

THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL & EVERY BOY'S HOBBY ANNUAL
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EVERY
MONDAY.



A PERILOUS MOMENT FOR HURREE SINGH!

(A thrilling incident in the tiger hunt, described in this week's fine story of Harry Wharton & Co. in India.)



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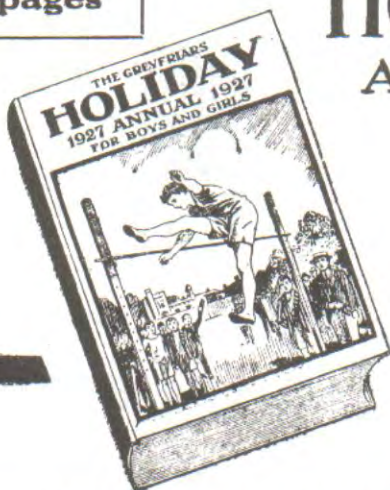
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The GREYFRIARS' HOLIDAY ANNUAL



SCHOOL - SPORTING - AND -
ADVENTURE STORIES!

THE SPORT OF PRINCES! Harry Wharton & Co. look forward keenly enough to their first tiger hunt, little dreaming of the dire consequences destined to befall their school chum and host, Hurree Singh—Nabob of Bhanipur!

THE TERROR OF THE JUNGLE!

An Amazing Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., the Greyfriars Chums, on Holiday in India.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Fall of the Mighty!

"JAMES!"

"Han, sahib!"

"Palkee!" said Billy Bunter, with great dignity.

The dusky naukhar salaamed.

Bright sunshine streamed down upon the great court of the palace of Bhanipur.

It was warm—there was no doubt that it was very warm in Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's native kingdom. But the warmth was tempered by a cool breeze that came from the distant snow-clad summits of the Himalayas.

Harry Wharton & Co. had turned out that morning in great spirits.

The long, long journey from England and Greyfriars was over, and the chums of the Remove were in Bhanipur at last. To the Greyfriars juniors the palace in the white-walled city of Bhanipur was something like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh—more familiarly known as "Inky" in the Remove at Greyfriars—was scarcely recognisable by his old chums, now that he was once more a great and glorious Nabob in his native land.

In spotless white linen, with priceless jewels gleaming in his turban, a gem-encrusted scimitar at his side, Hurree Singh looked like anything and anybody but Inky of the Lower Fourth. But his good-natured dusky face and his cheery, cordial grin were unchanged.

And it was difficult for the chums of the Remove to get used to the awe and respect with which old Inky was treated by officers, guards, naukars, and the other innumerable dusky individuals who swarmed in the palace.

At Greyfriars, Inky had been simply a fellow in the Lower Fourth, merely that and nothing more. At Bhanipur, he was monarch of all he surveyed. A thousand tulwars would have leaped from their scabbards at his bidding. Unnumbered retainers basked in his smile, or trembled at his frown. His orders were obeyed swiftly and without question; his lightest wishes anticipated. Inky was a great man in Bhanipur. The Lower Fourth at Greyfriars had, as Bob Cherry remarked, entertained a terrific potentate unawares.

But there was no "swank" about Inky. To officials and officers, guards and retainers, servants and slaves, he was a mighty Nabob. To his schoolboy chums he was still the cheery and unaffected Inky of old.

Harry Wharton & Co. came down the great marble steps in a merry group. They were enjoying life as guests of the Nabob of Bhanipur. Even Billy Bunter was cheery and contented. The "grub" at Bhanipur was more than satisfactory. Bunter had been rather anxious on this point—a very important point. But his anxiety had been relieved. The grub was not only unlimited, but it was excellent. A stately apartment had been assigned to the Owl of the

Remove. More dusky servants than he could count waited on him. The fat junior admitted that it was quite up to the style of Bunter Court. And Bunter spread himself and was contented.

Bunter rolled out of the palace after the Famous Five, his big spectacles glittering under his topee. As a guest of the great Nabob, Bunter was receiving attentions and respect to which he was little accustomed—even at Bunter Court. That, of course, was exactly as it should have been; Bunter was, he considered, only getting his due, which he never did get in the Remove passage at Greyfriars. It was like the king coming into his own again!

Bunter's manner was lofty and dignified. Loftiness and dignity were, he considered, needed to impress the natives—whom Bunter, with characteristic manners and taste, generally referred to as "niggers."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, fatty?" boomed Bob Cherry, with a slap on the back as a friendly greeting to Bunter.

"Yaroooo!" Bunter dodged away angrily. "Chuck that, you silly ass!" he hooted. "I don't want any of your Lower Fourth larks here, Bob Cherry!"

"Dear man!" said Bob cheerily. Bunter turned away to give orders to the "naukar" who hovered at his elbow.

Bunter had picked out that naukar as his special attendant from the crowd who waited on him. He liked the man's manners, which were deeply respectful. Deep respect was a new thing to Bunter, and he liked it. He even made a mental note, to borrow a handful of rupees from Hurree Singh, to tip this respectful naukar.

"James!"

"Han, sahib."

"Buck up with the palkee." Salaam.

"When I say a palkee, I mean a palanquin," said Bunter. "I believe a palanquin is called a palkee here."

Salaam.

"What the thump do you call the man James for, Bunter?" asked Johnny Bull, as the naukar salaamed himself away. "His name can't be James."

"Blessed if I can remember his name," said Bunter. "I call him James because I can remember it."

"Oh, my hat!"

"James," said Bunter, with dignity. "is the name of my special footman at Bunter Court."

"Go hon!" murmured Nugent.

"So I call this chap James, see—sort of home-like," said Bunter. "Reminds me of Bunter Court. We do things rather in style there."

"I don't think!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Does the esteemed Bunter prefer to travel in a palkee?" asked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "There is a horse at his service, if the esteemed and ludicrous Bunter would like to ride with his friends."

Bunter shook his head.

"Palanquin for me," he said. "Of course, I'm a splendid rider—later on I'll show the people here what riding is really like. But I think I'll trot on in a palkee to-day."

"Not so likely to fall off it?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Yah!"

"Well, we're riding," said Harry Wharton. "You can follow on in a giddy palanquin, Bunter, and go to sleep—and see the sights of Bhanipur with your eyes shut."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The esteemed horses are ready," murmured the Nabob; and the cheery Removites crossed over to the group of handsome steeds held by dusky grooms in waiting for them.

"James!" roared Bunter, blinking round through his spectacles for the naukar, whose name was Kasi Jee, but whom Bunter preferred to call James—as a reminder of the footman at Bunter Court—perhaps!

"Han, sahib!"

The naukar was at Bunter's elbow.

"Oh!" growled Bunter. "Here you are, then! Where's that blinking palkee?"

"Palkee come, sahib."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, here it is!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Hefty job for four men—carrying Bunter! Hadn't you better have an elephant, Bunter? More suited to your weight."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The elephants of Bhanipur are large and powerful, and quite capable of bearing the terrific weight of the esteemed Bunter," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh solemnly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bring that palkee here," said Bunter loftily, to the bearers. "Bring it up to the steps, you chumps."

The bearers, who naturally did not know a word of English, blinked at him with their black eyes inquiringly. Kasi Jee, who had some English, explained, and the palanquin was brought up to the marble steps. Bunter stood on the lowest step, ready to get in. Harry Wharton & Co., holding their horses by the bridles, did not mount for the moment; they were interested in watching the proceedings of Billy Bunter. The fattest fellow of Greyfriars School was undoubtedly a good weight, as Bob had remarked, for even four sturdy bearers.

The palanquin, which looked like a sort of oblong box shaded by an awning, rested on poles, which passed over the shoulders of four bearers. The Hindu bearers looked at Bunter, looked at one another, and braced themselves to receive his weight.

"What's the odds they don't crumple up?" murmured Bob Cherry, and the juniors grinned.

Bunter stepped in, and sat down in the palkee.

Terrific weight as he undoubtedly was, the four bearers were, as a matter of fact, more than equal to it. They braced themselves under the strain, and bore it nobly. But the palanquin itself, constructed lightly for a weight that was nowhere near Bunter's, creaked and groaned.

Bunter blinked out under the tasselled awning at the Famous Five.

"This is quite comfy, you chaps," he said, "and an advantage of a palkee is, that you can carry some grub in it without a lot of trouble. James."

"Han sahib!"

"Shove in that basket!"

A well-loaded basket was placed in the palanquin. Bunter, evidently, had taken his precautions against any mischances on the Bhanipur roads during the morning excursion.

It is said to be the last straw that breaks the camel's back. The lunch-basket was a good weight, and possibly it was the little-too-much that did it. Or perhaps no palkee constructed of light Indian wood, could ever have stood the strain of Bunter's avoirdupois for long. Bunter waved a fat hand as a sign to start; the bearers moved off towards the great embattled gateway that gave on the street; and as they

went, there was a rending, grinding sound of breakage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Look out!"

"Bunter—"

"Great Scott!"

"He's going—"

"Going—going!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Gone!"

Crash!

Bump!

The Hindu bearers stood firm. The poles on their shoulders remained supported on their shoulders. But the body of the palanquin collapsed, and the bottom fairly dropped out of it—and along with that, of course, Bunter dropped. The coffin of Mahomet, as said, in the East, to be suspended midway between earth and heaven, without any visible means of support; but Mahomet's coffin is able to perform that remarkable feat. Billy Bunter could not follow its example. As soon as he lost his visible means of support, the ordinary law of gravitation took control; and Bunter shot downwards towards the centre of the earth, in obedience to that well-known law.

He did not, of course, reach the centre of the earth. The surface of the earth stopped him.

It stopped him suddenly, and hard. There was a terrific bump as Bunter landed on the globe.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whoop! I'm killed!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Wow!" roared Bunter.

"Help! Whoop! Yaroooo!"

There was a rush to pick Bunter up. Dusky attendants swooped on him from all sides, and dragged him from the earth. Bunter clung to Kasi Jee, and spluttered for breath.

"Ow! Wow! Wow! Ow! You silly black brute, what do you mean by it! I'm killed—I mean, nearly killed!"

"Thousand pardons, sahib—the palkee breaking under great sahib's honourable weight—" gasped the dismayed naukar.

"Wow! Ow!"

Bunter turned on Kasi Jee, ferociously. It was scarcely Kasi Jee's fault that the palanquin had failed to sustain the terrific weight of the Owl of the Remove. But Bunter was hurt, and he was annoyed by the roar of laughter from the Greyfriars fellows, and by the grins of many dusky faces. He wanted to take it out of somebody; and Kasi Jee was handy. So he proceeded to kick Kasi Jee; and the dismayed naukar dodged and dived and fled, and Bunter rushed after him, still kicking.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "Bunter will be the death of me, some day. I know he will."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The naukar vanished across the court, dodging round fountains and palm-trees, with the infuriated Bunter in pursuit. Harry Wharton & Co. mounted their horses, still laughing, and rode out into the street with Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Face of Nally Das!

"SOME style!" grinned Bob Cherry. The Famous Five trotted down the wide street, shaded by great trees, towards the great gateway of the city.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh rode with his friends.



"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Look out! Bunter's going!" Crash! The Hindu bearers stood firm. The poles on their shoulders remained supported on their shoulders, but the body of the palanquin collapsed, and the bottom fairly dropped out of it—and along with that, of course, Bunter dropped! "Yaroooh!" roared the fat junior.

(See Chapter 1.)

But at a short distance behind the schoolboys, twenty men of the palace guard rode, with carbines under their arms, and tulwars by their sides.

Certainly, the chums of the Remove seldom travelled in such style.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh glanced back at his escort, and a slight frown came over his dusky face.

"It is the wishfulness of my esteemed uncle, the Jam Bahadur, that I should never die without guards," he said. "It is not for the stylishness, but for the safety of my esteemed neck, my ludicrous Cherry. The dangerousness would not worry me, but I would not make the Jam anxious."

"Quite right, old bean," said Bob. "You can't be too careful. You got into dangers enough on the way here from England."

"All the same, I am tempted to order the soldiers back," said the nabob. "It is enough to be a nabob in my palace; but in the ridiculous company of my chums I would preferably like to be Inky of the Remove."

"Don't!" said Wharton quickly. "The Jam knows best, Inky; besides, my uncle thinks you should never ride outside the city unguarded; and Colonel Wharton knows what's what."

"Yes, rather!" said Bob. "Stick to the jolly old guards! Can't be too careful, so long as your affectionate relative Baji Rao is outside the stone jug."

The juniors rode out under the great stone arch of the city gateway, saluted respectfully by the soldiers of the guard there. Then their way lay through vast rice-fields; and behind them, as they trotted

cheerily on, the escort trotted with jingling accoutrements.

"But if there was really danger still for old Inky, here in his own kingdom?" asked Frank Nugent.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh nodded.

"It is more than suspected, that my cousin Baji Rao was at the bottom of the attempts to kidnap me," he said.

"The kidnapper, Nally Das, is in his service; and Baji Rao was the leader of a rebellion in Bhanipur many years ago. He has only recently returned from Russia; and the Jam is convinced that the Bolsheviks have their eye on Bhanipur, and would use Baji Rao as a tool in their hands. That is why the Jam wished me to return home, to be safe under his eye. But now that I am here, I do not thankfully believe that the Rajah Baji Rao will leave me in peace. He desires to become Nabob of Bhanipur; and I stand in his esteemed way."

"Then why not bag him, and put him where he can't do any mischief?" asked Bob Cherry.

"It is not so easy to do as to say, my esteemed Bob. Baji Rao is a rajah; his little principality is not so large as my city of Bhanipur. His castle and his lands were given him by my father's father; he is a vassal of Bhanipur, but he governs his own little principality without interference. He could be seized, and his lands confiscated; but—"

"But what?" asked Bob.

"But there is no proof that he has conspired against me," said the nabob.

"The Jam is assured of it, and I do not doubt; but the actual proof does not exist."

"I think I'd chance it," said Bob.

The nabob smiled.

"The Jam Bahadur would chance it, like my esteemed chum," he said. "Our ways in India are not the ways of the West. The Jam would have him seized and brought to the palace, and his head struck off."

"Oh, my hat!"

"That would be a bit drastic!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Well, that would be rather thick," said Harry Wharton. "You're a Greyfriars man, Inky, as well as an Indian nabob, and you can't have people's heads chopped off in the Eastern style at a moment's warning."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh turned a rather strange look on the captain of the Remove.

"At Greyfriars I am a Greyfriars man," he said. "Here in Bhanipur I am an Indian prince!"

Wharton looked a little startled.

"But, Inky, old man—"

"My esteemed chum, the Jam Bahadur would not strike off the head of Baji Rao without my authority," said Hurree Singh. "Now I am here, he has counselled me to order the death of the conspirator. It is for me to sign the order."

"Not without proof!" exclaimed Wharton.

"What proof will he give?" asked Hurree Singh. "It is known that his servants have attempted to kidnap me. Did they act so without the esteemed rajah's order? It is not likely."

"But—"

"But the proof will be forthcoming," said the nabob. "It is my esteemed

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intention to return to Greyfriars later; but I shall not leave Baji Rao to stir up strife in my kingdom, as a tool of the Russians; neither shall I take the risk of kidnapping at the school. While I am in Bhanipur I shall deal with Baji Rao. Without proof of his guilt—proof that will satisfy the British Raj—I will not send him to death. But perhaps he will himself give that proof. Perhaps he will betray himself, in his eagerness to take my esteemed place as nabob. We shall see."

The juniors were silent.

It was clear to them that Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with all his kindness of heart and smiling good-humour, had some plan in his mind for dealing with his ambitious kinsman, and that Baji Rao had no mercy to expect when the time came.

To the chums of the Remove it was a new and strange thought that their old pal Inky had the power, and perhaps the will, to send a man to death—to order his kinsman to execution.

It was not a pleasant thought to them. They realised that Hurree Singh had a dual nature; he was a Greyfriars man, a keen cricketer, a cheery junior of the Lower Fourth, but he was also an Indian prince, a powerful nabob in a land where life was cheap.

"But let us not waste time thoughtfully considering the esteemed and disgusting Baji Rao," said Hurree Singh cheerily. "His time will come. Now we are going to entertain ourselves joyfully."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob.

The juniors rode on in a cheery mood. Ryots working in the rice-fields looked up as the clattering hoofs passed, and salaamed to the ground at the sight of the nabob and the sahibs.

The cultivated fields were left behind, and the juniors rode by a path under spreading branches, through a shadowy forest.

The sun was approaching the zenith now, and the heat was great. Harry Wharton & Co. were glad of the shade of the great forest trees.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh pointed ahead at last.

"That is our excellent destination," he said.

In the midst of the forest was an open expanse, and in the middle of it great masses of masonry marked where a temple once had stood. Part of the building was intact, but the greater part was in ruins. Trees grew among the ruined masonry-work; thick creepers and rank grasses choked the crevices in the dismantled walls.

"What's that show?" asked Bob.

"It is an old temple of Shiva," said the nabob. "A hundred years ago it was destroyed in a raid of the Afghans. We are stopping there for our esteemed tiffin, my worthy chums."

"Good!" said Harry.

The juniors had covered a good many miles from the white-walled city of Bhanipur. They were quite ready for a rest, in the heat of noontide, and for lunch. They rode on cheerily towards the massive ruins. By a wide crevice in the old wall a gigantic tree grew, with wide-spreading branches that gave a deep and grateful shade. Harry Wharton & Co. rode under the shade of a great tree.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's somebody in the place!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

He pointed with his riding-whip.

In the fissure of the old temple wall a white turban glimmered, and a dusky face looked out. It was the face of a Hindu.

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The next moment Harry Wharton gave a shout.

"It's Nally Das!"

"By gum!" ejaculated Bob. "So it is, the jolly old kidnapper! What is he doing here?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh fixed his keen, dark eyes on the dusky face that looked out of the fissure in the wall. He recognised Nally Das, the chief of the gang of kidnappers who had dogged his footsteps all the way from England to Bhanipur. Nally Das, the agent of Baji Rao, the chief tool of the ambitious rajah. For a second Hurree Singh stared at the dusky face. After a second it was gone. Hurree Singh leaped from his horse, and his scimitar flashed in his hand as he rushed to the dismantled gateway of the old temple.

The juniors had a glimpse of his face as he went. It was not the cheery, good-natured face of their old chum, Inky of the Remove. It was the grim, hard face of an Oriental seeking his enemy.

"After him!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

And the juniors rushed into the temple.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Haunted Temple!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Where is he?"

The stone pavement of the old temple was cracked and broken, thick with rank weeds and grasses. Masses of fallen masonry lay here and there, fragments of broken idols or images. Amid the ruins, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was seeking, his scimitar gleaming in his hand, his dark eyes gleaming from his set face.

Harry Wharton & Co. joined him quickly. They were keen enough to seize the kidnapper. But Nally Das was not to be seen.

Up and down amid the ruins the Famous Five sought him, but he was not to be found.

They paused at last.

Nally Das had been in the old temple, that was certain. For what reason the rascally Hindu had been hiding there they could not guess, but all of them had seen the dark, savage face, and had read the startled expression on it as he recognised them. But he was gone. The great fissure in the wall was vacant; not a sign of the man was to be seen among the ruins. Nally Das seemed to have vanished into thin air.

"Gone!" said Wharton, stopping at last, greatly puzzled.

"The gonefulness is terrific."

"But where on earth has he gone?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We were after him jolly quick. He seemed to have evaporated."

There was a tramping of hoofs outside the building. The escort that had followed the juniors from Bhanipur had arrived.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh turned towards the horsemen.

He called out to their officer sharply in his own language, in words that were quite incomprehensible to his English chums.

Half the party dismounted at once, and, with drawn swords, began to search the ruined temple from end to end. The rest rode round the building, searching outside the shattered walls for Nally Das.

"The rotter must be hiding about here somewhere," said Johnny Bull.

"Anyhow, he can't have got far," remarked Nugent. "The horsemen will ride him down."

The juniors unpacked their lunch and

sat down amid the ruins of the old temple of Shiva to a picnic. It was, as Bob Cherry remarked, like one of their old picnics in the priory ruins near Greyfriars. But the scene was very different; the juniors in white drill and topees, Hurree Singh in gorgeous Oriental garb; the dark Indian forest surrounding them, and in the distance the snow-capped line of the mighty Himalayas. But they enjoyed their lunch, and rested in the shade of the great tree, while the very air about them quivered with the heat.

The horsemen came trampling back. But they came without Nally Das. The subadar who commanded the escort came salaaming to Hurree Singh to report. He made his report in Hindustani, and only Hurree Singh understood him. But when he had dismissed the subadar, the nabob explained to his chums. The soldiers had searched for a mile around the old temple of Shiva; they had beaten every thicket; they had explored every path, but they had not found Nally Das. The kidnapper had given them the slip.

"Lots of nooks where the rotter could hide himself," said Bob Cherry. "He may have climbed a tree. But I wonder what he was doing here? I suppose Nally Das isn't keen on giddy antiquities?"

The nabob smiled and shook his head. "Perhaps he has been in touch with his spies in the city, and this was the meeting-place," he said. "At all events, he is gone now."

"What would have happened to him if he'd been caught?" Nugent could not help asking.

Hurree Singh's dusky face was grim for a moment.

"He is a kidnapper. He has dared to lay hands on a nabob!" he answered.

"His head would be struck off!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"We're in Bhanipur now, and no mistake!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The juniors wondered a little whether they were quite sorry that Nally Das had escaped. Villain as the man was, the unscrupulous tool of an ambitious schemer, they did not quite like the idea so calmly enunciated by Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. The drastic system of Bhanipur was not exactly in accordance with Greyfriars ideas.

However, the man was gone, and there was an end of the matter, so far as Harry Wharton & Co. were concerned.

They rested, and chatted cheerily after their lunch, and as the red sun sloped downward in the sky, and the heat abated, they strolled about the ancient temple, examining the place with curiosity. The Afghan raid of a century before had wrecked the mighty building, but some of the old walls had been too massive for the raiders, and still remained. In a paved court, shaded by trees and giant shrubs that had once been cultivated, but had long grown wild and rank, a bronze statue lay overturned from its pedestal. The bronze was hacked and injured, but otherwise intact; it had defied savage blows from the Mahomedan raiders, to whom a statue of the Buddha was an idol of the unbelievers.

Harry Wharton & Co. regarded it with interest.

As they stood looking at the fallen, defaced statue, a faint sound came to their ears, and they glanced round.

No one was stirring in the sunlit ruins save themselves. The subadar and his men were camped outside the old temple.

"What was that?" asked Harry.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh cast glances to left and right, and it seemed

to his chums that there was an uneasy expression on his dusky face.

"I heard something," said Bob Cherry, "like a giddy echo. There it is again!"

Again the faint sound came to the ears of the juniors. They could not define what it was, neither could they guess from which direction it proceeded.

They listened intently, but there was no repetition of the sound.

"I suppose the giddy place isn't haunted?" said Nugent, with a smile.

"The ryots of the country believe that it is haunted by the spirits of the priests who were slain by the Afghan raiders," said Hurree Singh.

"Oh, my hat!"

"It is said that their voices may sometimes be heard echoing among the ruins," said the nabob. "For that reason the place is avoided. It is very seldom that these old stones are trodden by human feet. I, of course, do not believe such a wild tale. We learn better things at Greyfriars, my esteemed chums."

"I hope so," said Johnny Bull, with a grin.

"But, after all, it is time that we take horse," said the nabob. "If you have seen enough, let us departfully go."

"Right-ho!"

The juniors followed Hurree Jamset

The nabob chuckled.

"We should not leave him with our lives," he said. "Baji Rao is still safe in his castle; but not, perhapsfully, for long."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh sat still upon his horse, and stared steadfastly at the thick walls and high tower of his rival and enemy's dwelling. The look that came over his dusky face made his comrades exchange glances. It was such a grim look as they had never seen on Inky's face at Greyfriars.

"Inky, old man!" muttered Nugent.

The nabob started, glanced at his friends, and smiled.

"My esteemed chums, in my own land there are moments when I forget Greyfriars," he said. "Let us get back to Bhanipur. We shall reach the city by the setting of the esteemed sun."

And the Greyfriars party wheeled their horses for the ride home.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In the Saddle and Out!

"KASI JEE—I mean, James! Come here—idhar do!" shouted Bunter, who had picked up that much Hindustani.

Kasi Jee, otherwise James, approached the fat junior rather cautiously.

"Nice sort of treatment for a fellow who's travelled half over the world for their sakes. Do they think I'm going to hang about the place all day?"

"Kasi Jee know not the thoughts of the sahibs."

"You silly owl, I don't suppose you do. Those beasts were talking about a picnic in a blinking temple or something. Do you know where the place is?"

"Han sahib!"

"That means yes, I suppose? I don't want their company, and I don't want their picnic. But I'm going, just to show them, the rotters!" growled Bunter. "I know they were jolly glad of that accident to leave me behind. But I'll show 'em!"

"Palanquin ready for honourable sir," said the nankar. Kasi Jee had prepared a new palkee for the fat sahib.

Bunter shook his head promptly.

Having fallen through the bottom of one palanquin, he did not feel disposed to trust his fat person in another. The new palanquin might have borne his weight. On the other hand, it mightn't. William George Bunter did not mean to take the risk.

"Blow your silly palkees!" he said. "I'm going some other way, James. Tell me of some other way."

Result of "BOUNDARIES" Competition No. 3

The First Prize of £2 2s. 0d. for the best "last line" sent in has been awarded to:—G. W. WARD, 19, St. Albans Road, London, W.8.

for the following:—

The Lancashire folks all agree
That Hallows is forceful and free.

His battling is great,
And the prophets all state

"He's the 'Flame' of the 'Match' to a 'T.'"

The six prizes of 10s. 6d. each have been awarded as follows:—

Miss R. CASTLE, 25, Seymour Avenue, Tottenham, N.17; E. KEITH, McKinnon's Land, Dalintober, Campbeltown; F. V. KINGSHOTT, 29, Midsummer Avenue, Hounslow, Middx.; G. W. LANE, 63, Bowler Street, Levenshulme, Manchester; H. WALDER, 2, Church Lane, Charlton, London, S.E. 7.

And 10/6 is divided between:—

G. BORTHWICK, 10, Mearns Street, Greenock, Scotland, and F. B. MOON, 38, Frederick Place, Brighton.

Ram Singh from the ruins of the temple of Shiva. They could not help smiling as they went. In spite of his Greyfriars education, and his disbelief in the legends of his country, Hurree Singh seemed rather in haste to get out of the temple. The superstitious side of the native was not quite left out of him.

The Greyfriars party remounted their horses and rode away, with the subadar and his men following at a respectful distance.

For many a long mile they rode, till Hurree Jamset Ram Singh pulled in his horse, and raised his hand to point. In the distance, black against the setting sun, an embattled building crowned a hill, with a flag flapping idly from a tall flagstaff on the tower.

"What is that?" asked Harry.

"That, my esteemed chum, is the castle of the Rajah Baji Rao," said Hurree Singh, "my kinsman, cousin, and enemy. That, doubtless, is whither Nally Das fled after we scared him from the haunted temple."

The juniors gazed with deep interest at the fortress-palace of the ambitious rajah. In the clear air they could see guards pacing on the high, thick walls.

"Better not give him an afternoon call, I suppose?" said Bob Cherry, with a grin.

He seemed uneasy.

That was not surprising, considering the manner in which Bunter had handled him after the breakdown of the palanquin.

Kasi Jee was not, perhaps, wholly unaccustomed to kicking. But a kick with Bunter's weight behind it was no joke. Kasi Jee was an obedient nankar, and had been brought up in the way in which he should go, doubtless under a heavy hand. If an angry white sahib kicked Kasi Jee, it was written in the stars that Kasi Jee should be kicked, and that was all about it. Still, probably Kasi Jee did not like it.

"Idhar do!" roared Bunter.

The nankar came up, almost wriggling. But Billy Bunter was not thinking of further kicking. He was tired. He had rather over-exerted himself already on Kasi Jee's account.

"Salaam, sahib!" said the nankar submissively.

"I've been calling you!" growled Bunter, blinking at the nankar through his big spectacles. "Are those rotters gone? I mean, my friends?"

"The great nabob and the white sahibs have ridden forth from the city," said the nankar.

"Cheeky rotters! Leaving me behind, as usual!" growled Bunter.

"Shall Kasi Jee order an elephant for the sahib?" asked the nankar. "His highness has given instructions that everything is at the disposal of his honourable guests."

Bunter shook his head again.

He did not intend to confide the fact to Kasi Jee, but he was extremely nervous of elephants at close quarters.

Certainly, an elephant would not have been likely to collapse under his weight, as the palanquin had done. Even Bunter's weight would have been nothing to the mighty beast. But it was not a mode of transit that appealed to the Owl of the Remove.

"Is there anything else?" he demanded.

"There are many fine horses in the stables of the Huzoor."

Bunter grunted.

He could ride—at all events, he could stick on a saddle if the horse let him, a horse was safer than an elephant, he considered. But Bunter did not want to mount one of the mettlesome steeds such as the nabob had handed out to the Co. Bunter wanted comfort.

"Can you find me a quiet animal?" he asked.

"At the sahib's order," said Kasi Jee.

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with a peculiar gleam in his eyes for a moment.

"I don't want to go racing about, you know, like those silly chumps," said Bunter. "I want a quiet ride. Find me a good horse—quiet, you know; a gee that I can jog on. If I'm not satisfied, I'll jolly well kick you again, see?"

"On my head be it."

"Buck up, then! Don't hang about!" snapped Bunter.

In a position of authority all the charming characteristics of William George Bunter came out very strongly. He had no politeness to waste on "niggers." Whether Kasi Jee had any feelings or not was a matter beneath his notice. He liked giving orders, and he liked giving them in a dictatorial manner. With power in his hands, Bunter liked to spread himself, and he spread himself accordingly.

Possibly it would have been a little more to his profit, in the long run, had he treated Kasi Jee with a little more civility. With all his fawning submissiveness, the naukhar did not like being kicked, and he did not like being bullied. But his dusky face expressed nothing of his thoughts, as he proceeded to carry out the orders of the Owl of Greyfriars.

Bunter waited frowningly for the horse to be brought.

He was extremely annoyed at being left behind in the excursion. He suspected that the Famous Five had been quite pleased to start without him. They had been gone two or three hours. After the accident with the palkee, and the kicking of Kasi Jee, Bunter had felt that he needed a rest, and he had taken one, drowsing in a hammock, fanned by the punkah. But it was like Bunter to feel injured because the other fellows had not hung about the greater part of the morning waiting for him. How could a fellow be better occupied than in awaiting Bunter's convenience?

Bunter was not specially keen on an excursion, neither was he specially keen, for once, on a picnic. An immense variety of tuck awaited his commands at all hours in the palace. But the suspicion that the Greyfriars fellows were glad to leave him behind made him keen on going. The beasts should jolly well see!

A groom led up a horse—a powerful, handsome animal, and Bunter eyed it morosely. It looked quiet enough, he considered—and Bunter believed himself to be a judge of horseflesh. He allowed Kasi Jee to help him into the roomy saddle, and settled down there comfortably.

"James!" he snapped.

"Sahib!"

"You've got the bag of grub?"

"Han, sahib!"

"Follow me, then. And show me the way!"

"As my lord wills."

The horse obeyed Bunter's hand, rather to his relief. The palace court was crowded, as usual, and Bunter would have been extremely annoyed had the horse dropped him off under the stare of hundreds of native eyes. He did not want the "niggers" to grin at his horsemanship. As a matter of fact, they did grin, when the sahib's back was turned. Bunter rode rather after the fashion of a sack of coke, and he was never likely to "witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Colonel Wharton was riding in as Bunter rode out. The old soldier glanced at him, with a faint smile on his bronzed face. Bunter frowned, and

rode on to the city gateway, with Kasi Jee clattering behind.

Outside the city Bunter condescended to allow the naukhar to range up alongside. He needed the naukhar's guidance.

Kasi Jee respectfully indicated the route, and Bunter trotted on. He had his steed well in hand, or supposed that he had. The pace was slow. Bunter was not a rapid rider. Under his topee his face was crimson in the heat, and his temper grew worse and worse. Having slacked so long in his hammock, he had let the cool hours of the morning slip by, and had started his ride at an hour unusually late for the climate. He was riding now in the heat of noon, and it was not pleasant. That consideration occurred rather late to his fat mind—as things generally did. He scowled savagely at Kasi Jee, as if it was the hapless naukhar's fault that the sun was so hot, and the dust so stinging.

Bunter was glad enough to get into the shade of the forest in the midst of which lay the ruined temple which was his destination. Only one thought consoled him for his discomfort—his arrival would be displeasing to the chery picknickers at the ruins of the temple of Shiva. That they had lunched and gone did not yet occur to Bunter. His powerful brain did not assimilate more than one thought at a time. He was glad of the shade of the forest, but he blinked round uneasily into the shadows of the great trees.

"Sure this is the way, James?" he snapped.

"It is the way, sahib."

"Are there any tigers in this forest?"

"So near the city, sahib, no tigers."

"Any snakes?"

"Many snakes, sahib."

"Oh!" growled Bunter. "Beastly country, packed with tigers, and snakes, and dacoits, and dashed niggers! Fool to come here! Where's that rotten old temple you told me about?"

"It is straight by the path through the forest, sahib."

"Oh, all right! You can fall behind!" growled Bunter.

Kasi Jee drew in his horse for the lordly sahib to ride ahead. As Bunter passed on, Kasi Jee leaned over with something in his hand, and touched Bunter's horse behind the fat rider. There was a sudden start from Bunter's steed, and he threw up his head and broke into a sudden gallop.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

It was almost by a miracle that Bunter was not thrown to the ground, as the naukhar had doubtless intended when he startled the horse with a sudden prick of his knife.

But the fat junior held on, clutching at the saddle with both hands, and letting the reins go.

"Ow, wow! Stop!" spluttered Bunter. "You awful beast, stop! Oh! Ow! Help! Great pip! I shall be killed! Wow! Stop him, James—stop him, Kasi Jee! You black scoundrel, I'll tan your hide if you don't stop him, Help!"

The horse galloped on, feeling himself uncontrolled. Kasi Jee sat in his saddle at a halt, and grinned. Bunter had not the faintest suspicion that the naukhar had deliberately caused the horse to bolt. It did not cross his fat mind that this was a retaliation for his fascinating manners and customs.

Had Kasi Jee desired to stop the runaway, it was doubtful whether he could have done so. As he did not desire it, he made no attempt. He sat his horse motionless, grinning, and Bunter vanished in the winding path through the forest.

Thud, thud, thud!

Bunter clung frantically to the saddle as the runaway raced on.

His fat face streamed with perspiration; his little round eyes bulged with terror behind his glasses.

He did not even attempt to control the horse; he could not do so. He only kept his seat by his desperate clutch on the saddle. And the animal raced on regardless of his rider. Bunter's fat brain swam as he was borne helplessly onward.

Thud, thud, thud!

The trees raced by Bunter. Several times he dodged instinctively to avoid a low branch. Thud, thud, thud! With his heart in his mouth, Bunter clung to the runaway, expecting every moment to be hurled to the earth.

An open space in the forest appeared ahead of him. Dizzily he sighted the ruins of the old temple, baking in the afternoon sun. He comprehended that this was the ruined temple where the picnic was taking place—or had taken place—and where he had intended to halt. But it was not in his power to halt now. That depended on his horse.

Right up to the ruins the runaway dashed, and then, all of a sudden, the horse stopped.

It seemed to Bunter as if a giant's hand plucked him from the saddle.

Before he knew what was happening, he shot over the horse's head and landed in a bush.

"Yoooop!"

Bunter sprawled and howled. The horse stood staring at him for a moment or two, and then swerved and trotted away, and vanished, with dangling reins and stirrups, into the forest.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Secret of the Temple!

"YOW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW!"

Thus William George Bunter.

The fat junior struggled breathlessly out of the bush. His clothes were torn, and his topee had fallen off. The thick bush, fortunately, had broken his fall; and to judge by the sounds that proceeded from Bunter, he was broken, too.

"Ow! Ow-ow-ow-wow!" spluttered Bunter.

He gasped and spluttered helplessly for some minutes. But he realised at last that he was not hurt, save for a few scratches and a bump or two. He fielded his topee, and jammed it back on his perspiring head.

"Oh, dear!" he gasped.

The horse had vanished. Bunter did not mind that very much—he was fed up with that horse. There was no sign of Kasi Jee; and that was more annoying. If Kasi Jee was following him, he was undoubtedly doing so at a less rapid pace. But possibly he was not following. That was serious, because Kasi Jee had the basket of lunch with him. Bunter was getting hungry. He wondered savagely whether Harry Wharton & Co. had anything in the grub line left. It would be just like them to finish their lunch to the last crumb, regardless of the fact that Bunter might blow in. That painful doubt had to be settled at once, and Bunter rolled into the ruined temple in search of the Famous Five.

"Wharton! Bob! Beasts! Where are you? Rotters!"

Only the echo of his voice answered him.

"Why, the—the awful rotters!" gasped Bunter, in consternation, as it dawned upon his fat mind that the chums of the Remove were no longer there.

He stopped and blinked round him in dismay.

He might have foreseen it—had Bunter ever foreseen anything. Harry Wharton & Co. had lunched long ago, and really they were not likely to hang about the place all the afternoon on the chance that Billy Bunter might possibly turn up after all. As a matter of fact, they had forgotten the existence of Bunter, and had not bestowed a thought on him since riding out of Bhanipur. The chums of the Remove had not really expected to enjoy Bunter's company that day; for it had not been their intention to proceed at a walking pace to suit the slow progress of a palanquin, had Bunter started with them. Bunter had expected it; but that was only one of Bunter's many expectations that would never have been realised.

Anyhow, they were gone now, there was no doubt about that. Bunter found the signs of the picnic in the ruins, but he did not find the Famous Five.

His feelings were almost too deep for words.

He was hungry, and there was no lunch, unless, and until, Kasi Jee came up with the basket. And it was very late for tiffin—very late indeed. True, Bunter had had several lunches since breakfast. But he was ready for another, and that was the important point.

"The awful beasts!" he gasped. "Leaving a fellow stranded! After all I've done for them, too! Frightful rotters!"

Bunter rolled out of the temple and blinked along the path for Kasi Jee. But the winding path through the forest was silent and vacant, so far as the Owl of the Remove could see. The fat junior rolled back into the temple, for shade from the blazing sun. Lizards crawled on the old masses of masonry, which were hot to the touch. Bunter blinked round him warily for snakes—the old ruin was likely to be an abiding place for reptiles. There was nothing for it but to sit down and rest, and wait for Kasi Jee to arrive with his lunch—and Bunter sought for a shady spot.

He found one in the old paved court where the bronze Buddha lay on the earth, blackened and disfigured on the old cracked stones. Bunter gave the defaced statue a careless blink in passing. Near it, a portion of the old wall stood intact, and barred off the hot rays of the sun, and scrubby tamarinds grew thickly. Between the tamarinds and the old wall, Bunter found shade, and he lay down to rest, after very carefully inspecting the spot for snakes.

He sat with his back to the wall, the tamarinds in front of him, and through interstices in the thicket he could see the bronze Buddha glistening in the sun. He rested there and listened, hoping every moment to hear the beat of a horse's hoofs, announcing the arrival of the naukar. But no sound broke the silence of the forest.

Bunter began to doze in the heat. He started suddenly into wide wakefulness.

A faint sound had come to his ears—a sound that seemed near at hand.

The fat junior sat upright, his ears strained to listen, his fat mind full of thoughts of snakes, tigers, and dacoits.

The sound was repeated; and it seemed to Bunter that it was a hollow

echo under the cracked pavement of the floor. He wondered whether there were vaults below the old temple, perhaps the haunts of wild beasts.

Suddenly he caught his breath and his gaze became fixed.

Through the interstices of the tamarinds before him he could see the bronze Buddha, lying as it had fallen long ago on the large flat stones of the paved court. One of the great stones, close by the Buddha's head, was in motion.

Bunter blinked, wondering whether he was dreaming.

The stone floor seemed, to the gaze, as solid as the earth itself. Yet one of the great flat stones was rising, as if propelled by some hidden force from below. It was no dream, no strange fancy; the great slab rose slowly, but surely, till it stood on end, and a dark orifice in the temple floor was disclosed.



Right up to the ruins the runaway dashed, and then all of a sudden the horse stopped. It seemed to Bunter as if a giant's hand plucked him from the saddle. Before he knew what was happening he shot over the horse's head and landed in a bush. "Yoooooop!" (See Chapter 4.)

Bunter sat very still.

He was frightened—he hardly knew why. Not for worlds would he have betrayed his presence. He scarcely breathed as he continued to watch from his hiding-place.

A head rose into view from the opening in the paved floor; a dusky face glimmered, and two flashing dark eyes stared searchingly round.

Bunter dared not breathe.

It was the face of Nally Das that he saw, scarcely three yards away from him!

His heart beat almost to suffocation.

There was a weapon in the Hindu's hand—a long knife that gleamed in the sun. The weapon, and the suspicious searching of his eyes, showed that he was on the look-out for foes. And Bunter, with a sickness at his heart, knew what would happen if Nally Das

discovered him. One thrust of that flashing steel, and all things would be at an end for the Owl of the Remove. Bunter's eyes were wide open—fixed—behind his big spectacles as he crouched in his hiding-place, dumb with terror.

Nally Das emerged from the opening and stood in the temple. Still his black eyes searched about him, and he listened intently. But the silence reassured him; he drew himself upright, and breathed freely. Evidently he had not the slightest suspicion that there was a hidden watcher—hidden only a few yards from him by the tamarinds. It was Harry Wharton & Co. and the subadar and the soldiers of whom Nally Das was thinking. But he was assured now that the visitors to the temple were gone.

He stepped over to the opening, and called out something softly in his own

tongue. Evidently he had companions in that mysterious recess beneath the old temple.

The slab of stone sunk back into its place; the floor was closed, and gave no sign of having been opened.

Nally Das, with a light tread, hurried away.

He vanished from Bunter's sight.

The fat junior was deeply relieved to see him disappear.

His life had hung on a thread, and he knew it.

But the man was gone; silence had fallen on the old temple again. But below, in some strange recess beneath the cracked stones of the floor, there were others—at least, one other, as Bunter knew. The Owl of the Remove realised that the sooner he was gone, the better. But he did not venture to move.

till a quarter of an hour had elapsed since the last light footfall of Nally Das had died away.

Then he picked himself up, and trod away on tiptoe.

His heart was thumping as he crept out of the ruined temple and emerged into the forest. Hardly stopping to blink round him, he tramped away, heading back the way he had come.

It was hot—very hot; and Bhanipur was far away. But Bunter was only anxious to get away from the dangerous neighbourhood of Nally Das' lurking-place.

He tramped on as fast as his fat little legs could carry him. He was nearly a mile from the temple, when he sighted a horseman on the path, coming towards him at a walking-pace. For a moment Bunter's heart leaped into his mouth. Then he recognised Kasi Jee. It was the naukari; evidently not hurrying himself to overtake the fat sahib.

Bunter waved a hand to him.

"James, you cheeky rotter!"

Kasi Jee jumped down and salaamed before Bunter.

"I have found my great lord!" he exclaimed. "The heart of Kasi Jee has been heavy with distress. He has been seeking the sahib—"

"Cut it short!" growled Bunter. "You could have jolly well found me before this if you'd wanted to, you confounded nigger!"

"The sahib's slave has been seeking for—"

"That's enough! My horse has run away!" growled Bunter. "I shall take your horse, and you can jolly well walk. See?"

"Kasi Jee is the sahib's servant."

"Help me up!" grunted Bunter.

He squatted in the naukari's saddle. "Not that way," he snapped, as the naukari was about to lead the horse on towards the temple.

"Is not my lord going to the old Temple of Shiva?"

"Mind your own business! Get me out of this rotten forest as soon as you can!" growled Bunter. "I've had enough of it. Get a move on!"

"As the sahib wills."

Kasi Jee led the horse back towards the plain. Bunter rode out of the forest into the blaze of the afternoon sun. He was glad enough, however, to leave the shadows of the forest behind him.

"Now find me a shady place for lunch!" he snapped.

"Han, sahib."

And at long last Bunter sat down to his delayed feed under the shade of a banyan-tree, with the wide rice-fields stretching before him. It was a large lunch, and Bunter disposed of it to the last crumb; it did not occur to his fat mind to leave anything for the naukari. And having disposed of the lunch, Bunter stretched himself to slumber in the shade of the banyan, with a greasy and contented smile on his fat face; and Kasi Jee, squatting on the ground waiting the pleasure of his white lord, listened to the deep and rumbling snore of the Owl of the Remove.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

An Indian Night's Entertainment!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Cheese it, old man!"

"Quiet!"

Bunter breathed hard with indignation.

The full, round moon sailed over the THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 968.

city and palace of Bhanipur; in the silvery light, roofs and towers glimmered white, and the tall palm-trees of the palace court stood out like tall black shadows. It was a beautiful Indian night; the heat of the day was gone, and all was peace and calm. The many windows of the palace of Bhanipur gleamed with lights; hurrying feet of silent attendants passed and re-passed; the great palm court, upon which the state apartments of the palace looked, was lined with soldiers on guard. Straits of barbaric music echoed and rang among the palm-trees and the tinkling fountains.

Harry Wharton & Co. were home from their day's ride, a little tired, but very cheery. Now they were enjoying one of the many entertainments of the palace of Bhanipur.

On a golden throne, backed by gigantic peacock-feathers worked in precious gems, sat Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in robes of state. By him, on a lower throne, sat his uncle, the Jam Bahadur, with a bright smile on his little brown face. On the other side of the nabob sat Colonel Wharton, a guest whom the ruler of Bhanipur delighted to honour.

Harry Wharton & Co. were accommodated with comfortable couches, in which they reclined luxuriously. Other guests, of dusky hue, were there in considerable numbers; the hospitality of the nabob was unbounded. The seats were arranged on either side of the nabob's throne in a semi-circle. Before them was the entertainment—jugglers, conjurers, snake-charmers, nautch-girls. An Indian night's entertainment, resembling the "Arabian Nights" to the Greyfriars juniors.

It was entertaining enough to the juniors, new to the sights of the Indian peninsula. But every now and then they looked away from the show to glance at the nabob on the golden throne. They could hardly believe that this stately nabob, in his jewel-encrusted robes, was the same old Inky of the Remove passage at Greyfriars—the fellow who had joined unceremoniously in the rough-and-tumble life of the Lower Fourth. But when he caught their glances, the nabob grinned with the same old familiar dusky grin they knew.

Behind the seats, the punkahs swayed, kept in constant motion by the dusky wallahs. Overhead, the moon sailed in cloudless splendour, and a myriad of stars glittered like points of silver.

A tall, bronze-skinned snake-charmer, clad only in a linen loin-cloth, was giving a performance with his snakes, when Billy Bunter dawned on the scene.

Bunter had got back late. His nap under the banyan had lasted till sunset. Having awakened, he had kicked Kasi Jee—not for any special reason, but on principle—and ridden back to the city with the naukari.

On his arrival at the palace, Bunter found the entertainment in the palm court in full swing. And he was indignant. Besides the Greyfriars juniors, there were thirty or forty native guests.

But it seemed to be Bunter's idea that the thing ought not to have started before his arrival. Bunter rolled up to the Greyfriars seats and blinked at the juniors, careless of the disturbance he made by his late arrival.

The juniors made room for him.

"Sit down, old fat bean," said Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, old man," said Nugent,

"and get out of the light! Can't see through a porpoise, you know!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Sit down, Bunter."

"How long has this been going on?" snorted Bunter.

"About half an hour. Sit down."

"Couldn't wait for a chap, of course!" sneered Bunter.

"Fathead!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Shut up and sit down!"

Bunter grunted, and sank down on the soft silken cushion. He turned his big spectacles on the show.

The sap-wallah, or snake-charmer, was going strong. He stood like a figure of bronze, with the terrible reptiles twined round him, the hideous heads passing and re-passing close to his face. The hissing and writhing of the snakes were incessant. And the juniors knew that the cobras that twined round the sap-wallah were poisonous reptiles; their bite death to the victim. At every instant, it seemed to them, the sap-wallah was chancing a fearful fate; yet he was evidently quite at home with the fearful creatures. They obeyed the murmur of his voice, writhing and gliding and circling at his command.

"I say, you fellows, I hope those blinking snakes are safe!" muttered Bunter. "I suppose they don't bite?"

"They jolly well do!" said Wharton.

"The man must have an iron nerve. But I suppose he's used to them."

"Mean to say they're poisonous?" gasped Bunter.

"Yes, ass!"

"I—I say, suppose one of them got away, and wriggled over here?" stammered the Owl of the Remove.

"Then we should rely on you to collar it, Bunter, and protect us!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Oh dear!"

Bunter watched the sapwallah and his snakes, with his little round eyes bulging behind his glasses. He was relieved when the turn was over and the snake-charmer and the reptiles were gone.

"Rotten!" grunted Bunter. "Not that I'm afraid of snakes, of course."

"Not now they're gone!" agreed Bob.

"Of course, if one of them had got among us, I should have collared it at once. Easy enough to deal with a snake, if you've got the nerve," said Bunter. "You take it by the tail, you know, and dash its head on the ground, and there you are! Nothing to be scared about if you've got the nerve. That's where I come in. It's a bit different with you fellows. I noticed you looking a bit sickly, Bull."

"Did you?" said Johnny Bull, in a deep, sulphurous voice.

"Yes, old chap—nervous—what? You were shaking a bit, Nugent."

"Ass!"

"My dear chap, you needn't deny it," said Bunter. "Snakes are pretty dangerous things, and every fellow hasn't my nerve. But you needn't be afraid, with me here, you know."

Something touched Bunter's fat ankle as he was speaking. He gave a start.

"What—what's that?"

"Is it a snake?" asked Bob Cherry, peering down. "Quick, Bunter—take it by the tail!"

"Yaroooo!"

"And dash its head on the ground!"

"Help!"

"Easy enough for a fellow with nerve!"

"Whooooop!"

The fat junior made a wild leap upon the seat. He stood there blinking

round him in terrified alarm, spluttering wildly.

"Ow! Help! Take it away! Kill it! Drag it off! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter!" came Colonel Wharton's deep voice. "Sit down at once! What do these antics mean, you young donkey?"

"Help!" roared Bunter. "I'm not going to be bitten by poisonous snakes! Yaroooooh!"

"Silence!"

"Little sahib being in alarm?" asked the Jam Bahadur. "But there is no danger befalling little sahib."

"Help! Snakes! Yooop!"

"What is the matter with Bunter, Harry?" called out the colonel, greatly annoyed.

"Only funk," answered Harry.

"There's a snake under the seat!" yelled Bunter.

"It's all right, sir!" called out Bob Cherry. "I touched Bunter's ankle with the toe of my boot, and he seemed to think it was a snake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wha-a-at?" spluttered Bunter.

"Sit down at once, Bunter! Behave yourself!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

The fat junior collapsed into his seat, bestowing a ferocious blink on the grinning juniors. He realised that Bob Cherry had been pulling his leg.

"You—you—you—" he gasped.

There was a burst of wild music from cymbals and tambourines, and a troupe of nautch-girls danced into the scene. Bunter sat down—even Bunter was not afraid of nautch-girls. With a musical jingling of the silver bells fastened to their brown ankles, the nautch-girls danced to the tambourines under the glimmering moon, that made the palm court as light as by day. There were more than a hundred of the dancers, clad in gorgeous colours, glistening with gems, winding in the mazes of the Indian dance. The dance was led by a graceful, brown-limbed damsel, whose dark eyes lingered sometimes on the youthful nabob, and sometimes on the Greyfriars juniors as she passed before them again and again in the windings of the dance. Doubtless the nautch-girl was interested in the Europeans, and desired to note the effect upon them of her performance. But that was not Bunter's idea.

Bunter dug a fat thumb into Bob Cherry's ribs.

"I say, Cherry—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, fatty! Don't puncture me!"

"That's a jolly-looking girl!" said Bunter.

"Eh? Oh, ripping!" said Bob.

"She dances well," said Wharton. "That's Lakme, the queen of the nautch-girls, Bunter."

"You fellows noticed her looking at me?" said Bunter, with a smirk.

"Eh?"

"What?"

Bunter grinned complacently.

"I dare say she did," remarked Johnny Bull. "She may have wondered what we've got a porpoise here for."

"Oh, really, Bull—"

The dancer passed again, and again her dark eyes lingered on the Greyfriars juniors, and she smiled with a flash of white teeth.

Bunter smirked.

"I suppose you fellows noticed that, anyhow!" he said. "You needn't think she was looking at you, Wharton."

"Fathead!"



"Breaking the law of the zenana, it is to die," said the Hindu. "Little sahib being ready?" Bunter made a spring to escape. In a moment a sinewy grasp was upon him, and he was jerked to his knees. "Yaroooooh! Keep off! Help!" yelled Bunter, terrified. There was a chortle from behind a clump of deodars, and four grinning faces peered out. (See Chapter 8.)

"I'm accustomed to jealousy," said Bunter calmly. "A really good-looking and attractive fellow has to get used to it."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I must speak to her after this is over," said Bunter. "After all, why shouldn't a fellow be civil? This sort of thing isn't in your line, you fellows; but I'm used to getting the glad eye."

"You unspeakable idiot!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I've had that sort of thing from you before, at home!" said Bunter disdainfully. "You never did like it when Marjorie Hazeldene gave me the glad eye."

"What?" breathed Bob.

"You never liked it—you can't say you did," said Bunter. "The Cliff House girls were fond of me—it was natural. The jealousy I got from you fellows was rather thick. Don't begin it all over again here, just because that jolly girl is mashed. It's rather sickening, you know."

"I can't kick you here," said Bob, after some thought.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"But if you mention Marjorie again, I shall kick you and chance it!"

"Yah!"

Bunter did not mention Marjorie again. In fact, his fat attention was quite taken up with Lakme, the nautch-girl. Bunter had not the slightest doubt that the nautch-girl had noticed his uncommon attractions—indeed, how could she fail to notice them? Her glances at the Greyfriars party, to Bunter meant only one thing

—the queen of the nautch-girls was greatly attracted by him, and was giving him what he elegantly termed the "glad eye." And Bunter smirked back whenever Lakme came near, and had not the slightest doubt that his fatuous smirks achieved the conquest of the dusky damsel's heart.

Bunter unexpectedly found himself enjoying the entertainment, and he was sorry when it was over and the nautch-girls trooped away. As he rolled back into the palace there was a fatuous grin on Bunter's fat face. He was thinking of the graceful and beautiful Lakme, and he had not the slightest doubt that she was thinking of him. On that point there was, in Bunter's mind, not the shadow of a doubt—not a possible, probable shadow of doubt—no possible doubt whatever.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Glad Eye!

"FRANKY!"

Nugent yawned.

"Franky, old chap—"

"What's the row now?"

asked Nugent. "Haven't you had enough supper?"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"You ate only enough for six," said Nugent. "Anything the matter with your appetite?"

"I say, old chap, be serious!" urged Bunter. "I want you to help me."

"You had a good many helpings,"

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said Nugent. "And how can I help you now supper's over?"

"I don't mean that, you ass," said Bunter peevishly. "Look here, Franky, we're pals, ain't we?"

"Are we?" asked Nugent doubtfully. "You're not such a clumsy, heavy-footed ass as Bob Cherry—"

"Not such a rude, ill-mannered pig as Bull—"

"What?"

"Or so stuck up as Wharton—"

"What the thump—"

"That's why I've picked you out to help me," said Bunter, blinking seriously at Nugent through his big spectacles.

Nugent stared at him. Undoubtedly Frank Nugent was the most easy-going member of the Co. Probably that was why he had allowed Bunter to lead him out mysteriously into the moonlit gardens of the palace after supper. He was no keener on Bunter's company than the other fellows, but he had good-naturedly submitted. What Bunter wanted he could not guess, but he was willing to give the Owl of the Remove his head, so to speak.

"What on earth do you mean, Bunter?" he asked. "If you're not talking out of your silly hat, give it a name!"

"You remember that girl—"

"What girl?"

"Lakme, the nauteh-girl."

"I remember," said Nugent. "What on earth about her, Bunter? Are you wandering off your rocker?"

"You remember how she gave me the glad eye during the dance?" urged Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! Did she?"

"You must have noticed it," said Bunter warmly. "Well, I want to make her acquaintance."

"Great pip!"

"All these people have their quarters in a different part of the palace," said Bunter. "But, of course, that can be worked. Lakme practically asked me to make an appointment and speak to her—that's what her glances meant."

"Pshaw!"

"You wouldn't understand, Nugent," said Bunter condescendingly. "You aren't used to these things. I can tell you that when I've been on the pier at Margate, I've had dozens of girls looking at me and smiling."

Nugent chuckled.

"I'm not surprised to hear that," he admitted.

"You're not a jealous ass like Cherry, are you, old fellow?" said Bunter. "You know how it is. I don't brag, as you know, but if a fellow's attractive, he's attractive, and that's all there is about it."

"Ye gods!" murmured Nugent.

"Now, I want you to help me," said Bunter. "There's difficulties in the way. Do you think Lakme understands English?"

"Lots of the nauteh-girls do, I believe," said Nugent. "But—"

"If she does, it's all right. I could send her a note."

"A—a—a note? Do you mean a bank-note?"

"No, you ass," said Bunter irritably. "I mean a billy-dooks."

"A what?" gasped Nugent.

"A billy-dooks. Don't you know what a billy-dooks is?"

"Blessed if I do," said Nugent blankly. "Is it a Hindustani word?"

"You silly ass! It's a French word, and it means a love-letter."

"Oh, a billet-doux!" said Nugent.

comprehending at last. "I—I see! You want to send Lakme a billet-doux."

"You can call it a billy-doo if you like—I call it a billy-dooks," said Bunter. "You don't know much French, Nugent. But never mind that now. I want you to help me."

"I can't help you in French if I don't know much French, can I?" said Nugent gravely.

"I don't mean that; I mean, help me in sending a billy-dooks to Lakme!" snapped Bunter.

"You frabjous ass!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"If you get nosing into places where you've no business, you may get your silly head chopped off!" said Nugent.

"Well, you see, I was thinking of that," said Bunter. "They've got a lot of queer customs in this country that want a lot of understanding. They keep women shut up and veiled, and all that. I don't know whether they're so particular about nauteh-girls; but, of course, I don't want to run into some Johnny who might cut up rusty. Still, I want to see Lakme, naturally, when she's mashed on me."

"Oh dear!"

"Well, will you take a billy-dooks to her?" asked Bunter. "If she can read English, it will be all right, and I'll make an appointment in the palace gardens, see? I ask it as a pal, Franky. You're not a rotter like those other chaps. Do it."

Nugent blinked at him. Apparently, as a pal, he was to penetrate to the quarters of the nauteh-girls, and carry Bunter's billet-doux, taking upon himself the risk of meeting a Johnny with a dagger who might cut up rusty.

Bunter eyed him anxiously. Johnnies with daggers were extremely disagreeable johnnies to meet; but somehow Bunter did not seem to think that that mattered so far as Frank Nugent was concerned. He was very particular about the safety of his own fat skin; but Nugent's skin was so very minor a consideration that Bunter did not think of it at all.

Frank Nugent was silent for a minute or two. Then a glimmer came into his eyes, and he smiled.

"Got the billet-doux ready?" he asked.

"Here it is, old chap," said Bunter effusively. "I've written it. Rather poetical, you know—something in the Oriental style. I begin, 'The light of your starry eyes—'"

"Don't read it out," said Nugent.

"I'm not a giddy nauteh-girl. I've never noticed that you were a good-looking and attractive chap."

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Hand it over," said Frank. "Mind, I don't promise anything. I'll see what can be done. That's all I can say."

"Do your best, old fellow," said Bunter anxiously.

"I'll do the best I can for you, Bunter," said Nugent. "I can say no more than that."

"That's all right, old fellow. I'll wait for you here, under this mango tree," said Bunter. "Don't lose time."

"Not a tick!" said Frank.

And, leaving George William Bunter waiting under the shadow of the mango tree, Frank Nugent put the billet-doux into his pocket and went back into the palace.

He preserved his gravity, though with difficulty, till he was out of sight and hearing of Bunter. But he was chuckling as he rejoined his chums. Harry Wharton & Co. were supping sherbet in

a little pagoda in the gardens, to the sweet strains of a string band, hidden somewhere behind the palm trees. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was with his friends—unbent from the stately magnificence of the Huzoor Nabob of Bhanpur, and once more the familiar Inky of old. The juniors looked inquiringly at Frank as he came into the pagoda, and a black slave brought a wicker chair and another a glass of sherbet on a silver tray for the newcomer.

"My esteemed chum seems tickled," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "What is the excellent jokefulness?"

"Bunter!" chuckled Nugent.

"I noticed that the fat duffer dragged you away after supper," said Harry. "What is it this time?"

"I'm going to tell you fellows," chuckled Nugent. "It's a chance to pull that fat idiot's leg and teach him a lesson about handing out the glad eye. But I don't know whether I ought to let you into it, Inky."

"And whyfully not?" inquired the nabob.

Nugent grinned.

"I'll let you into it as Inky of the Remove, but not as the Nabob of Bhanpur," he explained. "As old Inky you can help us pull Bunter's leg, but as Nabob of Bhanpur you might be called upon to order his fat head to be cut off."

"Oh, my esteemed hat!" ejaculated Hurree Singh. "My worthy and ridiculous chum, please regard me as the familiar Inky of the school and leave the giddy nabob out of the esteemed question."

"Done!" said Frank. And, that point having been settled, he proceeded to explain the fatuous antics of the Owl of the Remove.

There was a general chuckle in the pagoda. It was often Bunter's fate, seriously as the fat junior took himself, to afford comic relief. But Billy Bunter giving the glad eye to an Indian beauty was really the limit. Bunter mashing the nauteh girls really put the lid on, as Bob Cherry remarked.

"I told him I'd do the best I could for him," concluded Nugent. "And the best thing we can do for him is to give him a lesson, isn't it?"

"Yes, rather!" said Wharton, laughing.

"The burbling chump!" growled Johnny Bull. "I'd have thumped him if he'd sprung this on me, instead of you, Franky."

"You see, he picked me out," explained Frank. "He told me it was because I wasn't a pig like you, old chap—"

"What?"

"Or a heavy-footed ass like you, Bob—"

"Eh?"

"Oh stuck-up, like you, Harry—"

"The cheeky owl!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Being my nice, agreeable self," continued Nugent, "I'm picked out to run the risk of meeting a Johnny with a dagger while delivering what Bunter calls his billy-dooks—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And now the question arises, how are we going to make the fat idiot give up the glad eye and chuck up playing the goat," said Nugent. "Glad eyes in India are jolly risky, ain't they, Inky?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh nodded.

"Extremely so, my worthy chum," he answered. "The idiotic and fat-headed Bunter might very soon find himself with six inches of steel in his

(Continued on page 17.)



No. 1 (New Series). Vol. 3.

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Teams in for a Good Time!

Changes since last season and my "tips" for the new term.

By CLEM STEPHENSON.

(Captain of the "hat-trick" champions.)

THE start of this football season is, in one respect, at any rate, like the start of every other season I have known. There is optimism everywhere—among the players individually and throughout the clubs collectively. The teams which had a good time last season are hoping to repeat their success; those who only did moderately well can give a dozen reasons why they will improve, and the failures of the last campaign are hopeful that the turning in the lane has been found. 'Twas ever thus, and in these early stages I am too kind-hearted to rub in the fact that in every season there must be failures as well as successes—teams at or near the bottom as well as teams covering themselves with glory.

THE UPS AND DOWNS.

Being so closely connected with the Huddersfield Town Club, it is only natural that I should hear much discussion as to whether we shall be able to continue on our winning way. This, as a matter of fact, is probably a question which intrigues people not directly associated with the Huddersfield club. Last season, as everybody knows, we completed the "hat-trick" by winning the championship for the third season in succession. That was a feat never previously accomplished by any club, but though I think we have a perfect right to be proud of it we are not puffing out our chests and shouting the odds on our keeping at the top again. The old stagers of the team, at any rate, know that football history is one long story of ups and downs; that some clubs have experienced their very worst times when everything in the garden has looked most rosy.

NO WEAK SPOT.

Now, on the face of it, I can think of no reason at all why Huddersfield should not win the championship again. It is known by the directors that always the team-building must go on. And so, as far as it is possible, Huddersfield Town have made sure of keeping on the road marked success. I think we shall keep on it for a bit longer, too, but if we don't—well, we

shall find consolation somewhere, and talk airily and learnedly about it being all for the good of football that the honours should go round.

That much for the chances of the team I know most about. What of the others? Surely the Arsenal will go on again and have another good time. There may be other managers who are just as determined as Mr. Herbert Chapman to leave no stone unturned to get his side to the top, but it can be doubted whether all the managers know as much as the Arsenal "boss" exactly where the stones are which have to be disturbed. The Arsenal were strong last season—and a bit fortunate in escaping injury at half-back, and is, I consider, strong.



"Clem" gets his head to it.

TWO NEWCOMERS.

A late advance by Blackburn Rovers last season suggests that they have duly solved the difficulties which showed themselves earlier in the campaign, and one can usually look with confidence for continued success in the new season on the part of clubs which finished the campaign strongly. Liverpool and Everton were sides which disappointed me, as at the start I thought them likely to be serious challengers for a top place, and, anyway, there are too many good players connected with the Merseyside club for them to be kept in the background for long. Neither will Newcastle United or Aston Villa be content with ordinary places, and I have a suspicion that the Midlanders especially will show an advance on last season's playing. The two newcomers to the First Division—Derby County and the Wednesday—will be watched with special interest. Neither of these clubs possess players who have made really big reputations, but they should not be despised on that account, for they are real teams in the fullest sense of the word. It is natural, too, that they should be relying almost entirely on the players who gained promotion.

HERE'S LUCK TO THE UNFORTUNATES!

Turning to the Second Division, the relegated of last season—Manchester City and Notts County—will find the path back to the top class by no means an easy one. Yet I have at least one good reason for thinking that each of these clubs will do well. This reason lies in the fact that they were only comparatively poor teams last season. Both the City and Notts got enough points last campaign to have put them safe in a normal season. I have not looked up the records, but I should imagine it is a very long time since a side went down which gained 35 points, but this was the total obtained by Manchester City last season. They were only pipped at the post, and no doubt a lot of people connected with the club will feel that the Cup success was paid for at rather a high price. However, here's luck and a speedy return to two unfortunate teams of last season. I shall expect Swansea Town and Portsmouth to make a good show in the Second Division, too, while it is high time Chelsea got to work to get back to the place where a team with such a ground and such a following rightly belong—the First Division.

Clem Stephenson

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HALF the BATTLE!

The Value of a Good Start.

By "LINESMAN."

EVERY big football club wants to start well, and every little football club wants to get away from the mark with a win or two as well. The reason for this is easy—we are all pretty sure that in football, as in other things, a good start is half the battle.

Just think for a minute what it means to a big club to get well off the mark. In the first place it gives the players of the club the necessary confidence. They feel that they are in for a good time, and that having beaten one or two clubs they can go on beating the others. Of course, they are often doomed to disappointment, but anyway, the confidence can't do any harm.

PANIC CHANGES.

Then, a good start lifts a load of care off the shoulders of the manager and the directors. They can let the team settle down without making changes. A bad start, on the other hand, often leads to panic changes. I remember one club which got one or two bad snacks in the eye at the beginning of last season, and that club never recovered from those blows. Before the end of September arrived the manager was making changes in the team every week, and for one game he made no fewer than seven alterations as compared with the team which did duty the previous week.

"GIVE 'EM A CHANCE!"

These panic changes merely meant that the team went from bad to worse, and you certainly don't get together a winning side by pulling the team to bits every week. In this connection I want to give a little hint which may be of value to every club, whether small or large. Even if the side makes a bad start don't go into hysterics and try to remedy matters by making wholesale changes in the team. Give the lads a chance to recover—to get to know each other's methods. By doing this it is ever so much more likely that a side will recover from a bad start; it certainly won't be helped to recovery by panic changes.

There is, too, a danger in a good start—the danger of the manager of a team being lulled into a false sense of security. A good start may be due to good luck rather than good play, so it is safer to analyse the form of the players carefully rather than to accept the results at their face value. I know one very wise manager of a most successful team who has always held that it is safer to make changes in a winning side than a losing one.

SHE WON!

He knew the result of every match since '88. He was acquainted with the personnel of every team from Aston Villa down to the Viking Rovers. That afternoon he had seen his favourites walk over their opponents, but, all the same, the game ended in a draw. "Well, dear, what was the score?" asked his wife. "One, one!" snapped her husband. "Quite so, dear," said the lady. "But which one won?"

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"Fiery Freddy!"

The real story of Sheffield United's "set 'em alight" winger.

By "PAUL PRY."

THEY have a lot of pet names for Fred Tunstall in Sheffield. When I was there last season I heard him referred to as Tunny, but I think the best title for him is "Fiery Freddy." He has certainly set 'em alight since he left Scunthorpe United to play for the cut-throat lot. Perhaps you didn't know that he nearly played for the Spurs. I will tell you the yarn. Manager McWilliam heard about Tunstall when the latter was playing at Scunthorpe. The Spurs manager went to see him, but didn't tell anybody he was at the match till it was over. Then he made his presence known to the secretary of Scunthorpe, who wanted to know which player Manager McWilliam had been to see.



F. TUNSTALL.

HARD LINES ON THE DEPUTY!

"I came to Scunthorpe to see your outside-left, Tunstall," said Peter Mac. "but I don't think much of him." "But you haven't seen him," replied the secretary. "That was a deputy outside-left we had out to-day, because Tunstall signed on for Sheffield United yesterday, and is playing for them against the Spurs at Tottenham this afternoon." Exactly what Manager McWilliam said when he discovered that he had missed this winger is not recorded, but it can certainly be said that he missed the finest outside-left England has produced in recent years.

FORCEFUL PLAY!

"Fiery?" I should say he is. Watch Tunstall dashing down the wing like greased lightning. No frills about his play, no fancy tricks, no doubling back. Just plain straightforward stuff, but full

of fire all the same. And when it comes to shooting—well, he does fire them. An outside man is not supposed to score goals, but Freddy passed the twenty mark for Sheffield United last season, scoring more than any other first-class winger has done since the War.

AN OPPORTUNIST!

I have a very vivid picture of "Tunny" in my mind's eye as I write. The Cup Final of 1925 is in progress. The ball is kicked across the field by the Sheffield United right wing. Wake, the Cardiff City right half-back, has apparently plenty of time to clear. Tunstall, so far as he knows, is far enough away. Alas, Wake has forgotten how "Fiery Freddy" can go. Wake swings his leg to kick the ball. When his foot gets to the place where the ball was it is no longer there. "Tunny" has got it, and it is whizzing into the net—a fiery shot far too hot for the Cardiff goalkeeper to hold. By that fiery shot Sheffield United won the Cup.

GOAL KICKS!

HOW does this go for economy? When the jerseys of the players of a Second Division club get too old to be worn any longer the wool is pulled into pieces and used for darning the socks of the players.

Here is another bit of economy which equals the foregoing. Sunderland have, for this season, made a "drastic" change in the colour of the players' shorts. They will wear black instead of blue, because, so rumour has it, the black will last an extra week before they need washing.

Huddersfield have a new reserve centre-forward from Durham whose name is Dent. Evidently the champions expect to go on making their mark.

Newcastle United are providing cover for a lot more spectators this season, and it is now hoped that the supporters of the Magpies won't chatter so much when it happens to be a wet Saturday.

Tom Roberts used to play for Preston North End. Then he went to Burnley, and now he has returned to Preston again. What a life! as the clock pendulum would say.

Why should Norwich City be without any financial worries in the future? Because they have recently signed on a Richmond(d).

Norwich City, who are known as the Canaries, at least try to live up to the name. They will not have the assistance of Featherby this season, but they have a Wingham instead.

So far as many clubs are concerned, times are somewhat hard in the financial sense, and it is suggested that in some cases it is goldkeepers rather than goalkeepers who are wanted.

The SKIPPER'S JOB!

My own ideas about leading a football team.

By CHARLIE BUCHAN,
the man whose captaincy "made"
the Arsenal.



I HAVE heard it said that captains, like poets, are born, and not made. Although I have for some years been captain of a football team, I could not say under which heading I should be classed. But I do know that there are some leaders in sport who seemed so fitted for the job that one could not be in any doubt when describing them as "born captains." The captain of a Soccer team has not, as a rule, many opportunities of displaying any executive ability. For instance, he does not, like the skipper of a cricket eleven, have to make various changes in the disposition of his team. Still, there are occasions when a football captain has to prove that he is not merely the spinner of the coin and the chooser of which end he would like to defend.

DOING GOOD BY "STEALTH."

Not all of them go about the job in the same way. There are all kinds of skippers—some very quiet, others the reverse. Without question, one of the most silent, yet withal the most successful captains of recent years is Arthur Grimsdell of the Spurs. A man must have great confidence in himself and in his team if he can go through a game without apparently issuing any instructions. Of course, he does do so during the course of a game, but the captaincy work is carried through so quietly, that the ordinary spectator would never guess who was the captain unless he knew. The question as to whether this or the more robust method of shouting is likely to get the best results is debatable. A great deal must depend on the members of the team. For my own part, I never dream of interfering or offering advice when the team is doing well. If I see my left wing working nicely, I think it likely to upset any arrangements the pair may have by shouting out to one of them what they ought to do. It is a captain's job to see that the team is

working in harmony, and if this can be accomplished without a multitude of instructions, all the better.

"FRIGHTENING" THE OTHER FELLOWS.

On the other hand, some teams seem to play up better by the continual urging up of the master mind. Billy Walker, of Aston Villa, for instance, never seems to be at his best unless he is continually calling out to this or that man what to do. I think the talking has this advantage over the quieter method: it seems to put a little more ginger into the game, and on some teams this has a beneficial effect. You all know, for instance, the team which will settle down and give a pretty exhibition, but which does not get the goals. In such cases I think that a sudden shout, added to a bit of dash, will bring about a livening effect. In a game last season with Everton and Sunderland the Lancashire team were playing real exhibition stuff, when all at once an inside-forward yelled out to his partner, and made so sudden a dash that it nearly put the Sunderland defence off their balance. It is the unexpected in many ways that get the goals.

A SUCCESSFUL TRICK.

Another captain who believes in making his presence known by vocal directions is "Red" Hill, of Burnley. All his shouting is done on enthusiastic lines. He seems to instil into the player with the ball the idea that if that player only will try, he can go right through and score on his own. All over the field you will hear Hill's cheerful voice, and I have known two or three players to go over to tackle the player with the ball merely because they have been "kidded" by Hill's urging to believe that the player concerned would go right through as instructed. But he does not. If

the player is cute he slings the ball over when least expected, and so catches the opposition in false positions. Hill is one of the biggest spoofers in football to-day. Moreover, he does enjoy his football. I am certain that he does work the trick of telling wingers to go through when he knows better than anyone else that they won't. During the Arsenal game with Burnley recently the inside-right of Burnley was told to put the ball over to the left. Immediately the opposing centre-half turned to make ground towards the threatened point. All that happened, however, was a short pass to Hill himself, who at once pushed the ball down the middle to his own centre-forward, who had, until that moment, been blinded from such a pass owing to the defence being in correct position.

A CUTE MOVE.

In Cup-ties it does sometimes happen that a skipper, by a cute move, might justify his selection for the post even if he never kicked a ball. Before this season, when the old off-side rule was in force, I have seen a crooked player sent off the field by his captain—as a justification for playing the one-back game. That is not an argument that ten players are as good as eleven, but it was a fact that for a short while the playing of the one-back game could generally be relied on to get a team out of difficulties during the last ten minutes of a game. But those days are gone, and new tricks have to be thought of.

PANIC DOESN'T PAY.

In Cup-ties there are more opportunities for captains to exercise their craft. There is that moment when the side is a goal down and the close of the game near at hand. Should the team crowd on all sail regardless of defence, or merely trust to the ordinary chances of the game? It is a ticklish problem. After all, in these games one may just as well lose by two goals as one goal. If you lose you are done for. Some are inclined to take the risk and let all join in the attack. For my own part, I do not think panicky methods are of much help in these circumstances. Especially during last season did it seem that the team which was constantly pressing rarely got the goals it appeared to deserve. Most of the games which ended in a pronounced victory for one side reveal that there was not anything like the difference between the teams that the margin suggests. I believe that the more open the game the more chances there are that goals will be scored.

TACT GOES A LONG WAY.

It is a good rule for the leader of the team to leave the player as much to himself as possible rather than to keep on pointing out his errors. Every player knows when he has done wrong, and to tell him so during a match is only making things worse. It must not be forgotten that in front of a big crowd the young player wants all the confidence he can muster. If there is any "telling off" to be done, after the match, and not while it is in progress, is the right time. In addition, it is not exactly what one says, but how it is said that makes all the difference between gaining the respect of the team or earning their dislike. After all, players are very human. A little tact gains a lot of goodwill.

C. M. Buchan



CHARLIE BUCHAN, the man who made the Arsenal.

TRICKS of the TRADE!

No. 1—John R. Hill, the Burnley and English International centre-half.

A SHORT time ago I put this question to a splendid International forward who had just come off the field after playing against Burnley, "What do you think of Jack Hill?" The reply came without the slightest hesitation, "He is the biggest nuisance I have ever run up against."

Now, in its way, that was a really nice compliment which the well-known forward paid to Hill. A centre-half-back who can send his opponents off the field feeling that they have run up against the biggest nuisance in the game may be said to have been a success at his job. It is the duty of the centre-half to be a nuisance, and long John Hill does this nuisance side of his job thoroughly. In the first place, he was most obviously built to be a nuisance and a centre-half, for he stands six-feet-three in his socks, and has been described as the longest-legged footballer in the game.

THE IDEAL TYPE.

Now, I am not going to say none of my young football readers won't make a great half-back unless he finds some stuff which will make him grow six feet tall. There have been great half-backs of the past who have been of less than the average height. But especially in regard to the centre-half-back position it is true that there is only one type of player better than a good little 'un, and that is a good big 'un.

A FAVOURITE TRICK.

Much of Hill's success as a centre-half is due to the fact that he is able to take opposing forwards by surprise owing to his remarkable length of leg. A forward who thinks himself well away

suddenly sees a leg shoot out, and the ball scraped away by Hill. When he goes down on one knee—a favourite trick of his—and then shoots out his other leg it must seem to the opposition that Hill can stretch almost from one side of the field to the other. "He has legs like a telescope!" was the vivid description given to him by a witty opponent.

THE RESULT OF PRACTICE.

Don't let me give the impression, however, that Hill owes all his success to physical qualities. He knows all the tricks of the centre-half's trade. When I first saw him play for Plymouth Argyle he was a big, awkward lad, with very little idea of the half-back's job beyond being a good stopper. In the years which have intervened he has made himself a good starter as well, and by his play nowadays he shows that he is a believer in the sound axiom that attack is the best defence.

THE "OUTSIDE" VIEW.

I once saw him score two very good goals against Blackburn Rovers, and he makes quite a habit of getting through when his side is taking corner-kicks. This is how he does it. He stands outside the bunch of players about twenty yards from goal. Then as the ball comes across he runs forward, gets his red head to it, and steers it into the net.

A CUTE DODGE.

He has a tricky way of deceiving his opponents, too, as to the man to whom he will pass the ball. He will carefully steer the object towards the left-wing, and look up as if taking careful stock

of the position of his left-winger. Naturally, the other fellows think he is going to pass to the left, and they move over in that direction. When the ball goes over to the right, though, they know that they have been "kidded."

A STAYER.

A genius for doing the unexpected is one big reason why Hill has been considered good enough to play for England. Then he is a worker, too—a ninety-minutes player, if ever there was one. He doesn't mind going over to help his wing-half, or falling into the rear to help a full-back. As he said to me the other day, there is only one time when the centre-half and captain can afford to be doing nothing, and that is at half-time!



Jack Hill in vigorous attitude. An impression by Jimmy Seed, of the Spurs.

THE GOOD AND BAD!

Another club which has gone through many ups and downs is Barnsley. Perhaps you chaps are not old enough to remember the time when Barnsley, a Second Division club, started the world by getting to the Cup Final twice in three seasons. What is more, they won the Cup on one of those two occasions. But in the season between their two good ones they had a most depressing time; finished next to the bottom in the Second Division table, and had to go with cap in hand, as it were, to ask the League authorities to give them their place again.

WORTH HIS PLACE.

We often refer to the Aston Villa side as the one with a great record for consistency. But even the Villa have had their anxious times. In the first year after the War they were doing very badly indeed; were right at the bottom of the League—a most unusual position for them—when about half the games had been played. Then they put Billy Walker and Frank Barson in the team, started winning, and, in addition to finishing that season in a good position in the League, won the Cup. Truly you never can tell.

Turning to the individual side for a brief moment, I may recall the experience of Eddie Harper last season. He was a most disappointed man at the start, because he could not get into the Blackburn Rovers' first team. Eventually it was decided to give him a run. In his very first match with the first team he scored five goals.

OUR BIG KICK OFF!

By HARRY WHARTON.

ALL the big football clubs have kicked off. Already the cry of "goal!" has rung out. This week I am kicking off again with my football supplement, and I just want to take up this corner to tell you that we are going to score a lot of goals. We ought to do so, because I have got all the best footballers on my side—a host of International players who are going to write for me during the season.

I think you will agree that our start this week is not so bad—an article by Clem Stephenson, who is captain of last season's champions, and an article by Charlie Buchan, who is captain of last season's runners-up in the First Division. And there are plenty more scoring shots to follow. I know from the letters I got that you liked our football supplement last season. You will like it again, but there is always a proper way of dealing with a good thing—pass it on. Tell your pals about the MAGNET football supplement, and the fine "team" of writers who will contribute to it.

Another point—our experts will play for you if you will ask them to do so. Send along your football questions—we don't mind how many, and they will all be replied to, no matter how much trouble is necessary. If there is any feature in your development as a footballer which worries you, send me a letter about it. If there are points in the rules of the game about which you are in doubt, drop me a line. Good luck to you all this season.

Up To-day— Down To-morrow!

IT is doubtful if there ever was a game so full of ups and downs as football. The men who are famous to-day are the discarded of to-morrow, and the clubs which are on top for a spell often find themselves plunged right into the depths with scarcely any warning at all, or even without being able to point to any real reason, either, for that matter.

THIRD TIME—UNLUCKY!

A few years back—soon after the end of the War—Liverpool won the Championship two seasons running, and everybody thought that they had such a good team that they would complete the "hat trick" with a third Championship success. But what happened? In that third season which started so full of promise, Liverpool had a desperate struggle to save themselves from dropping into the Second Division. No big club in the country has experienced quite the same number of ups and downs as Liverpool, and a manager they used to have once declared to me that there was no half-and-half business about Liverpool—they were either at the top or at the bottom. This was not literally true, of course, but certainly the ups and downs of Liverpool make us talk once more about the uncertainties of the game.

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THE TERROR OF THE JUNGLE !

(Continued from page 12.)

fat, or a bowstring round his esteemed and worthless neck."

"Well, we want to keep him from that," said Bob. "I don't suppose even a mausoleum like the Taj Mahal would really console Bunter for being buried in India."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He must be warned off the course," said Bob. "He can keep the glad eye for his next holiday at Margate. What did you have in mind, Franky?"

"I was thinking of a spoof appointment, and dropping him into a well, or something," said Frank. "Not a deep one, of course."

The nabob's eyes glimmered.

"That is what I was thinking of, my esteemed chums," he answered.

The juniors started.

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Wharton.

The chums of the Remove eyed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh a little anxiously. Since they had been in India the Indian side of Inky's character seemed to have developed more and more. And they knew that any white man butting into the "zenana" department of an Oriental household did so at the risk of his neck. Certainly, Bunter was only a fatuous ass, and not to be taken seriously; but for a moment the nabob's words made the juniors feel uneasy. But his cheery grin reassured them.

"The esteemed executioner will make the excellent and ludicrous Bunter jump," explained the nabob. "I will give him the careful and meticulous instructions, and he will not harm the fat idiot."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh touched a silver gong. A gorgeously-attired attendant came up, salaaming.

The nabob gave him instructions in Hindustani, and he salaamed to the ground and disappeared. Hurree Singh rose.

"Let us proceed to open the watchful eye upon the excellent Bunter," he said. And the grinning juniors proceeded.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Doom !

BILLY BUNTER waited under a mango tree, impatiently.

Occasionally he looked out into the moonlight of the gardens and smirked.

It was quite a pleasant and flattering thought to Bunter that the queen of the nautch girls had been struck by his uncommon good looks, and his distinguished manner, and other attractions.

Jealous fellows denied that he had any of these attractions, and, indeed, chuckled at the idea. Nevertheless, the fact remained—or Bunter thought it did—that he was the only member of the party who had made a conquest of this sort during the trip to India. He had "mashed" the beautiful Lakme, and he had no doubt at all that she was keen on a meeting with him, and was indeed longing to hear the music of his voice.

It was quite an adventure for Bunter to add an Oriental beauty to the list of his conquests. He was vaguely conscious that there was a certain amount of risk in these mashing affairs in an Eastern country; but as Nugent was taking that risk for him it was not a matter of much moment. If Lakme was able to read his billet-doux he was sure she would

come; and he was going to spread himself and display his many perfections, like a peacock spreading its gorgeous tail. He smirked with satisfaction as he waited.

There was a step in the gardens at last.

Bunter blinked anxiously through his big spectacles and discerned a white-robed figure advancing towards him in the moonlight. He grinned. The queen of the nautch girls was coming! But as he gave a second blink he realised that this figure was too tall for Lakme's. And as the newcomer came nearer the Owl of the Remove discerned that it was a powerfully-built man, with a crimson sash round his white robe and a fold of crimson in his white turban. His face was dark—almost black—and far from handsome. And he carried bare, under his arm, an enormous scimitar.

Bunter blinked at him uneasily.

He supposed that the man was some official of the palace, but he did not like the look of that huge, bare scimitar. You never could trust niggers, was Bunter's opinion, and he was rather anxious for the big man to pass on his way and disappear.

Instead of which, the big man with the scimitar came directly towards the mango-tree where Bunter stood. The Owl of the Remove felt a tremor. The man was coming to him. What on earth did he want? The great scimitar, gleaming in the moonlight, caused cold chills to run through Bunter. He backed deeper into the shadow of the mango-tree, palpitating. Surely this frightful-looking "nigger" could have no business with him—surely—

"Sahib!"

"Ow! Yes?" gasped Bunter.

The Hindu held out a note. Bunter, in amazement, recognised the "billet-doux" he had handed to Frank Nugent for delivery to the queen of the nautch-girls.

"You send?" asked the Hindu in his limited English.

"I—I—I—" gasped Bunter.

"You sending to Lakme?"

"Yes!" gasped Bunter.

"Ach-cha! You must die."

INTRODUCING WUN LUNG—



the funniest schoolboy Greyfriars has ever seen. Read about him in this month's

"SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY"

(No. 35)

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"What?" yelled Bunter.

"It being the law of Bhanipur!" said the Hindu. "Little sahib breaking law of the zenana."

"Oh, my hat! I—I—I mean— Here, keep off! Keep that sword away!" roared Bunter, in great alarm.

The Hindu had taken the great scimitar from under his arm and had grasped it in both his sinewy hands. It seemed to be his intention to cut Bunter down where he stood.

"Little sahib being ready?" he asked.

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"Breaking the law of the zenana, it is to die!" said the Hindu. "Little sahib being ready?"

Bunter made a spring to escape. In a moment a sinewy grasp was upon him, and he was jerked back. In the powerful grasp of the executioner Bunter was an infant. One swing of that strong arm threw him upon his fat knees.

He collapsed on the ground, yelling with terror.

"Yaroooh! Keep off! Help!"

"My esteemed Bunter—" It was the soft, purring voice of the Nabob of Bhanipur. Never had Bunter been so glad to hear a familiar voice.

"Inky!" he yelled. "Inky, old chap! Keep him off! Ow! Wow! Help!"

Hurree Singh signed to the executioner to stand back.

"What is the esteemed row, my worthy Bunter?" he inquired.

"Keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

"In my palace you are safe as houses, my worthy fat Bunter. All things you are free to do, exceptfully to break the law of the zenana. But that you have not done, I am sure!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I— Certainly not! It—it's all a mistake! I—I—I—"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh spoke to the executioner in his own tongue, and then turned to Bunter with a very grave face.

"My esteemed Bunter—"

"Send him away!" moaned Bunter.

"Is it true that you have written messages to the nautch-girls?" asked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yes! No! I—I mean no! It—it was only a lark!" groaned Bunter. "I—I was only—only j-j-joking."

"In such matters, my esteemed Bunter, the jokefulness is not permitted in my excellent and ridiculous native country," said the nabob. "I am sorrowfully sad that I cannot help you."

Bunter spluttered.

"Ain't you boss here?" he howled. "Can't you do as you like? Send that black beast away! Ow! I won't do it any more! Wow!"

The nabob shook his head sadly.

"Even a nabob, my esteemed Bunter, is bound by the law of his country," he said. "The zenana law is most strict. The worthy glad eye, which is quite the thing on the pier at esteemed Margate, is forbidden in India, and to break the law is death. I regretfully think that I cannot interfere."

"Help!" yelled Bunter.

"My esteemed Bunter—"

"Yaroooh! Help! Oh, my hat! Help! Keep him off!" shrieked Bunter. "I won't do it again! It was only a j-j-joke! Oh crikey! Where's Wharton? Where are those beasts? Oh crumbs! Keep him off!"

"I regret terribly—"

"Yah! Beast! Help!"

Billy Bunter squirmed away on his fat knees, and suddenly leaped to his feet and ran for it. Strange to relate, the executioner did not pursue him. At a sign from the nabob the terrible

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official vanished in the shadows. There was a chortle behind a clump of deodars, and four grinning faces emerged into view. Bunter, going at top speed, disappeared in the direction of the palace.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. The nabob grinned.

"I do not thinkfully opine that the esteemed and fattedhead Bunter will hand out any more glad eyes in Bhanipur," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chuckling juniors went to their rooms to bed. They looked into Billy Bunter's room, but the fat junior was not to be seen there. Apparently the Owl of the Remove was in hiding somewhere. The man with the scimitar was still looming large in his terrified imagination. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had gone to the State apartments of the Nabob of Bhanipur; but the other fellows gathered in Harry Wharton's room for a chat before turning in, when there was a tap at the door, and it opened, to show the bronzed face of Colonel Wharton. The colonel was marching Billy Bunter along, with a heavy hand on his collar, and the fat junior was blinking with apprehension, his fat knees knocking together. The chums of the Remove jumped up.

"What does this mean, Harry?" asked the colonel, eyeing his nephew rather severely.

"Hem! What, uncle?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"I found Bunter hiding under my bed—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He has told me some wild story about his life being in danger, and his being condemned to death," said the colonel.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose it is some absurd joke?" said Colonel Wharton.

"I—I say, you fellows, it's true!" groaned Bunter. "Save me! Stand by me, you know! That beast Inky won't protect me! He was handing me over to the executioner, when I bolted. Oh dear! I wish I was back at Greyfriars."

"Well, what have you done, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry, with a chuckle.

"I—I haven't done anything. It was really a joke!" groaned Bunter. "You know it was a joke, Franky!"

"I?" exclaimed Nugent.

"I—I never meant you to take that billy-dooks to the nautch-girl really!" gasped Bunter. "It—it was only my fun, you know."

"What?" ejaculated Colonel Wharton.

"You didn't mean me to take it to Lakme?" asked Nugent, grinning.

"Nunno! Nothing of the kind!" gasped Bunter. "You tell that beast Inky so, and he can tell the other beasts. See?"

"That's lucky," said Nugent. "Because I didn't take it to Lakme. See?"

Bunter jumped.

"You didn't?" he howled.

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Then how did that beast of an executioner get after me?" yelled Bunter.

"The executioner was spoof, you silly owl!" roared Bob Cherry. "If you weren't the fattest and silliest funk that ever funk'd you'd have guessed it."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Colonel Wharton stared at the juniors and stared at Bunter. Then he quitted the room without further remark. Billy Bunter remained there, blinking angrily at the grinning chums of the Remove. At long last it dawned upon his fat brain that his leg had been pulled once more.

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"You awful rotters!" he gasped.

"You—you beasts! You—you—you—" Words seemed to fail Bunter.

"Go it!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "You'd laugh, too, old fat bean, if you knew what you looked like in the garden when the jolly old executioner bagged you."

"You were there?" yelled Bunter.

"The thoroughness was terrific, as Inky would say," chortled Bob. "We were behind the deodars, dear boy, watching you. Your face was worth watching."

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

The expression on Bunter's face was worth watching still.

"You—you—you—" spluttered Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

For a full five minutes Bunter stood and told the chums of the Remove what he thought of them. And the more he told them the more they roared. The fat junior gave it up at last, and tramped savagely away to his own room. There he found some solace in kicking Kasi Jee, who came to take his boots off. It was a relief to Bunter to learn that he was not, in point of fact, under sentence of death. But the fright had been enough for him, and, as the nabob had remarked, it was not likely that Billy Bunter would indulge the "glad eye" again during his sojourn in Bhanipur.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Tiger Hunt!

"WE shall want Bunter," said Bob Cherry gravely.

It was the following day.

The sun was rising over the great hills, and at an unaccustomed early hour the Greyfriars guests in the Palace of Bhanipur were astir. It was the day of the tiger-hunt arranged by Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in honour of his guests, and the Remove fellows had been looking forward keenly to it. Billy Bunter had professed great keenness; indeed, he had declared his intention of taking home a tiger-skin for use as a rug in Study No. 7 at Greyfriars. It would, Bunter had said, make Toddy open his eyes; and certainly Peter Todd, of the Remove, would have opened his eyes very wide indeed at the news that W. G. Bunter had shot a tiger and brought home the skin.

But now that the morning of the hunt had dawned Bunter had not turned out early. He seemed to prefer an extra snooze to the excitement and peril of the hunt.

"Better wake him," said Johnny Bull, with a chuckle. "Bunter mustn't miss this; it may be the only time we get after a tiger. It will be exciting."

"Still more exciting if the tiger gets after us," remarked Nugent. "Bunter really ought to come—the tiger would rather bag him than any of us. He would go down like an oyster."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry tramped away to Bunter's room. Kasi Jee met him at the doorway with a dusky finger at his lips.

"Hush, sahib! He sleeps."

"That's all right, Jamesy," said Bob cheerily. "I've come along to wake him."

"The little sahib giving order that he no wake," explained Kasi Jee.

"He's forgotten the tiger-hunt," chuckled Bob. "Can't leave old Bunter out of such a treat. He was grouching yesterday at being left behind. We'll be more careful this time. Bunter! Bunter! Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Snore!

Bob Cherry's voice, on its highest gear, so to speak, might have awakened Epaminides, or Rip Van Winkle, or the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. But it did not awaken Bunter. Bunter snored more vigorously. Perhaps he had forgotten the tiger-hunt—or perhaps he hadn't.

"Bunter! Bunter! Bunter!" roared Bob.

Snore!

Bob Cherry chuckled, and Kasi Jee grinned a dusky grin. Bob leaned over the sleeper, took a fat little nose between finger and thumb, and shook Bunter—by means of his nose. Bunter awoke then—if he really was asleep. He woke with a spluttering howl.

"Gurrrrrrgghh!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old top!" said Bob genially. "Turn out! We're getting ready to start."

"Beast! Let a fellow sleep."

"You've forgotten the tiger-hunt, old bean."

"Blow the tiger-hunt! I'll go another time. Go and eat coke. Get out!" yelled Bunter.

"But there mayn't be another time," urged Bob. "We don't want to leave you behind, Bunter."

"You left me behind yesterday, you beast! After that, I refuse to come with you to-day."

"But we want you to come with us and protect us, old bean."

"I refuse to do anything of the kind."

"The nabob has invited all of us, you know. You can't turn down a *gravy* royal invitation."

"After the way Inky treated me last night, I decline to accept his invitation. It would be beneath my dignity."

"But what about us?" urged Bob. "Frightful danger in a tiger-hunt. We want you to protect us. If the tiger goes for us we can all hide behind you. There's just about room for five to hide behind you, Bunter."

"Beast!"

"Then you won't come?" grinned Bob.

"No, I won't! I decline!"

"Not afraid of the tiger?" chuckled Bob.

"No!" roared Bunter. He blinked round for the naukars. "James!"

"Han, sahib."

"Turn that fellow out of my room!"

Kasi Jee looked dismayed. Turning the sturdy and hefty Bob out was a task rather beyond the powers of the slight Hindu, even had he dreamed of laying disrespectful hands on a sahib.

"Do you hear, me?" roared Bunter.

"Turn him out!"

"Oh, my lord!" gasped Kasi Jee.

"Don't trouble, Jamesy, I'm going," chuckled Bob. "Only staying a minute to pillow that fat ass for his cheek."

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as Bob grasped a pillow from the bed and pillowd him vigorously. "Ow! Oh! Stop it! Yooop! Beast! I was only j-j-joking! Yaroooh!"

"So am I, old man. No end of a joker," said Bob, and he tossed the pillow at Bunter and walked away, leaving the Owl of the Remove roaring.

It was quite a little while before Bunter settled down again to slumber.

Bob Cherry joined his comrades in the palace courtyard. Great preparations were going on there for the hunt.

The hunters were to go on elephants, and a number of the huge animals were standing ready in charge of the mahouts. A crowd of shikares had gathered, to go on foot, as well as an immense number of beaters. And there was an escort of some hundreds of the Bhanipur cavalry, who were to guard the

nabob against any attempt of his enemies during the hunting.

"Bunter not coming?" asked Harry Wharton, with a laugh.

"No. He's not afraid of the tiger, but he declines to come," grinned Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to face the giddy danger the best we can without Bunter to protect us," said Bob. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here come the great guns!"

A gorgeous palkee was borne out of the palace, and from the silken curtains Hurree Jamset Ram Singh nodded and grinned to his friends. From the palkee, raised high on the shoulders of his attendants, the youthful nabob stepped into the howdah on the back of the royal elephant. The 'Jam Bahadur' followed him. Colonel Wharton, who preferred to go in the saddle, mounted his horse, and Pandi Din, the khitmutghar, came over to the juniors. With the Khitmutghar's assistance, Harry Wharton & Co. mounted into the howdah on a towering elephant. There was room for the four juniors in the howdah, though if Bunter had come there would scarcely have been room for him.

With a blare of trumpets and cymbals the procession started from the palace.

The elephants trod heavily away, almost shaking the earth with their mighty tread. Crowds of the inhabitants of Bhanipur thronged the street, to stare at the hunters and salaam reverently at the passage of their nabob.

Outside the city the procession followed a well-laid road to the north, towards the far-off snowy line of the Himalayas.

They entered the path through the forest where the juniors had picniced the previous day. Harry Wharton & Co. glanced at the ruined temple of Shiva as they passed it. The massive ruins lay silent and deserted, shimmering in the blaze of the sun. They glanced at the fissure in the old wall, whence the savage face of Nally Das had looked out the previous day, but there was no sign of life about the haunted temple now. They were aware that the kidnapper was still being searched for, and wondered whether he was still within the borders of Bhanipur. It was probable that he was hiding in the castle of Baji Rao, probably plotting with the perfidious rajah. Since the arrival of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in his native kingdom the scheming rajah had not been seen in the city of Bhanipur; he was keeping within the walls of his own castle on his own lands.

The old temple was passed, and the hunting-party followed the path through the forest for many a long mile. The cultivated lands were left behind them now, and at noon they halted on the edge of the jungle that clothed the lower slopes of the hills. According to the news brought in by the nabob's shikarees, a man-eating tiger lurked in this region, the terror of the native villages of the district. Harry Wharton & Co. felt rather a thrill when the hunters had arrived at the domain of the tiger, and realised that the terrible animal was probably quite near at hand, hidden in the recesses of the pathless jungle.

The hunters camped under the mango trees, on the edge of the jungle. A stately tent was set up for the nabob and the Jam Bahadur, and their royal elephant knelt before the tent, while richly-attired officers helped the Jam and his nephew to descend. They vanished into the tent, screened from common eyes; but Harry Wharton & Co.



Hurree Jamset Ram Singh leaped at a thick bough as the runaway elephant thundered on under a spreading tree. Inky's grasp closed on the bough, and he hung on, the terrified animal rushing onward into the depths of the forest.

(See Chapter 10.)

were honoured with an invitation to tiffin with the nabob and the Jam.

While the tiffin was going on, the shikarees and the crowd of beaters disappeared into the jungle. From the distance, the juniors could hear the din of cymbals and tom-toms. The beaters, of whom there were hundreds, had spread out in an immense circle round the jungle where the tiger had lately been traced. The clashing of cymbals, the beating of tom-toms, was intended to scare the tiger out of his lair, and drive him to a central spot where the hunters were to wait for him.

After lunch, the hunters left the camp.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh mounted the royal elephant, the Jam Bahadur salaaming him out of the tent. The little, old, brown gentleman was remaining in the camp, probably preferring a nap to a tiger-hunt in the warm drowsy afternoon.

The nabob of Bhanipur occupied the howdah on the royal elephant in solitary state. He waved a dusky hand to the Greysfriars juniors, as the great animal started, surrounded by hunters and guards.

Harry Wharton & Co. remounted their elephant and followed. Colonel Wharton and Pandi Din went on foot now, with rifles under their arms. The juniors had their rifles ready in the howdah. The colonel glanced up at their eager faces.

"You will be safe on the elephant, I think," he said. "If you see the tiger, shoot; but take care you do not leave the howdah."

"We shan't see much of the fun, stuck up here, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"You will probably see quite as much as is safe for you," said the colonel,

"But a fellow doesn't go on a tiger-hunt to be safe," urged Bob. "We're ready to take our chances along with the shikarees."

"Yes, rather," said Harry.

Colonel Wharton smiled and shook his head. He had no intention of allowing the juniors to get to close quarters with a savage, man-eating tiger, if he could help it.

The heavy elephants tramped on, nine or ten of them, all the howdahs crowded with hunters. Along with them tramped the shikarees. They arrived at the spot in the heart of the jungle which had been marked out by the nabob's chief shikaree, and halted. In the distance, on all sides, sounded the incessant din of cymbals and tom-toms and horns, closing in slowly but surely. A breathless shikaree arrived with the news that the tiger had been seen, stealing along in the high grasses; he was within the circle of the beaters, and the terrifying uproar was driving him towards the open space in the heart of the jungle, where the hunters now waited.

"He is coming!" the colonel called up to the juniors. "Take care!"

Bob Cherry gave a grunt.

"He can't hurt us up here, I suppose, sir," he answered. "We're not giving him much of a chance."

"You have never seen a tiger-hunt, my boy," said the colonel. "A tiger may spring upon an elephant, and climb into a howdah."

"Oh, my hat!"

There was a sudden shout.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Look!" yelled Bob, in great excitement.

From the high, jungly grass, scarce fifty yards away, a great, tawny head

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and two fierce, glittering eyes scanned the group of elephants and hunters.

It was the tiger.

The circle of beaters, closing in on him with deafening din, had startled him out of his lair, and driven him, slowly but surely, to the clearing where he was waited for.

"The tiger!" breathed Nugent.

The juniors fixed their eyes on the tawny head and great jaws that were flecked with foam.

Their hearts beat faster.

There was a sudden spluttering of hasty fire, and bullets rattled in the high grass round the tiger. From the royal elephant came the crack of Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh's rifle, and it was answered by a roar from the tiger, as the bullet tore along the tawny neck.

"He's hit!"

The head was instantly withdrawn—the tiger vanished again in the jungle. A trumpet rang out.

It was a signal; and the whole party, elephants and shikarees, trampled on in the direction of the tiger, trampling down the grasses and thickets, at close quarters now with the king of the jungle.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Luck of Nally Das!

CRACK!—Crack! Crack!

The rifles were ringing. The great tiger, scared and daunted by the din of cymbals and tom-toms, and by the blaze of rifle-fire, had backed into the jungle, crouching low in the thick grass. But the heavy trampling hoofs of the elephants drove him out, and a long, sinuous body was seen to leap away among the high grasses, and a score of bullets whizzed as it leaped. The roar of the wounded tiger answered, echoing like thunder back from the hills.

The tiger vanished into the jungle again, and a loud scream was heard from a native shikaree who had ventured too near. The man was running, with blood streaming down from his shoulder where the tiger had clawed.

"There he is!" shouted Bob Cherry, as he sighted the tiger again from the elephant's back.

Harry Wharton's eyes were on the huge, striped body—and he pulled the trigger as Bob shouted. The bullet glanced along the tawny hide. Nugent and Johnny Bull fired and missed. A bullet from Bob Cherry grazed the tiger's head. The native shikarees poured in a volley, but the tiger, winding among the jungle grasses, escaped most of the bullets. Colonel Wharton, with his rifle to his shoulder, was quietly watching his chance. The ring of his rifle was answered by a scream from the tiger, evidently hard hit this time.

The wounded animal was retreating; but the elephants trampled heavily on his track; and before him, the din of the beaters was loud and incessant, scaring him back. The bewildered, infuriated brute turned once more on the hunters, and there was a shout, as his long, sinuous body was launched through the air in a terrific spring.

Crash!

"Kya! Khabardar! Khabardar raho!" the shikarees were shouting, as the maddened brute landed fairly among them, close by Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh's elephant.

Two hunters went sprawling down, under the tiger, shrieking with terror. The rest scattered wildly; and the royal elephant, startled and scared, trumpeted shrilly and trampled back.

From the howdah above, the dusky face of Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh looked, his dark eye gleaming along his rifle.

Crack!

The bullet struck the tiger in the neck.

The great brute, roaring and screaming, stood clawing over the two fallen hunters, while the nabob's mahout, plying his goad, urged the royal elephant forward to trample the tiger down.

The striped, sinuous body leaped again, and clutched at the elephant. Like a tawny streak, so swift was the movement, the tiger clambered over the royal elephant's trunk and head.

The elephant trumpeted frantically, with pain and terror, as the sharp claws tore at his rough hide.

The mahout, perched on the elephant's huge neck, slipped off just in time to escape the jaws of the tiger.

The next moment the infuriated animal was on the elephant's back, and clawing at the silken curtains of the howdah, in which the Nabob of Bhanipur was alone.

"Fire!" shouted Colonel Wharton, his bronzed face pale and hard.

The danger of the nabob was terrible. Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh was cool as ice, though the menacing jaws of the tiger were only a couple of feet from him, and it seemed that nothing could stop the terrible beast.

He fired from the howdah, and fired again, and both bullets struck home. But the maddened tiger clung and clambered on, and one stroke of his mighty paw tore out the side of the howdah.

"Fire!" breathed Harry Wharton.

Bullets rained at the tiger clambering on the nabob's elephant. It was impossible to fire without hitting the elephant, too; but that could not be helped. Most of the bullets glanced from the thick, tough hide when they struck, but many of them penetrated; and, between his wounds, and the clawing of the tiger, the royal elephant was mad with excitement, and prancing and trampling frantically. Several of the shikarees were hurled over by the great animal, and the rest scattered from his huge, trampling feet. And still the tiger clambered at the howdah, and Hurree Jamsat Ram

Singh drove the butt of his rifle at the yearning jaws that threatened him.

Crack, crack, crack!

The Greyfriars juniors pumped bullets at the tiger from their howdah, at the range of only a dozen yards. A shikaree, dodging the trampling royal elephant, ran in with a spear, and drove it into the tiger's ribs. The clinging animal was seen to fall back.

The terrible scene had lasted scarcely a minute. The tiger, torn by unnumbered wounds, weakened by loss of blood, hung helplessly on the elephant, unable to reach the nabob's howdah, but still clawing and growling horribly. The elephant, maddened by pain, careered in the jungle, trumpeting with a noise like thunder. Colonel Wharton rushed forward, but had to leap back to avoid being crushed under the huge feet. Mahouts and shikarees gathered round the elephant, but broke and scattered when he neared them. The frantic animal was utterly beyond control, rearing and trampling and careering, and it was death to approach him.

Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, his dusky face set hard, clung to the wrecked howdah to save himself from being hurled to the ground.

The maddened elephant, heedless of the attempts of the shikarees to head him off, trampled away wildly into the jungle. The clawing and growling of the tiger clinging to his flank, seemed to have driven the huge animal insane.

"After him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

A whole mob of shikarees and officers rushed after the elephant as it careered away.

After them trampled the other elephants, driven by the mahouts on their necks, plying the sharp goads.

The tiger, weakened by many wounds, was torn from the elephant's side by the thickets, as the animal thundered through them, trampling down grass and bush and tree.

The striped body dropped to the ground, but leaped up again, and was surrounded by the hunters. In a few minutes the tiger was despatched, under a rain of bullets and the thrusting spears of the shikarees.

The tiger had been killed; but the royal elephant, maddened and uncontrolled, was rushing away through the thick jungle at a speed that was amazing in so huge a creature.

Elephants and horsemen and shikarees on foot rushed in pursuit, leaving a wide, trampled track in the jungle as they went.

Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh clung to the broken howdah, his dusky face calm, but hard and set. To fall was death under the trampling elephant; but the schoolboy nabob did not lose his nerve.

He glanced back as he clung.

The other elephants and their riders had been left far behind, but swift-footed shikarees were keeping pace for the moment. But they could not keep it up, and they dropped behind. But a dozen horsemen were riding hard after the runaway elephant, among them Colonel Wharton, who had taken a horse from a native subadar. But even the horsemen were unable to gain on the fleeing elephant in the difficult jungle, where thick-tangled undergrowths barred the way.

Hurree Singh set his teeth hard.

Beyond the jungle lay a thick forest, clothing the slopes of the hills, and the runaway elephant was rapidly approaching the wood. To gain control of the animal was impossible, and to leap from his back was more dangerous than to stay where he was. The schoolboy nabob clung on, waiting for a chance to



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escape from his perilous position, and the elephant trampled on into the forest. Branches of trees swept his back as he rushed on, and the fragments of the howdah were swept away, and the nabob dodged again and again to escape being torn away by a branch. But he took the chance at last, and leaped at a thick bough as the elephant thundered on under a spreading tree.

His grasp closed on the bough, and he hung on, the elephant rushing onward into the depths of the forest, and leaving him swinging.

In a few moments the animal was gone, though his frantic trumpeting could still be heard, awakening the echoes of the forest.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, his brain reeling, clung to the swaying branch, high above the ground. But he clambered on the bough at last—clambered along it to the trunk of the tree, and slid to the earth.

There he stood leaning against the tree, panting for breath.

He had escaped with his life, though he was almost astonished to find himself still alive. He leaned on the tree and panted, waiting for his followers to come up. The trampled track left by the elephant was an easy guide to them, and he had only to wait.

There was a footstep in the trees. The nabob looked round.

It was not one of his own men. They were still distant, though he could hear the hoofs of the horses. A dark face looked at him from the forest, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh started as he recognised Nally Das. The eyes of the rascally Hindu blazed with triumph.

"Huzoor! Shabash, shabash!" grinned Nally Das.

He gave a shrill whistle.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh sprang back, his eyes gleaming. He was unarmed, save for the hunting-knife in his girdle. As he grasped the knife, three

or four dusky figures rushed from the trees, in response to the signal of Nally Das, and he was seized on all sides.

The schoolboy nabob struggled desperately.

Scarce a hundred yards away, though hidden by the forest, he could hear the trampling of the horsemen, coming on hard. He would have shouted, but a thick cloth was thrown over his head, and wound about his face by strong hands. He was lifted from the ground, and, still struggling, borne away among the thick trees.

A few minutes later, Colonel Wharton and the mounted hunters were riding past the spot; but they rode on the track of the trumpeting elephant, still in the belief that the nabob was on the back of the runaway. There was no sign of the nabob as they passed.

By a devious path in the thick forest, far from the track of the elephant, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, helpless in the hands of his captors, was borne away on the shoulders of Nally Das and his men. Fortune had favoured the emissaries of Baji Rao. Chance, and unending watchfulness, had thrown the schoolboy nabob into their hands; and swiftly, they were bearing him away to a destination unknown to him.

At long last, Baji Rao, the ambitious rajah, had succeeded, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who had escaped his enemies at Greyfriars, and on the long journey across half the world, had reached his own kingdom only to fall into their hands.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Missing Nabob!

"INKY! Where is he?"
"Where is Hurree Singh?"
Harry Wharton & Co., mounted on their elephant, hurried along with the crowd of shikarees, beaters, officers, and guards,

in the shadow of the forest. Colonel Wharton and the mounted men had disappeared far ahead; and the juniors suddenly caught sight of Pandi Din, the khitmutghar, riding back. They shouted to him from the howdah.

"Have you found him?"

"Where is the nabob?"

Pandi Din saluted the sahibs in passing, and called out:

"The elephant being found, he falling into a nullah. The colonel sahib send me to tell Jam Bahadur."

And the khitmutghar rode on, heading for the distant camp on the edge of the jungle, where the Jam Bahadur had remained with his retinue during the tiger-hunt.

"Get on!" said Harry Wharton to the juniors' elephant. "Chalo!" he added, having picked up that native word. "Chalo! Chalo!" And the mahout drove the elephant on faster.

The chums of the Remove were pale with anxiety. Pandi Din had told them that the elephant was found; but he had said nothing of the nabob. It was not surprising that the maddened elephant, charging blindly through the forest, had tumbled into a nullah—a ravine—but what had happened to the rider? Had he fallen, too—even if he had been killed, it was strange that the khitmutghar had not seen him.

The juniors' hearts were filled with dread as they hurried on, the elephant goaded to speed by the mahout. It was an unexpected and disastrous outcome of the tiger-hunt; though such an accident was not to be looked-for in so perilous a sport. The hunter of the tiger in the Indian jungle takes his life in his hand.

"There's your uncle, Harry!" exclaimed Bob suddenly.

Colonel Wharton's tall form came in sight. He was on foot, and standing

by the edge of a rocky nullah, in an open patch in the midst of the forest. Down in the nullah among the rocks and the plashing water of a stream from the hills, were a score of men searching. The colonel was scanning the interior of the nullah through his field-glasses, and the juniors could see that his face was hard and strained.

They clambered down from the elephant and hurried to join him.

"Uncle!" exclaimed Harry. "What happened? Where is Inky?"

The colonel knitted his brows.

"He is not found yet," he said.

"The elephant—"

"There he lies!" said the colonel, pointing into the nullah.

The juniors stared down into the ravine. Far below, on the rocks by the narrow water-course, lay the gigantic form of the royal elephant. Evidently the animal had rushed blindly over the verge of the ravine, and crashed down to his death; the giant form lay still. But of the nabob there was no sign.

"He must have fallen with the elephant," said Johnny Bull, catching his breath.

"It would seem so," said the colonel.

"But—"

"But he isn't found?"

"No. If he fell with the beast, he could not have fallen far from the same spot. There is no trace of him. It would seem that he must have leaped from the elephant before the nullah was reached; but in that case, we must have passed him—and he gave no sign. For the moment I am quite puzzled."

The juniors stared at the still form of the elephant. Fifty shikarees and soldiers were searching the nullah for some trace of the nabob; and they found nothing. It was clear that he had not pitched into the ravine with the frantic elephant. But if he had left the animal before the fall, where was he? The whole troop of hunters must have passed him, and they had seen and heard nothing of him. Even if he had taken the risk of a leap from the thundering elephant's back, and had been killed by the fall, yet he should have been seen by those who followed. And if he lived, why had he not called to his friends as they came?

It was a baffling mystery.

Leaving a crowd still searching in the nullah and along its rocky sides, Colonel Wharton and the juniors turned back by the way they had come. Somewhere between the spot where the elephant had fallen, and the jungle that had been left behind, Hurree Singh was certain to be alive or dead. Colonel Wharton spoke to the nabob's chief shikaree, a grey-bearded old hunter named Mahbub, and Mahbub and his men spread through the forest, searching every nook and cranny on either side of the wide trail left by the runaway elephant.

Perplexed and alarmed, the Greyfriars juniors tramped back, keeping pace with the crowd of hunters on either side of the trampled trail, and they emerged from the forest into the jungle.

The nabob—alive or dead—had not been found. He seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Through the jungle came the tall elephant that bore Jam Bahadur, followed by his retainers, guided by Pandu Din. The little brown face of the Jam puckered with alarm and anxiety.

As he sighted the colonel and the juniors, the Jam stopped his elephant, and leaned out of the howdah, his face full of inquiry.

"You have found him, colonel sahib?"

The colonel shook his head.

The old Jam beat his breast.

"Something unforeseen has occurred, Huzoor," said the colonel quietly. "Hurree Singh cannot be found, and I begin to suspect that in this forest his enemies were watching for him, and a cruel chance threw him into their hands."

The Jam started.

"They have spies in the city, and no doubt the palace itself," said the colonel. "They knew that the nabob

carried a burden. Hurree Singh is in the hands of his enemies!"

Harry Wharton breathed hard.

"Then they were there—watching and—"

"Watching and waiting for a chance, sleepless as tigers watching for their prey," said the colonel, gritting his teeth. "In the fifteen or twenty minutes that the royal elephant was out of our sight, they had their chance. Hurree Singh must have leaped from the animal's back to save himself—and fallen into their hands. They have taken him—but a hundred skilful shikarees are pressing on their trail through the forest—we must hope for the best."

"Kidnapped!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Poor old Inky!" murmured Nugent. "After escaping the scoundrels so many times—to fall into their clutches here in Bhanipur—with hundreds of guards almost within sight and hearing. Poor old Inky."

"But they will never get clear with him," said the colonel. "All the kingdom of Bhanipur will know what has happened in a few hours—runners are already taking the news to all quarters—the frontiers will be watched, every road and path guarded; the whole population will join in the search. Baji Rao has played his last card—too late. There is only one place to which his prisoner can be taken for safety."

"His castle?" asked Harry.

"Yes. And in a few hours Baji Rao's castle will be surrounded by watchers—and the Jam Bahadur will be there with a force that Baji Rao will not dare to resist. Whether the shikarees will be able to follow the trail to the rajah's castle matters little; it is there that Hurree Singh will be searched for."

Pandu Din brought the colonel's horse.

"We return to Bhanipur now," said the colonel. "We return without Hurree Singh—but we shall see him again. Baji Rao will never dare to take his life; and while there is life, there is hope."

He mounted, and rode away, with a grim, thoughtful face. The Jam Bahadur had already started on his return. Harry Wharton & Co. climbed back into their howdah, and the mahout drove on the elephant towards the distant city of Bhanipur.

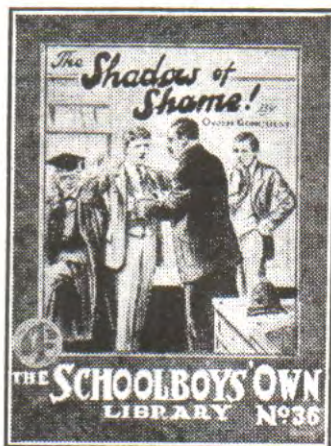
The faces of the Remove fellows were grave and anxious as they went.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was a prisoner; there was scarcely any doubt left on that point now. He was in the power of the plotting rajah; and—as the colonel had said—there seemed to be only one place where the Rajah Baji Rao could hope to keep his prisoner safe. Yet the rajah's castle was certain to be invested and searched; and surely Baji Rao, cunning schemer as he was, must have foreseen as much. If Hurree Singh was found there, it meant the sentence of death to the ambitious kinsman who had dared to lay hands on the reigning nabob. Was it the rajah's intention to defy the Jam Bahadur and his troops, and stand a siege in his castle? Or had he, in this last desperate stage of his dark and tortuous game, placed his rival in a deeper and surer hiding-place than a dungeon of his castle? The juniors could not help fearing so.

"There's only one way that the villain can hope to hide his guilt," Harry Wharton muttered. "If Inky lives, he must be found—and if he's found, what will become of the rajah? The Jam would have had him executed

(Continued on page 23.)

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would be in the tiger-hunt to-day. They were on the watch—watching and waiting for a chance. That is the only way I can account for the nabob's disappearance."

"Baji Rao!" murmured the Jam.

"He or his agents," said the colonel.

"Luck has favoured them; they had a chance and they have taken it. It seems certain now. But here is Mahbub—"

The chief shikaree came up, salaaming. He spoke hurriedly in his own tongue, the juniors listening eagerly without comprehending. But they were aware that it was news of some kind that the shikaree brought. The Jam's old eyes flashed with fire.

"What does he say, uncle?" asked Harry, when the shikaree finished, and salaamed again and hurried away.

The colonel's face was grim.

"They have found signs where half a dozen men lay hidden in the wood," he answered. "There are traces where a struggle has taken place. Foot-prints have been found, leading away through the forest—and some of the foot-prints are deeply impressed, as of men who

ANSWERS

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(Introduction on page 24.)

Tommy's Transformation !

AT eleven o'clock next morning Dr. O'Hara and Haynes came into Tommy's room. The doctor was carrying a black leather bag, and Haynes had a large spirit-lamp and saucepan, which he set out on a table.

"Let's have a look at you," said the doctor; and he made a thorough examination of Tommy which seemed to satisfy him. "Yes, you seem quite strong and well again; it's lucky you're such a tough youngster. We'll start on you now. Light the stove, Haynes."

Merton lit the spirit-lamp and set a saucepan on it, while O'Hara opened his bag and laid out a whole array of bottles, sponges, and queer-looking instruments.

"What's the idea?" asked Tommy rather anxiously. "Am I to be cut up and cooked like a giddy Irish stew?"

"Nothing quite as hot as that," said the doctor, with his suave smile, as he felt the point of a little metal squirt that had a slip of glass let into its side, and a kind of needle for a tip. "Are you getting scared?"

"No, I'm not scared. But what part of me are you goin' to start on first?" asked Tommy, with natural interest.

"I'll begin with your nose," said the doctor. "It will not hurt you much—just an injection of hot sperm-wax under the skin. After that you'll have to lie quite quiet an hour or so for the wax to set."

"What about the X-ray stunt, or whatever you call it?"

"That's quite simple, too," replied O'Hara; and he brought in a large case which he uncovered. "We shall cover up parts of your face with a mask, so that the rays can only get to work on the parts we want to alter. Lift up your head."

He put a thin waterproof sheet on the pillow under Tommy's head, and told him to lie perfectly still. Tommy could not help stroking his nose with his fingers rather regretfully. He had worn it for fifteen years, and got used

to its shape; he was sorry to part with it.

"Good-bye, old boko!" he murmured. "You've poked yourself into a lot of trouble in your time; I hope this'll be a lesson to you! Go ahead, doctor—don't spin out the agony."

"What must be, must—man is but dust. You can't get crumb without the crust," said O'Hara, stirring a lump of clear, colourless wax that was melting in the saucepan. "The new nose I'm going to give you will keep you out of the Bellerophon, anyhow. Call Pat, will you, Merton?"

Pat Roche was called in; he looked at Tommy, and at the lamp and instruments laid out ready. He seemed to take it all quite as a matter of course. Nothing ever excited the queer, silent boy.

"Go and sit over there by the window, Pat," said the doctor shortly. "Sit perfectly still, and look at the geraniums."

Pat obeyed. The doctor brought a sponge and bowl, and sponged Tommy's nose and face with warm fluid that had a kind of hospital smell about it. Then he warned the little metal squirt at the spirit-lamp, and dipped it in the saucepan.

"Now for it," he said. "Lie quite motionless, or you'll get hurt."

"Fire ahead!" said Tommy, and he shut his eyes.

He felt a sharp stab, and immediately afterwards a stinging, tickling sensation all along the bridge of his nose and across the sides. The doctor threw down the squirt, and, taking Tommy's nose in his fingers, began to mould it and shape it skilfully. Every now and then, as he worked, he took a quick glance at Pat Roche, who was sitting by the window, and staring at the geraniums, as motionless as a graven image. Tommy had his eyes shut, and could see nothing.

It seemed to him to last for an hour; but, as a matter of fact, the whole job took less than a minute. Tommy felt a great relief when O'Hara stopped, drew a deep breath, and stepped back to take a look at his finished work. Tommy opened his eyes.

"Is it all right?" he asked anxiously.

O'Hara nodded, with the suave, oily smile that Tommy disliked so much.

"A complete success, I think," he said. "What do you say, Merton?"

"Wonderful!" said Haynes. "You have surpassed yourself, my dear doctor."

"Let's have a look at my mug in the glass, if you don't mind," said Tommy, with some excitement.

O'Hara stepped across and lifted the little mirror on the wall from its hook; but he gave it to Pat Roche, and told him to take it out of the room, which was done.

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather you waited a couple of days, Tommy," he said. "You know what you used to look like, and it will be a good test when you see yourself suddenly for the first time, when it's finished. So I'll remove temptation out of your way. You've got to keep still. You mustn't be hopping out of bed to admire yourself in the mirror."

"All right; please yourself," said Tommy.

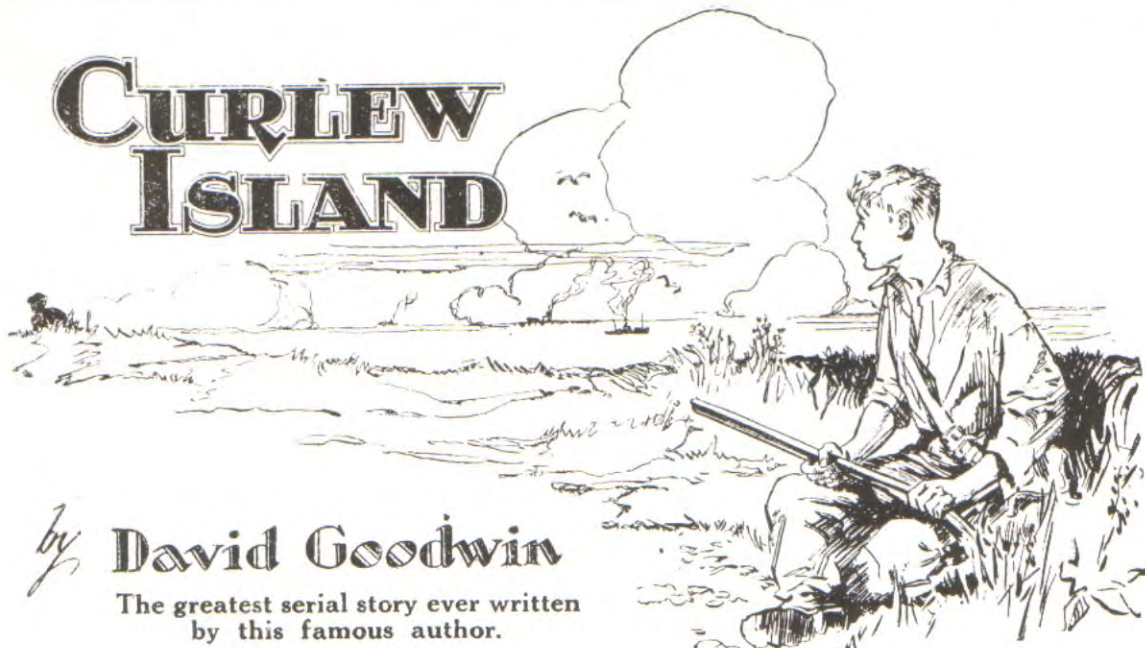
"And don't touch your face, on any account," added O'Hara, "or it will have to be done over again, and it'll give you a real twisting, in that case. You'll have the X-Rays in the morning, when your nose has set hard, and in the meantime here's some paper and a fountain-pen. I want you to make a list of all the things you will want for your experiments and the making of the famous powder. We will get you everything you require, and find a safe and lonely place where you can make Comberly without fear of being meddled with. We hope that you will be successful."

"If he is not successful," muttered Haynes darkly, "it will be the last failure the boy ever makes in his life."

Tommy overheard the remark. As the door closed behind his hosts, he put his thumb to his new nose—without actually touching it—and spread out his four fingers in a rude and reprehensible gesture towards the departing Merton Haynes.

The rest of the day he spent in eating,

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resting, and making out a list of all the chemicals and apparatus he would want for making Comberite. His face felt very stiff and strange, but he didn't worry about that. He gave the list next morning to O'Hara, who brought a large case which contained an ordinary X-Ray apparatus and a large glass refractor.

"Now," said the doctor, "we will soak your so-called face with one of the most wonderful powers known to science, Tommy. You ought to be proud."

He produced a sheet of fine, thin lead, and, fitting it over Tommy's head and face, bent and twisted it into a shape that covered his nose and eyes, and most of his face as well, leaving only his temples and chin, and a couple of inches of hair along his forehead, exposed to the light.

Then he turned a switch on the apparatus, and the big glass globe glowed and shone with a strange violet-purple light. He fixed this over Tommy so that the violet light shone over his masked face. He left him like this for just an hour by stop-watch.

Tommy had read somewhere about the strange powers of the X-Rays, and how people were killed or given terrible diseases by them which nobody understood. He had heard that they shone right through you, as if your body was a sheet of glass. However, he could feel nothing at all, and he hoped that Dr. O'Hara knew what he was about. He was quite sure that the last thing O'Hara wanted was to kill him—at any rate, at present. So he just lay and dozed, thinking things over, and once or twice chuckling to himself under the mask, until the doctor switched off the light and removed the helmet.

Tommy half-expected his hair to fall out in a lump. But actually it took three days to do so, and it merely came off gradually all along his forehead, leaving a smooth, bare line that he could feel with his fingers. When it was all gone, O'Hara tinted the rest of his hair a different colour, and rubbed some kind of stain into his neck and face and chest. He told Tommy that neither washing nor wear would get rid of it—at any rate, for a year or two.

Still, Tommy had no real idea what was happening to him, and it was the fourth day after the treatment when O'Hara announced that the job was finished, and brought him back to the looking-glass.

"I think we may introduce you to yourself to-day," he said, smiling; and Tommy felt a thrill of excitement as he took the mirror and looked into it.

The next moment a cry of amazement was wrung from him. He stared at his reflection.

Instead of his own features he saw a much darker and totally different face gazing at him. The nose was slightly hooked, the eyebrows black, and even the expression of the mouth was different. It was a very tough-looking nut that stared back at him from the glass.

"Well, Tommy Comber," said the doctor, "do you recognise yourself?"

Tommy certainly didn't. For a moment or two he could not speak. It seemed to him like a miracle. Who was this?

"Why, I know this chap!" he cried. "It's that servant of yours—Pat Roche!"

"Quite right," said Merton Haynes, who stood by the door. "Come in here, Pat, and let us see you both together."

Pat Roche entered the room, and stood where he was told. Tommy looked at himself in the glass again, and then at Pat. They were as like as two peas.

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The only difference was that Tommy had not the sullen, sulky look in the eyes that Pat had. Tommy's eyes were the only part of him quite unchanged. They were the same colour as Pat's, but they were brighter and more alert. The boys were much the same in height and build, except that Pat had a slightly less active figure, and not quite so long a reach in the arm. Still, their own mothers could hardly have told them apart. Few twins are ever so much alike as those two boys were now. And any one more unlike Tommy Comber could hardly be imagined.

Pat Roche showed no astonishment. He hardly even seemed interested in the transformation. He just stood there like a post, sullen and indifferent.

"Tom Comber," said the doctor, "is dead and buried." He made a sign to Pat, who left the room without a word and went downstairs. "You are now Pat Roche, my lad."

"But, great Jupiter," exclaimed Tommy in consternation, "there's a pair of us now!"

"That doesn't matter," replied the doctor with a smile. "The original Pat is washed out. We shall be very careful that he never gets in your way. Are you satisfied?"

"Crums," ejaculated Tommy, "I don't much like this game! What do I know about Pat Roche? He may be a holy terror. Suppose he does something crooked, and I get copped for it? Nobody could prove I wasn't him. I'm sure I couldn't!"

"Quite so," chuckled Haynes grimly. "But you need not fear that. And it cuts both ways, don't you see? If they ever got to know you were really Tommy Comber disguised like this, they'd be out looking for you, and they'd be just as likely to catch Pat Roche. More likely, in fact. In that case, he'd have to serve your three years on the Bellerophon for you."

"And we should see that he did it," added Dr. O'Hara softly.

"Oh, jimini, no!" said Tommy, alarmed. "Don't let the poor kid in for that. Why—"

"He would not mind. If he did, it

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.

TOMMY COMBER, a bright young lad of fifteen, is falsely charged with the murder, on Curlew Island, of his uncle, **JOSEPH COMBER**, an inventor of a powerful new explosive named "Comberite," the formula of which he passed on to Tommy before he met his tragic end.

"**CHUFFER**" **FOSS**, Tommy's half-cousin and enemy—a suspicious character, and chief witness at the trial.

In spite of the damning evidence put up by Foss, Tommy is acquitted of the grave charge of murder, but of theft he is found guilty and sentenced to three years' detention aboard the reformatory ship *Bellerophon*, stationed in the Thames estuary.

After a series of thrilling experiences, however, Tommy effects an escape from the ship and seeks sanctuary on shore in the thick woods. Then, overcome by the pangs of hunger, the young fugitive throws all caution to the winds and feloniously enters the premises of Dr. O'HARA. He is discovered, but to his surprise, O'Hara displays great hospitality, feeds him well, and afterwards introduces him to his friend, **MERTON HAYNES**. These two queer individuals listen to Tommy's story, and realising that the lad is in possession of a secret worth a fortune, O'Hara offers to fix Tommy up so that nobody will know him, give him fifty pounds down to enjoy a few days' holiday, and put up the money for the production of Comberite powder.

"You can start on me whenever you like," says Tommy, thrilled at the thought of going out, safe from any risk of arrest.

Then he turned in for the night.

(Now read on.)

would be all the same," said O'Hara. "We should pay him well, and he would not disobey us. Nobody has ever disobeyed me and got away with it," concluded Dr. O'Hara, turning his piercing eyes upon Tommy. "Bear that in mind. Everything will be ready for you in the morning, and you can leave for London."

The two men left the room, locking the door as usual.

"I'll be hanged if I let Pat Roche or anybody else take on my job," said Tommy to himself. "I begin to like the looks of these two birds less an' less. But they've got me, and I suppose I have to stick by 'em."

A Surprise for Dan Bennett!

THE next morning it was Dr. O'Hara himself who brought up Tommy's breakfast—for he was still not allowed downstairs—at least it was not as good a breakfast as usual. Just cold ham and tea.

"Where's Pat, sir?" he asked.

"You are Pat," replied the doctor. "And you are not likely to see the other Pat Roche again, I fancy. Here is a suit of clothes, though. They should just about fit you. Get outside your breakfast, and then get into the suit. Your Bellerophon uniform has been burned. I've no time to answer questions."

Tommy was locked in; he had his breakfast and put on the suit, which fitted him well enough. But somehow it made him feel like a servant. He had no intention of being O'Hara's servant.

"Blowed if I like wearing Pat's duds!" he said to himself. "When I get to London—if ever I do—I shall pawn this suit and buy myself a kit of my own."

Ten minutes later O'Hara and Haynes came in again. The former looked Tommy over critically.

"Yes, you'll do, Pat," he said, and he handed over a slip of paper. "Take this. It's the address where you are to stay while you are in London. It is a small lodging-house near Waterloo Station, where no questions will be asked. A bed-room has been engaged for you. I don't care what you do in the day-time, but you are to sleep at that address every night, so that letters will find you. They will be addressed to Mr. Pat Roche. You are not to change your address or sleep anywhere else, on any account. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy.

O'Hara looked at him for a moment and frowned.

"There is one thing might possibly give you away if you happened to meet anyone that knew you," he said. "Do you know what it is?"

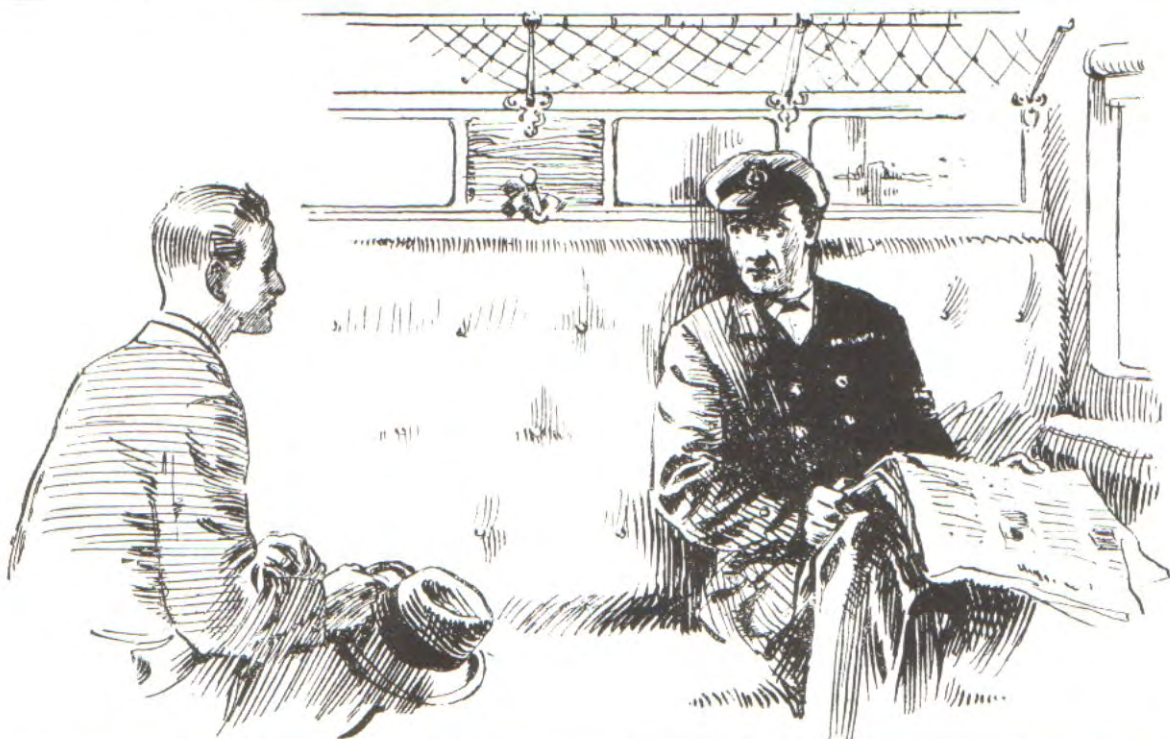
"I expect it's my voice," said Tommy. "That's right. It's a small risk. They'd hardly recognise you by your voice. But it might rouse suspicion. You'll have to practise making it a bit deeper. Can you do that?"

"I'll do my best," said Tommy, grinning. He had still a slight cold in his head. "What about this?" he said in a gruff voice.

"Not 'bad,'" said O'Hara. "But I expect you'll forget." He took a small bottle from his vest pocket. "Here are some lozenges. Any time that it's necessary just suck one of these and it will relax your throat and make your voice less boyish. Pat was older than you."

Tommy put the bottle in his pocket.

"Now remember," said O'Hara,



As the train gathered speed the man sitting on the opposite side of the carriage lowered his paper and looked hard at Tommy Comber. The young fugitive's heart almost stopped beating as he recognised the man to be Petty Officer Kellman, of the Bellerophon! (See Page 26.)

"You've got six days. This is Tuesday. You'll hear from me next Monday, and on the Tuesday you will leave London and go to the place of refuge, where you will do your work. We shall have it all ready for you by then. The sheds and chemicals, and everything you want will have been provided, also a place to live in."

"Ah!" said Tommy. "And where is it, sir?"

"Did you ever hear of a place called Curlew Island?" asked the doctor dryly.

"Curlew Island?" exclaimed Tommy. "Why, you're pulling my leg, sir! By the way, what's happened to Curlew Island?"

"Why, it belonged to your late uncle, Comber," said O'Hara. "It's not worth much, but as he is dead it goes to his heir."

"His heir?" said Tommy. "You don't mean it goes to that swab, Chuffer Foss?"

"Certainly not! You are your uncle's nearest relation—what they call his next of kin. So it goes to you. Besides, it seems that he made a will and left everything he had to you."

"But would I still get it—me having been in prison?" exclaimed Tommy.

Somehow the idea of owning Curlew Island excited him even more than Comberite powder.

"Yes, that makes no difference," said the doctor, with a grim smile. "But I'm afraid you will never inherit it, my lad. For, of course, if you claimed it they'd get hold of you and you'd have to serve your three years in prison first. Hardly worth it, eh? But if you can make Comberite powder you won't have to worry about a bit of a lonely island like that."

Tommy was staggered. Somehow he didn't like letting go of anything that belonged to him. It was a rum business altogether, he thought.

"As you are under age, and supposed to be in prison besides," said O'Hara, "Curlew Island is being looked after by a gentleman they call the Public Trustee. He's a sort of Government lawyer, whose job it is to do that sort of thing. Of course, he's never seen the island, and probably doesn't know where it is. He has hundreds of places to look after. If anybody wanted Curlew Island they would have to pay him the rent for it, and the money would be banked for you. So far, nobody has wanted it at any price."

"Well, then," said Tommy, "what's the good—"

"I have taken it myself," said O'Hara quietly. "Not in my own name, of course! It's been done for me. I saw about it yesterday. Mr. Merton Haynes and I have rented Curlew Island, lock, stock, and barrel, for a year. And that is where you are going to be sent to do the job and make Comberite powder."

"Great Christmas! It's simply crazy, sir!" cried Tommy. "They'll cop me, as sure as a gun. It's the last place I can possibly go near."

"On the contrary, my lad," said Dr. O'Hara, smiling, "for that very reason Curlew Island is the one place in England where nobody will ever dream of looking for you. Even if you—Par Roche—were seen there by anybody they'd feel quite sure that whoever you might be you weren't Tommy Comber."

"Something in that," said Tommy. He saw now that the plan was a clever one. And the thought of being king of Curlew Island, all on his own, made his blood tingle. He knew he could look after himself there, whatever happened, so long as he had a good motor-boat and a gun. "Right ho, sir! Curlew Island it is!"

"Then that's all, I think, and we can be starting."

"No, it ain't quite all," said Tommy.

"I'll have my fifty pounds first, if you don't mind."

The doctor's eyes narrowed, and he hesitated.

"You stick to the fifty pounds, do you?" he said, and Haynes glared at Tommy fiercely.

"If I don't get it the job's off," replied Tommy quietly.

O'Hara shrugged his shoulders and nodded.

"I think you'd better have it," he said, and, taking out his pocket-book, he laid eight five-pound notes and ten one-pound notes on the table.

Tommy stowed them carefully in his pocket, with satisfaction.

"Now walk straight downstairs and through the front door into the car," growled Haynes.

Tommy did so.

A covered car stood ready at the door, and all three of them got into it. O'Hara drove. They did out of the drive and away down the road at a whizzing pace.

For over half an hour the car buzzed along, and it seemed to be threading its way in and out all over the country. Tommy, sitting well back, had no idea where he was going, and nobody spoke a word until at last a halt was made in a lonely lane between high hedges. Tommy guessed that they must by now be twenty miles away from the house.

"Get out," said the doctor to Tommy. "Now go straight along this lane to the high road, and in ten minutes you'll come to Upminster station. An up train will be just about due when you get there. You have nothing to fear. Book to Fenchurch Street Station. Speak to nobody on the journey. You will be in London by twelve o'clock."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Tommy, and slipped out on to the road.

"And remember," said Haynes, with

a last grim scowl, "Tuesday. Don't attempt to play the fool with us or you'll regret it!"

The car ran past him, and, turning swiftly up a side lane, disappeared.

Tommy felt a thrill of relief. He could hardly believe in his luck. He was on his own again. Free, and with fifty pounds in his pocket! It seemed strange that they had let him loose like this. But doubtless they had their reasons. They knew he would not get away from them. They reckoned that they had got him, body and soul.

They had been much less civil to him since last night. They had just given him his orders, short and sharp.

Tommy did not stop to think things over, however. He set out at a brisk pace, and, reaching the high road, soon saw the small town and railway-station ahead. He also saw the up train, approaching in the distance, and broke into a run. Time had been cut rather fine, which was just as well, for he did not want to hang about the station. He had just time to get a third single to London and scramble into the train as it was puffing out.

He was away at last! Tommy sank down in the corner seat, breathless. There was only one other passenger in the carriage, of whom nothing could be seen but a pair of big boots and serge trousers, for he was buried behind a newspaper.

As the train gathered full speed the passenger lowered down his newspaper and looked at Tommy. And Tommy's heart dropped a beat, and went dot-and-carry-one.

The man was Petty Officer Kellman, of the Bellerophon!

The last Tommy had seen of Kellman was when he collared him low on Tilbury Marshes, and sent him flying head over heels into the mud. But now Kellman looked without the slightest interest at the dark-featured boy with the slightly hooked nose, who, by his clothes and appearance, looked more like a gentleman's servant than anything else, and presently he went on reading.

Tommy hoped he would not be spoken to. Kellman was not a talkative bird at any time. But he remembered the bottle of lozenges, and slipped one furtively into his mouth, in case. He did not fancy the flavour much. It tasted rather like paregoric medicine, which he hated.

"What time is this train due in London, youngster?" said Kellman suddenly, looking up.

"I don't know exactly," said Tommy, and was surprised at the gruffness of his own voice. "Bout three-quarters of an hour from now, I expect."

"Boys never know anything," growled Petty Officer Kellman unreasonably. "If I had you where I belong, my lad, I'd learn you to smarten up. Do you good."

"Where's that, mister?" asked Tommy innocently.

"Training ship Bellerophon," said Kellman grimly.

"Ah!" said Tommy. "Lost a boy from there last week, didn't they? Read about it in the newspapers, mister. Got him back yet?"

"No," said Kellman shortly. "But they're on his track, and they'll have him within twenty-four hours. If you want a safe bet, bet on that, my boy. And thank your stars an' your skin that you aren't him, when we do get him."

"Should think so, mister," agreed Tommy politely. "Shockin' thing for a boy to do, running away like that. Silly, too. Might have known he'd get caught. What sort of a chap was he?"

"We've got the hottest lot of young blackguards in the country on that ship," said Kellman curtly, "and he was the out-and-out worst of the lot."

He dived into his newspaper again sourly and said no more.

"Crumbs!" thought Tommy. "There ain't any flies on this disguise of mine. Dr. O'Hara is hot stuff."

He felt a wild desire to work off a

stunt on Petty Officer Kellman, and get a little more of his own back. But that would have to wait. It wouldn't do—not worth the risk. Not another word passed between them. At last the train rattled through the East End of London and pulled up at Fenchurch Street Station, where Kellman got out and was lost in the crowd. Tommy took care to go the other way.

Out into the stream of the London traffic went Tommy, and his spirits rose higher than ever at the sight of the rumbling motor-buses and whirring taxis. Here he was, an escaped prisoner, swamped among six million people who did not know him from Adam.

He walked past the policemen on point-duty at the crossings, chuckling to himself. He had fifty pounds in his pocket, but that was a flea-bite. He reckoned himself a millionaire.

(The novelty of the situation appeals to young Tommy, but he is not losing sight of the fact that Dr. O'Hara and his friend have only helped him so as to share in the huge profits expected from Comberite powder. Mind you read next week's fine instalment, chums.)

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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.



The mantles of "Ranji" and Fry
Have fallen on Bowley, and why?
He bats in such style
That the Sussex folks smile

Example last line:—
And laud his fame up to the sky.

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Closing Date, Thursday, September 9th.



HERE AT LAST!

I EXPECT a good number of you chaps have already bagged this year's "Holiday Annual," which is on sale this week, or have given an order for it—which amounts to the same thing—and are feeling jolly pleased with yourselves. It's a grand six-shillingsworth, although I say it myself as "didn't ought." But you will do me the favour, I know, of telling your pals about it. There are some people who haven't sampled a copy of this wonder volume, strange as it may seem. And the handy-men amongst you, I feel sure, are more than a little interested in the "Holiday Annual's" young brother, which, being interpreted, means "Every Boy's Hobby Annual." A jolly useful volume, this, that will make its name from the out-set, for it fills a much needed want. The advertisement on page 2 of this issue will give you some idea—if you are hanging back—of the type of annual this new fellow is. Just ask your newsagent to let you have a squint at the finished article.

DAVID GOODWIN!

Readers can't say enough in praise of the splendid yarn this famous author has given us in "Curlew Island!" They want more, more, and still more. Well, you chaps will be delighted to learn that there is a sequel to "Curlew Island!" which is even better than the present story you have grown so enthusiastic about. It's billed to start in a fortnight's time.

THE SUPPLEMENT!

You will note that I have kicked off the season with Harry Wharton's football supplement. Now I would like you chaps to drop me a line and give me your candid views on this feature. I ask this because about twenty readers out of our huge company have written me saying that they don't want the football supplement; they don't want the cricket supplement. What they do appear to want, however, is a return of the old "Greyfriars Herald." I'm here to please everybody as far as is possible, and if a majority of you want the "Greyfriars Herald" revived I'll wade in at once. If, on the other hand, the vote shows a fifty-fifty support, shall we compromise and split the four pages of the supplement to two pages of Football news and two pages of the Herald—in which latter, of course, Dicky Nugent and his yarns of St. Sam's would figure? What about it? Just a postcard will do. Thanks!

For Next Monday!

"THE NABOB'S RIVAL!"

By Frank Richards.

This is truly a great yarn right from the word "go." As the title practically suggests, Inky, otherwise the Nabob of Bhanipur, comes face to face with his rascally, plotting kinsman. What happens I am not attempting to explain here. Mr. Richards can do that heaps better than I can next week. But don't miss this corking story whatever you do!

"CURLEW ISLAND!"

By David Goodwin.

Next Monday's instalment of this popular serial yarn will ring down the curtain on the first act of the drama that has engulfed young Tommy Comber. But as I said above, there is a sequel to follow immediately. That's one comfort, isn't it?

TWO INTERNATIONALS!

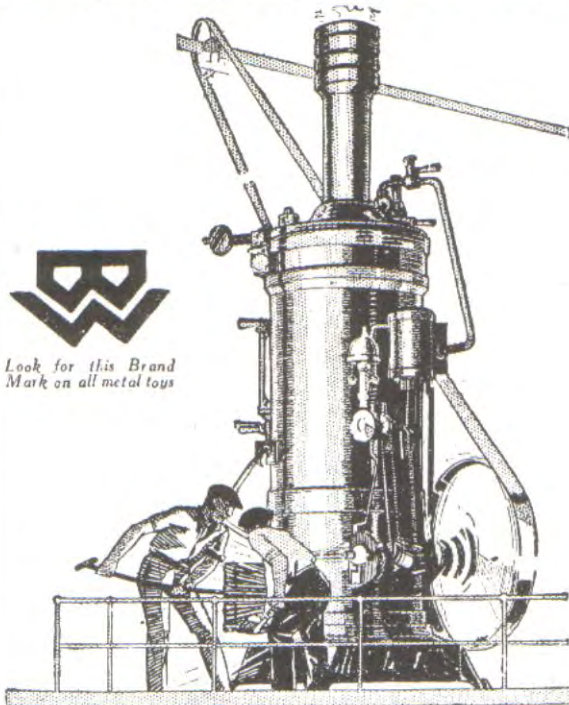
Billy Walker, England's clever inside-left, and Frank Rarson, the famous International centre-half-back of Manchester United, contribute signed articles to next week's special footer supplement. And in addition, of course, there are heaps of other fine footer features. Don't miss the supplement, boys. Chin, chin.

YOUR EDITOR.

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THE TERROR OF THE JUNGLE!

(Continued from page 22.)

already, but Inky waited for a proof of his guilt. It may be risky for him to kill the nabob; but to let him live is a greater risk."

"Unless—" said Johnny Bull, in his slow, thoughtful way.

"Unless what?"

"Unless they have a safe hiding-place for him—some place where he can be kept, at a distance from the rajan's castle. Then Baji Rao could let his palace be searched, and laugh in his sleeve."

"It's possible!" said Harry.

"It's more than possible," said Bob thoughtfully. "It's jolly likely, in my opinion. Somewhere in the forests or the hills—"

"If he lives, he will be found," said Harry.

It was a gloomy party that rode back under the arched gateway of the white-walled city of Bhanipur. There was gloom in the palace and the city, when it was known that misfortune had befallen the schoolboy nabob. The Indian night had fallen when Harry Wharton & Co. re-entered their old quarters in Hurree Singh's palace. Billy Bunter met them there, with an accusing expression on his fat face.

"Leaving a fellow on his own all day!" he said.

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!" snapped Bob.

"If you think I came here to be treated like this!" exclaimed Bunter warmly.

"Cheese it!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Bunter blinked at the juniors.

"Anything happened?" he asked.

"You look about as cheerful as a set of moulting owls."

"They've got Inky!" growled Bob.

"Now, shut up!"

Bunter did not seem overcome by the news.

"Have they?" he said. "Who's got him?"

"The kidnappers!"

"Well, if he'd been a bit more decent to me, I'd have come along to-day, and then it wouldn't have happened," said Bunter.

"I came all the way here to protect him, as you know. I've saved him so far. Now—"

"You silly owl, dry up!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! Mind, I'm rather sorry for old Inky, though he's

been rather a beast to me," said Bunter. "And—I'll tell you what—I'll take the matter in hand."

"What?"

"It's too late to-night," said the Owl of the Remove. "I want my supper now, and then I shall have to sleep early to bed, and early to rise, you know. But to-morrow I'll give the matter my attention."

"You silly chump!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Leave it to me," said Bunter. "You fellows aren't much good, you know. Leave it to me!"

"Oh, sit down!" growled Johnny Bull; and he gave the Owl of the Remove a shove, and Billy Bunter sat down and roared wrathfully as he sat.

Long and late into that anxious night the chums of the Remove sat, discussing what had happened, and what could be done. Bunter was not included in their anxious counsels. And yet—if they had only known it—it was Bunter who was destined to prove useful in the search for the missing nabob—Billy Bunter, the fat and fatigued Owl of the Remove, who was to be instrumental in saving Hurree Singh from the grasp of his enemies.

THE END.

(Next Monday there will be another magnificent yarn, dealing with the thrilling adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., in far-off India, entitled: "The Nabob's Rival!" by Frank Richards. Look out for it, chums.)

Tom Merry & Co. Present!

READ—

"THE SECRET OF LONELY ISLAND!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Dealing with the Holiday Adventures of Tom Merry & Co.—the chums of St. Jim's, in this week's

"GEM."

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