps, crossed the quadrangle, and passed out of the gates.

At every step he winced, and every now and then he halted to rest his aching feet. He almost began to wish that he had not embarked on his self-imposed journey. But as the station house into sight he cheered up, for the worst part was



Bob Cherry gave Bunter a gentle push, and the fat junior sat down very suddenly for the second time that afternoon. There was a bump and an ominous squeal. Bob gave a frenzied yell. "Great Scott! My-my-hat!" Bunter had sat down on Bob's new top hat. (See Chapter I.)

now over. All that remained was to meet Huck Jagers. And Bunter had not the faintest idea what Huck Jagers looked like.

At the station the old porter blinked at him curiously, and muttered something in an undertone.

"Er—has someone been asking for Lord Mauleverer?" asked Bunter.

"Eh? No."

"When's the next train down?"

"Three-fifty-five!"

"Oh, dear. He's gone."

Bunter took off his silk hat and mopped his perspiring brow. The fur coat was hot, and the junior was tired.

He rummaged regretfully through the pockets of the fur-coat. But they were all apparently empty.

"Beast!" he muttered. "Not even a stick of toffee!"

With a whoop of delight his fingers closed on a solitary coin. It was a half-crown. For a moment he gazed at it, pondering whether to pay Uncle Clegg's little tuck-shop a visit, and have a certain half-crown's worth of food, or wait until Huck Jagers appeared. But he was not left long in doubt.

A hard nasal voice broke in upon his meditations.

"Say, you boy!"

Bunter started to his feet, and gave the stranger a quick blink.

The man stared at him with equal curiosity.

"Say, do you know if Lord Mauleverer is hopping around?"

The man eyed Bunter keenly, and the fat junior blinked at him for a second or so before replying.

"Ahem! I am Lord Mauleverer."

"Eh? Don't be funny, boy. I want to see Lord Mauleverer."

"But I tell you I am Lord Mauleverer."

Bunter opened his fur coat, and displayed a small tab inside, on which was inscribed "Herbert Mauleverer."

"Gee!"

The man stuck his hands in his pockets and whistled. Then he scratched his head in a perplexed manner.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed.

"Look here!" grunted Bunter. "I'm hungry. What did you want to see me about?"

"Ahem! I guess it's rather private business, my lord."

"Suppose we talk it over in Chuckley's? We can get some topping tea there!" urged Bunter eagerly.

"Waal—"

"Come along! We can get a private room there, perhaps."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, my lord. I've got a car waiting up the road."

"Good! Then we can get going right away."

The man led the way to the waiting car, and Bunter followed. From a distance, George, the old porter, watched the incident in amazement. It was not often that anything happened in the little village, and George was interested.

"Step inside, my lord."

Bunter swelled visibly with pride, and stepped into the car. The man, after giving some inaudible instruction to the chauffeur, followed in.

The big car swung round, and tore up the little High Street.

Bunter gave a sudden start.

"I say, stop him!" he cried. "This isn't the way I mean!"

Huck Jagers gave a short, curt laugh.

"No!" he laughed. "But it's the way I mean!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Where is Bunter?

"BOLSOVER!" Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was calling the roll, and the Remove had gathered to answer their names.

At roll-call every junior, save thosefortunates who held late passes, had to answer his name, and woe betide those who were not present.

"Adam!" called Bolsover, slipping into his place.

Mr. Quelch gave him a quick glance. Bolsover had just saved his skin, and he gave a sigh of relief.

"Brown—Bull—Bulstrode—"

The three juniors named answered quickly.

"Bunter!"

There was no reply.

The Renovites looked round quickly. It was rather unusual for Bunter to be late for calling-over, for he was seldom outside the school. Bunter was not an energetic youth, and what time was not spent in the school tuckshop was spent in his own or someone else's study hunting for food. Now Bunter was out; but where, no one knew.

"Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch frowned angrily, and looked round the crowded Hall.

There was no reply, however, and the Remove Form-master's thin lips tightened.

"Cherry!"

"Adam!"

The rest of the Form answered their names, then left amidst a buzz of talk.

"Where's Bunter, Todd?" asked Harry Wharton, catching Peter Todd by the sleeve.

"Eh? I don't know."

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"Oh, I thought perhaps you might as be your study-mate!"

Peter Todd shook his head.
"Blessed if I know!" he grunted.
"The fat ass wasn't in for tea." His brow darkened. "As a matter of fact, I've been looking for him everywhere!" He added wrathfully. "The young bouncer bagged my sailines!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Perhaps that's why he hasn't put in an appearance," chuckled Skinner.
Peter Todd shrugged his shoulders.
"I haven't seen the ass since dinner-time."

"I suppose you didn't kill him, Bob?" asked Nugent.

Bob Cherry grinned.
"Not guilty, I took him into Mauly, and left him ~~there~~."

"Mauly! Mauly!"
Several fellows took up the cry.

"Hello, dear boys!"
Lord Mauleverer lunged forward.

"Did you want me, you chaps?"
"How did you dispose of the body?" asked Skinner, shaking a thin fore-finger at Mauleverer.

"How did you dispose of the body?" Where, oh, where is cur Bunter, oh, where, oh, where can he be?" sang Skinner.

"Bunter? How should I know, dear boy? In the tuckshop, I suppose."

"No," said Harry Wharton seriously.

"We left him with you, and I thought you may know where the young fathead has gone?"

Mauleverer gave a start.

"Bead!" he said. "I remember, the young ass came to me with a letter—"

"That's right."

"Let me see. Oh, he read the letter—bestly solicitor's letter, I think, or something like that—and asked me if I knew a man named Junk, or Hunk, or something—"

"Well?"

"Then he went out," said Mauly.

"That's all?"

"Oh!"

"Just a second. I've got a letter somewhere."

He fished about in his pocket, and brought to light a note too clean envelope.

"Here we are—"

"Haven't you read it, chumps?" asked Bulstrode.

"Eh? No, too much fog?"

"Well, read it, us!" shouted Bob Cherry, as Mauleverer absconded with the letter away again.

"Oh dear! All right, dear boy. Don't shout!"

With a deep sigh he unfolded the sheet of paper.

"Well?" asked Wharton, as he finished.

"Ahem! It's a letter askin' me to meet a fellow named Jaggars—(Huck Jaggars—at the station at three o'clock."

"At three?"

"Yaas."

Mauleverer rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"I suppose it's too late now," he said.

"I should imagine so," laughed Wharton, "considering that it is nearly eight o'clock!"

"Perhaps Bunter kept the appointment for you?" suggested Vernon-Smith.

Vernon-Smith was very keen, and he knew Bunter!

"By Jove!" exclaimed Nugent.

"That's about what happened!"
The juniors looked at one another, and there were exclamations of surprise.

"Phew!"

"Bead!"

Mauleverer appeared to have been struck by a sudden thought.

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"Bead! Perhaps he took my motor-ing coat. I wondered where it had gone!"

"That's where it is all right," laughed Vernon-Smith. "On Bunter's fat back!"

"Bead!"

"I should meet Bunter when he returns, if I were you, and give him a thundering good hiding," grunted Bob Cherry.

"If he's been impercomating you, he may have landed you in all sorts of rows—"

"Oh dear!"

"He ought to be back soon, anyway," remarked Bulstrode. "I'll come down to the gates with you, Mauly."

"Thanks, dear boy!"

"So will I!"

"And I!"

About a dozen or so volunteered to see the return of Bunter, and, in a laughing crowd, they trooped down to the school gates.

Gosling had locked the gates, and had retired to his lodge.

"Poor old Bunter!" grinned Skinner. "I wouldn't care to be in his shoes when old Quetchy rags him!"

"Nor I."

The Quetchy had didn't look too pleased at calling over, chuckled Bolsover.

"The Quetchy bird is here!" said a grating voice.

At the sound of that well-known voice Bolsover gave a start.

"Mum-my bat!" he gasped.

Mr. Quetch gave him a freezing glance, and the junior stood respectfully silent.

"Bolsover, what are you doing here? What are any of you doing here, for that matter? You, Wharton, as head boy of the Form, should know that at this hour you ought all to be in school."

"Yes, sir," answered Harry Wharton meekly. "As a matter of fact we came here to find Bunter."

"You can see Bunter after I have seen him! Go to your studies at once, and let me have no more of this!"

The juniors, with sheepish faces, followed Wharton across the quad.

The master of the Remove watched them go, then walked into the porter's lodge.

"Gosling!" he said sharply.

"Yesir!"

"Send Master Bunter to me when he returns, please!"

"Yesir, sattingly!"

With angry face, the Form-master strode back to the School House.

He was in far from a good temper, for, but for Bunter, he could have spent more time on the "History of Greyfriars," his great work.

Settled again before his typewriter, however, he soon forgot the Owl of the Remove.

And it was not until an hour or two later that, glancing at the clock, he remembered him.

"Good heavens!" he gasped. "Surely the boy has not had the audacity to flout my commands!"

His lips tightened, and, taking a cane from the cupboard, he stepped from the study.

It was past the Remove's bedtime, and Wingate, the captain of the school, who happened also to be prefect of the week, had hustled them off to bed.

As the Remove-master approached the dormitory the sound of talking died down, and several fellows began to snore.

Mr. Quetch switched on the light.

"Wharton!" he said sharply.

"Yes, sir!"

Wharton sat up in bed, and blinked at the master.

"Has Bunter returned?"

"No, sir, not yet!"

"Not? Bless my soul, where can the boy have got to?"

"I don't know, sir. I fancy he went down to the village."

"This must be looked into," said the master seriously. "Have you no idea where he went?"

"Well—"

Wharton looked at the slumbering form of Mauleverer, and that worthy gave a loud snore. There were several giggles, and Mr. Quetch frowned.

"This is a serious matter," he said sternly, "and calls for no unseemly merriment!"

There was a silence. When the Form-master spoke in that tone the Remove acented trouble, and, like Brix Fox in the fable, lay low.

"I think he went to the village to meet someone," said Wharton slowly.

"To meet someone?"

"Yes, sir. Mauleverer knows all about it."

Mauleverer gave a hollow groan.

"Very well, Wharton. Follow me to my study, and bring Mauleverer. This must be looked into, and, if necessary, a search-party must be organised!"

"Yes, sir!"

The Remove-master shut the door quietly.

It was some time before the two returned from the Form-master's study, and when they did their faces looked very serious.

"Well?" asked Nugent. "What's the verdict?"

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"Bunter's still missing," he said.

"But Wingate and North have gone on their bikes to the village."

"Oh!"

"Quetchy says we're to go to sleep. He'll be round in a minute, and if we're not in bed and asleep, there'll be trouble."

"Hotten!" grunted Bob Cherry. "I felt like a night out to-night."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter died away, and silence reigned supreme. Mr. Quetch's word was law.

In a few minutes the juniors were all fast asleep.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Wrong Man!

"O W!"
Billy Bunter gave a dismal groan.

He opened his eyes, and blinked round the dark room in which he found himself. There was no light, however, and he could see nothing.

"Oh dear!" he moaned.

He had not the slightest idea where he was, for the man in the car had drawn down the blinds. All that Bunter knew was that he had become sleepy after a slight "snack" in the car. He knew it had been a long journey, for it was pitch-dark now. But where he was, or why he was there, were questions that, to the fat Removey, simply had no answer.

His head ached dully, and he was hungry. It was not often that Billy Bunter really felt hungry, despite his asseverations to the contrary. Most of his day was spent in eating, and he seldom gave himself the chance to be hungry.

Now, however, he really was hungry, and he groaned aloud.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he could make out dim, shadowy forms, which he took to be furniture. But he had left his glasses at Greyfriars, and without them he was helpless. Even in the broadest of daylight he was almost blind.

But as he watched he saw a streak of light on the floorline.

From without came the heavy tread



"Cave!" Wharton dragged his chums back and pointed up the cliff's side. Two figures were descending the narrow track towards the waiting motor-boat. The first man carried a very large bundle in his arms. "Maui!" breathed Frank Nugent. (See Chapter 9.)

of a man, and Bunter's heart commenced to beat wildly.

He pricked up his ears, and listened painfully. He heard the sound of a heavy article being deposited on the floor, and closed his eyes to feign sleep.

A key grated in the lock, and, as the door was swung open, the small room was flooded with light. Then the door was shut, and a man's voice sounded close to the junior's ear.

Bunter gave a startled gasp.

"Ow! Gerraway!"

Huck Jagers grunted scornfully as he gazed at the fat junior.

"It's all right," he sneered. "It's only food! Aren't you hungry?"

Bunter gulped.

"Of course I am!" he answered peevishly. "Where is it? I can't see!" The man left the room for an instant, and returned with a candle, which he lighted. Bunter eyed him warily.

"There you are. A trayful of good food!"

Bunter grunted, and set to work. There was no time to worry about the ways and wherefores of things when good food was placed before him.

With surprising vigour he attacked the tasty food.

"First time you've ever tasted food, I guess?" sneered Jagers.

"M-m-m!"

Bunter's jaws worked quickly, but he made no reply.

The man watched him in silence for a moment or two, then left the room.

Bunter continued eating until the last morsel had been finished. The food was good, and there was plenty of it. And when he had finished, Bunter felt that, for once at least, he had had a really satisfying meal.

He wiped his lips, and sighed with satisfaction.

The candle flickered, and cast fitful

shadows round the room. Now that the feed was over, Bunter's fat mind began to work. He was not a brilliant youth, but he began to consider the circumstances leading to his appearance in this badly-lit room.

In a flash he saw it all.

His impersonation of Mauleverer accounted for it! They thought him to be Mauleverer, and they had kidnapped him.

Bunter gave a fat chuckle. As long as the good food lasted he did not mind. Anyway, it was better than lessons at Greyfriars!

But he did not remain in this happy mood for long. He had read about kidnapers in books, and he gave a sudden gasp of terror when he realized that he might be in some secluded spot far from Greyfriars, where, unless the required ransom were paid, he might never be found. And suppose the kidnappers discovered that they had been fooled? Bunter shivered at the prospect.

"Oh dear!" he moaned. "It's all Maui's fault! Why didn't the silly ass read his own letter? Then they'd have got him! Oh, the blessed rotter!"

After this somewhat unreasonable argument Bunter took up the candle to explore the room. As he did so he noticed, for the first time, that his clothes had been changed. With a gasp he dropped the candle.

"M-m-m-my hat!" he gasped.

He picked up the candle again, and looked down at his clothes. In place of his Etons he wore a convict's garb—a drab suit of a broad arrow design.

"Oh dear, I shall be arrested!"

Bunter gave a wail, and made a frantic dash for the door.

"Help! Murder! Fire! Police!" he howled, clumping on the oaken panels. "Help! Fire! Police!"

There was a pattering of footsteps, and a man's angry voice:

"Shut up, you young fool!"

"Let me out!" wailed Bunter.

"You've made a mistake!"

The key was turned in the lock, and Huck Jagers appeared on the threshold.

"Why in thunder can't you lie still?" he growled.

Bunter trembled from head to foot.

"What's wrong, Huck?"

Another man's voice sounded from some lower room, and Bunter yelled again.

"Help!"

Huck Jagers made a fierce gesture, and the other man came running up the stairs.

"Jagers, you fool!" he shouted.

"Leave the kid alone!"

"All right, Jim!" growled the American gruffly.

Jim, whoever he might be, loomed up beside Jagers, and Bunter eyed him fearfully.

"Great shooting stars, who's this?"

Jim let forth a bull-like bellow, and Huck Jagers gave a jump.

"This—is this Lord Mauleverer?"

"You fool, that's not Lord Mauleverer!" shrieked Jim. "You bungler—you muddler! Does that bloated idiot look anything like an aristocrat?"

Huck Jagers glared at Bunter, and the fat junior trembled.

"Who are you?" shouted both men at once.

Billy Bunter yelped.

"Ow! I didn't mean— I wasn't me! I mean—"

"Who are you?" shouted the frenzied Jim.

"Alum! As a matter of fact—"

"Out with it, you bladder!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 582.

"Well, really I'm Bunter—Billy Bunter. It was a—um—a little joke."
 "A little what?"
 "Oh, my hat! Leggo! What ye playin' at? Yow-ow!"
 As Huck Jaggars' grip of iron closed on the fat junior's neck there was a blood-curdling yell.
 "I'll teach you to play jokes!" roared Jaggars. "Take that!"

His companion caught him by the arm.

"Enough of that, Huck!" he said sharply. "Now, sonny, you're going back where you came from. If you ever feel in a funny mood again don't play any more practical jokes, or you'll get hurt. Get me!"

"Ow! Yes."
 "The fool will have the whole story round Kent in about an hour!" growled Huck savagely. "Chuck the young bouncer into the sea—"

Bunter gave a prolonged wail.
 "I won't tell anybody—really I won't."

"All right! Don't blub, you fool! Huck, take him in the ear and lose him. I'll get our man."

Huck Jaggars nodded.
 "Come along, my friend!" he said. "No time to lose."

His grip on the fat junior tightened, and, struggling wildly, Bunter was led downstairs.

While Jim got the car ready Bunter was blindfolded. But never for a moment did Huck Jaggars' grip on his arm relax. Evidently Bunter was not to escape.

The car was ready at last, and the impostor was unceremoniously hustled in. His wrists were quickly tied to his ankles, so that it was impossible for him to move.

Huck Jaggars jumped into the driving-seat, and the self-starter gave a whirr.

"Lose him any where!" shouted Jim, as the car disappeared.

Billy Bunter gave an apprehensive shiver. The blinds of the landaulette were drawn, and he could see nothing. How far he was from Greynians he did not care; how near he would be brought to Greynians he did not know.

Bunter was not in an enviable position.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Midnight Alarm!

"YAW-AW!"
 Lord Mauleverer turned restlessly in his bed and yawned. Midnight had just struck, but Mauleverer had not slept, save in fitful doses.

He was worried about Bunter.

Mr. Quelch had suggested that Bunter might have been kidnapped under the presumption that he was in reality Lord Mauleverer. And it had occurred to Mauleverer that he might have been the unfortunate one to be kidnapped, that he ought, in fact, to be in Bunter's shoes at the present moment.

Where was Bunter now? That question was worrying the Removite considerably.

The search-party had returned. He had watched them from the window, and had seen the door open. Bunter had not been with them.

As he lay there, half-dozing, there was a rustle in the dormitory of someone moving.

Mauleverer sat up in bed.

"Hallo! Who's there?" he called softly.

Only the wind in the trees answered him, and he fell back again on his pillow, thinking that perhaps it had only been the wind.

Click!

It was the unmistakable sound of a door shutting, and Mauleverer sat bolt upright in bed, and stared through the gloom.

"Hallo!" he breathed. "That you, Bunter?"

There was no reply.

"Bunter!"

He listened intently, but there were no sounds of movement.

He sat there a moment or two, undecided whether to move or to remain in bed. It was certain, however, that someone had either gone out or come in, so Mauleverer, no longer the tired, weary fellow the Removite knew so well, jumped quickly out of bed.

There was a candle beside his bed. He lit it, and, raising it above his head, scanned the double row of beds. Bunter's was undisturbed. But there was one bed that had been slept in that night, but which was now empty, the bed-clothes flung back.

After a moment's hesitation he realised that this must be Hazeldene's bed.

Hazeldene! What could he be doing at such an hour? And he had gone without his clothes, for they lay, as he had put them earlier that night, in an orderly pile.

His curiosity thoroughly aroused, Mauleverer stepped into the passage. Hazeldene was not to be seen, and he walked to the head of the stairs. A creaking tread on the stairs told him that the Removite must be going downstairs. Mauleverer, greatly amazed, followed.

"Hazeldene!" he called softly. "Hazel, old man!"

The steady creak of the stair treads told that Hazeldene had not stopped. Mauleverer hastened down the stairs.

The moon came out from behind a cloud, and lit up the lower corridor. Ahead was Hazeldene, clad only in his pyjamas. His walk was peculiar and unmechanical. There seemed to be no effort, and Mauleverer stood transfixed.

In a sudden, however, the true meaning of Hazeldene's night walk dawned upon him.

Hazeldene was walking in his sleep!

Mauleverer gave a whistle of dismay. He knew that to wake Hazeldene suddenly might be dangerous, so he followed him warily, what time he formulated a plan of action.

By this time the sleep-walker had reached the massive hall door, and was withdrawing the bolts. They were heavy bolts, and creaked noisily.

Click!

Hazeldene turned the huge door-knob, and as the big door was swung open a cold draught of air swept along the passage.

"Hazel! Stop!"

Mauleverer ran forward through the doorway into the quad.

Hazeldene, unperturbed, walked straight ahead towards the gates.

"My hat!"

Mauleverer stopped dead with surprise, for from the shadow of the wall stepped two men, one tall and thin, the other rather squarely built.

They stood transfixed at the sight of the sleep-walking junior, but as Mauleverer ran forward they sprang to action. "Collar him, Huck!" shouted the thickest man.

Huck Jaggars caught the startled Removite by the arm.

His companion stared hard at Mauleverer.

"Lord Mauleverer! Talk of angels!" he breathed.

Mauleverer made frantic attempts to struggle free, but Huck Jaggars' hand was closed tightly over his mouth, his eyes glittering angrily.

"Catch hold of him, quick, Jim!"

grunted Jaggars, as Mauleverer hacked desperately at his captor's slings.

"Steady!"

For one half second Mauleverer tore the hand from his mouth, but it was time enough to give a wild shout for help.

"Help!"

The shout awoke the echoes, and reached the Removite dormitory.

Hazeldene gave a start, and awoke. As he did so his startled cry rang across the quadrangle.

Lights gleamed in the windows, and Huck Jaggars muttered a smothered oath.

Windows were flung up now, and heads craned out.

"Hallo! What's wrong?"

"Woof, woof!"

Gosling's mastiff barked a warning, and a light showed in the window of Gosling's lodge.

Hazeldene, now awake, looked round him desperately. He was still slightly dazed, but, as his full senses returned, he espied Mauleverer and the two men.

Hazeldene wasted no time on words, but dashed to his clum's rescue.

"Stand away, hang out!" growled Jim thickly.

But Hazeldene went for him. Clad only in his thin night attire, he stood no chance. The burly Jim felled him like an ox, with a blow to the jaw.

Hazeldene fell like a log, and lay quite still.

The sight temporarily paralysed Mauleverer, and in that second the two men picked him up. Struggles were now useless, and he was hurried to the side wall.

Just in time! For running figures came from the school house, and Gosling was hurrying out from his lodge with the huge mastiff straining at the leash, baying in an alarming manner.

"My stars! It's a touch and go!" muttered Jaggars.

He held the struggling Removite, while his companion clambered up the wall.

"Quick! Hand him up!"

He caught Mauleverer by the wrists and dragged him up the wall. The junior plumped on his feet wildly, and Jaggars staggered back as he stopped a waving foot with his nose.

But Mauleverer was on the wall now, and there were waiting hands the other side.

Jaggars placed his back to the wall as a paning figure sprang at him.

It was Coker of the Fifth.

Coker was not noted for his intellectual powers; in fact, many fellows doubted the existence of such in Coker. But Horace Coker was a brave as a lion.

Not for a moment did he hesitate. Like a lion he jumped at the man who stood backing the wall.

Jaggars side-stepped, and, with a sweeping movement of the right hand, brought Horace Coker's head forwards and downwards.

Crack!

"Yarough!"

Coker let forth a yell as the top of his head hit the wall.

Jaggars' vice-like grip held him by the neck, and Coker was helpless.

The kidnapper's subsequent action was surprising, and Bob Cherry, Wharton, and Nugent, running to the rescue, gave a shout as they watched.

For Jaggars leapt upon the helpless Coker's bent back. Coker attempted to straighten himself, and his long form made an admirable ladder. Jaggars drew himself on top of the wall, and dropped nimbly on the other side.

"Quick! After him!"

With a bellow of rage Coker made a

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 20.

Week Ending May 11th, 1921



Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK
LINDLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,
c/o The Magnet Library, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

EXTRACTS FROM MY PUNISHMENT BOOK!

By Gerald Loder.

"BOLSOVER, P.—Getting in bed with his boots on. 100 lines."

"TODD, ALONZO.—Trying to point out to me the error of my ways, and bidding me turn aside from the broad road which leads to destruction. 100 lines and six grods in the ribs with a cricket-stump."

"CHERRY, B.—Emptying contents of a pail of whitewash over my sacred person, and causing me to look like a snowman. Reported to Quelch."

"BULL, J.—Bellowing in his sleep. 100 lines."

"NUGENT MINOR.—Smashing up my lovely china tea-service, setting my chimney on fire, failing to rouse me at the proper time in the morning, and making himself a perpetual nuisance. Fifty strokes with the asphont."

"COKEE, HORACE.—Brawling in the Fifth Form passage. One tick out."

"WHARTON, H.—Writing uncomplimentary things about me in the 'Greyfriars Herald'. 2,000 lines." (Some hopes, old bean!—Ed.)

"WUN LUNG.—Cheeking me in Chinese. Twelve twists of the pitail."

"TUBB, GEORGE.—Failing to salute me in Courtfield High Street. Severely reprimanded."

"BUNTER, W. G.—Approaching me for a subscription to his precious magazine. A good beating—in other words, more kicks than pence!"

EDITORIAL.

By Harry Wharton.

A Chance for the Sixth!

As the high-and-mighty members of the Sixth are too busy and unenterprising to run a magazine of their own, we are taking compassion on them by allowing them to contribute to this week's issue of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Of course, you can't expect a Form like the Sixth to contain so many talented journalists as the Remove; but I have carefully revised all the articles which Wingate & Co. have submitted, so that they will be fit to read.

I think this Special Sixth Form Number will be very welcome. Not a great deal is heard of the Sixth nowadays, and many readers have urged me to bring them into the limelight.

There is one jolly good thing about this number, from my own point of view. I shan't have to pay any of the Sixth Form contributors. Being seniors, they will be far too dignified to accept money from a junior! Not all of the articles are written by our lofty friends in the Sixth. Some of the Removees are having a look-in, which is only fitting. A number that was run entirely by the Sixth would be a ghastly failure.

Other Treats in Store!

There are more special numbers of the "Greyfriars Herald" to come. My industrious contributors have been putting their heads together, and evolving all sorts of brain-waves. Some screamingly funny stories and articles are booked to appear, and our popular little supplement will become brighter and better than ever, and will, I hope, make many new friends.

Now, I'm not going to ask every fellow who happens to read these lines to go round and secure a hundred new readers. That would be hardly possible. But if you do chance to meet a non-reader, I feel sure you will mention the fact that the "Greyfriars Herald" is appearing week by week in the "Magnet" Library—thereby still further extending my large circle of friends.

At the time of going to press I have received a request from Billy Hunter, urging me to produce in this issue a full-page advertisement for his "Weekly." "Sweet are the uses of advertisement," as the proverb says; but methinks friend Billy will have to find some other paper in which to advertise his wares.

SPECIAL RULES FOR REMOVEES!

Drawn up

By George Wingate,
Captain of Greyfriars.

1. If you happen to meet me in the corridor, slap me on the back and say, "Hallo, George, old fellow!" I simply love juniors to call me George. Wingate sounds so beastly formal.

2. Should you happen to run out of tack, pay a visit to my study cupboard and help yourself. (Billy Hunter seems to have done this with great success already!)

3. Don't be afraid to kick up a row in the Sixth Form passage, outside my study door. I love it. It helps me to concentrate my mind on my work. Shout and hawl as much as you like.

4. Should you require late passes to go to the cinema in Courtfield, don't bother any of the prefects. Come straight to my study, and take it by storm. A very convenient time to call is when I am having tea or drawing up the cricket eleven for the next senior match!

5. If it happens to be my turn to see lights out in the dormitory, don't hurry about getting into bed. Take your time over undressing, and keep me waiting until midnight, if you like. Then, if you fancy it, you may indulge in a midnight feast.

6. If you don't consider the First Eleven to be much class, offer me your services. I shall be pleased to kick out fellows like Gwynne and Faulkner, in order to include talented players like Bunter and Alonzo Todd!

7. Don't trouble to obey any of my orders. The fact that I am captain of Greyfriars means nothing. I am merely a figure-head—not nearly so important as a member of the Remove Form.

8. Observe these rules faithfully, and you will discover that I am the possessor of a very pliable asphont, and, what's more, that I know how to use it!

(Little did we dream, until we received those rules, that our worthy skipper was capable of such scathing sarcasm! We will take great care not to observe any of the above regulations.—Ed.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 602.

THE SIXTH FORM "WHO'S WHO?"

Specialy compiled for the "Greyfriars Herald" by BOB CHERRY.

HOW TO BECOME A SIXTH-FORMER!

By Coker Minor.

THE MIDNIGHT PROWLER.

(With apologies to the author of "Asleep in the Deep!")

By Dick Penfold.

WINGATE, GEORGE BERNARD.—His Most Noble and Distinguished Majesty, the captain of Greyfriars. A topping fellow in every way—good at games, and a dab at lessons. Generous to a degree, and simply brimming over with milk of human kindness. (May I have a late pass to pop over to Court-field this evening, George?)

CARNE, ARTHUR WOODHEAD.—As his second Christian name suggests, he is a blockhead. He is also a gay dog, and a goer. Once upon a time, as the fairy stories say, he was a prefect. But he was by no means a perfect prefect. Oh dear, no! He is tarred with the same brush as Gerald Loder. 'Nuff said!

COKER, REGINALD.—Goodness knows how this happened to blow into the Sixth! It is an under-sized, weakly specimen, but I believe it has plenty of grey matter in its cranium. Younger brother of the great Horace, who has to be content to stagnate in a lower Form. If Coker minor ever becomes a prefect, it will be one of the biggest screams of modern times!

FAULKNER, LAWRENCE.—A pal of "old George," and quite a decent sort of merchant, as Sixth-Formers go!

GWYNNE, PATRICK.—Slurp, an' he's a hot-blooded Irishman, he jabsers! But he's one of the very best, all the same. To show our appreciation of you, we should like to give your broad back a pat, Pat!

HAMMERSLEY, VINCENT.—Quite a good sort, and another supporter of "old George"; but he hasn't got much to say for himself.

LODER, GERALD ASSHETON.—A sweet-tempered, lovable fellow, whose sunny disposition endears him to all. (Voice from the gallery: "I don't think!") He loves Wingate, and would never try to rob him of the captaincy. A high-souled, noble fellow, who reminds us very much of a lamb, because he's always gambolling—I mean gambolling! Dear old Loder! I love him chiefly because he's so gentle. He wouldn't dream of jamming anybody with an ashplant, for instance. (Wait and see!—Ed.)

NORTH, TOM.—Old Tommy isn't a bad sort of bloke; are you, Tommy?—Going to invite me to your study to tea one of these days, aren't you, Thomas? That's the spirit!

WALKER, JAMES.—Used to be Loder's inseparable pal; but times have changed, and all things considered, Walker isn't nearly so black as he appeared after Gosling had accidentally emptied a sack of coals over him! With a little tuition from Alonzo Todd, he will soon see the error of his ways, and turn aside from the broad road that leads to destruction. Not particularly good at cricket or running; but no one can deny that he's a Walker.

There are many more fellows in the Sixth who ought to be in a Freak Museum, and I haven't the space to deal with them here. (But I expect they'll deal with you later, Bob!—Ed.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 692.

You can't become a Sixth-Former by merely waving a magic wand.

You've got to work for the position. You've got to sweat like fury—in fact, like all the furies rolled into one. You've got to keep your nose to the grindstone, so to speak, ever bearing in mind that well-known verse of Longfellow's:

"The heights, by great men gained and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were sweating half the blessed night!"

Some fellows think it requires a lot of athletic ability to get into the Sixth. This is all tommy-rot.

Look at me! Come being my worst enemy accuse me of being athletic?

I am so small of stature that my head would barely reach Wingate's shoulder.

Moreover, I am pigeon-chested, and have a distinct tendency to knock-knees.

I haven't any muscle worth speaking of; and my biceps would hardly do credit to those of a sparrow.

I can't play games. I don't know the difference between a penalty-kick and a maiden-oveer.

And yet I'm in the Sixth!

How did I manage to attain my present exalted position?

In the first place, I made up my mind to become a miserable little swot. I say "miserable" advisedly, because you seldom see a swot smile.

I resolved not to waste my time playing silly and senseless games like cricket. Even the attractions of shove-ha'penny left me cold. "Work, work, work, and be contented"—that was my motto. Result—I developed an enormous lump of knowledge, and the Head planted me into the Sixth. In the near future I hope to be appointed a prefect. (Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—Ed.)

Some of you will say that swotting isn't worth while. Isn't it, by Jove! If I hadn't burned the midnight oil in gallons, and saturated myself with Homer and Plato and all those old-fashioned classics, I might have been pitched into the Third! And then I should have been without a study, besides being constantly put to the torture by my fellow-fags.

As it is, I have a magnificent study all to myself, and I live in luxury and comfort. I'm a member of the Upper Ten, and my major would give his dearest possessions—even his motor-bike—to be in my shoes.

Poor old Horace! He's all body and no brains, and I'm all brains and no body. (I quite agree that you are "no body"—Ed.)

It's swotting that did it, dear readers—hard, tireless swotting. After all, it's better to be able to lift an exam than to lift a cricket-ball out of the ground. Don't you think so?

You don't? Then I'm afraid I have written this article in vain.

But if you are ambitious, if you want to reach the top of the tree, take a leaf out of my book, and become a miserable swot. It's better than being a happy dunce. I am eagerly looking forward to the time when I shall be made a prefect.

Stormy the night, and the sky's as black

As Inky's illustrious chivvy;
And Loder sets out on the wind-swept track.

When he ought to be studying Livy.
Onward he goes to the Cross Keys Inn,
There to play snooker, and lose all his tin.

Though debt be near,
He knows no fear,
On his hatchet-like face is a cynical sneer.

Loudly the bell in the school-tower chimes,
Bidding him pause, and repent of his crimes.

Loder beware! Loder beware!
Frown's on the warpath—beware! beware!

Beware! Beware!
Many poor wrecks have gone forth on their necks,
So beware! beware!

What of the quidlets he once possessed?
There is no trace nor sign!

All Loder's wealth in one night has gone West—

Nineteen pounds nineteen and nine!
Loder goes back with a heart like lead,
Climbs through the window, and crawls to bed.

No more to bet,
No more of dobt,
Oh, how the landlord will fidget and fret!

Loudly the bell in the school-tower chimes,
Bidding Dick Penfold desist from his rhymes.

Loder beware! Loder beware!
Metting's a mug's game—beware! beware!

Beware! Beware!
Cads of your race have been seeking in disgrace.

So beware! beware!

WHAT LODER THINKS ABOUT IT!

To the Editor,
The "Greyfriars Herald."

You Cheeky Young Cok—I have reason to know that you intend to produce a special Sixth Form Number of your rag, and that several of your contributors are going to take the opportunity of insulting me.

In the event of any insulting articles or poems appearing in your potty production, I will punish the writers thereof until the young brats whimper for mercy.

Grimly yours,

GERALD LODER.

(We advise Dick Penfold—and others who have maligned Loder in this issue—to barricade their "bags"—Ed.)

By ... JACK DRAKE.

AFTER LIGHTS OUT!

SKINNER, of the Remove, was feeling very sore, and Loder, of the Sixth, was responsible for his soreness, which was both mental and physical. Loder had given Skinner a hundred times. Skinner—either purposely or accidentally—had forgotten all about them. Result—Loder had done a little carpet-beating with his asphalt. And Skinner had been the carrier.

Hence, as we have already observed, the end of the Remove was feeling very sore. Being of a sweet, revengeful nature, he meant to get even with Loder.

"I'll make him feel sorry he humiliated me!" muttered Skinner, savagely. "I'll hove him out at one of his shady games, and show him up to the Head! I'll get his fired out of Greyfriars!"

Skinner didn't allow the grass to grow under his feet. Having made up his mind to get even with Loder, he proceeded to put his plan into execution.

At eleven o'clock that night, when the rest of the Removees were in the arms of Morpheus, Skinner rose and dressed, and stole out of the building by way of the box-room window. Then he made his way in the direction of the village.

Skinner knew that Loder of Sixth would be at the Cross Keys, playing cards or billiards. And he intended to confront him, and threaten to expose him.

As he passed along the solitary village street of Friarclade, Skinner's heart gave a jump.

Standing on the pavement, in close proximity to the Cross Keys, was the familiar figure of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

Skinner promptly dodged into the shadows. "Hallo! Quelch's on the warpath!" he muttered. "Wonder if he's waiting for Loder to come out of the Cross Keys?"

On second thoughts, however, Skinner decided that Mr. Quelch was waiting for his colleague, Mr. Prout, to come out of the Conservative Club, which was practically next door to the Cross Keys.

"I can't go in by the front way," reflected the junior, "or Quelch will spot me. I'll find a way to the back entrance."

He did so. The back door was unlocked, and Skinner let himself in and found himself in a dark passage.

From the room overhead came sounds which showed that a game of billiards was in progress.

Skinner mounted the narrow, rickety staircase, and walked boldly into the billiard-room.

Two individuals were present—Loder and the landlord.

The latter former spun round with a guilty start. His face became livid when he caught sight of Skinner.

"You—your young spy!" he hissed. Skinner smiled grimly.

"Caught in the act?" he said. "I fancy this is where I got my own back. The Head's going to hear of this."

Loder sneered.

"If you go talking tales to the Head you won't be believed," he said.

"I don't intend to take tales," said Skinner calmly. "I'm going to take your written confession that you name to the Cross Keys this evening to play billiards with the landlord."

"What?"

"I mean it!" said Skinner, taking a notebook and a fountain-pen from his pocket. "Here are writing materials. You're going to write at my dictation."

Loder laughed aloud.

"You're a silly young ass, as well as a spy!" he said. "Do you imagine I'm going to be fool enough to write a confession at a junior's dictation?"

"You'd better," replied Skinner, "or I'll give you away this very minute. Step across to the window and you'll see what I mean."

Greatly wondering, Loder crossed over to the window and glanced out. Then he gave a violent start.

Pacing to and fro on the pavement was Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped the prefect, in dismay.

Skinner gave a malicious grin.

"I've got you in a cleft-stick, you see," he

said. "Either you write this confession at my dictation, or I'll raise the alarm, and you'll have the pleasure of being escorted back to the school by Quelch. Take your choice."

"Hang you!" snarled Loder.

There was nothing for it but to yield to Skinner's demands.

Skinner would probably take Loder's written confession to the Head, and the prefect would find himself in a very tight corner. But even that was preferable to being actually discovered at the Cross Keys by Mr. Quelch.

Snarling savagely, Loder picked up the fountain-pen.

The landlord had slipped out of the room, and the two Greyfriars fellows were alone.

"Ready?" asked Skinner.

Loder nodded. He could not trust himself to speak.

Skinner then proceeded to dictate the following "confession."

"I, Gerald Loder, do hereby confess that I visited the Cross Keys Inn, Friarclade, this evening, for the purpose of playing billiards with the landlord. I also admit that I am a gay dog and a roer, and that I deserve to be fired out of Greyfriars."

The time and date were written underneath, and then Skinner took possession of the document.



Loder crossed over to the window of the inn, and glanced curiously out. Pacing to and fro on the pavement beneath was Mr. Quelch. Skinner gave a chuckle.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Loder uneasily.

"I've already told you," said Skinner. "I'm going to hand it to the Head."

"When?"

"After brekker to-morrow morning."

"I shall deny having written it."

Skinner laughed.

"The Head knows your fist," he said. "You can't possibly wriggle out of it."

Loder glared at the speaker. His glare was so ferocious that, if looks could have killed, Skinner's existence would have come to an end forthwith.

Skinner did not remain any longer in Loder's company. He knew that if he went back to the school with the prefect he would probably be overpowered, and the confession would be taken from him. And he was taking no risks. He slipped out by the back way, and went back to the school, regaining the Remove dormitory without mishap.

As for Loder, he didn't leave the Cross Keys until he had seen Mr. Prout join Mr. Quelch, and the two masters walk away together.

When Loder eventually got back to Greyfriars, he didn't go straight to bed. He made his way to the Remove dormitory, and crept towards Skinner's bed.

The end of the Remove was fast asleep. His clothes had been thrown carelessly over the bedrail.

Loder chuckled softly in the darkness. He groped in the pocket of Skinner's jacket, and his fingers closed over a piece of paper—the confession he had written at the Cross Keys.

Having secured the incriminating document, Loder proceeded to his study, tossed the sheet of paper into the grate, and set fire to it.

"That sees me safely out of Skinner's clutches!" he muttered.

When the confession was destroyed, Loder went along to the Remove passage, and stepped into Skinner's study. He switched on the light, and explored the apartment until he came across what he was looking for—sample and a poet, and that I deserve to be fired out of Greyfriars."

"I, Harold Skinner, do hereby confess that I visited the Cross Keys Inn, Friarclade, this evening, for the purpose of playing billiards with the landlord. I also admit that I am a gay dog and a roer, and that I deserve to be fired out of Greyfriars."

Loder had imitated Skinner's handwriting so well that even Skinner himself would hardly have been able to tell that the document was a forgery.

Having completed his task, the prefect returned to the Remove dormitory and slipped the confession into Skinner's pocket. Then he returned to his own quarters, feeling very satisfied with his night's work.

After breakfast next morning Skinner made his way to the Head's study. There was a pile of papers on his face, as if he had a painful duty to perform.

"Well, Skinner?" said Dr. Locke, glancing up from his paper.

"I've a very unpleasant duty to do, sir," said Skinner. "A good many fellows would have flunked it, but I think if only right that you should know what's been going on."

The head frowned.

"You are talking in riddles, Skinner!" he said. "I will trouble you to be more explicit!"

Skinner's hand went to his breast-pocket, and he drew out a sheet of paper.

"Read this, sir," he said, handing it to the Head.

Dr. Locke did so, and his expression was simply thunderous.

"Skinner!" he roared. And his tone was so terrifying that the end of the Remove jumped.

"Yes—sir?"

"Am I to understand that you have broken bounds, and visited a low resort which is out of bounds to Greyfriars boys?"

"Nanoo, sir," gasped Skinner. "Not at all, sir!"

"But here is a confession, in your own handwriting, to the effect that you visited a place known as the Cross Keys Inn, Friarclade, for the purpose of playing billiards."

Skinner nearly fell down. He was unaware of the trick which Loder had played him, and he was too flustered to do anything but stand and goggle helplessly at the Head.

He tried to speak—he tried to say that it was Loder who had visited the Cross Keys—but for the life of him he could not utter a word. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

The Head's voice broke the terrible silence which followed.

"Here is your own confession, Skinner, in black and white! You have behaved in a most disgraceful manner, and your conduct merits expulsion. If it is indeed true that you have visited the Cross Keys—"

"It's not true, sir!" gasped Skinner, finding his voice at last.

"Then am I to understand that this confession of yours has been written for a joke?"

"Yes! That's it, sir!" muttered Skinner, scarcely knowing what he was saying.

The Head's brow grew very stern.

"I will endeavor to learn, Skinner, that is a dangerous experiment to practice jokes on your headmaster! Hold out your hand!"

Skinner received a dozen stinging cuts on each hand, and he crawled out of the Head's study feeling more than a little sore.

Even now he did not fully realise what had happened.

The little revenge which he had planned on Loder of the Sixth had not come off. And Skinner began to realise that he had no right to expose Loder at all, for he himself was just as big a waster as the black sheep of the Sixth.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES!

By Pat Gwynne.

"Can you direct me to Greyfriars, please?"

The speaker was a tall, burly fellow of about eighteen. He was attired in grey flannel trousers and a sports-coat, with a soft collar and a rather flaming necktie.

The members of the Greyfriars First Eleven had just descended from the train at Friarale, after an "away" match with St. Jim's.

The Friars had won by a narrow margin, after being behind on the first innings, and Wingate was feeling in high good humour.

"Are you going to Greyfriars?" he inquired of the stranger who had spoken.

"Yes. My name's 'Arper'."

"Sure you don't mean 'Harper'?"

"That's what I said."

"Oh! I thought you'd dropped something."

"Eh?" said the stranger, intently scanning the platform. "I 'aven't dropped anything, that I know of."

"You keep on dropping things," said Wingate, laughing. "Your aspirates, to be precise. But p'raps you're one of those lazy boggars who find it too much fag to sound their aitches and their final 'g's'."

The fellow called Harper looked mystified.

"Blessed if I know what you're driving at," he said. "But never mind! So long as you show me to Greyfriars, sir, I'll be very grateful."

Wingate stared.

"This the first time you've been to a public school?" he inquired.

Harper nodded.

"Well, let me give you a tip. You don't address Sixth-Formers as 'sir.'"

"I was told it was the proper thing to—"

"Then the fellow who told you was pulling your leg. Only the masters are entitled to be addressed as 'sir.' By the way, Harper, where's your luggage?"

"It's gone on in advance, sir," said Harper. "There I go again! I can't get out of the 'abit."

"The sooner you break yourself of it the better," said Wingate. "If you start calling me 'sir' in front of the kids you'll make yourself a laughing-stock. I wish you'd get out of the habit of dropping your aitches, too. I know it's only laziness, and not lack of education; still, it makes a bad impression."

Faulkner nudged Wingate as the party proceeded to Greyfriars.

"I suppose this merchant's coming into the Sixth?" he muttered.

"I suppose so," murmured Wingate. "He looks much too old for any other

form. He seems a decent sort, but I'm afraid he's rather a rough diamond. We shall have to try and make him a bit more refined."

"Better invite him to tea, and show him the ropes," suggested Hammersley.

Wingate nodded, and turned to Harper.

"The first thing you'll do on reaching Greyfriars will be to report to the Head, I take it?"

"Yes," said Harper.

"Well, as soon as the Old Man's finished with you I should like you to come and have tea in my study."

Harper hesitated.

"That—that's very kind of you!" he stammered. "But it ain't quite the thing for a bloke like me to 'ave tea with the likes of you."

Wingate gave a gasp.

"Why shouldn't you have tea with me?" he demanded. "You're not going into the Fifth or the Sixth, are you?"

"Nunno!"

"Well, then, come and join Gwynne and Faulkner and I in my study. We're jolly hungry after our journey, and I expect you feel the same."

"Which I could eat a donkey's 'ind leg off," said Harper.

Faulkner looked horrified.

"Sounds more like Gosling, the porter, speaking, than a fellow in the Sixth!" he muttered.

"He'll need taking in hand, I'm thinking," rejoined Wingate. "Can't have a Sixth Former going about dropping his aitches and speaking ungrammatically."

On reaching Greyfriars, Harper made his way to the Head's study. His interview with Dr. Locke lasted about half an hour, and then he joined us in Wingate's study.

"How did you get on with the Head?" asked Wingate.

"First-rate," was the reply. "Decent old stick, ain't he? Some 'endmasters are 'orrid, but Dr. Locke's a real sport. Not a bit!"

"My hat! Did you talk to the Head like that?" gasped Wingate.

"Like what?"

"I mean, did you drop your aitches?"

"I talked to 'im jest as I'm a-talking to you now."

"Great Scott! And didn't he make any comment?"

"No. He never said nothing."

"He didn't say that you weren't sufficiently educated to come into the Sixth?"

"No!"

Wingate looked surprised. And his surprise was shared by Faulkner and myself.

It seemed incredible that a fellow who couldn't speak the King's English should be allowed to enter the Sixth.

"What you need, Harper," said Wingate, as he poured out the tea, "is polish."

"No, I don't," was the reply. "I've brought a couple of tins in my bag—one of black, and one of brown."

"I don't mean boot-polish, ass! I mean refinement. You haven't any finesse."

Harper grinned.

"I don't know what that means, and I don't care," he said. "D'you mind if I 'elp myself to the 'am?"

"N-no! not at all!" stammered Wingate.

"I do like a nice bit of 'am!" went on Harper. "Nothing makes me more 'appy than an 'arty meal of 'am! 'Allo! Who's this?"

The door of Wingate's study opened, and Trotter, the page, looked in.

"Mr. 'Arper!" he announced. "Which Mr. Mibble's waitin' for you in the garden."

"Right you are!" said Harper. "Tell 'im I'm 'aving tea with the nobility and gentry. I'll be along in 'arf an hour."

Trotter withdrew, and Wingate looked curiously at Harper.

"Do you know Mibble, the gardener?" he asked.

"Know 'im? Of course! It was 'im what got me my job 'ere."

"Job!" gasped Wingate. "What job?"

"Didn't you know? I'm going to be the under-gardener."

For a moment there was a silence which could be felt. And then Faulkner and I went into peals of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're done it this time, Wingate, old man!"

"The fellow isn't coming into the Sixth at all! He's a giddy gardener!"

Wingate's face was a study. For a moment he looked like committing assault and battery upon the newcomers. But only for a moment. Finally, he, too, became convulsed with merriment.

"Sorry, Harper!" he gurgled. "We've mistook you for a new chap! That's why I asked you not to call me 'sir.' If I'd known you were to be the under-gardener I shouldn't have reproached you for dropping your aspirates. Gardeners are allowed that privilege."

Harper rose to his feet with a grin.

"Seems as if you've jumped to conclusions, sir," he said. "Which I'd better be going."

"Rot!" said Wingate. "I invited you to tea, and now you're here you're going to stay!"

Tea was a very enjoyable function. And, to tell the truth, we all felt very relieved to know that Harper wasn't coming into the Sixth. His curious speech would certainly not have escaped the attentions of the humorists on the staff of the Greyfriars Herald!

Who is your Favourite Prefect?

(My own happens to be good old Wingate, but there are several fellows in the *Review* who do not share my views!—Ed.)

BOB CHERRY:

My favourite prefect is Faulkner. Why? Because he's such a jolly soul. I do like a fellow who goes about with a cheerful Gwynne!

BOLSOVER MINOR:

I have debated this question a gráto deal in my mind, and on dew reflectshun I have come to the conclusion that my

favorite prefect is my majer Percy. (We were unaware that Bolsover major was a prefect; but evidently Bolsover minor means to get on the right side of his big brother!—Ed.)

DICK PENFOLD:

My favourite prefect is Patrick Gwynne. To like another would be a synne.

He's a jolly good sport, and he's rolling in synne.

My esteem and approval he ever will synne!

HAROLD SKINNER:

My favourite prefect? Well, I'll willingly put my shirt on Loder! (Judging by the present soiled appearance of Loder's shirt, the chance would be welcome!—Ed.)

WYN LUNG:

We not like any of the pfelects. Me tinkes they all ought to be abolished. Savvy? (Strikes me a certain heathen Clingo will be abolished for uttering such sentiments!—Ed.)

BILLY BUNTER:

My favorite prefect is Hammersley. He always keeps a good supply of current-cake in his study cubberd, and when it disappears he never makes a song about it. Good old Hammersley! I think I'll go and raid his study now!

DICK RAKE:

Wingate for ever! He's brainy and clever.

"MAULEVERER'S PERIL!"

(Continued from page 8.)

spring at the high wall; but he was a foot short.

"Make a back, Coker!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Coker hesitated, then did as he was bid.

Bob leapt upon it, and on to the wall. Too late! The big car that had waited below was just vanishing in a cloud of dust.

"Gone!" groaned Bob.
"Cherry, what are you doing on that wall?"

Mr. Quelch, clothed in a dressing-gown, stared angrily at the cheerful Bob.

"Ahem! They've gone, sir, and taken Mauly with them."

"Taken whom?"

"Mauleverer, sir!"

"G-god heavens!"

"Kidnapped!"

There was a whiff of surprise. Quite a crowd had gathered in the quadrangle, staring first at Cherry on the wall, then at Nugent, who had the fallen Hazeldens in his arms.

"Shall I give chase, sir?" asked Coker eagerly, rubbing his head tenderly. "I'd like to catch that tall, skinny boulder."

Mr. Quelch thought for a moment.

"I can do it quite easily on my motor-bike, sir!"

"Ahem! Very well, Coker, but you must run no risks!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

There was a chuckle; it was hard to imagine Coker not taking risks.

As the Fifth-Former hurried away, Wharton caught him by the sleeve.

"You've got a pillon seat?" he asked quickly.

"Take me, Coker."

"Right-ho! Help me get the jigger out!"

Practically the whole school had gathered in the quadrangle by this time, and now the Head had appeared.

He was flustered, and somewhat angry. At his command the prefects broke up the crowd, and shepherded them into their dormitories.

But there was no sleep for the Remove that night. Long after the other dormitories had settled down again to sleep, the Remove remained awake, waiting for news of both Bunter and Mauleverer.

Meanwhile the chase had begun.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Ridden on to the Ball!

HORACE COKER ran his machine into the quad, and started the engine.

As the machine sput forward Wharton jumped nimbly on the pillon seat.

Gawling gaped at the two as they raced through the now open gates, and stared after them, scratching his head in amazement.

Coker may not have been taking risks, but the angle as he took corners would have made Mr. Quelch's hair stand on end.

But Coker had no thoughts of Mr. Quelch. He had one burning desire—to get within hitting distance of Mr. Huck Jaggars' sharp nose.

Coker let the machine "all out," and it literally beat up the road.

As yet the car was too far ahead even to be seen. But it had taken the main road, and there was no turning.

It was a powerful bicycle, and Coker was a speedy if not safe driver.

The two had waited only to get sufficient clothing to keep them just warm. Their ears had no covering, and the sharp, cold wind cut them like giant knives.

Wharton bent low behind the big Fifth-Former's back.

Every now and then the machine rose to a bump in the road, and Wharton left the pillon seat and landed on it again with a bump.

Coker's engine was making too much noise to allow them to hear that of their quarry, but it was not long before the Fifth-Former gave a joyful shout.

"There they are!"

Ahead on the road gleamed the tail lights of the big car.

Slowly but very surely, the motor-bike gained ground. The red light became more and more distinct, the shadowy form of the car was plainly discernible, and its lines became distinct.

"Get them!" breathed Wharton.

A head poked round the side of the car, and Huck Jaggars shook an angry fist.

"Hang you!" he shouted.

The words floated back, and Coker bent lower over his handlebars.

He made a half-turn of the head, and his shouted words floated back to the Remove captain.

"Hop in your car as we pass!"

Wharton set his teeth grimly, and nodded. It was a dangerous venture, but it was neck or nothing.

Coker's front wheel drew abreast of the right hind wheel of the fast-moving car, and Wharton braced himself for the spring.

But the two Greyfriars fellows had caught their chickens too soon.

The chauffeur, acting on a quickly-whispered word from the man beside him, gave a sharp twist of the wheel.

The car took a diagonal course right across Coker's path.

Coker's heart leapt into his mouth. He could not retreat, and he was left the alternative. If he went straight forward, he would crash into the car, and against the huge body of the car his machine would stand but little chance in a collision.

He had been ridden on to the rails!

Harry Wharton closed his eyes, and waited for the smash.

But the smash did not come. Horace Coker was equal to the occasion. He gave the handlebars a quick wrench, and the motor-bicycle dashed into the hedge, and right through it.

Wharton was flung headlong, and landed heavily on the other side.

Coker, torn from his seat by the thick-set hedge, was held there while his machine shot forward into the pond on the other side.

A mocking laugh floated back, and the big car vanished into the night, its prisoner still in bonds.

Wharton, slightly hurt but considerably dazed, swam laboriously to the edge of the pond, and clambered out.

"Coker, old man!" he breathed.

"Coker!"

Horace Coker made no reply.

His heart beating wildly, Harry Wharton searched the ground. He walked for a few yards, then stumbled over an inanimate form.

He dropped to his knees as he heard a smothered groan.

"Oh, my head!"

Coker groaned, and attempted to raise himself, then sank back into the Remove's arms.

"My hat!" gasped Wharton. "He's fainted!"

"You hounds!"

Lord Mauleverer struggled frantically. He was wearing only his thin pyjamas,

through which the night air struck as an icy sword.

Huck Jaggars laughed, and lit a cigarette.

"So we've got you at last!" he sneered. "You're safe here now until your uncle sends the dough."

"What do you mean?"

The Greyfriars junior stared at the tall American in astonishment.

"I don't understand you. Why have you kidnapped me?"

"That's a good 'un, Jim!" laughed Jaggars. "Why did you do it?"

The shorter man nodded, and his heady eyes, glinting cruelly through the haze of his cigar-smoke, seemed to burn into Mauleverer's brain. The schoolboy shut his eyes.

"Look here, me lord!" said the short man sharply. "To cut a long story short, we're after dough—money—cash—spendulicks—whatever you like to call it. It's a hard world. Your uncle's got money—we ain't—that right, Huck?"

"Sure!"

"An' if your uncle wants to see your sweet-smiling, happy face again, me lord, he'll have to dub up. Get me?"

"You rotten boulder, let me go!"

The short man shrugged his shoulders.

"That's for your uncle, Sir Rupert, to decide. You can go when he brings the money—just then, and no sooner. We've sent him a polite note—ain't we, Huck?"

"Very polite!"

"Just from one gentleman to another," continued the short man.

"No tricks, mind you. Your pals can't ever find you here—"

Mauleverer gritted his teeth.

"I'll make you pay for this!" he said.

His teeth were set, and his eyes shone angrily. It took a great deal to rouse the lazy lord from his apathetic indifference to things that mattered, but, like the British lion, when he was roused, he was a terrible fighter.

"Anyway," he continued, "I hope you'll clothe me."

"Oh, we'll clothe you all right! Huck, get the togs that fat fool left here. They'll be a bit big, but there's a heavy coat that'll keep his lordship warm."

The tall American left the room, and returned a moment later with the clothes that Bunter had left.

In silence Mauleverer donned them. His bonds had been loosened, but escape was not yet possible.

Bunter's clothes were decidedly not a good fit. As the junior donned them, Huck Jaggars and Jim Hake chuckled, and even Mauleverer was forced to smile.

When at last he had dressed, his bonds were replaced, and he was led to the small room wherein Bunter had awakened earlier in the night.

There was a low bed in one corner, and on this the men placed the captive junior.

They were going to take no chances this time, and before they left the room they assured themselves that the wrists and ankles of their captive were securely tied.

"You won't be cold!" leered Hake.

"This is quite a warm room. You can go to sleep for the present. I'll bring in your breakfast early—me lord!"

With an evil chuckle he slammed the door to, and Mauleverer, as he listened, heard the key grate in the lock. The war's footstep died away, they all were silent, save but from without there came a steady rhythmical swishing.

Mauleverer listened intently. There was no mistaking that sound.

The sea! So they had taken him to sea! Probably he was near Pegg. There were several old houses on the coast there. And what could make a more fitting headquarters for kidnappers?

But would his chums guess? Could they track him?

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Those questions ran through the junior's brain as he lay upon the low bed listening to the sea, until, tired out by his night's adventure, he at length fell asleep.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Back Again!

"CHERRY!"

Bob Cherry gave a guilty start as the Remove-master snapped out his name.

"Cherry, this is not the time to gaze out of the window. I have no doubt that your poetic impulses find consolation in the Natura without, but your mind should content itself with the study of the classics within!"

Bob Cherry turned red, and there was a slight giggle.

"Silence!" said the master sternly. "May I not make a remark without some of you giggling like a set of imbeciles?"

There was no reply—which, perhaps, was just as well, for Mr. Quelch was not in a pleasant mood.

Since the return of Coker and Wharton to the school without Mauleverer, Mr. Quelch had not looked pleased; and, as Nugent remarked, he really was a little trying this morning.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That uncontrolled roar of laughter burst upon the silence like a thunder-clap, and the Removites sat petrified.

Mr. Quelch's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and for the moment he was bereft of speech.

Then the torrent was let loose.

"Boy! Cherry! Come here, sir!"

But Bob Cherry, like the dying gladiator of old, bowed but heeded not; he held his sides and roared. Bulstrode, who sat behind him, peered through the window to see the cause of Cherry's laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bulstrode! How dare you!"

Mr. Quelch, his face red with wrath, snatched up a cane and strode angrily along the gangway.

Swish!

"Yarough!"

With startling suddenness Bob Cherry's merriment gave place to a pained and surprised yell.

"Now, sir!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"How dare you!"

He was interrupted by another burst of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

This time it was Field. Samuel Quinsey Miffy Field, called "Squiff" for short, had looked through the window, and he, too, burst into a roar of laughter.

That was enough for the Remove. As one man they moved to the window. Not all the Mr. Quelchs in the world could have stopped them. It was a task that even Granite would have scorned—an all-powerful tide.

"Good heavens! Boys! Are you mad? Sit down!"

In despair, the Remove-master tore at his hair and laid about him with the cane, but the crowd round the window grew denser. And every one of the crowd was laughing!

"Bunter!" sobbed Tom Brown, wiping his eyes. "Oh dear! Poor old Bunter!"

"Bunter?" shouted Mr. Quelch wildly.

"What do you mean?"

He craned his head forward and glanced through the window. Then he jumped back.

Bulstrode gave a shout as the master's feet rested on his toes. But Bulstrode's cry was unheeded.

Mr. Quelch passed a dazed hand across his brow.

"Bunter!" he gasped. "In convict garb! Am I dreaming?"

Outside in the quadrangle, the cynosure of all eyes, was Billy Bunter in his convict garb. But he was not alone. With him was P. C. Tozer, the portly village constable. He held Bunter in a grip of iron, and his expression of dutiful seriousness was so comical that it was small wonder that the Removites laughed.

Billy Bunter looked the picture of woe. As he caught sight of the Removites above he gave a yell.

"I say, you fellows, make him leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've had a rotten time—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Yah! Heasli!"

And Bunter was marched sternly on. Mr. Quelch, with tightened lips, turned on his heel.

"Wharton!" he said tartly, as he left the room. "I call upon you to maintain order in my absence!"

"Yes, sir!"

As Bunter vanished into the School House the Removites returned to their places. They had called the tune, and, with the return of Mr. Quelch, they expected to pay the piper.

But Mr. Quelch stayed away for some time.

The bell for the end of morning classes rang at last, and Wharton dismissed the Form.

They crowded out in an excited mob and rushed off to the Remove passage.

They tried Study No. 7 first, but Bunter was not there.

From Study No. 1, however, came the familiar pop of a ginger-beer bottle cork.

Wharton flung open the door, and the others crowded behind him in the doorway.

Bunter was within in his Etons. He turned a fat face towards them and blinked at them through his thick spectacles.

"You fat boulder!" exclaimed Nugent. "Leave those tarts alone!"

"Ahem! Don't be a rotter, Nugent! I say, you fellows, I'm hungry!"

"Oh, let him have them!" grinned Bulstrode. "Let's have his story!"

"That's all very well!" growled Nugent. "They're not your tarts!"

"Blow the tarts!"

"You're stinky, Nugent!" blinched Bunter, munching the tart. "I don't want your blessed tarts—"

"Blow the tarts!" howled Bob Cherry. "What about the story?"

"Eh?"

"Tell us all that happened."

Bunter swallowed a huge lump of pastry.

"It was all Mauleverer's fault!" he growled.

"He asked me to go down to the village to—"

"Asked you—"

"Yes. On his bended knees. You know what a kind-hearted chap I am. Well, when he went down on his bended knees, with tears in his knees—I mean with—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get on with it!"

"Well, when Mauleverer begged me to go, I had to. So I got there, and men took me in a car—"

"Where?"

"I don't know. But they dragged me, because they saw what a strong chap I was, and how brave I was—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And when I woke up—"

"You mean, then you woke up?" sneered Skinner.

"Ahem! When I woke up there were six burly men beside me. They'd taken a mean advantage of my being drugged

to pinch my clothes. When I came to, there were ten men—"

"Ten!" shrieked Nugent.

Bunter nodded.

"Yes, and I waded into them. I knocked one out, caught two by the throat, and flung them against the others—"

"Took away the number you first thought of?" suggested Skinner.

"Yes—I mean, no! You silly ass, Skinner! I knocked out all the eight, and—"

"Eight? It was ten, a minute ago."

"Well, I said I knocked out two to begin with, didn't I?" said Bunter peevishly. "Why can't you let a fellow get on?"

"Yes; let him get on!" grinned Bob Cherry. "This is better than the pictures! Spin 'em out, Bunter! You've got up to where you picked up three of them and threw them at the other ten—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I rushed out into the open," resumed Bunter, "with a blink at his humorous Bob." And there were three men outside with the car. I pushed them aside, and leapt into the car. I opened the carburetor—"

"What on earth for?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Ahem! You don't know anything about cars, Smithy!" snuffed Bunter. "I started it, but nine men with masks and a revolver—"

"Between nine of them?"

"Stopped me," went on Bunter, unheeding. "I hit one on the head, and caught another by the hair, and with my other hand took the revolver—"

"But what about the car?" shrieked Nugent.

"Ahem! I stopped the car. One of the men hit me, so I chased him until he got lost on the moor. Then I gave up the chase and came home! Where are those tarts!"

Bob Cherry drew a deep breath.

"Of all the liars—" he began.

"Look here!"

"Of all the humbugs—"

"But, I say!"

"Of all the spoofers—"

Bunter blinked.

"I say, what about those tarts? Don't be a beast, Bob Cherry! Gimme those tarts!"

"Coming over!" grinned Bob.

Bunter held out his hand.

"Catch!"

Bob Cherry, with great defiance, flung the tarts at Bunter's head, and left the study. There was nothing to be got out of Bunter. The juniors trooped down to dinner, leaving Bunter to follow.

As the captain of the Remove entered the hall, Mr. Quelch motioned to him.

"Wharton," he said quietly, "the Head wishes to see you in his study for a moment."

Harry Wharton gave his chin a significant look, and turned to follow the master.

"That means trouble," granted Nugent.

But Nugent was wrong.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Clue at Last!

HARRY WHARTON tapped on the Head's study, and, in response to the answering call, entered.

The Head's study was a place of awe, and was seldom approached by juniors without a sinking feeling of dread. For it was rarely that a junior paid a visit there, unless he had been guilty of something for which he was answerable to the Head alone.

But Harry Wharton had no qualms; his conscience was quite clear. Moreover, he had a shrewd suspicion that he knew why the Head wished to see him.

"Ah, Wharton!" said the Head kindly. "Sit down, my boy!"

Mr. Quelch was talking earnestly with a tall, well-set-up man, whom Wharton instantly recognised. It was Sir Rupert Brooke, Lord Mauleverer's uncle and guardian. Wharton had met him on several occasions, and, when the baronet turned at last, he smiled recognition at the junior, and extended his hand.

"You know Wharton, then, Sir Rupert?" said the Head.

"Yes, yes, doctor. I've met the lad before. How do you do, Wharton? Terrible business this about Herbert. The Head sent me a wire—"

The baronet shook his head, and sighed.

Mr. Quelch picked a letter up from the table, and read it through, his brows knitted thoughtfully. Sir Rupert had received it only that morning.

"Astounding!" ejaculated the master. "Simply astounding!"

Sir Rupert Brooke nodded. "Ten thousand pounds!" he said. "It is preposterous!"

"We cannot possibly knuckle under to such ruffians as these!" said the Remove Form-master grimly. "The boy must be found."

"Yes, yes," said Sir Rupert agitatedly, walking up and down the room. "But where can we commence our search?"

Dr. Locke raised his head.

"Bunter will be here shortly. He should be able to give us some clue. I do not wish to place the matter in the hands of the police yet awhile."

As he stopped talking a tap sounded at the door, and a fat face, adorned by a thick pair of spectacles, peered in.

"Ahem! Did you want me, sir?"

Bunter stepped into the room, and blinked nervously at the Head.

"Yes, Bunter," said the Head kindly.

"If you want to hark me for pinching the tarts, sir, I didn't! I didn't even know the cook had made any—"

"Boy!" gasped the Head.

Harry Wharton smiled. Bunter, in his usual way, had "let the cat out of the bag."

"Tarts!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "Is the boy mad?"

"Nonsense, sir. You see, I didn't know there were any tarts, and I didn't take them."

Besides, there were only four, and you know what a weak constitution I've got!"

"Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch fixed his gimlet-like eyes upon the luckless Removite. The Remove-master looked positively ferocious.

"Bunter! Silence, sir! You have been brought here to answer a few questions Dr. Locke wishes to put to you!"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Bunter blinked round the room in a somewhat puzzled manner. Bunter invariably had a guilty conscience, and by association of ideas, he had somehow connected the stolen tarts with the Head's study. He was annoyed now that he realised he had given himself away. But Dr. Locke was not concerned with the stolen tarts. He turned to the fat junior with a slight frown.

"Bunter! Can you recollect where you were taken last night?"

Bunter blinked, and shifted uneasily.

"No, sir. I know I was taken a jolly long way, though. It took hours and hours. They dragged me about a second after we started—"

"Then how did you know how long the journey took?" asked Sir Rupert Brooke, with a slight laugh.

"Ahem! It seemed a jolly long time, sir. And they threw me in a dark, smelly room—"

"Have you no idea where that room was?"

"Yes, sir; at the top."

"The top of where, pray?"

"Top of the house, or whatever it was. It was rotten and damp, too," added Bunter peevishly. "I rubbed my hand along the wall and got it mossy."

"Mossy!" asked the Head. "Was it built in a rock, then?"

"Eh? In a rock! I don't know, sir. It was jolly hard, though. And they didn't bring me any food. You know what a delicate constitution I've got, sir—"

"Ahem! Keep to the point, if you

them last night on Coker's motor-cycle, and it seemed to me that they were then heading for the coast. Besides, it is the very place to hide a prisoner. There are some houses half built in the rock, high up—not exactly houses, but caves that were made habitable years ago."

The Head nodded, and looked at Sir Rupert.

"What does the letter say exactly?" he asked.

"It merely asks that I bring the money to the ruined priory," said Sir Rupert.

"There is a straight path from the old priory down to the coast," said Wharton quickly. "Suppose the man who waited for you, sir, had a motor-bike, he would be well away in no time, before he could be caught."



The two midnight intruders stared transfixed at the sight of the sleep-walker, but as Mauleverer ran forward they sprang into action. "Collar him, Huck!" shouted the leader. A moment later Manly found himself collared by two pairs of hands. "Lord Mauleverer!" exclaimed the thick set man. "Talk of angels!" (See Chapter 5.)

please, Bunter. About this room. You say the walls were of rock?"

"Oh, yes, sir! They were rock! An' I could hear the wind, too!"

"The sea?" asked Wharton quickly.

"Eh? Oh, yes! I could hear the sea roaring—the waves dashing with blinding spray against the rocks, sir, and all that!"

Mr. Quelch eyed the Removite with a rather peculiar expression on his keen face.

It was rather difficult how Bunter could have so clearly heard the spray against the rocks.

But Bunter went on unperturbed.

"Then it was by the sea?" asked the Head.

"Yes, sir."

"Can we believe the boy?" asked Dr. Locke in bewilderment.

Harry Wharton nodded quickly.

"Yes, sir," he said. "We chased

"Yes, that is so. And you say, Wharton, that the car took the turning for the coast?"

"Yes, sir. We went along this road as far as the wood, turned down towards Cliff House, and it was along the road to the left that we were upset. When I saw the car last, it was disappearing round the corner to the right. It must therefore have been making for the coast. At the moment I thought nothing of it, and presumed that they had thrown us off the track merely."

The Head nodded.

"I rather fancy that we shall find Mauleverer somewhere along the coast," he said. "Anyway, we must try. Where would you suggest we started, Wharton? You are conversant with the topography of that particular part of the country, I believe."

"Yes, sir. I know it well; but Redwing knows it much better than I. You

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see, he lived there before he came here, and knows every inch of the coast."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir Rupert.

"Then he's the chap for us—what?"

"Yes, sir. We could easily organise a search-party. We could take hampers as though we were just picnicing, and could pack ropes and things into the hamper."

"Very well, then. I can trust you, Wharton, not to run unnecessary risks. I feel that this is a matter to be arranged by ourselves. It is quite impossible to give in to these rogues—eh, Sir Rupert?"

"Yes, doctor, quite impossible. Of course, Herbert is worth more than ten thousand, and, after all, he can make an offer for them to be paid that amount of money, if he wishes to escape."

"Quite. But Maulverer is a plucky lad."

"He is," said Wharton. "We can rescue him, Sir Rupert. I'll get Redwing, Cherry, and a few others, sir, and I have no doubt that we can find him all right."

"Very good, Wharton. The lads will be excited classes. Six will be enough, I fancy."

"Yes, sir," replied Wharton. "Cherry, Redwing, Nugent, Bull, Singh, and myself."

"Very well. But you must return by calling-out to-night."

"Yes, sir, of course."

His face aglow with excitement, Harry Wharton left the study and raced to prepare his chums for the afternoon's adventure.

Of course, they were all willing and eager. An adventure such as this appealed to the Famous Five. But would their mission be a success? That remained to be seen.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

To Save Their Chum!

"READY?"

The group of Removites stood in the sunlight on the School House steps preparatory to their quest, and the captain of the Removs eyed them with a slight smile on his handsome face.

It certainly seemed as though the Famous Five were bound for a picnic,

and several envious glances were cast in their direction as they strode through the gates. But the hampers which they carried contained nothing edible. Even Bunter would have fought shy of cricket-stumps and ropes; for that chiefly was what they contained. Climbing would probably become necessary, and then the ropes would indeed be useful. And it was quite possible that fighting might have to be done.

"Do or die," grinned Nugent, as they passed out of the gates.

"The daintiness or daintiness is terrible!" jested Maurice Jamset Ram Singh.

Redwing smiled.

"Of course it may come to a fight," he said, in his quiet way. "But I fancy we are prepared for it if it does."

Redwing was a quiet fellow. Before he had come to Greyfriars on a scholarship, he had been a fisher-lad, working hard to keep himself alive. It was only by dint of hard work that in his spare time he had acquired sufficient knowledge to enable him to pass the difficult scholarship examination. But he had passed it, and he had lived down the scorn and jeers that had been his lot.

"You've got to lead the way," said Johnny Bull. "It's the finding of them that'll be the difficult part; the fighting will be all right."

Johnny Bull took a tighter grip on the hamper handle. When it came to a bustle few fellows cared to be pitted against Bull. And Bull was not the only fighter. The Famous Five were renowned for their prowess in the noble art, and it looked as if Huck Jaggers would have no light task.

Through the fields that lay behind the school the juniors threaded their way, until, at last, the little lane was reached. There the hampers were rested, and a change in carriers made.

"The juniors walked briskly, and the cliffs soon loomed into sight."

"Halt!"

Tom Redwing held up his hand, and the party halted. Hampers were dumped, and the juniors looked around.

"Now for the exploration," said Nugent.

Tom Redwing scanned the line of cliffs, and looked out to sea. On the left was the Shoulder, and further out at

sea the treacherous Black Rock, on which many a ship had met ill-fate. On the right lay another land-mark—Black Pike; while in the distance the smoke of low-lying Pegg could be seen curling from the chimneys.

"By Jove!" laughed Wharton. "It all seems so peaceful and quiet that kidnappers seem a myth."

Redwing smiled.

"These cliffs have held many secrets," he said. "Smugglers in the days gone by stole ashore here with their contraband stores, and it must have been a scene of many an exciting struggle with excise officers. Some of the caves remained a secret for years."

"Yes, there are dozens about here," said Johnny Bull.

"Not exactly dozens," smiled Redwing. "I know six, though."

He gazed round, drinking in the quiet beauty of the scene.

"Not a soul to be seen," he mused.

As though in contradiction of his words a man clambered over the cliff-line. Slowly he raised himself to his feet, and gazed to left and to right.

As he caught sight of the silent group of juniors he started violently, then strode quickly towards them.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, with a nasal accent, and glared at them suspiciously.

Redwing eyed him coolly.

"I suppose we have as much right here as you? Aren't we allowed to picnic?"

"Waal, yep. But see here! There's an inventor Johnny I'm workin' with. He's makin' something, and wants to be quiet. Supposin' you chaps moved further along?"

"Oh, if that's the case," said Wharton, "of course—"

The Famous Five picked up their hampers, and made as though to turn back. The stranger was looking thoughtful, and he motioned to the captain of the Removs.

"Say," he murmured, "if you see anyone hanging around, don't say you've seen me. There's a rival inventor chap, who's hanging around to crib this idea."

"Right—ho!" grinned Wharton.

"Mum's the word!"

Somewhat reassured, the stranger turned back, and clambered over the cliff.

The Famous Five retreated a few yards, then Wharton called a halt.

"My hat!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"What do you know about that—oh?"

"It's a clue," nodded Redwing.

"That man's up to no good. I've heard the inventor yarn before."

Wharton nodded.

"Yes. I think we can be quite sure that he's one of the men we're after. At any rate, he's up to no good, as you say, Redwing. But what had we better do?"

"I think the best thing would be to spy out the land. They must know that they have someone after them. They are obviously afraid of the police, too. Originally, I suppose they took Maul to one of these places. The junior pointed to the row of houses that lay back some few hundred yards from the cliff-head."

"I suppose so," said Wharton. "And now, you think, they have hidden him in a cave here?"

"Yes; but this is not a good place. This place would only be temporary. There are places to the right there only approachable at certain times, and unless one knows the way they are dangerous. Now, I'll creep forward, and see if anything is doing. Luckily I thought to bring these field-glasses!"

The scholarship boy crept to the edge

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of the cliff, and then moved some few yards to the right. The Famous Five watched him as he placed the field-glasses to his eyes. For a moment he stayed there, then hurriedly crept back.

"Seen anything?" asked Nugent.

Redwing gave a quick, affirmative nod.

"Through these glasses," he said, "I was able to see further out. There's a motor-launch waiting—"

"A motor-launch!" exclaimed Wharton. "Good heavens, then they're going to move!"

"My hat!" grunted Johnny Bull. "This is where we come in."

"I think it is," agreed Redwing. "As a matter of fact they have chosen a tricky place to disembark. There's a place along to the left where it is possible to get down much more quickly. I'm going down—"

"By Jove, that's an idea!" murmured Harry Wharton. "You mean you'll stage the launch, and take it out of their reach?"

"That's the idea. There's a small rowing-boat in which they intend to reach the launch, left on the beach. I won't touch that. They can't see me from where they are."

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We had better come, too, and rush them when they reach the beach!"

"Wait a bit! We've plenty of rope enough to stretch from the dinghy on the beach to the launch—"

"Yes; but—"

"Well, I shall fix one end to the dinghy's prow, and swim with the other to the launch. Directly they have placed Mauly in the dinghy you give a yell, and I'll leave off with the launch. At the same time you must rush them, and keep them out of the dinghy. After that it's plane sailing."

"Jolly good!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Rely on us. We'll keep them out of the dinghy!"

Tom Redwing, rope in hand, disappeared over the edge of the cliffs, and the Famous Five followed him.

They reached the beach quickly, and, slipping off his jacket, trousers, and boots, the erstwhile fisher-had swam to where the launch was now visible.

"Cave!"

Wharton dragged back his chums, and pointed up the cliff's side.

Two figures were descending with painstaking care. The juniors quickly recognised the stranger on the cliff-head. A shorter man was with him, and he was carrying a bundle in his arms.

"Mauly!" exclaimed Nugent.

In a few minutes, although it seemed ages to the waiting juniors, the men had descended, and were on the beach.

The taller man ran to the dinghy, and began to push it off. The shorter man followed, and dumped Mauleverer down on to a seat. The juniors could see the huddled figure of the schoolboy peer more clearly now, and they noticed that he was bound hand and foot.

The taller man uttered an exclamation, and pointed out to sea. His companion, now that Mauleverer was in the dinghy, looked up. It was then that the captain of the Remove seized his opportunity.

"Kush them!" he shouted. Johnny Bull gave a terrific roar.

Instantly the two men turned, and in that instant they were lost. The launch began to move, and with it went the dinghy.

The shorter man seemed inclined to fight, but his companion, tugging his sleeve, turned back to scramble into the dinghy. But for Redwing-in the launch the men might have got clear. But the dinghy had gone.

The men ran after it, floundering in the water, but the small boat swayed out

of their reach in a grand sweep. After them into the water dashed the Famous Five. But the kidnappers did not wait to fight. They scrambled into the water, and swam quickly with strong strokes out of the Remove's way.

"Don't follow!" ordered Wharton. "The police will get them. Reboving's got Mauly; that's the chief thing." And at that moment Redwing was lifting the almost unconscious Mauleverer from the dinghy.

"Hallo! The wanderer's return!"

Cecil Reginald Temple stood in the gateway at Greiffyars, and eyed the returning party. There was quite a small crowd in the gateway; for afternoon classes were now over, and everyone had heard of the party that had gone out in search of the missing peer.

Most of them would have liked to have accompanied Harry Wharton & Co, that afternoon, for it would have been far more pleasant out in the sunshine with the search-party than in school with Latin verbs.

All eyes were turned on Mauleverer, who was supported by Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull. Mauleverer smiled wanly.

"Cheerio, dear boys!" he murmured. "Glad to see you all again, becard!"

"Same to you!" said Tom Brown.

"Poor old Mauly!"

"Where did you find him?" asked Herbert Vernon-Smith.

"On the rocks," said Wharton; and there was a chuckle.

"No sofas there, Mauly?" asked Skinner, with a grin.

Mauleverer stood upright, and mopped his brow with a silk handkerchief.

"No, by gad!" he murmured. "No jollay fear!"

"Better come in school, now, Mauly," urged Wharton. "No good staying here."

"That's right," grinned Bob Cherry. "I'll let you be on the sofa this afternoon, old chap, and have a haze!"

The crowd made way for Mauleverer, and he was led through. It was not often that the schoolboy peer had a spot in the limelight, and he smiled, sunning himself in the curious glances that were directed at him.

The Removees led their once-lost chum to his study.

Mauleverer sank into an armchair.

"Tired?" asked Bob Cherry.

The schoolboy peer nodded.

"Frightfully fagged!" he murmured.

"Can't expect a chap to be hauled about for days, and feel as fresh as paint."

Bob Cherry gave a cheerful grin.

"What you want, Mauly," he said, "is a good liveener. Now, suppose I lam this cushion at you?"

Bob Cherry took the cushion in his hand and eyed it reflectively.

The schoolboy peer sat up with sudden, revived spirits.

"Don't be an ass!" he implored.

"Put it down, there's a good fellow."

Bob Cherry returned the cushion to the chair, and at that moment the door opened to admit the portly figure of William George Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove glanced round the study.

"Well?" asked Johnny Bull, and Mauleverer gave the fatuous Bunter a weary glance.

"I'm, you fellows," said the Owl of the Remove, "I think that after finding Mauly—"

"After finding Mauly?"

The juniors gave him cold stares.

"Yes. I found him really. As a matter of fact," went on Bunter, "I only went in his place to save him from capture—"

There was a general gasp of amazement.

"Well, of all the fat spoofers—" began Nugent.

"Of all the everlasting Gibbers!" finished Wharton.

Bunter blinked.

"I don't like that," he said peevishly.

"Good!" said Nugent. "Then you had better get going!"

"But my reward?" hooted Bunter, with a blink of indignation through his thick spectacles.

"Your reward?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, I had forgotten!"

His chums stared at him in amazement. They could see no reason at all why the fat Owl of the Remove should receive a reward. But Bob winked at them with the eye further from the Owl of the Remove, and Harry Wharton and the others understood. But Billy Bunter gave a fat, ingratiating smile.

"I say, Cherry," he murmured, "that's awfully good of you!"

Bob Cherry fingered a cushion lovingly.

"Here you are, Bunt!" he yelled.

The door opened, pushing the fat Removee on to all-fours on the floor.

A tall gentleman entered the room and met the cushion in full flight.

Bump!

"Sir Rupert!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The chums of the Remove gasped with dismay. But Sir Rupert, when he had picked himself up, smiled.

"Accidents will happen!" he said cheerily.

"The awfully sorry, sir," said Bob penitently. "But I was just rewarding Bunter for rescuing Mauly. I mean—"

"Yes, I understand," smiled Sir Rupert.

He nodded and crossed the room, and the chums stood on one side as he greeted his nephew. When at last he turned round there was a smile on his aristocratic face.

"As you have rewarded Bunter," he said genially, "I will reward you. I have you back to thank for the fact that Herbert is now back at the school again. I want you to accompany me to the tuck-shop."

"Tuck-shop?"

Sir Rupert nodded, and the juniors smiled.

And in a few minutes there was a huge crowd in the tuck-shop. Fellows rolled up quickly as the news spread, and Sir Rupert royally invited them all to the celebration.

Even Bunter was there. It would have been difficult to prevent him being present; besides, Sir Rupert and the juniors were feeling lenient.

Bob Cherry, jumping on his chair, raised his glass of ginger-pop above his head and called for silence.

"Three cheers for the founder of the feast!" he yelled. "And three cheers for Mauly and his merry rescuers!"

And amidst scenes of wildest enthusiasm, the toast was drunk.

Three cheers for Billy Bunter, the cause of all the trouble!" called Vernon-Smith.

And even that was drunk heartily, though humorously.

But before the end of the feast came the glad news that the kidnappers had been arrested.

So, for that night at least, Mauleverer was safe. But he was never likely to forget the time he had spent in the hands of kidnappers.

THE END.

(Full particulars of next week's grand story will be found in my "Chat."—Ed.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 692.



A New Series of Interesting and Helpful Articles, Showing You How to Hike Off into the Open Country. By AN OLD HAND.

LOOK AFTER YOUR FEET.

The next question is—if you're trampin' it—how's your poor feet? And a vastly important question, too. Your feet must be in good trim. No corns, carbuncles, blisters, or other foreign bodies, so to speak. All toenails should be cut square across for trampin'. To harden your feet bubble 'em in salt and water. Next, them—boots or shoes? Shoes for me every time—but then I'm used to 'em. One reason for wearing shoes is this—they're not so heavy as boots, and they give you more play at the ankle. Now, do make a tip, and have a good squint at your boots—or shoes—fore you "mush on." If they're too big, don't wear 'em. You'll be blistered after the first mile or so. If they're too tight, chuck 'em away, or sell 'em. They'll make corns and overtop your toes, and you'll know about it when you're ten miles from nowhere. So see your boots or shoes are right.



A RUCRACK.

Next—grease 'em! Never mind about polish—you're not going to camp in Piccadilly Circus. Dress your boots with "dubbin," or oil, or fat of some sort—no salt in it, mind! You'd be surprised the care and trouble a real old hand camper takes with his feet and his footwear.

Take care of your feet, and the miles will take care of themselves.

If, after a long hike, you find your stockings go stiff on the soles—soap 'em! When you get up in the morning change the left stocking on to the right foot, and the right to the left foot.

It's as well to have a spare pair of socks or stockings if you're going to be away for more than two days.

WHERE TO CAMP—AND WHERE NOT.

If you live in a town or city you can reckon you've got to get out of it a few miles before you can pitch your tent for your first night under canvas. Being an old hand at the game myself, I want to "put you wise" before you start.

First of all you see that you've packed everything you want. (Got those matches?) Then you bid farewell to all your friends, and strike out of the human beehive for the woods and the green fields.

With your haversack, or pack, slung easily

over your shoulders, and grasping a 'stout' stick in your strong right hand, you swing along the roads and lanes and across the footpaths to commons with a joyful stride; and one of the first things you'll notice is a notice (no, that's not a joke), and the notice reads as follows:

PRIVATE.

Now don't be foolishly, and just stride along over this "private" ground as if that notice did not matter. Sooner or later you'll come into conflict with the keepers, and the law of the land is on the keepers' side. So don't trespass. It's silly, and it's asking for trouble which you can avoid with a little "savvy" and common-sense. If you must pass over "private" land, ask permission. It's quite simple. No one'll bite you! On no account pitch your tent on a farmer's field—or, in fact, anyone's—without getting permission.

While you tramp cheerily along the broad highway or the leafy lane, on the meadow and down the lee, you must take note of the "lie of the land," and begin to look for a good camp site some hours before sundown. Don't camp right on top of a high hill, or cliff. Don't camp in a valley or dell. The sketch below shows you why not.

Try to get sheltered from the north, and face the floor of your tent south.

Remember this—you can't camp anywhere unless there is WOOD (for fires), and WATER (for drinking and cooking and washing).

Avoid camping under trees. It's a great temptation to the young camper, but the old hand does not do it. The reason is, that should it rain the tent gets soaked with heavy drops from the trees which go on dripping after it has stopped raining, and the trees stop the sunshine from drying the canvas of your tent quickly (and you must keep your tent dry if you can). The other reason is that if it rains at night the sound of the raindrops from the branches will keep you awake.

Avoid a swampy ground. A sandy soil is the best. Pitch your tent in the late afternoon, two hours before sunset. Collect twigs and wood for your fire, and never build a big fire.

Hold hold of your cooking-pot or mess-tin.

and fetch it full of water. Boil the water. Make tea or cocoa. Cocoa-milk powder is good stuff to carry. Have a drink. Rest yourself.

Next, spread out your ground-sheet on the grass—rubber side downwards—and place your blanket neatly ready for turning in.

Lace up the door of your tent, and stroll off to the farmhouse or the village shop for a loaf of bread and anything else you may want. Don't hurry. Keep cheerful, and never get the "wind up." Now you may notice another notice—"PLEASE SHUT THE GATE!"

You're not fit to be a camper if you don't shut gates after you. No need for me to say so, I hate preaching. Just shut the gate, and you'll never be wrong.

Don't frighten animals and birds. They're not there for you to run after. Remember, you may be glad to camp here again, so go steady, and behave like an old hand.

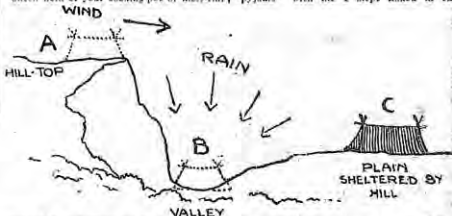
When you've made your purchases you can stroll back to your tent just as the last white wood ashes of your little fire are crumbling to dust and the stars are coming out in the twilight sky overhead. Dusk and dawn in camp are the best. Every old hand camper loves the twilight of evening, and the pale glory of the rising sun. What! Never see the sun rise? Man alive! You haven't lived! Well, you will.

Now for a snack of bread-and-cheese, and a drink of cold cocoa, and then sleep; for tomorrow we strike camp and stroll on to our next pitch, wherever that may be. Who knows—or cares! Not you.

If there are any ropes to your tent, slacken them before turning in. The night air is damp, and it may even rain. This will tighten your ropes and pull out the pegs, and down comes your tent all of a shiver, with you under it. So slacken your ropes.

Most first-nighters under canvas find the ground is hard, and that the hip-bone seems to stick out too far and hurt. If you find this uncomfortable, take your jack-knife and cut out a small hole in the turf about five inches in diameter, and deep enough to take your hip.

Clear away all twigs and stones where you are going to sleep, and spread the ground-sheet down. Next change into pyjamas. Never go to sleep in your day clothes. No old hand will do that. Once when I had no "pyjamas" with me I slept naked in the



blankets. It is most unhealthy not to change clothes night and morning.

Now use your toothbrush, and then to the blankets and sleep—if you can!

This being your first night, you will be surprised what a number of noises there are even away in the country. You'll hear a scratching, or a snicker, or a twitter. Then dead silence. "Hoo-hoo-ter-lion!" calls an owl right close to your ear—so you think—but he's really far away hooting for moths and beetles and other insects. Then you'll hear the patter of a rabbit in a burrow which may run under your tent. A distant cow will call with a mournful "Moo-oh!" Then you may get a start when a huge old cart-horse comes stamping along. This will sound like thunder with your ear close to the ground. In time—and if you're nicely tired by your tramp—you'll soon be sound asleep "under the wide and starry sky."

By the way—as for pillows. Personally, on a tramp camp I always sleep with my head on my shoes and my day clothes, with a handkerchief over them as a pillow. You soon get used to it, and you won't find these little things upset you if you're made of the real British stuff.

When you're choosing a camp-site, you should avoid any field where there are cattle. Cattle or horses are very impulsive, and I've lost more than one tent ripped to ribbons.

Pigs are to be avoided like the plague. They will rip and chew up your tent to little shreds before you can say "Magnet!"

You can tell an old hand camper anywhere by the care with which he pitches his camp, and the care he takes beforehand in choosing a site. The old hand doesn't just say, "This'll do—nice field—l'll pitch here." He looks about. "Wood over there—water half a mile away—too far—mush-oh!" He tries to find his camp protected to the north by woods or hills. He makes a small fire always; never more than twelve inches in diameter. He folds his blankets and clothes, and puts them neatly on the ground-sheet inside his tent, and never lets them lie on the grass. He always gets permission before camping. He always shuts gates. He is always cheerful, no matter what happens. You can't take him by surprise. He does not bother the farmer or his wife. He never catches cold, because he knows how to take care of himself.

He does not disturb cattle or birds, nor does he break down hedges or branches of living trees. He does not leave bits of paper or orange-peel lying about; he burns them on his small camp fire. Above all, he never leaves broken bottles anywhere. He has enough sense to know that they may land on an animal or man, or puncture a cycle or motor tyre. In fact, he uses his brain. "Think before you act" is the old hand's motto.

I shall have to tell you a good deal more about campfires, and how to make them, how to light them and how to lay them, and the best woods for burning and kindling. There's more to know than you might think. Some city-bred folk imagine you've only got to pump a tent on a field, and you're "camping." Not doing you believe it! Camping is an art—a sport, in fact, and like all sports, you've got to "get wise" before you're a real sportsman.

No good going to camp if you're not going to do the thing properly.

(Another splendid article on camping out next week.)



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(His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—"Sunday Pictorial" of 3rd April states: "I discovered that the Prince has caught the fashion of chewing gum. He chewed on the grand stand, chewed as he mounted, and was still chewing when he won.")

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PULLING BUNTER'S LEG!

A Short Story of Griefriars.

"Bunter!"
"Letter for Bunter!"
"Hallo! Where's Bunter?"
A crowd of juniors were grouped round the letter-rack, and were scrutinising a letter addressed to "Master W. G. Bunter."

"Who's that calling me?" asked Billy Bunter, coming in at the doorway.
"Letter for you," said Vernon-Smith, handing the envelope to the Owl of the Removs."

"What are you grinning for?" asked Bunter, as he grabbed at the envelope.
"Was I grinning?" asked Vernon-Smith.
"Well, it's certainly rather amusing for you— to receive a letter. I suppose it's a reminiscence from one of your titled relations?"

"Bound to be!" said Bunter, sitting open the envelope. "I've been expecting a postal-order for some days. I— Why, there's no letter, and—"

"What about the postal-order?"
"There isn't one—only a pea—a leasty green pea!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Let's have a look at it!"
Billy Bunter brought forth the pea, and gazed at it open-mouthed. It was very annoying to expect a postal-order, and to receive only a green pea.

The Removs roared with laughter.
"It's a swindle!" declared Bunter, with

indignation. "I wish I could get hold of the chap who sent this. I'd— Hallo! What do you want?"

Bunter's remarks were addressed to the page-boy, who had suddenly appeared on the scene, and was laughing with the rest.

"Letter for you, Master Bunter," he said.
"Just been left by hand!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Open it, Fatty!"

Bunter opened the letter, and drew forth a piece of paper, upon which was the drawing of a human eye.

Bunter gasped. The Removs roared.
"Some mistake, Bunter!" said Squiff.

"Yes, I'm here," said Bunter. "What do you want? Another letter for me?"

"Yes," said Blagg—"a registered one. Sign here, please!"

"Gee-whiz!" gasped Vernon-Smith. "Another of 'em!"

Billy Bunter signed the official form, and grabbed at the letter.

"I suppose this contains some more silly nonsense like the others!" he growled. "Yes, I thought so. A horse! What silly fool has sent me this? I wish I could get hold of him! I'd give him socks!"

"What is it?" asked Vernon-Smith. "A gee-gee?"

"Yes," said Bunter, holding out a piece of paper containing the drawing of a horse.

"Ha, ha!" roared Vernon-Smith. "That's jolly funny! First you receive a pea, then an eye, and then a gee-gee. Ha, ha, ha— It's too funny for words! I guess the fellow who sent you those knew something about you, Bunter!"

"You grinning asses!" roared Bunter. "What are you laughing at, I'd like to know!"

"Look here, Bunter," chuckled Vernon-Smith. "You've received a pea, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And an eye?"

"Yes."

"And a gee—a horse, you know?"

"Yes."

"Well, what does P-I-G spell?"

"Pig!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" roared Billy Bunter. "I'd like to know— Why, I believe you know something about it, Smithy, you rotter!"

"Sorry, Bunter, but I've just remembered that I'm going to tea with Bob Cherry," said Vernon-Smith. "Ta-ta."

WHERE ARE THESE BOYS RUNNING TO?



They are would-be contributors to "Billy Bunter's Weekly," hastening to offer their literary efforts to the editor of that famous school paper. In next Friday's issue of the "Popular" you will be able to read those of their contributions that Billy Bunter has not rejected! Ask your newsagent TO-DAY to keep you a copy of Friday's "Popular."

"What do you chaps know about this?" roared Bunter, glancing round. "I don't mind an ordinary jape, but this is a bit too thick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If I catch the chap who's responsible," continued Bunter, "I'll have no mercy on him!"

"Who is it, Bunter?"

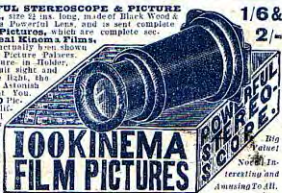
"How do I know?" growled Bunter. "That's what I want to find out."

"Master Bunter here?"

The Removs looked round, to see the figure of Blagg, the local postman, on the steps.

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