

FISHY'S TREASURE! This Week's Screamingly
Funny Greyfriars Story, by **FRANK RICHARDS.**

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The Magnet 2d

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School & Detective Stories.

EVERY
MONDAY



HUNTING FOR THE HIDDEN TENNER!

(An exciting incident from this week's splendid story of Harry Wharton & Co., inside.)

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"TRUE TO HIS WORD!"

By Frank Richards.

NEXT week look out for an extra long story of Greyfriars. Mr. Frank Richards has fairly excelled himself this time, and he gives us just one of those "full," splendidly detailed yarns, with space enough in it to allow him to get in some of the special magic touches of which he is a master.

THE ARRIVAL OF SLINKER BATES!

You may say that in mentioning Slinker in this style, I am putting the cart before the horse, which in itself is an absurd proceeding. But that's no matter, as the scientist said of his mind. Actually, the first figure in next week's yarn is James Hobson. You remember Hobson, of course? Greyfriars' characters do get remembered, and asked about, even when they suffer temporary eclipse. James Hobson has not been heard of much of late, through no fault of his. Hobson is an entirely worthy fellow, but he is not in the first line, as a rule.

HOBSON'S CHOICE!

Now, in next week's story we find Slinker Bates, who is a reformatory boy who has broken loose from his moorings, saving the life of Hobson. Slinker simultaneously annexed a prized watch which James Hobson happened to be wearing. Slinker is strangely erratic, but Hobson, moved to feelings of gratitude, takes the youngster under his wing. Hobson realises that there is much to be done for Slinker Bates, and he does his best to reclaim the wastrel. It is hard work. Like the leopard, Bates cannot change his nature—not in a hurry, anyway, and Hobson finds himself landed in a dilemma of the most pronounced kind.

A STORY WITH A PUNCH!

You are bound to like this tale. It sets one thinking. The two chief characters stand out in bold relief—

Hobson of the Shell, the lad who has always seen one side of life, and thinks the world is something pretty regular, if round; and the boy with no skid to his wheel, who has had a rough time. Hobson, coming bump up against a fellow whose outlook is quite different from his own, has an experience which changes his view vastly. The story is real life in its main issues, and you will find yourself thinking over it long afterwards, as you walk to work, or pedal there, and carry on with the day's duties.

"THE YELLOW CLAW!"

By Hedley Scott.

Plenty of letters reach me with complimentary references to the exciting serial now running. Next Monday's part is extra special. An eclipse for certain characters is agreeably foreshadowed, and the plot thickens in laudable style.

A BOXING NUMBER!

There can, I think, be no doubt that it was a good move to have a Boxing Supplement for our next issue. The "Greyfriars Herald" has dealt previously with the noble art, but this time the subject is viewed from an entirely different angle. It is a fair k.o. Boxing as an art, and like all arts that one ever heard of, has its perilous ups and downs. Sometimes the worthy champions are lacking. Occasionally those who come forward are lacking in sinew and deftness. The "Greyfriars Herald" always takes an impartial and a fair-minded view, knowing no favourites, and being all in for the best man, whether his name chances to be Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson. The new supplements stand by these admirable traditions.

THE REASON FOR IT!

One more word about this Boxing Supplement and I have done. It was decided to have it in deference to many requests. The public interest in pugilism

continues unabated. Disappointments there have been in plenty, but each new day brings new men and fresh possibilities. I heard an individual the other day talking in despondent tones of British boxing. Could there be a bigger mistake? I much doubt it. Take a tip from Greyfriars and read next Monday's splendid contribution to a subject in which countless thousands of sportsmen take a deep interest. You never heard defeatism, as it is called, talked at good old Greyfriars, and never will.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF EQUITY!"

The title of our next story of the Mounted Police speaks for itself. It is a stirring adventure of Trooper Raeburn, of the Indian Police. The Mounted Police of the great Southern Empire are faced by perils surpassing anything to be encountered elsewhere. The coming treat rings up the curtain on some phases of life in India, of which the majority can know little. It is enthralling, and is bound to make its mark.

BACK IN THE PAST!

You can hardly pay a bigger compliment to the MAGNET than by talking of the past stories, unless you speak of the new ones. But it is no end interesting to hear from readers who have all the old yarns fresh in their memory. A New Zealand chum tells me that he has read the paper for umpteen years, and he wants to hear more about some of the characters who have, for one reason or another, dropped out of sight. Well, people do drop out. They have done their bit, and that's the end of it. My correspondent on the other side of the world asks for a tale about Rupert Valence. But Valence vanished after the terrible happenings in "A Very Gallant Gentleman." I hardly see how he can be reintroduced.

A CHANGE OVER!

A Brisbane chum says he would like Harry Wharton and Billy Bunter, the respective editors of the "Greyfriars Herald" and "Bunter's Weekly," to change places for one week only. This is simply asking for trouble, so it strikes me. When you can have peace, why ask for pieces?—and there would be a few after the inevitable row!

Your Editor.



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JUNO

It would appear as though Fisher T. Fish never profits by his experiences, for despite the failure that has always attended his brainy "philanthropic wheezes," he astonishes the Remove with yet another stunt. This time Fishy's business brain evolves a scheme which, on the face of things, seems genuine. But the old saying, "The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," can be applied in this instance. Poor Fish at the climax is like a fish out of water—gasping!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of
Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, with
Fisher T. Fish—the cute American junior—
as the central figure.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Great Idea Goes Begging!

"YOU guys want me on this job!" Fisher T. Fish, of the Remove made that observation as he strolled into Study No. 1. Rain was falling in the old quadrangle of Greyfriars and dashing against the window-panes of Study No. 1. For that reason, as much as any other, Harry Wharton & Co. were busy upon the "Greyfriars Herald." In fine weather the school paper was liable to be a little neglected.

But the editors and sub-editors were very busy now. There were six juniors crowded round the table—the Famous Five of the Remove, and Vernon-Smith, sports editor. They had pens in their hands, ink on their fingers, and thoughtful expressions on their faces. And they were not in the least anxious to see Fisher Tarleton Fish. They were, indeed, anxious not to see him, so far as they took note of his existence at all.

Nobody answered Fishy. Only Bob Cherry looked up for a moment, to point to the door.

"You galoots——" went on Fishy.

Then Harry Wharton spoke.

"Cut it!"

"I guess you guys——"

"Hook it!" said Johnny Bull crossly.

"You're interrupting, Fishy."

"I know that. I——"

"Didn't you see the notice on the door?" snapped Nugent. "'No admittance except on business!'"

"Yep! I've come on business!"

"Oh, rats!"

"I guess you galoots want me on this job," said Fisher T. Fish, closing the door and leaning against it, coolly. "Chuck up for a minute or two and listen to your uncle."

"Kick him out, Bob!" said Vernon-Smith. "You've got the biggest feet!"

"The kickfulness is the proper caper," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, let up!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Look hyer, I'm talking business. I'm on to a stunt."

"Bosh!"

"How would you like to double your circulation and treble it and quadruple it?" asked Fishy.

"Oh, blow the circulation!" said Bob Cherry. "And blow you, Fishy! We've had some of your swindling stunts before! Are you going out of this editorial office on your feet or on your neck?"

Fisher T. Fish did not budge. Evidently he had come to the editorial office on business, and was determined to state his business.

"Give me five minutes to put you wise," he said. "I guess I can make even you duds see reason in that time. I tell you I've thought out a stunt for making the 'Herald' the top-sawyer in school papers, and spreading the circulation all over Greyfriars, and outside, too. I want all Courtfield and Friardale to come along buying copies, and all the county of Kent, in fact. In the long run a nation-wide circulation—what?"

Harry Wharton & Co. blinked at Fisher T. Fish. He had almost succeeded in interesting them at last.

Certainly, they would have been pleased to see the circulation of the "Herald" jump up by leaps and bounds.

"Of course, we know you're only talking out of the back of your neck, Fishy," said Harry Wharton. "We know your stunts. We've not forgotten the 'Greyfriars Newspaper.' But we'll give you a chance! Buck up!"

"Five minutes," said Vernon-Smith, taking out his watch. "Five minutes to the tick. And then if you're not gone, Fishy, you get the boot!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess you'll want me to hang on and become your business manager when I've put you wise," said Fisher T. Fish confidently.

"Ten seconds gone!" said the Bounder, laying his watch on the table.

"Oh, guff! Give a galoot a chance to speak."

"Twenty seconds."

"Better get a move on, Fishy," grinned Bob Cherry, getting up from the table.

"That's all right. You needn't get up——"

"I'm getting ready to kick you out when the five minutes are up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish glared. This was not the enthusiastic reception which might naturally have been expected by a born business-man who was prepared to place his amazing abilities at the service of a set of duds. Fishy had no doubt whatever about the amazing abilities. He had been, as he often said, "raised" in Noo Yark, where a guy cut his eye-teeth very early. His good opinion of himself was only equalled by his compassionate contempt for the inhabitants of the effete old island in which he now sojourned.

"Get on with it, Fishy!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Now, how are we going to double the circulation and treble it, and so on?"

"What's the present figure?" asked Fish.

The captain of the Remove shook his head.

"The Herald doesn't publish circulation figures at present," he answered.

"I guess it's slow business to let it go for pennies," said Fisher T. Fish contemptuously. "Now, the first step is to raise the price to sixpence."

"Sixpence!" yelled the editors and sub-editors in chorus.

"Yep!"

"And that's going to increase the circulation?"

"With me as business manager, yep!"

"Well, my hat!"

"Minute and a half!" said the Bounder.

"Oh, shut up, Smithy! Let a galoot speak," said Fisher T. Fish impatiently.

"You see, you guys, I've got a noo idea! It's a competition——"

"Is that new?" grinned Bob.

"This one is! There's a prize of a tenner——"

"A tenner!" yelled Bob. "And where is the tenner coming from?"

Fisher T. Fish winked.

The editorial staff of the "Greyfriars"
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Herald" stared at him. That wink was evidently intended to convey a world of deep meaning. But in the innocence of their hearts the editorial staff failed to catch the meaning.

"Two minutes!" said the Bounder, his eye on his watch.

"Shut up, Smithy!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"And ten seconds——"

"Look hyer, you guys, hyer's the stunt. You print a coupon in the paper and charge sixpence a time. It's worth a tanner to have a chance at a tenner. You put a notice in the paper that the ten-pound note is hidden somewhere in the school, and it belongs to the finder, if he is in possession of the current number of the 'Herald'! See?"

"I see," said Wharton. "But——"

"When that gets out, there'll be a swarm after the paper. Everybody will want it," said Fisher T. Fish. "You charge sixpence a time, print an extra large edition, and it goes like hot cakes. What?"

"But it would want a thumping lot of sixpences to make up a ten-pound prize," said Bob. "Four hundred, I think."

"And there's not anything like that number of fellows at Greyfriars, counting in the Fifth and Sixth," said Nugent.

"Not with the masters thrown in, and the cook and the boot-boy," said Johnny Bull, laughing. "So where is the tenner coming from, Fishy?"

"Three minutes!" said Vernon-Smith.

"You ain't heard the whole stunt yet," said Fish impatiently. "We raise the tenner among us, and show it round, to prove that it's all genuine, and there's no pesky deception, and all that. Then it's hidden in the school—and the finder is given a week to find it. If he finds it it's his. But he won't find it."

"Oh!"

"Every galoot will figure it out that he can find that tenner in a week, if it's within the walls of Greyfriars. But I guess he won't, all the same. We put a notice in the paper that it's dropped into a box in the school. The chaps will think it's as easy as winking—they'll root through all the studies and box-rooms, hunting out old boxes—but they won't find the tenner."

"What utter rot!" said Harry. "There would be a hundred chaps at least hunting for it, and they'd be bound to find it."

"Certain to!" said Nugent.

"The certainfulness would be terrific," said Hurree Singh.

Fisher T. Fish smiled—the smile of superior knowledge.

"You galoots wasn't raised in Noo Yark," he said. "I guess that's where I come in—I'm a business man. You agree that the fellows would catch on to the stunt?"

"I imagine so," assented Wharton.

"And they'd take your word that the tenner had really been dropped into a box in the school?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, there you are! The tenner wouldn't be found, and it would make the same prize week after week, and still be ours."

"But it would be found!" roared Bob.

"I guess not."

"Four minutes fifty seconds!" said the Bounder.

"Shut up, Smithy!"

"If a tenner was dropped into any box in this school, and fellows given a week to find it, it would be found," said Harry.

"What price the letter-box?"

"The letter-box?"

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Fisher T. Fish winked again.

"Yep! You specify a box—not the kind of box! That tenner's dropped into the letter-box—in an envelope addressed to one of us! See? I guess nobody would find that tenner."

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at Fisher T. Fish blankly. Vernon-Smith even forgot to mention that the five minutes were up. Fisher T. Fish had taken away the breath of the editorial staff.

"Why, you—you—you——" gasped Wharton at last.

"I guess that would see us through—what?" asked Fishy. "Nobody would get on to the wheeze. Even if they did, they couldn't open the school letter-box to get the tenner out—it's against the law to touch letter-boxes. We score all along the line. That tenner will still be ours at the end of the term; and all the time there's a crowd of fellows paying sixpence each for the papers, on the chance of finding it. How's that for a prize competition?"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances, and rose to their feet as if moved by the same spring.

They did not tell Fisher T. Fish what they thought of his wonderful wheeze for a prize competition. On points of business morality it was futile to argue with the enterprising youth from New York. And it was a time for action, not for words.

Bob Cherry was the first to act. He took Fisher T. Fish by the collar.

"Ink!" shouted Bob.

Johnny Bull weighed in with the ink. The inkpot was up-ended over the astonished head of Fisher T. Fish.

"Whooooop!" roared Fish. "Wharrer you at? Leggo! Groogh! I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of you guys! Yooop!"

"Bump him!"

"Oh, Jerusalem!"

Bump! Bump! Bump!

"Let up!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Oh gun! Oh snakes! Let up, you guys! I guess—Yarooop!"

Bump! Bump!

"Oh, Jerusalem crickets! Ow!"

"Now put his head in the cinders!" gasped Bob.

"I guess—Gerrrrrrgh!"

"Now sling him out!"

"Whooooop!"

There was a heavy bump in the passage as Fisher T. Fish departed from Study No. 1. He sprawled in the passage, dabbing at ink and cinders that clung to his keen Transatlantic head, and roared.

Slam!

The door of the editorial office closed on him. Harry Wharton & Co., chuckling, returned to their editorial labours. But they were not quite finished with Fisher T. Fish. A minute later the door opened and an inky, cindery face glared into the study.

"You pesky guys! You burbling mug-wumps!" roared Fishy. "I guess I won't boost your rotten paper now! I guess I'll let it moulder away under your rotten management! I guess I'll start a rival paper, and wipe your pesky rag out of existence! I guess—Yaroooop!"

At this point a whizzing cushion caught Fisher T. Fish under the chin, and he disappeared into the passage again.

This time he did not return; and the editorial duties in Study No. 1 proceeded without further interruption from Fisher T. Fish.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Not Squiff!

"GIT!" Thus Fisher Tarleton Fish a few days later in Study No. 14 at the end of the Remove passage. Fish was busy in that study, and Johnny Bull and Squiff, coming in for prep, were greeted by that laconic injunction. Johnny Bull and Sampson Quincy Hiley Field had the doubtful honour of sharing Study No. 14 with Fisher T. Fish—but apparently Fishy wanted Study No. 14 all to himself just now.

He was seated at the table, which was covered with papers, mostly scribbled on in Fishy's sprawling hand. Fishy was not engaged upon prep—but he was very busy. He had been in the study ever since tea, hard at work—whatever his work was.

"Git!" he repeated, as the two juniors came in. "I guess I want the study for a bit! Just git!"

"Prep, you ass!" said Johnny Bull.

"Gol-darn prep!" retorted Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm busy! No time for prep, for this hyer infant!"

"Well, this infant has got to find time!" said Squiff, laughing. "This infant doesn't want an argument with Mr. Quelch in the morning!"

"Gol-darn Quelchy!"

"What the dickens are you up to?" asked Johnny Bull, staring at the scribbled papers. "That's not lines, I suppose?"

"Lines!" Fishy snorted. "I guess not! It's a new stunt, and I guess I'm going on with it! You can do your prep in another study this evening, I guess."

"I guess not!"

"Now, look hyer," said Fisher T. Fish, turning in his chair, and fixing a baleful eye on his study-mates. "I've told you I'm busy! My time's valuable! I haven't any to waste in chin-wag! You hear me yaup? You galoots jest git, and plant yourselves somewhere along the passage! I'm working against time—I learned to hustle in Noo Yark, where I was raised! Shut the door after you!"

The two juniors chuckled. They could guess that Fisher T. Fish was deep in one of his innumerable schemes—Fishy's schemes were as numerous as the sands of the seashore, and about as valuable. Fishy expended unlimited energy in schemes for making money; and though he never seemed to make any, he was not discouraged by failure. He was, in the opinion of the Remove, a great deal of an ass, and still more of a spoofer, but at least he was a stickler. Undismayed by incessant failures, Fishy always turned up smiling with a new scheme.

But important as Fishy's scheme might be—to himself—his study-mates had no intention of being turned out of their study. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, had a way of making himself quite unpleasant when prep was neglected.

"Give a fellow room at the table, Fishy," said Squiff.

"Git, I tell you!" snapped Fishy.

"You might have kept the fire in!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Too busy, I reckon."

"Shall I use some of this rubbish to light it?" asked Johnny, taking up a fistful of scribbled papers from the table.

There was a yell from Fisher T. Fish.

"Put those papers down, you mug-wump! They're valuable."

"What rot!"

"I tell you——"

"What on earth's this?" exclaimed Johnny Bull, staring at one of the sheets in his hand. It was spaced out in capital letters, and seemed to be a title-page.

**"FISHY'S WEEKLY!
THE GREAT PRIZE PAPER!
FIND THE TENNER!"**

F. T. Fish's Wonderful Prize Competition!

**HIDDEN TENNERS!
FINDINGS KEEPINGS!**

Price 6d."

"Gimme that paper, you jay!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish angrily.

"So that's it!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Fishy's Weekly! My hat! So that's the stunt!"

"I guess my paper is goin' to knock spots off your rotten 'Greyfriars Herald,'" said Fisher T. Fish disdainfully. "After I get on the market you won't have a reader left for your rag."

"Ten-pound prize, dropped into the letter-box, what?" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Nope!" said Fisher T. Fish hastily. "I've modified that scheme a bit! The competition will be genuine—perfectly genuine! Pay your sixpence for a copy of the 'Weekly,' and you can go in for the Hidden Tenner."

"Catch me!" said Johnny Bull. "I kinder guess and reckon that there wouldn't be any tenner to be found."

"I guess—"

"Anyhow, we've got our prep to do," said Johnnie. "Clear that rot off the table."

Fisher T. Fish breathed hard through his long thin nose. Study No. 14 was, for the moment, an editorial and prize-competition office, and it was rather hard that thoughtless schoolboys should butt into a busy editorial office with their prep. Fishy felt bitterly that a real, genuine American business man had no chance at a place like Greyfriars.

"I've told you I'm busy," he said. "Take your prep along the passage."

"Are you clearing off that litter?" demanded Squiff.

"Nope!" roared Fish. "I ain't!"

"Then I'll save you the trouble," said the Australian junior cheerfully.

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Fishy, as Squiff swept a heap of literary work to the floor. "You—you—you mugwump, that's my serial! You jay, you're mixing up the sheets, and I guess I forgot to number 'em! Let them papers alone, you guy! By gum, I'll make shavings of you!"

Fisher T. Fish jumped up in great wrath. As a rule, he was not a fighting man. But this was too much for flesh and blood to stand. He rushed at Sampson Quincy Ifley Field and smote him on the nose. It was an unexpected smite, and Squiff sat down suddenly on the study floor with a yell.

"There!" gasped Fishy. "That's a tip! Now you let my papers alone, you galoot!"

"Why, I—I—I—" stuttered Squiff.

"Git!" snapped Fishy. "Leave a busy man alone! Take your kid's work to some other study! Go and chop chips! I guess I shall be busy here till bed-time. I've got to see the printer to-morrow. And I don't want any gold-darned interruptions! Hyer, keep off!"

Squiff scrambled up. There was a pain in his nose, and he was wrathful. He colored the Transatlantic junior, and Fishy whirled round the study in his grasp.

"You cheeky worm!" gasped Squiff. "I'll teach you to punch a fellow's nose!"

"Yaroo! Leggo! I guess I'll mop up the study with you!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "I won't leave a grease-spot to mark where you was standing, you mugwump! Oh, Jerusalem!"

Holding Fisher T. Fish with his left hand, Squiff seized a handful of the papers with his right, crumpled them,



"Whoooooop!" There was a heavy bump in the passage as Fisher T. Fish departed from No. 1 Study. He sprawled in the passage, dabbling at ink and cinders that clung to his keen, Transatlantic head, and roared. "You pesky guys! You burbling mugwumps—grooough! I guess I won't boost your rotten paper now—ow-wow!" "Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Harry Wharton & Co. (See Chapter 1.)

and stuffed them down the back of Fishy's neck. Fisher T. Fish roared and struggled and yelled. But he was of no use in Squiff's athletic grasp, and a second handful of crumpled papers followed the first, and then a third.

"Now you can travel!" gasped Squiff. Fishy resisted desperately.

"Do you think I'm being turned out of my own study?" he howled.

"Well, you wanted to turn us out!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"That's different! You're a pair of silly mugwumps, and I'm a busy man! Yoooooop!"

Busy man as he was, Fishy was dropped outside the study door. Squiff paused a moment to rub his damaged nose, and then he gathered up the remaining papers in both hands, and hurled them after Fisher T. Fish. Scribbled sheets fell like snowflakes round Fishy as he sat and roared in the passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the row?" Bob Cherry looked out of the door of Study No. 13.

"Yaroooh! I'll scalp him!" shrieked Fish.

"I say, you fellows, they're chucking Fishy out!" yelled Billy Bunter, along the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A cloud of scribbled papers fluttered out of the doorway of Study No. 14. Fisher T. Fish sat and gasped for breath in the midst of a sea of his own literary lucubrations. A dozen of the Remove came along the passage and looked on, grinning. Fishy scrambled to his feet at last.

"I'll pulverise him!" he roared. "Squiff, you jay, I'm coming in for your scalp!"

"Come in for it!" chuckled Squiff.

"Go it, Fishy!" roared Bolsover major. "Let's see you chuck him out!"

"I guess I'll boost him out so quick it will make his head swim!" howled Fisher T. Fish furiously. "You galoots stand round and watch him drop!"

"Bravo!" chuckled Peter Todd. "Go it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish clenched his bony fists and rushed into the study. Even the worm will turn; and Fishy was in such a rage now that he forgot that he was not a fighting man. There was a trampling, and a scuffling, and a gasping in the study, and Fishy's panting voice was heard:

"Out you go, you jay!"

Two struggling forms appeared in the doorway.

"Here he comes!" chortled Billy Bunter.

One of the struggling forms was suddenly detached from the other, and there was a crash in the passage.

"My hat! He's done it!" ejaculated Peter Todd.

"It's Fishy!" yelled Hazeldene.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Someone had been thrown out of the study. But it was not Squiff. It was Fisher T. Fish who sprawled in the passage and roared.

"Oh, oh! Ow! Oooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Go it, Fishy!" howled Skinner.

"We're waiting to hear him drop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish rose slowly and painfully to his feet. Squiff grinned at him from the study doorway.

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"Coming in again?" he asked.
 "Yah! I guess I despise you too much to lay hands on you!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.
 And Fisher T. Fish limped away down the passage amid a roar of laughter from the Removites.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Getting On With It!

THAT evening the Remove fellows had a topic in the studies. It was not so interesting a topic as the forthcoming football match with St. Jim's, or the latest "row" with the Highcliffe fellows, but it was a topic of some interest and much laughter. Fisher T. Fish had another scheme on hand for annexing the dollars of his schoolfellows, and it was a new and rather striking scheme, and it was talked of up and down the Remove passage.

The scribbled sheets that had been scattered like chaff from the door of Study No. 14 had not all been recovered. Fishy had gathered up some of them; others had been picked up and scanned by the other fellows, so the Removites had first-hand information with regard to Fishy's new stunt. The idea of a new school paper, to "cut out" the "Herald," was rather surprising, and the idea of a prize competition with a ten-pound prize was more surprising still.

Although Fisher T. Fish talked airily of the millions owned by his "popper" in "Noo Yark," it was always noticeable that he never was flush with money. Mr. Hiram Fish apparently keeping all his innumerable dollars on his own side of the Atlantic. So where the ten-pound prize was coming from was a mystery, unless it was all "spoof." And the Remove fellows decided without a dissentient voice that it was spoof.

Nevertheless, they talked of the matter, and that was what Fishy wanted. His ejection from Study No. 14 had been, as it were, an advertisement of his new scheme, which possibly solaced Fishy as he rubbed his bumps. Later in the evening Skinner, having occasion to go to the box-room, found the door locked, and a notice pasted on the outside.

"FISH'S WEEKLY."
 EDITORIAL OFFICE.
 ADMISSION ONLY ON BUSINESS."

"Well, of all the cheek!" ejaculated Skinner. "Bagging the box-room! Here, I say, Fishy!" Harold Skinner rapped on the door with his knuckles. "Fishy, you cheeky cad, let me in!"

There was no reply, but Skinner could hear the scratching of a pen. Fisher T. Fish was at work in his new business premises.

"Do you hear me, Fishy?" shouted Skinner.

"Git!"

"I want something out of a trunk."

"You can wait!"

"You silly ass!" yelled Skinner. "Do you think you can bag the box-room and lock fellows out?"

"Yep."

"You cheeky chump!"

"Hook it!"

And as the door remained locked, Skinner, after kicking at the panels for a few minutes to relieve his feelings, had nothing to do but to "hook" it. Fisher T. Fish went on with his editorial work, and did not show up till bedtime. He had done no preparation. When he was busy with a new scheme Fishy had no time for prep. He turned up in the

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 841.

Remove dormitory, looking a little tired and inky, but satisfied. A general chuckle greeted his appearance there.

"I say, Fishy, how's the new paper going on?" asked Billy Bunter, with a fat chuckle.

"First chop!" answered Fisher T. Fish. "The first number will be out this week. Fellows who want copies had better put their names down. The first edition will be limited, and latecomers are liable to get left."

"Come early and avoid the crush!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you'll never get rid of another copy of your rag after my noo paper's on the market!" said Fisher T. Fish disdainfully. "I'm selling it for sixpence, but the literature in it alone is worth half-a-crown. And then there's the ten-pound prize."

"Where?" chuckled Bob.

"The wherefulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton fixed a stern look on the enterprising business man of the Remove.

"Look here, Fishy!" he said quietly. "We've explained to the fellows about that swindle you suggested to us—"

"It wasn't a swindle!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"What do you call it, then?" demanded Peter Todd.

"Business."

"Same thing in Noo Yark!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Oh, you mugs haven't learned anything in this old island since the flood!" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "You don't begin to know anything about business in this country. I guess it ain't a country! It's a sleep hollow, and Greyfriars is the sleepest spot in it."

"Anyhow, the swindle won't work now, the fellows know about it," said Johnny Bull. "You won't get anybody after your ten-pound prize hidden in a box—"

"Posted in a letter-box!" chuckled Russell. "What a swindle! Not that we'd have trusted Fishy."

"I guess I've dropped that stunt!" said Fisher T. Fish. "That was only a suggestion, anyhow. You wait till you see the first number of the 'Weekly,' and you'll see."

"But there can't be a ten-pound prize without ten pounds," said Bolsover major, "and you've never had ten pounds in your life, Fishy!"

"My popper's a millionaire—"

"Bow-wow!"

"I guess I can raise the dust to finance this business!" said Fisher T. Fish. "The ten-pound note will be on view in my study. 'Fish's Weekly' will be able to afford that sum in prizes. Can't you guys do simple arithmetic in your heads? Four hundred copies of the paper will pay for the prize, and I'm reckoning on selling more than that—"

Wingate of the Sixth came into the dormitory and interrupted Fisher T. Fish. The Transatlantic junior shut up promptly. Prefects of the Sixth Form were not to know anything about his wonderful new scheme, if he could help it.

But after lights out Fishy sat up in bed and expounded the matter to the chuckling Removites.

"You see, every chap in the Lower School will buy the paper!" he declared.

"Perhaps," said Bob Cherry.

"The perhapsfulness is terrific!"

"That will be a couple of hundred regular readers," said Fisher T. Fish.

"There's five quids to start with. I'm

expecting the circulation to spread far beyond Greyfriars—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In fact, later on, I hope to open an office in Courtfield, with a printing-press of my own—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"And later still a head office in London—"

"Phew!"

"With branches in Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"And a circulation running into hundreds of thousands—"

"Go it!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In fact, millions—"

"Make it billions!" urged Bob.

"Of course, that will take time!" went on Fisher T. Fish.

"Yes, I fancy it would take a little time!" grinned Bob. "Just a few weeks, at least."

"All that's needed is to raise the money to finance the business at the beginning," said Fisher T. Fish. "After that the profits will roll in. When the business grows I shall most likely leave Greyfriars and take charge of it, giving it my whole time. I've often thought that I'm wasting my time here, fooling around with lessons."

"Something in that," said Nugent. "You don't shine in the lessons, anyhow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But that won't be just yet," said Fisher T. Fish. "At first it will be simply a school paper—a first-class literary paper, with a handsome prize. Extensions will follow. In the long run I expect to have the whole newspaper business of the United Kingdom in my hands."

"Oh dear!"

"You gaboos will see what you will see!" said Fisher T. Fish contemptuously. "You jest watch out!"

And Fisher T. Fish laid his sharp, businesslike head on his pillow, to dream golden dreams of the future. "Fish's Weekly" was evidently only to me the beginning. The first snowball, as it were, that was to start the avalanche. Fishy was counting his chickens very early, overlooking the trifling circumstance that they were not yet hatched.

The next morning he was brought down to common earth again, so to speak, by Mr. Quelch in the Form-room. He had been too busy for prep, and his Form master attached more importance to prep than to any of the private affairs of Fisher T. Fish.

It was simply absurd, in Fishy's opinion, that a fellow who was planning vast business schemes to cover whole kingdoms, should be caned for not having "mugged up" a dozen lines of Latin. But there it was—absurd as it seemed, that was what happened. And Fisher T. Fish went to his place rubbing his bony hands ruefully.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Rivals!

LORD MAULEVERER groaned. His lordship was not in pain, though that dismal groan might have been supposed to indicate that he had the toothache, at least.

It was the sight of Fisher Tarleton Fish's sharp face looking in at his study-door that caused Mauly to groan.

Mauleverer was taking his ease on his expensive sofa. Mauly was feeling tired—he often felt tired. What he did to tire himself was a mystery, but there

was no doubt that he was generally tired and in need of a rest.

On this occasion Mauly had done fifty lines for Mr. Quelch, so he was unusually tired—in fact, exhausted. He was in no state to be bored; and he groaned as the biggest bore at Greyfriars looked in upon him. Mauly would almost have preferred to see Billy Bunter. Bunter could be got rid of by the loan of half-a-crown. But Fisher T. Fish had evidently come to talk.

"Can I come in, old chap?" asked Fish.

"No!"

"Eh?"

"No! Go away!"

Fisher T. Fish decided to take that reply as a joke. He chuckled and came in.

"Feeling tired, old fellow?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"Not too tired for a little talk, what?"

"Yaas."

"You've heard about my noo stunt?"

"Yaas."

"I'm going to give you a chance, Mauly. The business is at the beginning now, and you've going to come in on the ground floor," said Fisher T. Fish. "You'd like to make a lot of money?"

"Yaas."

"I dare say you've got a ten-pound note in your pocket at the present moment?"

"Yaas."

"Will you lend it to me?"

"No."

Fisher T. Fish drew a chair towards the sofa and sat down, fixing his keen eyes on Lord Mauleverer. His lordship groaned again. Had his study-mate, Jimmy Vivian, been present, Mauly would have requested him to kick Fishy out. But Vivian was at games practice, and his boot was not available. The exertion of kicking Fishy out was too much for his tired lordship, so he groaned, and prepared to endure Fisher T. Fish with what fortitude he could muster.

"I guess I'm going to put you wise to the stunt, Mauly," said Fishy in his most persuasive tones. "There's a fortune in this wheeze, and I'm going to let you in as a pardner. I wouldn't do it for any other guy; but I guess I like you, Mauly, and I want you to benefit. See?"

"Oh, dear!"

"You put up ten quids," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guarantee that you double it in a month. That's good enough, isn't it?"

"Yaas."

"Then you'll do it?"

"No!"

"Now, look hyer, Mauly——"

"Go away!" said his lordship feebly.

"I'd kick you out, Fishy, but it's too much trouble. Don't impose on a chap because he's tired!"

"I'm going to explain the whole business, so that you'll see what a good thing it is," said Fisher T. Fish calmly.

"Now, lend me your years!"

"I'd rather lend you my boot!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"Just listen to me!"

Fisher T. Fish proceeded to expound. Lord Mauleverer closed his eyes. For ten minutes or more Fishy's nasal voice ran on incessantly, pointing out the great advantages and certain profits of his scheme, while Lord Mauleverer dozed.

"Now, you've got that Mauly?" asked Fishy at last.

No reply.

"Mauly!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"Eh! What? Are you still there, Fishy?"

"You pesky mugwump!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "Ain't you been listening?"

"I think I dropped off!" said his lordship blandly. "I dreamed that there was a wasp buzzing in the study. Have you been talkin' all the time?"

Fisher T. Fish glared. His eloquence had been wasted on the desert air, and he was no nearer the ten-pound note than when he had started.

"I'll tell you over again, Mauly——"

"Don't!"

"I guess I can't let you miss a chance like this," said Fisher T. Fish. "Any other galoot, yep; but I like you too much to leave you out of a really good thing, Mauly. Now, jest you keep awake and listen."

"Oh, dear!"

"I say, Mauly——" A fat face and a pair of large spectacles glimmered in at the study doorway.

Lord Mauleverer sighed. His luck was out that afternoon. Billy Bunter had arrived.

"Go away, Bunter!" he said faintly.

"Mauly, old chap——"

"Get out of it, Bunter!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "Can't you hear Mauly telling you to go?"

"Oh, really, Fishy——"

"Git!"

"Take Fishy away with you, Bunter," said Lord Mauleverer.

Billy Bunter rolled in.

"Mauly, old man, I've been disappointed about a postal-order," he said. "I mentioned to you that I was expecting a postal-order, didn't I?"

Lord Mauleverer grinned faintly.

"Yaas."

"It hasn't come!" said Bunter. "Owing to these railway strikes and things, you know. I was counting on that postal-order as a cert—it's from one of my titled relations. But it hasn't come."

"Are you going?" snapped Fisher T. Fish angrily.

"If you'd like to lend me five bob till my postal-order comes, Mauly——" urged Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer sat up on the sofa. Quite a brilliant idea had flashed into his noble brain.

"You want five bob, Bunter?" he asked.

"Yes, old chap."

"Will you kick Fishy out of the study if I give you five bob?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish glared with wrath.

"Look hyer, Mauly——" he roared.

"Kick him out, Bunter—kick him



"Just listen to me, Mauly," said Fisher T. Fish. "Lend me your years!" "I'd rather lend you my boot," murmured Lord Mauleverer, closing his eyes. For ten minutes Fishy's nasal voice droned through the study. "Now you've got that, Mauly?" he asked at length. No reply. "Mauly!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Ain't you been listening?" "I think I dropped off," said his lordship blandly. "Have you been talkin' all the time?" (See Chapter 4.)

hard, and I'll stand you five bob," said Lord Mauleverer.

Billy Bunter blinked at Fisher T. Fish through his big spectacles. Bunter was not a fighting-man; but then, neither was Fisher T. Fish. And the advantage of weight, at least, was on Bunter's side.

"You get out, Fishy!" said Bunter.

"I guess—"

"Mauly doesn't want you here," said Bunter. "I'm not going to have you bothering my pal Mauly! Outside!"

"You fat clam—"

Bunter advanced a step towards Fisher T. Fish, and Fishy backed away a pace. Had he advanced instead of backing, Bunter certainly would have backed instead of advancing. But as Fisher T. Fish retreated Bunter came on boldly.

"Outside!" he said.

"I guess—"

"Kick him out, Bunter, old chap!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Kick him hard! As hard as you can!"

"Are you going?" demanded Bunter, clenching his fat fists and advancing on Fisher T. Fish.

Fishy backed round the table. He had come to Mauly's study for a loan, not for a scrap. And he had hoped, at least, to talk a tenner out of his lordship.

"Keep off, you fat mugwump!" he snapped. "If I hit you, I guess you'll burst all over Mauly's study."

"Outside!" roared Bunter, greatly encouraged by Fishy's retreat round the table.

"I guess—"

"Go it, Bunter!"

Bunter went it. He rushed round the table at Fisher T. Fish, and Fishy dodged across the study. Bunter cornered him by the fireplace, and there Fishy hit out. There was a roar from Bunter as a bony set of knuckles landed on his fat little nose.

"Yaroooooh!"

"I guess I'll make shavings of you!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish, and he jumped at Bunter as Bunter backed off.

The Owl of the Remove hit out wildly. There was a terrific crash as Fisher T. Fish went backwards and sat in the fender.

Fortune had favoured the Owl of the Remove. His fat fist had caught Fisher T. Fish fair and square; and a punch with Bunter's weight behind it was no joke.

Fishy sat in the fender and roared.

"Bravo!" chirruped Lord Mauleverer.

"Good old Bunter. Wallop him!"

"I'll pulverise him!" gasped Bunter. "Out you go, you rotter! Yah! I'll mop you up!"

"Yow! Leggo!" roared Fisher T. Fish, as Bunter grasped him. "I guess I'm going—ow! Leggo! Let up, you guy!"

"Go it, Bunter!"

Fisher T. Fish went trailing across the study to the door in the grasp of the victorious Owl. Lord Mauleverer sat on the sofa and chuckled.

"There!" gasped Bunter, as he landed Fisher T. Fish in the passage with a bump. "Now you clear, you skinny rotter!"

"Wallop him!" chuckled Lord Mauleverer. "Wallop him, Bunter!"

Fisher T. Fish scrambled up. The victorious Bunter rushed at him, hitting out right and left.

"Keep off, you fat clam!" howled Fishy.

And he fairly fled up the passage.

"Come back and have some more!" roared Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish did not come back. Apparently he did not want any

more. Bunter turned back, gasping, into the study.

"He's gone, Mauly!"

"Good! Now you go, too!"

"What!"

"Thanks very much—good-bye!"

"Look here, Mauly—"

"Shut the door after you, old chap!"

"What about the five bob?" roared Bunter.

"Begad, I'd forgotten that! There's some money in the chocolate-box on the mantelpiece. Take five bob and bunk."

"I say, Mauly, there's seven-and-six here—"

"Good-bye!"

"As it happens, Mauly, my postal-order is for seven-and-six," said Bunter, blinking at him. "Shall I take these three half-crowns and give you the whole postal-order when it comes?"

"Take anythin' you like, if you'll go."

"Right ho, old fellow!" Bunter took the three half-crowns and rolled to the door; and Lord Mauleverer settled himself down to repose. But at the doorway Bunter turned.

"I say, Mauly—"

"Go away!"

"It's barely possible that my postal-order may not come to-morrow, Mauly," said Bunter, blinking at him with great seriousness. "If it doesn't, would you mind waiting a day or two for this seven-and-six?"

"Go away!"

"Or would you prefer me to put it down to the old account?" asked Bunter, coming back into the study. "I owe you one or two trifling sums, Mauly, which I'm going to settle when I get a rather large cheque I'm expecting from a rich relation. Shall I put this seven-and-six down to the account?"

"Put it anywhere you like—only clear!"

"But I say, Mauly, old man, I'd rather have it settled," said Bunter. "If you'd rather have the postal-order—"

Bunter, like Brutus, paused for a reply. Like Brutus, he paused in vain. Lord Mauleverer's eyes had closed.

The fat junior leaned over Mauly and shook him. How seriously Bunter took his celebrated postal-order himself nobody knew; but undoubtedly he liked to have other fellows take it seriously.

"I say, Mauly—"

Mauleverer's eyes opened.

"Eh?"

"About this seven-and-six—"

"What?"

"Will you have the postal-order when it comes, or shall I put it down to the account, to be settled in a lump?"

Lord Mauleverer did not answer in words. He made a sudden smite at the Owl of the Remove, and Bunter sat down on the carpet with a roar, clutching at his fat nose.

"Ow!"

"Now buzz off," said Lord Mauleverer ferociously. "If I have to get off the sofa to you I—I—I'll burst you!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter scrambled out of the study, slamming the door after him. And his tired lordship was left at last to repose.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bike for Sale!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were in the bike-shed on Saturday afternoon, preparing their machines for a spin, when Fisher T. Fish came in. With a gloomy and thoughtful brow, the junior from New York lifted his bicycle down from the stand. The Famous Five gave him

cheery smiles. For the past few days Fishy had been causing many smiles in the Remove.

It was known that No. 1 of the new paper was ready for the printer. Its literary contents were of a first-class kind—Fishy was sure of that, as he had written them all himself. On its literary merits alone, "Fish's Weekly" was bound to knock out the "Greyfriars Herald," according to Fisher T. Fish. But knocking out the rival paper was not enough. Fish was not "out" to sell a hundred or so copies for coppers.

The ten-pound prize was the great cinch, as he called it—that prize was to make fellows willing to pay sixpence a copy for his paper, at which price it was sure to show a profit—again according to Fishy. But the mere promise of a ten-pound prize was not enough; the fellows knew their Fishy too well. Unless they saw the tenner with their own actual eyes, it was certain that the fellows would not believe in its existence, and that not a single sixpence would be forthcoming for the new paper.

This was a difficulty under which Fisher T. Fish laboured, which did not fall to the lot of most editors—Fishy's word not being so good as his bond, and his bond, indeed, not being quite so good as any other fellow's word.

Once the ten-pound note was on view in Fishy's study all would be well—at least, Fishy was convinced that all would be well. But ten-pound notes, as Fishy discovered, did not grow on bushes. His popper was so extremely careful with his millions of dollars that very few of the dollars found their way to Greyfriars. Fishy's cash resources were limited. Lord Mauleverer had been drawn blank—since his first attempt to interest Mauly in the scheme Fishy had tried twice again—with failure each time. On the last occasion Lord Mauleverer had summoned up sufficient energy to take Fishy by the neck and bang his head against the wall in the Remove passage, after which he dropped Fishy—and Fishy dropped the subject.

Herbert Vernon-Smith was the only other fellow in the Remove who possessed such valuable articles as tenners; and Fishy made an attempt on the Bounder. Vernon-Smith listened to him with a grin, and after Fishy had almost worn himself out with his own eloquence, Smithy simply asked him whether he could see any green in his—Smithy's—eye. Certainly there was no green there—certainly not enough for Fishy's purpose, at all events—and he gave up the Bounder in disgust.

But Fishy did not give up his wonderful wheeze by any means. His scribbled copy of the first number of his weekly had gone to the printer, Mr. Tipper, in Friardale, and delivery was expected shortly. In the interval it was up to Fishy to find the tenner, and he had not found it yet. It was one of Fishy's little ways to buy articles cheap at the second-hand shops in Courtfield, and sell them at advanced prices among the more gullible of his schoolfellows; and in his present state of stress, Fishy began selling off his stock at lowered prices, to raise what he called "the dust." But this resource was not likely to produce anything like the required ten pounds; and Fishy was getting desperate. Hence his visit to the bike-shed that Saturday afternoon, with a grim and gloomy brow.

He looked over his machine, while the Famous Five smiled at him. It was quite a good machine; Fishy had bought it at a bargain from a fellow in a hard-up period. Indeed, Fishy possessed hardly anything at all that hadn't been bought

at a bargain. In bargaining he lived and moved and had his being.

"You fellows looking for a new jigger?" he asked the Co., after looking over his machine. "I'm selling this one cheap."

"What do you call cheap?" grinned Bob Cherry. "I remember you gave Russell six pounds for it, and it cost his father more than twice as much."

"Well, I've done some things to it since," said Fishy. "I'm prepared to let it go for twelve pounds."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"From pals like you, I'd take eleven."

"Try again!" grinned Nugent.

"I'll tell you what," said Fisher T. Fish, with the air of a fellow making a really generous offer. "Your machine is pretty scrappy, Bob Cherry. I'll take ten pounds for this, with your machine thrown in as make-weight."

"I don't think!" chuckled Bob.

"What do you say to nine?" asked Fisher T. Fish, looking round hopefully at five grinning faces.

"I say rats!" said Johnny Bull.

"The ratfulness is terrific, my esteemed Fishy!" chortled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Waal, make an offer!" urged Fishy.

"Half-a-crown!" said Bob.

"You silly mugwump—"

"Two-and-nine!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, go and chop chips!" snapped Fisher T. Fish, and he wheeled his machine out, and the Famous Five followed, laughing.

Fisher T. Fish mounted and rode away to Courtfield. His keen face was very grim; he hated the idea of parting with his property; and he realised, too, that he would have to sell under value. Buying and selling are two very different matters, as nobody knew better than Fisher Tarleton Fish. Certainly, as he had driven so hard a bargain with Russell, he was not likely to lose money on it; but he was not likely to make any, which was almost as painful to Fishy as losing it.

When Fisher T. Fish came back to Greyfriars that afternoon, he was walking; the bicycle remained with Mr. Lazarus at Courtfield, and there were six pound notes in exchange for it in Fishy's pocket. As he came up to the Remove passage Dick Russell met him, and called to him.

"I say, Fishy—I've heard from Cherry that you're thinking of selling the bike."

Fisher T. Fish stopped.

"Waal?" he grunted

"Well, what do you want for it?" asked Russell. "You told me I could have it back for nine, at the time; but if you'd take eight, it's a go."

Fisher T. Fish could have groaned aloud.

"You see, I've had a good birthday present from my uncle," said Russell. "and I'd like the old jigger again. I couldn't go beyond eight: I've got seven, and Ogilvy would lend me a quid. Is it a go?"

"Oh, Jerusalem!" mumbled Fishy. "And I've just let it go for six!" He glared at Russell. "Why couldn't you tell me sooner, you mugwump? It's gone now!"

"For six?" asked Russell.

"Yep!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you chortling at?" howled Fisher T. Fish indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Russell.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled Fisher T. Fish, and he tramped gloomily up the Remove passage to his study.

There, he threw himself into a chair, and frowned, in deep despondency of spirits. Two pounds had been lost by that hurried sale of the bicycle, and it was worse to Fisher T. Fish than having



Bunter's fat fist caught Fisher T. Fish fair and square. There was a terrific crash as Fishy went backwards and sat in the fender. "Yaroo!" he roared. "Go it, Bunter!" murmured Lord Mauleverer from the couch. "Klek him out. Wallop him!" "I'll pulverise him!" gasped Bunter. "Out you go, you rotter! Yah!" "Let up!" roared Fish. "I guess I'm going—ow!"
(See Chapter 4.)

two teeth out. As he sat in deep gloom, mourning like Rachael of old for that which was gone and could not be recovered, there was a tap at the door, and Peter Todd looked in.

"Oh, you're here, Fishy!" he said.

"Hyer I am!" growled Fishy.

"I hear you're selling a bike."

"What?"

"I saw it in the shed this morning," said Toddy. "It's a good machine. With about a pound spent on it, it would be as good as a new jigger. Will you take eight-ten for it?"

Fisher T. Fish gasped.

"Eight-ten!"

"Yes. Is it a go?"

Fisher T. Fish groaned. Toddy stared at him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing!" groaned Fishy. "I've sold the bike, that's all—you're too late."

"Too bad," said Toddy, and he closed the door and walked away.

In the passage he met Russell and some other fellows, and there were many chuckles. But in Study No. 14 there was deep gloom; Fisher T. Fish was in the lowest of spirits, and even the fact that he now had in hand sufficient cash to carry out his great stunt did not comfort him.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Pulling Fishy's Leg!

BOB CHERRY thumped at the door of Study No. 14 about half an hour later. He put a cheery and ruddy face into the room—a face that contrasted strikingly with the gloomy countenance of Fisher T. Fish.

Fishy looked at him with a lack-lustre eye. He was far from having recovered his spirits yet.

"Waal, what do you want?" he inquired glumly.

"About that bike," said Bob.

Fisher T. Fish almost jumped.

"My bike?" he ejaculated.

Really, it seemed that there was quite a rush after the bike, now that it was sold.

"You offered it for nine pounds," said Bob innocently. "I've been thinking over it. Is that offer still open, Fishy?"

Fishy stared at him blankly. Only two hours ago he had sold the bike to Mr. Lazarus for six pounds.

"You—you—jay!" he gasped. "Why couldn't you take the offer when I made it?"

"Well, nine pounds is a lot of money," said Bob. "My pater isn't a millionaire in Noo Yark, you know. But if the offer's still open—"

"Oh dear!" mumbled Fishy.

"Is it a go?" asked Bob.

"Nope! Buzz off, and take your face away with you!"

"Look here, Fishy, perhaps I could offer nine-ten—"

"Oh, vamoose the ranch, do!" roared Fisher T. Fish, whom that offer subjected to all the tortures of Tantalus. "You make me tired! Go and eat coke!"

"Well, you might be civil when a fellow makes you an offer for your old bike," said Bob, and he shut the door hard and retired. And once more there was chuckling in the Remove passage.

unheard by the business-man in Study No. 14.

Fisher T. Fish drove his hands deep into his trousers pockets and moved restlessly about his study. For once, his astuteness and cuteness had been at fault, and he had to acknowledge the fact; he had never dreamed that there were so many willing purchasers in the Remove when he had taken the bike away to Courtfield for sale. It was not, as a rule, easy to sell a bike among one's Form-fellows—schoolboys' cash was generally rather in shillings than in pounds. Fisher T. Fish felt that he was really not to blame for having failed to realise that there was a market for the bike close at hand; but undoubtedly he had not been, upon this occasion, so cute as he prided himself upon being.

The study door opened, and Vernon-Smith looked in. Fishy glared at the Bounder, wondering whether he, too, desired to purchase a bike.

"Waal?" he snapped.

The Bounder nodded cheerfully.

"You asked me to lend you ten quids the other day," he said.

"And you said nope!" said Fish sourly.

"Not at all—I said no," answered Smithy with a grin. "But I've heard now that you're selling your bike. I've got a jigger, of course—but that old bike of Russell's is a good thing, and I fancy it's worth twelve pounds. I'm not going to offer you what it's worth, of course. But if you felt inclined to let it go for ten—"

"Ten pounds!"

"I'd be willing to consider it," said Vernon-Smith. "In fact, to come down to business, if you care to hand the bike over here and now, I'll give you ten for it. Is it a trade?"

Fisher T. Fish could have wept.

"No, it isn't a trade!" he growled. "Shut the door after you, blow you!"

"Oh, all right—keep your hair on!" said Smithy, and he walked away.

Fisher T. Fish kicked the door shut, and resumed his pacing of the study, in a dismal mood. In this case he could not feel that his cuteness had failed; for how could a galoot guess that Smithy, who had a handsome and expensive jigger, would think of buying a second machine? But it was a blow all the same—Fishy felt that he had been robbed of four pounds.

A wild idea crossed his fevered mind—of going down to Courtfield and telling Mr. Lazarus that it was all a mistake, and giving back the six pounds for the bike. But he dismissed that impracticable idea—Mr. Lazarus was a business-man, and what he had he held. But from that impracticable idea Fishy progressed to a more practicable one—of bargaining with Mr. Lazarus for the machine, and getting it back as cheaply as he could. At that thought his troubled face brightened. It was probable that Mr. Lazarus would offer the second-hand bike for sale for about eight pounds—and Smithy was willing to give ten! Fisher T. Fish snatched up his cap and fairly bolted.

He passed several fellows in the Remove passage, but did not heed them. He ran past them and scudded down the stairs.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's off!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's look!" exclaimed Russell; and there was a rush to the window at the end of the passage.

From the window Fisher T. Fish was seen to dart out of the doorway below like an arrow from a bow. He sprinted down to the gates in such a hurry that he collided with Billy Bunter on the way, and left the Owl of the Remove sitting

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down on the gravel and roaring. Fisher did not heed—he did not even stop to ask Bunter whether he was hurt. Perhaps he knew that he was! At all events, he shot onwards at a run, and disappeared out of the gates.

"Ten to one he's gone to Courtfield after the bike!" said Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"What's the giddy joke?" asked Harry Wharton, coming out of Study No. 1.

"Fishy is!" chuckled the Bounder.

"He's sold his bike—that is, the bike he screwed off Russell last term for six pounds. So we fixed it up to go to him one after another and offer to buy it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You should have seen his face when I asked him if he would part with it for ten quids!" roared the Bounder.

The juniors yelled.

"Poor old Fishy!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "He drove a hard bargain with Russell; but I don't suppose he's made any profit on it if he's sold the bike to Lazarus."

"I fancy he's gone to get it back," said the Bounder. "Then it will be for sale here again! But I've a sort of suspicion that the demand will have slackened by then, and there will be no takers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Most of the Remove were coming in to tea now, and before Fisher T. Fish had been absent a quarter of an hour, nearly all the Form were in the joke. They roared over it. Fishy's hard bargain with Russell had not been forgotten; indeed, there were few fellows in the Remove whom Fishy had not got the better of, in one way or another, in the way of bargaining. To see the cute youth from New York over-reach himself in this way seemed to the Removites a screaming joke.

Two or three fellows posted themselves at the gates to watch for Fisher T. Fish to return. And there was general interest in the Remove passage, when Ogilvy came scudding up the stairs with the news that Fishy was in sight.

"He's on a bike!" howled Ogilvy.

"He's got it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Removites yelled with merriment, and waited for Fisher T. Fish to reappear—with a bike for sale.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bad Business!

FISHER T. FISH arrived at Courtfield feeling rather tired. It was two or three miles from the school to Courtfield High Street; and Fishy had already done the distance once on foot that afternoon. Now he had done it on foot again, and he arrived at Mr. Lazarus' dusty old establishment in a tired and breathless state.

One of the first objects that met his view, as he halted before the shop, was a bicycle in the window, with a ticket on it. It was the bike Fishy had sold; and it was ticketed at £8.

Fishy walked into the shop, and Mr. Lazarus, who was disengaged at the moment, gave him a cordial and greasy smile over the dusty counter.

"Vat can I do for you?" he asked.

"I guess it's about the bike," said Fisher T. Fish. "I've changed my mind about selling it, Mr. Lazarus."

Mr. Lazarus rubbed his hands.

"You want to buy him?" he asked.

"Well, as I did sell it, I'm willing to hand you back six ten," said Fisher T. Fish.

Mr. Lazarus smiled.

"I do not do piziness on those lines,"

he explained. "To buy and to sell, they are different matters. That machine is offered for sale at eight pounds. He is in the vindow."

Fisher T. Fish felt a pang.

He proceeded to unroll his eloquence upon Mr. Lazarus; and that gentleman listened with politeness, but great firmness. Fisher T. Fish exhausted his eloquence, without exhausting Mr. Lazarus' polite patience. After twenty minutes of incessant talk from Fishy, Mr. Lazarus announced that he would take seven pounds fifteen shillings for the bicycle, cash. From that offer Fisher T. Fish was unable to move him; and at length, with deep inward pangs, Fishy handed over the required sum, and the bicycle was his own again.

On his afternoon's trading he was so far thirty-five shillings to the bad. But when the bike was sold to Herbert Vernon-Smith for ten pounds, he would be two pounds five shillings to the good. There was solace in that.

So Fishy mounted the bicycle cheerfully and rode back to Greyfriars.

He left the bike in the shed and came up to the Remove passage—and was rather surprised to be greeted by a crowd of grinning faces. Some joke apparently was on, though Fisher T. Fish could not guess what it was.

"Hallo, Smithy!" he called out. "I want you! It's all right!"

"What's all right?" asked the Bounder.

"About the bike!"

"What bike?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"My bike—the bike you wanted to buy," said Fisher T. Fish impatiently. "You can have it for the ten pounds you offered, old man. It's rather a loss to me, I guess; but there it is."

"Did I offer ten pounds?" asked Smithy.

"Don't you remember?" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"Perfectly. I remember my exact words," said the Bounder coolly. "I said that if you cared to hand over the bike there and then I'd give ten pounds, and asked you if it was a trade. You said 'No.'"

"It wasn't a trade then—but it's a trade now."

"Now and then are different matters," drawled the Bounder. "You refused the offer at the time."

"I've changed my mind—"

"Quite so—and I've changed mine."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I suppose you're not the only fellow in the school that can change his mind?" asked the Bounder cheerily. "We've both changed our minds, old bean. Quite a coincidence, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look hyer," roared Fisher T. Fish, in great wrath, "you made the offer—"

"Only if you handed over the bike (here and then.)"

"I guess I couldn't—"

"That's why I made the offer."

"Eh?"

"Getting deaf?" asked the Bounder sympathetically. "That's why I made the offer—because I knew you hadn't the bike to sell. See?"

"You—you—you pesky mugwump!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Just pulling my leg—what?"

"Just that!" assented the Bounder; and he strolled away.

Had Fisher T. Fish been a fighting-man there would have been a case of assault and battery on the spot. Fortunately, he wasn't. He glared after Vernon-Smith, then he glared at the chuckling Removites, and then he stalked away angrily to Study No. 13 to interview Bob Cherry. In No. 13

he found Bob and his study-mates at tea—Mark Linley, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and little Wun Lung. Bob Cherry grinned at the sight of Fisher T. Fish's sharp face.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Fishy!"

"I guess it's all right about the bike, Cherry," said Fisher T. Fish genially, "if you feel disposed to go to nineteen—"

"I don't!" said Bob.

"Waal, I reckon I'll let it go for the nine pounds you offered me," said Fish.

Bob Cherry raised his eyebrows.

"I offered you nine pounds?" he exclaimed.

"Yep! You came to my study and offered it—you know you did!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish, in alarm.

Bob shook his head.

"Nothing of the kind," he answered. "I asked you if your offer of the bike for nine pounds was still open. That's a very different matter."

"The difference is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You said that the offer wasn't still open, you remember," added Bob, "and you told me to go and eat coke! That ended the matter."

Fisher T. Fish quivered with wrath. It began to dawn upon his powerful Transatlantic brain that his astute leg had been pulled all round.

"You—you pesky jay!" he gasped. "You fixed this up with Smithy!"

"What a brain!" said Bob admiringly. "He's guessed it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, what will you give me for that bike?" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"Half-a-crown!"

Slam!

Fisher T. Fish departed from the study in a towering rage, closing the door with a slam that rang from one end of the Remove passage to the other. It was with a sinking heart that he meandered along to Study No. 7 to see Peter Todd; he had a misgiving now that Toddy also was in the joke. He found Toddy and Bunter and Dutton in Study No. 7, and they all grinned as they saw him.

"Toddy, old man, you can have the bike for the eight-ten you offered."

"Thank you for nothing!" said Peter Todd cheerfully. "You told me the bike was sold, and I was too late."

"The fact is, old chap, I—I've specially gone to Courtfield and got it back for you—you personally. I wouldn't have done it for anybody else, I guess."

"Must have been an ass to do it for me, old bean—if you did!" answered Toddy. "I'm not buying any old bikes."

Fisher T. Fish glared at him.

"You mugwump! So you're in it?"

"You've got it!"

"You've been pulling my leg, the lot of you, just because you knew I'd sold the bike!" hissed Fisher T. Fish.

"And just because you diddled Russell when you bought it from him," added Toddy. "Likewise, because you're trying to raise the money to bring off one of your swindles. Shut the door after you!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish shut the door after him with another resounding bang. Then he looked for Russell—now his last hope. He found Russell and Ogilvy in their study—No. 3 in the Remove. There was a chuckle from the two juniors as Fishy came into No. 3.

"About your old bike, Russell—"

said Fishy, his voice almost hoarse with apprehension.

"Nothing about that," interrupted Russell.

"You offered me eight back for it," said Fisher T. Fish, almost in despair.

"I'm letting it go at that."

"Let it go, by all means," said Russell.

"Look hyer—"

"You told me you'd sold it for six."

"I've bought it back, jest to let you have it, as—as I knew you wanted your old jigger," groaned Fisher T. Fish.

"Old Lazarus made me give him seven-fifteen, honest Injun!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look hyer, you can have it for the seven-fifteen, and I don't make a Continental red cent of profit!" moaned Fisher T. Fish.

By this time Fishy's only hope was to escape without loss.

"If you weren't a dashed Shylock, you wouldn't want to make a cent of profit out of a chap in your Form," said Russell.

"Anyhow, you won't make any out of me. You gave me six quids for that bike last term, and I'll give you the same for it now. That's fair."

"I've just given Lazarus seven-fifteen for it!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"That's your look-out!"

"I—I—I've hoofed it down to Courtfield for that bike, just because you wanted it, Russell!"

"Draw it mild!" chuckled Ogilvy.

"You hoofed it after that bike because you thought the Bouncer would give you ten. It was Smithy's idea from the beginning to pull your silly leg, and we all watched you go!"

Fisher T. Fish's face was a study.

"That's your look-out!"

"I—I—I've hoofed it down to Courtfield for that bike, just because you wanted it, Russell!"

"Draw it mild!" chuckled Ogilvy.

"You hoofed it after that bike because you thought the Bouncer would give you ten. It was Smithy's idea from the beginning to pull your silly leg, and we all watched you go!"

Fisher T. Fish's face was a study.

"That bike's cheap at seven-fifteen!" he gasped at last.

"Then you must have been a pretty rogue to screw it off Russell for six last term!" remarked Ogilvy.

"I—I guess that was business—"

"So is this!" said Russell. "I'll give you the six. Business, Fishy—cold business from the word 'go,' as you say in your language!"

For a quarter of an hour Fisher T. Fish pleaded and oburgated, with the only result that he drew a crowd of grinning fellows round the doorway of Study No. 3. Then Fishy departed in wrath, leaving the juniors yelling.

The shades of night were falling fast, as a poet has remarked, when that bicycle was wheeled once more into Mr. Lazarus' shop in Courtfield.

The old gentleman was surprised to see it, and greatly surprised to hear that Fisher T. Fish wanted to sell it again.

He offered six pounds, as before; but in sheer compassion Mr. Lazarus increased the offer to six-ten—an offer with which Fisher T. Fish was fain to close.

With that sum in his pocket, Fisher T. Fish "hoofed it" for the third time that day on the road between Courtfield and Greyfriars.

His net loss on the day's business had been twenty-five shillings, which really should not have seemed a very large sum to a "galoot" whose "popper" rolled in dollars.

But if each shilling had been a tooth, Fishy could scarcely have felt their extraction more deeply.

When Johnny Bull and Squiff came into the study that evening



"Vat can I do for you?" asked Mr. Lazarus. "I guess it's about the bike," said Fish. "I've changed my mind about selling it." "You want to buy him?" "Well, as I did sell it," said Fishy, "I'm willing to hand you back six-ten." Mr. Lazarus rubbed his hands. "I do not do piziness on those lines," he explained. "To buy and to sell, they are different matters. That machine is offered for sale at eight pounds." (See Chapter 7.)

they found Fisher T. Fish in the lowest of spirits. And he was not in the least cheered when they inquired whether he had any more bikes to sell. Fisher T. Fish was tired of the subject of bikes and the sale thereof.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Going Strong!

OUT at last! On the wall of the junior Common-room was a notice, in the angular hand of Fisher T. Fish, announcing that the first number of "Fish's Weekly" was now on sale.

The enterprising Fish had surmounted the difficulty of "financing," as he called it, the new stunt. It had been a trying time for Fishy, but American hustle had overcome difficulties. The bike was gone, and it was suspected that Fishy's watch had followed it, as he had dropped into the way of asking fellows the time. Dozens of articles that had been stocked in his study, waiting to be sold at a bargain, had been disposed of for anything they would fetch. Fisher T. Fish, in fact, was putting all his eggs in one basket; he was "going the whole hog" on the new school paper and the prize scheme, and if the venture turned out to be a failure, there was no doubt that Fishy would be very seriously "left." But Fisher T. Fish did not envisage failure. He never did until it arrived.

Fellows gathered round the notice in the Common-room and grinned at it. The new paper was to be obtained at sixpence a copy at the editorial office, otherwise known as the Remove box-room. Perhaps Fishy expected a rush for it. If so, the rush did not come. Fellows grinned and chuckled over his announcement, but nobody seemed disposed to seek "Fish's Weekly" for sixpence. Sixpences were too scarce to be wasted on literary lucubrations by Fisher T. Fish, and as for the ten-pound prize, nobody believed in it.

That day after class Fisher T. Fish sat in his editorial office with the door wide open, ready for business. Like the spider in the tale, he sat, but nobody walked into his parlour.

It was not till after tea that he had a visitor, and that visitor was Billy Bunter, who certainly did not intend to spend sixpence. Bunter wondered whether there really was a ten-pound note in existence there; he was interested in that. That Fisher T. Fish had been raising the wind was well-known, and it was known, too, that he had had to pay Mr. Tiper on delivery for the edition of the "Weekly." There must be some money about somewhere, Bunter considered, and perhaps he hoped to annex some of it. At all events, he rolled in after tea, to be met by a frown from Fisher T. Fish.

But the spider had sat so long neglected in his parlour that he was glad to see even Bunter. On a box lay a stack of "Fish's Weekly," fresh from the press. It was not a large paper—in fact, it consisted only of a double sheet. Fisher T. Fish perhaps depended rather on quality than on quantity.

"Waal, where's your tanner, Bunter?" asked Fish.

"I haven't exactly come to buy a copy, Fishy," said Billy Bunter cautiously, "but I'd like to see the prize. Nobody believes that there is a prize, you know."

"It's on view if anybody wants to see it," growled Fish. "I put that in the notice."

"You're such a fibber, you know," THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 841.

said Bunter agreeably. "Of course, nobody would think of taking your word, would they, Fishy, old chap?"

"Oh, seat! Look at that!"

With a flourish Fisher T. Fish produced a banknote. He held it up before Bunter's dazzled eyes.

It was a tenner! There was no doubt about it—it was a real, genuine, crisp ten-pound note issued by the Bank of England. Instinctively Bunter reached out to take it, and Fish promptly jerked it out of his reach.

"I—I say, Fishy," gasped Bunter, "hand it over to me, and I—I'll show it round to the fellows."

Fisher T. Fish laughed derisively. "Where did you get it, old chap?" asked Bunter.

"Easy enough to get a ten-pound note if you've got ten quids to change for it," grunted Fisher T. Fish. "I got it from the bank at Courtfield yesterday. I'm offering it as a prize! You'd better take a copy of the 'Weekly,' Bunter, and get first chance."

"What's the terms of the competition?" asked Bunter, eyeing the bank-note hungrily.

"You'll find 'em in the paper."

"Well, hand over a copy, then."

"Where's the sixpence?"

"I'm expecting a postal order—"

"Oh, seat!"

"Look here, Fishy—"

"Git!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "This hyer editorial office isn't a refuge for mendicants. Cash up or cut."

Bunter, being in his usual cashless state, had to cut. He rolled down to the Remove passage with the startling news that there was a real tenner in the affair, and offered to fetch a copy of the paper for anybody who would hand over the necessary sixpence. Sixpences were not forthcoming, but general interest was excited by news of the genuineness of the tenner. Several fellows went up to the box-room to inquire, and they looked at the ten-pound note with their own eyes.

Finally, Skinner and Bolsover major and Snoop subscribed twopence each, and the first copy of Fishy's Weekly was sold.

That copy was taken down to the Remove passage, and nearly all the Remove gathered to look at it. Fishy's hopes of a rush of custom had been revived; but he was disappointed again. Instead of buying copies all round, the Remove fellows gathered round Skinner to look at his copy. Fisher T. Fish still waited.

"And that's the rag that's going to cut out the 'Herald'!" grinned Bob Cherry, when he looked at it.

It really did not seem much for sixpence. Page one was the title-page. Page two contained a short story by F. T. Fish. It was, as might have been expected, written in the American language, with Transatlantic spelling. It began:

"Ebenezer K. Ketch sat in his palatial office on the seventeenth floor of Number 1,176, West-Three-Hundred-and-Seventy-Seventh Street. He turned brusquely to the telephone—"

"That's enough, for goodness' sake," said Bob, as Skinner read it out. "What's the next?"

On page three was an instalment of a serial. It was entitled, "The Booting

of Bull," a title that made the Remove fellows stare. It proved to be a sample of historical fiction, and dealt with the Battle of Bunker's Hill.

"Let's get on to the prize!" said Bob. Page four, and last, was devoted to the prize competition. And on this page the juniors found at last something to interest them.

"HIDDEN DUST!"

FIND THE TENNER!

ON WEDNESDAY A TEN-POUND NOTE WILL BE HIDDEN WITHIN THE WALLS OF GREYFRIARS, and it will BELONG TO THE FINDER, IF IN POSSESSION OF A COPY OF 'FISH'S WEEKLY'!

PERFECTLY GENUINE!

The £10-note will be hidden inside the School House and will remain there till found. If not found by the following Wednesday, it will be recovered by the editor and offered as a prize next week. If found, it will belong to the finder, and a new £10 prize will be offered.

ROLL UP!

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET RICH QUICK!

There was some more of it; but that was enough for the Remove fellows. There was no doubt that that announcement produced a considerable effect on the juniors.

"Blessed if it doesn't look genuine," said Bolsover major.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"Nothing here about posting it in a letter-box!" grinned Peter Todd.

"Fishy's cut that out, anyhow."

"Some other trickery," said Harry.

"We all know Fishy."

"But it says plainly that the banknote will be hidden in the house, and remain there," said Bolsover major. "Of course, if it isn't found, we shall make Fishy tell us afterwards where it was hidden."

"If he does that, that will prove it's genuine," said Skinner.

"Yes, rather."

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"We'll ask him," said Bolsover major.

And the rush, for which Fisher T. Fish had waited so long, came at last. Quite an army of the Remove invaded the editorial box-room.

Fisher T. Fish's keen eyes glinted. He waved a bony hand towards the stack of papers.

"Hyer you are, you galoots! Lots of copies, sixpence a time! Don't all speak at once."

"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry. "We want some facts first! Is it genuine that the tenner is to be hidden inside the house?"

"Sure!"

"And left there till found?"

"Yep!"

"And if it's not found, how are you going to prove that it was hidden inside the house?"

"I guess my word—"

"Oh, don't be funny!" urged Bob.

"We all know what your word's worth. You'll have to prove it."

Fisher T. Fish shrugged his thin shoulders.

"If the tenner isn't found by next Wednesday, it will be taken from its hiding-place by me personally, in the presence of as many witnesses as choose to line up," he said.

"Oh!" said Bob.

(Continued on page 19.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



Some lively recollections by "Greyfriars Herald" contributors.

BOB CHERRY:

I can't say which was my best birthday. I've enjoyed every one of them up to the hilt. Every one that I can remember, that is. There was a bumper birthday party in my honour when I attained the ripe old age of twelve months; but I can't remember much about that. My second and third birthdays have also faded from my memory. But every birthday since then has been a red-letter day, and my friends and relations have made a great fuss of me. I love birthdays, but I wish they came weekly instead of annually.

BILLY BUNTER:

My best birthday was my seventh. Seven is supposed to be a lucky number, and it certainly was in my case. I had been a very norty boy, so my mater locked me in the pantry until I could behave myself properly. No words of mine can pickeher the delites of being locked in a pantry. It was a well-stocked pantry, too. Pies and poodings and cakes were stacked on the shelves, and I had the time of my life. In fact, I stuffed and stuffed to such an eggstent that it's a wonder I didn't go bust on my seventh birthday!

ALONZO TODD:

To the best of my recollection, I enjoyed my fifth birthday more than any other. I was staying with my Uncle Benjamin at the time, and I sat on his knee while he read the most charming fairy stories to me. His waistcoat was my pillow, and his gentle, droning voice soon lulled me into a blissful slumber. How I wish I were a small boy again, and could nestle once more on the knee of my esteemed avuncular relative.

SAMMY BUNTER:

I've never yet had a decent birthday. Every single one up to the present has been a komplete wash-out! My brother Billy has pinched all the tuck-hampers that have arrived for me, and I've known what it is to be in a state of starvation on my birthday. Billy seems

to think he's entitled to at least two berthdays a year—his own and mine. Anyway, he helps himself to all the good things that my titled relations send me, and I have a most mizzerable day in konsequence. Billy's a beast! He has no sense of onner. But this year he happens to have forgotten the date of my birthday, and I'm not going to put him wise. I'll let him remane in blissful iggnereence. Can you blame me, dear readers?

WILLIAM GOSLING:

What I says is this here. A birthday is presactly the same as any other day, so far as your humble servant is concerned. My birthday comes and goes, and nobody is none the wiser. This year I shall throw out a few gentle hints beforehand, in the hope that when my birthday arrives the young gents of Greyfriars will get up a special presentation for my benefit. Which I've no objection to a nice grandfather clock or a cheque for fifty pounds. I've been at my post, man and boy, for nigh on fifty year, and I reckon I deserve a little consideration on the Annie Versary—whoever she might be—of my natal day.

(All right, Gossy, old top; you sha'n't be forgotten. We are thinking of presenting you with a comfortable bath-chair on the occasion of your next birthday, which we believe will be your ninety-ninth.—ED.)

MACHINERY WAS A DANGER!

The curate of a dismal East End parish had got up a fund to send his juvenile parishioners for week-ends into the country, and most of them went with the greatest pleasure.

But, strange to say, little Billy Muggins demurred when invited, and said he would rather not go.

The kind curate was astonished.

"But why don't you want to go, Billy?" he inquired.

And Billy replied readily:

"It's because they have thrashin'-machines down there, so I've heard," said he, "an' it's bad enough in London, where it's done by hand!"

EDITORIAL!

By
HARRY WHARTON.

BIRTHDAYS come but once a year. At least, that is generally the case. But there are exceptions to every rule. Billy Bunter has been known to have half a dozen birthdays in the course of a month. Not genuine birthdays, of course. If they were Bunter would be as old as Methuselah by now.

Bunter is always trying to make out that it is his birthday to-day or to-morrow or the next day. "What are you going to give me for a birthday present, Wharton?" is a question he has frequently put to me. I usually reply, very tersely, "A thick ear!"

Goodness knows when Bunter's birthday really is. He has so many imaginary ones that it's difficult to get at the truth. He wasn't born on Christmas Day. That's pretty evident, or his name would be William Noel Bunter.

Neither was he born on Good Friday, or his name would probably be William Hoteross Bunn Bunter. He had been born at some time or other, but on which day and in which month I have not the faintest notion. Bob Cherry declares it is a great pity that Bunter was ever born at all. But I don't think many Heraldites will agree with Bob, for Billy Bunter has been a perpetual source of amusement to them. A contented mind is a continual feast, and so are stories about Bunter.

Birthdays are very happy affairs. Boys think so, anyway. When we get older I suppose birthdays lose their glamour. Fancy waking up one morning and saying: "I'm ninety-nine to-day. Dear me! How time flies, to be sure! I should like to put the clock back about eighty-five years and be a happy, carefree boy at Greyfriars again!"

When I told my sub-editors that I proposed to publish a Special Birthday Number their faces brightened considerably, and they at once seized their pens and started ink-splashing. The result of their endeavours appears in this issue, and I think even the most confirmed pessimist will grin and giggle at some of the comicalities and absurdities which we have served up this week.

There is not a day in the calendar which is not celebrated as the birthday of some of my reader-chums. Whether your birthday falls to-day or to-morrow or next week or next month, I take this opportunity of wishing you "Many Happy Returns of the Day!"

HARRY WHARTON.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 841.



Birthday Wisdom!

Does your Birthday fall in March?
If so, the following revelations will interest you.

By PROFESSOR ALONZO THEOPHILUS
TODD.

MARCH 1.—Boys born on this day will be liable to chills, colds, coughs, measles, mumps, and morbid fears. They should take every precaution against our treacherous climate by wrapping themselves in cotton-wool. They should also sleep with at least six blankets on their beds, and a plentiful supply of hot-water bottles.

MARCH 2.—Those whose birthdays fall on this day will be of a cheerful and contented disposition. They will go through life with smiling faces and cheery chuckles, and will meet misfortunes with a grin.

MARCH 3.—A dreadful day to be born on! The unfortunate individuals who were born to-day will be cut off in their prime. Instead of living their allotted span of threescore years and ten, they will shuffle off this mortal coil at the tender age of sixty-nine!

MARCH 4.—Does your birthday fall to-day? If so, you have my sympathy. You will either meet your death at sea or else on land. A terrible tragedy to contemplate!

MARCH 5.—Those born to-day will be of careful and thrifty habits. They will dispense with the luxuries of life, and put aside all their pennies for a rainy day. When they die, they will leave vast wealth—even to the extent of five pounds!

MARCH 6.—Not a nice day to be born on, by any means. Terrible illnesses, such as toothache, and "pins-and-needles" in the legs, will visit those unfortunates whose birthdays fall to-day.

MARCH 7.—A lucky day! Everything you touch will turn to gold. I hope that, in the height of your prosperity, you will spare a copper for Professor Todd!

MARCH 8.—Those born to-day should never travel by train, car, bus, tram, cycle, cart, carriage, or Shanks' ponies. They will run the risk of disaster, and are advised to spend their lives in bed!

"FOOTBALLERS' NAMES" CONTEST.

A complete list of the names and addresses of all the prize-winners down to the winner of the smallest consolation prize in our recent "Footballers' Names" Contest will appear, part by part, in "Young Britain" every week. This full list will only appear in "Young Britain." Get your copy early. There is bound to be a great demand for that paper.

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MARCH 9.—Boys born on this day are in danger of taking up a career of crime. There is every indication that they will enter politics!

MARCH 10.—No special warnings for boys born to-day. They will jog along through life quite calmly and complacently.

MARCH 11.—Boys born to-day will become spring poets, and will be in danger of forcible ejection by editors! They will also have a strong liking for spring onions.

MARCH 12.—If born to-day you will be of a generous disposition. You will delight in helping lame dogs over stiles, and in seeing that the South Sea Islanders are kept well supplied with spats and woollen mufflers.

MARCH 13.—I have no cheering news for those born on this unlucky day. They will make a hundred enemies to every friend, they will be dogged by disaster, and they will never rise in the world—unless they happen to become inventors of dynamite!

MARCH 14.—Boys to-day will be in constant danger of lines and lickings, and should therefore be on their best behaviour in class.

MARCH 15.—A strong tendency to practical joking will be shown by those whose birthdays fall to-day. They will put frogs in their Form masters' desks, they will show a marked genius for erecting booby-traps, and they will never be happy unless they are pulling the lower limb of some hapless individual.

MARCH 16.—Were you born to-day? If so, change your birthday at once! Boys born to-day will grow old before their time. They will have moustachios at fifteen, flowing beards at eighteen, and they will be quite bald at twenty-one!

MARCH 17.—Nothing to worry about if you were born to-day. You will go on living until you die!

MARCH 18.—Never be born to-day, if you can help it, or you will be subject to whooping-cough and hay-fever.

MARCH 19.—Those born on this day are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and will therefore be liable to choke!

MARCH 20.—Quite a happy birthday. Tuck-hampers will be simply showered upon you by doting relatives!

MARCH 21.—Another good day to come into the world on. You will live to be as old as Methuselah, all but a thousand years!

MARCH 22.—Those born to-day will always be in a state of impecuniosity, and they will be compelled to "raise the wind" by prattling of imaginary postal-orders which they are expecting. (We had no idea it was Billy Bunter's birthday to-day!—Ed.)

MARCH 23.—If you were born to-day you will probably be dead by now, because it is such a dreadfully unlucky day. (If still alive, postpone your birthday till next week!)

MARCH 24.—Boys born to-day are in danger of becoming experts at that brutal and barbarian sport called football.

MARCH 25.—Those born to-day will be intensely musical—especially during a public flogging!

MARCH 26.—You will live long and die happy. So try and arrange your birthday for to-day, if possible!

MARCH 27.—I shouldn't advise you to be born to-day, because you probably won't spend more than ninety years on this planet.

MARCH 28.—Those born to-day will become chimney-sweeps or pork-butchers—unless they happen to choose some other occupation!

MARCH 29.—Quite a nice day to be born on. Life will flow along as placidly as the River Sark.

MARCH 30.—Those born to-day will have their birthday cakes purloined by Billy Bunter. So beware!

MARCH 31.—Try and insist upon being born to-day, for you will enjoy a long and prosperous career, and health and wealth and happiness will be your sparring partners in the great boxing-ring of life.

(Our readers are advised not to take Professor Todd's words of wisdom too seriously. Even great professors are a little off the track sometimes.—Ed.)

The Children's Best Coloured Paper
JUNGLE JINKS
Out on Thursday—Price 2d

[Supplement ii.]



Billy Bunter's Birthday!

By
BOB CHERRY

BUNTER, my dear boy, what is the matter?"

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, bore down upon Billy Bunter in the Close and laid his hand almost affectionately on the fat junior's shoulder.

Mr. Prout's action was like that of a benevolent old gentleman who approaches a whimpering child and gives him two-pence to buy some sweets with.

Billy Bunter was whimpering now. There was a look of utter dejection on his face. His little round eyes were brimming with tears. They were probably crocodile's tears, produced for the occasion; but Mr. Prout was not to know that.

"What is wrong, pray?" asked Mr. Prout in tones of kindly sympathy.

Billy Bunter was not one of his pupils, yet the master of the Fifth was a good-natured sort. Unlike other masters I could mention, he was not drained dry of the good old milk of human kindness.

Billy Bunter's ample form was shaken with sobs. He blinked up at Mr. Prout.

"Boo-hoo!" he wailed. "It's my b-b-birthday, sir!"

Mr. Prout looked astonished.

"Your birthday?" he asked. "That is no reason why you should be in tears, surely? On the contrary, you should be very happy."

"But—but I've not had a single birthday present, sir!" blurted out Billy Bunter. "All my titled relations have forgotten me! Even my poor relations, who could at least have afforded a birthday card, have overlooked the fact that it's my birthday to-day!"

Mr. Prout's benevolent expression hardened a little. He eyed the fat junior rather sternly.

"Did you not have a birthday last week, Bunter?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"But I seem to remember you coming up to me one day last week and mentioning that it was your birthday. I wished you many happy returns of the day."

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all, sir! It couldn't have been me, sir! You must be mixing me up with some other fellow."

"Um—yes. Possibly I am mistaken," murmured Mr. Prout. "So it is your birthday to-day, Bunter, and all your friends have forgotten you?"

"That's so, sir. I've not had a single birthday gift—not even a greeting card! Even my oldest pals in the Remove—Wharton and Cherry and the rest—haven't given me a thing. I've been telling them all day that it's my birthday, but they seem to think I'm having them on toast."

"Having them on toast?" repeated Mr. Prout. "You speak of them as if

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they were poached eggs! What exactly do you mean?"

"Well, sir, they think I'm kidding them—spoofing them—making out it's my birthday when it isn't."

"Oh!"

"Instead of being the brightest day in the calendar, to-day is the most miserable I've ever known, sir," Bunter went on. "I've cried my eyes out once, and now I'm going to cry 'em out again!"

And Billy Bunter burst into a fresh torrent of tears. It was surprising how easily he could turn on the tap to order.

"Hush, my boy!" said Mr. Prout. "I cannot stand the sound of violent and unrestrained weeping! You cry very noisily, and the sound resembles that of a beast in pain."

"Boo-hoo!" wailed Bunter.

Mr. Prout looked quite distressed. He was a simple soul, and it did not dawn upon him that Bunter was merely play-acting.

What Bunter really wanted was a feed. According to his own account, he had been eating his heart out all day; but he wanted a more substantial diet than that. He was in hopes that Mr. Prout would take compassion on him and invite him to tea.

It was very unusual for a Form master to invite a junior to tea; but in exceptional circumstances it sometimes happened. And Bunter was hoping it would happen now.

The fat junior's hopes were well-founded.

"Come, come, Bunter!" said Mr. Prout. "Dry your eyes and listen to me."

Billy Bunter dabbed at his optics with a not overclean handkerchief. Then he blinked expectantly at Mr. Prout.

"You say you have had nothing at all for your birthday, Bunter," said the master of the Fifth.

"Nothing whatever, sir! Nobody loves me—"

"Tut, tut! Do not be unduly sentimental, Bunter. As you appear to have been neglected and forsaken on this auspicious occasion, I will endeavour to lighten your gloom and lessen your misery by inviting you to have tea with me."

Billy Bunter felt like dancing a jig and giving three cheers at the top of his lungs. But he repressed his emotions, and simply said:

"Thanks awfully, sir! What time shall I come along to your study?"

"At five o'clock," said Mr. Prout.

Bunter nodded.

"Excuse my asking, sir," he said, "but will it be a good spread?"

Mr. Prout smiled.

"Knowing your almost insatiable appetite, Bunter, I will arrange to get in a generous supply of foodstuffs from the school shop."

"Oh, good!" murmured Billy Bunter.

Bunter was the soul of punctuality at meal-times, and he turned up at Mr. Prout's study on the stroke of five.

His little round eyes glistened behind his spectacles as he beheld the array of good things on the table. It was a feast of the gods that Mr. Prout had provided.

"Sit down, my boy," said the master of the Fifth, with a kindly smile. "I can see that you are eager to commence eating. You may proceed."

Billy Bunter needed no second bidding. He pitched into the good things with reckless abandon.

Mr. Prout partook of no food himself. He took from his bookcase a volume dealing with birthdays, and started to peruse it.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "To-day is the thirteenth of the month, is it not?"

"That's so, sir," mumbled Bunter, with his mouth full.

"Ah, then you are distinctly unfortunate, my boy. You have my sympathy."

"Why, sir?" asked Bunter in surprise. Mr. Prout looked grave.

"It states in this book," he said, "that those born on the thirteenth of March will be persistently dogged by bad luck."

"Oh!"

"They will fail in all their undertakings; they will be visited by serious illness and sore afflictions—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Their lives will be blighted and marred by misfortune, and they will be cut off before their prime."

"Great Scott!" gasped Billy Bunter. And then, without stopping to think, he added:

"If that's true what the books says, sir, then I'm jolly glad I wasn't born on the thirteenth of March!"

Billy Bunter could have bitten his tongue out the next moment. He realised that he had given the game away.

Mr. Prout rose to his feet. There were thunderclouds on his brow.

"Then you have lied to me, Bunter!" he roared. "You have wantonly deceived me! It is not your birthday to-day!"

"Ow!"

"Leave my study at once, base deceiver!" thundered Mr. Prout.

"But—but I've only just started tea, sir—"

"Go!" hooted Mr. Prout, picking up a cane.

Billy Bunter promptly bolted into the passage. Mr. Prout came striding in pursuit, and the cane sang through the air and lashed upon Bunter's shoulders.

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" roared the fat junior as he fled from the lashing cane.

Mr. Prout retreated into his study, panting, and slammed the door. Never again was he likely to be deceived on the subject of Billy Bunter's birthday!

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AT the risk of contradiction I boldly state that birthdays are tame affairs.

Jones minor wakes up one fine morning to discover that he is eleven years of age. One or two of his pals, chancing to remember that it is his birthday, mumble "Many happy returns!" He dresses and goes downstairs, to find that each of his maiden aunts has sent him a birthday card. On the card he finds a verse of this description:

"Another milestone has been reached
Upon Life's highway drear;
May you survive and keep alive
For just another year!"

Jones minor tears up the offending card, and hurls the fragments to the

winds. Then he trots down to the porter's lodge and inquires if any parcels have been left for him. If he is lucky he gets a birthday cake from some female relative, who happens to be a pastry-cook. If all his female relatives happen to be princesses instead of pastrycooks he goes empty away.

Alas for Jones minor! His birthday is an empty affair, a sham, and a mockery. He spends the greater part of the day in the Form-room, cramming Latin and Greek. If he has had the good fortune to receive a birthday cake he shares it with a few favoured friends in the fags' Common-room. And then his birthday fizzles out, just like any other day. He has reached the ripe old age of eleven, and he carries on as before.

Now, this state of affairs is all wrong.

A birthday should be a great occasion, a red-letter day, an epoch-making event. In the first place, a fellow should be excused all lessons on his birthday. And his pals should be excused as well, so that they can all have a jolly good time together.

The Head should instruct the school cook to make a huge birthday cake, with icing and marzipan, and all the rest of it. And this monster cake should be divided between the whole school.

Friends and relatives should all rise to the occasion, and send tuck-hampers and gramophones and footballs and roller-skates, and other things that are dear to the heart of youth.

In the evening a fancy-dress ball should be held in honour of the boy whose birthday it happens to be. Dancing and revelling should be allowed to continue until the small hours of the morning; and when it is all over there should be a presentation of a five-pound note by the Head to the birthday hero.

There is a growing tendency nowadays to let a birthday pass unnoticed. This is quite wrong. A tremendous fuss should be made of a fellow on his birthday. The Head and the masters and his school-fellows should combine to give him the time of his life, so that that birthday will live in his memory until he is an old jossler with the gout.

I commend these suggestions to the headmaster of Greyfriars for his sympathetic consideration. And I might mention—just for something to say to fill up my space—that it's my birthday tomorrow!

(I knew that Brownney had an axe to grind in writing this article.—ED.)

MY BIRTHDAY CAKE!

By Dick Penfold.

My Aunt Jemima, bless her heart!
Sent me a topping treacle-tart.
She also found the time to make
A large and hefty Birthday Cake.

One gay March morn the cake arrived.
To keep it out of sight I strived.
I sadly failed, and no mistake,
For Bunter saw that Birthday Cake!

I soon concealed that cake of mine
Somewhere in Study Number Nine.
I said to Russell and to Rake:
"No one will find that Birthday Cake!"

When lessons for the day had ceased
I called my comrades to the feast.
"Good gracious! Do I dream or wake?
Someone has scoffed my Birthday Cake!"

The cake had gone—yea, every crumb!
I disappointed each fond chum.
Bitter and harsh the words I spake
About that vanished Birthday Cake!

Assisted by each faithful friend,
I searched the school from end to end.
"What villain's had the nerve to take
My topping, whopping Birthday Cake?"

'That evening, curiously enough,
Bunter complained of feeling "rough."
He said he had a chronic ache;
He'd also had my Birthday Cake!

Swiftly I seized a cricket-stump
And dealt him many a painful clump.
Melodious music he did make.
I'll give him pinch my Birthday Cake!

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BIRTHDAY GIFTS!

By Micky Desmond.

PEOPLE should always show discrimination when sending birthday presents. But they never do. There have been some glaring cases at Greyfriars of the wrong sort of present being given.

BILLY BUNTER received from one of his doting aunts a medical work, entitled, "How to Get Fat in a Fortnight." It's a good job Bunter didn't read the book and carry out the advice contained therein, for he would certainly have gone off pop!

HORACE COKER'S motor-cycle was a birthday present of the wrong sort. Since the tame duffer of the Fifth has had it in his possession, several chickens have left this mortal coil before their allotted time, to say nothing of the innumerable instances where peaceful and harmless pedestrians have had narrow squeaks from following the same trail, as it were. The birthday present I would recommend for the high and mighty Horace is a thick ear—and I shouldn't be particular if he had a birthday present of that sort every day of the year.

GERALD LODER, on his last birthday, was the recipient of a game of "Ludo," a present from a doting and trusting aunt of his. If the dear lady could have seen his face when he opened the parcel, and heard the "affectionate" remarks he made, she would have cut him out of her will on the spot. As it was, Loder pitched the whole lot into the study fire and jabbed it with a poker, after which he sat down with Walker and Carne to a mild flutter, wherein a Poker of a different sort was concerned.

LORD MAULEVERER, on his last birthday, received a luxurious easy-chair from one of his uncles. His lordship's study was already full of easy-chairs, and the newcomer could not be squeezed in. Mauly was obliged to sell it by public auction.

ALONZO TODD, whose frail and delicate form is seldom seen on the football-field, received on his birthday a complete footer outfit—jersey, shorts, and boots, also a magnificent match football. Another glaring example of misplaced generosity.

BOLSOVER MAJOR'S birthday was not exactly brightened by the arrival of a book, entitled, "Gentle Georgie: the Boy Who Never Struck a Blow." Being the champion pugilist of the Remove, Bolsover had no use for such a book. He fed it to the flames of his study fire.

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH was presented by some foolish but self-meaning person with a box of beautiful toilet soap, which claims to give a pure white complexion to the user. Inky has used it every morning and evening since his birthday, but his countenance is still as black as the ace of spades.

My own birthday falls next week, and my uncle in Tipperary has threatened to send me a gramophone. Now, I'd simply love a wireless set or a model airship, but I can't stick gramophones at any price! It's high time that maters and paters and aunts and uncles showed a little discrimination in this important matter of birthday presents.

[Supplement iv.]

A THRILLING STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MOUNTED POLICE!



THE SECRET OF RICHARDSON'S FIND!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Coming of the Maori!

"SELWYN! Chief wants you!" Frank Selwyn, New Zealand Mounted trooper, tall, upright, strong, a good man with the gun, and altogether a reliable unit in the force, left the common-room and walked smartly over to the private apartment of the Head Commissioner of Police, wondering what the summons meant.

Sir Charles Machonochie was a man who always went straight to the point.

"Selwyn," he said, "I've got an important job I want seeing through, and you're the man for it. Here"—pointing on the map to a small mining settlement on the coast of North Island by Hokianga Bay—"is Richardson's Find, the place where the big gold rush is now on. It's only just been marked on this chart. News has filtered through to me that over and over again miners have complained of losing large quantities of gold."

"Stolen, sir?"

"Yes, stolen, and by whom I want you to find out. All I can tell you is that more than forty robberies have mysteriously taken place there during the last six months. And if the matter's not cleared up soon there's bound to be a big dust-up among the miners themselves. That's all the information I can give you. Go, and make the best of it. Clear the mystery up."

So Frank went. Three days later he was in the mushroom mining camp vainly endeavouring to hit upon a clue. From what he could gather, the mystery he had to solve was this. A miner, after his week's work, would conceal his find in some part of his hut. Perhaps within a dozen hours the nuggets would be gone, although the fastened door of the hut was still intact. The simple miners could venture no opinion as to the cause of these strange and distressing occurrences, except to affirm that "speers must be at work."

It was quite by chance that Frank hit upon a solution. The fourth night of his stay in the camp found him comfortably accommodated with one Seth Penley, a sturdy Cornishman.

Said Seth at length, when the cheap little clock on the wall showed eleven:

"I think, Mr. Selwyn, after one more pipe and a further two fingers of pizen I'll do a doze."

It was the miner's way of saying good-night, but almost as he spoke his head began to nod insensibly. Seth was sleeping the sleep of a child.

"I won't wake him," muttered Frank.

He turned the lamp low, very low, and prepared to leave the digger's shelter. But, even as he tiptoed across the boarded floor, something caused him to pause.

It was a slight sound, a far-away scraping, a movement, as it were, far down in the earth below. A rat it might have been, making a new way beneath the floor. Anyway, Frank paused; then, instead of continuing his movement towards the door, he turned the lamp right out, and betook himself, not to his chair, but to the farthest, darkest corner of the shelter.

Well was it that Frank had adopted this

course, for, barely had he taken up this fresh position before a startling thing happened. A couple of planks in the floor were lifted bodily upwards, deftly and noiselessly, and through the opening crept the sinewy form of a young Maori.

Frank could just make out his glistening skin and tattooed face as he moved softly across the shelter. He saw him dive his hand into a concealment by the wall, probably where he had expected to find the miner's hidden store, withdraw it, and, a look of disappointment plainly visible on his face, step stealthily by the sleeping man, enter the tunnel again, and close the boards above his head.

Frank was staggered. Here, then, was the key to the mystery. For a moment he remained undecided how to act. The next he entered the secret passage. Replacing the rough planks, he found himself in total blackness.

He listened carefully for a time. Once he thought he heard the soft pad, pad of naked feet on the yielding soil far away, for the place in which he now crouched was a tunnel, cleverly bored by one or more of the Maoris.

There was no doubting now how the robberies were committed. A number of these borings led to various parts of the mining camp, and by this means thefts without number were committed with impunity.

For what seemed to him an interminable time he persevered in his efforts to come up with the native. By the greatest good fortune he stuck throughout to the main passage, and unconsciously passed the many side turnings leading to various parts of Richardson's Find. At last he was rewarded by seeing far ahead a small disc of faintest blue, which every minute as he advanced grew larger.

At length he stood in the open. On either side great tiers of rock rose to an enormous height. At his feet a swift mountain stream boiled angrily, while afar off the roar of the waves on the iron-bound coast was borne faintly to his ears. Up the gully a dark form flitted indistinctly in the moonlight.

Along the narrow ledge Frank glided perhaps for half a mile in the wake of the Maori, who was by now lost to sight behind a bend of the rocks. Frank turned the corner soon after.

A cry of mingled surprise, bewilderment, and incredulity left him at the wondrous sight unfolded to his staring eyes, for, riding on the gently-heaving waters of an almost land-locked bay, into which the mountain stream opened, was a stately ship.

But it was the strangeness of the craft that most attracted the young policeman's attention. No modern vessel this, but a large, bluff-bowed barque of solid wood, with her spars and yards standing out clearly against the blue sky, not an ocean greyhound of to-day, but a boat that had seen service long years before in Australian waters.

Then he saw a frail canoe glide out from the shadows to the ship, a nimble form swarmed up the bellied side and disappeared.

"That's a performance I'm going to imitate," quoth Frank.

And, without further ado, he strode down

to the water's edge, and, plunging in, swam out to the silent vessel.

Following the Maori's example, he gained the deck. One glance round told him what he had already almost suspected. The vessel was an old convict ship, which, having witnessed a successful outbreak on the part of the prisoners, had served the purpose of bringing them to the distant shores of New Zealand. Here in this land-locked bay she had lain for more than thirty years, the refuge— But at present Frank knew nothing of this.

Much absorbed in his own reflections as he stood by the port bulwark, he was ignorant of the fact that at that very instant a rough-bearded ruffian, emerging from the hatchway, had caught sight of him. As the trooper turned, the two came face to face. The ship-dweller was taking no chances.

A wicked-looking knife gleamed in the moonlight, narrowly missing the Britisher, who, as the other yelled, let out with his left and bowled the rascal over. At the man's call a dozen forms came tumbling up, and, with lightning-like rapidity, ranged themselves round the sides of the vessel.

Escape was out of the question. There was but one course open to the policeman, and he took it. Amidst a perfect fusillade of revolver-shots he climbed the rigging. Up, up he went, higher and higher, his intention being to reach a yard, crawl along it, and drop into the bay.

But, even as he gained the spar upon which he had decided, he found his purpose frustrated. No sooner was he astride the swaying yard than a nimble figure crept swiftly forward, and, with one quick movement, encircled him with his long, powerful arms.

There was a short, sharp struggle, in which the contestants swayed dangerously on their dizzy perch. Then the inevitable happened. Frank's assailant, still holding his captive tight in a grip of steel, lost his balance, and fell backwards.

A cry of mortal fear escaped him as, locked in a deadly embrace, both he and the trooper fell whirling from that dizzy height down, down to the depths below, to strike the lapping waters with a mighty splash. The rippling waves washed over them, and they sank from sight.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Blowing Up of the Convict Ship!

WHEN Frank came to, it was to find himself not as he expected, battling for dear life in the black depths of the land-locked bay, but lying in a wet, bedraggled heap in the corner of what at first sight appeared to be a large iron cage.

Slowly the realisation of his position dawned upon him. He was a prisoner in the hold of the old convict-ship. On either side of him were cells similar to that in which he was engaged; in front of him a long passage ran half the length of the vessel.

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It did not take the trooper long to explain away his surroundings.

"Now I see through the game!" he muttered. "This old tub has probably been here years—stolen, most likely, by a batch of Australian convicts—and, having been navigated to this place, has remained here ever since, undiscovered and unknown by the outside world. And these rascals aboard—what of them? Most probably outlaws, bushrangers, perhaps even descendants of the mutineer convicts who brought the ship to New Zealand. Well, at any rate, they saved my life, though for why I cannot exactly tell. Still, time will reveal."

Frank was right in his surmise. Time did reveal. Before he had lain in his dismal prison an hour he was visited by a little crowd of brutal, uncouth, rough-looking men, such as are seldom seen even on the outskirts of a rough mining-camp.

"We may as well be quite plain with yer!" the leader of the gang said, eyeing the trooper savagely. "We're the little lot wot's working the game down at Richardson's Find. You, smarter than the rest, have hit upon our secret. Who and what you are I neither know nor care!"

"But I do, cap!" put in one of the gold-thieves. "I've seen the likes of him in Auckland afore! Why, from the cut o' 'im, any fool wiv 'arf an eye could tell 'e's a policeman!"

"Oh, that's yer game, is it?" snarled the first man. "Well, I'll give yer a chance, but a mighty slim one at that! Which'll yer do—jine us, or go aloft?"

"You can reckon I sha'n't join you!" replied Frank, with a dry laugh.

"There's no more to be said, then!" was the reply. "Here, bring 'im along, boys! There's only one place for such as 'im! We'll decide afterwards exactly what's to be done fer 'im!"

Seized by a dozen rough hands, Frank was dragged from the cage, hurried along the badly-lighted passage, and thrust into a hole as black as death itself.

It was the solitary-confinement cell of the old convict days.

Many weary hours passed by unbroken in their monotony. At length the sound of voices—very muffled, it is true—fell upon the prisoner's ears. He realised with a thrill that they were above him. That started a wild scheme in his head, and no sooner had the voices died away than he set to work feverishly with the huge clasp-knife—which, fortunately, had remained undiscovered on his person—on the worm-eaten woodwork above his head. Hour after hour he worked, until, at last, he had succeeded in his efforts to the extent of boring a small hole through the wood. Instreamed the light in a tiny shaft, and, by standing erect and applying his eye to the aperture, Frank saw, to his satisfaction, that the apartment above was the main cabin.

A whole day passed, during which the trooper worked continuously at the roof of his cell. That night, as soon as the tramp of feet sounded overhead, Frank drew the small paper plug from the hole he had bored, and, by standing on tiptoe and placing his ear to the opening, was able to gather a very fair idea of what was in progress. The very first words he caught sent a thrill of apprehension through him.

"There's no doubt that the game's all up, now!" the man, who before had acted as leader and spokesman, was saying. "This confounded policeman was evidently put upon our track! By some means or other he discovered Ar-toa looting one of the sheds, and now, to make matters worse, he's stumbled upon our nest. We shall have to do what I suggested last night, and that is—clear out of this place altogether."

"We can make a start to-night. Let each one get everything in readiness. I'll lay a train of powder under this old hulk, and we'll blow her sky-high, trooper and all! That'll destroy for ever all evidence of our hiding-place!"

A chorus of approval went up from the assembled crew.

"Then," continued the speaker, "we'll strike a bee-line for Richardson's Find. We can lay in hiding in the Auckland Woods for the day, and, when the night sets in, make a sudden descent on the place. Six of us can hold up the store, six more the

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Even as Frank's feet left the bulwarks the deck planking heaved upwards, a mighty column of smoke and flame filled the air, and there was a deafening roar. The ship had blown up!

little bank, while the rest can clean out the miners' shanties. Old man Gordon's run will provide us with mounts all round; we can work our way in small parties down to South Island, and, in time, get away to Australia."

"And you don't think we'd better give the policeman a chance?" ventured one.

"Not a bit of it, Sam Haik! I've talked with the beggar, and he says that, if ever he gets out of this yare hulk, he'll set all the troopers in the two islands on our track."

"Let him go up with the ship!" growled a harsh voice.

"That settles the matter!" rejoined the leader. "Now, you, Jameson, Rogers, and Black, come with me, and see to the laying of the powder and train!"

Below him, Frank soon could hear the groping of excited men as they laid heavy sacks of gunpowder in various parts of the hold. The light in the cabin above was beginning to fade. Not a soul came near him.

Before an hour had passed a deathly silence brooded over the old convict barque. The gold-thieves had gone, leaving behind them a slow fuse, which every minute burnt nearer and nearer the awful charge of powder.

During these trying moments Frank was far from idle. On the contrary, he worked as one possessed. With the strong blade of his knife he cut and hacked at the small hole in the roof of the cell.

Never before had he laboured as he did now. The aperture grew apace, for the wood was worm-eaten. But how could he hope to make progress against the long line of dampened powder which was slowly but surely flashing forward to hurl him to eternity?

Already the imprisoned man could smell the smoke from the burning fuse. The thought of his danger nerved him to even greater efforts. He slashed at the wood with a hope that sank with every passing moment.

At last—at last! The aperture was large enough to admit the passage of his body. His hands, trembling in every nerve and muscle, gripped the sides of the broken roof. He drew himself up inch by inch.

His head was once again in fresher air; he drew his body through. He was free—safe! But was he? Hark! What was that?

A low, spluttering sound, the curling of smoke upwards through the cracks in the rotting walls and floor. The time-fuse was nearing its limit.

Frank sprang to the door of the cabin. Up the hatchway with a mighty bound he went. His life hung by a thread. It was a race with death. Which would win?

He reached the side of the vessel. His arms were poised above his head. His body crouched for the spring. He sprang out, far out, head foremost. His body cleft the air like an arrow; but even as his feet left the bulwarks the deck planking heaved upwards, a mighty column of flame and smoke filled the air, and there was a gigantic deafening roar. The convict-ship had blown up.

Charred wood and flaming cordage fell in a hissing shower around the trooper as he headed for the shore.

Utterly stupefied by the force of the explosion, he reached a rocky ledge, drew himself up, and lay there inanimate. Not for long, however; for, with returning consciousness, the memory of the danger which threatened the mining-camp came forcibly back to him.

He must find the subterranean passage that would take him quickly to Richardson's Find. It was done at last, and two hours after the blowing up of the convict-ship Trooper Selwyn poured out his tale to a group of incredulous miners. The warning came in time, for the result of Frank's story was that the tables were turned, and the gold-thieves, instead of wiping out the place, as they had arranged, found themselves in the Auckland Woods, surrounded by a large body of well-armed and determined men.

The capture of the gang was complete, and you may be sure that the one who came out on top in this deal was Trooper Frank Selwyn. To-day he occupies the place which the late Sir Charles Machouochie once held.

THE END.

(There is another magnificent Mounted Police story next week, boys, entitled: "The Brotherhood of Equity!" Don't miss it!)

FISHY'S TREASURE!*(Continued from page 12.)*

"Well, I must say that sounds fair!" admitted Wharton.

"Fair as a die!" said Bolsover major. "I shall jolly well be present when the tenner is turned up, Fishy, if it isn't found by one of us."

"I guess you're welcome."

"And if you don't keep your word," said Bob, "you hand back the sixpences to all the buyers of the paper."

"Yep!"

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton.

It really looked as if Fisher T. Fish was playing straight at last. And that was surprising enough.

"Then where does your profit come in?" asked Peter Todd. "If you sell a hundred copies—that's all you'll get rid of—that's only two pound ten. You stand to lose seven ten."

"If the tenner's found," said Fishy coolly. "But I guess I'm banking on its not being found."

"Not being found—with umpteen fellows hunting for it for a week!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Waal, I'm taking the chance," said Fish. "You take the chance with your tanner, and I take the chance with my tenner. That's that."

"Blessed if I don't think it's square," said Bolsover major. "Here, hand out a paper for me, Fishy." And Bolsover major threw down a sixpence.

Bolsover major's example was followed far and wide. In a few minutes Fisher T. Fish had sold two dozen copies. And after that, fellows came up by ones and twos and threes into the box-room, and further copies were disposed of. The news spread in the Lower School, and Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth came along, and several Shell fellows and some of the Third clubbed coppers together and took shares in a few copies.

In a couple of hours Fisher T. Fish's

stock of one hundred copies was almost sold out.

He closed the editorial box-room, and went down to a late tea, in a very satisfied frame of mind.

The great stunt was going at last—going strong. Fishy gave Harry Wharton a patronising grin as he passed him in the Remove passage.

"I guess this is the end of your pesky old 'Herald'," he remarked. "Your own fault, you know."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I guess this hyer competition is going strong," said Fish. "Galoots won't buy your rag when they can get a better paper with a ten-pound prize tied to its tail! You're done, old man—you've fizzled out—you're whopped to a frazzle!"

And Fisher T. Fish walked on to Study No. 14, quite satisfied with himself. Cash, mostly in coppers and sixpences, jingled in his pockets, and the jingle of it was music to Fishy's ears.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.**Well Hidden!**

FISHER T. FISH, on Wednesday, was the cynosure of all eyes in the Remove.

On that day the ten-pound note was to be hidden—for which a hundred fellows were going to search; the tenner to become the property of the lucky finder—if any.

From the moment that he turned out of bed in the morning, Fisher T. Fish had eyes on him.

When he went up to the editorial box-room after breakfast, Billy Bunter rolled after him. When he took a turn in the quad, three or four fellows took a turn also.

In class that morning Fishy was under the observation of the whole Remove; and it did not seem likely that he would hide the tenner in the Form-room. But in second lesson Fisher T. Fish rose to his feet and addressed Mr. Quelch.

"May I fetch my map, sir?"

"Your map, Fish!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Yep, sir—you told us to bring in maps for this lesson, and I've left mine in my study."

"You may fetch your map, Fish, and you will take twenty lines for forgetting it."

Fisher T. Fish left the Form-room.

He left the Remove almost gasping. By this cool device Fishy had escaped from observation; and nobody doubted that he had gone out to hide the tenner.

Up jumped Billy Bunter in a great hurry.

"If you please, sir——"

"You may sit down, Bunter."

"I've forgotten my map, sir——"

"What?"

"May I fetch it from Fishy's study—I mean my study, sir?" gasped the Owl of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes fixed on Bunter.

"Your map is lying on your desk before you, Bunter! What do you mean?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Are you attempting, Bunter, to deceive me for the purpose of idling a few minutes during a lesson?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Nunno, sir! I—I——"

"Take a hundred lines, Bunter!"

"Oh dear!"

Billy Bunter sat down gasping. But the thought of Fishy hiding the tenner unwatched was too much for him, and he jumped up again.

"Please, sir——"

"Silence, Bunter!"

"I've got a pain, sir——"

"What?"

"A fearful pain in my side, sir, like—like burning daggers——"

"Like what?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Burning daggers, sir, and—and red-hot pokers," said Bunter. "May I—I—I go and telephone for the doctor, sir?"

"You may stand out before the class, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, taking up his cane from his desk. "Now hold out your hand."



There was a sudden rush at Fisher T. Fish and he sat down in the passage in the grasp of Bolsover major. "Hands off, you guy!" roared Fishy. "What on earth——" began Bob Cherry. "My find!" bellowed Bolsover. "He's got it about him. That's my idea! Keep off while I search him!" "I haven't!" yelled Fish. "Not so easy as that!" Regardless of Fishy's frantic protests Bolsover proceeded to search him for the hidden tenner. (See Chapter 9.)

Swish!

"Are you still feeling the extraordinary pain you described, Bunter?"

"Ow! Yes, sir!"

"Hold out the other hand."

Swish!

"Do you still feel the pain, Bunter?"

"Ow! Wow! No, sir! It—it's quite gone!"

"I am glad that you have been so easily cured, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "You may go back to your place."

"Wow!"

Billy Bunter limped back to his place, and gave up the idea of following Fishy. And after Bunter's experience, nobody else in the Remove thought of doing so. In a few minutes, Fisher T. Fish came back with a cheery grin on his bony face.

He sat down, and Bunter whispered:

"Have you hidden it?"

"Yep!"

"Bunter, you are talking!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I never even opened my lips, sir. I only said to Fishy—"

"Silence!"

Never had morning classes seemed so long to the Remove fellows. The hidden tennar seemed to call them. Somewhere within the walls of Greyfriars the ten pounds were concealed—to become the property of any subscriber to Fishy's Weekly who could find it. Naturally, the juniors were eager to begin the search.

And never had Mr. Quelch found his class so inattentive. Lines fell in the Remove-room that morning like leaves in Vallambrosa.

But the juniors did not care for lines. Mr. Quelch was quite cross by the time he dismissed his class; and the Removites almost rushed from the Form-room.

The search began at once.

Nearly every fellow in the Remove was the happy possessor of a copy of the "Weekly," and he kept that copy as carefully as if it were a priceless literary gem. The possession of his copy proved him to be the rightful possessor of the tennar if he found it. The question was, to find it.

That day half the Remove were late for dinner. They came straggling in, dusty from the exploration of box-rooms and lumber-rooms, and remote passages.

In the afternoon there was a football match between the Remove eleven and the Upper Fourth. One or two members

of the Remove eleven generously offered to stand out and make room for other fellows. But Harry Wharton looked so grim at the suggestion that the offers were hastily withdrawn. But for once the Remove footballers were not envied by other fellows who were left out of the team. And there was not a single Removite on the ground to cheer their victory over the Upper Fourth.

After the game was over the Remove footballers fairly rushed back, with two or three exceptions. Indeed, Harry Wharton and Herbert Vernon-Smith and Lord Mauleverer were the only fellows in the Remove who had not bought a copy of "Fish's Weekly." Wharton and Smithy were sceptical, and Mauly indifferent. But all the rest of the Form were keen on the search for the hidden treasure.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Found it?" roared Bob Cherry, as he came in.

"Not yet!"

"Good!"

Tea-time was neglected by the juniors. Even Billy Bunter almost forgot tea-time.

The search went on, what time Fisher T. Fish strolled about with his hands in his pockets and smiled.

Apparently he had no great uneasiness on the subject of the hidden tennar. Coppers and small silver jingled in his pockets as he strolled and smiled.

But he ceased to smile, and yelled, as there was a sudden rush at him in the Remove passage, and he came down on the floor with a bump, in the grasp of Bolsover major.

"Yaroooh! Hands off, you guy!"

"What on earth—" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"My find!" roared Bolsover major.

"He's got it about him! That's my idea! Keep off while I search him!"

"I haven't!" yelled Fishy.

"Gammon! It's my find, you fellows, if he's got it!" said Bolsover major.

The juniors gathered round. They had not thought of it; but doubtless Fisher T. Fish was entitled to hide the tennar about his own person if he liked.

"I say, you fellows, that's it!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "I say, I'll help you, Bolsover, and we'll whack it out!"

"Keep off, you fat bounder!"

"Oh, really, Bolsover! Yoooop!"

A shove from Bolsover major's powerful arm made Bunter sit down. Then Bolsover "went through" Fisher T. Fish

in the most thoroughgoing manner, heedless of his frantic protests. The Removites looked on and laughed.

Had the tennar been hidden about Fisher T. Fish, certainly Bolsover major's vigorous search would have unearthed it. But it was not unearthed.

"No find!" grinned Bob Cherry, when Bolsover gave it up at last.

Fisher T. Fish looked very rumpled and dishevelled. But he grinned as he set his collar straight.

"Not so easy as all that, I guess," he remarked.

Prep, that evening, was woefully neglected. Very many of the Remove fellows were booked for trouble with Mr. Quelch in the morning. But even Mr. Quelch had no terrors for them now; they were after the ten-pound prize.

Before bed-time scarcely a corner of the old, rambling School House of Greyfriars was left unsearched. Fishy's study had been turned completely out several times. His desk in the Form-room was searched again and again. Passages and box-rooms were scanned almost microscopically. Fellows watched for chances to dodge into masters' studies and look round them. And when the Head went out for a time, even the sacred precincts of the Head's study were invaded.

But the tennar was not found.

If it was hidden within the walls of the School House, it was well hidden; and the Removites were shepherd off to their dormitories that night disappointed. After lights out, a number of fellows turned out with candles and electric torches to make a search in the dormitory, but they had no luck. They went to sleep at last, and many of them dreamed of the hidden tennar.

Undoubtedly Fisher T. Fish's new stunt had "caught on." Undoubtedly it looked like a regular sale for "Fish's Weekly" in the future. The enterprising Fishy dreamed golden dreams, and in the visions of the night he saw himself, with his dreaming eyes, the director of vast newspaper enterprises, that were to grow out of "Fish's Weekly" in the course of time, like the beanstalk in the fairy-tale. It was improbable that he would ever see it with his waking eye!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Awful!

"I SAY, you fellows—" "Found it, Bunter?" "Nunno! But I say—"

It was Saturday, and the tennar had not been found. The search had slackened off by that time.

Some of the fellows began to doubt whether it was really hidden in the School House at all. That could only be proved on the following Wednesday, when Fishy would be called upon to produce it from its hiding-place in the presence of unnumbered witnesses. If he failed to do so, it was certain that Fishy would come very near to being lynched. Even Harry Wharton and the Bounder had ceased to doubt on that point. Fishy was not of the stuff that heroes are made of, and a fellow would have needed to be cast in the most heroic mould to face the Remove after "spoofing" them to such an extent as that. The tennar was somewhere in the House—but where, was a mystery.

Fellows had tired of the search, and a good many had been "lined" or caped, having been discovered by masters and prefects carrying on lawless investigations in quarters where juniors were not supposed to penetrate.

Billy Bunter had been keenest on the search at first; but disappointment, added to natural laziness, had caused him

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to give it up. On Saturday afternoon Bunter was not thinking of further search for the hidden treasure; but being, as usual, in need of funds, he fell back on his celebrated postal-order.

"I've been disappointed, you fellows," he said seriously, as he ran down the Famous Five in the quadrangle.

"Well, we've all been disappointed," said Bob Cherry. "Fishy's hidden that tenner jolly well."

"I don't mean the tenner," said Bunter. "I mean, I was expecting a postal-order—"

"What?" roared Bob.

"From one of my titled relations, you know," said Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five. "It hasn't come."

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm hard up!" said Bunter pathetically. "Toddy's going to tea with Squiff to-day, and there's nothing in the study. Think of that!"

"Well, can't you have your tea in Hall, same as we do when we're stony?" said Nugent.

"I've had it!" explained Bunter. "What's tea in Hall to a fellow like me?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you fellows like to hand me the five bob, and take the postal-order when it comes—"

"The whenfulness is terrific!"

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Bunter.

"There's a rag-man—"

"What! A what?"

"A rag-man at the back door," said Bunter. "Trotter's selling him some things. I'd sell him some of my old clothes, only I want them, you know. Do you mind if I sell him your overcoat, Wharton? I dare say he would give me five shillings for it!"

"Why, you—you—" gasped Wharton.

"I dare say he would give me sixpence for your topper, Bob!"

"Let me catch you selling my topper!" roared Bob Cherry. "Why, I'd burst you!"

"If you fellows are going to be selfish—"

"We are!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"We is!"

"Beasts!"

Billy Bunter rolled away disconsolate. He had had one tea, but that was only enough for one fellow. Bunter wanted at least enough for three. And there was nothing doing in Study No. 7, and Bunter's offer to accompany Toddy to tea in Squiff's study had been declined without even any politeness. The Owl of the Remove felt that the situation was serious. He came on Fisher T. Fish in the Remove passage.

"I say, Fishy—"

"Found it?" grinned Fishy.

"No. But I say," whispered Bunter. "You tell me where it's hidden, and I'll go halves."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Beast!"

Fishy went downstairs chuckling. Billy Bunter blinked about him, and rolled away to the Remove dormitory. When he came down he had a bundle under his arm, and was blinking round him cautiously. But luck favoured Bunter. He scuttled down a back staircase, and found the rag-merchant on the point of departure. The bundle changed hands, and William George Bunter was the richer by a shilling. And that shilling, promptly expended in the tuckshop, brought relief to the famished Owl of the Remove.

Saturday being a half-holiday, many fellows put in some hours hunting for the hidden treasure. On the following day there was a good deal of leisure,



Fisher T. Fish strolled airily to the cupboard to bring out the discarded waistcoat that contained the hidden tenner. He looked into the cupboard and uttered a sudden ejaculation. "Hyer! Where's that waistcoat?" "Isn't it there?" asked Wharton. "Nope!" roared Fish, his face turning pale. "It's not here—" "He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "I sold it to a rag-man for a bob last Saturday." (See Chapter 10.)

and the search went on in a desultory way. On Monday and Tuesday it was still going on. Nevertheless, the hidden tenner did not come to light.

On Tuesday evening there was a grand rally, so to speak. If the tenner was not found that night it remained the property of Fisher T. Fish, and he had only to disinter it and retake possession of it. Up to bed-time the juniors hunted with renewed zest. But the result was as usual—disappointment.

In the dormitory Bolsover major shook a brawny fist at Fisher T. Fish.

"You've done us!" he said.

"I guess the tenner's there for you to find, if you can find it," said Fishy cheerfully.

"That's the question—is it?" said Bolsover major. "If it isn't, you know what to expect."

"I guess I'll point it out to you to-morrow all O.K."

"You'd better!" growled Bolsover major.

Fisher T. Fish went to bed grinning. He slept the sleep of the just, and opened his sharp eyes to the clang of the rising-bell on Wednesday morning.

The bell had not ceased to clang when Fishy's bed was surrounded by a crowd of juniors.

"Now, where's the tenner?" demanded Skinner.

Fisher T. Fish sat up and grinned at them.

"Let's have this square," he said. "The tenner's not been found, and when I point out the hiding-place it's mine?"

"That's right!" said Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, I don't believe there is any tenner!"

"Point it out, that's all!" growled Bolsover major. "Where is it?"

"I guess it's in this dormitory," said Fisher T. Fish, turning cheerily out of bed. "Let a chap get his clothes on! What's the hurry?"

"We've searched the dormitory," said Johnny Bull. "We've been over it a dozen times at least."

"Did you look at Wharton's old waistcoat hanging in the cupboard yonder?" asked Fish airily.

"I jolly well did!" exclaimed Skinner. "I felt in all the pockets of it, too, and in a hole in the lining, last Saturday morning."

"You're a bright galoot, you are, Skinner," said Fisher T. Fish admiringly.

"Did you unpick one of the seams?"

"N-n-no!"

"What a pity!" said Fisher T. Fish blandly. "If you had, you might have found the tenner sewn up inside!"

"Sewn up inside my old waistcoat?" exclaimed Wharton blankly.

"Sure! Hidden within the walls of Greyfriars, you know," grinned Fisher T. Fish. "Well, that pesky old waistcoat is within the walls of Greyfriars, isn't it? And I guess the banknote's sewn up inside the pesky old waistcoat."

"But—but you never had time to do it when you dodged out of the Form-room that morning!" howled Skinner.

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

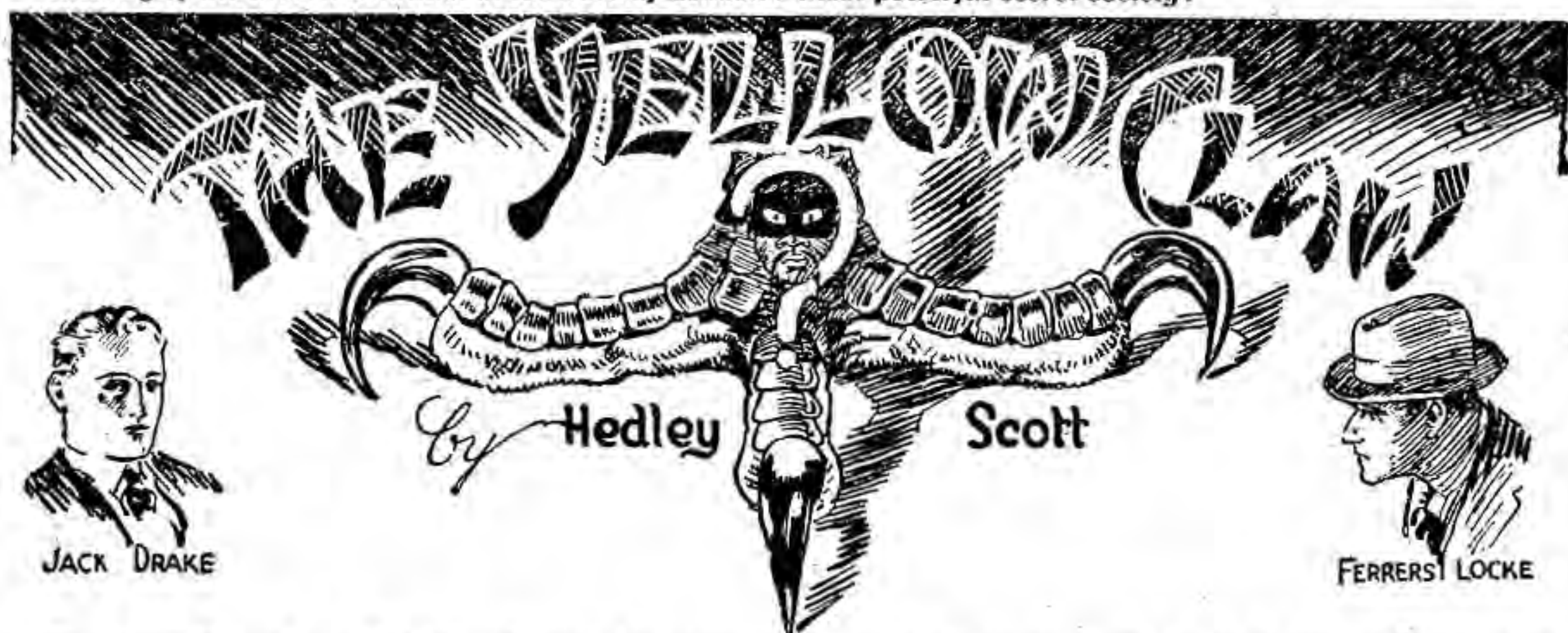
"I guess that was only a blind," he remarked. "I sewed the banknote up in that waistcoat before you galoots were awake that morning."

"Oh, my hat!"

(Continued on page 22.)

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The Chase Through the Night!

STRANGELY enough the Yellow Claw had hit on the same idea. He in turn struggled fiercely to wrench Locke's gas mask from his head. And his manoeuvre carried more success with it than did that of the detective. For Locke's mask was a cumbersome apparatus that interfered considerably with his power of movement.

Suddenly he felt the whole mask ripped from his head, and almost at the same instant became aware of the sickly, pungent odour in the room. He tried not to inhale any of the noxious gas, but his struggles necessitated breath, and he was forced to gulp in the air.

It was sufficiently powerful enough to daze his brain, and his assailant took full advantage of the fact. A heavy fist smashed into Locke's face. He winced as the blow went home, and then, exerting all his strength, pushed against his opponent so that he reeled against the door of the bed-room. In an instant the sleuth's hand was on the handle of the door. The next and the door was flung open.

Now the air was purer as the two struggled in the passage, but Locke was still dazed from the fierceness of the other's attack. His strength was beginning to fail him as he struggled gamely on, and he censured himself for not having winged his man with a bullet when he had leaped from the bed. He plunged his fist full in the face of his assailant, and had the satisfaction of hearing the man grunt with the pain of it, and then he yelled:

"Help!"

The cry rang along the corridor, and before its echo had died away there came two reassuring shouts from the rooms to right and left of him respectively.

"Coming!"

"Hold on!"

Locke's assailant struggled with renewed savagery as the answering calls came plainly to his ears. He was like a man possessed. His fist lashed out and caught the detective full on the point of the chin. And, following up this advantage, he caught the sleuth a swinging right that laid him low.

Even as Locke's senses were leaving him, the masked scoundrel spun round on his heel and vanished into the darkened bed-room again. No sooner had he disappeared when Inspector Pyecroft and John Huntingdon, practically fully dressed, for they had turned in in their clothes, dashed from their

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respective rooms, almost stumbling over the inert figure of Ferrers Locke.

"Great heavens!" breathed Pyecroft.

"What's happened?"

"Look, the window's open!" exclaimed Huntingdon.

Ferrers Locke opened his eyes and gazed about him dazedly.

"After him!" he gasped, struggling to his feet. "The Yellow Claw! Came in by the window!"

He started for the window himself, his head clearing as he walked. In front of him were Pyecroft and Huntingdon. The

IN THE LIMELIGHT.

THE YELLOW CLAW, a mysterious and powerful organisation that preys upon wealthy Englishmen.

SIR MALCOLM DUNDERFIELD, a successful City financier, whose family the Yellow Claw has threatened to wipe out.

JOHN HUNTINGDON, his nephew. An actor by profession, Huntingdon invariably fills the leading role in Mark Chaerton's plays.

FERRERS LOCKE, the famous detective, of Baker Street, who has been engaged by Sir Malcolm to bring the dreaded society to book.

JACK DRAKE, the sleuth's clever boy assistant, who is given a job as dresser to Huntingdon.

INSPECTOR PYECROFT, a Scotland Yard detective, who has joined forces with Ferrers Locke.

MARK CHAERTON, a successful playwright, who has also been threatened by the Yellow Claw. He, too, seeks Ferrers Locke's services.

Chaerton's touring company arrives at Blackpool, accompanied by Ferrers Locke and Inspector Pyecroft. The two sleuths, however, are travelling under assumed names. At the railway-station Huntingdon receives a threatening letter from the Yellow Claw. Locke decides to exchange bed-rooms with Huntingdon at the hotel, and arms himself with a gas-mask. Meantime, Pyecroft is suspicious of a resident of the hotel—Ezra B. Phillips—as being an agent of the society. At midnight the Yellow Claw forces his way into Locke's apartment, first pumping a quantity of gas into the room. The gas-mask Locke wears, however, prevents the gas bringing about the desired effect. A furious struggle ensues, in which Locke tries to wrest his assailant's gas-mask from his face, in the hope that he will be compelled to inhale the overpowering gas himself, and thus become unconscious.

(Now read on.)

former had switched on the light in the room, and was beginning to clamber out of the window on to the iron emergency staircase beyond, when he paused, and a gasp of astonishment left his lips.

"Look!" he exclaimed, pointing downwards to the foot of the staircase. "There are two of them, struggling like the very dickens!"

Huntingdon and Locke gazed out of the window in amazement. But Pyecroft was right. At the foot of the staircase two figures were fighting fiercely.

"Come on!" exclaimed Locke triumphantly. "We shall collar our man, after all!"

Revolvers in hand, Locke and Pyecroft began to race down the staircase, whilst Huntingdon brought up the rear. Meantime, the two men below still continued their silent battle. But as the pursuers neared the bottom of the emergency staircase the two men below became aware of their presence. Something passed between them, and before Locke, Pyecroft, or Huntingdon could get to close quarters the two men had ceased their fierce combat and separated. They chose two trails, and were soon lost to view in the gloom ahead.

Pyecroft's revolver flashed fire twice, but the light was bad for "snap" shooting, and it was evident that both the bullets had flown wide. At the foot of the staircase the party paused.

"Which is our man?" asked Pyecroft. "Shall we separate?"

Before Ferrers Locke could make any rejoinder the sound of footsteps echoed out behind him, and, wheeling sharply, the sleuth became aware of Jack Drake.

"That you, guv'nor?" came a voice. "It is," answered the sleuth. "But what are you doing here?"

"Soon explain that," said Drake cheerfully. "I heard a dence of a lot of noise going on in the room below mine, and remembering that you were occupying it instead of Huntingdon I began to feel alarmed. So I dragged on my togs and came by the iron staircase. I had previously looked out of the window and seen a couple of fellows struggling at the foot of the staircase, so I determined to chip in. Thought, as a matter of fact, guv'nor, that you were one of the combatants."

"We don't know which route to tackle now, my lad," remarked Ferrers Locke.

"The two rascals have separated."

"The one in the mask has got a car, anyway," said Drake.

"How do you know, my lad?"

"I saw it as I came down the staircase, guv'nor," was the reply. "Being higher

up than you were I was able to get a glimpse of the road that lies at the back of those houses yonder. I saw a fellow wearing a mask hop into a motor-car, just round the turning. Couldn't see much of him, sir," he added, "although the lamp-posts were lighted up."

"Good for you!" grunted Locke, starting forward. "We want the man in the mask—the Yellow Claw! I don't care a rap about the other Johnny, whoever he may be. Best foot forward. By the way, Huntingdon, see if you and Drake can sneak a car out of the hotel garage. Drake, here's my skeleton keys. Be as quick as you can!"

Drake and Huntingdon hurried round to the hotel garage, and the former was soon devoting all his skill to the task of opening the Yale lock that held the massive doors fast. In less than two minutes he had manipulated the lock. Two minutes more and the great doors had been swung back. As luck would have it there was a roomy five-seater well to the fore in the garage beyond, and into this Jack Drake clambered without loss of time. The self-starter came into play, the headlights were switched on, and then Drake slipped in the gears. Purring on an even note the car moved forward clear of the big doors.

"I am going to join the gov'nor, Huntingdon!" called out Drake, as he caught sight of a uniformed policeman running in the direction of the garage. "You had better stay and talk to this copper. So-long!"

And before Huntingdon had fully realised the fact that a constable was speeding in his direction, certain in his own mind that he had caught a motor-car thief red-handed, Drake was sending the five-seater forward at a brisk pace in the direction of the spot where he had parted from Locke.

"Here you are, Drake!" came a voice,

it was taking is a continuation of the one we are racing along now."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Drake. "Then we shall get some fun, after all."

"Hum!" grunted Pyecroft. "You've got a peculiar idea of fun. I—"

He broke off and clutched wildly at the hood of the car as it bumped over an uneven piece of road. Pyecroft had never taken kindly to motoring—let alone motor-racing under difficulties. And this was motor-racing with a vengeance. Cool as a cucumber, Ferrers Locke sat huddled at the wheel, his keen features bent upon the white strip of road that loomed up ahead of him. He gradually tuned in the car until the speedometer was recording fifty miles an hour. The wind whistled past his face, the ground seemed to fly away from beneath him.

To their right as they raced along the front was the sea—its angry action, the succession of dull roars as the waves dashed over the breakwaters, and the plentiful quantity of foam-flecked spray, giving an inkling of a storm brewing. Few lights glimmered out as the car sped along the front, and finally the town was left behind.

All the time he had been driving Locke had kept his eyes on a moving shadow ahead which he knew to be the car containing his late assailant. And the shadow was gradually growing larger and larger.

"Sit tight!" he shrieked above the whistle of the wind. "I'm going all out!"

The inspector behind him shuddered and gripped the coachwork still harder, whilst Drake, in striking contrast, became more excited. The car was racing down-hill; and at the foot of the hill could plainly be seen the rear-light of the car they were pursuing. At well over sixty miles an hour Locke drove the five-seater down that incline, and

quence, the sleuth had to drive slowly, for to do otherwise would have resulted in a broken axle or worse. But he was content to move at a snail's pace now, for his keen eyes had observed the rear-light of his quarry again.

Suddenly the lane swerved off to the right in a peculiar S-shaped bend that took Locke the best part of three minutes to negotiate. During that time the car in front was lost to view as it travelled the farther hook of the bend, but eventually it came within sight again.

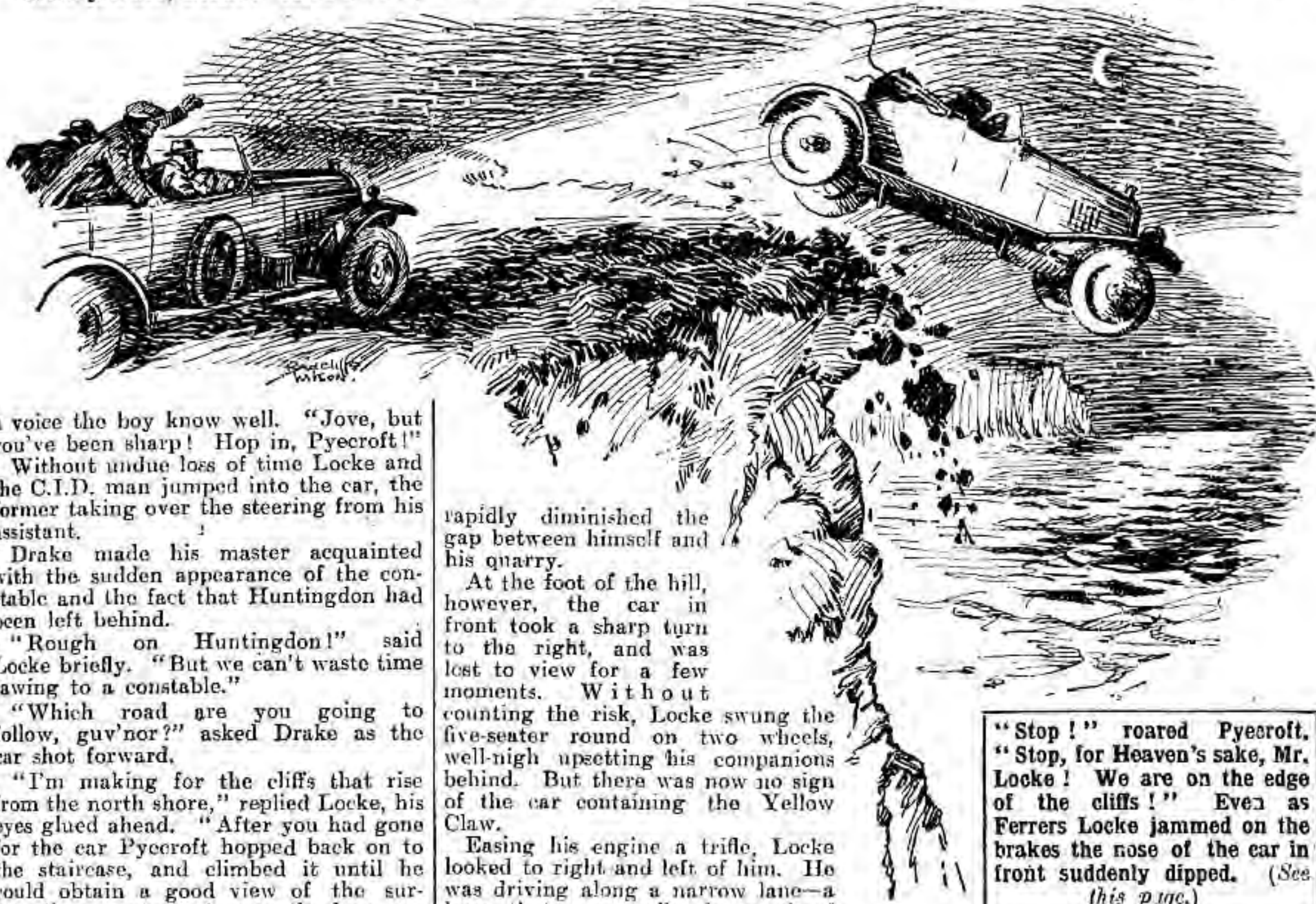
"Hurrah!" exclaimed Drake excitedly, as he measured the distance between the two cars. "Now we sha'n't be long!"

Inspector Pyecroft paid no heed to his companion's remarks. He was gazing intently into the darkness, a puzzled frown on his rather heavy features. The distance between pursued and pursuers was now reduced to ten yards, but the inspector had not noticed that fact. He had inclined his head so that his ears met directly the rush of the night air as the car sped by, and that action was providential.

To his ears came the sound of something more than the rush of wind—it was the roaring of the sea as it broke near the shore. At the same moment the soft rays of a crescent moon peeped out from a bank of flying cloud, revealing a scene that brought a cry of horror to his lips.

"Stop, Mr. Locke!" he roared at length, striking the sleuth on the shoulder in his agitation. "Stop, for Heaven's sake! We are on the edge of the cliffs!"

Even as the inspector spoke, Ferrers Locke jammed on both his brakes and brought the five-seater to a standstill. But before the flying wheels had ceased to revolve all eyes were focused on the car in front. To Locke and his companions' horror, the nose of the car in



a voice the boy knew well. "Jove, but you've been sharp! Hop in, Pyecroft!"

Without undue loss of time Locke and the C.I.D. man jumped into the car, the former taking over the steering from his assistant.

Drake made his master acquainted with the sudden appearance of the constable and the fact that Huntingdon had been left behind.

"Rough on Huntingdon!" said Locke briefly. "But we can't waste time jawing to a constable."

"Which road are you going to follow, gov'nor?" asked Drake as the car shot forward.

"I'm making for the cliffs that rise from the north shore," replied Locke, his eyes glued ahead. "After you had gone for the car Pyecroft hopped back on to the staircase, and climbed it until he could obtain a good view of the surrounding country. Apparently there was only one car in sight, and it was heading for the north shore cliffs. And the road

rapidly diminished the gap between himself and his quarry.

At the foot of the hill, however, the car in front took a sharp turn to the right, and was lost to view for a few moments. Without counting the risk, Locke swung the five-seater round on two wheels, well-nigh upsetting his companions behind. But there was now no sign of the car containing the Yellow Claw.

Easing his engine a trifle, Locke looked to right and left of him. He was driving along a narrow lane—a lane that was sadly in need of repair, and certainly not fitted for any vehicular traffic. In conse-

"Stop!" roared Pyecroft. "Stop, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Locke! We are on the edge of the cliffs!" Even as Ferrers Locke jammed on the brakes the nose of the car in front suddenly dipped. (See this page.)

front suddenly dipped, the revolving wheels thrashed nothing more substantial than the empty air. The silhouetted figure of the driver at the wheel could plainly be seen—a figure hunched over the steering apparatus, apparently incapable of action.

And before the occupants of the five-seater had clambered from their seats the car they had pursued from the centre of the town had disappeared from sight—had plunged over the north shore cliffs to a terrible fate eighty feet below.

By the time Ferrers Locke and his companions reached the edge of the cliff and peered over there was no sign of either car or driver. For one thing, the flicker light from the moon was not strong enough to light up the raging seas that thrashed the foot of the cliffs; for another, the depth of the water at this point was sufficient to submerge half a dozen cars were they piled one upon the other.

For some minutes Ferrers Locke stared down into that raging cauldron of sea and foam, his ears strained to their utmost to catch any sounds above the roaring of the breakers. But he knew in his heart of hearts that no human could have survived a fall of eighty feet into the swirling vortex that flowed at the foot of the jagged cliffs. At length he turned to Pyecroft and Drake.

"No use staying here," he said quietly. "We must thank Heaven that we did not share that unfortunate fellow's fate. Jove, Pyecroft," he added, with a whimsical smile, "you gave me the fright of my life when you yelled your warning!"

Inspector Pyecroft shuddered.

"Nothing to the fright I had when I saw the edge of the cliffs looming up," he said. "Well, well," he added, "I never like a case to end like this, and, moreover, I am no wiser now as to the identity of the Yellow Claw than I was at the commencement of this campaign."

"You want jam on it," remarked Drake. "You ought to feel thankful that you have seen the last of the Yellow Claw, Pyecroft."

"I wonder if you have," muttered Ferrers Locke thoughtfully.

"Eh, what do you mean?" grunted Pyecroft. "You surely don't think anyone could live after a fall of eighty feet or more into a sea like that, do you?"

"I certainly don't," answered Locke. "But did he fall over the cliffs? Was he in the car?"

Inspector Pyecroft grunted.

"Why, you could see his outlined figure at the steering-wheel when the car leapt off the cliffs as well as I could!" he exclaimed.

"I saw a figure of some sort, I will admit," returned Locke. "But it strikes me, now that I review things in a calm light, as being peculiar that a man like the Yellow Claw, who always maps out his plans very carefully before he sets to work, should not be well enough acquainted with the country to avoid a catastrophe such as we have just witnessed."

"Can't see the strength of your argument," muttered Pyecroft, clambering into the five-seater. "So far as I'm concerned, the Yellow Claw is a person of the past."

"We shall see," replied Locke in a tone that disconcerted the C.I.D. man. "But I wouldn't mind wagering you, Pyecroft, that you're wrong!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 841.

Gone Away!

THE world-famous sleuth turned on his heel and entered the car, motioning to his two companions to do likewise. When half the return journey to the Criterion Hotel had been accomplished Locke spoke over his shoulder.

"It's just struck me that we left poor Huntingdon in a jolly uncomfortable position," he remarked. "I wonder if the constable ran him in?"

"We'll soon put things right if he has," replied Pyecroft. "Only hope he didn't arouse any of the folk at the hotel, though."

"I hope so, too. We shall have a deal of explaining to do if he has," said the sleuth thoughtfully. "I am wondering, too, who the fellow was who tackled the Yellow Claw at the foot of the emergency ladder? There's something decidedly fishy about that."

"The whole blessed business leaves me cold!" muttered the C.I.D. "First it's the Yellow Claw, then it's someone else. Ugh!" He shuddered. "I shall be pleased when I'm back in London."

The rest of the journey was negotiated in silence until the blue lamp of the local police-station hove in sight.

"Think we had better pop in here!" exclaimed Pyecroft. "If old Huntingdon's in the cells I'll soon fish him out."

The C.I.D. man clambered from the car and entered the station. He was absent for over half an hour; and when he finally returned he was accompanied by a very forlorn-looking individual—John Henry Huntingdon.

Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake grinned as the actor climbed into the five-seater.

"I guess I have played many parts in my time," he said, as he settled himself in the cushions. "But, hang me, I've never been taken for the accomplice of a motor-car thief!"

"Sorry I had to leave you to face the music all alone," apologised Jack Drake. "But had I stopped to help in the explanation it was ten chances to one that the bobby would have detained me, too, and that we should have lost our quarry."

"I knew that," grinned Huntingdon ruefully. "And that's why I kept my mouth shut. For all I said to the inspector at the station was that before long had passed Inspector Pyecroft of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard would come and bail me out with a satisfactory explanation."

"Jove!" interrupted Pyecroft. "And that inspector was a blockhead! Took me over half an hour to convince him who I was, despite the Chief's letter of introduction."

"But tell me," put in Huntingdon, "what happened to the fellow you were chasing—the Yellow Claw?"

Ferrers Locke explained the thrilling events of the past hour, and the actor was little prepared for the climax of the story.

"Do you mean to tell me that he drove right over the cliffs?" he demanded. "Good heavens!"

"He went over right enough!" grunted Pyecroft. "I don't think you will ever be troubled by the Yellow Claw again, Mr. Huntingdon."

Ferrers Locke smiled grimly to himself as he heard the C.I.D. man's cocksure remarks. He had been doing a deal of deep thinking on that journey back from the north shore cliffs, and the more he pondered over the tragic leap of the car from the top of the cliffs the less he felt convinced that the Yellow Claw himself had been seated at the wheel when the fatal plunge was taken. And yet he, like Pyecroft and Jack Drake, had seen

the silhouetted figure of a man in the driving seat.

The sleuth was still puzzling his brains for a solution when the Criterion Hotel hove in sight. Without undue loss of time the five-seater was restored to the garage, the great doors were swung to and locked, and the whole party trooped up the emergency staircase to Ferrers Locke's rooms without anyone outside themselves being the wiser.

"See, friend Phillips believes in fresh air," whispered Pyecroft, as he noted the wide open window of the room next door to that in which Huntingdon had slept. "Blessed if I could sleep with all that confounded noise going on! Listen to that blindcord rattling against the window-frame! Why"—he peered closer—"I don't believe there's anyone in the room!"

Without questioning the right or wrong of such a procedure, Pyecroft flashed on his electric torch and stepped up to the open window. Then he beckoned to Ferrers Locke.

"What do you make of that?" he asked triumphantly, as the private detective allowed his gaze to search the room. "Where is your Mr. Phillips now?"

"Looks very much as though he's done a moonlight flit," smiled Ferrers Locke. "I'm beginning to see things now," he added, as his eyes swept the empty bed.

"Ah, I'm glad you have come round to my way of thinking!" said the C.I.D. man. "You must admit, Mr. Locke, that for once in a way I am right—eh?"

"I don't quite follow. Explain yourself."

"You are now prepared to accept my theory that the man who called himself Ezra B. Phillips was the Yellow Claw himself, are you not, Mr. Locke?"

"Certainly not!" was the laughing response. "On the contrary, I was theorising on the lines that Phillips was the johnny who tackled the Yellow Claw at the foot of the emergency staircase. I should not be a bit surprised to learn that someone residing in this hotel has lost something of value during the night."

"I don't follow you," grunted Pyecroft. "In my opinion, the chap who occupied this room was the Yellow Claw himself. I'll admit that, in the first place, I said he was an agent of the society, but that was pardonable. I'll wager you, Mr. Locke, that we shall never hear from the Yellow Claw again, or that we shall ever see Ezra B. Phillips alive."

"Big words, Pyecroft!" smiled Locke. "But you'll live to eat them, never fear. But come, let us join Huntingdon and Drake; they will be wondering what has happened to us."

With obvious reluctance, Pyecroft stepped away from the empty room that had been booked in Ezra B. Phillips' name and clambered through the open window of Locke's room. To Drake and Huntingdon he described the discovery he had made and his theory, but the latter received very little support from either of them. Both were more inclined to follow Ferrers Locke's theory. For somehow they couldn't visualise the fat and flabby Ezra B. Phillips as being the master mind that moved behind the Yellow Claw Society.

"Well, gentlemen," remarked Ferrers Locke at length, "I think we can save all the talk for the morning. I'm feeling dead beat."

That seemed to be a general state of affairs, for Drake started to yawn and Huntingdon and Pyecroft copied his example.



"Come along," smiled Locke, pushing the trio to the doorway. "Don't lose any more beauty sleep."

He watched them disperse to their own rooms; and then he seated himself on the corner of his bed. His favourite briar slid into his hand, and mechanically he began to plug it. But he had hardly put a match to the fresh tobacco when his door was suddenly flung open, and John Huntingdon crossed the threshold.

"You're right, Mr. Locke!" he cried excitedly. "Phillips has done a moonlight flit! He's hopped it with my wallet, and left me this!"

He waved aloft a fragment of paper, upon which was scrawled a few words in a straggling, ungainly hand.

"Millionaires can afford to subscribe to the general need. Sorry I couldn't wait to be introduced. But I told your secretary that I was a financier—I deal with other people's money!"

"E. B. P."

A broad smile crossed Ferrers Locke's features as he perused the strange note.

"Well, that's the limit!" he chuckled. "I made a remark, as you know, some time back that I shouldn't be surprised if Ezra B. had departed in a hurry with something of value belonging to someone in the hotel; but I didn't dream you would be the loser, Huntingdon."

"Neither did I!"

"But the cream of the joke is that Ezra B. ran away with the idea that he was lifting a millionaire's wallet—my wallet. Of course, the scoundrel didn't know that we had changed rooms. Ha, ha!"

"I bet he won't feel so chirpy when he looks at the wallet he's pinched!" smiled Huntingdon. "For it only contained a fiver. I paid my hotel bill in advance with the rest of the notes you changed me for those two tenners. But the wallet was crammed with imitation notes," he added heartily.

"Imitation notes?" echoed Locke.

"Yes. You remember I have to tear up a bundle of notes at every performance

of 'Man and His Money.' Chaerton had a special lot printed for the purpose. They look the part at a distance, but I'm afraid they wouldn't cross a counter."

"That's funnier still!" chuckled the sleuth. "I wonder what Pyecroft will have to say now?"

"Ah, he won't like this new development at all!" returned Huntingdon. "But it amazes me how this fellow Phillips entered my room without disturbing me. In the hurry of dressing I, naturally, didn't give a thought to my wallet, and I shouldn't have known now that it had been snaffled but for the fact that I found this scrap of paper lying on the floor of my room when I entered it just now."

"Well, it's worth a fiver," said Locke. "We know now who the fellow was scrapping with the Yellow Claw at the foot of the staircase. I can reconstruct their meeting fairly accurately, I think. Friend Ezra B. had decided that the contents of the wallet he had pinched didn't warrant his staying any longer at this hotel. He therefore decided to make his exit by the back staircase while the going was good. At about the same time the Yellow Claw departed from this room, and the two of them must have met. Not knowing but what the other was out to capture him—both were crooks, you see—they started a rumpus on their own. Then, when we appeared on the scene, they righted matters between them by a brief explanation."

"And hoofed it, quick!" said Huntingdon.

"Exactly!" rejoined the sleuth. "We saw that part of the affair ourselves. I shall be able to sleep better now, for one half of the puzzle has been solved. We can rule out Ezra B. Phillips from the society, at any rate."

"Sure thing, Mr. Locke," said Huntingdon. "But I won't spoil Pyecroft's beauty sleep by telling him now. The morning will do. It's been a very exciting night," he added. "And one that I sha'n't forget for the rest of my life."

Now that the Yellow Claw is out of the way I feel like a new man."

Ferrers Locke did not reply to that latter remark. He, too, was considerate, for he had no desire to spoil Huntingdon's beauty sleep by rubbing in his theory that the last had not been heard or seen of the dreaded master-criminal. He watched Huntingdon vacate the room, heard him close his own door, and then the sleuth walked over to the open window of his own apartment.

For some moments he stared out into the gloom, fascinated by a single light that twinkled out from a first-floor window of a large building some few hundred yards away. Then, with a peculiar gleam in his steely grey eyes, he turned his attention to the small circle of glass that had been cut away from his window by the Yellow Claw before the scoundrel had forced back the catch.

"That will need some explanation in the morning, too," he reflected. "Perhaps I'd better make a good job of it. I hate deception, but I don't want the midnight visit of the Yellow Claw to become common property. That window must be broken by accident."

With the thought the sleuth brought his fist sharply against the window-pane in the region of the circle which had already been cut away. The glass cracked under the first blow. Under the second it shattered in pieces, and tinkled on to the pavement below. But the incriminating circle of glass that had originally been cut away had now disappeared. It looked for all the world as if something had fallen against the window and smashed it.

Satisfied with his handiwork, the sleuth returned to his bedside and undressed. Within five minutes of his having laid his head upon the pillow he was sound asleep. But up to the time that his eyes remained open he was conscious of the light that still twinkled out from the tall building a few hundred yards away.

The Clue of the Newspapers!

"WELL, Pyecroft," chuckled Ferrers Locke at breakfast-table the next morning, "what now?"

He had closely watched the changing expressions on the face of the C.I.D. man as Huntingdon had informed him of the stolen wallet, and the cheeky note Ezra B. Phillips had left in exchange.

"I suppose I am wrong," muttered the inspector grudgingly. "But I'm right about having seen the last of the Yellow Claw, at any rate."

"Really," said Ferrers Locke politely. "Now, supposing that the Yellow Claw was never in the car when it hurtled over the cliff-edge—suppose for a moment that it was an ingenious plot to lure us on the track of the car, thinking that it contained the man we wanted. Had you not yelled your warning in time, what would have happened?"

"We should all have gone to perdition over the cliffs!" grunted Pyecroft. "But what are you driving at?"

"You remember I suppose the peculiar S-shaped bend we took just before we reached the cliffs, Pyecroft?" asked Ferrers Locke.

"Yes, I do," returned the C.I.D. man, "for I know it took us an age to get round it—or so it seemed."

"It took us long enough to lose sight of our quarry for some few minutes," went on the private detective; "and during that time the Yellow Claw hopped out of his car, propped a dummy figure in front of the steering-wheel—"

"Here, stow it!" exclaimed the inspector indignantly. "What are you trying to give me?"

"Locked the steering so that the car would run in a straight line without any human control," continued the private detective, unabashed, "and jumped behind cover before we had time to spot him."

"Well, of all the yarns—" began the C.I.D. man.

"This is no yarn, Pyecroft," said Locke quietly. "It's fact. I was up an hour before you were this morning, and I've been examining the tracks made by the two cars last night on the cliff-tops. I traced the spot where the Yellow Claw's car was pulled up at the extreme end of the S-shaped bend, and from there the wheel-tracks are so perfectly straight that I would defy an expert driver to keep his steering in so rigid a line. Apart from that, the earth around that part of the cliffs was very sodden."

"And bear this well in mind before you begin another explosion, Pyecroft," added Locke, with a smile; "the wheel-tracks of the car were not half as deep in the ground starting from the cliff end of the S-shaped bend, as were those approaching from the other side of the bend, although the consistency of the soil for miles around was practically the same. What do you deduce from that?"

"That the car was not carrying the same weight at each of those two points," granted the inspector. "Hum! You get me beat every time," he added, half in admiration and half grudgingly. "If what you say is correct, then we have yet to share the Yellow Claw."

"We have yet to snare him," said Locke grimly. "Although now—in the light of one or two things that I have discovered, I fancy it will not be long before I call upon you, Pyecroft, to slip the bracelets on his wrists."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Pyecroft, in wonderment. "Tell me—what have you discovered?"

"It is too early yet to say anything definite, Pyecroft," replied Locke. "You know me, and know my methods; I never count too many of my chickens before they are hatched."

John Huntingdon had listened to Ferrers Locke's amazing deduction of the affair with bated breath, but now he interrupted the sleuth's further conversation.

"Then I am still in danger from this accursed Yellow Claw!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! The scoundrel is fiendishly clever. He thought to rid himself of a dangerous foe when he substituted the dummy figure for himself at the wheel of the car, for it was only Providence that saved you all from hurtling over the cliffs—fiendishly clever!"

"It's all that," returned Ferrers Locke. "But we will match cunning with cunning, Mr. Huntingdon. For yourself you need have no fear; I promise you that. And, by the way," he added, "once we are clear of Blackpool we can drop our assumed names and our disguises. For I am certain that the Yellow Claw is fully aware that in Messrs. Blackwood and Dorset he has two disguised detectives, respectively, Ferrers

proprietors of the hotel are not aware that Phillips has gone."

"Very well, Mr. Locke," replied the actor. "I will do as you suggest."

In a very few moments the sleuth and his companion were standing outside the Mecca Hotel—a stately, massive building adjoining the promenade and situated a few hundred yards away from the Criterion Hotel. But before Ferrers Locke had beckoned to a porter, preparatory to making a request to see Mark Chaerton, the famous playwright himself entered the vestibule, a worried expression on his face. Upon catching sight of the detective and Huntingdon, he hurried forward to greet them.

"This is indeed fortunate, Mr.—er—Blackwood," he began, wringing the sleuth's hand warmly. "For I was just about to visit you at your hotel myself."

"Then the pleasure is mutual," smiled Locke; "for Huntingdon and I came specially to see you. Things have moved apace since we parted from you last night, Mr. Chaerton."

"Apparently they have," replied the playwright nervously. "But I'm dying to know what's happened. You see, Mr. Locke, I have just received a telephone message from the Yellow Claw—three minutes ago!"

The sleuth's eyebrows elevated a trifle, and he treated Chaerton to a searching scrutiny. Huntingdon, at mention of the dreaded master-criminal's name, began to fidget uneasily with the hat he carried.

"The dickens you have!" remarked Locke, after a moment's pause. "And what is it this time—not another cool request for ten thousand pounds, I hope?"

"No, no!" Chaerton hastened to explain. "I am instructed to tell you that he—the Yellow Claw—sends his compliments to the occupants of the five-seater car. And he said that he's sorry you were all so fortunate, because he will have to throw away three wreaths he had ordered. What on earth does the message mean?"

There and then Ferrers Locke gave the playwright a vivid account of the previous night's happenings, much to that worthy's astonishment and concern.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, with a deploring gesture. "What a narrow escape, Mr. Locke! And so the cunning scoundrel still lives! Ugh! The thought of him makes me shudder, for I call to mind his parting words just before he rang off."

"And they were?" inquired the sleuth.

"That although he had failed to fulfil his threat in regard to Huntingdon here in the time he had specified he would make amends," continued the playwright. "Also that to-night's opening performance of my play at the Royalty would be the first and last time it would be staged in Blackpool. Think of it, my play, my beautiful play"—Chaerton worked himself into a frenzy—"to be ruined! But that is not all. He knows that Jimmy Blackwood and Harry Dorset are two fictitious characters, for he mentioned your name, Mr. Locke, and Inspector Pyecroft's in connection with them."

"I am not surprised at that," remarked the detective at length. "But did you not endeavour to trace whence the telephone call came, Mr. Chaerton?"

"I did—I did!" exclaimed the playwright breathlessly. "But the operator could only tell me that it came from a public telephone-box, and that information was worthless, you will agree?"

Ferrers Locke nodded in assent.

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"Hadn't we better give Chaerton a look in?" suggested Huntingdon at length. "He'd be frightfully interested to learn the events of the past night."

"Not a bad notion," replied Ferrers Locke. "We'll leave Pyecroft to hunt up the coastguards to find out whether any wreckage has been washed ashore; there might be a clue to be picked up from the car, or the number of it."

The party split up, Drake going with Pyecroft whilst Huntingdon accompanied Ferrers Locke.

"By the way, Huntingdon," said the sleuth, "if there should be any inquiries concerning the absence of Ezra B. Phillips, I should not advise you to let on that he sneaked off with your wallet; it will only mean an embarrassing cross-examination if you do. So far, the

"Well, I wonder what the next move will be," he remarked at length.

"That is what's worrying me," burst out Chaerton, "for it so happens that I have to journey to town on important business this morning, and I shall not be back before to-morrow evening. I shall be on tenterhooks all the time I am away. What can I do—oh, what can I do?" he added beseechingly.

"Sit tight for the moment, at any rate," advised the sleuth. "I don't see what else you can do. And if you can, postpone your visit to town."

"But I can't!" exclaimed Chaerton. "You see, it is business. I have an offer received from a big American syndicate for my plays. There is a lot of money attached to the deal, and a special representative of the syndicate has journeyed over from America to meet me."

"I see," muttered Locke. "Well, we must await events. After all, it may only be a piece of bluff. I have to go to the station this morning myself to collect some luggage. If you like I will come and see you off."

"By all means!" replied Chaerton affably.

He parted company from Ferrers Locke and Huntingdon a few moments later, and walked upstairs to his rooms, with the purpose of packing his bag. During that time the sleuth and his companion were hastening towards the coast-guard station. They met Pycroft and Jack Drake at the station, and by the downcast expression on the face of the former it was obvious that something had displeased him.

"What's wrong?" asked Ferrers Locke.

"Er—nothing much," replied the C.I.D. man. "But the coastguards have salvaged the wreckage of the car and—"

"The dummy figure at the wheel, eh?"

"Yes," grunted the inspector. "You were right, after all, Mr. Locke. But I'm afraid that we sha'n't discover anything from the car, for the number-plate is a false one."

"Well, I didn't expect to find anything from it," returned the private detective. "The Yellow Claw is not in the habit of leaving much behind for us to work on. What clues I have discovered so far have been accidental, and until I gather enough of them to complete my picture, as it were, I am afraid they are useless."

"You've discovered more than I have, at any rate," grunted the inspector peevishly. "By the way, what does Chaerton say about things?"

Ferrers Locke forthwith acquainted the C.I.D. man of the playwright's telephone message.

"And the scoundrel still lives," was the inspector's rather superfluous remark, when his colleague had concluded. "What the deuce is he going to do next—what could he do at the theatre, anyway?"

"That remains to be seen," was the reply. "Anyway, forewarned is forearmed, Pycroft. We must keep our eyes wide open."

"Hum!" ejaculated Pycroft. "We look like being booked for another pleasant evening."

"I'd just like a look at the car before we move back to the hotel," said Locke at length.

"Very well," said the C.I.D. man. "Come this way!"

The party moved into the yard of the coastguards station and were soon gazing at a battered car, the front of which was smashed out of all recognition. At

the wheel of the car was a stuffed figure, now saturated and encrusted with a thin layer of salt—the result of its immersion in the sea water. Ferrers Locke paid little attention to the figure at first, for it constituted a pair of trousers and an overcoat stuffed with paper. He was gazing at the locking device on the steering.

"Yes; the steering is locked right enough," volunteered Pycroft, noting his companion's glance. "Even the hasty jar the car must have had when it hurtled over the cliffs to the rocks below has not shifted the lock."

"So I can see," murmured Ferrers Locke. "Jove, I was forgetting the figure; there might be something to be found from that. I'm going to rip it open, Pycroft."

"Do what you like with it," said the C.I.D. man testily. "Expect you are only wasting your time, though."

The private detective did not reply. He had taken the saturated figure from the car and was commencing to take off the coat and trousers. For five minutes or so he was busy examining the papers with which the garments had been stuffed, and as he concluded his task a gleam of excitement shot into his eyes.

"Well, what have you found?" demanded Pycroft.

"The 'Californian News,'" said Locke, with a chuckle. "Who ever the Yellow Claw is he is certainly interested in affairs over the water, for this dummy figure is stuffed throughout with copies of the 'Californian News,' and these newspapers, Pycroft, will place a man in the dock, for they present a valuable clue!"

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FISHY'S TREASURE!

(Continued from page 21.)

"Done!" said Bob Cherry.

"Well, it was fair enough," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "It was agreed that it should be hidden last Wednesday, and Wednesday began after midnight. Fishy's done you, but you can't grumble."

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish strolled airily away to the cupboard to bring out the discarded waistcoat that had been hanging there for weeks. He looked into the cupboard and uttered a sudden ejaculation.

"Hyer! Where's that waistcoat?"

"Isn't it there?" asked Wharton.

"Nope!" roared Fisher T. Fish. He dragged aside two or three articles that were hanging up, and his face became quite pale. "It's not here! Where is it, blow you?"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter.

"You fat clam, have you been doing anything with that waistcoat?"

"He, he, he! I sold it to a rag-man for a bob last Saturday!" yelled Bunter.

"You sold my waistcoat?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Well, I told you I was hard-up!"

Bunter was interrupted by a terrific roar of laughter that made the Remove dormitory echo from end to end.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ob, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! What jolly luck for the jolly old rag-man!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish's face was a study. He stood as if rooted to the floor. Undoubtedly he had hidden that ten-pound note well—too well, in fact. Nobody had dreamed of finding it sewn up inside an old waistcoat. Neither was Fisher T. Fish likely to find it there, though it is said that those who hide can find. The waistcoat was gone, and the rag-man was gone, and with them had gone Fisher T. Fish's ten-pound note!

The first number of "Fish's Weekly," as it turned out, was the last. True, the second number had been printed, and

Fisher T. Fish had the pleasure, or otherwise, of paying Mr. Tiper for the printing thereof. But not a single copy sold. For the tenner—the one solitary tenner—was gone beyond recovery. And Fisher T. Fish had no more chance of raising another tenner than he had of raising ten thousand pounds. Indeed, after that awful experience, it was doubtful whether Fishy would have risked another tenner, even had he possessed one.

For days and days Fisher T. Fish wandered about Greyfriars like an unquiet ghost, mourning for his lost tenner. He even made frantic efforts to track down the rag-merchant. In vain. The tenner was gone for good, and "Fish's Weekly" went the same way as its predecessor had gone—the "Greyfriars Newspaper." The editorial box-room was deserted, and the "Greyfriars Herald" reigned without a rival.

THE END.

(Now you can look forward to next Monday's extra-long story of Harry Wharton & Co. entitled "True To His Word!"—a yarn featuring James Hobson of the "Shell." Order your MAGNET NOW!)

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