

BUMPER NUMBER!—NEW STORIES—FREE PHOTOS!

No. 770. Vol. XXII.

Week ending Nov. 11th, 1922.

The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories

28
Pages



Preston North End



**BIG MONEY PRIZES in a
SIMPLE FOOTBALL COMPETITION
IN THIS ISSUE.**

BILLY BUNTER, VENTRILOQUIST, MAKES THE IDOL SPEAK!

(An amazing episode from the long complete school story inside.)

The Editor's Chat



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

THE COMPANION PAPERS' GREAT GIFTS!

This is the first week of our greatly enlarged weekly, and I sincerely hope all my chums like the MAGNET Library in its new form. I have crammed the twenty-eight pages just as full as I possibly could, and I flatter myself that I have obtained the very best stories it is possible to get. Mr. Richards, in my opinion, has surpassed himself. Never before have I read the story of Harry Wharton & Co. with greater interest.

How do you like our free photos? You want to collect these splendid photos, my chums, for they will undoubtedly look fine in a nice album.

NEXT WEEK, my chums, I am presenting you with ANOTHER GRAND FREE REAL PHOTO of a famous football team. Look out for it inside the paper with the orange-coloured cover—that's the MAGNET Library! Make no mistake about it, my chums! Order your copy now. Your newsgent will keep for you or deliver to you a copy of the MAGNET Library without any extra cost.

ON WEDNESDAY, the "Gem" Library appears on sale, resplendent in a brightly-coloured cover, and enlarged to twenty-eight pages like this, its companion paper. THE "GEM" LIBRARY IS PRESENTING EVERY READER WITH A SPLENDID AUTOGRAPHED REAL PHOTO OF JAMES BLAIR IN ACTION! This is a great scoop, for, although some time ago I gave away action photos, this is the first time I have been able to present you also with the player's signature. Keep on the right side of Wednesday, my chums, and see that you get the "Gem" Library. It contains twenty-eight pages of school, sport, and detective stories, the chief feature being the grand long complete story of Tom Merry & Co. There is also a story of Anthony-Sharp, the new detective, who brings terror to the criminals of the underworld. Then there is a complete sports story, and a heap of other interesting features.

TO-MORROW will see the publication of our grand companion paper, the "Popular." Inside every copy of the "Popular" will be found A FREE REAL PHOTO OF A FAMOUS SPORTSMAN! Don't forget to-morrow, then!

Readers will be asking what about the "Boys' Friend"?

Next week, my chums, THE "BOYS' FRIEND" will present every reader with TWO SPLENDID HAND-COLOURED FREE REAL PHOTOS OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS. The printers have rushed a copy of these free photos to me, and I must say they are extraordinarily good. The colouring is perfect and

accurate, whilst the portraits are clear, and as neat as one could possibly wish.

The best way and the safest way to secure all these splendid gifts is to ORDER THE COMPANION PAPERS TO BE SAVED FOR YOU! THE "MAGNET," THE "POPULAR," THE "GEM" LIBRARY, and THE "BOYS' FRIEND."

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

"LOST ON THE CONGO!"

By Frank Richards.

The title of our next grand long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter is thrilling enough. But that is as nothing compared with the magnificent, exciting, and thrilling story itself. Never before has Mr. Frank Richards written such an exciting story, and my faith in this most wonderful author has increased tenfold.

Harry Wharton & Co., with Billy Bunter, go ashore and indulge in a little exploration on their own. After a time they wish they had not indulged in any exploration at all! They lose themselves—and themselves walking in a circle on their own trail, and they are left to fight for themselves. There are wild animals to be encountered—animals far, far wilder than even Billy Bunter at his worst, as the irrepressible Bob Cherry puts it.

Not only are there the wild animals to avoid or fight, but there are savages—natives who don't know who Billy Bunter is, and don't care. But he certainly looks a tempting meal—in the savage eyes—and they make away with William George. It is left to the chums then to get hold of their fat companion, and in doing so Harry Wharton is compelled to perform an act most abhorrent to him.

It is a grim fight, this. They have to go through with it. They are fighting for their lives, and true to the traditions of Britishers and Greyfriars fellows, they fight hard.

Probably the most extraordinary part in the adventure is the part played by Billy Bunter.

I will write no more of next week's story of the Greyfriars chums who are

"LOST ON THE CONGO!"

than to say that if you miss this story you will be very sorry, for boys all over the country will be talking about it,

and the news will come to you. Order your copy, I say again, and be safe!

Then we shall have another thrilling story of Ferrers Locke, entitled:

"THE SHADOWER!"

By Owen Conquest.

The shadower is Jack Drake, and Jack—who was once a Greyfriars boy—has a very hot time of it. But the gallant assistant of a gallant detective goes through with it, although he knows that he is up against somebody who has already slain two men.

THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.

Will again offer you prizes for a simple speech. I am pleased that this feature has gained so much popularity. Certainly it deserves to, for I consider that the juniors are extremely enterprising in the businesslike way they hold their Parliament.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

Peter Todd's Special Number!

Next week will see the publication of Peter Todd's special number of the "Greyfriars Herald." Harry Wharton was able to arrange for a good many stories and articles before he went away, but somebody has to take the helm, so to speak, in the absence of the "skipper." The choice falls upon Peter, whose first effort is very good—and highly interesting.

FINAL WORDS.

Altogether, I think next week's number is going to be an even better number than this, and that's saying a lot, isn't it? All I hope is that my chums will not be disappointed by not taking every precaution to ensure their getting copies of this popular weekly. There is only one safe way—that is to order a copy, and I make no apologies for repeating that advice.

After all, it is better for me to keep warning you than to have to write to you and express my sorrow because you failed to get the last copy in the shop!

Until next week, then, I shall say—au revoir!

Your Editor.



Let Your Editor Know What You Think of This Wonderful Bumper Issue!

Known all over
the world as
**THE BEST
BOYS' PAPER**
WITH THE
**BIG SCHOOL
STORY.**

No. 770. Vol. XXII.

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**EVERY WEEK
A WONDERFUL
PROGRAMME
OF STORIES
OF SCHOOL,
SPORT,
DETECTIVE
AND
ADVENTURE.**

FROM GREYFRIARS SCHOOL TO AFRICA! Harry Wharton & Co. have had many exciting adventures in their time, but none to compare with the present. Away from their school, in the heart of mysterious Africa, with the dark shadow of an enemy always across their track, searching for a great buried treasure!



A New Extra Long Complete Story, dealing with the thrilling adventures of the Famous Chums of Greyfriars and Billy Bunter on their long expedition into the Congo.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the splendid tales of Greyfriars now appearing in the "POPULAR.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Under Tropical Skies!

"N O construe this morning!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a chuckle from the chums of the Greyfriars Remove. Just then Greyfriars School seemed a long way behind Harry Wharton & Co.

The Famous Five of the Remove were far from their native heath.

On the other side of the globe the Remove were in their Form-room, receiving valuable—if not valued—instruction from Mr. Quelch. And Harry Wharton & Co., with wide-brimmed hats shading their sunburnt faces, were sitting on a veranda in the Marina of Lagos, in West Africa, sipping cooling drinks.

They did not seem to miss the Form-room and the Latin class—or the beauties of Virgil as expounded by Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. Far from that! They looked as if they were having

the time of their lives, as indeed they were.

It was hot; but one expected it to be hot in the tropics. Only Billy Bunter grumbled peevishly at the heat. If he had been back in England, Bunter would have grumbled at the cold. Bunter could always be relied upon to grumble at something.

The Famous Five were taking it cheerily. They had a fine view from the hotel veranda, and they were never tired of staring at the lagoon and the sandbanks and the ocean beyond, and at the queer sights in the street below them.

It was their first day ashore in Africa, Lagos being the end of the first stage on their journey to the Congo.

The next day a coast steamer was to bear them, on their way to the south, across the Gulf of Guinea. Now they were having a look round Lagos, glad of a run ashore.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, Bunter?" roared Bob Cherry.

There was really no need to roar, as William George Bunter was sprawling in the long cane chair only six feet away. But Bob was in exuberant spirits, as he generally was. And when Bob was exuberant he was accustomed to putting on the loud pedal, as it were.

"No!" snapped Bunter.

"What's wrong, fatty?" asked Johnny Bull.

"It's hot!"

"They've got a telephone in this place, I suppose?" remarked Frank Nugent. "Shall I run in and ask them to telephone for a cool spell of weather, Bunter?"

This was sarcastic; but sarcasm was wasted on the Owl of the Remove. He grunted.

"Don't be an ass, Nugent! It's beastly hot! I really don't think I shall be able to stand it!"

"The hotfulness is not terrific, my esteemed grouching Bunter," remarked THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 770.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh soothingly. "The warmfulness is mild and pleasant."

Another grunt from Bunter. He did not find the "warmfulness" either mild or pleasant. But the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur was enjoying himself. The African sun reminded him of his native India. He revelled in the blaze.

"I dare say you like it!" snapped Bunter.

"The likefulness is great!"

"But I'm not a nigger!" said Bunter. "I don't like it."

"But I'm not a nigger, my esteemed, fat-headed Bunter," said the nabob mildly.

"Can't see much difference."

Bob Cherry began to glare.

"Would you see better if I bugged my knuckles in your eye, Bunter?" he asked. "Eh? No."

"Then you'd better shut up," said Bob.

Snort!

"What's the good of grousing, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton. "It's hot, and no mistake—but we're lucky to be here. It was no end of a catch to get this trip with Captain Corkran. And we're going on to the Congo—the only Greyfriars fellows who've ever been there!"

"I dare say the Congo's hotter than this," grunted Bunter.

"Very likely."

"I've a jolly good mind to take the next steamer home," said Billy Bunter morosely. "What would you fellows do then without me?"

Billy Bunter blinked severely at the chums of Greyfriars through his big spectacles as he propounded this poser.

Apparently he expected to see blank dismay overspread five cheery faces, on the spot.

If so, he was disappointed. Harry Wharton & Co. did not look in the least dismayed by the prospect of losing Bunter.

"You shouldn't say that, Bunter," urged Johnny Bull. "It's unfeeling to rouse our hopes, only to dash them to the ground again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

"Cheer up, fatty," said Wharton. "Have another drink? These iced drinks are quite nice."

"What I need," said Bunter, "is a peg to set me up."

"A peg?"

"Yes—same as those chaps are having. Bother your limejuice and lemonade! I want a peg."

The juniors chuckled. At another table along the shady veranda three or four planters were seated, smoking cheroots and drinking whisky pegs—about the worst thing they could have done in such a climate. The effect of one of those potent "pegs" on Bunter would certainly have been disastrous. But the fat junior was evidently keen on sampling the Lagos fire-water.

"You utter ass!" said Bob Cherry witheringly. "It would knock you over on the spot! Let me catch you sampling the whisky; I'll shove it down the back of your silly neck!"

"Yah!"

"Don't be an ass, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "Now, are you coming for a stroll round the town?"

"No, I'm not!" grunted Bunter.

"Too jolly tired, and it's too hot. And don't you fellows leave me here alone. Captain Corkran said we were to keep together till he came for us."

"But—"

"I'm going to order a peg," said

Bunter defiantly. "Why shouldn't we do as we like when we're away from school? No need to be afraid of Quelehy when he's thousands of miles away. As Captain Corkran gave you the money for the expenses, Wharton, you will have to pay for it."

"Not for a peg!" said Wharton, laughing. "Anything else you like. The limejuice is very good."

"Pah!"

Evidently Billy Bunter desired to "spread" himself in his own way. But the captain of the Remove did not intend to allow the Owl to spread himself to the extent of whisky pegs. According to Bunter, he was the chief of the Greyfriars party. According to the other fellows, he wasn't. And so far it certainly seemed that their view was the correct one, though Bunter's time was coming, if they had only known it.

As there was to be no peg Bunter decided on the lime, and he blinked round for the black waiter.

That ebony-complexioned gentleman had just come out on the veranda, with a tray and bottle and glass, to serve a man who was sitting by himself at a little table near the Greyfriars juniors.

The juniors had noticed the man already. He was a slim, saw-toothed Spaniard, with a thick black moustache that did not wholly hide a scar on his mouth—a scar that marked both lips. Once or twice it had occurred to Harry Wharton that the man was listening to the talk among the juniors. His keen black eyes rested on them frequently, though why an utter stranger should take any interest in their talk was a mystery. Wharton had caught sight of him on the Marina, after landing from the steamer, and now he had settled down near the juniors on the hotel veranda.

"Waiter!" snapped Bunter.

"Yes, sir! Coming, sir!"

The black gentleman made that reply over his shoulder as he set down the tray on the Spaniard's table.

"Come at once, confound you!" exclaimed Bunter.

Perhaps the short-sighted Owl of the Remove did not see that the waiter was occupied. More probably he did not care. The heat made Billy Bunter irritable, and he had a persuasion, too, that he could talk as he liked to a mere "nigger."

"Shut up, Bunter!" breathed Bob Cherry. "Haven't you any manners, you fat bouncer?"

"Cheese it, Bob Cherry!"

"What?"

"I don't want any cheek from you," said Bunter. "We're not at Greyfriars now. You fellows had better understand, right at the start, that I'm not taking any cheek from you."

"My esteemed Bunter—"

"Shut up, Inky! Waiter! You dashed nigger, come and take my order!" bawled Bunter.

The black waiter had finished serving the Spaniard. But instead of coming to Bunter's table he disappeared into the hotel again, apparently deaf.

"Waiter!" shrieked Bunter.

No reply.

The Owl of the Remove breathed wrath. His lordly commands were utterly disregarded by a mere nigger. It was enough to make William George Bunter wrathful.

"That black rotter heard me, and took no notice!" gasped Bunter.

"Serve you right!" growled Johnny Bull. "I'd have pulled your ear if I'd been the giddy waiter."

"Shut up, Bull! I'm going to kick

that cheeky nigger for this," said Bunter. "I'm not going to stand any airs from a nigger, I can tell you that. No black brother bizney for me! Not much! What they want is kicking, and plenty of it!"

"I think you could do with a little yourself," said Harry Wharton. "If you make a row here, Bunter, you'll get it!"

"Yes, rather!" growled Bob.

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

Bunter gave his comrades a glare of wrath through his big spectacles. This was not the way for followers to speak to a leader—especially a leader like Billy Bunter!

"You wait till he comes out again, and see!" said Bunter.

"You fat chump!"

The waiter reappeared. Apparently he had another order to fill for the Spanish gentleman, for he came towards the scarred man's table. Billy Bunter's eyes glittered behind his glasses. His fat paw groped in a basket of fresh lime fruit, and he clutched up a lime, and before his companions guessed what he was at, he hurled it at the black waiter's head. That, according to Bunter, was the way to treat cheeky niggers.

Whiz!

But Billy Bunter had never been distinguished as a marksman. The lime missed the black waiter by a good foot, shot past him, and landed on the saw-toothed face of the scarred Spaniard.

Squash!

"My only hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Carambo!" yelled the Spaniard, in astonishment and wrath; and he leaped to his feet.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Trouble in Lagos!

CRASH!

The Spaniard leaped up so suddenly that his knees caught the little single-legged table before him, and sent it spinning. Bottle and glass went to the veranda floor with a smashing and a crashing that rang far and wide.

"Golly!" gasped the black waiter, starting back, rolling his eyes till they gleamed white.

"Oh crumbs!" stuttered Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. jumped up, utterly dismayed and disconcerted. Had the lime fruit squashed on the black waiter, it would have been bad enough. But it had smashed in the face of a white man—an unoffending stranger—and it was only too clear that that white man was not a good-tempered white man. A liberal tip might have set the matter right in the case of the waiter; but how the Spanish gentleman was to be placated was too much of a problem.

He was dabbing his face furiously with a handkerchief, and swearing loudly—fortunately in Spanish. What his words implied was unknown to the English boys, but it was obvious that they were words of a most emphatic character.

"You fat idiot!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"I—I meant it for the nigger!" gasped Bunter feebly.

"You dummy!" roared Johnny Bull.

"You terrific ass!"

"Now look out for squalls!" murmured Bob Cherry. "You're for it, Bunter, and serve you jolly well right!"

"Oh crumbs!"

The scarred man, having finished dabbing his face, turned upon Billy Bunter with a deadly glitter in his black eyes. He strode towards the juniors' table. His

swearing had been in Spanish, so they were rather surprised to hear him speak now in good English.

"You—you rascal! You threw that in my face!" he shouted.

Bunter dodged round the table. "It was an accident!" he gasped.

"I will thrash you!"

"Help!" yelled Bunter.

Every man on the veranda was on his feet now, staring towards the disturbance. The scarred man followed Bunter round the table, a thick walking-cane grasped in his hand. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another, undecided. Bunter certainly deserved a thrashing for what he had done. There was no doubt about that. They felt that they could not interfere so long as the injured party kept within limits. The trouble was that the scarred man did not look as if he would keep within limits—his look was almost murderous.

His dusky hand was on Bunter's collar in a moment, and the cane rose and fell with loud whacks.

Lash, lash, lash!

Billy Bunter struggled and roared.

"I say, you fellows, help! Yooop! Rescue! Help! Murder! Fire! Yaroooh!"

Lash, lash, lash!

The scarred man was beside himself with rage. Bunter yelled frantically as the heavy cane lashed and lashed on his portly person.

"That's enough!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Chuck it, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "He asked for it, but he's had enough."

The scarred man did not heed.

He lashed again, eliciting a fiendish yell from Billy Bunter, and Harry Wharton sprang forward, and caught his arm as it was raised for another lash.

The scarred man turned a savage look on the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Let go my arm!" he hissed, between his teeth. His scarred lips were drawn back, like those of a snarling animal, disclosing two rows of tobacco-browned teeth—not a pleasant sight.

"Bunter's had enough," said Harry quietly. "Let him alone!"

"Will you let go my arm?"

"No!" said Wharton curtly.

"Then take that, you meddling cub!"

The scarred man released Bunter, and dashed his left fist into Wharton's face with savage force.

"Oh!"

Wharton staggered back under the savage blow, half dazed. Then the scarred man turned to Bunter again. The fat junior yelled.

"You cheeky rotter!" roared Bob Cherry, and he made a spring at the Spaniard as Wharton staggered back.

"Hands off! Oh!" spluttered the Spaniard, as Bob, full of wrath, drove a clenched fist into his swarthy face.

It was the Spaniard's turn to stagger, and he went back helplessly, and crashed on the veranda. The blow was a hefty one, with all Bob Cherry's "beef" behind it.

Wharton caught at the table, and saved himself from falling. His lip was cut, and the blood oozed over his chin.

"The rotter!" he gasped.

The Spaniard lay on his back, glaring up dazedly at the juniors.

The Famous Five gathered in a group, ready for more trouble. For a full minute the scarred man lay and gasped. Then with a sudden spring he was on his feet and rushing at the juniors. His swarthy face was convulsed with rage.

"Collar him!" shouted Nugent.

The Spaniard was promptly collared by the five juniors, and swept off his feet. He went to the planks again with a crash.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not feel disposed to stand on ceremony with him. He had been the injured party in the first place, but he was evidently a brutal ruffian, as savage as a wild animal. ... spat out curses as he sprawled at their feet.

"You'll get some more of that if you come on again, you rotten brute!" said Harry Wharton, setting his teeth.

"Carambo!"

"Blow off steam, if you like," said Bob Cherry kindly. "But no more of your wild cat bizney, or we'll jolly well bump you!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I'm hurt!" yelled Bunter.

"Serve you jolly well right!"

"Beast!"

"Look out!" yelled Johnny Bull, as the scarred man scrambled up again, his black eyes blazing.

There was a glitter of steel in the hot sunshine—a knife gleamed in the dusky hand. At the same moment there was a heavy footfall on the wooden steps of the veranda from the street, and a little, lithe, sun-tanned man came quickly up. It was Captain Corkran.

"Stand back, Pedro Casco!" rapped out the captain.

"Captain Corkran!" gasped Wharton in great relief.

"Cousin Kit!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Thank goodness!"

Kit Corkran stepped between the Greyfriars juniors and the enraged ruffian. His hand was in the pocket of his jacket—through the white linen the shape of a revolver could be seen. The Spaniard evidently saw it, for he leaped back, and the knife disappeared from his hand as if by magic. His black eyes fastened on the tanned face of the explorer.

"You!" he muttered.

"Little me!" said the captain cheerily.

"You're at your old games, Casco; you were always too handy with the knife. I fancy this is a matter for the police."

The Spaniard backed away farther. A sudden leap carried him over the teak rail of the veranda, and the next moment he was running. Captain Corkran shrugged his shoulders and laughed. Apparently Pedro Casco had no desire for dealings with the Lagos police; and the Greyfriars party were glad enough to see him go. As his fleeing footfalls died away the captain turned to the juniors.

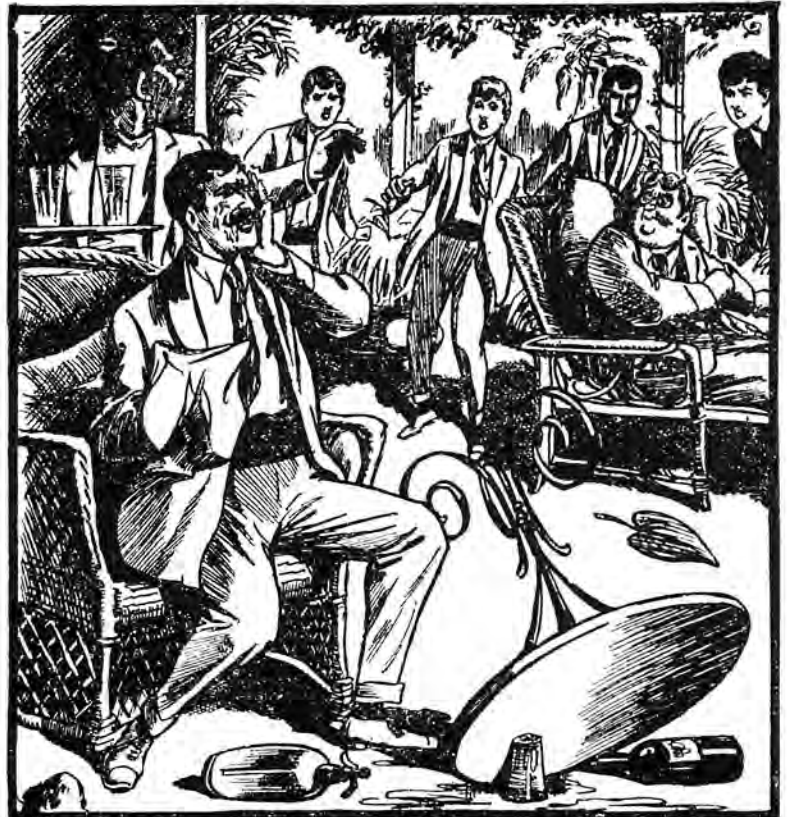
"So you've been getting into a row already in Lagos!" he remarked.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Kick for Billy Bunter!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. coloured uncomfortably.

It was the first time since leaving England that they had been out of the captain's charge, and undoubtedly they had landed in a



Billy Bunter picked up the lime and hurled it at the black waiter. But it missed the man by a good foot, shot past him, and landed on the sallow face of the scarred Spaniard. Squash! "My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. (See Chapter 1.)

NEXT
MONDAY!

"LOST ON THE CONGO!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S
ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. By FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 770.

"row." And none of the Famous Five felt inclined to explain that it was all Bunter's fault.

Kit Corkran bent his single gleaming eye upon them inquiringly. The fixed stare of his glass left eye made the glance of his live eye seem all the more penetrating.

"Well?" he said.
"Hem!"

Bunter, as the Owl of the Remove uttered that dismal groan.

"What's the matter with you, Bunter?"

"Yow-ow-ow! I'm hurt!"

"He was thrashing Bunter, sir," said Harry Wharton at last. "We thought he was piling it on too thick, so we chipped in."

"Bunter" seems born to land in

"So you cheeked the waiter, and chucked a lime fruit at his head," said Captain Corkran. "I should think my old school had deteriorated a good deal, Bunter, if I had to judge it by you."

"Oh, really, sir—"

Captain Corkran looked round.

"Brass Pot!" he called out.

"Yes, sar! Coming, sar!"

The black waiter answered to that

Histories of Famous Football Clubs.

No. 7. Everton F.C.

INTERESTING ITEMS IN THE HISTORY OF A FAMOUS CLUB!

IF youthful enthusiasts of soccer ever want an example of enterprise, they have only to study the history of the Everton Football Club, an exemplary case of enterprise.

Like a few other of our large professional organisations, Everton was evolved from a cricket club in 1878, and played its first match about the Christmas of that year.

From that time onwards they have gone on hand in hand with prosperity, and also a goodly measure of success has attended them. For eight seasons prior to the opening of their present enclosure at Goodison Park by Lord Kinnaird, their headquarters were at Anfield Road.

Financially they must rank as one of the richest clubs in England, and just as a comparison between the past and the present, I will state that their first gate on an enclosed ground in 1882 was the princely sum of thirteen shillings.

Nowadays a day's takings average as much as £2,000.

Ever since its foundation in 1878 Everton have always figured in the First Division of the Football League, and can claim to have won the championship twice. The first occasion was at the end of the 1890-1 season, with a total of 29 points out of a possible 44, and the second being twenty-four years later, with 46 out of 77 points.

At other times, although consistent, they have not done as well as one would expect of such a club with great wealth.

From the seasons 1888-9 to 1921-2 they have secured 1,129 out of a possible 2,032 points, an average of 37.6 per season.

They have once been in danger of relegation, this being last year, when they could only muster 36 points as the result of the season's work.

As regards the English Cup Competition, they have always been regarded as doughty opponents, although their successes have been few. Their first season of prominence as Cup fighters was in 1892-3, when they reached the final stage, only to be defeated by Wolverhampton Wanderers. Incidentally this tie was

margins, the result being 1-0 in the Toffee-makers' favour.

They again appeared in the final in 1907, and this time were in opposition to Sheffield Wednesday, to whom the honours went.

Apart from these successes in the Cup Competition, they have reached the semi-final stages four times.

As regards the players of this famous club, at one period, in 1894, Everton boasted of no less than twelve Internationals on the books.

Some of the football stars who have been seen in their colours, are B. Howarth, W. Stewart, Nick Ross, J. Bell, E. Chadwick, and J. Holt. It is said that Chadwick was the greatest exponent of left-wing play of his day.

This article would not be complete without mentioning Jack Sharp and Harry Makepeace, both figuring in the limelight of county cricket, Bert Freeman, Scott, Maconnachie, and Sandy Young.

It is thirteen years since Bert Freeman established a record for goal scoring—38 goals in 37 matches. This record still stands, although Joe Smith, of Bolton Wanderers, equalled it in 41 games in the season of 1920-1.

Last season they were beaten by Crystal Palace on their own ground in the first round of the Cup Competition by 6 goals to nil; but on this occasion Fern, their goalkeeper, was incapacitated by arm injury, yet the Everton directors deemed fit to play him.

Two outstanding members of their vanguard are Stanley Fazackerley, and S. Chedgzooy, both brilliant performers, while R. Downs at back is still a tower of strength to the team.

(The next article of this splendid series will deal with the history of Notts Forest F.C.)



SAM CHEDGZOY, of Everton.

decided at Fallowfield, Manchester, the first place where the final was played other than in London.

Again in 1897 they reached the final stage, but Aston Villa were too good for them.

However, nine seasons later they achieved their ambition, for in the season of 1905-6 they overcame Newcastle United by the narrowest of

"You were in charge of the party, Wharton. You ought to have kept clear of trouble with a ruffian and cut-throat like that."

"You know him, sir?" asked Harry. "I've met him on the Congo," said Corkran dryly. "Not a desirable acquaintance by any means. Why did you row with him?"

"We! We didn't exactly—"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Captain Corkran turned his eyes on

trouble," said Corkran. "What was Casco licking you for, Bunter?"

"Yow-ow! He's a beast!" groaned Bunter. "I didn't mean the stuff to bash into his silly face! Ow! I chucked it at the nigger."

Captain Corkran knitted his brows. In a few minutes he drew the whole story from Bunter—with many groans. Bunter apparently expected sympathy from the explorer. He did not receive any.

peculiar name. He came up, grinning and bowing, evidently well acquainted with the explorer.

Captain Corkran indicated Bunter with a lean brown finger.

"This boy, who belongs to my party, has been impudent to you!" he said.

Bunter gasped.

Impudent—to a waiter! Impudent—to a nigger! William George Bunter felt that he must be dreaming.

Brass Pot grinned.

NEXT
MONDAY!

"LOST ON THE CONGO!"

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A SPLENDID STORY OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S
ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. !! By FRANK RICHARDS.

"There seems to have been some damage done," said Corkran. "I shall pay for it, Brass Pot."

"Yes, sar!"

"Bunter—this ill-mannered boy—will apologise to you for his rudeness," continued the captain.

"Yes, sar!" grinned Brass Pot.

"Then you will kick him down the steps!"

"Yes, sar!"

"You hear, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter gasped. Certainly he was dreaming. This couldn't be true. Apologise to a black waiter of the Slave Coast! But it was no dream—it was a reality; and the grip of Captain Corkran on his collar convinced Bunter of it, amazing as it was.

"I—I—I—" stuttered Bunter.

"Apologise to Brass Pot at once!"

"I—I won't!"

"What?" thundered the captain.

"I—I—I mean I will!" gasped Bunter, quaking.

"Buck up, you young rascal!"

"I—I—I—" Bunter glared at the grinning Brass Pot with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. "I—I—I—apologise."

"Yes, sar!" said Brass Pot.

Captain Corkran swung the Owl of the Remove to the top of the broad wooden steps down to the street.

"Kick him out, Brass Pot!"

"Yes, sar!" chuckled Brass Pot. "Me lib for kick dash hard!"

"Yaroooo!" roared Bunter in anticipation.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Brass Pot evidently enjoyed his job. Fortunately for Bunter, his feet were bare. Bare as they were, however, they were large and they were hefty; and Brass Pot put a considerable amount of energy into the kick he bestowed on William George Bunter.

"Yooooop!"

Billy Bunter went staggering down the steps, and sat at the bottom, roaring. There was a yell of laughter on the veranda.

"Me lib for kick two time, sar?" asked Brass Pot eagerly.

"Ha, ha! No; that's enough," said Corkran.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow-wow!" came from Billy Bunter, still reposing at the bottom of the steps. "Wow-wow-wow!"

When Harry Wharton & Co. came down and picked him up, Billy Bunter did not speak. His wrath was too deep for words. And instead of sympathising with him, the chums of the Remove persisted in chortling, evidently under the impression that the lordly William George had received exactly what he had asked for.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In the Gulf of Guinea.

"ROTTER!"

That was Bunter's opinion of the coast steamer, on which Captain Corkran and his party had taken passage from Lagos down the Gulf. And for once the chums of the Remove were almost in agreement with Bunter.

The steamer that had brought them out from England had been quite a well-appointed and comfortable vessel. The change to the West African coast steamer was very great.

Captain Corkran, used to roughing it in a life spent in travel and exploration,



Captain Corkran came on deck, and he raised his eyebrows at the sight of the seared man. Casco swept off his Panama hat in salute, with a mocking grin. "You here, Senor Casco!" said the captain. "We are fellow-travellers, it seems, amigo!" said the Spaniard. (See Chapter 5.)

cared little what quarters he found himself in. And possibly he considered it judicious to let the Greyfriars fellows have a sample of rough life before they reached the Congo, where they would certainly be up against discomfort and hardship in a much more pronounced fashion than on board the rusty, dusty old steamer commanded by O Capitao Pereira.

The Ganso was a little steamer plying on the coasts of the Gulf of Guinea. Captain Pereira drove a trade in the Gulf, sometimes drumming for cargo between Lagos, the Cameroons, and the Congo, sometimes trading with the natives, sometimes running a cargo of dried fish and fruits. His ways of making a living were various, and, to judge by the state of the Ganso, all of them smelly. All sorts and conditions of cargoes had been carried by the Ganso, and each seemed to have left its own peculiar smell behind. And the admixture and commingling of smells—all of them nasty—had produced a final scent that could almost be cut with a knife.

Nevertheless, Harry Wharton and Co., though they sniffed, did not grouse when the Ganso ran out over the bar at Lagos and headed into the Bight of Benin. It really wasn't necessary to grouse, as Bunter did enough for six.

Tropical heat helped to draw smells from the unwashed planks of the Ganso. But the juniors bore it all manfully. They had heard that the Congo had its own powerful scent, which they would experience when they got there; but, as Bob Cherry remarked, if the Congo beat the Portuguese steamer it would be a real corker.

Captain Pereira—or O Capitao Pereira, in his own language—was a little fat gentleman, oozing perspiration and politeness. He was never seen without a black cheroot in his mouth—perhaps he found it efficacious against the smells. His lips and teeth and fingers were black with tobacco stains; he lived in an atmosphere of strong tobacco. From his copper-coloured face his little beady, black eyes twinkled good-humouredly. He bowed like a dancing-master in greeting to his passengers, and addressed them in English—Coast English, which they found it rather hard to grasp. He assigned them, with a flourish, to their cabins, and he was so polite that with equal politeness the Co. carefully concealed what they thought of the cabins, and the ship, and the capitao himself.

The crew of the steamer was black—six Krooboyes, with muscular limbs and grinning good-humoured faces. The engineer was—or had been—a white man; but he looked almost as dark as a Krooman. He was a Portuguese and had no English. The cook was a black Congo boy, also grinning and good-humoured. Indeed, good-humour seemed to reign supreme on board the coast steamer—possibly because its crew were easily satisfied. Certainly a white crew would not have been good-tempered in such surroundings.

The accommodation on the Ganso was not luxurious. Captain Corkran had a state-room to himself, and there was another passenger—whom the juniors had not yet seen—who had the other state-room. The six juniors were divided between two cabins that had previously

The Famous Schoolboys—Lost in the Great Wilds of Africa! See Next Week's Story!

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been stacked with cargo—whether it was dried fish or over-ripe fruit they did not know—but it had left much aroma behind for them.

Bunter almost gasped with wrath at the sight of his accommodation. He was almost speechless with indignation.

"Call this a cabin!" he stuttered.

Captain Pereira, having bowed the guests into their quarters, returned to the greasy, dirty deck. Billy Bunter stood and blinked round the cabin blankly.

"There's a cockroach!" he exclaimed suddenly.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Only one?" he asked. "I've already spotted about three dozen."

"Grooogh!"

"The cockroachfulness seems to be terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with rather a wry face. "But it cannot be helped! We must bear it grinfully, my esteemed chums."

"There aren't any bunks," roared Bunter.

"Hammocks!" said Wharton.

"I can't possibly sleep in a hammock."

"Poor old chap!" said

Nugent. "You're booked for some wakeful nights, then. There isn't anything else."

"It's rotten!"

"Can't be called nice!" admitted Bob Cherry. "But things are going to be much worse when we get to the Congo."

"I'm not going to stand it."

"Bow-wow!"

The juniors proceeded to place their baggage ready for use, unheeding Bunter and his complaints. The fact was, they were in rough quarters, but it was useless to grouse. They had not come out to Africa expecting to find things run as they were run at Greyfriars School. They would rather have faced danger than dirt perhaps, but at present it was dirt that had to be faced, and they made the best of it.

It was not Bunter's way to make the best of it, however. Brimming with indignation, he sought the deck and looked for Captain Corkran. He found that gentleman in conversation with O Capatao. They were speaking in Portuguese, one of the half-dozen languages Corkran spoke fluently. Corkran's Portuguese, in fact, was a good deal better than the capatao's. Bunter rolled up, with a crimson face of wrath.

"Captain Corkran!" he gasped.

Corkran glanced round good-humouredly. The capatao walked away to speak to his mate, another Portuguese named Pimenta.

"Making yourself comfortable, Bunter?" asked Corkran.

"No!" howled Bunter.

"Dear me!" said the captain.

"I can't travel on a rotten old tub like this," said Bunter. "I naturally thought I should be looked after better than this. Look here, Captain Corkran, we'd better come to an understanding."

"Much better," agreed the captain.

"You've brought me out to Africa," continued Bunter, "because my splendid ventriloquism is going to be useful to you

in dealing with the natives on the Congo."

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm willing to oblige you," said Bunter generously, "but I want something more decent than this, or I shall be compelled to throw up the whole thing."

"Is that all?"

"That's enough," said Bunter. "Either we get on a more decent ship than this, or I go back. That's final!"

"Very good," said the captain, unmoved. "Luckily, we are not far out of Lagos. I will call a native canoe—there are plenty around—and have you taken back to Lagos. You can get a passage home by the next steamer."

"I—I say—"

"Well?"

"Of course, I wouldn't desert you," said Bunter. "I don't exactly mean that. As I'm indispensable I couldn't very well leave you in the lurch."

Captain Corkran shook his head.

"That is a little mistake of yours, Master Bunter," he said. "You will, I hope, be useful to me; but you are not in the slightest degree indispensable."



Pickle Jar jumped out of the boat on to the deck. To Harry's surprise, he knelt on the dirty planks and touched the junior's shoes with his black, perspiring forehead.

Indeed, you are so much trouble that I should not be sorry to see the last of you."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Upon the whole, perhaps it will be better for you to return," said the captain thoughtfully. "I hoped that this voyage would help to make a man of you; but I am afraid that the necessary materials are lacking. I will call a native boat and send you back to Lagos."

"The—the fact is—"

"Well?"

"I'm sticking to you, sir," said Bunter. "I—I was only joking about—about going back."

Captain Corkran knitted his brows.

"I think I have told you before, Bunter, not to venture upon jokes with me," he said. "Now, I will give you a word of advice. You are going to rough it. Take it smilingly, like your comrades. Don't grouse and grumble. Make the best of it. Don't expect home comforts on the West Coast of Africa. You won't find them. And don't come to me

with any more impertinence, or I shall give you a rope's-end!"

"A—a—what?" gasped Bunter.

"A rope's-end—hard!"

And with that, the captain walked away.

Billy Bunter blinked after him, and went below in silence. On the steamer out from England the captain had been driven to licking him once—and Bunter remembered that licking. He did not want any more. And though the Owl of the Remove continued to grumble and grouse to his heart's content, he gave the Famous Five the sole privilege of listening to his grumbling and grouching, and did not bestow any more of it upon Christopher Corkran.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Casco Again!

"GREAT Scott!"

"Casco!"

It was early the following morning.

Harry Wharton & Co. had spent a night on the Portuguese trading steamer

that could not be called comfortable. It was a hot tropical night, and the smells of the ship were powerful, and the cockroaches were active and enterprising, and there were certain insects of a ferocious variety that haunted the cabins in great numbers. Mosquitoes couldn't be helped; but the other insects could have been helped, if the capatao had had a mind to it. But the worthy capatao was evidently indifferent to fleas.

The juniors came on deck in the glow of a tropical sunrise. Round the plunging little steamer the sea was deep blue, and the sky was blue overhead, with a blaze of rose-red in the east. The loveliness of the morning was a compensation for the dire discomforts of the night. The juniors breathed in the sea breeze, and felt cheered. Bunter was not up yet. Although he had declared that he couldn't sleep in a hammock, he seemed to be contriving to do so somehow, and he was still snoring below when the chums of the Remove came on deck.

The sight of a slim, lithe man with a swarthy face, sauntering, smoking on the dirty deck, surprised the juniors. They had heard that there was another passenger on the Ganso, whom they had not yet seen. They discovered now that he was the scarred Spaniard, Pedro Casco, with whom they had had trouble in Lagos.

They stared at the Spaniard, in surprise. Casco glanced at them with a slight grin, evidently not at all surprised by the meeting. It was plainly not unexpected on his side.

"Casco!" said Harry Wharton. "Jolly odd that he should be our fellow-passenger."

"The oddfulness is terrific."

Wharton knitted his brows. In Lagos, it had struck him that the scarred Spaniard had shown an interest in the party, before the row that had been started by Bunter. Now he was on the same steamer, apparently bound for the same destination. It was a strange coincidence, to say the least.

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Captain Corkran came on deck, and he raised his eyebrows at the sight of the scarred man. Casco swept off his Panama hat in salute, with a mocking grin.

"You here, Senor Casco!" said Corkran.

"We are fellow-travellers, it seems, amigo!" said the Spaniard. "How pleasant for both of us!"

"Then you are returning to the Congo?" said the captain.

"As you seem to be doing," said Casco.

The captain looked at him hard, and turned on his heel. He had no politeness to waste on the adventurer, that was clear.

The Greyfriars party breakfasted in the main cabin, with Capatao Pereira and Corkran, and Casco breakfasted at the same table. The ship's diet was of the fish fishy, so to speak; but Corkran had had provisions sent on board at Lagos for his party, so the juniors fared well. Casco addressed Captain Corkran several times, and received no reply, the explorer maintaining a grim silence so far as the scarred man was concerned. Casco shrugged his slim shoulders at last, and gave the benefit of his conversation to the capatao. When the Greyfriars party went on deck again, Harry Wharton was looking very thoughtful. He came up to Captain Corkran at last. Corkran was leaning on the rail, smoking, and looking away towards the dim coast of Africa.

He turned his head to Wharton with a cheery smile.

"How do you like roughing it?" he asked.

"We're not grouching," said Harry, laughing. "I wish the capatao was a little more particular about insects, that's all."

"I'm afraid you will have to harden yourself even to horrors like that, out here, my boy."

"Can't be helped," said Harry. "But I was going to speak to you about that Spanish chap, sir."

"Go ahead!" said Corkran tersely.

"I dare say it's only fancy," said Harry. "But I thought in Lagos that that fellow Casco was taking a sort of interest in us—that he was curious to hear what we said. He seemed to drop on us as soon as we landed, and he took the next table to us at the hotel. Now he's turned up on this steamer. It struck me as odd. He's a bad egg, I think, sir."

"One of the worst!" said Corkran.

"You've told us, sir, that you are going up the Congo to unearth a lot of buried ivory," said Harry. "It's worth a lot of money, I suppose?"

"A very great deal."

"You've seen Casco on the Congo?"

Corkran nodded.

"Yes; he traded with the blacks, for ivory and guns, and slaves, too. He is a pretty thorough-going rascal! He was a rubber overseer there once, and probably has killed more men than he has fingers and toes," said Corkran. "Blacks, of course—though he is not particular."

Wharton shivered a little.

It was hard for the schoolboy, fresh from Greyfriars, to realise that he was in a clime where human life was held so cheap.

"Is it possible that Casco knows anything about the buried ivory, sir?" he asked, in a low voice.

Corkran started a little.

"Probably," he answered, after a pause. "The little ivory ju-ju, with the map engraved on it, is in my hands now;

but it has passed through other hands. The man who brought it from the interior was killed at Boma by a knife-thrust in the back. He gave it to me when he died. The man who stabbed him was after it. I never knew who it was, but—"

Captain Corkran paused, and his glance travelled across the deck towards the lithe, sallow Spaniard, who was talking to one of the Kroo seamen.

"It came into my mind, sir, that the man may have an inkling of what you are after, and may be watching us," said Harry. "I thought I would mention it to you."

"Quite right, my boy. I shall keep a very keen eye on Senor Casco," said the captain. "I hardly think he would venture to play any tricks on me; he knows me of old, and he knows that I would shoot him like a dog! But in the Gulf of Guinea one cannot be too careful."

Corkran remained very thoughtful, after Wharton had left him. It was clear that the junior's suggestion had given him food for reflection.

But if Senor Casco had any designs on the Greyfriars party, he gave no evidence of them. He kept to himself, so far as they were concerned, and found company among the crew. Wharton, who was keenly suspicious of the man, looked at him many times, searchingly, but the Spaniard did not seem to heed his scrutiny. He was often seen, day after day, in talk with the Kroo seamen, evidently on the best of terms with them,

which was a strange circumstance in itself.

The Ganso made more than one call at the coast, as she ploughed her way southward, under blazing suns that seemed every day to blaze more brightly. The juniors were not allowed ashore, however; and Casco never left the steamer. Harry Wharton & Co. settled down in their new quarters, and even Billy Bunter ceased to grouse at last. The fat junior ate and slept, and slept and ate, and found solace therein.

But the calm monotony of the voyage was not destined to last unbroken.

It was a breathless night, when Wharton slipped out of his hammock, unable to sleep, and went on deck. Captain Pereira's insect friends were too much for him, added to the tropical heat, and the resonant snore of Billy Bunter from the adjoining cabin.

It was a little cooler on deck. There was a slight breeze off the coast, and it was welcome, though it brought the sickly scent of the mangrove swamps with it.

The night was dark, only two or three stars glittering like points of fire in a sky of velvet. The capatao was below, and the mate was taking the watch on deck.

As Wharton emerged from the companion, he caught the sound of a splash alongside the steamer.

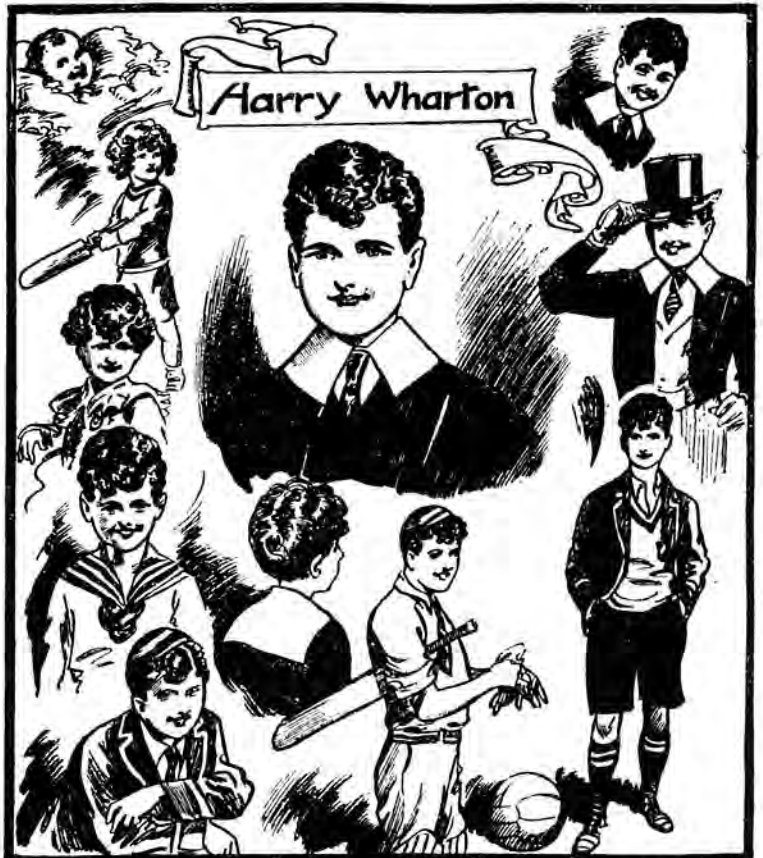
There was a faint cry in the darkness.

The junior started.

In the dusk of the deck he caught sight of several of the black seamen huddled together. He stood still, his heart

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beating. Was it a man overboard? It seemed impossible, for there was no alarm given. His heart beat faster. In the gloom, a figure passed him and went below, without seeing him; but Wharton caught a glimpse of the face of the scarred Spaniard.

A jabber of voices came to his ears from the Krooboy, speaking in their own tongue, which was utterly incomprehensible to the Greyfriars junior. Then a voice spoke in Coast English—the voice of the black boatswain, Pickle Jar. "Him lib for die!"

And there was a jabber of negro voices again.

A feeling of strange uneasiness came over Wharton—almost of fear. He stood irresolute. And as he stood, there was an exclamation in the gloom, and he knew that the blacks had seen him standing there. There was a movement towards him; black, animal-like faces, dark and threatening, loomed in the dusk. With a single bound, Harry Wharton was in the companion-way again, and a loud jabber sounded behind him.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mutiny!

HARRY WHARTON jumped breathlessly from the companion-ladder. Above him he heard the jabber of the negroes, threatening, weird, and eerie in the darkness. The oil-lamp that usually swung in the companion had been extinguished. All was dark.

That something was happening—something strange and terrible—the junior knew. He felt it with a thrill.

The splash he had heard—the cry, they rang in his ears still. Casco had been on deck, past midnight, and Wharton remembered his strange familiarity with the Kroo seamen. Where was the mate? If Pinenta was in charge of the deck, how was it that the black crew were aft, in a jabbering, threatening crowd? The mate, evidently, was not at the post of duty, and Wharton remembered the splash and the cry with a sickness at his heart. Had a tragedy taken place under that dark African sky?

He stood in the darkness, at the foot of the companion-way, breathing hard. What had happened? He thought for a moment that the Kroomen would follow him down; but they did not leave the deck. They were clustered round the companion, still jabbering.

Where was Casco? Why was not the scarred man in his cabin at that hour of the night?

There was mischief afoot; Wharton was certain of it.

In the main cabin, crawling with cockroaches, a swinging oil-lamp burned dimly. Wharton looked in. The captao's hammock was swung in that cabin, his own room having been given up to one of the passengers. Captain Pereira was asleep. Wharton could hear his heavy breathing. And by his hammock stood Casco, the scarred man, with a black look on his swarthy face and a poniard in his hand.

Wharton caught his breath.

In a flash now he knew what was happening—that his suspicions of the Spaniard had been well founded. The mate had been hung overboard, and the Kroo boys were backing up Casco in mutiny. Wharton did not stop to think; he made a spring at the scarred man.

"You scoundrel, stop!" he shouted.

Casco gave a violent start, and spun

round, his eyes blazing. They seemed to burn as they fixed on Wharton.

Startled by the shout, Captao Pereira started out of sleep, and blinked down from his hammock.

The Portuguese skipper had seemed, hitherto, a drowsy, lazy, slow-moving fat man, with scarcely energy enough to brush off the mosquitoes that settled on his greasy skin. But he acted quickly enough now. The dingy, greasy trading skipper had carried his life in his hands for many years on the wild West Coast, and he awoke with all his wits about him. While Casco, gripping his poniard, was still staring at the unexpected sight of the Greyfriars junior, Pereira clutched a revolver from his hammock and levelled it. A shot rang through the cabin, and at the same moment Casco sprang towards Wharton, knife in hand.

The junior dodged him round the table. The bullet had missed Casco by a foot as he sprang; but the Portuguese skipper was taking aim again. There

Cherry and Johnny Bull appeared, startled out of sleep, and in a few moments they were joined by Nugent and the nabob. Of the passengers of the Ganso, only Bunter remained sleeping; his snore could still be heard.

"It's mutiny!" panted Wharton. "Don't go on deck. Casco is there with the Kroomen. I think they've killed the mate."

"By gad!"

Captain Corkran's tanned face set very grimly. Captao Pereira stared at Wharton and shook his head.

"E nada," he said—"nada! My crew would not mutiny at a word from that scoundrel. I am going on deck!"

He stepped into the companion. A shot rang out before he was half-way up the steps, and there was a crash as the captao came tumbling down.

Above there rang out the mocking voice of the scarred Spaniard.

"Is that you, Corkran, mi amigo?"

The voice of the wounded captao, swearing in Portuguese, told the Spaniard who had fallen to his bullet. Corkran seized the captao, and dragged him back into the cabin.

Pereira's face was deadly pale, his features contorted with pain. The bullet was in his shoulder. Corkran laid him on the floor, and turned towards the companion-ladder with his revolver ready. He half-expected a rush from above. But the rush did not come. Casco knew now that the Greyfriars party were awake and on the alert. He did not fear the juniors, but he feared the one-eyed explorer.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry breathlessly.

He had been awakened from a dream of the football-field at Greyfriars, to find himself in the midst of a tragedy.

"A giddy mutiny!" muttered Johnny Bull. "But why—"

"Look after the skipper," said Captain Corkran quietly. "I must keep guard here. If they try a rush, there is only my pistol to stop them."

Harry Wharton & Co. made the captao as comfortable as they could on blankets on the floor, and gave him water. They could do nothing for his wound. Above there was silence, now broken only by an occasional sound of muttering voices. Harry noted that there was no sound from the engines, and he wondered, with a sick feeling, whether Casco and his gang had dealt with the Portuguese engineer and his assistant. The Ganso had stopped, save for the motion of the rolling sea.

Captain Corkran broke the silence at last. The Greyfriars juniors were breathlessly excited, but Corkran seemed as cool as ice.

"You know how to shoot, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take my revolver and keep guard here while I attend to Pereira."

"Yes."

Corkran knelt beside the Portuguese skipper, who was only half conscious, and quietly and effectively attended to his wound. The bullet had passed clean through, and he could only wash and bandage the wound. But it stopped the flow of blood and gave the wounded man relief. The captao muttered incoherent thanks in Portuguese.

The remainder of the breathless night passed in watching. The juniors dressed themselves—they did not think of sleep. Captain Corkran, with a face of bronze, watched and waited, while from the adjoining cabin came the steady, persistent snore of Billy Bunter.

There was no attack. The scarred man

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was no time for the scarred man to deal with Wharton. He made a leap for the companion, and fled to the deck, and another bullet grazed his shoulder as he disappeared.

The captao rolled from his hammock, a fat figure in greasy pyjamas, the smoking revolver still in his hand. He called to Wharton, but in Portuguese, of which the junior did not understand a word.

Then he strode across to the companion, evidently intending to follow Casco to the deck.

Harry caught him by the arm.

"Stop!" he panted.

"O cao!" muttered the Portuguese.

"He came here to kill me. I—"

"The crew are with him," panted Harry.

"It's mutiny! I—I believe they've thrown the mate into the sea!"

"E possivel?" stuttered the captao.

He stopped, staring at the Greyfriars junior. A quiet, grim voice broke in.

"What's the row?"

It was Captain Corkran, in pyjamas,

revolver in hand. The shots had

awakened him. Behind him, Bob

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had planned to carry through his desperate scheme by treachery, and Wharton had baffled him by giving the alarm. It was evident that Casco did not care to come face to face with Kit Corkran while the latter was wakeful and watching.

Golden dawn flushed up over the Gulf of Guinea at last. It found the watch-pale and haggard, with reddened eyes and anxious brows.

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter rolled into view. He stared blankly at the crowd of juniors.

"Anything up?" he asked.

"Yes!" muttered Harry.

"Well, what about breakfast?"

"Breakfast!" repeated Wharton. He was not thinking of breakfast.

"I'm jolly hungry!" said Bunter.

"Where's that black scoundrel of a steward? It's time for brekker! If you fellows think I'm going to starve, you're jolly well mistaken. What are you all hanging about here for like a lot of moulting fowls? What's happened?"

"Mutiny!" said Corkran quietly.

Bunter jumped.

"Wha-a-at?"

"And it's about even chances whether we live to see the sun at the meridian," added the captain.

Bunter blinked at him, his little round eyes growing wide behind his spectacles. Then—for the first time on record—the Owl of the Remove forgot meal-time. He gave a wild howl and darted back to his cabin, and for some minutes hurried movements were heard as Bunter burrowed out of sight under bedclothes.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter is Wanted!

"CAPTAIN CORKRAN!"
"Here!" answered the captain.

It was a hail from the deck, in the voice of the scarred Spaniard. But Casco was very careful not to show himself.

"Are you ready for peace palaver?"

"You can go ahead," said Corkran coolly. "I can hear you from there. I warn you that if you come in range I shall put a bullet through you, Pedro Casco!"

The Spaniard laughed.

"Thanks for the warning—though I do not need it. Amigo mio, your life is in my hand—and the lives of your school-boy comrades! They are mine to take or to spare!"

"That remains to be seen."

"The ship is in my hands," went on the Spaniard. "The mate went over the rail last night—as you doubtless know. What has become of the engineer and his mate, the Krooboy could tell you, if you are curious. If you are not tired of life, capitan mio, you will come to terms. You know what I want."

"I can guess," answered Corkran.

"The little ivory idol," said Casco, with a laugh. "You know it! Carambo! I bought it with a knife-thrust in Boma a year ago, captain, and it is mine—though you came along before I could secure it. Will you hand it over, and receive your life in exchange?"

"No!"

"Take heed!" said the Spaniard, changing his mocking tone for one of deep and savage earnest. "The crew are with me, and your life is at my mercy! Give up the idol, and we shall abandon the steamer and go ashore in the boat, leaving you the ship to do as you choose with. Your lives are nothing to me—once the idol is in my hands and the clue to the buried ivory. But for that



Casco was standing by the captain's hammock. "You scoundrel! Stop!" shouted Wharton, springing forward. Casco gave a violent start, and spun round, his eyes blazing. They seemed to burn as they fixed on the captain of the Remove. (See Chapter 6.)

meddling cub Wharton, you would not be alive at this moment. If you wish to see the sun at noon, throw the idol to the deck and live."

"Come and take it!" answered the captain, unmoved.

A curse was the answer, but the Spaniard did not show himself.

There was a long pause, and then the voice of a Kroomb was heard calling. It was the voice of Pickle Jar, the bo'sun.

"You lib for palaver, captain? You no shoot if Pickle Jar come talk?"

"You can come down, if you are unarmed and do not try any tricks," answered Captain Corkran.

"No come one time."

The burly black man descended the companion-stairs. He grinned at the juniors and ducked his woolly head to the captain.

Corkran regarded him with a grim stare. The tragic events of the night had made no impression on the unimaginative black. He did not even glance towards the figure of the wounded Portuguese on the floor. Life and death go hand-in-hand on the African coast. Pickle Jar was as good-humoured as ever, though he was quite prepared for sudden murder if the chance came his way.

"You no angry with Pickle Jar," he said. "No want hurt ole captain. Want ju-ju."

"What ju-ju?"

"You know." Pickle Jar grinned. "Casco tell us—you hab big Congo ju-ju, make um rich man. You gib ju-ju, and we no hurt you."

It was evident that Casco had told the blacks of the ivory idol. He had not told them that it was a clue to a buried

treasure of ivory on the Upper Congo. It was enough for them to know that it was a powerful "ju-ju," which would "make um rich." From sheer dense ignorance and superstition, the Krooboy had been easily moved to mutiny and murder.

Captain Corkran looked thoughtfully at the grinning black man. Pickle Jar wanted the ju-ju, and he was prepared to be friendly if he had it, and to drench the steamer with blood if it was not given him. It was the way of the Congo man—half devil and half child!

"Ju-ju powerful fetish!" said Corkran. "You touch ju-ju and you lib for die, Pickle Jar."

The black man looked incredulous.

"You gib ju-ju!" he said. "Black man's ju-ju not white man's ju-ju. No hurt black man."

"White man's ju-ju, and very powerful!" said Corkran quietly. "Ju-ju speak and tell um so."

Pickle Jar looked still more incredulous.

"Ju-ju no speak," he said. "No can."

"White man's ju-ju more powerful than black man's ju-ju," said Corkran composedly. "White man's ju-ju lib for talk. Black man touch um, black man die one-time!"

The black man's incredulity continued, but he was evidently impressed. His ebony face began to grow uneasy.

"You no believe?" asked Corkran.

"No can."

"You hear white man's ju-ju talk, then you believe."

"No hear."

Corkran pointed to the cabin stairs. "You lib for deck," he said. "You come back when I call you, and bring

Sponge Cake with you. You both hear white man's ju-ju talk."

"No believe."
"You shall see."

With a very uneasy look now Pickle Jar returned to the deck. There was an outbreak of savage jabbering at once among the blacks above.

Serious—indeed, tragic—as the hour was, the Greyfriars juniors could not help grinning. The peculiar names of the Coast boys—Pickle Jar and Sponge Cake—gave a ludicrous touch to the situation, and it was hard to associate such names with grim murder on the high seas. They guessed, too, the intention of the captain. Billy Bunter, the Greyfriars ventriloquist, was to become useful at last. It was with a view to such use that Corkran had burdened himself on this voyage with the fat, grousing Owl of the Remove. It was time that Bunter made himself useful.

The black men ascribed wonderful powers to their "ju-ju," or fetiches; but no black man's ju-ju was known to talk. If the white man's ju-ju could talk, obviously it was a much more powerful god than the black man's ju-ju. And, with the aid of the Greyfriars ventriloquist, there was no doubt that it could talk.

Captain Corkran looked over the juniors. He was glad to see that in the hour of peril they showed no sign of losing their courage. Well they knew that life and death were in the balance, that perhaps only minutes separated them from the sharks of the Gulf of Guinea. But the juniors had not lost their nerve.

Billy Bunter was the only funk in the party. Bunter, in his cabin, was in hiding, though hiding would not have been of much use to him had the mutineers proved successful. The Owl of the Remove would have been pitched overboard after his comrades, if the fight had gone against Corkran's party.

"You understand what this means, my boys," said Corkran quietly. "Our lives are at stake. That villain Casco has been watching for my return to the Coast, and he was watching for me in Lagos. He came on this ship intending to get hold of the Congo idol before we reached port. We're up against it. I'm sorry now that I brought you boys out here—"

"I'm glad you brought us," said Harry. "We shall stand by you, sir, and we can put up a fight."

"Yes, rather!" said Bob emphatically. "The ratherfulness is terrific," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Captain Corkran nodded.

"I know I can depend on you," he said. "I wish I could depend to the same extent on Bunter. But he must play up now. Casco has worked on the superstitions of the blacks, the cunning rascal! If Bunter plays up, we can beat him at the game. If it turns out to be a fight to a finish, you know as well as I do that the outlook's dark enough. But Bunter may prove our trump card."

And the captain went to look for Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged curious glances.

"Bunter to the rescue!" murmured Frank Nugent, with a faint grin.

"The fat idiot!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"It's odd enough," said Bob Cherry. "The number of times we've kicked him at Greyfriars for playing rotten tricks with his blessed ventriloquism!"

"And it all depends on Bunter now," said Harry Wharton. "Let us hope he will find nerve enough to carry it through."

It was all the juniors had to hope for.

So far Casco and his gang had not ventured to attack the party in the cabin. But the attack was sure to come. There were six Kroo seamen, and the black firemen, and Casco himself to be reckoned with in a conflict—and Corkran was the only real fighting-man in the party below. They would sell their lives dearly, but the end was fairly certain. They could guess that it was only the knowledge that the captain would single him out for the first bullet that kept the scarred man from heading a rush already. If Casco could gain possession of the clue to the buried ivory without a fight, he would be glad to do so. If not, the fight must come, and the end could hardly be doubted. There was one chance for the Greyfriars party—the chance that the white man's ju-ju might be successful in turning Casco's trickery against himself by making a stronger appeal to the blacks.

Strange as it was, unexpected as it was, the lives of the Greyfriars party hung upon Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Ju-Ju Speaks!

"BUNTER!"
"Yaroooh!"
"Bunter!"
"Yow-ow! I'm not here!
Help! Police!"

Billy Bunter was apparently understudying the ostrich, the obtuse bird that hides its head in the sand, ignorant that its conspicuous body is still exposed to view. Bunter had hidden himself—conspicuously. He had burrowed under sheets and blankets in a corner of the cabin, making a stack of heaving bedclothes that a blind man could scarcely have missed.

Corkran jerked the bedclothes away, and the Owl of the Remove squirmed at his feet, yelling:

"Yoop! It wasn't me! Help! Police! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Bunter!" rapped out the captain.
"Oh!" gasped Bunter, recognising him at last. "It's you!"

"Yes, you young ass."
Bunter scrambled up and jammed his spectacles straight on his fat little nose. He blinked at the captain:

"Are they gone?" he gasped.
"Of course not," said the captain sharply. "The mutineers hold the deck, and we may be attacked any minute by a crowd of them."

"Ow!"
"Pull yourself together, boy!" said Corkran angrily. "I want you to help."

"I—I—I—"

"Not in the fighting line," said Corkran contemptuously. "You wouldn't be much use there."

"Oh, really, sir—"

Contempt is said to pierce even the shell of the tortoise. It had some slight effect on William George Bunter. He made an effort to pull himself together.

"I—I—I—" he stammered. "Of—of course, I'm not afraid! I—I—I—"

"It is no use being afraid, Bunter," said the captain quietly. "All our lives now depend on you."

"Eh?"
"You know why I brought you out here with me."

"Because of my splendid—"

"Yes, yes! Speak cautiously," said the captain. "Now, the blacks are ready to throw us all overboard to get possession of the little ivory idol with the

diamond eyes. You saw it at Greyfriars."

"Is that all they want?" gasped Bunter.

"That is all."

"Then it is all right. Give it to them."

The captain's lip curled.

"Before I hand that idol over to Casco this ship may go to the bottom of the Gulf of Guinea with every soul on board," he answered. "I have never given in yet to a lawless scoundrel, and I am not beginning now. Life is dear, but there are things dearer than life. But there is a chance—a good chance—of pulling through without a desperate fight. You know why you are here. Now is the time to play your part. Pull yourself together and listen."

Bunter listened as Corkran proceeded to explain in a low voice.

It was difficult for the Owl of the Remove to collect his fat wits in the midst of fearful danger; but as he began to understand what was required of him Bunter pulled himself together.

It was not only that he realised that life depended on the success of the scheme. The scheme itself was an appeal to Bunter's "awank." At last he was coming into his own, as it were.

Often and often he had told the Co. that he was the leader of the party—that he was the important person, the great panjandrum, as it were, and that in comparison they were simply nowhere. Now he was going to prove it.

In the realisation of his importance Billy Bunter almost forgot to be funky. He began to swell visibly.

"You understand?" said the captain at last.

"That's all right," said Bunter cheerfully. "I know! I'll do my best for you, old chap."

The captain started, and his bronzed hand made a movement towards Bunter's fat ear. But he restrained his wrath at the Owl's impertinence.

Billy Bunter had the whip-hand at present, and it was like Bunter to take full advantage of the fact. Other lives as well as the captain's depended on him, so Corkran swallowed the "old chap" with as much grace as he could.

"You've picked up enough Coast English for the purpose, by this time," said Corkran quietly. "Of course, you must not let your voice be recognised."

Bunter sniffed.

"Leave that to me! Think I don't know my own business?"

"I hope you do," said Corkran.

"Come with me."

"I'm ready, old fellow!"

Corkran swallowed the "old fellow" along with the old chap. His tanned face was unmoved as he led Bunter away.

Billy Bunter blinked at the party in the captain's cabin with a lofty blink. He was monarch of all he surveyed now, and he wanted that fact to be thoroughly understood.

"Buck up, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry. "Keep a stiff upper lip, and we'll pull through somehow."

"Don't be cheeky, Cherry!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Don't talk now! I'm going to be busy, and I don't want any interruptions from cheeky fags!"

"Why, I—I—I—" gasped Bob.

Bunter waved a fat hand at him.

"Shut up!" he said.

Bob Cherry controlled his wrath with difficulty. This was a sample of Bunter with the whip-hand. But the Owl of the

(Continued on page 17.)



AT WAR WITH THE FIFTH!



A TENSE MOMENT! *The Remove army had reached the landing just outside the Fifth Form dormitory when a figure came into sight along the corridor. It was Mr. Prout, and he started back with surprise at the sight of the crowd of masked individuals.*

"TUMBLE out, you fellows!"

It was Vernon-Smith—officer commanding the Remove forces—who gave the command.

The time was eleven o'clock at night; the scene was the Remove dormitory.

For several days past the Remove had been at war with the Fifth. And, if the truth must be told, the Fifth had had rather the better of the argument so far.

Coker & Co. are hefty, strapping fellows, and in a hand-to-hand encounter with bare fists a Removeite has precious little chance against a Fifth-Former.

Vernon-Smith was determined to avenge the defeats that the Remove had sustained. He had proposed a raid on the Fifth Form dormitory and a duel with pillows and bolsters, and everyone, with two exceptions, had jumped at the idea.

The exceptions were Sidney Snoop and Lord Mauleverer.

Snoop refused to turn out because Vernon-Smith declined to give him the supreme command of the Remove army.

Lord Mauleverer's reasons for not turning out were very different. Once Mauly got

into bed he was loth to leave it. Mauly hated doing anything strenuous, and what could be more strenuous than a pillow-fight?

"While you fellows are scrappin', I shall be slumberin' peacefully," said the schoolboy earl, with a yawn. "I wish you luck. I hope you bring back Coker's head on a charger."

Meanwhile, candles were lighted up and down the dormitory.

Vernon-Smith opened his locker, and produced a number of crepe masks. He issued these to his men.

"What's the idea of these things, Smithy?" asked Peter Todd.

"They'll prevent anybody recognising us, of course. Coker & Co. won't know who's who, and neither will any beaks who may happen to spot us."

"It's a good wheeze," said Dick Russell. "The Fifth won't be able to tell the strong fighters—like Bolsover—from the feeble fighters, like Skinner."

Skinner gave a roar of protest.

"If you call me feeble, Russell, I—I'll resign my commission!" he threatened.

"It would be a stroke of luck for our army if you did!" said Tom Brown.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's enough jaw, there!" said Vernon-Smith sharply. "Get your masks on, and arm yourselves with pillows or bolsters, whichever you prefer."

In a very short space of time the Remove warriors were armed and ready for the fray.

Vernon-Smith inspected his troops, adjusting the masks of several fellows whose features were not sufficiently hidden. Then he gave the command to "march off."

Dick Russell with Vernon-Smith led the way, as they usually did on expeditions of this sort. They were tried and trusty fighters. Moreover, they could be relied upon to act swiftly and sensibly in an emergency. An emergency arrived sooner than they expected.

The Remove army had reached the landing just outside the Fifth Form dormitory when a figure came into sight along the corridor—a weird and grotesque figure. This was Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth.

Mr. Prout was attired in a dressing-gown of Oriental design. His feet were encased

Another Special Number next week, which you will enjoy reading!

Supplement i.]

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 770.

in carpet slippers. On his head was a tasselled nightcap. In his hand was a lighted candle.

It was a habit of Mr. Prout's to make a final "prowl" of the building before retiring for the night, in order to see that everything was securely locked and fastened, and that no burglars had found their way into the school premises.

Judge of Mr. Prout's surprise when he suddenly found himself confronted with a crowd of masked individuals, armed to the teeth, so to speak.

Vernon-Smith called a halt. Mr. Prout halted, too. It was a dramatic moment.

The Bounder was determined that nothing should frustrate his plans. The raid on the Fifth should take place, though the skies fell.

But how could the raid take place when Mr. Prout was there to nip it in the bud?

Smithy's brain worked swiftly. He made a rapid signal to his chums, and before the astonished Mr. Prout could realise what was happening, the candle was dashed from his hand, and he was hustled along the corridor and bundled into a small room at the end—a bath-room.

With great dexterity, Dick Russell whipped the key out of the lock on the inside of the door, and transferred it to the outside. Then, as soon as Mr. Prout was fairly inside the room, the door was slammed to after him, and the key grated in the lock.

These proceedings had occupied but a few seconds. And it was not until he heard the retreating footsteps of his captors that Mr. Prout found his voice.

"This is monstrous—it is outrageous! Violent hands have been laid upon my person! I find myself imprisoned in a bath-room! Release me at once, you young rascals!"

The "young rascals" had by this time reached the Fifth Form dormitory.

"It will have to be a short fight and a gay one," said the Bounder. "Prout will raise the roof with his yells until help comes, and by that time we must be tucked up in our little beds, blissfully ignorant of the whole affair."

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Tom Brown. "Into the fray, my merry men! Let 'em have it hot!"

The Fifth-Formers were sleeping placidly. But they were soon awakened by a series of lusty thumps. Pillows and bolsters crashed upon their recumbent forms in the gloom.

Horace Coker started up with a yell of anguish as Dick Penfold's pillow fell athwart his face.

"Vareooup! Turn out, you fellows! It's a raid! Those cheeky Remove fags—"

Coker did not finish the sentence. He was out of bed in a twinkling, and at grips with the enemy.

The next instant the fight was raging fast and furiously.

Bliff! Thud! Bliff! Thud!

The pillows and bolsters wielded by the Remove invaders did great execution.

The din, as Hurree Singh would have remarked, was terrific. But it did not drown the angry howls which emanated from the bath-room, where Mr. Prout was a helpless captive.

The fight was going all in favour of the Remove. They had the advantage of having taken their opponents by surprise. And their attack was irresistible. The Fifth-Formers went down before it like corn before a reaper.

There was no need for Vernon-Smith to urge his men on. They fought like Trojans. Even the funks of the Remove—fellows like Skinner and Stott—were fighting with the confidence of those who know they are on the winning side.

From the striking of the first blow to the striking of the last seven minutes elapsed.

At the end of that time the Fifth were hopelessly whacked. They lay sprawling over each other on the floor, or reclined exhausted on their beds.

"I fancy we've done damage enough," said the Bounder, with a grin. "We will now retire."

"Ow-ow-ow-ow!" was the unintelligible reply of the defeated Fifth-Formers.

Meanwhile, Mr. Prout had become hoarse with shouting for aid. He was hurling himself against the locked door of the bath-room like a caged beast.

Fortunately for the Fifth Form master, his cries had not gone unheeded. They had

been heard by Mr. Quelch, who hastened to the rescue.

Mr. Quelch unlocked the door, and threw it open.

Out sprang Mr. Prout, like a bloodhound suddenly unleashed. He cannoned full-belt into his colleague, with a force that Mr. Quelch could not withstand. As falls the given oak, so fell he. And Mr. Prout fell on top of him, and together they rolled over and over, with arms interlocked, whispering sweet nothings into each other's ears.

The Removes emerged from the Fifth Form dormitory just in time to witness the extraordinary spectacle. For several seconds they stood looking on, convulsed with merriment. Then they sped away to their own quarters, leaving the two masters to sort themselves out.

Ten minutes later two bedraggled and breathless Form masters—one holding a candle—glared into the Remove dormitory.

Every bed, with the exception of those belonging to the Famous Five and Billy Bunter, was occupied. All was peaceful and serene.

THE END.

EDITORIAL.

By Peter Todd.

THE Greyfriars Remove has gone to war!

Sounds very terrible, doesn't it? But it's not nearly so terrible as it sounds. We have merely gone to war with the Fifth owing to the fact that Coker & Co., of that Form, have become too big for their shoes lately.

Hostilities commenced a few days ago. A number of Remove fellows were playing fooler in the Fifth Form passage, at a time when Horace Coker was trying to compose poetry in his study. Distracted by the din, Coker rushed out with a cricket-stump, and, without pausing to read the Riot Act, he lammed into the footballers, without mercy.

The affair was reported to the Greyfriars Parliament, and it was decided, by an overwhelming majority of votes, that the Remove should declare war on the Fifth. Battles have been raging ever since, by day and night, and the fun has been fast and furious.

During the temporary absence of Harry Wharton, Vernon-Smith has taken over complete command of the Remove, and I am pleased to report that, through his splendid generalship, we are scoring successes all along the line.

A day's truce has now been declared, in order to enable us to get out this Special Warfare Number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

Whatever the faults of this number, nobody can call it dull. There is enough action and excitement to satisfy everybody who is fond of thrills.

The war is expected to last a few more days, but there can be only one result—the triumph of the Remove, and the complete routing of Coker & Co.

I am pleased to announce this week that the inclusion of the Greyfriars Parliament has made our little paper more popular than ever. It is up to every loyal reader to support this novel feature which will be found on page 22.

Harry Wharton has gone away, and I, Peter Todd, have the great honour of taking his place for a few weeks. Full particulars of the great election of the new GREYFRIARS HERALD editor and captain of the Remove will appear in next week's issue. Please keep a lookout for it.

PETER TODD.

THE PILLOW FIGHT!

By Dick Penfold.

Clear the decks for action!

Grin your cheeriest grins.

Do not budge a fraction

When the fight begins.

If the foe advances

Fiercely to the fray,

Wield your merry launces—

Pillows, I should say!

Smite the sturdy Coker

On his curly pate!

Then the silly joker

Will bemoan his fate.

Pulverise old Potter;

Vanquish Greene as well.

Make each Fifth Form rotter

Yeli a fearful yell!

Fight, and keep on fighting,

Till the end's in sight.

Smite, and keep on smiting,

Till they're put to flight!

When you see them funking,

Chase them from the dorm.

They'll be promptly bunking

When it gets too warm!

"Midnight chimes are pealing,"

Peter Todd declares.

"Quelch's softly stealing

Up the flight of stairs.

Comrades, we're in clover.

Back to bed we'll run;

For the fight is over,

And the conquest won!"

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent:



PHILBERT JACKSON (Shell, Greyfriars.)

A roller-skate champion in his own estimation.

More contributions from the boys of Greyfriars next week!



By FRANK NUGENT

I ONLY know one sort of fight that is more fascinating than a pillow-fight, and that's a snow-fight. But the latter, owing to the scarcity of snow, seldom takes place, so we have to depend largely on pillow-fighting for our amusement—particularly our nightly amusement.

As a pillow-fighting Form, the Remove has no equal. Harry Wharton has a trained army of pillow-fighters at his disposal, and they are ready to leap out of bed at any hour of the night, and wage war with a rival Form.

Our victims are chiefly the Fifth. But sometimes, by way of a change, we attack the Upper Fourth and the Shell.

There is an art in pillow-fighting. It is not mere slapdash. You have to arrange your men in proper formation, just as if it were a real battle. The strongest must always go first, and bear the brunt of the fighting; and there must also be a few hefty fellows in the rear. Thus, the weaker spirits are wedged in the middle, and they have no chance to turn and flee if they find the pace getting too hot.

You must also have a reliable and a resourceful leader. Many of our pillow-fights would have been lost but for Harry Wharton's strategy and qualities of leadership. An army of pillow-fighters with nobody in command is doomed to defeat at the outset.

Waterloo would never have been won had not Wellington been present in person to direct operations. And it's the same with a pillow-fight. You must have a good leader, and he must be in the forefront of the battle.

But I set out to tell you about some famous pillow-fights, and I am digressing somewhat.

One of the most famous fights on record took place last winter. To quote a celebrated poet:

"Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor."

It was a bitterly cold night, about a fortnight before Christmas. The Remove went to bed as usual, little dreaming of the plot which had been hatched against them.

As a matter of fact, the Shell and the Upper Fourth had arranged to join forces, and to raid the Remove dormitory at midnight.

I was awakened, I remember, by a hefty swipe with the bolster belonging to Hobson of the Shell.

Hastily I leapt out of bed, to find that the dormitory was full of invaders. Hobson and Temple had mobilised their respective armies, and taken us completely by surprise.

Harry Wharton took in the situation at a glance. He was out of bed in a twinkling, and so were Peter Todd and Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith and a score of others.

"Rally, Remove!" came the cry.

"Shoulder to shoulder!"

"Pitch the bounders out on their necks!"

A desperate battle ensued. It seemed at first that the Remove hadn't a dog's chance, but there were so many of the enemy that they got in each other's way. It was a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth.

We had a very hot time of it for twenty minutes or more. We were sloshed and slogged and swiped at, and bowled over like so many skittles. But before the enemy could follow up his advantage, and pin us to the floor, we were on our feet again, and fighting like tigers!

Jove, if I live to be as old as Methuselah, I shall never forget that thrilling scrap!

Clearly above the uproar we could hear Harry Wharton's voice, urging us on. Not that we needed any urging. Our blood was up that night, and it could truly be said of each one of us that "his strength was as the strength of ten."

At the end of half an hour the tide of battle turned in our favour. The Shell and the Upper Fourth had become a disorderly rabble. Instead of fighting shoulder to shoulder, they were all over the place. Hobson had fallen, and a couple of Removeites were sitting on his chest. And Cecil Reginald Temple was driven into a corner, and belaboured with pillows and bolsters.

At last, when they realised that they were getting the worst of the encounter, the enemy beat an undignified retreat. They fled to their dormitories, with a horde of Removeites hard at their heels.

I think that was the most thrilling pillow-fight I have ever taken part in. It must not be forgotten that the odds were two to one against us, and that the enemy had the



Harry Wharton was out of bed in a twinkling. "Rally, Remove!" he shouted. "Pitch the bounders out on their necks!"

tremendous advantage of having taken us by surprise.

In the following January, when we had returned from the Christmas vacation, a further attempt was made by the Shell and the Upper Fourth to defeat the Remove. But we got to hear beforehand of the raid, and we all cleared out of the dormitory, after placing dummy figures in our beds. It was a dreadfully dark night, and the raiders, when they arrived, mistook the dummy figures for slumbering juniors. They fell upon them with their pillows, and wondered why the victims did not cry out. Then a sudden yell of laughter from the doorway, where some of us stood looking on, showed the enemy that they had been spoofed.

On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, we actually carried the war into a rival school—Highcliffe, to wit. A party of a dozen picked Removeites broke bounds. We visited Highcliffe in the small hours of the morning, and managed to effect an entry to the Fourth Form dormitory, where we took Ponsonby & Co. completely by surprise, and gave them a licking which they have not yet forgotten, though the event took place a long time ago.

Heigh-ho, for the joys of pillow-fighting! And may the Remove Form always contrive to keep its end up against all comers!

LATEST WAR NEWS

By MAJOR-GENERAL HORACE COKER.

(Commanding the Fifth Form Army in the Field.)

War was declared on Monday last between the Fifth and the cheeky fags of the Remove. As soon as hostilities started, our infantry carried out a raid on the Remove studios, with the result that thirteen of the enemy were taken prisoners.

P.S.—Since writing the above, twelve of the thirteen have escaped.

On Tuesday there was a fierce engagement in the Fifth Form passidge, between a battalion of Removeites under Vernon Smith's command, and a large band of Fifth Form soldiers, drilled and disciplined by me. After a hand-to-hand encounter lasting ten minutes, the enemy were put to flight. There were no casualties in our ranks, but the enemy suffered severely in the way of black eyes, thick ears, etc.

The enemy was again routed on Wednesday, in the Battle of the Box-room. Although they were armed with cricket-stumps, they were quickly dispersed. The Fifth had no arms at all, but they used their legs with good effect. If the enemy suffer many more defeats like this, they will have nobody left to carry on the war!

On Thursday a truce was declared, so that the enemy could prepare the new issue of the "Greyfriars Herald." On this day I had great pleasure in presenting Captain Potter and Lieutenant Greene with the Iron Cross, for valuable services in the field.

The truce having ended at midnight on Thursday, a pillow-fite took place in the Fifth Form dormitory, which was raided by the enemy. Space will not permit me to describe the pillow-fite in detail. (The fact of the matter is, Coker & Co. met with a crushing defeat. The raid took them completely by surprise, and they were soundly whacked!—Ed.)

Members of the Fifth Form Army are asked to note that there will be a root-march on Saturday, leaving Greyfriars at 2 p.m. The band of the Fearnought Battalion (Coker's Own) will be in attendance.

The war will probably be over by the end of the week, as the cheeky Remove fags will be unable to hold out any longer. After the war Iron Crosses will be served out to all those who fought with distinction under Horace Coker's banner.

(We agree that the war will probably be over by the end of the week, but the Remove Army will be on top, and Coker's Ragtime Recruits will be dished, diddled, and demoralised.—Ed.)

PLEASE
LEND THIS COPY,
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a good turn.

Nothing like a good laugh to keep the "blues" away!

A SHOCK FOR SKINNER!

By H. Vernon-Smith.

SKINNER of the Remove was busily engaged in mixing a miscellaneous concoction in a paper bag. There was ink and glue and soot and syrup and a quantity of feathers.

"What's the merry game, Skinney?" I inquired.

Skinner chuckled.

"This is for the benefit of General Horace Coker, Commander-in-Chief of the Fifth Form forces," he explained. "I'm going to rig up a booby-trap on the door of his study."

Having mixed the messy compound to his liking, Skinner carted it off in the direction of the Fifth Form passage.

Coker's study was deserted, and the door was ajar. Skinner kicked it open, and stepped into the apartment. Then he mounted a chair, and poised the paper bag and its contents on top of the door.

Having rigged up the booby-trap to his satisfaction, Skinner beat a retreat by way of the window. He chuckled as he vaulted down from the outer sill, and alighted in the Close.

"When Coker goes along to his study, he'll get the shock of his life!" muttered Skinner. "He'll be sorry he ever went to war with the Remove. The pity of it is, I sha'n't be there to see the fun. I've got to bike over to Courtfield to buy some gramophone records."

Skinner set off on his mission. He was absent a long time, and by the time he got back to Greyfriars he had almost forgotten Coker and the booby-trap.

As he dismounted from his machine in the Close an elderly lady drifted towards him.

"Excuse me," she said. "I have called to see my nephew Horace—"

"Meaning Coker, ma'am?"

"Yes. I wonder if you would be good enough to find him, and to tell him that his Aunt Judith awaits him here."

"Certainly, ma'am!" said Skinner, brightening up in expectation of a "tip" from Coker's Aunt Judy. "I'll find Coker right away, and bring him to you."

"Thank you so much!"

Skinner returned his bicycle to the shed, and took the gramophone records along to his study. Then he made hurried tracks for the Fifth Form passage.

Thinking that Coker would be in his study, Skinner pushed open the door of that apartment, and—

Swish! Swoooooosh!

An avalanche of ink and glue and soot and syrup descended upon the unfortunate Skinner.

Coker had not yet returned from the football field, and he—Skinner—had been the victim of his own invention! He had dug a pit for his enemy, and had fallen into it himself!

LATEST DESPATCHES!

By Tom Brown.

(Our Special Correspondent in the Field.)

Somewhere in Greyfriars, Monday.—Following a smart raid on the enemy's quarters, carried out by Captain Dick Russell and a small armed force, four of the enemy were taken prisoners and confined in the coal-cellar. It was at first reported that General Coker was among the captives, but this is not the case. Staff-Officer Blundell and Major Fitzgerald are, however, among the prisoners.

Later in the day a fierce battle was waged in the Fifth Form passage. The rival generals, Coker and Vernon-Smith, each took an active part in the encounter, and General Coker was wounded by a punch on the nose. After receiving attention from the Greyfriars Army Medical Corps, however, he resumed. The engagement lasted half an hour, and at the end of this period the enemy were put to flight. The Remove captured a great deal of booty, including six enemy pea-shooters, a number of cricket-stumps, a football, and a bag of doughnuts.

This evening there was a pitched battle in the Close. Both armies turned out in full force. Owing to the intense darkness, it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes. In the confusion, General Vernon-Smith came to blows with Captain Dick Russell, and Lieutenant Desmond knocked out Lieutenant Sir J. Vivian. It was well that Mr. Quelch appeared on the scene and stopped the fighting, or greater damage would have been done.

I am able to state that the Remove casualties to date are as under:

KILLED.

The Kitchen Cat (accidentally sat upon by Private Bolsover).

SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.

Nobody.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

Captain R. Russell (black eye).

Lieut. M. Linley (swollen nose).

Private A. Todd (slight concussion of the cranium).

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Lieutenant M. Desmond.

Corpl. R. D. Ogilvy.

REPORTED SICK.

Private S. Snoop.

Dr. Montague Newland, at the casualty clearing station, described Private Snoop as being in a state of blue funk.

FIGHTS OF THE WEEK!

Specially described for the "Greyfriars Herald" by DICK RAKE.

DICK RUSSELL VERSUS CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE.

This terrific scrap took place in the gym on the last half-holiday. All Greyfriars turned out to witness the encounter. The scrap was brought about by Temple calling Dick Russell a grubby-faced fag. Dick declared he would make Temple digest his words. The scrap started at a truly terrific pace, and Temple did the lion's share of the attacking. Twice he landed to the jaw, and once to the ribs. The first round was almost entirely in Temple's favour. The second round was a repetition of the first, and so was the third. But in the fourth round, in response to rallying shouts from his chums, Dick Russell pulled himself together. He shot out his right. Biff! He shot out his left. Thump! He shot out the right and the left together. Biff! Thump! Temple went down for the count, and although he attempted to rise to his feet, he was "whacked." The verdict went to Dick Russell, and the applause nearly raised the roof.

DICKY NUGENT VERSUS GEORGE ALFRED GATTY.

This bout took place in the fags' Common-room before a goodly assembly. The infant Gatty put up a surprisingly good show against the nimble and hard-hitting Nugent minor, and at one stage of the contest it looked as if the worthy Gatty would win hands down. But young Nugent got better as the fight proceeded, and in the sixth round he administered the knock-out. Gatty was not downhearted, and he informally told the "Greyfriars Herald" reporter that he would try again as soon as his black eyes were healed and his nose had resumed its normal size.

SIDNEY SNOOP VERSUS FISHER T. FISH.

This humorous scrap had been arranged for Friday afternoon, but at the last moment Snoop suddenly developed an attack of cold feet, and the worthy Fish also declared himself to be suffering from blue funk. The scrap, therefore, did not take place, much to the indignation of the crowd. Both Snoop and Fish afterwards suffered a severe bumping in the Remove passage.

GEORGE WINGATE VERSUS GERALD LODER.

This was a private affair, and it took place in Wingate's study. I got a glimpse of the scrap through the keyhole, and it was with great delight that I saw the lanky and bullying Loder measure his length in the fireplace. What it was all about, I don't know, but I was naturally pleased at seeing Loder go through the hoop. Loder's a beast, and it served him right to get the straight left.

WHERE ARE THESE CHAPS RUNNING TO?



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Harry Wharton & Co. in Africa!

(Continued from page 12.)

Remove was top dog now, there was no mistake about that. He blinked round victoriously at the frowning juniors.

"All of you keep quiet," he said. "Don't let me have any interruptions or any silly fag chatter. Just hold your tongues."

Harry Wharton & Co. held their tongues—and their hands, though with difficulty. It was not a suitable moment for dealing with William George Bunter as he deserved.

Captain Corkran had brought the little ivory idol from his state-room, and placed it on the table. It stood there, with its wicked carved face glimmering, its bright diamond eyes flashing and glittering.

The juniors stood in silence, watching Corkran.

He placed a candle taken from his trunk in front of the idol, and lighted it. A dim haze and a strong smell of incense spread through the cabin as the candle burned. The juniors understood that this was a ceremony to impress the blacks.

Then the captain called out clearly:

"Pickle Jar!"

"You no shoot?" came Pickle Jar's cautious voice from the top of the companion stair.

"Not if you come unarmed."

"Me come."

The black man descended, followed by Sponge Cake, his mate. The two Congo men came into the cabin without fear unarmed. They were capable of treachery themselves if chance had served, but they trusted the white man's word.

Their eyes rolled and glittered at the sight of the ju-ju on the table with the scented candle burning before it.

"Black man's ju-ju!" said Sponge Cake.

Billy Bunter gave a little cough. That was always the Greyfriars ventriloquist's preliminary before he started.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood back, silent, eagerly watching. Captain Corkran's face was calm, and might have been graven in bronze.

Pickle Jar and Sponge Cake bowed their woolly heads, touching the table with their foreheads before the ju-ju in deep respect. From the deck came suddenly the voice of the scarred Spaniard.

"What's this game, Corkran?"

Silence!

"You've told the Krooboy that the ju-ju will speak to them," said Casco. "I should like to hear it!" He laughed. "May I come down with a flag of truce?"

"If you want a bullet through the head—not otherwise!"

"Ju-ju no talk!" said Pickle Jar.

Then the black man gave a sudden start.

From the idol on the table there came a low, wailing sound. It was so sudden and so strange that even Harry Wharton & Co. started, though they knew who was the author of that uncanny wail.

The effect on the two black men was electrical.

They stared at the idol, their eyes almost starting from their sockets, and fell upon their knees, jabbering with fright.

The wail was repeated, and prolonged into a howl. To all appearance it came from the diamond-eyed idol.

NEXT MONDAY!

Pickle Jar and Sponge Cake babbled incoherently. They jammed their foreheads on the cabin floor.

"Speak!" said the deep voice of the captain.

And the wailing idol spoke.

"All black men in dis ship lib for die!"

There was a howl of terror from the blacks. The idol was speaking—with their own black ears they heard it.

"Black men lib for die!" repeated the idol. "No can live unless make chop of bad white man Casco."

Jabber, jabber, from Pickle Jar and Sponge Cake.

The wailing sound started again, intensifying to a piercing shriek.

On the floor the blacks babbled with fear.

Then the voice of the idol was heard again.

"I put ju-ju on you, on all black men in dem ship! Poison ju-ju that burn you till lib for die! You make chop of Casco or die."

Still jabbering incoherently, Pickle Jar and Sponge Cake bolted out of the cabin and tore up to the deck.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Holst With His Own Petard!

HARRY WHARTON drew a deep breath.

He scarcely believed that so palpable a trick would work—that it could produce the desired effect on the blacks. Captain Corkran, who knew the Congo blacks better, had no doubts.

Already they believed without a shadow of doubt that the ivory idol was a powerful fetish; that was why they desired to possess it, even at the risk of their lives. Now they had learned that it was a much more terrible fetish than they had dreamed, and that it favoured the cause of the white man. That was enough for them—more than enough.

Pickle Jar and Sponge Cake reached the deck jabbering with fear. There was a babbling and jabbering of excited voices as they rejoined their comrades. The voice of the scarred Spaniard was heard shouting. But his voice was not heeded by the blacks, who had been his

followers till then. The Spaniard shouted and argued and raved in a mingling of Spanish and Coast English and negro dialects; but he had lost his power over the Congo boys.

Suddenly above the yelling of excited voices came the sharp crack of a revolver.

It was followed by a loud cry of a wounded man.

Crack, crack!

Captain Corkran smiled grimly.

"Casco is fighting for his life!" he said, his bronze face calm and unmoved. "He was playing with edged tools in working on black men's superstition. He has found it out now."

Crack!

"They are attacking him!" panted Wharton.

"You can hear!"

"But—but—"

"The idol ordered them to make chop of him," said Corkran. "They would not dare to disobey the fetish's command!"

Wharton caught his breath.

It seemed like some horrible dream to him. The scarred man, lately unquestioned chief of the mutineers, was fighting for his life—hunted down by his followers, who had been turned against him by the speaking idol—by Billy Bunter's ventriloquism. It seemed incredible, both horrible and ludicrous. But the horrible and the ludicrous jostle one another on the wild West Coast of Africa.

There were savage yells on deck, and the rushing and stamping of feet. Wharton caught Corkran by the arm.

"He's a white man, anyhow!" he muttered hoarsely. "We can't let him be murdered—"

"What did he do to the mate last night?" said Corkran quietly. "It is his turn now!"

"Yes, yes; but—"

Crack, crack!

"He can be put in irons—sent to prison!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We can't leave him to those horrible savages, sir!"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. Long years on the Coast had hardened him. But the Greyfriars juniors were new to the Gulf of Guinea; they could not look on the fearful tragedy with the iron indifference of the explorer.

"We must save him!" panted Nugent.

Wharton ran for the companion. Corkran pushed him aside and ran up to the deck. There was no danger now to be apprehended from the blacks, and Casco had his hands full.

The juniors followed last. Even Billy Bunter rolled on deck now that the danger was obviously over.

In the blaze of the sun, a terrible scene met their gaze. Two of the blacks lay on the deck, shot down by the desperate Spaniard. The rest were attacking the wretched man with fire-bars and other weapons, and Casco, with his back to the rail, was defending himself with his clubbed revolver, his face convulsed with rage and terror.

Blood was streaming down his swarthy face. He was wounded in more places than one. His eyes were almost starting from his head. The turn of fortune had come suddenly—with fearful suddenness. In playing on the superstitions of the Congo men Casco had been playing with fire, and now he was paying the penalty.

Crash!

A savage rush of the blacks hemmed Casco against the rail. The half-rotten wood gave way, and the struggling

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No. 1 ON SALE
TO-MORROW
(Tues., Nov. 7th.)
.....

"LOST ON THE CONGO!"

A SPLENDID ADVENTURES

STORY OF HARRY WHARTON & CO'S IN AFRICA. By FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 770.

Spaniard went backwards into the sea. Sponge Cake falling in after him. The rest of the blacks saved themselves in time.

Fire-bars were hurled down after the Spaniard, and he disappeared beneath the shining waters.

"Him lib for die!" gasped Pickle Jar. The juniors had been unable to intervene. They rushed to the side and watched the sea for the Spaniard to rise.

Sponge Cake was struggling in the water, yelling for help, but the scarred man was not to be seen. The ship was not under way, but drifting on with the current, and Sponge Cake was already well behind. Harry Wharton gave a cry as a black fin rose over the gleaming waters. There was a fearful yell from the swimming black. The horrified

"Can't see him," muttered Bob. "He must have gone down."

"He was wounded," said Harry in a low voice, "and—and the shark—" He shuddered.

Captain Corkran was staring away steadily across the shining sea with his single penetrating eye. His eye was fixed upon a spot on the waters. It was far behind the drifting ship.

"Is it a swimmer?" asked Harry.

"I think so."

"Casco?"

"It can only be Casco." The captain made a movement with his revolver; but he thrust it back into his pocket.

"Let him take his chance," he said indifferently. "It's a far cry to the shore, and there are sharks. Let him take his chance, such as it is."

was a busy morning for the captain. Harry Wharton & Co. did all they could to help. But there was one member of the party who was thinking about matters much more important than navigating the Ganso to port. That was Billy Bunter. He was thinking about breakfast.

"I say, you fellows, where's the cook?" howled Bunter, for the tenth time.

"Corkran's set him to work with the firemen," said Bob.

"What about breakfast?"

"Blow breakfast."

"I'm hungry!" roared Bunter.

"Take a ship's biscuit, and shut up!"

"I tell you I'm hungry."

"Br-r-r-r!"



FOOTBALLERS IN THE LIMELIGHT!

ALL ABOUT THE FAMOUS TEAM WHICH FORMS THE SUBJECT OF OUR GRAND FREE REAL PHOTO.



FOR something over thirty years it has been the custom among footballers to refer to the North End as "Proud Preston." At times during those years the pride of Preston has occasionally been humbled, for the club has more than once lost its place in the First Division. There cannot be any question, however, about adequate reasons for the "label" in the past, for the team which has its home at Deepdale, Preston, has done many amazing things, and in the course of doing them has created records which may well stand for all time.

One of the things done by the Preston team of old, for instance, was to put up the biggest score ever made in an English Cup tie, when they beat Hyde by 26 goals to nil, and it is suggested that they might have won by twice that number had not the Hyde goalkeeper been in wonderful form. That unique feat, so far as first-class football is concerned, was performed in the season of 1887-88, but though they got to the Final Tie that year, the North End did not win the Cup.

However, in the following season the pride of Preston was at its height, for the stalwarts of the club in those days

set up a record without parallel in the history of the game. They went right through a League campaign without once being beaten, finishing up as champions, of course, and in that same season they won the English Cup without having a goal scored against them. It was scarcely to be expected that it would be possible to live up to such a dual record, but all along the line the players of North End have been doing remarkable things, and, as everybody knows, they came very near to being proud again at the end of last season. But having got to the Cup Final when few people suspected their ability to do so, they were beaten at Stamford Bridge by means of a much-disputed penalty-goal.

The mere mention of Preston North End is sufficient to bring back to the mind of the enthusiast the names of some of the most brilliant players of all time—James Traister, the best goalkeeper the world has ever seen, for example. Then Nick Ross, Bob Howarth, and Bob Holmes are also fellows who at one time had names to conjure with in the football arena.

Of the Preston North End players of to-day, the man who has perhaps done

more than any other to build them up into a very fine side is the stalwart captain and centre-half Joseph McCall, who is a local man, honoured from time to time with a place as pivot of England's International teams.

McCall is not so young as he used to be, but he remains the master-mind of the side, and it was a big disappointment to him when the team failed to win the Cup last season, for he felt that this was his last chance to gain such an honour. Walter Roberts, the present centre-forward, is regarded as a player sure to gain international honours, and Quantrell, the outside-left, for whom a big transfer fee was paid to Derby County, has already played for England. Hamilton the right full-back, cost the club £4,500 as transfer fee a couple of seasons ago, but as he is one of the best defenders in the country, has proved worth the money. Branston, the goalkeeper, comes from Rotherham, while Doolan has seen service with Bradford City. For the rest, the men who are striving might and main to uphold the prestige of the club are mostly fellows who have been found young, and brought out by the astute manager, Mr. Vincent Hayes.

juniors caught a gleam of white, and they knew that it was the white belly of a shark, turning to seize its prey.

"Good heavens!" panted Bob Cherry.

A stifled, muffled yell from the doomed black came to their ears, and then the sea was clear; the shark was bearing his prey into the depths. The juniors looked at one another with white faces.

They turned away from the sea, sick at heart. Pickle Jar had been staring in the same direction. He seemed unmoved.

"Sponge Cake lib for die!" he remarked coolly.

And then the unimaginative black man dismissed the occurrence from his mind, and it was the same to him as if his shipmate had never been.

"I say, you fellows, where's that Spanish chap?" asked Billy Bunter.

And he turned away.

"And this is life on the giddy West Coast of Africa!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Give me Greyfriars."

"Yes, rather."

The "trouble" on the Portuguese steamer was over now. The Kroomen had returned to their duty, with the same light inconsequence of mind that they had displayed in mutinying. The capitao was incapable of coming on deck, and Captain Corkran assumed the command in his place—and the black men obeyed him with a respect they had never shown their own captain. What had become of the Portuguese engineer and his half-breed mate, it was useless to inquire. But the firemen were there, ready now for duty; and Captain Corkran set them to work. With the work of captain, mate, and engineer on his shoulders, it

Billy Bunter went in search of provender, leaving everybody else hard at work. Having found provender, and consumed it in considerable quantities, Bunter returned to his hammock. Apparently the Owl of the Remove felt that he had earned a rest.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton Chips in!

"BOM!" said O Capitao Pereira, beaming. "Rom!"

"Bom," which was pronounced something like "bong," was evidently Portuguese for "good."

The capitao was pleased. He had reason to be pleased. He was on deck again, still bandaged, but mending. His English passengers had saved

A SPLENDID STORY OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. :: By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT MONDAY! "LOST ON THE CONGO!"

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his life and his ship, which was much to be thankful for.

For several days the capitao had been nursed and cared for by Corkran and the juniors, somewhat to his surprise. The good man was not much accustomed to worrying about others, and he never expected others to worry about him. But they did, and he pulled through, and now he was able to walk the deck and resume command, which Corkran at once handed over to him. Further, to the capitao's satisfaction, Corkran retained his job as engineer, without pay. So Capitao Pereira looked upon things and pronounced that they were "bom."

Corkran was so useful on the ship that the capitao hardly missed his lost mate and engineer. He did not seem to mourn over them. They had taken their chances and gone under, as the capitao might himself any day or night of his greasy life. It was not a matter for thinking about, and the capitao did not waste thought upon it.

But there were other things to which he gave consideration. His Kroo seamen and the black firemen had mutinied, and that was a more serious matter. The ringleader, Casco, was gone; whether alive or dead the capitao did not care in the least. Pickle Jar, the boatswain, was the next in guilt, and the capitao decided, after thinking it out and smoking several cheroots over it, that Pickle Jar would be safer in the sea than on the steamer. An example was likely to have a good effect on the crew, he considered. He did not want any more mutinies.

Having decided on that—in quite a calm and leisurely way—Capitao Pereira proceeded to carry his decision into effect, with exactly as much regard for the black man's life as for the life of a mosquito. The Ganso was throbbing onward over a sunny sea in blazing heat that afternoon, and the chums of Greyfriars were trying to breathe under a ragged awning aft. They noticed the capitao take a revolver from his pocket and look over it, and fancied that he was about to take a pot-shot at a gull. Instead of which, the capitao slipped the revolver out of sight under his loose, dirty linen jacket, and called to Pickle Jar to come aft.

"You lib for here one-time, Pickle Jar!" he called out.

The black boatswain came up grinning. Pickle Jar was always grinning. He had, as Bob Cherry said, a smile that wouldn't come off. Strange as it may seem, the African black had already forgotten the tragic happenings on the steamer. Harry Wharton, who could not help liking the good-humoured, grinning Krooman, had spoken to him on the subject, with the idea of ascertaining whether the black understood that he had done wrong. Pickle Jar had wrinkled his black brows in thought, and finally said:

"White men tink back. Black men nebber tink back."

"Thinking back" was Coast English for remembering. Evidently Pickle Jar had entirely given up thinking about the mutiny, and was not even thinking of possible consequences when the ship reached port. He had returned to duty, and was doing his work, and eating his rations, and that was sufficient to fill his woolly head.

So when the capitao called him aft, Pickle Jar came without the slightest suspicion of harm.

He ducked his head to Pereira, still grinning. Pereira jerked the revolver from under his jacket.

"You lib for die, Pickle Jar!" he said. The revolver flashed up to a level, and

in another moment the black boatswain would have rolled on the dirty planks with a bullet in his brain.

The Greyfriars juniors sat petrified. Only Harry Wharton, who had been watching the capitao curiously, had the presence of mind to intervene. Somehow he had been suspicious, though he had been far from suspecting the capitao's terrible intention—terrible, that is, in the eyes of the schoolboys, though commonplace enough in the eyes of the worthy capitao himself.

Wharton had a bunch of bananas on his knee, and had been jerking off a fruit to eat. But as the capitao flashed up the revolver to fire, Wharton, acting on instinct—there was no time for thought—hurled the banana cluster right at him.

The bunch of bananas struck the captain at the very moment that he pulled the trigger.

Bang! The bullet cropped wool from Pickle Jar's head as it buzzed by him, so close did it go. But the capitao's aim had been spoiled, and a miss was as good as a mile.

Pickle Jar gave one startled stare, and then bolted along the deck like a scared rabbit. The capitao stared, too, and then raised his pistol for a second shot at the fleeing Krooman.

But Wharton had reached him then. He dragged down the arm of the Portuguese skipper, and the second shot ploughed into the dirty deck of the Ganso.

"Stop it!" panted Harry.

The capitao stared at him, not comprehending.

"What you mean?" he asked. "You

stand back! I am going to shoot him. You see?"

"You can't!" gasped Harry. "It is all right—bom," said the puzzled capitao. "We are near port. I can ship a new man at Banana Point. I do not need him any longer, and it is an example."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. The other juniors stared blankly. As the capitao did not need Pickle Jar's services any longer, he saw no reason for not shooting him for his share in the mutiny. It was the point of view of the Guinea Coast—a point of view that was novel to the schoolboys from Greyfriars.

Harry held on to the capitao's arm. Pereira was only puzzled, not at all angry. He was grateful to his passengers for the services they had rendered—and Harry had helped to nurse him while he lay wounded. He was puzzled, but patient.

"You no wish I shoot him, meu rapaz?" he asked.

"No!" said Harry.

"Porque?"

"Because you can't do it," said Harry.

"It's murder!"

"He was mutineer."

"Yes, but that was a week ago. Now

he—"

The capitao laughed and jerked his pistol-hand free. Pickle Jar had leaped into a boat and was staring with affrighted eyes over the gunwale, prepared to dodge the bullets as long as he could. The other seamen were looking on with stolid faces, obviously utterly indifferent to the whole affair.

"For mercy's sake, do not shoot!" exclaimed Wharton, in great distress.



A savage rush of the blacks hemmed Casco against the rail. The half-rotten wood gave way, and the struggling Spaniard went backwards into the sea, Sponge Cake falling in after him. "Him lib for die!" gasped Pickle Jar.

(See Chap. 9.)

NEXT
MONDAY!

"LOST ON THE CONGO!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S
ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. : By FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 770.

river of mystery and tragedy and romance. Their voyage through the tropic seas was ending—they were entering the mighty Congo, the goal of their journey from far-off England.

"So that's the giddy Congo!" said Bob Cherry.

"That's it!" said Captain Corkran.

"Where the atrocities come from!" murmured Bob.

"What are those white roofs through the trees yonder?" asked Harry Wharton, "The Port of Banana."

"We land there?"

"Yes, and get a river steamer up to Boma. Boma's a good way up the river," explained the captain. "We put up to-night at Banana, and start again in the morning."

"Is there a good hotel at Banana?" asked Billy Bunter.

"No."

"Then what are we going to do?"

"Without!" said the captain tersely, and the juniors grinned—excepting Bunter. He frowned.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Pickle Jar Too!

"ROTTENER and rottener!" said Billy Bunter.

William George was not likely to be pleased with the accommodation on board the river steamer. Perhaps it was not quite so dirty as the Ganso, and certainly it did not smell so powerfully. But it was not nice. A fat Belgian, with a flaming red nose, piloted it up the river on the way to Boma, and smoked cigarettes, and spat all the time. The chums of Greyfriars, sheltered under a canvas awning from the blazing African sun, looked about them with keen interest; while Billy Bunter fanned himself with a leaf, and grunted and groused.

All was new and strange to Harry Wharton & Co., and they were keenly interested—in the wide-sweeping brown river, in the thick tropical vegetation that clothed the banks, with here and there the roof of a factory showing through the green—in the swampy mangroves, through which muddy water trickled with unearthly smells—in the crocodiles that floated on the current. They watched the native canoes that skimmed the waters. Once they jumped, and ducked, as a bullet skimmed over the little steamer. Who had fired it, they never knew—some black man on the bank, evidently, had a gun, and had blazed away at the passing steamer from sheer lightness of heart.

"Jolly sort of a show, I don't think!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Give me the Thames."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, Bunter?" roared Bob Cherry, clapping the fat junior on the back with what seemed to Bunter a thunderclap.

"Yoooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rubbed his fat shoulder, and glared.

"I say, you fellows, it's jolly hot! I think one of you might fan me."

"Think again!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"After I've saved all your lives—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter snorted with indignation. He had taken the lead once—that could not be denied. Still, his claims to be the most important person in the party were not acknowledged; still the juniors seemed to be labouring under the delusion that W. G. Bunter was a person of no importance at all!

NEXT
MONDAY!

"LOST ON THE CONGO!"



The juniors stared, as the black boatswain came in sight from a throng of black passengers. Pickle Jar, with his unending grin on his good-humoured face, came towards the group. "Me lib for follow you," said the black. "Lib for serve massa!" (See Chapter 12.)

But Bunter's time was coming! The chums of the Remove did not know it—Bunter did not know it—but it was coming! The hour was to come when the Owl of the Remove would be able to spread himself in all his glory. It would have been a great comfort to Bunter had he been able to foresee what was to happen. Unfortunately, he couldn't—so he grunted with dissatisfaction.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "Look!"

"What?"

"Pickle Jar!"

"My hat!"

The juniors stared, as the black boatswain of the Ganso came in sight from a throng of black passenger "boys" forward. Pickle Jar, with his unending grin on his good-natured black face, came towards the group.

"You here!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Me lib for follow you," said Pickle Jar, ducking his woolly head. "Lib for serve massa! You sabbey?"

"My hat!"

Bob Cherry whistled. Harry Wharton looked puzzled what to do.

"It's because you stopped the Portugee from potting him, Harry," said Nugent. "I suppose he's grateful. I shouldn't have thought he'd have remembered it so long as this."

"But we can't take the man with us," said Harry, touched, but perplexed.

Captain Corkran came up to the group of schoolboys. He stared at the former mutineer of the Ganso, evidently surprised to see him on the Congo steamer.

"What the thump are you doing here, you black rascal?" exclaimed Corkran.

"Pickle Jar good boy!" said the black man. "Lib for serve Massa Harry. Sabbey?"

The captain's live eye fixed penetratingly on the black man. He seemed satisfied with his scrutiny, and nodded at last. Harry glanced at the explorer.

"What do you think, sir?" he asked. "If the man would be of any use up the river—"

"He can make himself useful," said the captain. "I think he means to be faithful. Get out of this, Pickle Jar—show up at Boma. You lib for up river with us."

"Yes, sar!" Pickle Jar, still grinning, disappeared among the passenger boys again. The juniors did not see him any more till the river steamer was at Boma. Then he turned up, black and grinning and cheerful, to help with the bags. He was useful to the whole party, but had evidently attached himself specially to Harry Wharton, whom he looked upon as his master. And Pickle Jar was still a member of the party, when a steam launch started out from Boma, and plunged on up the river into the almost trackless wilds of Central Africa.

Blazing suns by day, the howl and roar of wild animals on the banks by night, the sickly smell of rotting vegetation all the time—such were the surroundings of the Greyfriars juniors now. Far behind them, Greyfriars School seemed almost like a dream.

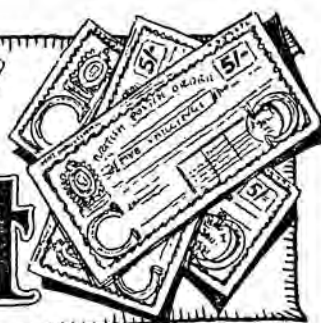
THE END.

(Now turn to page 2 for particulars of next week's wonderful number!)

A SPLENDID STORY OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. :: By FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 770.

The Greysfriars Parliament

Grand
Money Prizes
for
"SPEECHES"



THE ordinary weekly meeting of the Greysfriars Parliament was held as usual on Monday, when some interesting matters were up for discussion. Mr. Peter Todd continues to officiate as Speaker in the absence of Harry Wharton, who, with his colleagues of the Famous Quintette, is away on an expedition to the wilds of Africa.

Mr. Peter Todd: "I suppose I need have no hesitation in bringing before the attention of members the question of amateur magazines."

Mr. S. Bunter: "I don't consider it fair."

Mr. Todd: "Why not?"
Mr. S. Bunter: "Because as we all know my famous brother is not here to deal with the subject. He knows more about amateur magazines than anybody. Look at 'Bunter's Weekly.'"

Mr. Todd: "You cannot call 'Bunter's Weekly' an amateur magazine. It falls into a different category."

Mr. S. Bunter: "It can fall into—into—what you said—if it likes, but that don't make no difference. Billy knows all there is to know about amateur magazines. He and Bessie ran one a long time since. They made me sporting editor. I don't care if they did sack me. I'm thinking of poor old Billy—most likely some hungry lion has swallowed him by this time."

Mr. Percy Kipps: "Mr. Sammy Bunter should not allow himself to be depressed. As the House knows, I understand a good bit about conjuring, and I will tell Mr. S. Bunter this—there isn't a lion, hungry or not, in Africa who could manage Billy at one go."

Mr. S. Bunter: "It's all very well for you chaps to laugh, but I am very fond of good old Billy. It was a shame to let him wander off amidst the Pyramids."

Mr. Todd: "But Bunter is not going anywhere near the Pyramids."

Mr. S. Bunter (sniffing): "He's going to Africa, and Africa holds the Pyramids. I know what I am talking about."

Mr. Todd: "I am sorry that this subject should prove painful to any honourable member, but I must read a speech I have received from a reader who obviously takes the matter very seriously. The speech seems, however, to me to suggest that

funds are plentiful, which is not really the case with most amateur magazine editors."

The Deputy Speaker then read the following from Reader WILLIAM McDOWELL, 63, Kirkland Street, Glasgow, N.W.:

"Many boys are under the impression that to form an amateur magazine is quite a simple thing. Let me tell you it is a very difficult proposition, and it is only the hard-working and determined fellow who generally wins through. If you are desirous of forming your own little magazine for distribution among your friends, you cannot do better than study these helpful little hints. To begin with, you should have a small amount of money as capital, to pay such expenses as the price of paper, printing, etc. Then select your Sub-Editor. This is a very delicate task, and you have to be very careful if you wish your paper to be a success. Don't choose your special chum if he has no literary talent. Many boys make this great mistake. Because so-and-so is their pal they elect him Sub-Editor, and then they are surprised at the result of their magazine. When electing your Sub-Editor, see that he has good journalistic abilities, and that he is a good reader, one who can correct mistakes in contributions, and who can contribute a short story or article each week. You should then write a short and brief editorial of about a column or two. Always keep your articles brief; most readers don't like long-winded speeches. As regards the size of your paper, I would suggest about eleven inches by nine. Divide each page into three columns, and have about a dozen pages in your issue. The next move is to get your chums to write articles, poems, and short stories. All contributions received you should read and pass to the Sub-Editor for correction if required. Have one little serial in your journal, and accept such articles as you think will be the most useful and interesting and, if you are not too busy, you can write a poem or story yourself. When you have every thing in order, proceed to the nearest printers and get the finishing touches to your magazine. One last thing I would like to tell you—there is no money to be made out of an amateur journal, as many boys think."

Mr. Cecil Reginald Temple: "The chap who sent that knew something of the bizney. Always is too much favouritism in these affairs."

Mr. Percy Kipps: "It is all very well, but we are not giddy millionaires. I had something to do with an amateur mag once. The editor asked me to do him a

bit about conjuring. He said he was going to pay me, but there was nothing doing. Still, I sold my articles afterwards to a real paper, and got 7s. 6d. each for them."

Mr. Todd: "The question of business and private dealings does not arise."

Mr. Tom Dutton: "Then what's the good of reading all that if it's lies?"

Mr. Todd: "I did not say 'lies' but 'arise.'"

Mr. Dutton: "You said, and so did Harry Wharton, that we were not going to have politics at these meetings, yet you talk of the Allies."

Mr. Horace Coker: "I think Reader McDowell's ideas are all right, only printing costs a lot."

Mr. Mark Linley: "If a fellow's got to wait till a chum comes along with good journalistic ability, well, he may have to postpone his venture till the cows come home."

Mr. Kipps: "Since summer-time the cows don't know when to come home."

Mr. Linley: "Don't you try to be funny. Stick to finding coloured paper and white rabbits in tall hats."

Mr. Todd: "Order, order! Keep to the subject in hand."

Mr. Alonzo Todd: "If my distinguished cousin will allow me—"

Mr. Peter Todd: "There's no question of relationship here. I don't know you, officially."

Mr. A. Todd sat down, a pained look on his mobile face.

Mr. Percy Bolsover: "If anybody is thinking of starting a new paper, he can come to me after the meeting. My journalistic ability is too well known to need reference from me."

Several members: "Hear, hear."

Mr. Harold Skinner: "I made money out of an amateur magazine."

Mr. Fish: "If I cared to start a magazine, I guess I'd make some of you sit up. It's only in America that they understand the business. The only thing that stops me bringing out a real live paper is that I don't want to make you all jealous."

Mr. Peter Todd: "Very noble of the hon. member, but I can tell him that we should all be pleased to see his ideas—if he has any."

The debate stood adjourned, the Deputy Speaker remarking that in his opinion, Reader McDowell had presented an interesting, but somewhat exaggerated view of the whole case.



A BAFFLING MYSTERY—AND NO CLUES! Ferrers Locke and his amazing boy assistant are faced with a bewildering problem! Who stole Hubert Brandon? Who are the persons or person fighting against the famous detective behind an impenetrable screen?



The BAKER STREET MYSTERY

By **OWEN CONQUEST.**

(Author of the Famous Tales of Rookwood now appearing in the "Boys' Friend".)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. In the Dead of Night!

THE hour was late. Midnight had tolled out over the great city. Save for the occasional clatter of a belated taxicab, Baker Street was silent—hardly a footfall of a late pedestrian woke the echoes.

The light still burned in Ferrers Locke's consulting-room.

Jack Drake, the famous detective's assistant, had long gone to bed. But Ferrers Locke was not thinking of sleep.

There was, perhaps, a trace of weariness in the master-detective's clear-cut face.

The fire burned low. Locke threw his papers aside at last, and rose from his chair. From somewhere in the distance the stroke of one sounded faintly.

For some minutes Ferrers Locke paced to and fro in the large room, his brows corrugated with thought.

For hours he had worked—steadily, tirelessly. And the result, so far, was nil.

Ferrers Locke realised that he was "up against" the most baffling problem in his long experience.

A mass of papers lay on the table—news-paper-cuttings, police reports, confidential memoranda from Scotland Yard. Ferrers Locke was in possession of all the information that was known to the official police on the subject of the strange mystery that had sent a thrill through London.

He had worked late into the night, mastering that mass of detail. And at the end of his labours the mystery seemed deeper than ever.

Who was the unknown man whose body had been found in Grosvenor Square? In what strange, mysterious manner had the body been conveyed there? The policeman on the beat had found the body. He had passed the same spot five minutes before, and then it had been vacant. In those five minutes the body had been conveyed there. How, and by whom?

The man had been long dead—the medical evidence at the inquest proved that. At dusk of the spring evening the body had been taken there, and left without a clue. It was incredible—but it had happened.

Who the man was, where he came from, why he had been done to death remained mysterious. There was no trace of his identity to be found upon him. He had died from a bullet-wound, and that was all that could be discovered.

From the silence of Baker Street came the whirr of a passing motor-car.

It died away in the distance.

Ferrers Locke turned to the French windows, which opened upon the narrow iron-railed balcony in front of the old house. He drew the curtains aside, opened the window, and stepped out.

The fresh, keen night air refreshed him. A

silver crescent of moon sailed high in a steely sky; the street was almost as light as by day. Ferrers Locke leaned upon the railing, and breathed in the clear night air. There was no one in sight; but in the distance he heard the steady footfall of an approaching constable going his rounds.

Suddenly the detective started.

In the middle of the road, almost opposite him, a shadow lay on the ground.

It was out of the radius of the street lamps, but the moonlight lay clear on the street, and the dark object showed up plainly.

Ferrers Locke's look became fixed, tense.

There was a startled look in his clear, keen eyes. More loudly now, the tread of the approaching constable came to his ears.

Locke laid his hands on the balcony rail, swung himself lightly over, and dropped to the pavement.

With a rapid step he crossed into the road, and stooped beside the dark form that lay still in the moonlight.

That one word dropped from his lips.

"Dead!"

It was, as he had seen at the first glance, the body of a man. And he was dead—and cold.

Locke, with a glint in his eyes, bent over the body.

The man lay with upturned face, his features set and white in the glimmering light.

A man of middle age, of stalwart figure, with a short, crisp beard. The eyes were closed; in the centre of the forehead was a

small round hole, with crimson clotted round it, showing how the unfortunate man had met his death.

But the shot had not been fired anywhere near the spot where the body lay. The man had been dead for hours.

Tramp!

A bullseye lantern glittered on the scene.

"What—"

Ferrers Locke turned his head as the burly constable loomed over him, and the man's startled face looked down.

"Mr. Locke!" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes, I have just found this!" said the Baker Street detective. He waved his hand towards the window, from which the electric light gleamed into the street. "I came out on the balcony for a few minutes, and saw this!"

"Dead, sir?"

"Dead for hours!"

"It's the Grosvenor Square mystery over again, sir!" said the constable, bending over the body.

"Exactly!" said Ferrers Locke.

The constable blew his whistle.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Baffling Mystery!

JACK DRAKE looked up inquiringly as Ferrers Locke came into the consulting-room. It was a windy March morning.

Ferrers Locke sank into a chair, and his look was more gloomy than Drake had ever seen it before.

"The inquest is over, sir?" Drake asked.

Locke nodded.

"And the verdict?"

"Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown!" said Ferrers Locke. "And, so far as I can see at present, Drake, the person or persons are likely to remain unknown. It is the most baffling mystery that I have ever encountered!"

He filled his pipe slowly, and lighted it.

"The man's identity?" said Drake.

"Unknown."

"No clue?"

"None."

Locke set his teeth for a moment on the stem of his briar.

"It is the Grosvenor Square mystery a second time," he said. "The same cause of death—a bullet-wound. The body found in the same mysterious circumstances. According to the doctors the man had been dead at least twelve hours when the body was found. Where he met his death—by whose hand—I cannot say or guess. He was brought to Baker Street, and left in the road. How—by whom?"

"A motor-car?" suggested Drake.

"It is probable. And yet, late as the hour was, it was quite probable that there might be passers. A body lifted from a car in the middle of a wide street—"

The detective paused.



FERRERS LOCKE,
The World-famous Criminologist.

**NEXT
MONDAY!**

"THE SHADOWER!"

**ANOTHER TALE OF FERRERS LOCKE AND JACK DRAKE,
HIS ASSISTANT.**

By **OWEN CONQUEST.**
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 770.

"One witness at the inquest was a man named Williams, who was walking home late. It is certain that he passed the spot as one was striking, and there was no body there when he passed. He is assured of the spot, because it is just opposite this house. He remembers glancing at this house as he passed, knowing it to be Ferrers Locke's house. That was at one o'clock. At about five minutes past one, Drake, I went out on the balcony, and saw the body lying in the road. It could only have been there a few minutes when I saw it. In those few minutes the murderers had come and gone."

"And you saw—"

"Nothing else. A minute or two before I stepped out, I heard a car pass. I mentioned this, of course, at the inquest. The police have taken it up, and inquiry is being made for any car that drove through Baker Street at one in the morning. It is possible that the motorist may have seen something—or that he is the assassin who left the body there. But—the audacity of it—if he lifted a body from his car in the open street! It is beyond belief."

Drake was silent.

The baffling mystery roused all his interest and keenness. But he could see no light in the darkness.

"And to leave the body here—directly opposite my house!" said Ferrers Locke, his face setting grimly. "If it is the same assassin that was concerned in the Grosvenor Square crime—and there seems little doubt on that point—did he know that I had been called in to assist the police? Was his leaving the body there a gage of defiance to me?" The Baker Street detective's eyes glittered. "It looks like it. Why should he choose such a spot? By Heaven, if it be so, I shall accept his challenge. He will not find it so secure as he believes to defy Ferrers Locke!"

The Baker Street detective knocked out his pipe impatiently. Seldom or never had Jack Drake seen his chief so disturbed.

Locke glanced round impatiently as Sing-Sing, the Chinese servant, entered with a card on a salver.

"I can see no one to-day, Sing-Sing! I am busy!" he said curtly. "I gave you instructions."

"Yes, Missa Locke," said Sing-Sing; "but the gentleman ask that you see his card."

"I can see no one."

Locke glanced at the card.

He started a little.

"Dr. Dumaresq Weird, Harley Street!" he muttered.

He paused.

It was a famous name; and Locke, as it happened, had never met the famous Harley Street specialist. But he knew Dr. Weird by reputation, and he hesitated.

"Admit him, Sing-Sing!" he said at last.

"Yes, Missa Locke."

Sing-Sing retired.

"Dr. Weird!" said Drake. "I have seen his name in the papers."

Locke smiled slightly.

"He is fairly well known," he said. "Doctor and surgeon. I do not approve of his methods, which include vivisection; but he is at the head of his profession. He is a busy man, of course, and would not be here in the morning without a good reason. I must see him, at least, I suppose."

He rose as his visitor was shown in by Sing-Sing.

The doctor was a rather striking looking man.

He was tall and lean—looking taller and leaner in his black frock coat. His massive head was almost completely bald, the skull massive—domelike. His age it was almost impossible to guess; he might have been any where between thirty and fifty. His complexion was pale, clear—his expression impassive, icy. But the icy face broke into a pleasant smile as he advanced to shake hands with Ferrers Locke.

"I am glad that you have been able to see me, Mr. Locke," he said. "I know that you are a busy man. If you are at liberty now, I desire very much to retain your services."

Locke shook his head.

"I am sorry," he replied. "At present I fear that my time is too well filled."

"If that is the case, of course, I must be content," said the doctor, with a slight bow. "But at all events, you might be willing to hear me and advise. I know the value of



Who Slew Hubert Brandon?

Is There a Powerful Gang Working Against Ferrers Locke?

See Next Week's Stirring Story:
"THE SHADOWER."

time, Mr. Locke—I am a busy man myself. I shall not waste many minutes."

Locke motioned him to a chair.

"Pray be seated, Dr. Weird," he said. "At all events, I can give you a few minutes, and I should be glad, of course, to help you if possible. What is the trouble?"

Weird sat down.

"I will tell you in a few words, Mr. Locke. A relative of mine has lately arrived in England from South Africa. I heard from him on Monday, when he landed at Southampton. He was coming on to London the next day, and was to call at my house in Harley Street the same evening. He did not call. As I understood that he was to put up at the Goring Hotel, I telephoned there on Wednesday morning. I was informed by the manager that Mr. Hubert Brandon—my cousin—had stayed there on Tuesday afternoon, booking a room for a week. On Tuesday evening he had left the hotel on foot. He had not returned. I should imagine that he had left the hotel, intending to walk to Harley Street—my house is not more than fifteen minutes from the Goring Hotel in the Marylebone Road. It is now Thursday, and I have seen and heard nothing of Mr. Brandon. He has not returned to the hotel, where his baggage remains; he has not called upon me. I fear that something has happened to him. He is a complete stranger in this country—he has spent twenty years in Africa. I cannot help fearing that he may have fallen into some danger in London; you know better than anyone else the pitfalls that beset a stranger's feet in this city."

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"You have applied to the police?" he asked.

"I have."

"They have learned nothing of him?"

"Nothing."

"And you desire me—"

"To discover what has happened to my cousin, Mr. Locke," said the doctor. "Although we were practically strangers, I believe I am his only living relation. I feel responsible for him, naturally. If it is a question of fees, I am prepared—"

Locke made a gesture.

"My time is too much taken up at present for me to think of a new case," he said. "I regret it very much. But one moment—Mr. Brandon left the hotel on Tuesday evening, you say."

"At seven o'clock."

A strange expression crossed the Baker Street detective's face for a moment.

The thought that had come into his mind was startling.

It was on Tuesday night that the gruesome discovery had been made in Baker Street! Was it possible—

"What kind of man was Mr. Brandon?" he asked. "Have you any knowledge of his personal appearance?"

"He was forty years of age, and he wore a beard," said the doctor. "Beyond that I know little or nothing."

Drake gave his chief a quick look. He had read Locke's sudden, startling thought. And

the dead man picked up in Baker Street was bearded.

"You think that he may have come to harm—in short, that he may have fallen a victim to some of the crooks who are always on the look-out for unsuspecting strangers," said Locke.

"That is the only explanation I can think of," said Dr. Weird.

"Was he wealthy—sufficiently so to tempt a crook to make away with him?"

"Certainly he was prosperous," said the doctor. "He had transferred his fortune to England before crossing; it was his intention to settle down in the old country. He has a large investment in War Loan now deposited at a bank in Threadneedle Street. He informed me of this in his letters. Of what he may have carried about him personally, I know nothing. No doubt he had money with him."

"His appointment with you for Tuesday evening was fixed and definite?"

"He was to dine with me."

"He was not the man to change his mind from a sudden caprice, and to go away on some other business of his own without explanation?"

"I should certainly say not."

"Then something happened to him in his walk from the Goring Hotel to Harley Street?"

"I fear so."

Locke reflected for a moment.

"You have, no doubt, heard of what the papers are referring to as the Baker Street Mystery?" he said.

Dr. Weird raised his eyebrows slightly.

"I seldom see the newspapers," he replied. "My time is quite taken up with professional interests. Unless the affair was referred to in the 'British Medical Journal,' I should not be likely to see anything of it."

"Then you have not heard—"

"I think not."

"I will acquaint you with it in a few words," said the Baker Street detective. "A man approaching middle-age, with a beard, was found dead in Baker Street on Tuesday night."

Dr. Weird started.

"Heavens! You do not think—"

"I suggest it as a bare possibility," said Ferrers Locke. "The dead man had no clue to his identity about him—no money, no jewellery, no papers. He had evidently been robbed in the most thorough manner. But his clothes were not of a London cut; the maker's name was not to be found on them, but they had certainly not been made in England, in my opinion. He was found on the same night that your cousin disappeared. I think it is worth your while to visit the mortuary—if you are able to identify him."

"It is twenty years since I have seen him," said the doctor. "I have a clear recollection of what he was like then—I never forget faces. But in that period of time he must have changed greatly. But, undoubtedly, the hotel people would identify him with ease."

Ferrers Locke rose.

"Your car is below?" he said.

"Yes."

"Let us go to the mortuary at once, then," said Ferrers Locke. "The body was removed there after the inquest."

"I shall be taking up your time—unless, indeed, you are engaged upon the affair you call the Baker Street Mystery?" said the doctor.

"I am engaged upon it," said Locke.

"Then I shall be very glad if you will come with me, and I will ascertain whether my unfortunate cousin—" The doctor paused, and caught his breath. "Poor, poor fellow," he said—"if it is indeed he! But I shall hope for the best until the worst is known."

"That is always wise," said Ferrers Locke.

A couple of minutes later the doctor's handsome car was gliding away, with Ferrers Locke seated by the side of the famous specialist.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Identified!

POOK fellow!" Dr. Dumaresq Weird almost whispered the words.

His voice was musical, and its tones expressed the deepest compassion as he spoke, looking down upon the grim figure.

His eyes rested on the white, upturned face, cold and still in death. A silent

**NEXT
MONDAY!** "THE SHADOWER!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 770.

**ANOTHER TALE
OF FERRERS LOCKE AND JACK DRAKE,
HIS ASSISTANT.**

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

constable had uncovered the face of the man who had met his death in the wilderness of London. Ferrers Locke watched the doctor anxiously.

"You recognise him?" he asked.

Dr. Weir bowed his head.

"I should not like to speak with absolute certainty, as it is so long since I saw him in life," he answered. "But, to the best of my belief, this man is Hubert Brandon."

Locke drew a deep breath.

"The evidence of the hotel people will settle the matter beyond doubt," he said.

"Certainly. It would be advisable for them to be called to identify the body."

"Detective-Inspector Flemming is in official charge of the case," said Locke. He glanced at the constable. "The inspector is here, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please call him."

Inspector Flemming, a young man with a keen, intelligent face, was on the scene a minute later. Ferrers Locke briefly explained to him, and the inspector's face lighted.

"I will very soon see to the identification," he said. "Leave that to me, Mr. Locke. Dr. Weir is of opinion that he knows the man?"

"I am practically certain," said the doctor. "Poor fellow! No doubt he was watched at his hotel—followed when he left."

"And robbed and murdered!" said the inspector. "At least we know who he is now. That is something."

"We'll shall know more soon," said Ferrers Locke quietly.

Dr. Weir looked at him.

"You think so, Mr. Locke? You have hopes of tracing the dastard who has done him to death?"

"I have hopes," said Locke.

"May you be successful!" said Dr. Weir fervently. "I would willingly give the half of my fortune to see the villain brought to justice!"

The doctor left the mortuary with Ferrers Locke, his impassive face thoughtful and a little clouded. They entered the car.

"I will drop you at Baker Street," said Dr. Weir. He glanced at his watch. "I have an appointment for one o'clock—that will leave me good time."

"Now, Mr. Locke," he continued, as the car glided away, "it is practically certain that that poor fellow is my cousin, Hubert Brandon. The fact, if such it be, will be established very soon. I came to you to enlist your services. I take it that it was the Baker Street Mystery that made it impossible for you to assist me? It turns out that the cases are one and the same."

"So it appears," assented Locke.

"Then may I hope that you will keep this case in hand—that you will use your best efforts to bring the murderer of Hubert Brandon to justice?" exclaimed the doctor.

"That is a task that I have set before all others," said the Baker Street detective quietly.

"Good! We shall not dispute on the question of fees," said Dr. Weir, with a faint smile. "I am not a poor man, and I am prepared—"

"That question does not enter," said Locke. "I have taken up the case of the Baker Street Mystery at the request of the official police, and my fees will be drawn from that quarter."

"But, as the poor fellow's only surviving relative, I am entitled to take the matter in hand, Mr. Locke, and to provide—"

Ferrers Locke shook his head.

"That question is settled," he answered.

"Very well; you must have your way, of course," said the doctor. "I wish I were allowed to help in the only way possible to me. But, at all events, Mr. Locke, if the question of expenses should arise, and there should be necessity, you will not hesitate to come to me?"

"Certainly."

"I must be satisfied with that, I suppose," said Dr. Weir. "May I hope, also, that you will keep me acquainted with the progress of affairs, although you will not allow me to be responsible for the fees?"

"Undoubtedly," said Ferrers Locke. "I shall regard myself as having taken up the case on your account to that extent."

"Thank you very much!" said Dr. Weir, with feeling in his voice. "I am not a man accustomed to display emotion, Mr. Locke—few men in my position are. But I feel this

deeply. The thought that the poor fellow was coming to me, after a separation of twenty years, and that so he met his death—"

He broke off, and turned his face aside.

"I understand," said Ferrers Locke quietly. "You may depend upon it, Dr. Weir, that I shall do my best to bring the assassin to justice."

"A difficult task, I fear."

"No doubt. But, mysterious as it is, the case seems fairly clear in one respect."

"And that?"

"Brandon fell a victim to a gang of crooks whose business it is to lay traps for unwary strangers in the metropolis," said Locke. "That much seems to be clear. He was trapped somehow, and murdered for what he had about him—probably a considerable sum, as he was a fairly wealthy man. It is the second crime of the kind that has recently occurred. In each case the victim was stripped of every mark of identification, and the body conveyed, by some unknown

with the Harley Street specialist, and the car rolled away. It disappeared into the traffic of Baker Street, and Locke entered the house.

It was an hour later that a ring came on the telephone, and when Jack Drake took off the receiver, Inspector Flemming's voice asked for Ferrers Locke.

Locke stepped to the instrument.

"Any news, Flemming?"

"Yes, Mr. Locke. The manager of the Goring Hotel has positively identified the dead man as his guest, Mr. Hubert Brandon, who stayed at his hotel on Tuesday."

"Good!"

"A waiter has also identified him. There are other witnesses, if needed, but that settles the matter."

"Quite," said Locke.

"The body will be handed over to Dr. Weir, as the nearest relative concerned," said Inspector Flemming.



A man in the rough garb of a sailorman stood before Drake—it was the disguise in which Locke had left him hours before. But there was a change in the detective's look—across his cheek was a scratch, as if a knife had gone closely.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Locke?" panted Drake. (See Chapter 4.)

means, to a street far from the scene of the crime, and left there to be found. The gang have succeeded in covering their traces well. But traces will be found."

"You are sure of that, Mr. Locke?"

"Sure!" said Ferrers Locke quietly.

"May it prove that you are right—as I do not doubt, knowing your reputation," said Dr. Weir. "You will not fail to keep me posted? If you think that a reward would be useful, I shall be glad to offer any sum up to a thousand pounds."

"At present, no."

"I shall be, of course, entirely guided by your advice, Mr. Locke. Pray see me whenever you have anything of interest to report. I am a busy man in the daytime, but my evenings are generally free—and I am always at home to Ferrers Locke. I will give my butler instructions that you are to be admitted at any time you may call, without question. I hope you may soon have news, Mr. Locke."

The car stopped at the house in Baker Street.

Ferrers Locke alighted, and shook hands

"Quite so. Have you learned anything of interest from the hotel manager?"

"Nothing. Mr. Brandon does not seem to have been communicative during his brief stay in the hotel. It seems that he mentioned that he was in London to see a relative; that was all. The relative in question was, of course, the doctor. He must have left the hotel to walk to Harley Street. It is an amazing case, Locke. It was barely dusk when he walked down the Marylebone Road to Harley Street, and yet—"

Inspector Flemming broke off.

"Amazing enough," said Locke. "We are working together in this case, Flemming, and you may rely upon me to keep you posted if I make any discoveries. What is your next step?"

"I am going over the ground," answered the inspector. "Nothing in it, probably, but a walk from the Goring Hotel to Harley Street will not do any harm. At some point in that walk, Brandon fell into the hands of the gang who killed him. If I can locate the spot it will be something. Of course, it

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Is a wild chance; but there is nothing doing."
"Best of luck, Flemming!"
And Ferrers Locke rang off.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Horror of the Night.

FERRERS LOCKE was busy for the remainder of that day.

There was no clue to the baffling mystery, for the discovery of the dead man's identity let in no light upon the murder. Known or unknown, it seemed certain that he was the victim of one of the gangs of ruthless crooks that infested the metropolis—a stranger to them, he had fallen into their clutches and had been done to death.

But it was Ferrers Locke's business to find a clue where there seemed to be none; and he lost no time.

There was no man in London better acquainted than Locke with the dark underworld—the community of criminals that lives in the dark and works unseen. Into many a dangerous lair the Baker Street detective had penetrated, in deep disguise, taking his life in his hands.

Jack Drake had often accompanied him on such expeditions; but on this occasion Drake was left in Baker Street, much to his disappointment.

"Not this time, my boy," the detective said kindly. "I am going among men to whom a human life is no more than that of a fly if they believed there was danger."

"I'm not afraid, sir," said Drake sturdily. Ferrers Locke smiled.

"I am sure of that, my boy. Do not fear—you shall take your full share of the task before us. But this time—no. You may wait up for my return, if you like."

"I shall do that, sir."

It was by the secret exit at the back of the house that Ferrers Locke left, in a disguise that the keenest eye could not have penetrated. Drake thought of him, mingling with the desperate crooks in their own haunts, unknown, unsuspected, yet in constant danger of discovery and death. It was no new experience to Ferrers Locke—danger and he were old friends. But Drake's heart was a little heavy as he waited and watched that evening. He would gladly have been by the side of his chief, whatever the peril was. But Ferrers Locke's word was law—and the boy detective was patient.

He did not expect Locke to return until a late hour, but when eleven o'clock rang out, Drake threw aside his book and began to pace the consulting-room uneasily.

It was no ordinary case, he knew that. The assassin who had left the body of his victim in the open street opposite Locke's windows was no ordinary criminal. Behind this crime there was a man of unusual character—a master-criminal. Ferrers Locke was up against an opponent such as he seldom encountered. The danger was greater—Drake felt it and knew it.

Midnight!

Where was Ferrers Locke?

Buzzzz!

The sudden buzz of the telephone bell startled the boy, and he caught his breath quickly.

He sprang to the telephone. A ring at that late hour was very unusual; and he hoped it was a message from Ferrers Locke—a word that he was safe.

"Hallo!"

"Locke!"

It was Inspector Flemming's voice.

Drake felt a pang of disappointment. It was not a word from his absent chief, after all.

"Drake speaking!" he said into the transmitter.

"Call Mr. Locke at once."

"He is not back yet."

A muttered exclamation came along the wires. The voice of the inspector when he spoke was thick with excitement.

"When will he return—do you know?"

"Any minute now," said Drake. "I am expecting him."

"Good! When he comes in, tell him not to go to bed—tell him I am coming."

"You are coming here to-night?"

"Yes, yes—I rang up to tell him to wait for me. I cannot speak freely on the phone."

Tell Locke I have made a discovery—tell him to wait up for me. I am coming along immediately."

Drake felt a thrill.

"I will tell him!" he said.

"Tell him, I found out in Harley Street—"

The inspector broke off sharply. "Tell him what I've said, and to wait up. Good-bye!"

Jack Drake put up the receiver.

His heart was throbbing now. What discovery had the inspector made? More than ever anxious for Ferrers Locke's return, Drake watched the clock as the hand slowly crawled.

There was a step in the consulting-room.

"Mr. Locke!"

A man in the rough garb of a sailorman stood before Drake—it was the disguise in which Locke had left him hours before. But there was a change in the detective's looks—across his cheek was a scratch, as if a knife had gone closely.

"You—you're hurt, Mr. Locke!" panted Drake.

"Not at all, though it came very near," said Ferrers Locke, unmoved. "Anything during my absence, Drake?"

"Yes, yes!"

Drake retailed what Inspector Flemming had said on the telephone. Locke listened with keen interest.

"A discovery!" he said. "Good for Flemming! I have been in dangerous quarters, but I have discovered nothing. Is it possible that— Tell me exactly what he said, Drake."

Drake repeated the inspector's words.

"Tell him I found out in Harley Street!" repeated the detective. "Gad! What discovery can he have made in Harley Street? Was it in that very respectable thoroughfare that the crooks seized upon poor Brandon? I shall certainly wait up for him, at all events; he cannot be long now, from his message. Get me some supper, my boy, while I get a bath—I need it."

Locke quitted the room; he returned in ten minutes, looking his usual self, save for the faint mark on his cheek which showed where a knife had narrowly missed.

He ate his supper with a good appetite, waiting for the ring at the bell which should announce the arrival of the inspector.

The clock indicated one, and there was no ring. Locke lighted his pipe, and smoked thoughtfully.

Half-past one!

"You are sure he said he was coming along immediately, Drake?" Ferrers Locke asked, glancing at his boy assistant through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"They were his words, sir."

"You do not know where he was speaking from—he gave no hint?"

"No, sir."

"If he made this discovery he speaks of in Harley Street, surely he would have been telephoning from that quarter, as he was in such a hurry to see me about it?" the detective observed thoughtfully.

"I should think so," said Drake. "But he's had time to get here from Harley Street twice over, even if he walked."

"True."

From the silent street came the whirr of a passing motor-car. Locke removed the pipe from his mouth, and sat upright, listening.

"Perhaps that—"

But the car passed.

The whirr of the engine died away into the silence of the night, and Baker Street was still again.

Locke resumed his pipe.

The hand of the clock was slowly crawling round to two, but the Baker Street detective did not think of bed. Drake was sleepy; but he, also, did not think of going to his room. He was keen to see the inspector when he came—to learn what discovery he had made.

His eyes were constantly on the clock.

A grim look was coming over Ferrers Locke's face. Dark thoughts were forming in the detective's mind.

It was two hours since the inspector had telephoned that he was coming at once, and to ask Locke to wait up for him. He had not come. Had some development in the strange, baffling case caused him to change his plans, or—

The alternative thought was disquieting. Was it possible that the cool, keen detective-inspector of Scotland Yard had been "got

at" in some way? Only too well Ferrers Locke had realised that the master-criminal in this case was a man of no ordinary powers—a man to be feared. Why had not the inspector come?

Locke stepped to the telephone at last, and rang up Scotland Yard. But there was no news there—only that Inspector Flemming was absent, and had been absent since the early afternoon.

Locke replaced the receiver with a gloomy brow.

He laid down his pipe, and walked about the consulting-room, his brow wrinkled with gloomy thought.

He was powerless. But he knew that there must be a serious reason for this delay.

"You had better go to bed, Drake," he said at last.

Drake shook his head.

"Something's happened to him, sir," he said, with conviction.

"I fear it!" said Ferrers Locke. "And I am helpless—I can do nothing. If he has met with some disaster—" The Baker Street detective broke off, biting his lip restlessly.

All was silent in the deserted street without.

The passing car had been the last, and somehow the whirr of that car, long gone, lingered in the detective's mind. It recalled the sound of the car that had passed a few nights before, immediately preceding his discovery of Brandon's dead body.

He opened the windows at last, and stepped out on the balcony, and gazed into the street, hardly admitting to himself what he feared to see.

But the road lay clear before him.

He drew a deep breath.

He threw the fancy aside—the haunting thought that perhaps the inspector had fallen a victim to the assassin whom he was tracking. Yet the thought had been strong in his mind that the passing car might have left a dead body where it passed.

"I am growing fanciful," said Ferrers Locke, turning back into the room. "This will not do. I think I will take a turn or two in the street, Drake. Come with me, my boy; it will freshen you up a little, if you will not go to bed."

"You—you think he may still come, sir?" asked Drake.

Locke compressed his lips.

"I fear not," he said. "Some fresh clue may have led him away, without giving him time to telephone again."

It was past three o'clock. The long vigil was telling on Drake—and even on Locke; but to go to bed without knowing what had happened to the inspector seemed impossible.

They quitted the consulting-room, and crossed the wide hall, where a light burned dimly. Sing-Sing was long ago in bed and asleep.

Locke put his hand to the door.

As he threw open the large, heavy door something came tumbling into the hall—something that had been leaning against the door.

Drake gave a suppressed cry.

For an instant Ferrers Locke stood quite still—motionless, as if frozen.

Then he sprang forward, and bent over the still figure that sprawled in the doorway.

It was the body of a man.

The body had been placed in a sitting posture against the door, and in the deep shadow of the stone porch it was invisible there from the street. But it had been placed so that it would fall into the house as soon as the door was opened.

"Good heavens!" muttered Drake, in a strangled voice.

He was shivering.

The light in the hall was low and dim; Ferrers Locke flashed on the light of his pocket torch.

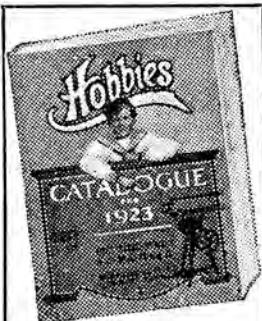
The bright light blazed on the face of the man who lay at his feet—a face he knew!

"Mr. Locke," panted Drake, "it—it—it is—"

"Yes."

It was Inspector Flemming, of Scotland Yard, who lay at the feet of Ferrers Locke—Inspector Flemming—dead, shot through the heart!

THE END.



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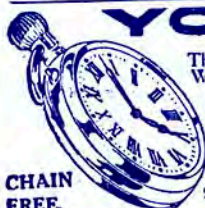
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