

**A Gorgeous FREE GIFT-INSIDE!**

No. 984. Vol. XXX.

Week Ending August 7th, 1926.

# **The Magnet 2<sup>d</sup>**

**Library**

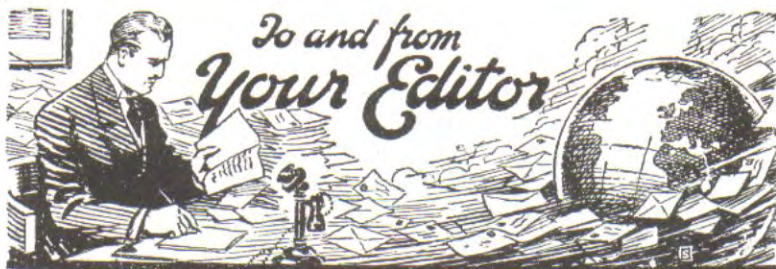
EVERY  
MONDAY.

**This Superb  
Stand-up  
Cut-out of  
J.B. HOBBS  
(Surrey)  
GIVEN  
FREE  
in this Issue!**



**“IN PERILOUS SEAS!”**

Read the exciting and dramatic long complete school story of Greyfriars – within.



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums. Write to him when you are in trouble or need advice. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a speedy reply. Letters should be addressed: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

### OUR MAGNIFICENT PHOTOS!

**F**IRST thing this week I must draw attention to our splendid action, stand-up, cut-out portraits of famous cricketers. Next week's MAGNET will contain a photo of C. G. Macartney, who is Australia's justly celebrated all-rounder. Look out for this, chums. This set of likenesses is having the success of the season. Quite right, too! The portraits are second to none, regular Test match winners. Don't miss a single one. As you know our Companion paper, the "Popular" is sharing in this triumph. This week the "Popular" gives as inset the express bowler of Australia, namely J. M. Gregory. Most MAGNETTES read the "Popular." The few who don't, as yet, will hurry up and make good the glaring omission. The fact is you can't possibly afford to miss the treat offered this week.

before you a jolly bit of news. The new volume of our world-renowned "Holiday Annual" will appear on September 1st to gladden the eyes of a perfect host of friends all over the globe. All readers of the Companion Papers will rejoice at the good tidings. This year the "Holiday Annual" will provide a wonderful feast of the finest fiction. Make a note of the date, viz, September 1st. But that is not enough. Put in your orders right away. There will be a tremendous rush for this record



### Look, Chums, Here is Another FREE STAND-UP CUT-OUT FIGURE

To Add to Your Collection!

### J. M. GREGORY

(The Fast Bowler of Australia),

### IN ACTION

is

### GIVEN AWAY—

### HOW TO STAND THEM UP!

I should like to say a few words about making these gorgeous Free Gifts stand up. It's quite a simple matter, believe me. Hold this week's wonderful photo of J. B. Hobbs in your hand. At the extreme left, on the green base, you will see a short vertical black line marked "Cut." Cut along this line from the top DOWNWARDS, taking care not to cut farther than about an eighth of an inch from the bottom of the base. Got that? Good! Now, on the extreme right of the base you will see another short black line marked "Cut." Cut UPWARDS this time, taking care to stop a little short of the top of the base. Now bend the stand back at the dotted lines, and interlock the cuts you have made into one another. You will thus have made a strong stand which will support the figure nicely and firmly.

### TO INTRODUCE AN OLD FRIEND.

It is a real pleasure to me to put THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

book of amusement and absorbing interest.

### A NEW FRIEND TAKES THE STAGE!

And now comes a most important announcement. It concerns our fresh surprise. On September 1st the first volume of "Every Boys' Hobby Annual" will make its debut. This is a brand new departure, for it breaks fresh ground. I am not reckoning without my host when I say that there is a bumper success awaiting this brilliant volume, but I certainly have the hosts of readers of the MAGNET and the other Companion Papers in mind when I say that the "Hobby Annual" will be rushed for by all. It will prove

a real treasure trove to the handy man. Fellows interested in wireless, carpentry, and other leading subjects will find in the "Hobby Annual" just exactly what they have been looking for since they first took up with their hobbies. A special feature about the new "Hobby Annual" will consist of three special charts. These are detachable, and will deal with Wireless, Fretwork, and Woodwork. There will also be special long articles by experts on all the hobbies that count, each profusely illustrated with wash drawings, photographs and diagrams. My job for the moment is to urge all chums to make a note of the date of publication of the two Annuals, and to register their orders with their newsagents at the earliest possible moment.

### LOOK OUT FOR THE SHERBET MAN!

Would you like a free gift of a box of delicious sherbet? Of course you would. Then look out for the Special Representative of the MAGNET at the seaside this summer. At all the principal seaside resorts, our representative will be Specially Looking Out for boys and girls who are carrying a copy of the MAGNET; to everyone seen displaying this paper he will present free a box of delicious sherbet. So take your MAGNET with you when you go on the beach, and show it as prominently as you can. Our sherbet man will be on the look-out for you!

### —IN THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL GIFT ISSUE OF "THE POPULAR!" ON SALE TUESDAY.

One of the special features of our grand companion paper is a great new cricket story by "PATSY" HENDREN.

### NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME! "HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN INDIA!" By Frank Richards.

The Famous Five fairly get going in the coloured East. Many amazing adventures are dealt with in next Monday's captivating yarn.

### "CURLEW ISLAND!"

See the carry-on of our engrossing serial, for Tommy Comber has got his eye to business.

### A SPECIAL FOUR-PAGE CRICKET SUPPLEMENT!

Right up to date this for next week, a regular corker for comprehensiveness. Fail not to see it. Cheery words of encouragement from everywhere reach me about our Cricket Special.

### BOUNDARIES!

This tempting test is dead easy, and the money prizes are well worth thinking about. So go in and win if you can.  
YOUR EDITOR.

**A FIGHT FOR LIFE!** Calmly the waves of the Red Sea roll under the sunlight. But something like pandemonium rages on the "Fanny Jones," bound for Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's native land. Face to face with pirates, Harry Wharton & Co. fight valiantly, whilst Billy Bunter, their chief protector and defender, scuttles for safety!

# In Perilous Seas!

A THRILLING AND DRAMATIC, LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY OF THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF HARRY WHARTON & CO. OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

On the Mediterranean!

"I SAY, you fellows!"  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" yawned Bob Cherry.

"It's hot!"

"Go hon!" said Bob sarcastically.

"Beastly hot!" said Billy Bunter, in a plaintive tone. "I think one of you fellows might fan a chap."

"Think again!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"If it's going to be as hot as this in India——"

"Hotter!" grinned Bob.

"The hotterfulness will be terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The esteemed Bunter will probably melt away like a ludicrous wax candle!"

"Oh dear! I'm melting already, and we're not as far as Suez!" moaned the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter mopped his perspiring brow.

Undoubtedly it was hot.

The day had been hot, with a blazing sun burning down on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Now it was night, with a bright moon sailing high in a cloudless sky. It was not so hot as the day, but there was a little too much warmth for comfort.

Harry Wharton & Co. could tolerate a little extra warmth without grouching. Not so William George Bunter. Bunter seemed to regard the warmth of the sunny south as a special grievance of his own.

Certainly he felt the heat more than the other fellows did. He was the fattest of the Greyfriars party, and it told upon him more. His only solace was that it did not affect his appetite. Bunter felt that that was very fortunate indeed.

Since the steamer had left Marseilles the heat had grown hotter and hotter. That, really, was only to be expected; and grouching did not improve matters. Still, it seemed to comfort Billy Bunter.

It was past the usual bed-time of the Greyfriars juniors, but they had not turned in yet. The steamer of the Messageries Maritimes throbbed along over a moonlit sea, leaving a gleaming, silvery wake behind. Harry Wharton & Co. were taking their ease in canvas chairs on deck, and keeping an eye open for the lights of Damietta. The steamer, after several days at sea, was approaching the Egyptian coast.

One member of the party at least was thoroughly enjoying himself. That was Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

The increasing warmth of the southern sun brought dusky smiles to the face of Hurree Singh. He fairly basked in it. He had never felt really warm since he had left his native home in Bhanipur to go to Greyfriars School. Now he was getting into his own element again, and every day his dusky smile grew more and more happy and expansive.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

EVERYBODY IS COLLECTING OUR GORGEOUS FREE CUT-OUT STAND-UP PHOTOGRAPHS—SO REGULAR READERS OF THE MAGNET SHOULD MAKE SURE OF ORDERING THEIR COPIES WELL IN ADVANCE.

"Wait till we get into the Red Sea, Bunter!" chuckled Frank Nugent. "You'll think this chilly in comparison."

"Ow!"

"Poor old Bunter!" said Bob Cherry. "He must be losing weight already. Still, he's got lots to lose."

"After all, he won't miss a ton or two!" remarked Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" groaned Bunter.

The fat junior fanned himself with a newspaper. His fat brow was bedewed with perspiration. Bunter was not comfortable. When Bunter was not comfortable it was a proof that something was out of gear in the universe. In point of fact, the universe was not really run entirely to Bunter's satisfaction. He could have suggested many improvements.

"Is it really hotter than this in the Red Sea?" he asked.

"Awfully!"

"Frightfully!"

"Enormously."

"And hotter still in India?" gasped Bunter.

"Immensely!"

"Oh dear! I—I really begin to think that I made a mistake in leaving Greyfriars with you fellows," said Bunter. "Just like me—sacrificing myself for a lot of ungrateful rotters!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You can't deny that you're a thankless lot," said Bunter.

"Guilty, my lord!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Even Inky, whom I've come along to protect from the kidnappers, isn't what I call grateful," said Bunter.

"The gratefulness is not terrific," assented Hurree Singh.

"I'd like to know what would have happened to you without my protection," said Bunter, blinking at the grinning nabob through his big spectacles. "Didn't I throw the spy off the track when we got to Calais? Didn't I baffle the kidnappers at Marseilles? Haven't I been your guardian angel all the time?"

"Go it!" said Bob.

"That blessed relation of yours, Baji Rao, would have bagged you, safe as houses, if you hadn't been under my protection, Inky. I dare say he's got a spy on this very steamer, tracking us to Port Said."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Bob.

"And if anybody spots the man, it will be me," said Bunter. "Blessed if I know why Inky brought you fellows along! You're no good!"

The chums of the Greyfriars Remove chuckled.

The adverse opinion of William George Bunter did not seem to worry them very much.

A tall figure loomed up in the shadows of the deck, and a glowing cigar glimmered over the group of juniors in the deck-chairs. Colonel Wharton stopped and glanced down at them.

"We shall sight the lighthouse at Damietta soon," he said. "Our Mediterranean trip is nearly over. Isn't it time you young fellows were in your bunks?"

"It's so jolly hot, uncle," said Harry.

"Horribly hot!" groaned Bunter. "I really don't quite see how I shall be able to stand it!"

The colonel looked at him.

"I'm afraid there is no choice about that, Bunter. But if you really think the heat too much for you, I can arrange for you to return on the steamer from Port Said."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

"Oh, really, sir——"

"You have only to say the word," said Colonel Wharton genially. "India, perhaps, is not the place for you, and——"

"If I were thinking of myself, sir, I should return to England, of course," said Bunter, with dignity. "But I can't leave old Inky in the lurch. He wouldn't be safe without me."

"I have some slight faith in my own powers to protect Hurree Singh from danger, Bunter," said the colonel, with grim sarcasm.

The juniors grinned.

"Oh, I'm sticking to Inky, sir!" said Bunter hastily. "I wouldn't desert a pal in danger. Those blinking niggers nearly had him at Marseilles, and I saved him! I shall save him again. I can stand it, somehow. Luckily, I'm not selfish, like some chaps."

"Oh, gad!" said the colonel.

He walked on with his cigar, and vanished into the shadows. Bunter's statement that he was not selfish seemed to overcome him a little.

"It's all right, Inky," said Bunter, blinking at the nabob. "Don't you worry. I'm not going to desert you!"

"The desertfulness would not be a terrific blow, my esteemed Bunter."

"Oh, really, Inky——"

"There's the giddy lighthouse!" said Bob.

The lights of Damietta, in the far distance, glimmered out over the moonlit sea. Harry Wharton & Co. gazed with keen interest at the dim, flat Egyptian coast; but Bunter did not trouble to turn his big spectacles in that direction.

"I say, you fellows——"

"There's the lighthouse, Bunter."

"Blow the lighthouse! I'm thirsty."

"Not hungry?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically. "It's nearly an hour since you ate only enough for six."

"Oh, really, Bull! I think somebody might stand me an iced drink when I'm risking my life to see Inky safe to India," said Bunter peevishly.

"Where's that dashed steward, Hamza? The beast has been jolly attentive—I suppose he expects a good tip when we leave the steamer. But, of course, he's out of sight now I want him. He generally haunts us like a shadow; I suppose he knows I'm rich."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Hamza!" hooted Bunter, blinking round in the dusky moonlight through his big spectacles. "You lazy fathead, where are you?"

"Me, voici," said a soft voice at Bunter's elbow.

"Oh, I didn't see you," grunted Bunter.

"What are my gentleman's commands?" asked Hamza.

"You'd better give him the order, Inky. Iced lemonade for me," said Bunter. "I'll have a biscuit with it!"

"I could do with an iced lemonade," yawned Bob Cherry.

"Same here," said Nugent.

"Same all round," said Harry Wharton.

And Hamza, the steward, disappeared to carry out the order.

---

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Bunter Likes a Lot!

BILLY BUNTER mopped his fat brow once more, and his fat face took on a rather less dissatisfied expression, as the steward came back with a tray set with glasses. Bunter had always had a remarkable hunger; and since he had reached the

sunny south, his thirst seemed to equal it. Indeed, Bunter spent most of his time eating, drinking, or grousing. There was no necessity for economy in Bunter's case, as he had nothing to do with the settlement of the bills.

Hamza, a fat little Egyptian Arab, came gliding up to the group of deck chairs with his laden tray. Hamza had been very carefully attentive to the Greyfriars party, since they had been on the Messageries Maritimes steamer; possibly, as Bunter surmised, in expectation of a handsome tip at the end of the voyage.

"Here's the jolly old tippie, Bunter," yawned Bob Cherry. "Now guzzle and be happy!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

The brown-faced steward drew up a little table, and set it in the midst of the group of juniors in the deck chairs. A glass of cooling drink was placed before each member of the party.

"Is there somezong more?" asked Hamza.

"Nothing, thanks," said Wharton.

"You can cut!" grunted Bunter, doubtless by way of expressing his acknowledgements of the steward's attentions.

And Hamza disappeared.

Bunter proceeded to dispose of his lemonade. Harry Wharton & Co. followed his example.

Only Hurree Jamset Ram Singh did not move. He lay back in his deck chair, his dusky hands behind his head, gazing peacefully at the far-off gleams of the Egyptian lighthouse.

Hu. Singh was thinking of his native land, which he had not seen for so long—thinking, perhaps, of the perils that awaited him at Bhanipur, where his kinsman, Baji Rao, was plotting to oust him from his throne.

Gurgle-gurgle!

"That's better," said Bunter, with a sigh of contentment.

He set down his empty glass.

"Well, what about turning in?" asked Frank Nugent, with a yawn, as he finished his lemonade.

"Might as well," said Harry.

"I say, Inky——"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh did not speak. His thoughts were far away, for the moment.

"Inky" hooted Bunter.

The nabob came out of his reverie.

"My esteemed Bunter——"

"You haven't drunk your lemonade," said Bunter. "If you're not thirsty, I don't mind drinking it for you. Pity to waste it."

The nabob grinned.

"I am not thirsty; my esteemed fat-headed Bunter. You are very welcome."

"Where does Bunter put all these things?" asked Bob Cherry, in a tone of wonder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The wherefulness is terrific."

"Oh, don't jaw," said Bunter crossly.

"Shove the drink over this way, Inky, and don't jaw, old chap."

"Certainly, my esteemed Bunter."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh handed the glass across the table to Billy Bunter, who disposed of the contents in two gulps.

He set down the glass with a sigh of satisfaction.

"That was jolly good," he said. "Better than mine, in fact; it had a flavour. They give you decent drinks on these steamers. The food isn't really bad, either. In fact, things might be worse."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob.

"Don't forget to give that man Hamza a tip to-morrow, Inky," said



"Wake up!" shouted Hurree Singh. "Bob—Frank—Johnny—my esteemed chums—" "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" "What the thump—" "Great pip!" Cherry, Nugent, and Bull awoke instantly and rolled out of their berths. There was a fierce exclamation in Hindustani, and Nally Das plunged into the midst of the wideawake juniors. The next moment, however, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's grasp was upon him. (See Chapter 3.)

Bunter. "He's looked after us pretty well. I don't believe in tipping, as a rule; but if a man looks after you, he ought to have something. Dash it all, give him a hundred francs."

"You're too generous, Bunter," said Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Well, I'm a generous chap," said Bunter.

"Oh!"

"Well, what about bed?" said Harry.

Bob Cherry yawned and detached himself from his chair.

"Old Wingate isn't here now, to see us off to the dormitory," he said.

"But I suppose we'd better go."

"I think I'll take a snooze here," said Bunter. "I feel jolly sleepy."

"Better turn into your bunk, old fat man," said Bob. "Feel too tired to get out of that chair?"

"Yes."

"I'll give you something to cure all that."

And Bob Cherry cheerily tipped Bunter out of the chair.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter.

Crash!

The Owl of the Remove sprawled out of the chair, collided with the little table and sent it spinning. There was a terrific crash of breaking glasses.

"Oh, my hat! You've done it now, Bunter," ejaculated Bob.

"Yarooop!"

Bunter picked himself up, and glared.

"You silly ass!" he roared.

"My dear chap—"

"You clumsy chump!"

"Is that how you thank a fellow for helping you up?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"You—you fatheaded rhinoceros!" roared Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to lick you."

"Go ahead!" grinned Bob.

"I would, if I wasn't so jolly sleepy," hooted Bunter. "I shan't pay for those glasses, I know that."

"Well, you never pay for anything, old fat bean. Shall I roll you down to your bunk?" asked Bob.

"Beast! Keep off!"

And Bunter rolled away unaided.

Harry Wharton & Co. followed him, with cheery, grinning faces.

Hamza's black eyes glittered after them, as they went, with a strange expression in their glinting depths.

Had the chums of Greyfriars seen that peculiar look, they might have wondered whether the fat little Arab was anything more than a very polite and attentive steamer steward.

The juniors went to their state-rooms.

One, with three sleeping-berths, was occupied by Wharton, Bunter, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bunter rolled in drowsily.

The fat junior was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

His deep and resonant snore, which had been accustomed to awaken the echoes of the Remove dormitory at

Greyfriars, now rumbled through the little state-rooms of the Messageries Maritimes steamer.

It was deeper and more resonant than usual, and it echoed a good way beyond the state-room.

Tap, tap!

It was a knock from the next room, occupied by Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull.

Bob rapped on the thin bulkhead.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Put a bag or something over Bunter's head!" he called through the partition. "He will keep the whole steamer awake at this rate! I'd rather be next to the engines!"

Harry Wharton laughed, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh chuckled.

"The esteemed Bunter is making more noise than usual," he remarked. "Perhaps it is the hotfulness of the excellent weather."

"Or supper for six!" said Harry.

He glanced at the fat junior. Bunter was breathing stertorously, and his snore was really almost alarming.

The fat junior lay with his eyes tight closed and his extensive mouth wide open.

Wharton shook him by the shoulder.

"Bunter, old man!"

Snore!

"Go easy, old fat bean!"

Snore!

"Blessed if he doesn't sound as if he's going to burst a boiler!" said Harry.

"I think I ought to wake him up, Bunter!"

He shook the fat junior again and again.

But Bunter did not wake.

Bunter always was a good sleeper, but he seemed now to be plunged into insensibility rather than slumber. His eyes did not open, and his snoring continued unabated. Harry Wharton gave it up at last.

"The fat duffer can't have been drinking anything stronger than lemonade surely!" he said, staring at Bunter. "Even Bunter wouldn't be such an ass as that! But he really looks—"

"We must endure the snorefulness as well as we can, my esteemed chum," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

And the two juniors turned in. Bunter continued to snore, the deep and continuous sound mingling with the throbbing of the engines and the wash of the waves. But in a few minutes Wharton and Hurree Singh were fast asleep in their berths, and Bunter's deep snore rumbled on unheeded.

Wharton awakened suddenly.

A light glimmered at the door of the state-room, which had been slid back. He glimpsed the brown face of Hamza, the Arab steward. The man had touched him.

"What is it?" asked Harry drowsily.

"The noble colonel desires to speak to you on the deck, my gentleman," said Hamza.

"My uncle?" said Harry, in surprise.

"Oui, monsieur."

"Right-ho! Tell him I'm coming."

Hamza closed the door and glided away. Wharton hurried on his clothes, wondering what the colonel could want with him. It was still the middle of the night, and he would naturally have supposed that Colonel Wharton was fast asleep at that hour. He remembered Bunter's suggestion that possibly a spy of Baji Rao might be on the steamer, and wondered whether anything had happened. Hurree Singh's voice came softly from the upper berth.

"What is it, my esteemed chum?"

"My uncle's sent for me to come on deck," said Harry. "Blessed if I know why, Inky. My hat! What a thundering row Bunter's making!"

"Terrific!" murmured the nabob.

Harry Wharton left the state-room and made his way to the deck. From the state-room the deep rumble of Billy Bunter's snore followed him quite a distance.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Hand of the Enemy!

**H**URREE JAMSET RAM SINGH lay back in his berth drowsily. He had awakened when Wharton turned out, and for some minutes the deep, incessant snore of William George Bunter prevented him from gliding back into slumber. He was drowsy, but quite awake, when the sliding door of the state-room was opened again, softly and silently, and two figures came quickly in, and the door was closed.

Hurree Singh lay quite still.

Since he had first learned of the plot of his ambitious kinsman, Baji Rao, to kidnap him, the nabob of Bhanipur had had several narrow escapes, and there was no moment of the day, and scarcely of the night, when he was not on his guard. He almost slept with one eye open, well knowing that he was dogged by ruthless enemies on his way to rejoin the Jam Bahadur at Bhanipur. Now he was instantly conscious of danger. Two

dim figures had glided silently into the state-room only a minute or two after Wharton was gone, and the nabob did not need telling that they were foes. He lay quite still and closed his eyes, making no sound or movement, but listening tensely. A light glimmered for a moment; through his closed eyelids he felt the gleam of an electric torch pass over his face. The light vanished again.

"It is all safe," came a soft whispering voice, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh very nearly started as he recognised the voice of Hamza, the fat little Arab steward. "He will not wake before morning."

"You are sure?"

It was a deeper voice, but in a whisper—a voice the nabob had never heard before. But he knew that it was the voice of a fellow-countryman of his own. The intonation told him that it was a Hindu speaking.

His heart beat a little faster.

There was, then, a Hindu on board the Messageries Maritimes steamer. The Greyfriars party had not observed him among the passengers. But there were Arabs, Egyptians, and Turks among the passengers, and it was likely that the Hindu had been disguised as one of them. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh ventured to open one eyelid a little. From the open port-hole a bar of moonlight lay in silver across the room, and he had a glimpse of a powerfully-built man in an Arab dress.

"Je suis sur," muttered the voice of Hamza. He went on in English: "I am sure, quite sure, monsieur! I gave him the draught in a drink only a few minutes before he went to bed."

The two rascals, Hindu and Arab, were speaking English, the only language common to both of them.

"Then he will sleep soundly," muttered the other.

Hamza laughed softly.

"Soundly until the morning, at least, Nally Das."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh breathed calmly and steadily. He knew now why Billy Bunter was sleeping that profound sleep. Bunter had drunk the lemonade the steward had brought for Hurree Singh, and the drink had been drugged.

And the man in the Arab dress was Nally Das, the kidnapper who had made more than one attempt on the nabob while he was still at Greyfriars. Nally Das—on board the steamer! Hurree Singh realised very clearly how close the danger was now. But his nerve was of iron. His Oriental passiveness did not fail him. He gave no sign.

"Lose no time, then," said Nally Das.

"And the other—"

"The other is a fat fool who would not waken in a thunderstorm," said Hamza. "The one who would wake is gone—searching on the deck for the colonel." He laughed again—his soft, treacherous laugh. "It was easy enough to trick him; but he will return. Let us lose no time."

The Hindu bent over Hurree Singh.

"Truly, he sleeps soundly," he whispered. "You have well earned a thousand francs, Hamza. You are sure the fat one will not wake?"

"He will not open his eyes."

"Good!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh gave no sign, and did not open his eyes as he was lifted from his berth. To all appearance he was sound asleep, as if under the influence of the drug administered by the treacherous Arab.

Had the nabob swallowed the drugged lemonade, he would have been helpless, at the mercy of the kidnappers. And

neither of the rascals knew or suspected that it was Bunter who had taken it. Bunter would not have been likely to wake in any case; but now it was absolutely certain that he would not open his eyes. But Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, still and silent as he lay in the grasp of the kidnappers, was very wide awake indeed.

A long linen garment was placed round him, and a turban wound upon his head, with a loose fold across his face.

"Ca va!" muttered Hamza.

"Quick, then," whispered Nally Das. "If we are seen, he is my son, who is taken ill, and we are helping him to the deck for the fresh air."

"Parfaitment!" grinned Hamza.

"Once he is slipped into the water, and I with him, all is well."

"It is a great risk, monsieur."

"That is nothing—we are in sight of the shore, and the sea is as calm as the Ganges. I swim well—and friends are waiting and watching. No more words—come."

With the nabob between them, the two rascals quitted the state-room.

They moved along the alley-way, which was dimly lit.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh set his teeth, as he was half-led, half-carried along between the two.

Had he been, as they supposed, insensible from the influence of the drug, nothing could have saved him, and he knew it. Harry Wharton was somewhere on deck, searching for his uncle, who was asleep in his cabin—the other Greyfriars juniors were sleeping soundly. And in the disguise that had been placed upon him, no one would have recognised the Nabob of Bhanipur, and the kidnappers had their explanation ready if they were noted. But Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was very far from being the passive victim that the kidnappers supposed. Billy Bunter—quite unconsciously and unintentionally, had saved Hurree Singh once more, or at least placed it in his power to save himself.

As he was taken from his own room, the nabob was still, inert, apparently utterly unconscious. But as he was taken past the door of the next state-room, where Bob Cherry and Nugent and Johnny Bull were sleeping, there was a sudden change.

The apparently lifeless figure of the nabob came to sudden life, utterly to the surprise of Nally Das and the Arab steward.

With a sudden wrench, Hurree Singh tore himself out of the hands of the two rascals.

Hamza, in his blank astonishment, staggered back against the wall, his eyes almost bulging from his brown face in his amazement. Nally Das, equally astonished, mechanically grasped at the nabob, and reeled back as a clenched fist was planted fairly on his mouth.

"Not this time!" grinned Hurree Singh.

The next moment, Hurree Singh had torn open the state-room door, and rushed in, and was among his friends.

"Wake up!" he shouted. "Bob—Franky—Johnny—my esteemed chums."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What the thump—"

"Great pip!"

The three juniors were instantly awake, and rolling out of their berths. There was a fierce exclamation in Hindustani, and Nally Das plunged into the room. He plunged into the midst of four wide-awake Greyfriars juniors, and went to the floor with Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's grasp upon him.

"What the merry thump—" gasped Johnny Bull.

"The esteemed kidnappers," panted the nabob. "Lend me a hand."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Pile in!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Nally Das tore himself free, exerting all his strength, and struggled out of the state-room. A second more and he was fleeing.

"After him!" roared Bob.

"Collar him!" roared Nugent.

The juniors rushed in pursuit. Hamza, in the corridor, was knocked flying and they dashed after Nally Das, who was tearing up the cabin stairs. But the Hindu was well ahead, and he reached the deck, and a moment later there was a plunge in the moonlight sea.

Nally Das was gone.

"Overboard!" gasped Bob Cherry.

There was a buzz of excited voices on the deck. The Hindu kidnapper had vanished in the moonlit waters, already left far behind by the rapidly-gliding steamer.

"You fellows—what—?" Harry Wharton came speeding up to his chums.

"The jolly old kidnappers," gasped Bob Cherry. "That was the man I saw at Marseilles—Nally Das, Bunter called him."

"Then, he was on the steamer!" gasped Wharton.

"Off it, now," said Bob. "He's jumped overboard."

"Great Scott! Inky—"

"Inky's here, all right—"

"The all-rightfulness is terrific," said the nabob cheerfully. "But the escapefulness was narrow. The esteemed and idiotic Bunter has done the trick once more."

"Bunter—how?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in astonishment.

"Bunter!" repeated Bob Cherry, blankly.

"What has happened?" Colonel Wharton came up, in the midst of the excited hubbub on deck. "Is it someone overboard?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob. "Nally Das, the giddy kidnapper. Blessed if I quite know what's happened."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh explained to the colonel and the astonished juniors, while the engines were reversed, and a boat dropped to search for the passenger who had gone over the side. Colonel Wharton's grizzled brows darkened as he listened.

"That rascally Arab steward will be dealt with," he said, "I will speak to the captain. But Nally Das—"

"They may pick him up," said Harry.

"If so, he will be handed over to the police at Port Said!" said the colonel.

"The rascal must have kept himself very close since we left Marseilles—I have had an eye on all the passengers. You have had a narrow escape again, Hurree Singh—and it seems that Bunter—"

"The esteemed Bunter has done the trick again," grinned the nabob. "If he had not bagged my lemonade, I should have drunk it, and the esteemed game would have been up for me."

"A jolly fat old guardian angel, and no mistake!" said Bob.

"I had better see him," said the colonel, and he went below followed by the juniors.

Billy Bunter was still fast asleep, and snoring as if for a wager. The colonel shook him by the shoulder; but the fat junior did not open his eyes. He slept on regardless.

But there was no more sleep for the other members of the Greyfriars party that night. Nally Das was not picked up by the steamer's boat; and the juniors felt pretty certain that he had succeeded in swimming ashore, or had

been picked up by some craft lying in wait for him.

And when Hamza, the Arab steward, was searched for, to be put under arrest till Port Said was reached, it was found that he was missing. Evidently the rascal had slipped over the side unnoticed in the confusion, and taken his chance of getting ashore, in preference to facing imprisonment for his rascality. Billy Bunter, in happy unconsciousness that anything at all had happened during the night, slept on and snored, and was still snoring when the morning sunshine streamed down on the steamer at Port Said.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Noble Bunter!

"O W"

"He's awake!"

"Wow!"

"Bunter—"

"Ow! I've got a headache!"

Billy Bunter sat up, and blinked, and rubbed his forehead, and grunted discontentedly. Bunter had had a long, long sleep; and he had awakened with a headache, to find Harry Wharton and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh sitting by him, watching.

"I've got a headache," repeated

Don't Forget to Add

C. G. MACARTNEY

to Your Collection, Chums!

This brilliant Australian all-rounder will be the next in

OUR SUPERB FREE COLLECTION

of stand-up cut-out photos!

Order next week's MAGNET to-day!

Bunter, in almost accusing tones. He was quite indignant.

"My esteemed Bunter!" murmured the nabob.

"And I'm hungry."

"No wonder," said Wharton, with a smile, "it's nearly noon."

Bunter jumped.

"Nearly noon! Why didn't you call me for breakfast?"

"You've been called often enough, old chap, but you didn't wake," said Harry.

"Never mind about it now—turn out if you feel all right—"

"But I do mind!" snorted Bunter, angrily, "I'm hungry—in fact, famished—and I've got a headache. Beastly."

"Turn out and get a bath!"

"I don't need a bath every morning like you fellows. I'm cleaner."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I'll turn out and get some brekker," said Bunter, with an indignant glare.

"I'm hungry! You fellows don't care if a chap starves, of course. You'd leave me to perish here!"

"We've been watching by you for a long time, Bunter," said Wharton, with unusual mildness.

"Then you might have woke me up," growled Bunter.

"But, I tell you—"

"Don't waste time jawing when I'm frightfully hungry. You might hand a fellow his clobber."

"Right-ho!"

Bunter rolled out, and the two juniors helped him to dress. Bunter was none the worse for the drug, now

that he had had his sleep out. He was rather surprised by the kind attentions he was receiving from Wharton and the nabob, not yet knowing the cause; but he did not waste time in expressing any thanks. He gave a discontented grunt, which certainly did not imply gratitude, as he rolled out of the state-room. And his headache did not prevent him from disposing of a meal of enormous dimensions, after which fat contentment returned to his face, and his headache seemed to trouble him no more.

"Feel better?" grinned Bob Cherry, as the fat junior's exertions slacked down at last.

"Well, a little," assented Bunter. "By the way, where's Hamza? I haven't seen him."

"Cleared off," said Bob.

"Did you tip him, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"No; he went in rather a hurry—though I don't think I should have tipped him anything but my boot, in any case."

"That's rather mean," said Bunter, shaking his head. "He's been a jolly civil steward, and looked after us jolly well. I'm sorry to see you getting mean, Wharton."

"You fat duffer—" began Harry.

"If he turns up before we leave this steamer, I shall tip him a hundred francs myself, anyhow," said Bunter.

Bob Cherry winked at his chums.

"I'll go round and look for him," he said, "Perhaps—"

"Don't trouble," said Bunter hastily.

"I—I thought Wharton said he was gone. I—I mean, I don't believe in tipping these stewards. After all, they're paid for their job."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter peevishly. "I say, you fellows, the ship doesn't seem to be moving."

"It's moored at the quay," said Nugent. "We're in the harbour at Port Said, Bunter—Quai Francois-Joseph, to be exact."

"Oh!" said Bunter. "Queer that I didn't wake up. I seem to have had a jolly long snooze."

"You feel all right now?" asked Harry.

"Yes, now that I've had something to eat. Of course, it's beastly hot, and I've been bitten by mosquitoes, and I think I ought to have been called for brekker. But I'm not a fellow to grouse."

"Oh!"

"I'm accustomed to selfishness and neglect," said Bunter, blinking at the chums of the Remove. "It was just the same at Greyfriars, and I've given up expecting any change in you fellows. Even Toddy refused to lend me a pound or two before I left—after all I've done for him! Selfishness all round!"

"Which comes hard on a really unselfish fellow like yourself, Bunter," remarked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Exactly! I sometimes wonder whether I shan't grow selfish myself, in the long run, you know, associating with you fellows."

"Oh, my hat!"

"But I'll try not," said Bunter. "I'll do my best—though the proverb says that evil communications corrupt good manners. After all, I suppose it's up to me to set you an example, in a way."

"Great pip!"

"Good-morning, Bunter!" Colonel Wharton came up. "If you are ready, my boy, we will leave the steamer now. Have you told him, Harry?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

"Not yet, uncle," said the captain of the Remove. "I thought I would let him feed first—it bucks him up."

The colonel smiled.

"You slept a long time, Bunter. There was an attempt to kidnap Hurree Singa on the steamer last night; the steward, Hamza, was bribed to drug him. You drank the drugged lemonade, it seems. Fortunately, there have been no ill results."

Bunter jumped.

"Oh crumbs! That lemonade—"

"It was drugged," said the colonel.

"It was remarkably fortunate that you drank it instead of Hurree Singh, Bunter."

"Oh, was it?" hooted Bunter.

"Extremely so, or Hurree Singh might very probably have fallen into the hands of his enemies."

Bunter fairly glared at the colonel. For the moment, he was quite unable to see anything fortunate in the occurrence.

"That's why I slept so long!" he gasped.

"Quite so."

"That's why I woke up with a headache."

"Very probably."

"It's gone now, old chap," said Harry soothingly.

"It isn't!" howled Bunter.

"What?"

"My head's aching frightfully. I'm ill! I'm ill all over! I'm suffering fearfully!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" urged Bob Cherry. "You weren't ill till you knew you'd been drugged, you know."

"Of course, you don't care," said Bunter bitterly. "Lot you selfish fellows would care if I perished before your eyes of these fearful poisons!"

"It wasn't poison, you ass! It was a harmless drug—just a sleeping-draught. They aren't run any risk of making Inky peg out—and it was intended for Inky," said Johnny Bull.

"That's all very well; you haven't swallowed it!" said Bunter. "I can feel it all over me. Look here, Colonel Wharton—"

But the colonel was gone.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buck up, Bunter!" said Harry, laughing. "You're all right, you know. Let's get on deck."

"I'm not sure that I can walk," said Bunter. "I hope your uncle's got a good hotel at Port Said, Wharton. I shall have to rest for a few weeks to get over this."

"No harm in that," assented Wharton. "You can rest as many weeks as you like—while we're going on to Bombay."

"Beast!"

"Let's get going," said Bob. "I'm feeling a bit fed up with Bunter."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

As the Famous Five departed, Bunter found that he could move. Hurree Janset Ram Singh lingered, and gave him a hand. After all, Bunter had, though unconsciously, done him a great service. Bunter blinked in the glaring sunshine of Port Said.

"Beastly hot here!" he said. "You must be a silly ass, Inky, to be going back to India, when you could stay among civilised people in a decent country if you liked."

The nabob looked at him.

"My esteemed Bunter—"

"Not that you'd ever get there, without me to protect you," said the Owl of the Remove. "I'll see you through, Inky!"

The Magnet Library.—No. 961.

"The thankfulness is terrific," said the nabob gravely.

"Precious few of your pals would do for you what I've done—what!" said Bunter.

"What have you done, my esteemed Bunter?" asked the nabob, in surprise.

"Oh, really, Inky!" said Bunter warmly. "A chap who drinks up a drugged glass to save you from the kidnappers—"

"Eh?"

"Didn't I?" demanded Bunter. "Wouldn't you have mopped up that drugged lemonade if I hadn't?"

The nabob grinned.

"Very likely, my esteemed, greedy Bunter. But you mopped it up because you were thirsty, without knowing—"

"Don't try to belittle what I've done for you, Inky," said Bunter. "It's ungrateful, and it's rather mean. After what I've done for you, you might be grateful—even you, old chap. It might have been awfully deadly—and I'd have done the same. Not like me to think about the danger when it's a question of saving a pal."

"You silly Owl!" hooted Bob Cherry. "Would you have touched the stuff if you'd known it was drugged?"

"I might have expected that from you, Cherry. You wouldn't have done it, anyway. I run these fearful risks to save Inky, and keep on doing it, and all you fellows can think of is to run me down. Jealousy and detraction all along the line. I suspected that fellow Hamza from the very first—"

"Pshaw!"

"And it turns out that I was right," said Bunter; "and but for my noble self-sacrifice Inky would have been done in."

"Your whatter?" gasped Bob.

"Noble self-sacrifice!" hooted Bunter.

"Oh, fan me, somebody!"

"Let it go at that!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Come on, you fellows, my uncle's waiting for us."

"I'm not going to hurry!" snorted Bunter.

"Good-bye, then!"

"Beast!"

And Bunter hurried. The Greyfriars party went ashore; five of them smiling, and William George Bunter frowning darkly, as was natural in a fellow whose noble self-sacrifice had met with such a plentiful lack of appreciation.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter is Satisfied!

PORT SAID, at the head of the Suez Canal, the place where all nationalities meet and mingle, and every language under the sun may be heard, had infinite interest for the Greyfriars party. Gladly enough Harry Wharton & Co. would have explored the town and the Arab quarter and the great lake, and seen the many sights that were to be seen. But the colonel was very watchful over his youthful charges, and they were not allowed to wander. What had happened at Marseilles could have been repeated more easily at Port Said, and the colonel was taking no chances.

Somewhat to the surprise of the party, they stayed some days at Port Said; and during that time the eyes of the colonel were seldom off them. Billy Bunter, at least, was satisfied. His time was spent on the hotel veranda, with an awning to keep off the sun, and with ample—not to say too much—to eat and drink. Bunter could have tolerated that for quite a long time, and he was by no means pleased when it was time to move.

Still less was he pleased when the Greyfriars party and their baggage went down to the steamer that was to bear them onwards on their journey, through the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Arabian Sea, across the shining waters of the South to Bombay.

Bunter had taken it for granted that the travellers would be in a first-class steamer—the best boat on the Peninsular and Oriental service would not have been too good for Bunter. So far, the colonel had "done" them well, as Bunter would have expressed it. Not that Bunter had any thanks to render. He expected the best of everything, and if he got it that was just as it should be, and that was all there was about it. But if he didn't get it Bunter had plenty to say. And when he stepped on the rusty deck of a little tramp steamer at the quay Bunter could scarcely believe his eyes, or his spectacles. It was a change with a vengeance, and a change that Bunter did not like a little bit.

The Famous Five were rather surprised, too. But they were not given to grousing, and they knew that whatever Colonel Wharton decided upon was for the best. It was not for them to "jib" at anything arranged by him, and they did not think of doing so. If the colonel required them to rough it a little they were ready to rough it without complaint or comment. So, while they were surprised, they were silent about it, and took the change in their quarters as a matter of course.

Not so Bunter. At first he was speechless with indignation; and when he recovered his breath his wrath came out in a flood.

"We—we—we're travelling on this tub!" he gasped.

"Looks like it," said Harry.

"What does it mean?" stuttered Bunter.

"What does it matter?" said Bob Cherry.

"You silly ass!"

"Thanks!"

"You burbling chump! Do you think I can travel on a boat not much bigger than a Thames steamboat, and no class like this?" howled Bunter. "Why ain't we taking the P. & O.?"

"I dare say my uncle knows best," said Harry.

"Rot!"

"Well, you can argue it out with him if you like," said the captain of the Greyfriars Remove, laughing.

Bunter spluttered with wrath. He disliked arguing matters out with the colonel; there was something in the keen, steady grey eye of the old military gentleman that daunted him. But Bunter felt that he could not stand this. With every comfort provided by modern civilisation, the passage of the Red Sea was not really enjoyable. And there were few of the comforts of civilisation on this tramp steamer. The quarters were close, the cabin was stuffy, the decks were rusty, the crew were very far from presenting the trim appearance of a P. & O. crew; no steward, even, was to be seen; and Bunter suspected that the food—a most important detail—would be on a par with the rest.

Even the captain on the bridge had a frayed sort of look, as if he had gone through hard luck, and not quite got out of it. The whole thing was, in Billy Bunter's opinion, intolerable.

"What's the silly game?" he gasped, as he went below with the Famous Five. "Has your uncle run out of money, Wharton?"

"Better ask him!"

"If he's going to do the rest of the

journey on the cheap I'm jolly well not coming—and you can tell him so from me!"

"Tell him yourself, old bean!"

"If it's a question of cash, Bunter can make that all right," suggested Bob Cherry. "A wireless message to Bunter Court—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I refuse to pay for the journey!" snorted Bunter. "It was understood that Inky squared if I came along to protect him. A fellow can't be expected to risk his life regularly every day to protect a pal at his own expense."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" roared Bunter. "But I can jolly well tell you that I'm not standing it!"

"My esteemed Bunter—"

"Shut up, Inky! You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, doing me down like this!"

"Is it any worse for you than for us, you fat owl?" bawled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Well, is it, you podgy porker?"

"I'm accustomed to the decencies of life," said Bunter. "At Bunter Court the footmen wouldn't believe that I'd ever travelled in a steamer like this!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Our butler would faint, I believe, if he saw this cabin!"

"Well, he won't see it," said Bob Cherry comfortingly. "He couldn't very well, as he isn't born yet—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky ass! Why, this cabin hasn't been painted for dog's ages, and there's a cockroach crawling about!" howled Bunter. "We seem to be the only passengers and no wonder, on a tub like this! I shall jolly well tell your uncle—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!" murmured Bob. "Shut up, Bunter!"

Colonel Wharton came down the cabin stairs. He glanced keenly over the faces of the Greyfriars juniors and smiled slightly. Whatever Harry Wharton & Co. thought of the tramp steamer, they were careful to keep up a cheery and contented look. But there was discontent enough for half a dozen in Billy Bunter's fat face. His very spectacles glittered with wrath and indignation as he fixed them on the colonel's bronzed face.

"You notice rather a change in your quarters, my lads?" the colonel remarked genially.

"Hem! A trifle, sir," said Nugent.

"The trifleness is terrific!"

"Pretty cheap, I suppose, compared with the P. & O. boat!" sneered Bunter.

"Shurrup!" breathed Bob.

"Not at all, Bunter," said the colonel, fixing his eyes on the Owl of the Remove. "I have engaged Captain Casey's steamer to take us on to Bombay, stipulating that there shall be no other passengers. The expense is greater than booking places on the P. & O. line."

"Then why—?" gasped Bunter.

"I am glad to see that you fellows are prepared to rough it a little," said Colonel Wharton. "It is what I should have expected of Greyfriars boys."

"Right as rain, sir," said Bob.

Bunter grunted. He was not thinking so much of the credit of the old school, as of the personal comfort of W. G. Bunter.

"I had a reason, of course," pursued the colonel. "We should have travelled more swiftly, and more comfortably, on one of the regular steamers. But I have to consider, first of all, the safety of Hurree Singh, until I am able to

hand him over into the charge of the Jam Bahadur at Bhanipur. What happened on the boat from Marseilles decided me. Owing to Bunter's accidental intervention, Hurree Singh was saved—"

"Not so jolly accidental," said Bunter. "I—"

"But the scheme might have succeeded," said the colonel, deaf to Bunter. "Fortunately, we reached Port Said in safety. But on a crowded steamer, with a large crew and a throng of passengers, something of the sort might very easily have been attempted again, and Hurree Singh might not have been so fortunate a second time."

"That's true," said Harry.

"The truthfulness is terrific."

"Here, nothing of the kind is to be feared," said Colonel Wharton. "Captain Casey is well-known to me; there are no other passengers, and we sacrifice nothing but our comfort for Hurree Singh's safety."

"And what about me?" hooted Bunter, unable to restrain his indignation.

"Are you not satisfied, Bunter?"

"No; I'm jolly well not."

"I am sorry for that," said the colonel grimly, "for it is too late for you to be sent back now, Bunter. I can only recommend you not to complain."

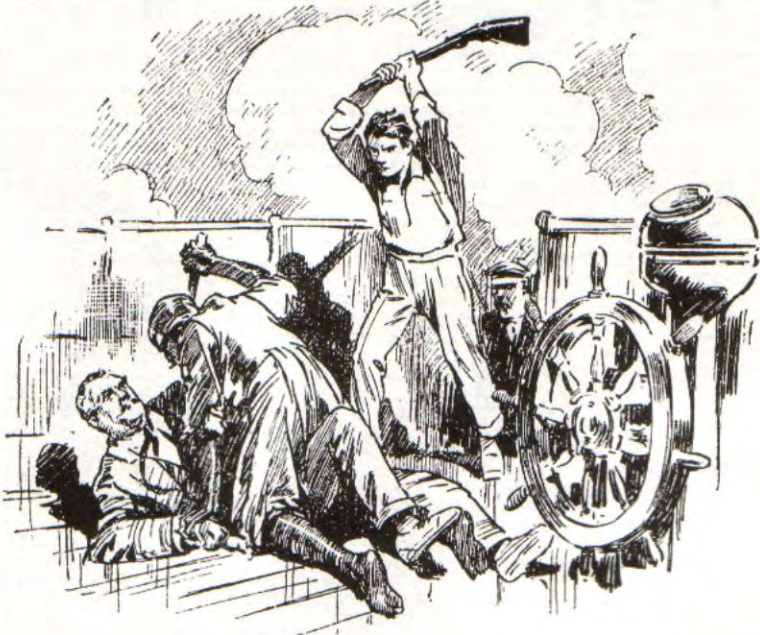
And the colonel returned to the deck. Bunter gasped.

"Check!" he ejaculated. "Jeyver hear such check, you fellows! If that cheeky old image thinks I'm going to stand it—"

"That what?" snapped Wharton.

"That cheeky old image!" roared Bunter. "I'm jolly well not going to stand—"

"Sit, then!" said Harry, and he grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and Bunter sat—suddenly, and hard.



In the grasp of the savage, muscular Arab, Colonel Wharton rolled over and over. Then suddenly the Arab came uppermost, and a long knife flashed in the sun over the colonel's upturned face. Harry Wharton sprang forward, his rifle raised to strike! (See Chapter 9.)

Snort, from Bunter. The colonel spoke of comfort as if it did not matter. It did matter!

"The esteemed colonel is quite right," said the nabob. "I only regret that my worthy and ludicrous comrades should be exposed to discomfortfulness on my unworthy account."

"Rot!" said Bob Cherry. "We can rough it a bit."

"Of course we can," said Johnny Bull. "It's as right as rain, sir! Getting Inky safe to India is the principal thing."

"I am glad that you agree, my boys," said the colonel. "If there are spies watching for us at Port Said, as is very probable, they will be watching the regular steamers, and it is quite unlikely that they will take any heed of this tramp. Even if we are known to have left Port Said on this vessel, they can attempt nothing—no other passenger is allowed on board; I have chartered the steamer for ourselves alone. At the cost of a little discomfort, we leave danger behind."

There was a roar that rang fore and aft of the tramp steamer.

"Yaroooh!"

"Bump him!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ow! I say, you fellows—"

Bump!

In the grasp of the Famous Five, William George Bunter snoots the cabin floor. There was another bellow. It was like being back in the Remove passage at Greyfriars once more.

"Now are you satisfied?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yaroooh! No! Ow!"

Bump!

"Whooooo!"

"Satisfied now!"

"No!" yelled Bunter.

Bump!

"Satisfied, old fat bean?"

"Ow! Wow! Yow! Yes!" raved Bunter. "Ow! Oh! Quite! Don't I keep on telling you I'm satisfied? Yaroooh! Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Bunter being satisfied, the

Famous Five released him, and left him sitting on the floor of the cabin while they went on deck to watch the passage through the Suez Canal. Bunter sat and gasped, and spluttered; and if he was, as he had said, satisfied, it was certain that appearances were very deceptive.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### In the Red Sea!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. gazed about them with keen interest, as the steamer entered the great Canal. Port Said was left in the sun-blaze behind; the great Canal stretched for many a long mile ahead. Eastward lay Asia—for the west, Africa; for a hundred miles the canal separated the two continents. The steamer seemed to the juniors to be crawling; but they could guess that the speed had to be regulated in the canal, crowded by shipping from all quarters of the world. Every few miles there was a station, with signal posts, for the regulation of the traffic.

Captain Casey's tramp steamer was probably not capable of a great speed; but now it was putting in not more than five miles an hour. But slow as the progress was all that they saw was of keen interest to the Greyfriars juniors, and they spent hour after hour on the deck, watching the shipping, and the expanses of Africa and Asia to west and east. At El Kantara, nearly thirty miles from Port Said, the colonel pointed out to the juniors the caravan track from Egypt to Syria, and in the far distance on the Asiatic side a long line of laden, swaying camels.

"Looks like the jolly old East at last!" said Bob Cherry.

"The genuine article!" agreed Wharton.

"It's a giddy experience, to mizzle through this canal," remarked Johnny Bull. "Must have been a lot of work put into it. What was the name of the Johnny who put it through?"

"Lesseps," said the colonel. "De Lesseps—a great Frenchman."

Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh had been through the canal before, on his way from India to Greyfriars. But all was new to the other fellows. Even Billy Bunter came up later on, to blink about him. Half-way from Port Said to the town of Suez, the colonel pointed out Ismailia, which had been a base of operations against the Turks in the days of the Great War. After Ismailia came Lake Timsa, through which the canal passed, and then the passage ran on between high banks, with the desert twenty feet above the level of the water. Then came the Bitter Lakes, where the course was marked with buoys.

"This is the ancient Gulf of Heraeopolis," the colonel told the juniors, "and according to some, this is where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, on the flight from Egypt into Asia. The Red Sea is believed to have extended further northward in those days."

And the juniors gazed with deep interest at the plains on either side, dotted with bushes, thinking of those ancient days when Moses led his brethren out of the land of bondage.

They could picture in their minds the weary Israelites, tramping through the wet sand at low tide, looking hopefully forward to the Promised Land far ahead, or with uneasy glances backward at the land of bondage they had left, and from which fierce pursuers were pressing on their track. And then the arrival of the pursuers, and the rush

of the tide that had swept away Pharaoh and his army, dark-skinned soldier and jewelled king, horses and chariots, overwhelmed in the surge of the wild waters. And now, where Pharaoh and his host had perished, the Canal ran peacefully, bearing the peaceful traffic of all nations.

"Suez!" said the colonel, at last.

From Suez, the course of the steamer lay along the narrow Gulf of Suez, into the Red Sea. In the clear sunlight the juniors had a glimpse, for a few minutes, of Mount Sinai, far to the east.

In the Red Sea it was hot!

Billy Bunter had grumbled in the Mediterranean; and he had groused in the Canal.

But now, at last, Bunter had something serious to grumble and grouse about.

Even Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh admitted it was warm.

The other fellows thought that it was hot, awfully hot; and Bunter dolorously declared that he felt as if he was in an oven.

Bunter was still in a state of wrath and indignation. The "Fanny Jones," as Captain Casey's steamer was called, was undoubtedly little and stuffy, and the smell of the engines permeated every recess. There were other smells on the steamer, too, which had apparently been used for many assorted cargoes in its time; and the blaze of the sun brought out every distinct smell at its fullest potency. Heat radiated from every bit of iron on board; the very decks were almost scorching to the touch. Bunter mopped up the perspiration, and really looked as if he were melting away.

On a big P. & O. boat, there would have been much more comfort for Bunter. That was an undoubted fact. And Bunter's comfort being the most important thing imaginable, the fat junior was naturally indignant. The food was good, fortunately: Colonel Wharton had seen to that. Had the provisions been in keeping with the rest of the outfit, Bunter would probably have burst with indignation.

"It's utter rot," he told the Famous Five, not once, but a hundred times. "Inky would have been safe enough under my protection. I think it was utter rot to charter this dashed old tramp."

"How lucky that what you think doesn't matter the least little bit!" remarked Bob Cherry, cheerily.

"Beast!" said Bunter, "I'm melting away."

"There's still a lot of you left!" grinned Bob.

"I'm losing flesh daily."

"You've got lots to lose. There'll be much too much left of you by the time we get to Bombay."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile!" suggested Bob.

But Bunter did not smile.

He moaned.

"I shall be reduced to a spectre, by the time we get to India!" he said, sorrowfully.

"That wouldn't matter, but I suppose the spectre would haunt us all the way to Bhanipur!" said Bob, heartlessly.

"Yah!"

There seemed to be no sympathy for Bunter. Nobody seemed to comprehend that his feelings were more important than anybody else's.

In spite of the heat, the Greyfriars fellows found plenty to interest them in the passage of the Red Sea. Sterile shores stretched on either side, with dim stony mountains in the distance; on

either side the waves washed on immense coral reefs. Arab dhows sometimes glided by in view, and dark faces and glinting black eyes were turned towards the steamer. Sometimes a steamer was in sight; at other times, the waters could be discerned against the cloudless sky.

The "Fanny Jones" churned on southward, with more than one delay due to engine trouble.

Captain Casey's engines had seen service, perhaps a little more than was good for them. His engineer, a swartly Italian named Zampa, sometimes brought a blackened face on deck, to gasp for such air as there was, and made remarks in his own language, which the Greyfriars juniors did not understand, but which they guessed to refer to the engines, and to be of a not complimentary nature.

"We should have been jolly near Bombay by this time, on a P. & O. boat," Bunter told the juniors, when the Fanny Jones was churning on in the latitude of Suakin, on a calm, starlit evening.

"Or we might never have got there at all!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, rats! I shouldn't wonder if this dashed old tub breaks down," said Bunter. "Your uncle never thought of that, Wharton. If he'd asked my advice, now—"

"Can it, old man."

"Have another supper, old fat bean," said Bob Cherry. "It's nearly ten minutes since you fed."

"Ha ha, ha!"

"The grousefulness of the esteemed Bunter is really terrific," remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "Go to bed, my worthy and ridiculous chum, and dream that you are in the tuck-shop at Greyfriars."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Bunter. "Just fancy sitting under a shady tree now, at Greyfriars with a lemon-squash, what?"

"Or fancy being in the Form-room, with Quelchly calling on you to construe!" suggested Nugent.

"Well, perhaps this is better than that!" admitted Bunter, after a little thought. "No more Quelchly, no more Virgil, no more maths, and no more masters or prefects! By gum! If you stay in India, Inky, I might stay with you, if you treat me decently. Bhanipur isn't much of a show, I daresay; but I might be able to stand it. I might consent to be your prime minister later on."

"The mightfulness is terrific; but it takes two to make a bargain, my esteemed Bunter."

"Oh, really, Inky—"

Billy Bunter rolled away to his bunk. Hot as it was, the Owl of the Remove contrived to sleep pretty soundly. Indeed, changes of climate made no difference to Bunter in three important respects; at eating, drinking, and sleeping, he seemed as hefty as ever.

But on this particular night, Bunter was destined to be disturbed. The juniors were all in their berths, when they were awakened by a grinding jarring shock that seemed to run through the steamer. Bob Cherry sat up, and gave a howl as he knocked his head.

"Ow!"

"Something's up!" said Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"

The Famous Five turned out at once. There was a buzz of voices on deck, and they could feel that the ship had lost way. Something, evidently, had gone wrong. Bunter's voice followed them as they hurried to the deck.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Better turn out, fatty!" called back Bob Cherry.

"What's happened?" howled Bunter.

"Goodness knows."

"I say, have we run on a reef?" yelled Bunter. "Is the ship sinking? Oh, dear! Are we going down?"

But the juniors were gone. Billy Bunter rolled out of his bunk, and plunged wildly after them.

"I say, you fellows," he yelled, "don't leave me! I'm not going to be drowned to please you. Tell them to lower a boat, and put plenty of grub in it—lots of grub, that's important. I say—beasts!"

But answer there came none; and Billy Bunter scrambled up to the deck in his shirt, gasping with apprehension.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Foul Play!

THE voice of the Italian engineer was heard as Harry Wharton and Co. reached the deck, swearing in Italian; rapidly, fluently, incessantly. The gruff tones of Captain Casey barked interruptions. The watch below had turned out; all the crew of the Fauny Jones were on deck. It was the mate's watch, but the skipper had turned out of his bunk in the chart-house, in shirt and trousers, at the first crash. Colonel Wharton was on deck, his bronzed face was grim and thoughtful. Wharton hurried up to his uncle.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Something is wrong in the engine-room, my boy," answered the colonel. "A complete breakdown, from what the engineer is saying."

Zampa, the engineer, was waving his blackened hands in excited gesticulations, as he talked. Captain Casey scowled savagely, and bit hard on his pipe.

The engineer plunged below again. The tramp steamer rocked on the wash of the sea without other motion. Captain Casey stared round over the starlit waters, with a puckered brow. The seamen were muttering among themselves, and the juniors caught some of their words. The skipper came over to Colonel Wharton at last.

"Bad luck!" he said.

"Is it a serious breakdown?" asked the colonel.

Casey shrugged his broad shoulders.

"The propeller's gone!" he said curtly.

"Good gad!"

"Zampa suspects foul play," said the skipper. "He's nursed them engines for years, and kept them going. There's been trouble before, but this ain't natural. There's been foul play."

The juniors looked at one another.

"Foul play?" repeated Colonel Wharton quietly. "In what way, captain?"

"Zampa suspects a dynamite cartridge," said the skipper, with another shrug of the shoulders. "I guess he's right."

"The propeller——"

"Smashed!"

"And repair——"

"The tail-end of it is at the bottom of the Red Sea, along with King Pharaoh's chariots, I guess," answered the skipper.

"Then——"

"We're dished!" said the captain. "Nothing for it but to hang on and pick up a tow into Aden."

"Nothing but that?"

"Nothing!"

"Well, it cannot be helped," said the colonel quietly. "We are in the path of the regular sea traffic of the Red Sea,

**THIS COVER WILL STAND OUT AMONG ALL OTHERS ON NEXT WEEK'S BOOKSTALLS!**

And the rush to secure this bumper issue of the **MAGNET** will be unprecedented!

**WHY?** Because it will contain a **FREE STAND-UP CUT-OUT PHOTO** of **C. G. MACARTNEY.**

(Australia's Marvellous All-Rounder.)

**A Stunning FREE GIFT—See Inside!**



AN ORDER  
NOW WILL  
ENSURE  
YOU  
A COPY!

NO SET  
IS  
COMPLETE  
WITHOUT  
THIS  
TOPPING  
PHOTO!

**SAY THE WORD—And your Newsagent will be only too pleased to RESERVE YOU A COPY!**

You can't afford to miss a single one of our cut-out cricketers.

and we should not be long waiting for a tow."

Captain Casey gnawed the stem of his pipe.

"To-morrow most likely," he said. "I'm sorry, sir; but you'll be able to pick up a P. & O. boat at Aden."

"And if there was foul play, as your engineer suspects, who——"

"One of the stoke-hold gang," said the skipper. "Some sea-lawyer that Zampa has knocked over the head with a fire-bar, I suppose. Unless——" He looked grimly at the colonel. "From what you told me at Port Said, sir, I reckon there may be something else in it. There's somebody who's got an interest in keeping you from reaching Bombay."

The colonel nodded.

"Well, we're stopped!" said the skipper. "One of my firemen deserted at Port Said, and I shipped another man. Nothing in it, perhaps; but if they

knew you had chartered this steamer they——"

"It is possible, of course," said the colonel. "It is quite possible that I was watched, though I was well on my guard."

"Likely enough the fireman was given a handful of piastres to desert, and the other man was ready to take his place, and put up to the job," grunted the skipper. "I'll have him up and question him, anyhow. Mr. Barker—he turned to the mate—"tumble up the man we shipped at Port Said; his name's Pietro."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!" muttered Bob Cherry.

The faces of the Greyfriars-juniors were anxious now. It was as if the hand of Hurree Singh's enemy had reached out towards them through the shadows of the night, the distances of the sea.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

The disabled steamer lay rocking lonely on the waste waters; on the starlit waves nothing moved. But the juniors felt instinctively that danger was nigh. Nally Das, the emissary of Baji Rao, had failed and failed again. But would he fail this time? Was it, indeed, by the Hindu's cunning plotting that the tramp steamer lay helpless in the wash of the waves?

The mate returned to the bridge alone. "Pietro cannot be found, sir." "What?" growled Captain Casey. "The man hasn't been seen since the accident."

"Search the ship for him!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" Colonel Wharton's bronzed face set more and more grimly as the search was made for the missing fireman. He did not expect it to be successful, and he was not surprised when the mate reported at last that no trace of the man could be found. Evidently he had gone—his dastardly work done, the rascal had slipped into the sea, calm as a pond under the soft stars.

"That settles it, sir!" said the skipper. "It was foul play, and Pietro was shipped for the job. Whoever it is, sir, that wants to keep you away from India has landed us here!"

"And now—" said the colonel.

"I guess his object wasn't simply to bust my engines and put us to the expense of a tow into Aden," said the skipper, shrugging his shoulders. He stared into the starlit horizon. "We've been crippled here for a reason—and I fancy we can look for visitors."

"That may be taken for granted, I suppose," said Colonel Wharton. "The scoundrels' object can only be to attack us here in these lonely waters."

"Just that!"

"We can defend ourselves," said the colonel quietly.

"We've got to, sir!" said the skipper grimly. "If they're trying piracy on the high seas they won't leave anyone on the ship to tell about it afterwards. It's neck or nothing now with every man-jack on the Fanny Jones!"

"My hat," murmured Bob Cherry.

The juniors felt their hearts beat faster, though not with fear.

They had expected danger in their voyage with the Nabob of Bhanipur to his native land; they had known that his way would be dogged by foes. The danger had come suddenly, that was all.

Harry Wharton & Co. were prepared to meet it when it came. Five of the Greyfriars juniors, at least, were steady as steel. But from Billy Bunter there came a yelp of dismay, and the fat junior bolted below like a fat rabbit into a burrow.

But no one heeded Bunter.

There was no time to lose. The crippled steamer lay helpless on the sea, and from the shadowy waters it was certain that the foe would come; before dawn flushed up over the Red Sea the whole crew of the steamer might be fighting for their lives.

Harry Wharton & Co. went below quietly to finish dressing and to prepare for the struggle that they knew must come.

---

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Red Sea Pirates!

COLONEL WHARTON glanced over the faces of the Famous Five and gave a nod of approval. He read no sign of fear there. Only on Hurree Singh's dusky countenance was a shade of concern. It troubled

him to think that he had brought his comrades into the shadow of terrible peril. From one of the stuffy state-rooms came a sound of gasping and mumbling. Bunter was in the throes of the bluest of blue funks. But the juniors did not heed him.

Colonel Wharton had opened a case of arms, and served out rifles and cartridges to the juniors. Harry Wharton & Co. had reason to be glad now that they had put in practice on the range at Greyfriars. Every member of the Co. knew how to handle a rifle—and to handle it well—and five fairly good shots were likely to be extremely useful when the attack came on.

"I need not tell you to keep up your courage, my lads," said the colonel quietly; "I know that you will do that."

"We're not afraid, sir," said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Rely on us, sir," said Johnny Bull. "This isn't the first time we've been in danger, either."

"Jolly glad you brought us along!" said Nugent. "Old Inky wants his pals round him just now."

"I am not sure that I should have allowed you all to come if I had known the danger would be so real," said the colonel. "The agents of Baji Rao are leaving no stone unturned to seize upon Hurree Singh before he can reach Bhanipur. Certainly I did not look for such desperate measures."

"It's a pity Bunter came," said Nugent. "But we're the right men in the right place, sir!"

The colonel smiled faintly.

"You feel sure that there will be an attack, uncle?" asked Harry.

"I have no doubt about it at all. They have been too cunning for us," said Colonel Wharton, wrinkling his brows. "Had we left Port Said on the regular steamer, undoubtedly some attempt would have been made; the agents of Baji Rao certainly would have sailed on the same vessel. If we had succeeded in slipping away unseen, unwatched, on this tramp steamer all danger would have been averted this side of Bombay. But it is clear now that our enemies have been more watchful than I believed. It is clear that they knew that I had chartered this steamer, and a treacherous fireman was shipped to play this trick upon us. They can have only one object—we are waited for in this part of the Red Sea. Time and place have been concerted, between the man Pietro and those who are watching for us in these waters."

"And they?" asked Harry.

"Nally Das himself, perhaps—he may have got ahead of us on a swifter craft—but Baji Rao has many agents," said the colonel. "It would be easy to gather a crew of ruffians on the shores of the Red Sea, for any dastardly and lawless work. Piracy is by no means unknown in these waters, even at this date. Probably some crew of savage Arabs have been hired for the purpose, and the plunder of the steamer will reward them—if they are successful in their attack."

"Which they won't be," said Bob.

"Not while we are able to strike a blow, at all events," said the colonel. "Follow me on deck."

"I say, you fellows—"

Bunter blinked out at the juniors. His fat face was the colour of chalk. Harry Wharton paused, while his comrades followed the colonel to the deck.

"Buck up, Bunter," he said. "You won't be any use in a scrap, old man—better keep below."

"I—I say, are they really coming?"

gasped Bunter, through his chattering teeth.

"Yes."

"There—there's really danger?" stuttered the Owl of the Remove.

"Yes, old chap—but we shall beat them off," said Harry, gently enough. "I'm sorry you came with us, Bunter, but it's too late to think of that now. Keep your pecker up!"

"I—I say—" gasped Bunter, as the captain of the Remove turned away.

Harry turned back again. With the shadow of danger, and perhaps destruction, looming over all on board the steamer, he was very patient with the hapless Owl of the Remove.

"Yes, old chap?" he said. "Buck up—I'm wanted on deck!"

"C-c-can't we get ashore?" gasped Bunter. "Can't we get a boat out, and clear off before they come?"

Wharton shook his head.

"Look here, I've a right to go ashore if I like," howled Bunter; "I'm not going to be mixed up in this. I never bargained for this, and you jolly well know I didn't."

"You were warned there would be danger old chap and you wouldn't listen," said Harry.

"I'm not afraid of danger I hope," said Bunter. "Nothing of the kind. Braver than any of you chaps, anyhow." It was a touch of the old Bunter, for a moment. Wharton smiled.

"Well, if you're not afraid, it's all serene," he said.

"But I think we ought to go ashore," said Bunter. "I was against coming on this rotten old tramp at all, and you know it. I knew jolly well we ought to have taken the regular steamer, only my advice wasn't asked. Now we're landed like this! I want a boat to take me ashore—"

"We're miles and miles from either shore, Bunter," said Harry gently, "and the brutes may be on to us at any minute. Our only chance is to beat them off if we can; we've got a good chance on the ship, and we shouldn't have any in open boats. Keep your pecker up, and hope for the best."

"But I—I say—"

"Wharton!" came Bob Cherry's powerful voice. "Buck up! They're in sight."

Wharton rushed away at once, unheeding a plaintive howl from Billy Bunter.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter.

As chief protector and defender of the Greyfriars party, Bunter might have been expected to rush to the post of danger. But he didn't. He rushed back into his state-room, and proceeded to hide himself from sight under a stack of bedclothes on the floor. There, hidden from view, the fat junior lay palpitating, shuddering at every sound that came to his fat ears.

"Here they come!" grinned Bob Cherry, as Harry Wharton joined his ohms on deck. Bob, at least, was in great spirits.

It was not yet dawn; though far away on the Arabian shore was a faint glimmer that heralded the coming day. The sea washed round the disabled steamer, glimmering with stars. A light breeze fanned the faces of the juniors, as they stared across the waters, at the dim shape of a large Arab dhow that was gliding towards the steamer.

"That's the giddy visitor!" said Bob Cherry. "If we had steam up, we could run that tub down and cut it in two. As it is—"

(Continued on page 17.)



# Harry Wharton's Cricket Supplement

No. 14 (New Series). Vol. 2.

August 7th, 1926.

No trouble or expense has been spared to make this supplement interesting and informative. In it all phases of cricket will be discussed by writers chosen from the foremost cricket authorities in the land. Readers may, therefore, rely upon the facts, figures, etc., mentioned from week to week in this supplement as being authentic.

HARRY WHARTON, Editor.

## Boundary Hits! by "SCORER"

WHEN Strudwick went for his first trial game at the Oval he took his own wickets and bails. Judging from the newspapers and noticing the number of well-known players who have now turned journalists, we should say that most of them are copying "Struddy" by taking their own "pads."

During the present season a club cricket match in Yorkshire was stopped because the batsmen could not see the ball owing to the sunlight. Some people are never satisfied.

Our office-boy has got this business of England v. Australia all wrong. He will insist on calling them "Rest" matches. But on second thoughts he is not so much wrong as we think. The Australians, for their part, often refer to them as "Jest" matches.

The players of both England and Australia, as well as the umpires and the scorers, have all been supplied with apples during the Test matches of the present season. No wonder some of them have got the "pip."

George Macaulay the famous Yorkshire cricketer, is very keen on the game of golf. But I understand he has not yet definitely made up his mind that it is a lot easier to hit a stationary ball than a moving one.

In a club game at Glamorgan the other day J. C. Clay, the Glamorganshire captain, hit the ball out of the ground, and it killed a duck. This is something like a record. Now, even the great Jack Hobbs has never "got" a "duck" and hit a boundary at the same time.

A reader wants to know the official definition of an unfit ground. Here it is. "A ground is unfit for play when water stands on the surface, or when it is so wet, muddy, or slippery as to deprive the bowlers of a reasonable foothold, or the fieldsmen of the power of free movement." Our own ground is often unfit for play through none of these reasons, however—when there are too many stones and half-bricks lying about.

For a long time this season it has been fairly obvious that Harry Makepeace is practically carrying the other Lancashire batsmen on his shoulders. If the explanation of the other fellows not getting runs is that he has quarrelled with them he should make peace quickly.

It is said to be the ambition of every young Australian cricketer to be chosen for a tour in the Mother Country, and to score a century against the Old Country. Rather too many of these youngsters realise their ambition for my liking.

It is reported that while waiting for the cricket pitch to dry for a recent match, Macaulay and Dolphin, the two Yorkshiremen, went on to a neighbouring bowling-green, challenged the best pair present to a game of bowls, and won easily. That can be readily understood. Macaulay bowled at his best and had Dolphin to stump the opponents.

## Prophets without Honour!

Cricketers Who Have Made Good Away From Home.

AS you no doubt know, cricket is different from football. In the winter game a man may play for one club one week, and for another club on the following Saturday. In county cricket a residential qualification of two years must be put in by every cricketer before he can play for any particular county other than that in which he was born. A lot of people think that there should be one qualification only applied to county cricket—the qualification of birth. And there is at least one county—Yorkshire—who will not have a man in their team unless he has been born within the confines of the county.

On the other hand, a birth only qualification, if it had been in force, would have prevented many of the leading cricketers of to-day getting into the limelight at all. We should probably never have heard of the prowess of Jack Hobbs, by way of example, for he was born at Cambridge, and Cambridge does not take part in first-class county cricket. There are also many players who have proved the truth of the old proverb

**A PROPHET IS WITHOUT HONOUR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY,**

for these men have had to move out of their native county in order to find a place in first-class cricket. Incidentally, when they look back on the records of some of the people who have thus moved, the various county authorities must feel like kicking themselves.

Of present-day cricketers, Philip Mead is second only to Jack Hobbs in the number of centuries he has made, yet there was a time when the officials of the Surrey club did not think Mead was worth keeping. In the long ago the famous left-hander was on the ground staff at the Oval, but, being unable to get into the team, he accepted an offer from Hampshire to qualify for them, and the result we all know.

Fred Root, a bowler who has come into real prominence during the present season, was born in Derbyshire, and he spent some little time on the staff of the county club. But they did not think as highly of him as they might have done, so he migrated to Worcester to prove their most consistent wicket-taker for many years.

I don't suppose Yorkshire have any regrets about the departure from their county of players for whom they could not find a place in their side, but the fact remains that there are several Yorkshiremen with other counties who would have been

### LOST TO THE GAME

if the rules had not made it possible for them to make a change and to play for other than the county of their birth. Among the Yorkshiremen playing elsewhere may be mentioned Bates and Bell, of Glamorgan, and Norman Kilner, of Warwickshire.

Andy Ducat, who has scored so many runs for Surrey, might have played for Essex if they had realised his worth. W. G. Quaipe, the grand old man of Warwickshire, was born in Sussex, and Walter Hammond, the Gloucester all-rounder, who has been so unlucky this season, was lost to Kent for the same reason. I have not exhausted the list of men who have migrated in order to win honour in cricket outside their native counties, but I have mentioned enough players to show it is just as well that a man is not entirely tied down to the county of his birth.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.



# JOHN BERRY HOBBS

*The Idol of English Cricket,*

who forms the subject of this week's amazing Free Gift.



been associated in more first-wicket partnerships which have booked a hundred or more than any other player, what need to dip farther into mere figures.

## ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS!

He has, so far as I know, the unique distinction among professional cricketers of having been the recipient of congratulations from the King of England. After he had knocked up his 127th century last season, and thus passed the record of W. G. Grace, "The King has heard with much pleasure," ran the message from his private secretary, "of your unique cricket achievement in beating the record of W. G. Grace, and also attaining a further record of scoring fourteen centuries in one season." That letter, it may be added, is the most treasured of all the wonderful collection of cricket mementoes possessed by Jack Hobbs. It is so long now since Hobbs became the leading figure in English cricket that it may be recalled that he

was born at Cambridge and started with the serious intention of being a bowler.

## A GIFT OF THE GODS!

"I never received an hour's coaching in my life," he has said, but although the quickness and ease of movement which make his batting so beautiful were the gifts of the gods, he had to work hard to develop into a first-class cricketer. As showing that county cricket authorities make tremendous mistakes at times, it may be mentioned that, after being recommended to the Essex County, he was turned down. Tom Hayward, whom Hobbs came near to worshipping as a boy, was instrumental in getting him an engagement on the ground staff at the Oval, and of course Hayward and Hobbs were later associated in some amazing partnerships. As to the secret of his success, perhaps, technically, it is to be found in that amazingly quick eye which enables him to see the ball a trifle earlier than the great majority of batsmen, and to frame his stroke accordingly. Hobbs himself says this, however, and herein is a lesson for every batsman: "I can honestly say that I have never allowed the thought of my average to interfere with my batting." To Jack Hobbs cricket is a sheer delight, and after we have said that he is the greatest batsman in the world, there is only one thing to be added: He has no superior in cricket as a cover-point.

IT would certainly not be easy to find a more difficult task than that of saying anything new about John Berry Hobbs. Scores of times he has been referred to as the idol of English cricket, as the greatest batsman the world has ever known, and so on and so on. One cannot even start on his record performances without getting into a hopeless mess and being compelled to use up much more space than is at our disposal. But when one merely mentions that he has scored more centuries in first-class cricket than any batsman in the whole history of the game, and has

## "CUP-THE-CRICKET!"

**"LANCS AND YORKS AT WAR!"**

(Thrilling Tussles in the Battles of the Roses.)

BEING all students of history, you will remember that much blood was shed before the Houses of York and Lancaster decided that in union lay strength. And so they ceased to fight each other and joined forces, fighting shoulder to shoulder against their mutual enemies. But the Battles of the Roses still continue.

Every Whitsuntide and every August holiday the fight begins, and the usual run is three days. Sometimes the red comes out victorious, and sometimes the white triumphs, while occasionally the order to cease firing is sounded ere the battle is finished. These wars of to-day, however, are fought on the green, closely-cropped cricket-field. No blood is shed, but it must not be imagined that the battle is any less strenuous on that account. It is merely fought in a different way. Swords are no more, and the only shots which ring out are shots for the boundary and shots for the wicket. After the Test matches, pride of place may easily be awarded to the annual holiday meetings of these great Northern counties.

## GRIM STRUGGLES!

How the spectators roll up to these games! Early on the morning of the match they begin to turn up at Sheffield, Bradford, or Old Trafford, as the case may be. By brake, tram, bus, and motor-car they come, with all the outward signs of enthusiasm which one usually associates with a football final. For the rest of the summer, Lancashire and Yorkshire are very dear pals, and are united in very close ties against the common enemy in the South, but for three days it is all Lancashire and Yorkshire—each county for itself and a fight to the end.

Nothing better illustrates the grim nature of these cricket cuppies than the remark which I heard a Yorkshireman

make recently. He was detailing his experiences of these contests. "They are exceedingly nice matches all through," he said. "All the players say good-morning before the start of the match, and then the only other words ever uttered by the players are 'How's that?'"

These great games between rival counties are affairs of long-standing. We have to go back as far as June 20th, 1867, to find a record of the first match at cricket between Lancashire and Yorkshire. That was, however, not an official game. The wicket was pitched at Whalley, near Blackburn, and the White Rose County won by an innings and fifty-six runs. This same year, 1867, the counties met on three occasions—at Whalley, at Manchester, and at Middlesbrough. Be it said, to the everlasting

credit of those early Yorkshire cricketers, they won the first five matches off the reel against the Red Rose.

## LANCS IN LUCK.

Many are the tales which could be told of the keenness of the struggles between these two counties, but the one at Leeds in 1924 ranks high among the most exciting. Here is the story of it as told by Frank Chester, who was an umpire:

"Yorkshire wanted only 58 to win in the last innings, but were rattled out in an hour for 33. I never saw anyone bowl as Dick Tyldesley did that day. Considering the grimness the Yorkshiremen had displayed in batting during the season one could scarcely believe one's eyes.

"But the wickets went down one after the other, until Dolphin, the Yorkshire wicket-keeper, and last man in, came out. He made a lunge at Tyldesley's delivery, missed it, and Duckworth, the stumper, swept the wicket over.

"Duckworth was so excited that he even forgot to appeal. He simply flung up the ball and shouted 'hurrah!' As a matter of fact, the appeal never was made, but Dolphin himself made straight for the pavilion. He was stumped by at least a foot, and he knew it."

There are no other two counties which fight out their games with such grim earnestness as the wearers of the Red and White Roses. Years ago there was an element of the keenest rivalry between Surrey and Notts, who have fought their battles on Bank Holidays, too, for many years. The players of the counties remain the best of pals, but, nevertheless, no quarter is asked for when once the men are out in the middle.

Given good weather, the three days' cricket which Yorkshire and Lancashire serve up is typical of how the game of cricket should be played. The game to the players is a game worth playing and worth winning. And always in the pavilion looking on will be found old stalwarts of both counties living over again the great fights of other days.



H. SUTCLIFFE (of Yorks fame).

# Leaving Nothing to Chance!

Some Striking Examples of the Australian Will-to-Win.

By MAURICE TATE.

(England's Brilliant Bowler.)

**D**URING the past year or two, my cricket has been very closely mixed up with Australians, and it will be understood that I tried specially hard to make up my mind as to why they have done so well. Different people might give different reasons for the success of our cousins on the cricket field, but so far as I am concerned, my most solid conclusion is that they owe a great deal to the fact that they leave nothing to chance; no legitimate stone is left unturned in order to secure victory.

## THE AUSTRALIAN MOTTO.

Some people may regard it as a matter for regret that the Australians enter upon their cricket in this most thorough, business-like way. Certainly it has a tendency to make their cricket of the more serious kind, but I don't see why there should be criticism of them on that score. The thing which is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and this is the Australian motto. Even if they could be persuaded that they ought to treat the game of cricket in a more light-hearted way, I very much doubt if they would do it, because, somehow or other this thoroughness seems to be a part of their make-up. They go into games heart and soul. They came to this country to retain the "Ashes." That was their objective; to that objective everything else had to come second, as witness the fact that wives were not allowed to accompany the players on the trip. Whether this was a wise move or not is not for us to discuss; it is just a sample of the attention given by our opponents to the little things.

## THAT DAY OF REST.

Here for a minute or two let me give you some other examples which point the same way; which show that the essence of organisation is the keynote. Take a glance at their fixture list for this present season. There you will find evidence of the business-like way the trip has been arranged. They have a full day's rest prior to the start of every Test match. We English cricketers feel that we are fit enough to bowl for our county one day, and to bowl for England the next day, but it is probably true that there would be just a bit more fire—"devil," if I may use the word—in our bowling, if we could all have at least one complete day's rest prior to the start of the Test matches.

## THE TALE-TALE CHARTS.

It has often been pointed out that the Australians seem to study, and consequently know, the methods of our batsmen better than we know the methods of their fellows. Perhaps I can let you into one of the secrets of this knowledge. When I was in Australia, I learned for the first time

that their scorer not only took a record of the runs made by our English batsmen, but he also took note of the way in which those runs were made. The scorer used to keep a chart on which were marked the scoring strokes of every English batsman in his various innings, and I believe this was also done during the last Australian tour in this country. There is little necessity for me to point out the value of those charts. They show at a glance, whether a batsman makes the majority of his runs in front or behind the wicket; whether he is stronger on the leg than the off-side, and so on. A wise and shrewd captain, like Mr. Collins,



MAURICE TATE  
A Wizard with the Ball.

can, by a close study of those charts, do something to scotch the favourite scoring strokes of the leading English batsmen. Perhaps there is to be found in these charts, the reason why, at times, it seems so frightfully difficult for English batsmen to get the ball through the well-placed field; the field placed specially "from information received."

## CARE OF THE COLT.

One of the most striking things which happened out in Australia during the last tour was the fact that for a colts' match in which we played, one fellow was brought on a ten days' journey by land and water to take part in the game. That may seem a

little thing; that a player should spend ten days going to a match, and ten days in returning to his home just for one trial game, but it is a fair sample of the thoroughness which is so characteristic of our opponents. The manner in which I got to know about this particular player was rather amusing. He had played very slow and careful when at the wicket in facing us, and at the end of the match I was chipping him about this. This was his very adequate reply: "When you have been brought a ten days' journey to play in a match you have to be careful you don't get out first ball."

## "MAKING" ENGLISH CONDITIONS.

Take another example of the same sort of determination to leave no stone unturned. My readers may remember that just before the players to make the trip to this country were chosen, the Australians arranged a trial match. On the day previous to the trial match the wicket was flooded in order that the conditions of the pitch should be something approaching what was most likely to be experienced in this country. I am afraid we don't go to those lengths at home here, and I am not even going so far as to say that we should copy the methods of the Australians in their entirety. But that flooding of the wicket is at least significant of determination to make every possible effort to get the best team.

## READY FOR EMERGENCIES.

And although I am not going to argue that we ought to copy the Australians' methods in every particular, there is one thing which they do, and which I think we might copy with advantage to our players. They always have an expert masseur in attendance whenever they are engaged in a big game. He is there to treat those tired and aching limbs—if there are any—in exactly the way they should be treated. Little aches, pains or sprains which the average Englishman would laugh at, perhaps, receive attention when an Australian gets them, and it cannot be denied that the men are likely to be all the more fit for the job in hand.

## LITTLE THINGS TELL.

A few weeks back, I noticed another little incident which shows the pains the Australians take over little things. The players were waiting for the pitch to get right after rain, but the time of waiting was not wasted. I saw Ellis, the reserve wicket-keeper, out on the practice field, and with him were two or three other Australian players. Ellis was at the wicket, and the others were throwing the ball to him time after time, as hard and as accurately as they could. A little thing? Of course. But if you put a heap of little things on top of each other they make up a lot and who will say that it is not the little things—the attention to every detail—which makes the difference between success and failure.

And wicket-keepers might take a lesson from Oldfield, the other Aussie stumper. Each day he takes care of his gloves by thoroughly inspecting them for any breakages. And always they are pliable and well kept. He knows that good wicket-keeping cannot be attained unless his gloves are thoroughly "comfy." It is said that Oldfield sleeps with his gloves on. This I can say—you can see them by his bedside.

Maurice Tate

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

## Pet Grounds of Popular Players!

What it means to feel  
"At Home."

IN racing circles there is a phrase which is constantly cropping up. It is "horses for courses," meaning that certain horses, for some perhaps unaccountable reason, almost invariably do well on particular courses. Now very much the same sort of thing applies to cricket. In the first place there are certain clubs which invariably do well against other particular clubs. In the old days, for instance, it didn't seem to matter how well Surrey were performing, or how indifferently Somerset were showing up in the county championship—when Somerset met Surrey they pulled out something special and often beat them. Surrey had very much the same experience

against Kent at Blackheath—which was a black heath indeed for the Ovalites.

And just as there are county clubs which do well against other clubs, so in the individual sense it is true in cricket that there are

### "HORSES FOR COURSES."

that certain players almost invariably do well on their pet pitches. Incidentally, this pet pitch idea is one of the things borne in mind by the selectors of the England team, and more than one so-called surprise choice is due to the fact that the selectors have noticed that the particular player has generally done well on the ground on which the Test match is being played.

By way of example, Percy Holmes, of Yorkshire, was chosen for the second Test match which was played at Lord's, and the decision to put him into the team was undoubtedly influenced by the fact that Lord's is, as he says, his favourite ground. When I tell you that Holmes' average for Lord's in his

last thirteen innings or so is bordering on

### ONE HUNDRED PER INNINGS,

you will not be surprised that he regards the headquarters of cricket as his favourite haunt. It was here that Holmes put up the wonderful score of 315 not out, against Middlesex last season.

Another Yorkshireman is also very happy in London, but he has another pet ground. Sutcliffe prefers the Oval. In this he is not specially noteworthy for some batsmen like the well-nigh perfect pitches which the groundsmen of the Surrey County Club prepares. Yet when you think that with one, or two appearances at the outside per season, Sutcliffe has made over 1,000 runs at the Oval, you will realise how happy he is there. Hendren is a greater batsman at Lord's than anywhere else, but in his case the partiality for the ground can be understood, as it is the place where he plays most frequently.

It is not easy to account for particular batsmen having their favourite grounds, except to say that once a man has done well at a place he is likely to go on doing well there, for the simple reason that he regards it as his lucky spot. When a man thinks he is

### ON HIS LUCKY GROUND

he bats with more confidence.

When we come to bowlers, however, there is a very proper explanation of why certain men have their favourite pitches. This is largely a matter of what is called atmosphere. You will remember that the performance which gained Fred Root so much fame in the early part of the present season against the Australians was done at Edgbaston, Birmingham. Now this is his favourite ground because the heavy atmosphere, due to much smoke from surrounding chimneys, makes it easier for him to give a more decided swerve to the ball than he can on grounds where the air is clearer, or "lighter" as we might put it. Barrett, of Notts, is not in the ordinary way, such a deadly bowler as he is at his "home" ground of Trent Bridge, because the conditions there just suit his style of bowling.

Maurice Tate likes Lord's, because that is the only place where he has done the hat-trick, but there are things which break-bowlers like better than any favourite pitch—it is that rain shall fall and be followed by hot sunshine.

## GRAND NEW LIMERICK COMPETITION!

### "BOUNDARIES"

FIRST PRIZE £2-2-0

AND 6 HANDSOME PRIZES OF 10/6

This is a simple, fascinating competition in which everyone can join. All you've got to do is to round off the unfinished verse shown on this page. A point to remember is that your last line must scan with the first two. Don't try and be too clever—a simple but forceful line is what is wanted. An example line is given to help you.

To the sender of the "last line" which, in the Editor's opinion, is the best, will be awarded the useful money prize of £2 2s. To each of the six next best, prizes of 10s. 6d. will be awarded.

#### DIRECTIONS.

When you have thought out a really good last line, fill in the coupon below, IN INK, taking care to write your name and address clearly, and post it to:

Magnet "Boundaries" No. 5,  
Gough House, Gough Square,  
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

so as to reach that address not later than Thursday, August 12th, 1926.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, but all efforts must be written on an entrance form as provided here. It is a distinct condition of entry that the Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Employees of the proprietors of the MAGNET may not compete.



JACK HEARNE.

At Lord's all cricket "fans" yearn  
To see the displays of Jack Hearne.  
When runs are required  
He's a player inspired—

Example last line:—  
In fact he's the County's "star turn."

### Answers to Correspondence.

F. Stainton (Ipswich).—Wilfred Rhodes has never failed to score at least one century in any one of his nineteen seasons in first-class cricket.

John Young (Woodford).—There has only been one hat-trick in Test matches in England, J. T. Hearne performing this feat at Leeds in 1899. Hearne's victims were Hill, Gregory, and Noble.

### MAGNET "BOUNDARIES" COMPETITION No. 5.

### FREE COUPON.

5

I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

LAST LINE .....

Name .....

Address .....

Closing Date, Thursday, August 12th.

## IN PERILOUS SEAS!

(Continued from page 12.)

"As it is, we've got to wait for them," said Harry. "Well, we're ready!"

All eyes were fixed on the approaching dhow.

The vessel had loomed up out of the shadows of the Arabian shore, and was steadily drawing towards the disabled steamer, and already dark faces and glittering eyes could be discerned on board, and a flash and glimmer of bare steel. It was possible that the dhow's crew were only casual birds of prey of the Red Sea, looking for loot; and the steamer's crew watched the approaching vessel with anxious eyes. The

It was the bark of Captain Casey's revolver that answered the Hindoo. But Nally Das was watchful, and he ducked in time. A loud yell rose from the crowded dhow.

"Now they're coming!" said the skipper grimly.

"Look out!"

"Back up, Greyfriars!" grinned Bob Cherry.

And as the dhow drove alongside the steamer, and dark savage faces and flashing blades swarmed along the rail, the deep voice of Colonel Wharton rang out in command.

"Fire! Fire!"

### THE NINTH CHAPTER.

#### A Fight for Life!

"FIRE!"

The crackling of the rifles followed the word.

A swarm of dark, savage faces, some with weapons gripped between the white teeth, poured on the

### A Small Reproduction of the Splendid CUT-OUT STAND-UP

Photo of



### C. G. MACARTNEY, Australia's Brilliant All-Rounder.

To make sure of it, order a copy of next week's "Magnet" NOW!

steamer's side, and hands clutched at every hold, nimble legs hooked over the rail like cats, or rather like panthers, the Red Sea pirates climbed and clambered to the attack.

From the bridge Captain Casey and his mate loosed off rapid revolver-shots, and Colonel Wharton's revolver rang still more rapidly. Harry Wharton & Co. stood together, firing with their rifles, which they had not expected to use before reaching the Indian jungles.

Crack, crack, crack, crack!

Almost every shot told on the throng of savage Arabs clambered over the side. Some of the Red Sea ruffians pitched forward on the deck, and lay groaning; others slipped back to the dhow, or dropped into the sea between the two vessels, and sank helplessly.

But the others clambered savagely on. Crack, crack, crack, crack!

The faces of the Greyfriars juniors were set hard; their eyes gleamed over the levelled rifles.

It was a new and terrible experience for them; but they were fighting for their lives now, and they did not falter.

There was no hesitation among the Famous Five. Steadily, as if they were at the range at Greyfriars, they pumped out bullets.

Wild and savage yells rose from the Red Sea Arabs, surprised, if not daunted, by that unexpectedly fierce resistance.

Probably it was not the first time that the savage crew hired by Nally Das had attacked and plundered some disabled vessel. Doubtless it was the first time that so fierce a resistance had been offered to their attack.

Near the bridge the attack faded away, the assailants fairly swept off by the raining bullets. Five or six who had gained a footing on board were rolling over and groaning. But forward, a bunch of them got over the rail, and then there was a rush of the crew to drive them back with axes and fire-bars. Iron and steel clattered and rang as the fight raged furiously, amid yells and shrieks and groans.

Overhead, the stars were fading out of the sky; a rosy flush was rising in the east; the desert hills of Arabia loomed dimly through the mists of the morning.

Nally Das, in the dhow, was shouting and shrieking to the Arabs. But they did not need urging on. Their own ferocity and thirst for plunder sufficed. A dozen of them had gained a footing forward, with brandishing scimitars; but the fire from the bridge was turned upon them—a rain of bullets that sweeps them clear.

The sun leaped up from the horizon, and it was day. Calmly the waves of the Red Sea rolled under the sunlight. But something like pandemonium was raging on the tramp steamer. Far away, across the waters, a blur of smoke marked the passage of some great steamer out of sight, out of hearing.

Wild and fierce the yells of the Red Sea pirates rang over the calm waters that shone in the sun.

"Go it!" panted Bob Cherry. "What price Greyfriars now? We're beating the rotters."

"The beatfulness is terrific!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Look out!"

There was a fresh desperate swarming of the Red Sea outcasts. Amid the whizzing bullets, five or six leaped recklessly on the bridge. But the fire swept

### ADD IT TO YOUR COLLECTION!

them away. Only one man reached the defenders, and Colonel Wharton closed with him and they went down together.

Wharton's heart throbbed.

He sprang forward to help his uncle, but the colonel, in the grasp of the savage, muscular Arab, was rolling over and over with him. Then suddenly the Arab came uppermost, and a long knife flashed in the sun over the colonel's upturned face.

Crash!

The butt of Wharton's rifle struck the Arab full in his dark, murderous face, and the man went rolling. He rolled to

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

## NEXT WEEK'S FREE GIFT!



captain and mate of the Fanny Jones had their revolvers in hand, and the whole crew were armed with axes or fire-bars, ready to beat back a boarding-party. Slowly, but steadily, like some stealthy animal, the dhow drew nearer and nearer to the steamer.

"Crowded with them," muttered Nugent. "Fifty men at least, I should say—long odds!"

"They're not on board yet, though," said Bob.

"Whether it's Nally Das or not, they mean mischief," said Harry Wharton. "Red Sea pirates—my hat! What would the fellows say at Greyfriars?"

"The esteemed Nally Das is there," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh quietly. "I can make out his worthy and disgusting face."

"There he is," agreed Bob. "No doubt about it now. And there's a white man beside him—I've seen that chap's chivvy before—"

"It's the Russian, Lazaroff—the man who shadowed us from Greyfriars, and was dropped at Calais," said Nugent.

"That's the man!"

Wharton half raised his rifle.

"We know what they want now," he muttered. "I could get that scoundrel Nally Das from here."

"We must not fire first, my boy," said the colonel. "There will soon be shooting enough, I think."

The dhow ranged up closer and closer to the steamer, till a biscuit could have been tossed from one vessel to the other. The dark face and gleaming black eyes of Nally Das were plainly visible to all now. He was staring at the steamer's deck, as if trying to pick out someone there. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh stepped up into view, and raised his dusky hand, and the kidnapper's eyes flashed at the sight of him.

"Huzoor!" he called out, his voice ringing clearly across the intervening water, in the still silence.

"Son of a dog!" answered Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Huzoor, you are my prisoner now," said Nally Das. "Is the colonel sahib there?"

"I am here, you scoundrel!" answered the deep voice of Colonel Wharton.

"Sahib, if the Nabob of Bhanipur is handed over to me, your ship shall be left unassailed, you shall all depart in peace!" said the Hindoo. "You may save many lives."

Crack!

the feet of Captain Casey, who stooped for a moment and shot him through the heart. The next instant the skipper's revolver was again pumping bullets into the thick of the assailants.

Harry grasped his uncle by the arm and helped him to his feet. The colonel panted for breath.

"Uncle!" panted Harry.

"My dear boy—you saved me! But fire—fire!"

The attack was falling back now.

The Red Sea Arabs, defeated, yelling with rage, dropped back into the dhow, or, missing their footing, into the sea. The savage attack had failed; the defence had been too stout for the rascals of the Red Sea.

But they were not allowed to go in peace. A rain of bullets followed them as they retreated, and dead and wounded ruffians cumbered the dhow as it pushed off from the steamer.

Bob Cherry clumped his rifle-butt on deck and wiped his perspiring brow.

"Our win!" he gasped.

"It was like the pit let loose!" muttered Nugent. "Thank goodness it's over!"

Crack, crack, crack!

Captain Casey was still shooting as the dhow floated clear. Nally Das could be seen, his dark face convulsed with rage, his clenched fist shaken in the air. But the dhow was fleeing now, and the plotting Hindu vanished with the rest.

Harry Wharton glanced along the deck.

A dozen of the assailants remained there, some still and lifeless, others groaning with their wounds. More than that number had fallen into the sea, and there were dead and wounded on the dhow as it fled. The Red Sea pirates had paid dear for their attack. And it had failed! Once more the cunning scheming of the kidnappers had been brought to nothing; once more the Nabob of Bhanipur had eluded his ruthless foes.

Wharton shivered a little.

Life was held cheap in the Red Sea, but the terrible sight was new to the eyes of the Greyfriars fellows.

"We're well out of that!" said Johnny Bull soberly. "If they'd succeeded in rushing us, you chaps, we should have been cut into little pieces. We've been lucky!"

"The luckfulness was terrific!"

Wharton looked at his watch. Wild and fierce as the fighting had been, savagely determined as had been the attack of the Red Sea pirates, the whole affair had lasted less than ten minutes. They had been terrible minutes for the chums of Greyfriars; still more terrible for the sea-ruffians who had followed Nally Das.

"I guess they'll give us a wide berth after this!" said Captain Casey, with a grim chuckle. "Clear the deck of that carrion, men!"

Colonel Wharton glanced quickly at the juniors.

"Go below, my boys," he said. "You have done your duty—done it well. Go below now. These scenes are not for you."

And the chums of the Remove were glad enough to go below.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Not Afraid!

"BUNTER!"

"Where's Bunter?"

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered in the cabin with grave faces. They had felt no fear; they had come through their terrible

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

ordeal with flying colours. But it was not easy to dismiss from their minds the thought that they had shot down men, though those men were only the savage, lawless prowlers of the Red Sea.

But they remembered Billy Bunter, and were glad of something to distract their thoughts from the scene of bloodshed.

"Bunter!" shouted Bob Cherry.

But there was no answer.

The juniors tramped through the cabin and the state-rooms looking for Billy Bunter, but they did not find him.

"Hiding somewhere," said Johnny Bull, with a sniff.

"He can't have scuttled down into the hold," said Bob. "Where on earth can he have got to? He—he can't have—" Bob's cheery face became very serious. Bunter had been left in a blue funk, and Bob wondered whether he might have jumped overboard in sheer fright.

"No fear! He's dodging somewhere," said Harry Wharton hastily. "He was frightened out of his silly wits. Let's search again."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob. "Look!"

In Bunter's room a great stack of bedclothes and mosquito-nets was on the floor, and Bob noticed that it moved a little.

The juniors gathered round.

They were grinning now.

William George Bunter, evidently, was hiding out of sight under that stack of bedclothes, unconscious of the fact that his terrified breathing imparted a motion to the heap that revealed his presence there. Bunter's concealing himself was somewhat on the lines of an ostrich burying its head in the sand. Certainly he would not long have escaped discovery had the Red Sea pirates captured the steamer.

"The fat idiot!" grinned Nugent.

Harry Wharton stooped to jerk the bedclothes aside.

There was a terrified yell from under the heap.

"Ow! I'm not here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mercy! I surrender!" yelled Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Evidently the Owl of the Remove was under the impression that the enemy had taken the steamer, and that he was being routed out by savage foes. Wharton jerked off his coverings.

Bunter scrambled wildly up and fell on his fat knees. In his terror he did not even see the Greyfriars juniors.

"Mercy!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I surrender! Yaroooooh! I say, you can take Inky if you like—he's somewhere else! I don't mind if you take him! Yooop! Let me off! Yaroooooh! Keep off, you beasts! Oh, dear!"

"Bunter, you fat idiot!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Eh?"

"It's us, you dummy!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked dizzily at the chums of the Remove. He seemed scarcely able to believe his eyes, or his spectacles.

"You!" he stuttered. "I—I say, you fellows—You!"

"Little us!" chuckled Nugent. "We're not going to eat you, Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter staggered to his feet.

"I—I say, you fellows! Where—where are they?"

"The giddy Arabs? Gone."

"The gonefulness is terrific."

"Sure?" gasped Bunter. "I heard a frightful row! I—I thought they'd taken the ship! Where have they gone?"

"A good many of them to the bottom of the sea," answered Johnny Bull, "and the rest are on the run."

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter.

It dawned on the Owl's fat mind that the danger was over, and that his terrors were a little belated, so to speak. He pulled himself together. The danger being over, Bunter was once more Bunter. Richard was himself again, as it were.

"Then it's all over?" he asked.

"Quite!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"And we've beaten them, what?"

"I like that 'we'!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "You had a fat lot to do with it, hadn't you, Bunter?"

Bunter blinked at the Famous Five.

"Well, you—you see," he stammered. "I—I—I was just coming on deck. I—I was just going to—to—to come, you know—"

"I don't think!" chuckled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"And you were willing to let them take Inky if they would let your fat carcass alone!" grunted Johnny Bull, in disgust.

"Not at all! You see, I—I—I—"

"The seefulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "and the gonefulness of the esteemed and ridiculous Bunter is also great."

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"Well, we've beaten them off," said Bob Cherry. "Now you can tell us what giddy deeds you would have done, Bunter, if you hadn't been afraid to do anything."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, I wasn't afraid," said Bunter.

"Bursting with courage, what?" asked Bob. "That's why you sneaked out of sight under that heap of bedclothes."

"The—the fact is—"

"Dear old man, we know what the fact is," said Bob. "The fact is that you're a howling funk, and you've been scared out of your wits—if any."

"The fact is—"

"The factfulness is perfectly clear, my esteemed funky Bunter."

"The fact is, I—I wasn't quite ready," said Bunter. "In another minute I should have been on deck. If you fellows think I was afraid, that only shows your low, suspicious minds."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Let 'em come back, that's all, and you'll see!" said Bunter valiantly.

"I've protected Inky before, and I will protect him again. Let those rotters come back, and I'll jolly well show you—"

There was a heavy tread on the cabin stairs.

"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Line up! Here they come!"

It was the tread of Colonel Wharton coming down to breakfast, as the Famous Five knew very well. But Bob Cherry's shout of alarm was enough for Bunter. He gave a howl of terror and dived back into his room and made frantic efforts to screen himself with the bedclothes on the floor. The bare possibility that the Red Sea pirates had come back, and that a ferocious Arab was at hand, caused all the fat Owl's

**ANSWERS**  
Every Saturday—PRICE 2s

new-found courage to evaporate all of a sudden.

"Back up, Bunter!" yelled Bob, while his comrades chuckled. "Bunter! Back up! Save us!"

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

He vanished under tangled sheets.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, what is all this?" asked Colonel Wharton, coming on the scene. "What is it? Where is Bunter?"

Harry pointed to the wriggling heap of bedclothes.

"Bunter heard you coming, sir, and seems to have mistaken you for a giddy Arab pirate," said Bob. "Perhaps I helped him to. Hem!"

The colonel smiled.

"Bunter!" he rapped out.

"Ow! Mercy!"

"You young donkey!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, recognising the colonel's voice through the heaped sheets. "Oh, dear!"

Bunter wriggled into view again, and almost squirmed under the steady eyes of the colonel.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I thought—" he stuttered.

"We know what you thought," chuckled Bob. "Now for brekker. That's where you come out strong, Bunter."

Bunter did come out strong at breakfast; his terrors had not impaired his appetite. Having disposed of nearly as much as all the Famous Five, Billy Bunter felt better. He blinked at his companions over the table when they had finished and were rising. Bunter had not finished yet—there were still eatables on the table.

"I say, you fellows, I'll bet I took you in!" he said.

"Eh?"

"Of course I knew they hadn't come back," said Bunter. "I knew you were pulling my leg, Cherry."

"Oh!"

"And I played up," said Bunter. "See? I'll bet I made you think that I was really scared! He, he, he!"

"You did!" grinned Bob. "And we still think so, you fat fraud!"

"The thinkfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh.

And Harry Wharton & Co. went on deck, leaving Bunter to continue his breakfast till the cook came and cleared the table, when even Bunter had to leave off breakfasting.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Touch and Go!

"WARM, isn't it?"

"Oh, dear!"

"The esteemed sunfulness is the boon and the blessing," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The Nabob of Bhanipur was alone in that opinion.

The dusky junior of Greyfriars basked in the sun, and his face was wreathed in cheery smiles.

Harry Wharton & Co. gasped for breath.

Billy Bunter, in a state of collapse in a deck chair, under the awning, simply moaned. Bunter hadn't energy enough left even to grouse.

The juniors had found the Red Sea hot, on the run down from Suez. Now it was hotter and hotter.

The day was calm, the sky was cloudless blue, the sun like a ball of fire, streaming down pitilessly on the sea. The Fanny Jones rocked helplessly in the lazy wash of the waves. Until help came, the tramp steamer was stranded

there, and all eyes watched the horizon eagerly for the smoke of a steamer.

They watched, too, for a possible return of the Red Sea pirates. Hour after hour had passed, and the blazing sun mounted to the zenith. Nothing had been seen of the Arabs since the dhow had fled after the defeat of Nally Das and his desperate gang. But Captain Casey's eyes frequently turned anxiously towards the low-lying shore of Arabia, to the east. Every creak and inlet might hide savage men, ready to gather to the plunder of a helpless vessel, like carrion crows. Given time, it is more than probable that Nally Das and his defeated crew would return with reinforcements, drawn by the hope of loot, and in such force that the end would be inevitable. The danger of the voyagers was by no means over.

But the Greyfriars fellows were thinking chiefly of the terrific heat, as they rested in deck-chairs, and gasped for air. Only the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur regarded the torrid blaze as a boon and a blessing.

The tramp steamer rocked and rolled, and the voyagers gasped for breath and watched the sea.

Harry Wharton noticed his uncle standing with his field-glasses to his eyes, staring shoreward. He rose to his feet.

"Anything on?" yawned Bob Cherry.

"I think so."

"Oh, my hat!" mumbled Nugent, "I hope there isn't going to be any more trouble while this heat is on. It's too hot for scrapping."



There was a terrified yell as Harry Wharton jerked off Bunter's bedclothes. The Owl of the Remove scrambled wildly up, and fell on his fat knees. In his terror he did not even see the chums of the Remove. "Mercy!" he roared. "I surrender! Yaroooooh! I say, you can take Inky if you like—he's somewhere else! But—yoop!—Let me off!" (See Chapter 10.)

Wharton shaded his eyes and looked towards the dim deserts of Arabia. A sail glimmered against the brown shore.

"It's an Arab craft of some kind," said Harry. "Possibly—"

"What a life!" murmured Bob.

"I—I say, you fellows!" moaned Bunter.

"Keep your pecker up, old fat man," said Bob. "No danger yet! I'll give you the tip when it's time to hide."

"Beast!"

The sail was creeping out from the shore. But there was scarcely a breath of wind, and the Arab craft moved slowly, hardly crawling over the shining water. The Famous Five rose to their feet, and watched it anxiously. If it was the enemy returning, they were ready to do their duty, disinclined as they were for exertion in the torrid heat. Another sail crept out of a rocky inlet, and then another.

Colonel Wharton's face was grim. "The enemy?" asked Harry, looking at his uncle inquiringly.

"I think so," said the colonel quietly. "It is likely enough that the word has passed along the coast, and if we remain here long enough, every thief and cut-throat in this part of the Red Sea will be gathering for their prey. This time—"

He paused. Only too well he knew that if the vultures of the Red Sea had time to gather in force round the disabled steamer, the fate of the voyagers was not in doubt. This time there would not be two or three score

of the savage outcasts to face, but probably hundreds and hundreds, and the Fanny Jones would be overwhelmed by irresistible odds. Harry Wharton understood in silence, and his face set, but he did not falter. Every face on the tramp steamer was grim now—even Billy Bunter ceased to gasp in the heat and blinked about him uneasily.

Colonel Wharton swept the horizon with his glasses, and a sudden exclamation broke from him, his bronzed face lighting up.

"A steamer—at last!"

"Hurrah!" gasped Bob Cherry.

A blur of smoke darkened the sunny sea to the north-west.

All eyes were fixed on it eagerly.

The smoke grew and darkened, blackening against the sunny sky. It was a steamer coming down from Suez, that was clear—it was the help the voyagers had waited for through the blazing day.

Bob Cherry whistled softly.

"It will be touch and go!" he murmured. "Look at those blighters—five or six of them now—seven!"

The tramp steamer's siren was shrieking; all eyes were fixed on the approaching steamer, visible now under the trailing smoke. From the rocky inlets of the Arabian shore, boat after boat had crept out, tiny in the distance, scarcely crawling on the breathless sea, but all creeping slowly towards the disabled ship.

Captain Casey stared at the distant Arabs, and stared at the oncoming steamer from the north. He grinned cheerily.

"With a good wind off shore, they'd get us," he said to the colonel. "Now we shall have half an hour to spare."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Nugent, "and we've been grumbling because there was no wind."

Closer and closer came the steamer from Suez, and signals were exchanged between the two vessels. All hands were busy now on the Fanny Jones—all faces bright with relief. The newcomer hove to, while a cable was run between the two vessels; and then went full steam ahead again, and the disabled tramp began, at last, to move. It was the long-desired "tow" at last, and the Greyfriars party were saved.

There was a general gasp of relief as the Fanny Jones began to glide through the water.

"We're moving!" chirruped Bob Cherry.

"Going—going—nearly gone!" grinned Nugent. "What a sell for Nally Das, if that rotter is yonder."

"The selflessness is terrific."

The tramp glided on, faster and faster, in the wake of the towing steamer. The Arab craft were left behind, but, bunched together on the sea like a flock of birds of prey, they followed on the track of the two steamers for some distance. But they were dropped below the horizon at last.

Bob Cherry shook Bunter by the shoulder.

"All serene now, fatty."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Buck up, old fat man. No more danger till we get into Inky's native jungles, among the Thugs and dacoits and tigers and things."

"If you think I'm afraid of Thugs and dacoits and tigers—"

"Not a bit of it, old bean, while we're at sea!" chuckled Bob. "When we get ashore among them, though, it may be a bit different. Still, you won't be afraid of Red Sea pirates when we get to Bhanipur."

Bunter detached himself from the deck chair and blinked around him. Only

burning blue sky and shining sea met his gaze. The last had been seen of the Red Sea Arabs.

"All right now," he said. "You can buck up, you fellows. Don't let a little danger rattle your nerves. Besides, it's over now."

"What?" ejaculated Bob.

"Blessed if I know what you've made such a fuss about," said Bunter.

"What's a little danger? We expected some danger when we started on this trip with Inky. Keep steady—that's the thing! You've got me with you, you know."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob, dazedly.

"Be a man, you know," said Bunter, encouragingly. "Like me you know."

And Billy Bunter rolled into his deck-chair again, brave as a lion now that all danger had disappeared below the horizon of the Red Sea.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Man Overboard!

"PERIM!" said Harry Wharton. "What's Perim?" said Bunter.

"It's a giddy island, in the middle of the Gate of Tears," said Bob Cherry. "Look, fathead."

"What on earth's the Gate of Tears?"

"The Arabs call it Bab-el-Mandeb, which means just that," said Bob. "It's the strait between Asia and Africa, at the giddy southern end of the Red Sea. We shall be out of the Red Sea at last."

"Oh, good," said Bunter. "I'm fed up with it, for one. I shall insist upon going home a different way."

"Perhaps you won't go home at all," suggested Bob comfortingly. "You may be gobbled up by a tiger at Bhanipur."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Or bitten by a cobra, or some other jolly old poisonous snake," said Bob. "There are cobras in Bhanipur, aren't there, Inky?"

"Lots, my esteemed chum!"

"Or stepped on by an elephant," continued Bob Cherry. "Inky's uncle, the Jain, goes travelling round on an elephant, just as you might buzz round in a taxi at home. Or there may be an earthquake. Are there any earthquakes in Bhanipur, Inky?"

"Lots and lots!" grinned the nabob.

"So don't worry about the homeward journey, old fat bean," said Bob. "There mayn't be any homeward journey to worry about."

Which did not seem to comfort William George Bunter, somehow. His fat face wore quite a concerned look. Now that he was drawing nearer to India, tigers and snakes and thugs and earthquakes were growing more real in Billy Bunter's fat imagination. And Bunter was only really valiant while danger was a long way off.

"Well, here we are at Perim," said Nugent cheerily. "Captain Casey will get his tail-shaft, or whatever it is, repaired here. And then for Aden—last stop before Bombay."

The Fanny Jones was towed into the harbour of Perim, the island which lies like a sentinel at the exit of the Red Sea.

During the days that the steamer remained there, while the repairs were going on, the juniors rambled over the little island, and explored the volcanic hills, and viewed the ancient water-tanks which long ago were supplied from Aden, and were shown the condensing apparatus by which water is now supplied on the island. The Famous Five found plenty to interest

them for a few days, and they were glad to acquire some knowledge of that little corner of the far-flung Empire to which they belonged.

Billy Bunter, however, found it more entertaining to adorn a long cane chair under an awning, and sip cooling drinks, and grumble at the heat. Colonel Wharton, with an eye to improving the knowledge of his young charges, gave them a history of the island one day, and told them how it was taken by the Portuguese in 1513, who named it Vera Cruz—a name still seen on old charts. And how later on it was a nest of pirates, who used it as a headquarters while they raided shipping on the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, and along the Arabian shores. Bunter dozed very comfortably during that little lecture, not being any keener on the acquirement of knowledge now than he had been in the Remove form room at Greyfriars. But at the mention of the pirates he opened his eyes and blinked through his big spectacles.

"Any here now?" he asked hurriedly.

The colonel smiled.

"No, Bunter!"

"Oh! All right!"

And Bunter dozed again.

Perim was left behind at last, and the Fanny Jones newly swept and garnished, as it were—plunged her bows into the waters of the Gulf of Aden.

The Greyfriars party were glad enough to get going again. The delay at Perim gave Nally Das ample time to overtake them, and they had no doubt that Baji Rao's agent was still on their track. Nothing had been seen of the Hindu kidnapper at Perim, however; and Harry Wharton & Co. wondered whether they would see anything of him at Aden.

The juniors were on deck when the steamer passed the lightship, and entered the shallow waters of the port of Aden.

A score of canoes came dancing over the waters towards the Fanny Jones, with one or two or three Somali boys in each of them. They paddled round the steamer, and waved their paddles to the passengers on deck, and shouted, grinning from ear to ear.

"Good boy! Have a dive!" they yelled in chorus.

Bunter blinked at them.

"What on earth do they mean?" he asked.

"They dive for coins," said Harry Wharton. "If you throw a coin into the sea, they will dive for it and bring it up."

"Gammon!" said Bunter.

"Fathead! It's a well-known thing at Aden," said Harry.

Bunter winked.

"You can't pull my leg, you know," he remarked. "I wasn't born yesterday. Of course, they couldn't do it."

"Ass!"

"My dear chap, I'm not to be taken in," said Bunter, with a grin. "You can't stuff me, you know."

"Look here!" said Bob.

Bob Cherry tossed a half-crown into the sea.

Instantly a dozen little, black and brown figures vanished into the water after it.

The juniors gazed down on the scene. For a moment or two the Somalis were out of sight, and then black frizzly heads dotted the surface of the sea again. A dark, grinning face looked up at the juniors from the water, with the half-crown held between shining teeth.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Bob.

"Good man!" said Harry. "Try

again!" And he tossed a coin into the water, and the Somalis dived after it.

"Well, my hat!" said Bunter. "That chap really got it, you know! Of course, I could do it myself!"

"I'll chuck in a five-pound note if you'll go in after it, Bunter," said Johnny Bull.

"Hem! You see—"

"And I'll make it a tanner if you'll stay there."

"Beast!"

Wharton's coin was soon brought to the surface by a grinning Somali. Billy Bunter went through his pockets for a coin. He remembered that he had a farthing about him, and he was willing to bestow that magnificent coin on the divers of the port of Aden.

"Watch 'em, you fellows," he said. "Rather a jest, when they bring up this, what?"

"Oh, draw it mild," said Bob. "Don't give them a farthing to dive for, you stingy boonder. That isn't a jest—it's a dirty trick!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Take this, my esteemed Bunter," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, and he handed the fat junior a half-crown.

"Fools and their money are soon parted," remarked Bunter, no doubt by way of thanks.

"My esteemed fatheaded Bunter—"

Bunter calmly dropped the half-crown into his pocket, and the farthing into the sea. Evidently Bunter did not believe in wasting money. His profit on that little transaction was two shillings and fivepence three-farthings.

But several of the Somalis dived after the farthing—perhaps thinking it was a half-sovereign!

Bunter leaned over the rail, grinning. He wanted to see the face of the lucky man who captured the coin. Bunter considered that the expression on the fellow's face would be worth seeing; Bunter having his own peculiar idea of a jest.

The black heads dotted the sea again, round the slowly-moving steamer. Bunter leaned further over the rail, grinning down at them. At the same moment, the Fanny Jones scraped on a mud-bank in the shallow water, and lurched.

"Look out, Bunter!" yelled Johnny Bull.

But the warning came too late; as the steamer lurched, the Owl of the Remove fairly flew overboard.

Splash!

"Oh, my hat!"

"Bunter!"

Billy Bunter was gone.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wet!

"MAN overboard!"

"Bunter!"

Harry Wharton threw off his hat and jacket, and leaped up on the rail. From the bridge Captain Casey shouted to him.

"Stop! Belay there, you young fool! There are sharks in these waters."

Wharton heard the warning shout, but he did not heed. He knew as well as the skipper that there were sharks in the Gulf of Aden. But the Somali boys risked the sharks to dive for coins from the steamers, and the captain of the Greyfriars Remove was not likely to hesitate when a life was at stake.

Bunter had come up a score of yards away, gasping and floundering. Bunter could swim a little in a swimming-bath; but in the sea he was helpless, and he was too scared to use even what little



Billy Bunter leaned over the rail and grinned down at the Somalis. At the same moment the Fanny Jones scraped on a mudbank and lurched. "Look out, Bunter!" yelled Johnny Bull. But the warning came too late; as the steamer lurched, the Owl of the Remove fairly flew overboard. Splash! (See Chapter 12.)

knowledge he had. His fat hands were tossed above the water, and a gurgling howl came from him, and then he went under again.

But with a few vigorous strokes Harry Wharton reached his side, and grasped him and dragged him up into the sunlight again.

"Groooogh!"

Bunter flung both arms round the Remove captain's neck and hung on desperately.

"Bunter!" gasped Wharton, struggling.

"Groooogh! Help! Oh dear! Help!"

"Don't drag me under, you fat idiot!" gasped Wharton. "Hold on! Oh, my hat! Ooooooh!"

Both heads went under the water as Bunter dragged him down. Wharton struggled to the surface again—how, he hardly knew. Bunter's strangling grip was still round his neck, dragging him down.

"Give me a chance, you fool!" panted Wharton.

"Groooogh! Ooooooh!"

Bunter only clung round his neck more desperately.

Thump!

There was nothing else for it if both were not to go to the bottom and sink into the mudbanks below. Wharton dealt the Owl of the Remove a heavy

thump, and Bunter's strangling hold was unloosened.

Then the fat junior was gripped by the back of the collar, and Wharton kept him afloat, with his fat face out of the water.

He did not need to shout for help.

Already Bob Cherry was in the water, and in a few seconds his grasp was also on Bunter. And five or six of the Somali canoes were gathering round the swimmers, with a jabber of excited voices.

Black hands grasped the three juniors, and they were dragged into a rocking canoe.

"Groogh!" gasped Bunter, as he collapsed into the bottom of the canoe. "Oooooh! Beast! Somebody hit me! Ow! Some beast pulled my hair! One of these dashed niggers lugged at my hair! Ow!"

"You frahjous chump!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Blow your silly hair! Did you want to be chewed up by a shark?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "Lemme get on the ship! You beast, this canoe ain't safe! Get me on the ship! You want me to be bitten by a shark—I know you do! Help, help, help!"

"Shut up!" gasped Wharton.

"Help!" roared Bunter. "Help! Sharks! Help!"

"For goodness' sake, get him on

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 761.

board!" gasped Bob Cherry. "He's making all these blessed darkies cackle. Shut up, Bunter! Remember you're a Greyfriars man!"

"Help!" roared Bunter, sprawling in the bottom of the canoe, and putting all his beef into it. "Sharks! Help!"

The canoe pulled for the steamer, and Billy Bunter was hauled on board, Harry and Bob Cherry clambering after him. Colonel Wharton tossed a handful of coins into the canoe for the Somalis. Bunter sat on the deck, streaming with water and still hardly convinced that he was safe from the sharks. It was true that no sharks had been seen, but they loomed terrifically large in Bunter's terrified imagination.

"Oh dear! Ow! I'm wet!" gasped Bunter.

"Not really wet?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically. "Did you expect to find the water dry?"

"Beast! I'm soaked!" howled Bunter. "I believe I'm injured, too! That shark grabbed at my leg—"

"What shark?" roared Bob Cherry. "Eh! Wasn't there a shark?" gasped Bunter.

"You howling ass! Lots—only there wasn't one anywhere near us in the water!"

"Well, I believe there was!" snorted Bunter. "I felt him grabbing at me! In fact, I saw the flash of his teeth—his tail struck me on the head, I received a fearful blow—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly owl!" said Harry. "I punched your silly head, so that you wouldn't drown both of us!"

"Why, you—you—you!" gasped Bunter.

"You had better go below and change your clothes," said Colonel Wharton, with a laugh.

"I'm hurt!" roared Bunter. "I've got a bruise on my napper! Ow! I'll jolly well punch your head for that, Wharton. Ow!"

"Roll him downstairs," said Bob.

"Beast!"

"You have not yet thanked my nephew for saving you, Bunter," said Colonel Wharton, somewhat sternly.

Bunter sniffed.

"Oh, I wasn't in danger!" he said. "I'm a splendid swimmer!"

"You didn't swim a stroke, you fat owl!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Best swimmer at Greyfriars, and chance it!" said Bunter. "I should have been all right, if Wharton hadn't

interfered. Blessed if I know what he butted in for. Grabbing hold of a fellow like that—and thumping him on the napper, too! I might have been drowned, Wharton, owing to you! Next time I fall into the water, you jolly well leave me alone, see?"

And Billy Bunter rolled away to change his clothes, leaving the captain of the Remove staring.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### India at Last!

**A**DEN was left behind, and the Gulf of Aden, and the steamer glided over the shining waters of the Arabian Sea. The island of Socotra was passed, the first land to be seen before the shores of India should rise into view. Northward of the gliding steamer, though far out of sight, were the mountains of Afghanistan; southward, the far-stretching waters of the Indian Ocean.

Day after day the steamer glided on steadily eastward, and the Greyfriars party drew nearer and nearer to the shores of Hindustan. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's dusky face was bright with anticipation. To the dusky nabob it was a home-coming; to his comrades it was an adventurous journey to a dim and mysterious land, a land where all things were new and strange. They felt their hearts beat faster as they drew nearer and nearer to the gateway of the mysterious East.

"Bombay to-morrow!" said Colonel Wharton, when the juniors turned in for their last night on the steamer.

And in the morning Harry Wharton & Co. were up at dawn, eager to catch the first glimpse of Hurree Singh's native land.

A thick haze overhung the sea; the steamer glided on through it. India was still hidden from sight. Behind that belt of haze lay the land of swarming dusky millions.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's eyes strained through the haze. The look was on his face that might have been on the faces of Harry Wharton & Co. at the sight of the cliffs of Dover, after a long absence. He smiled at his comrades.

"The haze will clear as the sun rises," he said. "Then you will see—India!"

"And Bunter's missing it," said Bob Cherry. "I think a fellow ought to go and root Bunter out. He oughtn't to miss the first blink at Inky's jolly old native land!"

And Bob went down to call Bunter. The Owl of the Remove was still snoring peacefully. Probably the fee-simple of all India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, would not have induced Bunter to turn out early of his own accord. But there was help at hand. A vigorous shake brought Bunter out of the land of dreams, and destroyed for ever a beatific vision of the tuckshop at Greyfriars and unlimited jam-tarts.

"Groogh!" Bunter awoke suddenly.

"Beast! 'Tain't rising-bell!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Wake up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Brekker ready?"

"Blow brekker! We're going into Bombay Harbour—"

"What?"

"First sight of India!" roared Bob.

"Turn out, or you'll miss it!"

Billy Bunter sat up in his bunk, and fixed a glare of concentrated ferocity on Bob Cherry.

"You—you—you silly chump!" he gasped. "Mean to say you've woke me up for that?"

"Yes, you fat duffer. Turn out!"

"You—you—" gasped Bunter.

He grabbed his pillow and swiped at Bob Cherry. There was a howl from Bob as he caught the pillow with his features, and sat suddenly down. All Bunter's wrath and indignation were put into that terrific swipe.

"Oh!" spluttered Bob.

"There!" gasped Bunter. "Now let a fellow sleep, you silly idiot! You can call me when brekker's ready. Yah!"

"Why, you—you—"

"Gimme that pillow, and clear!"

Bob Cherry gave Bunter the pillow. He gave it to him with both hands, three times, and each time there was a frantic yell from Bunter. Then Bob hurled the pillow at him, and went back to the deck. It was some minutes before William George Bunter could compose himself to sleep again.

The sun was up now, gleaming through the haze. Like a curtain that is drawn, the haze rolled back under the powerful blaze of the sun, and the mainland of India loomed under rosy light.

Hurree Singh's dark eyes danced.

"India, my esteemed chums!" he exclaimed. "India!"

"Jolly old India at last!" said Bob.

Ships, and ships, and more ships, and great white buildings shining from the shore in the sunlight. The juniors gazed and gazed, Hurree Singh with shining eyes. The steamer was still at last, in still waters. The throb of a motor-launch caught the ears of the juniors. They glanced down as it glided swiftly by from another steamer. Bob Cherry caught Wharton's arm and pointed.

"Look!"

In the motor-launch sat a Hindu; his black, glinting eyes looked up as the juniors looked down. They flashed with recognition.

"Nally Das."

The Hindu half rose, and then sank back into his seat; the launch shot onwards, and he vanished. But the Greyfriars fellows had seen their enemy, and he had seen them. On the mainland of India they knew that they were to meet him again.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood at the gate of the East. Many perils lay behind them, but before them lay many more, many and terrible.

THE END.

(Make sure you read the next magnificent yarn in this splendid series, entitled: "HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN INDIA!" It's a top-notch, chums!)

## OUT ON FRIDAY—TWO NEW NUMBERS

of the

## SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY

No. 33—"THE SCHOOLBOY ACTORS!"

A Rollicking Yarn of Greyfriars.

By the celebrated FRANK RICHARDS

□ □ □

No. 34—"THE SNEAK OF ST. JIM'S!"

A Powerful Yarn of Tom Merry & Co.

By famous MARTIN CLIFFORD

□ □ □

MIND YOU READ THEM BOTH!

On sale at all newsagents.

4d. per vol.



**THE OPEN DOOR!** The thought of liberty is too much for Tommy Comber. Clear of the Bellerophon freedom stereotypes in the face, and he determines not to let the chance slip through his fingers!

# CURLEW ISLAND



by **David Goodwin**

This famous author's latest serial  
and his best!

(Introduction on page 24.)

## Rammed!

IT was nearly a mile back to the Bellerophon, and already they had covered half the distance, pulling straight across the river. The boys had their backs to her, of course. Tommy, as he rowed, was facing towards the Kent shore, and he looked up and down to see which way Chuffer's boat was heading; he guessed she would make for Gravesend.

To his surprise, he found he could see nothing of her. Ten minutes earlier she had been in full view, but now she was invisible. And the Kentish shore was invisible, too, and Mr. Kellman was looking about him anxiously.

"Quicken up, stroke!" he ordered. "Pull hard, boys. Here's the blessed fog down on us!"

Fog it was. The weather had been getting hazier, but now one of those white fogs that spring up so suddenly on the Lower Thames was drifting over the river like a veil, rolling up from the flat marshlands and blotting out everything.

Tommy quickened the stroke, and the boys pulled like machines, though they were getting tired now. The fog was no business of theirs, and they didn't care. But it was awkward for Mr. Kellman. The Bellerophon was out of sight now, and there was no compass in the boat.

Clang, clang, clang!

It was the Bellerophon's old brass bell. She was ringing it to guide the boats home; for one of the cutters was still out as well as the whaler, Kellman was steering for it as well as he could.

But sound is a very deceptive thing in a fog. It seems to be coming from in front, and behind, and all ways.

Tommy had been expecting the mist. He knew the river like a book, and though it had been bright and calm when they started, he guessed it was just the sort of day that would probably come up thick and hazy before evening, though he hadn't reckoned on anything as thick as this. They could hardly see fifty yards in any direction now. It was like white cotton-wool all round them, wet and clammy, and steam-whistles and bells were sounding in all directions.

Fog on the lower river is uncommonly

dangerous, especially when it comes on suddenly. The traffic is so thick and there is so little room that collisions frequently happen.

Tommy could hear the beating of steamers' propellers; two of them, at least, if not three ships were close by. The steamers were hooting with their sirens, sailing vessels and barges were blowing small fog-horns, making noises like the bleating of lost goats, and all the vessels at anchor were ringing bells, for fear something should run into them. Somewhere close by a bargeman who had not got any bell was beating a frying-pan with a spoon. Through all this racket the Bellerophon's bell, with its harsh, clanging note like a school-bell, could be heard plainly.

"I wish something'd sink her before we got back!" muttered Joe Slade, as he pulled away wearily at the bow oar.

Suddenly Tommy heard another sound close by, and coming nearer.

Flap, flap, flap, flap, flap!

He knew what that was. Some great steamer with no cargo in her hold was feeling her way along, and her hull was so high and light that half her propeller was out of the water; its blades were flapping and thrashing up the foam as it churned round and round. Then the steamer's siren hooted with a tremendous noise, sounding as if it were right overhead, though nothing could be seen.

Whoo-oo! Wupp!

"She's mighty close!" said Kellman, standing up and looking round anxiously. He shouted, and voices were heard shouting in reply.

"In oars!" yelled Kellman suddenly, shoving his tiller hard a-port. "Gosh! She's right on top of us!"

A huge, towering great bow loomed through the fog like a moving castle.

Crash!

The steamer's thirty-foot iron stem hit the whaleboat a terrific blow, crushing in her side and heeling her over. There was a chorus of yells, and Tommy found himself flung into the water.

Down he went, down and down, deeper into green darkness, the water thundering in his ears. Then he struck out with all his might.

He did not even try to come up; he

held his breath and kept under as long as possible, swimming with all his might. He had no fear of the water, and was a good swimmer; what he was scared of was being cut up by the ship's huge propeller, and he went straight downwards like a seal. He kept on till his pulses were beating and his lungs nearly bursting. Then he shot to the surface and took in a great gulp of air.

The steamer was already vanishing. She did not seem to be even trying to stop. He saw her huge hull fading out in the fog. The water was tossing and foaming with the wash thrown up by her screws.

Tommy trod water and looked round him. He couldn't see anything of the whaler or her crew. The next moment he caught sight of a blue jacket rolling and floundering in the water a dozen yards away. It went under and came up again.

It was one of the boys from the whaler, and he was in difficulties, either he was injured, or he couldn't swim. Tommy struck out towards him with all his might, reaching him just as he went under again. Tommy ducked down and grabbed him, bringing him to the top with an effort.

## Any Port in a Fog!

"GOT you! Hold up! You're all right!" panted Tommy. And he caught sight of the boy's face. It was Joe Slade.

"Don't catch hold o' me, or you'll drown us both!" cried Tommy. "Ain't such a fool!" spluttered Joe feebly.

"Good for you, kid!" said Tommy, turning round. "Get your hands on my shoulders, an' kick out with your legs, if you can. I'll do the swimmin'!"

Joe seemed dazed and stupid, but he supported himself with a hand on Tommy's shoulder, while his chum struck out as well as he could, swimming across the current to try and reach the invisible shore. It would be touch and go if they reached it. Tommy's clothes, full of water, were weighing him down like lead.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

"Where's the boat?" gasped Joe.  
 "Dunno! Gone under, I'm afraid. Hope the steamer's pickin' them up. Can hear some of them shouting."

He thought he could hear Kellman's voice. There was a lot of noise and splashing somewhere away in the fog. Tommy had all he could do to keep himself and Joe afloat. He knew that if he was not picked up soon it would be all over with them both. He could not reach the shore with a double load.

Then a black shape loomed up through the mist; it was a lighter lying at anchor, the current swirling swiftly past her.

"Barge!" gasped Tommy. "Barge ahoy!"

There was no answer. The lighter was empty, and nobody was on board. Tommy feared he would be swept past by the tide before he could get to her. But Joe was helping him now, swimming with one arm and easing Tommy of his weight as much as he could.

They managed it, getting hold of the lighter's anchor-chain in the nick of time. Neither of them said anything till they had got their breath.

"Tommy, old man, you've saved my life!" spluttered Joe gratefully. "I was done!"

"Can't you swim?"  
 "Me? I can swim like a duck. But I got a welt on the head when the boat went over, an' it knocked me silly. I'm better now. What's become of the others?"

"I hope they're all right, poor beggars. I wouldn't want even old Kellman to get done in. Don't believe the steamer stopped for them; she went right on. Maybe she never knew she hit us, and they wouldn't find us in the fog, anyway."

"Look there!" exclaimed Joe. "They're all right!"

The fog thinned a little and gave them a glimpse of the whaleboat some way off, floating bottom upwards, with several figures clinging to her, but so blurred and hazy that they could hardly be made out. Then the fog rolled up and blotted them from view again.

"Kellman's there!" said Joe, and there was more shouting and the splashing of oars. "Listen! That's the cutter! She's found 'em! She'll pick them up in a minute! Give 'em a hail and let 'em know where we are."

"Don't do anything of the sort!" said Tommy. "Keep your mouth shut! Can't we get aboard this craft somehow? There ain't nobody on her."

Tommy Comber soon found it was impossible to get on to the lighter.

She was empty, and her sides were so high that the rail was out of reach, and there was nothing to get hold of to pull himself up by, unless he could climb up the anchor-chain. But the lighter's bow overhung, and as soon as Tommy began to heave himself out of the water his clothes seemed to weigh a ton, and, active though he was, he found he could not manage to climb. Besides, the soon saw it was useless. An anchored lighter was no good to him.

"Joe," said Tommy between his teeth, "I'm goin' to swim for it! I'll get ashore somehow!"

"What?"  
 "Can't you see, you ass? We'll never get such a chance again! If we make the shore in this fog we can bolt for it—get right away an' hide! They won't know where we are. They'll think we're drowned."

"So you will be drowned!" said Joe.  
 "You'll never make the land with this

tide runnin'! You dunno which way to go. You can't see anything."

"I'd as soon be drowned as go back to the Billy. I'm going to chance it! Joe, old man, can't you see it? Clear of that beastly ship—freedom again! Isn't that worth a risk?"

"By gum, yes!" exclaimed Joe. The shock of the collision and the ducking had dazed him, but now he was as excited as Tommy. "We might get right away!"

"Come on, then! I'll hold you up!"

"You don't need to. I'm all right now. I can swim as well as you. Which way?"

"Keep goin' straight across the run of the tide, an' we're bound to make the bank somewhere. Follow just behind me."

"Shove off, then!" said Joe. Then he gave a sudden groan of dismay. "By gosh, it's too late! Here comes the cutter!"

The splashing of oars sounded nearer, and a dim shape loomed through the mist sixty yards distant. It was the big rowing-cutter, sure enough. She had picked up Kellman and the crew of the whale, and was now scouring around looking for Tommy and Joe Slade, the officer in charge shouting at the top of his voice in the hope of an answer. He had not yet sighted the lighter and the two boys, but he was steering in their direction.

Tommy gripped the anchor-chain and ducked down like a water-hen, with only his mouth, nose, and eyes above the surface.

"Tommy!" said Joe hoarsely.

"Yes?"

"We can't both do it now. They'll spot us in a tick. I'll let 'em take me, while you get away. Get round the lighter an' swim for the shore while they're pickin' me up. I'll fool them. They won't know where you are. Off you go!"

#### WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.

**TOMMY COMBER**, a bright young lad of fifteen, who assists his uncle,

**JOSEPH COMBER**, an experimenter, living on Curlew Island, a desolate stretch of land situated in the Thames estuary. "Nunks," as Tommy affectionately calls his uncle, invents a powerful explosive which he names "Comberite," and which he confidently expects will bring him fame and fortune. Of the latter Tommy is naturally promised a big share. Tommy's only other relation is

"CHUFFER" FOSS, a half-cousin, and a rotter of the first water. In a set-to with Chuffer, Tommy proves that he can use his fists to good effect, with the result that Chuffer leaves the island swearing vengeance.

By a stile that night, Tommy is dreaming of the good times in store, when he is pounced upon by two unknown assailants and stunned. The miscreants then attack the inventor, whom they murder and rob, covering up their tracks by planting some of the stolen cash on Tommy's person. Tommy regains consciousness, but his mind is a blank. He meets **DAN BENNETT**, an old chum at Gravesend, and the two boys have a merry time. That evening, however, Tommy is arrested, and to his amazement and horror is charged with the murder of his uncle Joseph Comber.

Not satisfied with the evidence put up by Foss, however, the jury acquit Tommy on the graver charge. But of theft he is found guilty and sentenced to three years' detention aboard the reformatory ship *Bellerophon*. Later, he is piling hard in one of the ship's whaleboats when he hears the sneering laugh of Chuffer Foss coming from a passing sailing boat. Pulling with all his might, Tommy swings the whaler's bow round and hits the craft amidships, precipitating the bully into the water. Of the punishment which will follow Tommy worries not at all. He has got one in against Foss, and that's all that matters!

(Note read on.)

"I can't do that, Joe!" gasped Tommy. "Let 'em take both or neither!"

"Go on, I tell you! I don't care. You're innocent—you told me so, an' I believe you. I'm a thief, an' I've only six months to serve and you've got three years. Get behind the barge, and I'll put 'em off the track!"

And before Tommy could stop him, Joe had left the chain and struck out towards the blurred shape of the approaching boat, shouting at the top of his voice.

"Cutter ahoy! Help, here—help!"

Tommy instinctively dodged back behind the lighter.

For a moment he was quite overcome. There was a lump in his throat. Joe was sacrificing himself to give him a chance of escape. He felt he would have to give himself up, too.

Still, what was the use of both of them getting caught? It would do Joe no good. The thought of liberty was too much for him. It might be a slim chance, but he would never get one like it again.

He shoved off from the side of the lighter and struck out across the tide, keeping the vessel between him and the cutter. As he swam with all the speed he could muster, he heard the splashing and noise made by Joe as the cutter picked him up.

If he got away he would certainly owe it to Joe Slade. By the time he had left the lighter well behind, the cutter was out of sight in the fog. There wasn't much doubt they would have been seen and captured if both of them had made a dash for it. Another second or two and the cutter's officer would have seen the pair of them on the anchor-chain. They had got Joe Slade by this time. They would ask him if he had seen anything of Tommy. And though everybody ought to tell the truth, Joe was no George Washington. He would be quite likely to tell them that Tommy was drowned.

After he had been swimming steadily for about ten minutes, Tommy began to think it would be no lie if Joe did say so. He was getting more and more exhausted, and there was no sign of the shore. For all he knew, he might be swimming in the wrong direction and heading for the Kent shore a mile away. All he was sure about was that he could not keep up more than another minute. A cold, clammy breeze was blowing through the fog, but it was as thick as ever.

Suddenly he heard a hoarse voice.

"There's somebody in the water! I can 'ear 'im splashing!"

Another voice answered, telling the first speaker not to be a fool, and adding a string of oaths. Tommy had heard language like that before. He guessed there were barge-men somewhere close by. A moment later the great red mainsail and topsail of a sailing-barge broke through the fog, her black hull surging along slowly and steadily.

"Hi! Help! Lend a hand!" gasped Tommy.

It was a case of any port in a storm—or a fog. He managed to reach the barge. Then a pair of hands grabbed him, and he was heaved in over the side, where he collapsed on the deck, panting for breath.

"Thankee!" gasped Tommy. "I'm much obliged! Was pretty near done!"

"Ain't nothin' to thank me for," said his rescuer. "We're always pullin' some rubbish or other out o' the river. Wot was you doin' sloshin' around loose, like a water-beetle on its back, givin' folks the trouble o' pickin' you up?"



quelch ! The mop took the skipper of the barge full in the face ; he staggered sideways, losing his balance, and Tommy Comber swung the mop round like a club and took him neatly on the side of the head. (See page 26.)

Tommy recovered himself a bit, and sat up and looked at the crew of the barge. There were only two of them—it never takes more than a couple of men to handle a sailing-barge—and one of these was not much more than a boy. He was about eighteen, big-built and red-headed, very dirty, and dressed in dungaree trousers, jersey, and rubber boots. It was he who had pulled Tommy aboard. He would never have won a prize at a beauty-show, but handsome is as handsome does, and Tommy could not have felt more grateful to him if he had been as pretty as Mary Pickford.

The other hand was the skipper, who stood at the tiller steering—a fat man, so ugly that evidently he was the boy's father as well as his captain. They were very much alike, except in bulk, and the skipper's large nose was a fine fiery red, like his son's hair.

"I was in a boat that got cut down by a steamer," said Tommy. "Rotten luck, 'asn't it—I mean, till I fell in with you. If you'll put me ashore, wherever it is you're bound for, I can get home all right."

The mate and the skipper were both staring hard at Tommy.

"Think you can kid us?" said the mate. "You're one o' them convict cubs off the Billy Rough 'Un! And you're givin' 'em leg-bail, eh?"

#### The Escape !

"I WOULD scorn to deceive you, I might tell you that I'm from the St. Luke's Orphan School and lost my way in the fog, or a Boy Scout that's fallen out of

an aeroplane, but I suppose you mightn't believe me. The clothes give me away, don't they? Yes, I'm a stray from the Billy Rough 'Un, and that's the plain fact. She's a rotten ship, and I don't want to see her again. And being sailors, I know you'll do a poor chap a good turn and let me get ashore somewhere where they won't find me."

"That's the idea, is it?" said the skipper. "All right. Got any money to pay your passage?"

"Haven't a cent," said Tommy; "but you ain't the sort to kick a fellow when he's down. If you don't like my company, captain, just sheer your ship in towards the shore so we can see where we are, and I'll swim for it again."

"Certainly," said the skipper, and he gave a swift wink to his son. "Ready about, Bill! Handle your fore-sheet! Round with her!"

He put his helm down, and the barge swung right round and went off on a new course.

In spite of the fog, the bargemen seemed to know where they were. Bargemen always do.

"Don't you fret, kid," said the skipper, smiling greasily. "Ain't no need for you to swim any more. We'll take you where yer want to go."

"It's jolly good of you," said Tommy gratefully, "and I won't forget it. What's the name o' your barge?"

"The Barking Creek. Cap'en Adams, o' Chatham."

"It's true I haven't a halfpenny on me now," said Tommy, "but if I get right away it won't be long before I've all the money I want. Now, perhaps you won't

believe this, cap'en Adams, but I give you my word that as soon as ever I've got it I'll send you fifty pounds to Chatham Post Office, care of the barge, Barking Creek, an' you won't be sorry you picked a stray kid out of the water and gave him a chance when he needed it bad."

"Well done, kid!" said the skipper, twitching his red nose. "That's your sort! Fifty quid, eh? Can't you make it a 'undred?"

"I'll make it a hundred if you'll land me at Erith and give me a suit of old duds, so I'll stand a better chance of getting clear."

"Haw, haw, haw!" chuckled the skipper. "You're a brainy kid, sure enough. 'Tain't a bad idea. What d'ye say, Bill? Shall we land him at Erith and lend him a pair o' your old trousers and a jersey?"

"Sure!" grinned Bill. "A hundred quid's worth havin'. We might lend him five bob for his train fare, too."

"You go down below to the cabin, my lad," said the skipper to Tommy. "You'll be out o' sight there in case anybody sees us. No use takin' chances."

But Tommy did not go below. It sounded all right, but he did not like the look of Captain Adams or his son. He was watching the barge's course. He noticed that she was not steering across the current, as she ought if she were making for Erith. She was sailing straight up-stream before the wind and against the current, and was going back by the same way as she had come. Now he could hear the deep clanging of a bell again, and it was evidently quite close.

Tommy leaped to his feet.  
"By gosh, that's the Billy's bell!" he cried. "You've sold me!"  
"Down him, Bill!" said the skipper to his son.

Bill dashed at Tommy as he was making for the side to leap overboard again, and with a savage blow on the side of the head sent him sprawling. Then he flung himself upon Tommy as he lay on the deck.

"Make him fast, Bill! Lash a rope round him!" said the skipper. "There's a reward o' five pounds for takin' any o' them boys back if they run away!"

"I know that as well as you do," said the mate, kneeling on Tommy and reaching for a rope. He grinned maliciously into the face of his prostrate victim. "Thought you'd fool us with all that guff about fifty quid, did yer? Fifty stripes laid across your young back is more like it, when they get yer aboard the Billy agen! I reckon you're cheap at five quid! Lie still, you little beggar!"

Tommy did lie still. He had been knocked out so suddenly that he could do nothing else. He struggled for a moment, but Bill's big hand on his throat quieted him.

"Bellerophon ahoy—ahoy!" shouted the skipper.

"Ay, ay!" answered a voice from the fog. It came from the Bellerophon's watch officer.

"This here's the barge, Barking Creek. We got one o' your boys aboard—caught him trying to escape."

"Well done! Bring him here! Lay your vessel alongside!" cried the officer's voice sharply, and there was a shouting of orders and a sound of running feet.

Bill had got hold of the end of a coil of rope to bind his prisoner with. He meant to take no chances of losing him. Tommy made no resistance, but let himself go perfectly limp, his knees drawn up under him. The mate felt his prisoner's muscles relax, and for a moment loosed his own hold as he passed the rope under him.

Then Tommy's legs shot upwards with all the force he could muster, and his knees took Bill fairly in the belt, lifting him right backwards.

"Ouch!" gasped the mate with a stifled shriek, and collapsed on the deck,

hugging himself round the middle, with the wind knocked out of him.

Tommy bounded to his feet like an indiarubber ball. The skipper, with a roar of rage, left the tiller and rushed at him. Tommy grabbed a mop that lay under the rail and met him half-way.

Squelch!

The mop took the skipper full in the face. He staggered sideways, losing his balance, and Tommy swung the mop round like a club and took him neatly on the side of the head. The skipper went sprawling across the cabin-hatch, his legs waving in the air as he fell over the far side of it.

Tommy made one dash for the tiller and swung it right over, shooting the barge up into the eye of the wind, so that her sails flapped helplessly. Then he rushed aft, and in less than a couple of seconds he had untied the rope painter of the boat that was towing astern. He hauled the boat up and took a flying leap into her.

Before either of the bargemen were on their feet again the boat was drifting rapidly away on the current.

Bill and his father cursed and dashed about the decks of the barge, hauling the sheets and working the tiller to get her round to go in pursuit. But the Barking Creek wouldn't obey the helm. She had lost her way through the water when Tommy shot her up into the wind, and now she was "hanging in stays" and refused to come round on either tack till they got the long sweep-oars out to pull her head over. By that time Tommy and the boat were nearly out of sight.

"Hi!" roared the skipper frantically. "Bellerophon! Ship ahoy! That there boy's knocked my mate down an' gone off with the boat! Get after him, quick! I can't do nothin'. He's pinched my boat!"

"What did you let him do it for, you silly fat bellowing beggar!" roared the unseen officer on the Bellerophon. "Call yourselves bargemen, and you let one wet kid make hay of you! Boat's crews there—man the gig! Away the cutter! Get after him, quick; it's C 73 got loose in a barge's boat! Search down stream for him! Bo'sun, land a search-party at the jetty and spread out after him in case he gets ashore!"

Whistles were blown, and there was tremendous energy on the Bellerophon. Tommy could hear the racket they kicked up, but he was paying no attention to it; he had troubles enough already. The first thing he did on finding himself adrift in the boat was to hunt for the oars.

There were no oars! They were on the deck of the Barking Creek, which was now out of reach and out of sight. There was not as much as a boat-hook or a paddle.

"Gosh! I'm up against it now!" exclaimed Tommy.

For a moment he had thought a really good chance was in his way at last. With a boat and a pair of oars he might have got right away in the fog. Now he could only drift wherever the boat happened to take him. And that wouldn't be for long.

He could hear the splashing made by the Billy's gig and cutter as they were manned and came chasing away through the mist. He couldn't see them yet, but it would be great luck if they didn't find him. The Barking Creek would be hunting for him, too.

And away to the left, where the

shore was there was distant noise of shouting. The landing-party was there already. Tommy was between the devil and the deep sea. The only thing still in his favour was the fog. And even that was getting clearer and thinner.

He tore up one of the floor-boards of the boat and tried to paddle with it. But that was not much good, and he could not tell where he was going. Besides, it made a noise, and might betray him. It was safer to drift. He knew he was not far off from the shore, and the current must be driving him along at a rapid rate, for close to the bank the ebb-tide always ran very strong. For about five minutes nothing happened, though he could hear the two boats, and expected every moment to see one of them dash through the fog and secure him.

Then he caught sight of the shore, at last—not fifty yards away to his left. He could see the high river wall, and a tree behind it; it seemed to be spinning past him in a long line, for his boat was in the full strength of the current. And right ahead was a long spit of black stones, stretching straight out into the river, with the tide rippling over it strongly.

Tommy recognised it. It was the long stone groin below Black Point. He was nearly a quarter of a mile downstream from the Bellerophon. The tide was driving him right on to the spit.

He paddled furiously with the floor-board, trying to get far enough out to clear the spit of stones and go on down the river. Somehow, all his instinct told him to stick to the boat, though really she was not much use to him.

But he could not do it.

With a bump and a lurch the boat grounded heavily on the stony break-water and there he was—stranded.

"Here's for the shore, anyway!" he thought, and scrambling along the stones he ploughed his way through the bare mud beyond and reached the river wall.

He was just going to pop over the top of the bank, when he ducked back as it he had been shot, and crouched flat in the long grass. Somebody was running along the path on the other side of the embankment—somebody in uniform!

Tommy heard him go by, and peeped over cautiously, glancing after him. He recognised the man's back as he disappeared into the mist. It was Petty-officer Banks.

The hunt was up. The shore party was coming that way, and evidently they had broken up and were spreading out. They knew that if Tommy did come ashore it would be somewhere well down stream. But Banks had gone by, and, for the moment, the coast seemed clear of the others. Tommy nipped over the bank and ran straight inland over the marsh. He always felt at home on a marsh.

He had not run fifty yards when he heard a yell behind him, and knew that he was sighted and pursued.

"Tally-ho!" yelled a harsh voice. "This way, all of you! Here he is! Give up, you young swab—I've got you!"

Tommy glanced over his shoulder as he ran. One look was enough. His pursuer was Kellman. He hadn't lost any time. Kellman was still in his wet clothes. Directly he had got back to the Bellerophon and heard the alarm raised about Tommy's escape, he had

**Have you got YOUR Copy yet?**

**ALL SPORTS FOOTBALL ANNUAL**

1926-27

**ACCURATE AND UP-TO-DATE**

**3<sup>d</sup> BUY IT NOW**



joined the shore-party and set off in chase without waiting to change. He was very anxious not to lose Tommy.

It was bad luck to be caught by Kellman, who had already given Tommy a worse time than anybody on the Bellerophon. He almost wished Mr. Banks had got him instead. But he was not caught yet. He took no notice of Kellman's summons to surrender, but sprinted with all his might.

Sailors are not generally good runners, but Kellman was an exception. He was making a very good pace indeed. His clothes were wet and heavy, but so were Tommy's. The marsh was soft and muddy, and the going was bad. Tommy had had a very rough time of it already, and was getting tired.

He saw it was all up. Kellman was gaining on him, and he could not get away. Then Tommy was seized with desperation. Any chance was better than none, and anything was better than going back to the Billy. Kellman was alone; his excited shouts had not brought anybody else to the scene. If he could upset Kellman he might get another start. Tommy's brain was working quickly.

Suddenly he swerved, doubled round, and came running straight back at his astonished pursuer, who could not stop himself. Tommy stooped, and throwing himself forward, collared Kellman low, flinging his arms round the petty-officer's knees.

It would not have done for Association rules, but it was a very good Rugby tackle, if rather a rough one. Mr. Kellman was not a footballer.

He overbalanced and plunged forward with a yell, coming down heavily and ploughing up the mud with his nose, like the ram of a battleship. It was a fine large nose, and it left a deep furrow in the soft marsh, and also left Kellman sprawling on the turf with the wind considerably knocked out of him.

For a few seconds Tommy was rather knocked out of time, too, for nobody can stop an eleven-stone man without feeling it. But he was light and active, and scrambling to his feet he set off again at full speed, doubling round a clump of bushes, leaping a dyke full of muddy water and weeds, and long before Kellman was able to continue the pursuit Tommy had left him out of sight.

He ran till he could run no more; the fog was growing thinner and thinner as he went further inland. He could still hear the sound of whistles and shoutings far behind him; and, at last, utterly exhausted, he plunged into a dry bed of reeds and flung himself down, panting, like a fox that has for the time being outstripped the hounds and thrown them off the scent.

#### The Hue and Cry!

FOR nearly an hour Tommy lay in the reed-bed. The wind had risen and the fog was clearing away. His pursuers were hunting for him all over the countryside, and he judged it better to stay where he was and not show himself. He had a snug berth, and they were not likely to find him in a hurry. A glance at the sky told him that the evening was drawing in, and soon it would be dark. Besides, he was too dead beat to move.

But tired as he was, Tommy felt his spirits rise. Good luck is always encouraging, and his luck had been

first class, so far. It didn't seem to him that he could get into any tighter places than he had come through already. And if they didn't find him till nightfall, his chances were doubled.

It seemed quiet enough on the lonely marsh where he was, the chase had not come that way yet. He waited till the dusk changed to darkness, and then, after listening cautiously, stole out of his hiding-place. Then he set out at a rapid pace towards the higher ground which he could see rising beyond the marshes.

The fog was gone, but a cold rain was beginning to fall, but it could not make him any wetter than he was already. He tramped ahead for half an hour, keeping a sharp look-out, and getting clear of the marshes at last, he climbed over a gate into a small muddy lane.

Just as he did so a policeman came round the corner; a big bulky village policeman with a black waterproof cape round his shoulders, and the moment he caught sight of Tommy's form in the gloom he called out:

"Halt there! Who's that?"

Tommy's reply was to bolt back over the gate like a steeple-chaser, and the policeman came after him in full cry, blowing his whistle. He had spotted Tommy's Bellerophon uniform.

It was the first time Tommy had ever run away from a policeman, and for a

## DON'T FORGET

ANOTHER DANDY CUT - OUT  
PHOTO IS GIVEN AWAY FREE  
WITH NEXT WEEK'S "MAGNET."

C. G. MACARTNEY

(the Famous Australian Batsman).

beginner he made a very good job of it. He turned sharp to the left, and as he saw the constable flounder over the top of the gate into the marsh, he popped back through the hedge in the lane as a rabbit pops through a bolt-hole, dashed up the lane a little way and then through the opposite hedge into the farther field. Here he saw a little bushy spinney in front of him, and plunged in through the trees and brush-wood, coming out at the other end and running for all he was worth.

Presently he stopped for breath, and listened. He could neither see nor hear anything of the policeman. Robert had lost the scent and was fairly shaken off. Tommy, with a sigh of thankfulness, trotted on again wearily.

"Cops after me, now!" he thought. "Of course, they would. Expect all the police have been warned right through Essex. Everybody's against me. Doesn't give a chap much chance. Never mind; I'm not caught till they've got me under lock and key."

Tommy was getting farther inland and away from the river all the time; the railway between Southend and London was somewhere in front of him. It seemed to Tommy his only chance was to follow the rails to a station, and stow himself away in one of the goods waggons in a siding, somewhere.

He knew there were always trains in the sidings, that started generally about ten o'clock at night, from the bigger stations like Tilbury, or Grays. If he could get into a coal truck he

might be a hundred miles away by dawn. Else there was nothing for it but to walk all night.

He kept on for another hour, but could not find the railway. He thought he must have crossed it in the dark by one of the road bridges without even noticing it, for the rain was pelting down and he was walking like one in a dream, or rather in a nightmare. Presently the ground began to rise up steeply, and he found himself climbing a considerable hill. There is not much high ground in that part of Essex, and he began to feel he had lost himself altogether.

"Must be Lagdon Hill," he thought. "If it is, I've been goin' round in a giddy circle."

He was giddy enough anyway. In fact he was staggering. Weak as water, aching in every limb, and empty as a drum, he knew it was no use trying to tramp any farther or he would drop in his tracks. Right in front was the dark outline of a wood on the slope of a hill.

He made for the wood, stumbling blindly over the rough ground, and dropped behind the roots of a great tree that had been blown down and was lying on its side. Under the torn up roots was a hollow that gave shelter from the rain. He curled himself up, and in spite of his bruises and his soaked clothes, was asleep as soon as his head sank down on his arms.

Tommy sat up and rubbed the wet from his eyes.

"Crumbs! I do feel rotten!" he said.

It was broad daylight. The rain had stopped, but the trees were dripping dismally on to the old leaves that covered the sodden ground. Tommy got on to his feet shakily. His head ached and he was chilled to the bone; his body felt as if it had been trampled on by a powerful and ill-tempered mule.

He crept to the edge of the wood and looked out. From the high slope of the hill he could see the Thames and its shipping, not two miles away; he saw Black Point, and he could make out the old Bellerophon herself, looking like a tiny toy ship at that distance.

"I'd be feeling a jolly sight more rotten if I were aboard her, though," said Tommy.

All the same, they were having breakfast just about then on the "Billy." It wasn't an appetising meal as a rule, but the thought of the thin gruel and greasy cocoa and bread seemed to Tommy too beautiful for words. It made him feel hungry to think of it.

He looked round him forlornly. For a place to forage in, a cold wood on a wet morning is no catch at all. There was plenty of water, certainly; the whole ground and air reeked of it. But water makes a poor breakfast to do hard work on.

There was nothing else to be got, though, so he made the best of it. He lay down beside a hollow that was full of rain-water, and, with the aid of his hands, lapped up about a pint and a half. When he had finished, despite the ache in his limbs, he felt a lot better.

The question was what to do next. Hungry or not, it would be madness to leave the shelter of the woods until evening, for not only would the officers and staff of the Billy be all over the place, but everybody who lived in the neighbourhood would have been warned of the prisoner's escape. His clothes would give him away at once if he were

(Continued on next page.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 964.

**"CURLEW ISLAND!"**

(Continued from previous page.)

seen, even a long way off. His best chance was to lie low where he was while daylight lasted, and then stake everything on the chance of getting some clothes. He had got to have a change of clothes, cost what it might.

It wasn't a cheerful look-out, and before the morning was over it seemed less cheerful still. He hid himself under the driest bush he could find, and there was nothing to do but to shiver and grind his teeth and think about Chuffer.

Tommy thought a lot about Chuffer for the next hour or two. It was to Chuffer that he owed all this misery. He felt that if he did have to go back to the Bellerophon, he would give three years of his life to have five minutes with Chuffer first. And he knew that Chuffer was afraid of him. He seemed to see him turning over the newspapers feverishly, hoping to read the news that Tommy Comber had been safely re-captured. The idea pleased Tommy so much that he began to buck up a little. Chuffer was not so very far away—Gravesend was only in the next reach of the river.

It was about midday that Tommy decided on a move. It was a rash thing to do, but he was so cold and cramped that he knew he would never last the day unless he got going. Just as he was drawing out of the bushes he heard footsteps, and crouched down again hurriedly.

Two men were coming slowly through the wood, and one of them had a double-barrelled gun under his arm.

Tommy hardly dared breathe. He could see them plainly through the briars, and they passed so close to him that he could almost have touched the nearest one, who was wearing gaiters, and looked like a farmer. He could hear what they said, and Tommy, though it was no fault of his, learned that listeners don't hear any good of themselves.

"They ain't got him yet," said the farmer, "but I'll bet you a crown they have him before night!"

The gamekeeper halted to light his pipe.

"Course they will," he said. "They're searchin' the whole countryside, and there's a party of 'em coming up this way now. They'll be hunting through all my woods and disturbin' the birds. I wouldn't wonder if he's somewhere up this way."

"Desperate young beggar, by all accounts," said the farmer. "They say he stole a boat to get away with, and knocked down one o' the officers that tried to stop him."

"Like enough, he's the boy that did that job down on Curlew Island, and everybody says he was lucky not to get hanged for killing the old man there. It's all in the papers this mornin'," said the keeper. "I'd like to lay hands on him myself."

"I dunno," said the farmer doubtfully. "I think I'd get out of his way. It's a job for the police, and I don't have no truck with murderers. I hope they'll get him soon; he'll be burglin' a house to get food and clothes, you see if he don't."

"I lay I'll get him quick enough, if I set eyes on him!" grinned the gamekeeper, and he tapped the barrel of his gun. "There's a reward of five pounds for him, an' I could do with it. I bet I wouldn't miss him, either!"

"Would they pay up the money for him dead or alive, then?" asked the farmer, rather nervously.

"Oh, I shouldn't shoot him dead, for that matter," said the big gamekeeper airily. "It wouldn't be necessary. Might make trouble. But a charge o' shot in his legs 'd bring him down all right, if he was runnin' away. These boys can run an' dodge-like rabbits, you know. They take a lot o' catchin' if you let 'em get a start. And bein' a convict, the police won't mind him gettin' peppered a bit, as long as he's caught. It ain't every day a man gets the chance of a shot worth five pounds," he added. And, ramming down the tobacco in his pipe, he walked on again with the farmer.

Tommy peered after him through the bushes. He took a dislike to the big gamekeeper.

"If I let you get a shot at me, you can write home about it," he muttered under his breath. "Gosh, but this is getting near the limit! What with this sportsman up here, and the search-party hunting for me on the marshes, and old Banks lying off the coast with his blessed navy, I'm just about all in! I'll have to get a move on; I'm done if I stay here!"

(Tommy Comber's plight is desperate, but he does not lose heart! His adventures next week are more thrilling than ever. Avoid missing this splendid instalment, chums, by ordering next week's MAGNET well in advance.)

**YOU PAY 2/6**

In advance for one of our world-famed 400A Mead "Marvel" Bicycles. Nothing more to remit till after you have ridden the cycle one month.  
"MARVEL" No. 400 £4 19s. 6d CASH  
We pack FREE, pay carriage and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. Factory-Solled cycles CHEAP. Accessories and Tyres at popular prices. Write **TO-DAY** for beautifully coloured illustrations and reduced *wholesale* prices of new cycles, also special offer of sample machine.

**Mead** CYCLE CO. INC. (Dept. B601)  
SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM

**STAMP OUTFIT for Collectors POST FREE!**

Pocket Case, Watermark Finder, 52 Different Stamps (50 Unused), Perforation Gauge, Price List and Guide, Finest Stamp Mounts, British Colonials. This fine parcel absolutely free. Send postcard only, requesting Approvals.

LISBURN & TOWNSEND, LONDON ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

**XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS**

SPARE-TIME AGENTS WANTED

Fry's, Rowntree's, Cadbury's and other best makes. Good Commission. Particulars Free.

**SAMUEL DRIVER, SOUTH MARKET, LEEDS.**

**STOP STAMMERING!** Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free—**FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.**

**£2,000 WORTH CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL.**—Samples catalogue free; 12 by 10 Enlargement, any photo, 8d.—**HACKETT'S WORKS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.**

**SECRET SERVICE DISGUISE OUTFIT!** Really Wonderful Value. 3/- complete, post free. Postage overseas, 6d. Dept. XX. **MILTON, 128, BEULAH HILL, LONDON, S.E.19.**

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.**

**JOIN THE ROYAL NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD.**

Boys are wanted for the Seaman Class (from which selections are made for the Wireless Telegraphy and Signalling Branches). Age 15½ to 16½ years.

Men also are required for

|                                 |   |   |              |
|---------------------------------|---|---|--------------|
| <b>SEAMEN (Special Service)</b> | - | - | Age 18 to 25 |
| <b>STOKERS</b>                  | - | - | Age 18 to 25 |
| <b>ROYAL MARINE FORCES</b>      | - | - | Age 17 to 23 |

**GOOD PAY. — ALL FOUND. EXCELLENT CHANCES FOR PROMOTION.**

Apply by letter to the Recruiting Staff Officer, R.N. and R.M.: 5, Suffolk Street, Birmingham; 121, Victoria Street, Bristol; 30, Canning Place, Liverpool; 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1; 289, Deansgate, Manchester; 116, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne; or 6, Washington Terrace, Queen's Park, Southampton.

**HEIGHT COUNTS**

in winning success. Height increased—health and physique improved. Wonderful results. Send for particulars and our £100 guarantee, to—**GIRVAN SYSTEM (A.M.P.), 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.4.**

**MAGIC TRICKS,** etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument, Invisible, Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.**

**300 STAMPS FOR 6d.** (Abroad 1/-), including Allpost, New South Wales, Rhodesia, etc.—**W. A. WHITE, Engine Lane, LYE, STOURBRIDGE.**

**2-NOW AND THE BIKE IS YOURS**

I supply the finest Coventry built cycles on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of a small deposit. Lowest cash prices, or easy payment terms. Write for Free Bargain Lists Now.

**O'Brien** THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, 18 COVENTRY.

**A LOW MONTHLY INSTALMENT TO SUIT YOUR POCKET**