

SEASIDE or COUNTRY—*This paper will make your holiday complete!*

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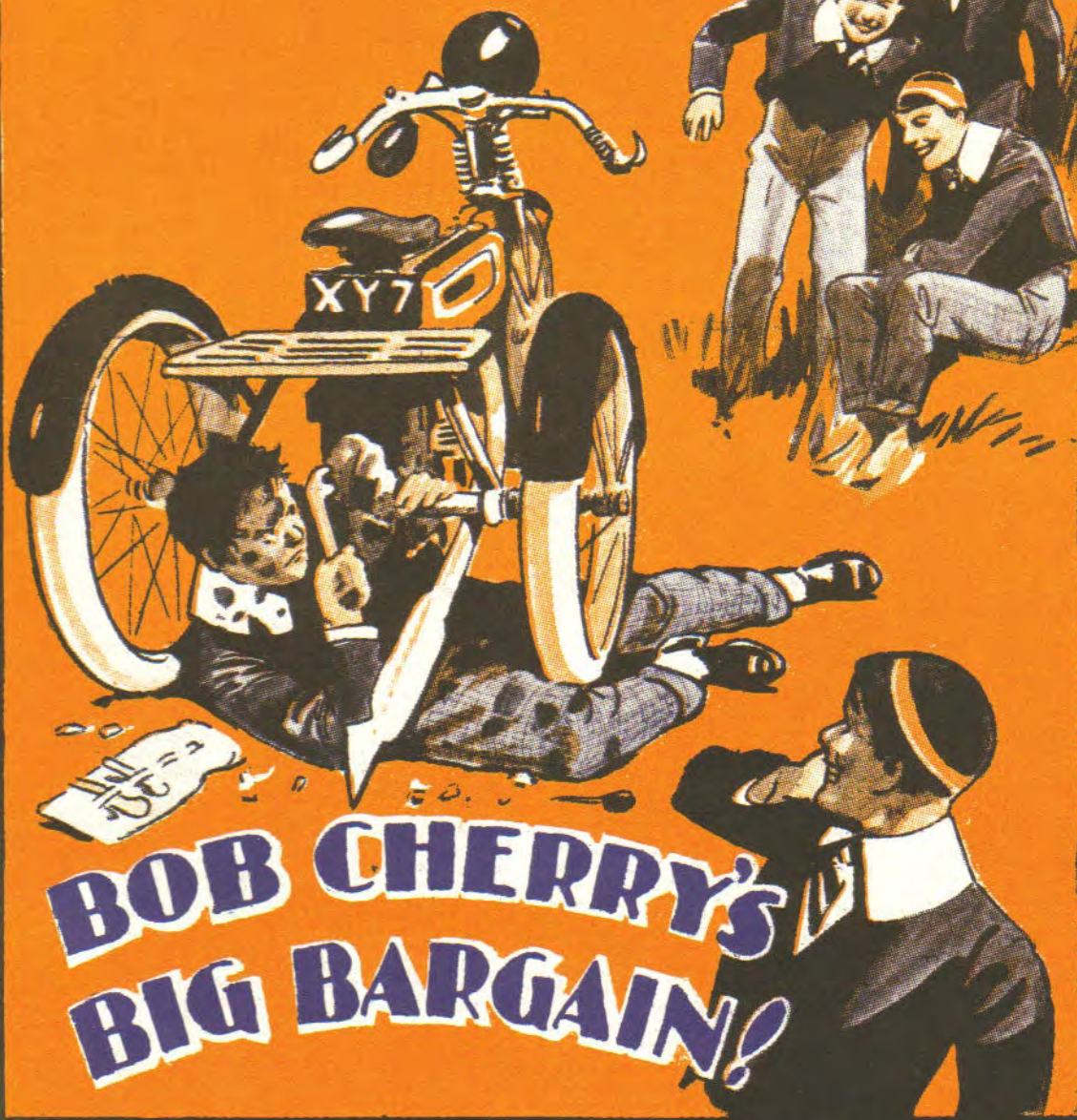
Week Ending July 20th, 1929.

The Magnet

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EVERY SATURDAY.



TROUBLE WITH A "TRIKE"!

Bob Cherry's the chap on the ground, covered in oil and grease, and that weird contraption he's tinkering with is a motor-tricycle 25 years old! Read all about "Bob Cherry's Big Bargain!" in the humorous long complete school story in this issue.



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address:
The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

NOTE.—All Jokes and Limericks should be sent to
c/o "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

FREE GIFTS FOR ALL!

HALLO, chums, does that headline make you open your eyes? What-ho! Well, it's literally true. I have in course of preparation now a stunning Free Gift for every man jack of you—such a gift as will make your mouths water. I can honestly say that this gift will be the finest that has ever been presented to readers of this paper, and that's saying something, for you know of old the quality and novelty of MAGNET Free Gifts. Just be patient; this Free Gift will be in your hands in a few weeks' time, and then you can get ready to cheer, for cheer you will, believe me! More about this fine treat next week, boys. Watch this page!

A KNIGHT IN A BATH!

Of course, every one of you fellows know how the Order of the Garter came to be instituted, but William Beasley, of Canterbury, wants to know how on earth they came to give such a peculiar name to the Order of the Bath. In the early days of this Order a new knight who was to be introduced had to be put into a bath by two attendant knights. After he had been washed from head to foot, his attendants made the sign of the cross on his left shoulder, and he was carried from the bath and put to bed to dry. Hence the name of the Order.

IS IT UNLUCKY TO KILL AN ALBATROSS?

asks Kenneth Headworth, of Lyme Regis. Perhaps not to landsmen, but sailors consider it unlucky to kill any sea-bird. When you consider that birds are the sailors' only link with the land during long voyages, you can imagine that birds are much better looked after by sailors than by people ashore. If the sailors on a ship commenced to kill the sea-birds which followed them, the birds would soon desert the ship. Consequently it would be very unlucky to kill an albatross, or any other sea-bird for that matter.

LAMPS!

One of the most interesting souvenirs which I have in my den is an old miner's lamp which was given to me by a miner, and which did its duty over fifty years ago. I remembered it when someone was showing me a modern miner's lamp the other day, and I don't think many things show how far we have progressed so well as miner's lamps do. When they first came into being they were used only in parts of the mine where gas congregated in large quantities, and in some parts of the mines ordinary candles were used.

Nowadays the main galleries are lighted with electric light, while the miner himself carries a neat lamp, complete with accumulator, which gives a yellow-coloured light which can be switched on or off at will. In the old days if his lamp went out he had to walk all the way back to the foot of the shaft to get it lighted again. Nowadays, it is guaranteed to last about ten

hours, which is two hours longer than he actually requires it.

But it is interesting to note that old-fashioned lamps are still used in mines to-day by the "deputies" who patrol the mine to see that everything is in order. The idea is that a lamp is more susceptible to gas in the mines, and if the lamp goes out, the deputy knows that the air in that particular spot is not good—and takes precautions accordingly! I am waiting now to see if anyone will bring my collection of souvenirs up to date by sending me a modern miner's lamp! It would come in useful when I want to search for the points in some of the alleged "jokes" which the sub-editors occasionally tell me!

Talking about jokes, here's a good 'un which wins a pocket-knife for Harold Crowther, 138, Greenacres Road, Oldham.

NOT SO SIMPLE AS HE LOOKED!



A simple-looking lad on his way home from school stopped outside a blacksmith's shop to watch the blacksmith shoe a horse. The blacksmith, who apparently did not like being watched, placed a red-hot iron in close proximity to the lad's nose, hoping it would send him away. Instead of retreating, however, the lad told the blacksmith that if he gave him half-a-crown he would lick it. The blacksmith, hoping to see some fun, withdrew the required coin from one of his pockets and gave it to the lad. Smiling cheerfully, the youngster took the coin, licked it, and then walked away whistling.

Now let me roll up my sleeves and get on with this week's batch of letters. Here's an interesting one.

WHO, WHAT, OR WHERE IS COATZACALCOS?

asks Arnold Lefevre, of Hythe. The word "Coatzacoalcos" means a "winding serpent," and is given to a river in Southern Mexico. The town at the mouth of the river was also called "Coatzacoalcos" at one time, but is now known as "Puerto Mexico." It is interesting to know that this town was built by an English company of contractors, who also constructed a railway across Mexico at this point. Before the Panama Canal was built, this railway was in a flourishing condition, for it was the quickest way of getting goods from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With the opening of the Panama Canal, however, ships began to desert Puerto Mexico, and the trains to the other side run very infrequently nowadays.

One of my chums who read my description of how a certain illusion was worked has written to me asking me to explain how

SAWING A FELLOW IN HALF

is done? He is referring to the well-known stage illusion where a man or woman is placed into a large wooden box, nailed down, and then the box is sawn in half. The two portions are pulled apart, then

placed together again; after which the lid is taken off and there is the person alive and unharmed! This, I am told, is really a very simple illusion, for, although the person in the box is supposed to be tied into position, the knots are slipped once the lid is put on, and the person inside then crawls into a double position in one end of the box. A sheet of glass is passed through slots in the box, and this guards him from any chance slip of the saw. It is perfectly obvious that you could even chop one end of the box into splinters, and it still wouldn't affect the person in the other end. So that's how it's done!

Incidentally, I once heard the story of a conjurer who had performed before a Chinese Emperor, who was astounded at his tricks. The conjurer, wishing to make a good impression before he departed, told the Emperor that if he climbed to the top of a certain tower on a certain day he would see his name written on the hillside in the colour of blood. "I don't know whether he did," said the conjurer, telling the story afterwards, "but I do know that I spent all that night planting poppy seeds in the design of his name, so that they would be in bloom by the date I gave him!"

WHO WAS CAPTAIN BLOOD?

asks H. T., of Heppburn, who thinks the name sounds like that of a character in fiction. Well, Captain Blood actually lived all right, and he seems to have been what Fisher T. Fish would describe as 'a tough guy!' He was an army officer in the reign of Charles II., but he seems to have turned his hand to anything which came along—including highway robbery! His greatest exploit, however, was when he stole the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London—and nearly got away with them, too! However, he was just a little too smart on this occasion, and it would have cost him his life if influential friends of his hadn't pulled strings.

The next item on the programme is a laugh with H. J. Lindeman, of 126, Gordon Road, Peckham, S.E., who gets a MAGNET pocket wallet for the following Limerick:

Vernon-Smith, often known as the Bounder,

Of many foul jokes is the founder.
In his study he'll smoke
And play cards till he's "broke."
But on Little Side he's an all-rounder.

Now hold tight until I get off my chest the list of next week's feast of fiction. The piece-de-resistance, of course, is Frank Richards' long, complete yarn: "The Trail of the Trike!" which abounds with just those situations which you fellows like to read. Frank Richards always gives you a jolly well-balanced yarn which combines rib-tickling humour with tense dramatic situations, and you'll find that next week's story is as good as anything which he has yet written.

Our grand new detective serial, of course, is more dramatic than humorous, and you will find that next week's instalment of "The Masked Death!" will hold your interest all the time. You'll feel thrilled when you come to the end of it, and then you can turn to "A Battle With Pirates!" which is Master Dicky Nugent's contribution to next week's programme, and you can laugh until your sides ache at the adventures of Dr. Birchomall and the chums of St. Sam's on their "trezure" hunt!

Another "Giants of Cricket" article—this time about Andrew Sandham, Surrey's brilliant first wicket batsman, and my regular weekly chat brings the programme to an end.

Au revoir until next week!

YOUR EDITOR.

A JOLLY COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY OF THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS!



BOB CHERRY'S BIG BARGAIN!

Dealing with the
Humorous Adven-
tures of the World-
Famous Harry
Wharton & Co.

By
**FRANK
RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bob's Big Idea!

THE open road!" said Bob Cherry.

It was hardly necessary for Bob to make that remark. That Bob Cherry's summer holidays were going to be spent in the open, was a foregone conclusion.

His chums nodded assent.

In Study No. 1 in the Greyfriars Remove, the Famous Five were discussing the matter, a matter of importance now that break-up was near at hand.

It was understood that wherever the Famous Five went, and whatever they did, they would go together, and do it together.

The question was, where were they going, and what were they going to do?

"In this lovely weather, too!" said Bob.

Seen from the window of Study No. 1, the old quadrangle of Greyfriars glowed with sunshine. It was a glorious summer's day.

If that weather lasted there was no doubt that the open road would be a delight.

Bob was cheerfully disposed to believe that it would last. He had a great gift for looking always on the bright side of things.

"May be raining to-morrow," said Harry Wharton, with a smile.

"And snowing the day after!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"And hailing and thundering the next!" observed Frank Nugent. "The climate is just a trifle uncertain."

"The uncertainty of the glorious British climate is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "All that can be expected is the esteemed unexpectedness."

"Well, a little rain won't hurt a chap!" argued Bob. "In fact, it's jolly refreshing. I really hope we shall get some rain."

"You won't be disappointed, most likely, then," grinned Nugent. "But if we settle on the jolly old open road,

how are we going to get along it? Caravanning?"

"Caravanning costs money," said Bob. "Of course, we shall have some money; but not a lot. Cut out the caravan."

"Walking?" asked Johnny Bull, thoughtfully.

"Well, what's the matter with walking?" said Bob. "Jolly good exercise, and cheap. You can't deny that it's cheap."

"The cheapfulness is terrific."

"But we shall want some traps," said Nugent. "Tent, and all that, if we're going to camp out. Rather a lot to carry."

"There was a chap who travelled with a donkey, once, and who wrote a book about it," said Bob. "His donkey carried all the stuff."

"FOR SALE!

"Handsome Dionysius Motor Tricycle, in thorough going order. A real bargain for £4."

And that advertisement is the start of the trouble for Bob Cherry and his loyal chums,

"Good egg!" exclaimed Nugent heartily. "If you think you can carry all the stuff, we'll travel with a donkey like Stevenson."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be an ass—"

"I thought you were offering to be the ass!"

"Look here, be serious!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We've got to settle this. The trouble about a donkey is, that sometimes he won't go—and anyhow donkeys cost money like caravans."

"What about the bikes?" asked Harry.

"Well, we had a cycling tour last hols, besides, a tramping party is jolly, if we can get something to carry the baggage."

"A small car?" suggested Nugent. "They're cheap in these days—almost

given away with a pound of tea. An exhaustin' seven—"

"Fathead!"

"What about a wheelbarrow?" asked Johnny Bull, apparently with a desire to be humorous. "We could borrow a wheelbarrow from the Head's gardener."

"Ass!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Bob's got some wheeze in his head," he remarked. "I can see that! Let's hear what it is."

"Well, I've an idea!" confessed Bob Cherry.

"Whose?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Mine!" roared Bob. "Do you think I never have any ideas, fathead?"

"Peace, my infants, peace!" said the captain of the Remove, soothingly.

"What's the big idea, Bob?"

"Well," said Bob, and he paused.

His chums regarded him curiously.

It was obvious that Bob Cherry had some scheme to propound; and that, in fact, the problem of transport was already settled in his mind.

Bob Cherry had many qualities, but a brilliance in the way of ideas was not supposed, by his chums, to be prominent among them.

So they were rather curious to hear the "big idea."

"Something a bit out of the common?" asked Wharton.

"Well, yes."

"Not thinking of an elephant?" asked Nugent flippantly.

"Look here—"

"Or a camel?" asked Johnny Bull.

"If you can't be serious—"

"Sober as a judge, old bean! Get on with it! We're burning with curiosity to hear what it is."

"The burnfulness is terrific."

"Well," said Bob. "What about a trike?"

"A—a—a what?"

"A which?"

"Oh, my hat!"

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"A tricycle!" said Bob emphatically. His comrades gazed at him.

"A tricycle!" repeated Nugent faintly. "Are there tricycles? I believe I've heard of such things. They existed in some far-off geological era. Along with mastodons and pterodactyls, I think."

"I've seen a tricycle!" said Johnny Bull.

"Seen one?" gasped Nugent. "Yes—there's an old gent at Lantham who rolls out on a tricycle. He has a large following among the small boys there."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I'm not speaking of an ordinary tricycle," said Bob Cherry, with dignity. "I'm speaking of a motor tricycle."

"Are there motor tricycles?" "Yes, ass!" roared Bob.

"We live and learn," said Nugent blandly. "But a motor tricycle can't belong to a geological epoch. The motor part must be fairly modern."

"A motor tricycle, with a carrier, will carry all we want, and a lot over," said Bob. "We can take it in turns to ride it when we get fagged, too. Jolly useful up the hills."

"Oh! It can be ridden?" "Look here—"

"Only asking for information, old chap," said Nugent. "I don't know a whole lot about tricycles. How does it hike along?"

"Petrol, of course, ass—but there are pedals—"

"Pedals?" "Yes, in case the gas gives out, or it won't start, or anything."

"If we take Bunter along, the gas won't give out!" suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "And if anything goes wrong with the pedals, I daresay we shall meet a pedlar on the road. I suppose a pedlar could deal with the pedals."

Bob Cherry glared at his chuckling chums. He seemed to be getting a little excited.

He had propounded his big idea, but it had not evoked enthusiasm. It had evoked merriment.

"Look here—" he snorted. "But," said Wharton soothingly. "Don't tricycles cost money? I don't mean that I would give any money for one—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "But they must cost money, all the same. A motor-trike must cost a fearful lot of money, I should think."

"That's where my idea comes in, if you fellows would listen to a chap, instead of cackling like a lot of hens!" said Bob Cherry gruffly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nugent. "I see! You've got one; inherited it, I suppose, from your great-great-grandfather."

"I know where to get one!" grunted Bob.

"If you're thinking of raiding a museum—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Look here, will you listen to a chap, or won't you listen to a chap?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Go it, old fellow," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "The wheeze seems a bit of a corker, but let's hear all about it!"

"Let's!" assented Nugent.

"I've seen it," said Bob. "There's a Dionysius motor-trike for sale at Lantham, cheap. I've looked at it, and it will work. Of course, it's not the latest thing. It's four pounds."

"Great pip! It would hardly be the latest thing at four pounds," said Nugent. "Still, I dare say the man will

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be glad to get four pounds for it. He may have to let it go for fourpence if we don't take it off his hands."

"It's rather old—" said Bob.

"It would be!" agreed Nugent.

"But it's in splendid condition," said Bob impressively. "I know something about motor-bikes. I've got a driving licence, and I've driven a motor-bike in the hols. There isn't such a jolly lot of difference between a motor-bike and a motor-trike—fellow who can handle one can handle the other. Of course, it hasn't got a lot of up-to-date gadgets. The principal of the thing is a bit different. I don't know exactly when it was built—the man at the shop didn't know, so he can't tell us. He thinks it's about twenty or twenty-five years' old."

"My dear chap, that's quite recent!" said Nugent. "I was afraid that it might have come out of the Ark!"

"Oh, don't be an ass! Fellow who hasn't seen one before, might think it looked a bit antiquated," said Bob cautiously.

"What rot, when it's only just come of age!" said Nugent sweetly. "Quite a young thing—a mere lad!"

"If the petrol ran out, it could be run on methylated spirit," said Bob.

"That's rather an advantage!"

"Splendid! One of us is bound to have a can of methylated spirit about him, in case of an emergency! It's the sort of thing a fellow would have about him on a holiday!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bob Cherry jumped up.

"Look here, you silly asses—"

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

"Shut up cackling!" roared Bob.

"Are we going to have that trike, or aren't we? Nothing to cackle about!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Wharton. "Of—of course, it's a ripping idea! And—and the thing must be awfully cheap, at four pounds. Of course, we should be glad to have it at four pounds. But I think we should be gladder not to have it at twice the money!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't you be serious?" bawled Bob.

"My dear chap, how's a man to be serious when you propose taking an archaeological specimen out of a museum on a summer holiday?" remonstrated the captain of the Remove.

"If we're going to walk, we'd better walk without having that historical remnant to push along."

"Look here! What do you think of the idea?" demanded Bob.

"Rotten!" answered his comrades, with one voice.

"You silly asses—"

"Hold on!" said Nugent. "There's one thing, if we had it, we could give shows along the road, and charge for admission—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snorted Bob Cherry, and he departed from Study No. 1, and closed the door after him with a bang that echoed the length of the Remove passage. And the bang of the study door was followed by a roar of laughter from the study.

Bob Cherry's big idea for the summer holidays had fallen rather flat.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Two Kind Offers Rejected!

"SAY, you guys!"

Thus Fisher T. Fish.

The American junior met four members of the Famous Five in the quadrangle.

The four members were looking for

the fifth member; but the fifth member was not to be seen.

Having chortled considerably over Bob's big idea, Bob's chums had realised that the propounder of the big idea had gone off in a huff; so they moderated their transports, so to speak, and strolled out to look for him.

If Bob was "stuffy," this stuffiness was not likely to last long; it never did. And his chums were ready to soothe him with honeyed words; even to admit that his idea was a very big one; though not quite prepared to act on it. For, really, they did not want to spend their summer holidays trundling an antiquated motor-tricycle up hill and down dale. It was, as Nugent said, too much of a good thing; and Hurree Singh declared emphatically that the too-muchfulness would be terrific. It was, according to Johnny Bull, a potty wheeze; but he pointed out that potty people had to be humoured, and led gently off potty subjects. So Bob's comrades looked for him, intending to humour him, and at the same time to lead him gently off the subject of the ancient "Dionysius" trike.

They did not find Bob Cherry, but they found Fisher Tarleton Fish. That was not a lucky find. Nobody wanted Fisher T. Fish. Had he been lost, stolen, or strayed, the man who did not find him would have been considered the lucky man.

Fishy hailed them amicably; but the four juniors accelerated, and left Fishy to waste his sweetness, such as it was, on the desert air.

But Fishy was not to be disposed of so easily. His long, thin legs whisked into rapid motion, and he rejoined the four.

"Say, you guys," repeated Fisher T. Fish, "I guess I got a proposition to put up to you!"

"Seen Bob Cherry?" asked Wharton.

"Nope!"

"Then run away and play!"

"We're breaking up for the summer holidays soon," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Bunter says you galoots are going on a walking party."

"How on earth does Bunter know?" demanded Wharton.

As the walking-party had not been mentioned till the discussion in Study No. 1 that afternoon, the chums of the Remove did not expect the news of it to have gone forth already.

"Doesn't Bunter know everything?" grunted Johnny Bull. "He always will, so long as they make keyholes to doors."

"Well, I got it from Bunter," said Fisher T. Fish. "Five of you and Bunter are going. I understand—"

"Bunter, too?" grinned Nugent.

"First I've heard of that!"

"Well, what about me?" asked Fishy.

"You!"

"This little guy!" assented Fishy, "I guess I'm rather at a loose end for the holidays, and I calculate it's a chance to see something of this weird little island. I suppose a galoot could walk across it in a day or two?"

"It's not quite so big as the United States," agreed Wharton. "We go in rather for quality than quantity."

"Aw, can it!" said Fisher T. Fish derisively. "Well, is it a go? Walking's cheap, and I don't want to spend any money."

"You needn't have mentioned that bit; we knew that."

"You guys are fixed up with camping things, I believe?" added Fisher T. Fish, rather anxiously.

"That's so."

"I mean, there wouldn't be any need for me to buy anything for the trip. If so, it's off, of course."

The chums of the Remove grinned.

Fisher T. Fish, evidently, was looking for a holiday tour on very reasonable terms. No doubt he considered that his entrancing society and conversation could be taken in lieu of any contribution to the expenses.

"Better think it over," said Nugent gravely. "You'd wear out a certain amount of shoe-leather, you know. Shoes cost money."

"I guess I could stand that," said Fishy. "Of course, I should take my turn at riding the motor-trike, if you had it."

"So you've heard about the trike, too?"

"Bunter says—"

"Bunter knows too much," said Johnny Bull. "Let's look for Bunter and burst him, you men!"

"We're leaving that motor-trike on the hands of the poor chap who's unfortunate enough to own it," said Harry; "and, if you'll excuse us, Fishy, we're not looking for a passenger. Besides, you wouldn't enjoy the trip."

"I guess I'd like it all right."

Wharton shook his head.

"You might have to spend twopence, or even threepence, before it was over," he said gravely. "That would break your heart. You might pine away and die of melancholy before the holiday was over. Chuck it."

"I guess—"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked on and left Fisher T. Fish guessing. Fishy

you rat oyster?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"I happened to be passing the study—"

"Bump him!"

"I say, you fellows, no larks. When do we start on the trip?" asked Bunter.

"Echo answers, when!"

"Well, a fellow wants to know," said Bunter, "and I can tell you, I've got a better idea than walking. What about a car?"

"Got a car in your pocket?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"My pater will let me have one of the cars if I ask him," answered Bunter, with dignity. "We keep a good

roads in the summer, and we can keep on getting lifts. If you don't want me you'd better say so out plain!" hooted Bunter.

"So out plain!" said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the four walked on, still in search of Bob Cherry, leaving Billy Bunter sniffing with indignation.

Up and down and round about Greyfriars the four looked for Bob Cherry, but they found him not. Bob seemed to have disappeared, and it really looked as if, for once, the cheery Bob was going to let the sun go down on his wrath. Which was quite a disturbing reflection to his loyal comrades.



With an unexpected thump Bob Cherry was sent reeling from the saddle of the trike. Almost as he touched the ground, the shifty man leapt into the vacant saddle and grasped the handle-bars. The next moment the trike woke to sudden speed, and the man shot away down the lane, leaving the chums of Greyfriars staring after him in stupefaction.

(See Chapter 4.)

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

For Friendship's Sake!

"A DSUM!" Bob Cherry answered to his name when Mr. Quelch called the roll in Hall. His chums were quite glad to see him in the ranks of the Remove.

Where he had been all through the lengthy period since he had banged the door of No. 1 Study they did not know, but at all events, they were glad to see him again.

When the Remove came out of Hall the four gathered round Robert Cherry, with their cheeriest smiles.

"Been out, old bean?" asked Nugent.

"Yes."

Bob's answer was short.

"Getting some walking exercise ready for the trip?" asked Johnny Bull amicably.

"No."

"Not stuffy, old chap?" murmured Wharton.

"The stuffiness is not the proper caper, my esteemed and absurd chum," remarked the nabob of Bhanipur.

Bob Cherry did not thaw.

"Oh, chuck it," he said. "A fellow makes a sensible suggestion for the hols., and all the other fellows can do is to cackle like a lot of geese. Have it your own way—I don't care."

Evidently Bob was stuffy.

"You see—" murmured Wharton.

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stared after them disconsolately, and shook his head. Apparently he was not going to get that cheap holiday after all. Which was rather annoying to Fisher T. Fish, who had already mapped out a trip, in his mind's eye, on which the other fellows spent money, and on which Fishy spent nothing.

"I say, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter rolled up to the four.

"Seen Bob Cherry?" asked Nugent.

"He, he, he! I say, you fellows, for goodness' sake don't get that idiotic trike," said Bunter. "We don't want to trundle that along with us."

"Us!" repeated Wharton.

"In fact, if you take that thing along I shan't come," said Bunter, shaking his head.

"That's the first argument I've heard in favour of bagging the trike!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"How do you know anything about it,

many cars at Bunter Court. I may not be able to have the Rolls, perhaps—"

"The perhapsfulness is terrific."

"But I'm sure the pater would let me have the Daimler. Anyhow, we could count on the Austin," said Bunter.

"If, by some chance, the pater wasn't able to let us have one of the cars we could hire one. I should foot the bill, of course—you fellows needn't worry about it."

"I think there would be a certain amount of worry attached to a bill you were going to foot!" chuckled Bunter.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Have you seen Bob Cherry, father?"

"Blow Bob Cherry! If we're not going to have a car I don't see that I shall be able to come," said Bunter peevishly. "If you fellows think I'm going to tramp on foot in the dust and sun, up hill and down dale, you're jolly well mistaken, see?"

"Well, we're not going to have a car," said Harry, "so we'll lose your company, Bunter! We'll try to survive it."

"Oh, really, Wharton! After all, there are lots of motor-buses on the

"Let's put it to the vote about the trike!" suggested Nugent.

Bob gave a snort. Voting on the subject meant that the propounder of the great wheeze would be left in a minority of one. That was not what Bob wanted. What he wanted was enthusiastic receptiveness to his big idea.

"Where have you been, old fellow?" asked Harry. "You disappeared for a jolly long time."

"Over to Lantham."

"Oh, dear! Taking another look at that trike?" sighed Wharton.

"Yes; and I can tell you that if you don't think much of it there are others who do," said Bob crossly. "Jorrocks—that's the man who's got it to sell—nearly lost it yesterday."

"Found it falling to pieces?" asked Nugent.

"No!" hooted Bob. "Two thieves tried to steal it."

"What on earth did they want to steal it for?" asked Nugent, in astonishment. "And why didn't Jorrocks let them?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it shows that somebody thinks the trike valuable," said Bob. "I suppose they hadn't the money to buy it so they tried to pinch it. Jorrocks is keeping it inside his shop now. He had it outside when those rotters tried to walk off with it. I've had another look at it and it's a really splendid machine. A bit old-fashioned, of course—"

"A bit!" murmured Nugent.

"But in splendid order. I tested it—Jorrocks let me—and it ran like—like a daisy."

"I've never seen a daisy run—"

"Oh, don't be an ass. Look here, are we going to have that trike?" demanded Bob. "It comes to less than a pound each, if we whack it out. We can afford that, I suppose, to get fixed up for the holidays."

The Co. looked at one another.

Evidently Bob Cherry was set on his big idea, and seriously offended at its unceremonious rejection by his comrades.

The sum demanded for the ancient jigger certainly was not large, whacked out among five fellows. That was not

the difficulty. But Bob was the only member of the Co. who wanted to start on the summer holidays with a machine that might have come out of the Ark.

In their mind's eye the chums of the Remove could see a procession of small boys following that ancient trike, impudently inquiring what it was, and the way they wanted to spend the summer vacation.

"Hem! Does it look—hem—very queer?" asked Wharton at last.

"It looks a splendid machine—well-built," said Bob. "A bit out of the present fashion, of course. The Dionysius make is a good make, but of, course, differences creep in in twenty-five years or so."

"Blessed if I knew they had motors at all, twenty-five years ago," said Johnny Bull.

"Well, they had—not quite like the present things, of course. You have to learn your way about the machine—some of the things are in rather different places. But it's a good jigger."

"Might sell it afterwards as a curiosity!" murmured Nugent.

"I'd rather sell it first!" remarked Johnny Bull. "Save all the trouble of pushing it about."

"Oh, rats!" snapped Bob, and he stalked away, with his nose in the air.

"Bob, old bean—"

But Bob was gone.

Evidently he was taking the rejection of his big idea very much to heart.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another again, rather hopelessly. They did not want that trike—very much, indeed, they did not want it. But still less did they want to wound the feelings of their chum.

"Now Bob's got his silly back up," groaned Nugent.

"Silly ass!" said Johnny Bull. "The backupfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"My esteemed and absurd chums, the playfulness is the proper caper. Let us buy this ridiculous and ludicrous trike—"

"But we don't want it," grunted Johnny Bull.

"Quitefully so. But probably it will

crook up, and then we can leave it behind," suggested the nabob. "Four pounds is not a large sum to expend to cause the smilefulness to return to the absurd countenance of our esteemed and idiotic chum."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Besidefully," added the nabob, "there is one absurd consideration that we have overlookfully disregarded—"

"What's that?" asked Nugent.

"The trike may be useful on a walk ing trip. It is barely possible that the esteemed Bob is right."

"Oh!" said Harry.

That, certainly, was a consideration that the chums of the Remove had rather overlooked. After all, Bob Cherry knew a good deal about motor-bikes. And a motor-trike was a creature of more or less the same species. And once upon a time there had been many tricycles on the road. There was just a possibility that this ancient Dionysius might be the very beast of burden that the walking-party wanted.

"But a machine twenty-five years old," murmured Nugent. "Even if it's only twenty—"

"Antediluvian," said Johnny Bull.

"Prehistoric," said Harry.

"An interesting survival of the Dark Age of motoring," said Nugent. "Still, if Bob won't be happy till he gets it, we—"

"Chance it," said Wharton. "I dare say Bob will be glad enough to sell it for scrap iron after the first day. Anyhow, we can, at least, go over to Lantham and have a look at it."

"Let's!" said Frank.

And the comrades followed Bob Cherry to the Rag, where they found him. He regarded them rather grimly.

"Bob, old chap—" began Wharton.

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Like a run over to Lantham after class to-morrow?"

Bob thawed.

"What for?" he asked.

"To see the prehistoric—"

"The what?"

"I mean that ripping jigger," said Wharton hastily. "We—hem!—we're frightfully curious to see it!"

"Frightfully!" said Frank solemnly.

"The frightfulness is terrific!"

Bob smiled.

"If you once see it you'll want to bag it," he said. "Right! We'll go! You'll like that jigger. I don't say it isn't a bit old-fashioned. It is. But it goes like clockwork, and it will carry no end of baggage. It will make the trip a success. Later on you'll be thanking me for having spotted that trike."

"Hem! I mean, all serene! We'll go!"

And all was calm and bright.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Big Bargain!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. wheeled out their bicycles, immediately after class the following day. It was rather a long ride to Lantham, and leave had to be asked to go; but Mr. Quelch graciously granted leave, and the Famous Five started in cheery spirits. Two or three Remove men called encouragement after them as they started. The trike had not been seen yet by any Greyfriars man but Bob Cherry, but it was already famous in the Remove. Bob, naturally, had not kept his great discovery a secret. It was such a tremendous bargain, according to Bob

DEADWOOD DICK and the DEADWOOD COACH!

Did you know that the great Deadwood Dick is reported still to be living? Do you know the "inside" story of the old Deadwood Coach? There never has been a vehicle with a history more vivid than that of the famous gold-dust-carrying stage coach that ran the gauntlet of bandits in the Wild West! Read Buck McClintock's story in this week's



Buck McClintock, who writes in "Modern Boy" this week.

MODERN BOY

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Cherry, that this was the chance of a lifetime. The original cost he did not know, but he was sure it was about a hundred pounds, probably more. What they had charged for a motor-tricycle a quarter of a century ago was quite unknown to any man at Greyfriars; but in those early days it must have been a goodly sum. True, twenty years was rather a long life for any jigger. Still, the reduction in price was enormous, now that it was going for four pounds. Besides, it wasn't certain that it was actually twenty years old even. It might be only seventeen or eighteen—a mere callow youth, as it were. Bob was eloquent on the low price, though his chums could not help thinking that that exceedingly low price demonstrated that nobody wanted the thing—nobody except Bob Cherry. But Bob pointed out that at least two other persons wanted it—the two bad characters who had tried to steal it from outside Mr. Jorrocks' shop.

Stealing anything, even a trike, the juniors disapproved of strongly. But they were tempted to wish that Mr. Jorrocks had not kept such a sharp eye open on those two particular thieves. They could not help feeling that, if they got landed with that prehistoric relic, they would be grateful to any tramp who pinched it from them.

However, it was a very pleasant ride to Lantham in the bright summer weather, and the remarks of the Remove men, as they were starting, were more or less encouraging.

"Bring it back to us to see!" called out Peter Todd. "Somebody will lend you a wheelbarrow to get it home on."

"Or you could carry it home on a hurdle," said Vernon-Smith. "The five of you ought to be able to manage it."

"Mind your eye, though," added Skinner. "If the Head sees it he will want it for the school museum. You know he's great on antiques."

"Does it belong to the tertiary or the secondary period?" Ogilvy wanted to know.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Headless of such remarks the Famous Five pedalled cheerily away. Bob's face was rather red; but four faces were sweet smiles.

The Famous Five were going over to see the trike. But it was quite settled in Bob's mind that they were going to buy it. In fact, Bob had declared that if his chums did not stand in with him he would buy it on his lonely own, rather than let such a tremendous bargain escape. That, of course, was not to be thought of. "Sink or swim together" was the watchword of the Famous Five, even in such a matter as the acquisition of a prehistoric trike. The Co. felt that they were "for it"; but only Bob was enthusiastic. However, the trike remained to be seen.

"Wait till you see it, that's all," said Bob.

"Shall we know it's a tricycle when we see it?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Jorrocks knows, and he will tell us," remarked Nugent.

Bob Cherry laughed. Now that the matter was practically settled he could listen to genial badinage without getting "stuffy."

"You wait till you see it," he said.

And the chums of the Remove made good speed to Lantham, not so much from a keen desire to see the trike, as from the fact that they had to get back to Greyfriars for call-over.

They rode into Lantham at last, and pedalled down the High Street to Mr. Jorrocks' cycle shop.

In Mr. Jorrocks' window were several bikes, both push and motor; but the

ancient Dionysius was not displayed there. Several secondhand machines were displayed on stands outside the shop, but neither was Dionysius among them. The attempt to pinch it must have surprised Mr. Jorrocks; but he was not taking risk of it happening again. Leaving their machines, the Famous Five penetrated into the interior of Mr. Jorrocks' establishment.

Mr. Jorrocks, a plump gentleman in a leather apron greeted them very civilly, recognising Bob Cherry at once. No doubt Mr. Jorrocks was pleased to see prospective purchasers of that old Dionysius.

"We've called to see the trike, Mr. Jorrocks," said Bob Cherry. "Still got it, I hope?" he added anxiously.

Mr. Jorrocks grinned. He had not expected a rush of purchasers after that trike. And he had been right. Nobody but Bob Cherry had taken the trouble to inquire about it at all.

"I've had one offer for it, sir," he answered. "Red-headed man came along yesterday just after you was gone, and wanted to buy it."

Bob Cherry glanced at his chums reproachfully.

"Might have lost the bargain," he said.

"Why didn't the man buy it, if he wanted it?" asked Nugent.

GLASGOW READER GETS GOING this week and carries off a "Magnet" pocket knife for the following amusing joke:—

SOMETHING SEASONABLE.

Pat (in furniture dealer's): "I want to buy a bed."

Dealer: "A spring bed, sir?"

Pat: "No! I want one that I can sleep in all the year round!"

Sent in by William Arnot, 9, Shakespeare Street, Glasgow, N.W. Who's next for one of these useful prizes?

"Well," said Mr. Jorrocks, "he offered me ten bob, and I ain't letting that jigger go for ten bob. If it's worth anything, it's worth four pence. Sides, I believe he was one of the coveys that tried to pinch it. It seemed to me I'd seen his face before."

"Then it wasn't a go?"

"It wasn't!" said Mr. Jorrocks. "The tricycle's still here, young gent, if you want it; but I ain't taking less'n four quid. I gave two for it," he added, in a burst of confidence. "Man kept on bothering me to buy it, and I said I'd take it off his hands at last. Said his father had it long ago, and had a great time on it. I dessay he did! It may look a bit unusual, but it goes a treat."

Mr. Jorrocks led the way to the corner where the motor-tricycle reposed.

The juniors gazed at it.

Bob had admitted that it looked old-fashioned.

It did!

Still, it had three wheels, pedals, handle-bars, and saddle, so it had to be acknowledged that it was a tricycle.

It had many other things, most of which puzzled the Co. They regarded it with interest.

"What's that box under the bar?" asked Nugent.

"That's the carburettor," explained Bob Cherry. "It's not exactly on modern principles, but easy as pie when you know how."

"What's that snaky thing in the middle?"

"That snaky thing in the middle," said Bob, with dignity, "is the inlet pipe."

"What's that thing like a stove-pipe poking out under it?"

"Ignition tube, fathead."

"There's the pedals," said Mr. Jorrocks, in an encouraging sort of way. "If anything 'appens you can shove it along with the pedals."

"I can see myself doing it!" murmured Nugent.

"The selfishness is not terrific."

"Will it move?" asked Johnny Bull.

"It won't break any speed records," confessed Mr. Jorrocks. "You couldn't race an express train on that machine. But it will move."

"We want it to carry baggage on a walking tour," said Bob Cherry. "No need for a lot of speed. Let's have it out and try it."

"You're welcome," said Mr. Jorrocks.

"Try it in the lane behind the shop. I'll wheel it out for you."

"It wheels along, anyhow," murmured Johnny Bull.

It did wheel along. Mr. Jorrocks whisked it out of the shop through a back door into a lane behind the street. There the course was clear for a trial run. Mr. Jorrocks returned to his business, leaving the Famous Five to deal with the big bargain. Undoubtedly he hoped that they would be satisfied with it, and would take it off his hands. More than once Mr. Jorrocks had repented him of his easy good-nature in acquiring that trike for the sum of two pounds.

"Go it, Bob," said his chums encouragingly. It was understood that Bob was to be chief engineer.

Bob brought out a can of petrol. His comrades stood and watched him as he cleared for action, so to speak. They kept rather well back, as if fearing that the whole thing might blow up.

A man who was loading in the little lane came nearer, and looked on. He seemed interested in the tricycle. He was a short, squat man with red hair and a cast in his left eye, and, judging by his clothes and general appearance, fortune had dealt hardly with him. Judging by his complexion and the crimson glow in his nose, the drink traffic had lent fortune a hand.

The juniors glanced at him, and, remembering Mr. Jorrocks' description of his disappointed customer who had desired to acquire the Dionysius for ten shillings, guessed that this was the man. They remembered also Mr. Jorrocks' suspicion that he was one of the attempted thieves, and certainly he did not look any too good for it. The expression in his eyes was extremely shifty.

"Good old trike that, sir," said the shifty-looking man. "That's been a good machine in its day, sir."

Bob looked up and gave the shifty man a smile. Any man who uttered a word in favour of that trike was sure of Bob's good graces.

"You're right," said Bob. "You know this make?"

"Do I know it, sir?" said the shifty man. "I'd say I do, sir! In my young days, sir, I worked in the Dionysius factory, and I 'elped to make them trikes, sir! 'Elped with my own 'ands! I dessay I 'ad something to do with that very machine, sir!"

"Good jigger, what?" said Bob. "You the chap who tried to buy it?"

The shifty man nodded.

"That's me, sir, but it wouldn't run to it. They're asking four pounds, and

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if I 'ad four pounds, wouldn't I jump at that trike? I would, sir!"

The shifty man did not look as if he had four shillings, though he certainly looked as if he had expended considerable sums in his time in support of the whisky trade.

The juniors looked at him rather curiously.

Unless the man wanted the trike for the sake of old associations, it was difficult to imagine what he wanted it for. And he did not look like a man of romantic sentiment.

"When I see that trike outside the other day, sir," said the shifty man, "you could have knocked me down with a feather! I says to Bill Harris, who was with me, 'Bill,' I says, 'blow me tight if it ain't one of the old make!' Bill looks at it, and he says, 'You're right, Alf,' he says—and I was right, sir, sure as my name's Alfred Snooks. The old make it was, that I hadn't seen since years before the War."

"Was that why you tried to pinch it?" asked Johnny Bull.

Alfred Snooks started a little.

"Me, pinch it, sir? Why, I wouldn't rob anybody. Not Alfred Snooks wouldn't!"

"Well, Mr. Jorrockes seemed to think that your object was to steal."

Mr. Snooks sniffed.

"Mr. Jorrockes was mistaken," he said hastily. "We never tried to pinch it. We was just running it along a bit for old times sake, to see 'ow it went. That was all, sir, blow me tight."

"These misunderstandings will arise," said Nugent gravely.

Mr. Snooks nodded.

"Pinching," he said, "is a thing I'd scorn. When I was at the Dionysius works in them days, sir, I was called Honest Alfred."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I lost my last job, sir, owing to a misunderstanding about a machine that was missing," said Mr. Snooks sadly. "What became of that machine I never knowed."

"Couldn't even guess, I suppose," said Johnny Bull.

Mr. Snooks did not seem to hear that. "Pr'aps I can 'elp you, sir," he said to Bob Cherry. "Only too glad to lend a 'and, sir, me knowing that machine inside out."

"All serene," said Bob.

The Dionysius was beginning to snort—as if, like the impatient steed of war, it sniffed battle from afar.

Alfred Snooks hovered round.

There was a gleam in his shifty eye, a setting of his unshaven mouth that the juniors did not notice, all their attention being now concentrated on Bob Cherry.

Bob was in the saddle, his feet on the pedals. Considerably to the astonishment of his comrades, the trike moved along under him, and looked as if it was gathering speed.

And then came the amazing happening.

The shifty man had been lounging idly, as if the slightest exertion would have been too much for him. Now, all of a sudden, he awoke to energetic and dramatic action. With a spring, he was on Bob Cherry, and an unexpected thump sent Bob reeling from the saddle, and sprawling on the ground, with a roar of surprise and wrath. Almost as he touched the ground the shifty man leaped into the vacant saddle and grasped the handle-bars; the trike woke to sudden speed, and he shot away down the lane, leaving the chums of Greyfriars staring after him in stupefaction.

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

No Go!

BOB CHERRY sat up dazedly.

He was so taken by surprise that he hardly realised what had happened, and he sat staring.

His comrades stared also. For some moments all the Famous Five seemed to be rooted fixtures.

Down the back lane behind the High Street of Lantham the Dionysius tricycle went hurtling, with Honest Alfred Snooks in the saddle.

"He—he—he's got it!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Stop him!"

"After him!"

The chums of the Remove started running.

Bob scrambled up and tore after them.

Bob had a pain where Mr. Snooks had smitten, and his face was crimson with wrath.

But the chase looked hopeless.

Honest Alfred Snooks had taken the juniors by surprise, though as they had guessed him to be a cycle-thief, really they might have been more on their guard. But they had never dreamed that that little weasel-faced rogue would venture to make an attempt on the trike in the presence of five sturdy juniors.

But he had chosen his moment well. The trike was going—and Mr. Snooks,

WHAT NAME?

The following letters have been jumbled together purposely. Put in their proper order, they spell the name of a well-known character at Greyfriars.

GREENHHRUIS

Who is it? The answer will appear in next week's MAGNET.

Last week's solution was—
Percy Bolsover.

by his sudden and dramatic rush, had seized it, and was going with it. Both the trike and the trike-thief were going concerns.

Mr. Snooks was not much to speak of physically; but evidently he had a full share of cunning and astuteness.

The juniors ran hard; but they were at a great disadvantage.

For the trike was covering the ground at a surprising rate, considering its ancient looks, and what the juniors thought of it.

Their bikes were in the street outside the front of the shop; there was no chance of getting at them, and cycling in chase of the cycle-thief. They had to go on foot. And, weird as the ancient Dionysius was, to look at, it went at a speed that left a foot-racer standing.

Sounds, more or less musical, rang and echoed from the old tricycle as it went. Many things seemed rather loose on it, and rattled considerably. It chug-chugged in a sort of breathless, wheezy way. Still, it delivered the goods, so to speak. It went!

Fast behind, but dropping hopelessly in the rear, came the Famous Five, panting, furious, longing to get hold of Mr. Snooks, even more than they wanted to get hold of the trike.

Thumping Mr. Snooks seemed to them, at that moment, the most delightful of all possible occupations.

But he was far from the reach of thumping.

The back-lane ran for about two hundred yards, and then entered the

open Lantham road. Once on that open country road, obviously Mr. Snooks and the trike were going to vanish into space.

The juniors put on a desperate spurt. It was futile.

They were fifty yards behind, when the trike reached the end of the lane, and Mr. Snooks, in a moment more, would have flashed away into the open road and vanished from their gaze like an unbeautiful dream.

But it was at that point that Mr. Snooks' luck gave out.

The trike suddenly stopped.

Why it stopped Mr. Snooks did not know; nobody knew. Perhaps it was one of "pretty Fanny's ways," so to speak.

There seemed no reason why it should stop. Up to that moment it was going strong, racing along to a musical accompaniment of its various parts. It gave out all of a sudden, with a choking chug.

So sharp was the halt that Mr. Snooks was very nearly thrown forward out of the saddle, as if he had been mounted on a buck-jumping broncho instead of a motor-tricycle.

For a few moments Mr. Snooks sat still, gasping.

Then he drove at the pedals.

A thoughtful manufacturer had fitted that trike with pedals, perhaps with a prophetic misgiving as to the rest of its works.

Alfred Snooks pedalled.

"Put it on!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We've got him now."

He forged ahead of his comrades, running like the wind. After him the four juniors tore.

Desperately Alfred Snooks drove at the pedals. He turned the corner into the Lantham road, and pedalled on. Round the corner after him came five crimson-faced juniors, panting.

He was still in easy sight.

Cunning and unscrupulousness were well-developed in Alfred Snooks. But physically, his development was deplorable. There was little driving force in his extremely slight limbs, and the spirituous liquors upon which he chiefly subsisted, had not given him stamina. And that tricycle needed driving! Hercules in the saddle would have considered himself landed with a thirteenth job, as hefty as any of the other twelve. It was possible to pedal that tricycle along. But it wanted doing! And Alfred Snooks was not the man to do it!

The juniors gained hand-over-fist now.

Close behind, they gained and gained on the desperate Alfred, who drove at the unwilling pedals, with streaming face and gasping breath.

Had the engine woke to life again he would simply have walked away from the juniors. But it remained dozing.

"Stop!" roared Bob Cherry.

He was not six feet behind now, and his powerful voice just astern made Alfred Snooks jump.

"Collar him!" yelled Johnny Bull.

Alfred made one more effort. So did Bob! He reached the rear of the contraption, reached at Mr. Snooks, and thumped him in the middle of the back.

"Whooooooh!" gasped Mr. Snooks.

The next moment Bob had him by the back of the dirty neckcloth that served him for a collar, and had hooked him out of the saddle backwards.

"Oooooooh!" gasped Mr. Snooks.

The trike stopped.

Mr. Snooks landed on the hard, unsympathetic road behind it, with a crash.

He lay there and spluttered,

The juniors came breathlessly up and surrounded him. Bob Cherry passed him unheeded, and gave his attention to the trike. Four vengeful juniors gave their attention to Alfred Snooks.

That unhappy gentleman sat up, and blinked at them in well-grounded apprehension.

"Young gents!" he gasped. "Ands off! I say— Blow me tight—"

"You rascally thief!" roared Johnny Bull.

"You esteemed and execrable dishonest villain!" hooted Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Collar him!" gasped Nugent.

"We'll take him along to the police-station!" said Wharton breathlessly.

"I say, young gents," gasped Mr. Snooks. "I say, sir! I give you my davy, gents, I wasn't pinching that tricycle!"

"What?"

"I was jest testing it for the young gentleman, sir!" gasped Mr. Snooks. "Blow me tight, sir, that's what I was doin', no more or less! I was jest putting that jigger through its paces, sir! S'elp me!"

If Alfred Snooks expected that statement to be believed, Alfred was doomed to disappointment.

"Bump him!" said Nugent.

"He ought to be run in!" said Johnny Bull.

"We shall be late for call-over if we waste time on him," said Wharton. "Give him a jolly good ragging!"

"The ragfulness is the proper caper."

"I say, young gents!" moaned Mr. Snooks. "I give you my davy I wasn't pinching that trike! Blow me tight! I been misunderstood before, sir! I 'ave that! They always called me Honest Alfred, sir, at the works— Yaroooooh!"

Honest Alfred was interrupted.

Four pairs of hands were laid on him, and he was whirled off the road, and he then descended upon it again with a mighty bump.

That seemed to be a new experience to Mr. Snooks. It was clear that he did not like it. He gave a fiendish yell.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yow-ow-ow! 'Old on!" shrieked Mr. Snooks. "'Old on, I say! Blow me tight! Leave a covey alone, can't you? Yaroooooh!"

Bump, bump!

Having smitten the road, with Mr. Snooks half a dozen times, the juniors rolled him along in the dust and pitched him into the ditch beside the road. Fortunately for Mr. Snooks it was a dry ditch. But it was well-provided with stinging nettles; and the remarks of Alfred Snooks, as he rolled in them, were absolutely lurid.

He crawled out of the ditch on the other side, almost raving.

He shook a bony fist at the school-boys and cut across a field. Still emitting language that would have made the Army in Flanders regard him with admiring envy, Mr. Snooks vanished into space.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Patience Game!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. gathered round the tricycle and Bob.

Bob, in a rather grimy state, was making explorations in the interior of the mysterious works of the ancient Dionysius.

He seemed to be living in hopes of hearing it chug, or of seeing it move. Bob had a hopeful nature.

The tricycle neither chugged nor stirred.

"Getting it going, old chap?" asked Harry.

Grunt!

"How long do you think?" inquired Nugent.

Grunt!

"It's tired out, poor old thing!" said Johnny Bull compassionately. "Rather cruel to make it exert itself at its age."

Grunt!

"We've got to get back for calling over, old chap," hinted the captain of the Remove. "Quelch, you know—"

with the works. And the works themselves seemed a little perplexing to Bob, whose experience of motor-traction did not date from the Dark Ages of motoring. Still, a fellow lived and learned! Given time, Bob had no doubt that he would get that trike going in magnificent style.

It was a disadvantage to have fellows standing round him, grinning, and reminding him of call-over at school. A fellow could not attend to half a dozen things at once. If the trike was to go, calling over had to go, that was certain.

So Bob Cherry merely grunted. His chums waited.



"Yow-ow-ow! 'Old on! Ow!" shrieked Mr. Snooks. "'Old on, I say! Blow me tight! Leave a covey alone, can't you? Yaroooooh!" Bump, bump! Having smitten the road with Mr. Snooks half a dozen times, the juniors rolled him in the dust and then pitched him into a ditch well provided with stinging nettles. (See Chapter 5.)

Judging by Bob's appearance, the tricycle, whatever it lacked, was well supplied with oil and grease. Bob's hands and face and clothes proved that.

The juniors looked at one another.

Mr. Quelch had given them leave to ride over to Lantham; but, of course, on the strict understanding that they would be back in time to answer to their names at calling-over. Now there was barely time to get back to Greyfriars for call-over if they started at once and put on high speed. Bob did not look like starting at once; or, indeed, like starting at all!

Wharton broke a rather painful silence at last.

"Bob, old chap!"

Grunt!

"We've really got to get back, you know!"

Grunt!

"Let's wheel it back to the shop, old bean," said Nugent. "We can come over again to-morrow. It's a half-holiday, you know."

Grunt!

"It will keep!" suggested Johnny Bull. "It has lasted a long time already, and it will keep till to-morrow."

Bob Cherry glared round.

"Can't you men shut up for a single minute?" he bawled.

"Well, you see—"

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"Cheese it!"
 "Calling-over—"
 "Rats!"
 "But, my dear chap—"
 "Shut up!"

The Co. shut up rather hopelessly. Being late for call-over meant lines at least, and very likely detention on the morrow. The morrow was the last half-holiday before Greyfriars broke up for the summer holidays. Nobody wanted to be detained for that half-holiday.

"It'll go in a minute," added Bob, more amicably.

A minute passed. Ten more followed it. But the tricycle did not go. Neither did the juniors. They waited for Bob, though with growing impatience and uneasiness.

"Look here!" said Johnny Bull at last. "We can't get home with the milk in the morning, Bob!"

"Shut up!"
 "Let's wheel it back to the shop, and hook it—"

"Rats!"
 "Look here!" roared Johnny Bull. "How long do you expect us to stand here while you're painting yourself like a Red Indian with grease?"

Bob Cherry breathed hard. "Hook it as soon as you like!" he snapped. "Don't wait for me! Who's asked you to wait! Get out, and be blown to you!"

"My esteemed and absurd Bob—"
 "Don't jaw!"

"Look here, old chap—"
 "How's a fellow to work with a lot of silly idiots standing round him cackling?" demanded Bob, with heat. "I should have got it going long ago if you fellows hadn't been here!"

"Oh, my hat!"
 "Buzz off! Go and eat coke!"

"But Quelch—"
 "Blow Quelch!"

"What are we to say to him if we go back without you, fathead?"

"Tell him you're a set of silly idiots, and he's another!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

That was not the message that the juniors were likely to deliver to Henry Samuel Quelch.

"Chattering like a lot of monkeys, and grinning like a lot of hyenas!" snorted Bob Cherry. "For goodness' sake get off and leave me to it!"

"We shall be detained to-morrow, and—"

"I don't care!"

"Well, we do!" said Johnny Bull, rather tartly.

"I've told you to hike off! What the thump are you hanging about for?"

"Look here—"

"Shut up!"

Obviously Bob Cherry's anger was deteriorating. There was a set, almost ferocious expression on his oily and greasy countenance, as he continued his labours with the tricycle. Several times he gave some part of it quite a vicious hack with a spanner. The tricycle might have been his worst enemy, deliberately provoking him, to judge by Bob's looks.

And still it did not stir! Still it did not snort! Why it did not stir, why it did not snort, remained unknown. But it didn't!

"Can't be the ignition-tube!" said Bob at last. "Blessed if I can make it out, so far. Something's plugged up, I fancy! Or else loose! Or else jammed! Or—or something!"

"Something, very probably!" said Nugent.

"Shut up!"

"Let's sit down," said Johnny Bull, taking a seat on the grass beside the

road. "If we're making a night of it, we may as well sit down."

"Can't you clear off?" roared Bob.

"Fathead!"

The chums of the Remove had no idea of clearing off and leaving Bob to it. It was sink or swim together, as usual. They were powerfully tempted to hurl the ancient trike into the ditch, and Bob after it. But they refrained. They sat down on the grass beside the road and watched the sunset over Lantham, while Bob Cherry continued his labours. An offer of help brought a discouraging answer from Bob.

"Silly fools can't help, only hinder!" So the juniors rested and waited.

Johnny Bull looked at his watch at last. "They're calling the roll in Hall!" he remarked.

"Oh crikey!"

"We'll be back in time for brekker," said Nugent.

Chug!

Bob Cherry's oily face beamed all of a sudden. From the ancient trike there came a sound of life!

Chug—chug—chug!

"It's going!" gasped Bob.

It was!

Bob leaped into the saddle. The motor-tricycle shot along the road. The juniors leaped to their feet in amazement. It was moving! What made it move was as mysterious as what made it stop! But "oppar si muova!" as Galileo remarked of old. It moved!

"My only hat!" said Nugent. "It's shifting! This is the second time it's moved! Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The old tricycle was undoubtedly moving. It seemed to have a reluctance to get into motion, perhaps due to the natural fatigue of old age. But when it moved, it went!

Bob shot along the road, almost out of sight, spun round triumphantly, and came whizzing back. He grinned at his chums, a greasy grin. He passed them, turned into the back lane, and navigated back to the cycle shop. The juniors walked after him.

When they overtook Bob he was in Mr. Jorrocks' shop, and the motor-tricycle was back in its old place. Mr. Jorrocks was regarding him with open admiration. A fellow who could make that ancient trike go was, in Mr. Jorrocks' opinion, worthy of admiration. Bob was greasy, he was oily, and he had taken a great deal off the value of his clothes. But he was cheery and triumphant.

"It's a splendid figger!" he said, as the juniors came in. "We'd better get off now. Mr. Jorrocks is waiting to close. When we get a bit more used to that trike it won't give any trouble."

"It wants some getting used to!" agreed Nugent.

"Of course it's settled that we're going to have it!" asked Bob, looking round. "You've seen it now, and seen what it can do."

"Um!"

What they had seen had not really evoked enthusiasm among the juniors. Probably that machine had been a good machine in its far-off youth, but there was no doubt that it had acquired many of the uncertainties of temper that belong to old age.

"Look here—" said Bob testily.

"Well, old chap—"

"We're having that bike," said Bob.

"We'll come along and settle to-morrow. No good jawing!"

"Hem!"

Mr. Jorrocks was showing signs of impatience. It was past the hour at which he usually closed the shop.

"We'll talk it over at Greyfriars,"

said Harry. "For goodness' sake, let's get off now! We shall get into a fearful row with Quelch as it is!"

"I'm ready," grunted Bob.

Mr. Jorrocks showed them out at the front door.

"We'll be over again to-morrow," said Bob.

"Right!" said Mr. Jorrocks. "Glad to see you again, sir. Of course, if I get another offer for that trike, I can't undertake to keep it for you. I've had it on my hands a long time," added Mr. Jorrocks apologetically. "It takes up a lot of room."

"We'll risk that," said Wharton, with a smile. He did not think it at all likely that Mr. Jorrocks would get another offer for the trike in so short a time, after having had it on his hands so long.

"Better close on it now," said Bob uneasily. "You see, it's such a really splendid machine—"

"Oh, come on!"

The juniors went back to their bicycles and started for Greyfriars. The matter was left open; but even Bob, on reflection, did not think there was much danger of the trike being snapped up by some eager purchaser before the morrow afternoon. Except for Bob Cherry, Mr. Snooks was the only person who had shown any desire to possess it—and Mr. Snooks' methods of obtaining possession were not likely to be encouraged by Mr. Jorrocks. So Bob Cherry felt fairly easy in his mind as he cycled back to Greyfriars with his friends.

His friends were not feeling very easy in their minds. Bob was thinking of the motor-tricycle. His chums were thinking of the coming interview with Mr. Quelch.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Fisher T. Fish Wants to Know!

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter met five tired and dusty juniors as they tramped into the house.

There was a grin on his fat face.

"You're for it!" he said, wagging a fat forefinger at the Famous Five. "I say, Quelch has sent out twice to ask whether you are back. He's waxy!"

"Where on earth have you fellows been?" asked Mark Linley.

"Playing the giddy ox!" said Nugent.

"Standing round a silly ass watching him play the goat! Worth getting a kicking for, what?"

Mark laughed.

"Come on and get it over," said Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows, Quelch looked frightfully waxy—"

"Oh, dry up!"

"Ferocious, in fact!" said Billy Bunter, with a fat chuckle. "My advice to you fellows is to put some exercise-books in your bags. You'll need 'em!"

Headless of Bunter and his advice, the chums of the Remove tramped away to their Form master's study.

"Come in!" said the deep voice of Henry Samuel Quelch, in response to a gentle and respectful tap.

The juniors came in.

Mr. Quelch regarded them with his most magisterial air.

"You are late!" he said sternly.

"The lateness is terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurrec Jamset Ram Singh.

"But the excusefulness is also great."

"Kindly explain what that means, Wharton! You have not only missed calling-over, but you are late for preparation," said Mr. Quelch. "You have not left yourselves time to complete your

(Continued on page 12.)

Giants of Cricket

By "SPORTSMAN."

Twenty-Eight years of age and captain of the English side that won the "Ashes" for us at the Oval in 1926, and again in Australia in 1928-29. That's only a beginning of the big things expected from A. P. F. Chapman, of whom "SPORTSMAN" talks in his intensely interesting article this week.

No. 3. A. P. F. CHAPMAN, the England and Kent "left-hander."

IMMEDIATELY the cricket season of 1928 commenced there started a great amount of controversy concerning the constitution of the English team which would, in the autumn, set sail for Australia in an effort to retain the mythical "ashes," and then, when it became more or less certain that the form of several individual players made the selection of an eleven a comparatively easy task, the greatest question was: "Who will be appointed as captain?"

There seemed to be three or four amateur players who were fitted for the proud position, but without the slightest hesitation the selection committee chose Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, the brilliant left-handed Kent player.

Yet there were many people who did not agree with the selectors' choice, but it is a very difficult thing to satisfy the armchair critic, and it must be remembered that the team and its captain were chosen by men who not only know the game of cricket, but who know the form of each first-class player and his characteristics. How Chapman and his men justified their selection is now a matter of world's history.

THERE is something about Chapman's personality which endears him to the public immediately he steps upon the field—indeed, he is to Kent what Jack Hobbs is to Surrey. Schoolboys and girls, young and old men, when learning that A. P. F. is down to play in a County match on one of the many Kent grounds, will come along in their thousands and seat themselves with the feeling that they are going to spend a happy day. Chapman may fail in batting, but his fielding is something to watch. The lithe figure, the easy grace of his movements, and the stretching forth of that left hand to gather the ball are well worth coming miles to see.

Some of my readers will probably wonder why Mr. Chapman is not captaining Kent if he is considered by the authorities to be good enough to lead England. But A. P. F., on account of his business engagements, is unable to assist the county of his adoption in all matches; indeed, it is surprising how few games he plays in and yet remains one of the most powerful adversaries a first-class bowler fears.

WHILE chatting with me just before his departure with the team to Australia, Chapman said: "I have always looked upon cricket as a wonderful game, which brings out all the best in a man. It is a great social leveller, and is one of the finest branches of sport to keep one physically fit. But it would never do to allow a game to take precedence over one's duties of citizenship, and the building up of a career must come before the amassing of a huge score." And that is why Chapman is not the captain of the Kent XI.

He is quite a young man, being but twenty-eight years of age, and I have known him since he was about four. He was a tiny little chap when I first met him, and although, even in the days when he used the smallest-sized bat, he showed promise of being a great cricketer, one could scarcely associate him with the captaincy of an England eleven.

When he was eight, and I saw him score eleven short of a century against another school, he told me frankly that he was longing to be a good player. At the age of thirteen—and he had just scored 200 not out against a strong school side, I asked him: "Still longing to be a great player?" But young Chapman was not allowed to reply, for another schoolboy butted in with: "Longing, indeed? Why, he's a great player now!" And I had to agree. I followed his early career because I expected great things of him, and I was not disappointed. When he was sixteen years of age his batting average in Uppingham School "House" matches was over 250 per innings. That, you will agree, was a tip-top average for a comparative youngster.



When A. P. F. Chapman opens his shoulders to a ball pavilion clocks begin to tremble—and the scorer gets ready to jot down a "6."

WHEN A. P. F. left Uppingham School he went up to Cambridge University, where he did remarkably well. And for three years, during long vacation he assisted Berkshire, for which county he made many huge scores. He has had some experience of the colonies, having gone out with A. C. MacLaren's team to Australia and New Zealand in 1922, and with the M.C.C. side to Australia in 1924, on the latter occasion under the captaincy of A. E. R. Gilligan. Then came the crowning point of his career when he captained England and regained the Ashes.

Perhaps the finest innings I ever saw Chapman play was in 1927, when he was assisting Kent. I met him on the ground at Maidstone just previous to the opening of the match with Lancashire. He grinned as only Chapman can grin, and he promised to try to entertain me. Who will forget that wonderful game in which Macdonald, Tyldesley, Hallowa, Silbles and others tried to stem the enthusiasm of a tall, young, red-faced Englishman? And who will forget that young left-hander's 260, scored in three hours, and in which were five hits clean out of the ground and thirty-two other boundary hits?

IN Australia A. P. F. was handicapped by his anxieties, yet his fielding and his extraordinary catching won more than one match for England. Referring to his captaincy of the side which won the Ashes, A. P. F. Chapman says: "I was frightfully bucked when I was given the leadership, and I was the happiest man in the world when we won. Of course, there's a terrible lot to think about, and one feels more or less responsible for the result of a Test match; but with a good side there's not much to fear. However, adverse criticism is very disconcerting. One wonders what the critics themselves would do were they to be made captains."

(Next week "Sportsman" will give you some interesting sidelights on the career of Andrew Sandham, of Surrey.)

BOB CHERRY'S BIG BARGAIN!

(Continued from page 10.)

preparations before bed-time. That is a serious matter."

The juniors were aware of that. Some of their prep would have to be left undone. Personally, they could have left the whole of it undone without a pang. But they did not expect a Form master to see eye to eye with them in such matters.

"Yes, sir," said Harry. "We were—hem—delayed at Lantham—"

"The delayfulness was preposterous, sir," said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "An esteemed and absurd thief—"

"What?"

"An excellent and execrable thief pinched a tricycle belonging to a worthy and ludicrous merchant, sir. We pursued him hue-and-cryfully."

Mr. Quelch's brow cleared a little. "Dear me!" he said. "If you were delayed in such a way, there is some excuse for you. Did you succeed in preventing a theft?"

"The preventfulness was terrific."

"Well, in that case—" said Mr. Quelch considerably.

At that moment silence would have been golden. But the chums of the Remove were not the fellows to get off on a statement that, although perfectly true, did not contain the whole truth. The pursuit of the cycle-thief had taken up some time, but only a very small portion of the time the juniors had spent at Lantham. It was the tinkering with the ancient trike that had made them late back. Mr. Quelch was satisfied, and the juniors were strongly tempted to let it go at that. Be it said to their credit that they resisted the temptation.

"But that was not the whole and sole reasonfulness of the execrable delay, sir," confessed Hurree Singh. "The esteemed and idiotic Cherry repaired the tricycle also."

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows. "You remained in Lantham repairing a tricycle belonging to some other person, Cherry?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob.

"A somewhat extraordinary proceeding when you were bound to return to the school for calling-over."

"Hem!"

"I would not, however, deal harshly with any boy for performing a kind of thoughtless action," said Mr. Quelch. "In the circumstances—"

Again the chums were tempted to let it go at that. Again they resisted temptation.

"You see, sir—" blurted out Bob.

"Well?"

"We're going to buy the machine to-morrow."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. "I see! That alters the case. That is why you spent a great deal of time repairing it?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch regarded the juniors thoughtfully. They expected him to reach for his cane. But he did not reach for it. Perhaps the frankness of the culprits impressed him favourably.

"I shall not, in these circumstances, punish you for missing calling-over," he said at last.

"Thank you, sir."

"But school work cannot be neglected with impunity," said the Remove master. "Your preparations this evening will be incomplete. You will be detained one hour to-morrow afternoon in the Form-room. You may go."

The juniors went—feeling that they had got off fairly cheaply. They had expected worse.

An hour's detention on the last half-

holiday of the term was bad enough. But it might have been a licking and an afternoon's detention. Upon the whole, they had reason to be satisfied.

"Quelch isn't half a bad sort," remarked Bob Cherry, as they went down the passage.

"Not half!" agreed Nugent. "He might have licked you, though, old bean. I think he might have done that at least."

"If ever a silly ass asked for a licking—" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, rats! Let's get up to prep," said Bob. "We shall have plenty of time to-morrow to get over to Lantham and settle about the trike. That's all that matters really."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"I only hope that sneaking worm Snooks won't have pinched it over-night," added Bob anxiously. "He seems fearfully keen on getting hold of that trike. I suppose it was true what he told us about having worked in the Dionysius Co.'s factory long ago. He knows a good thing when he sees it."

"And wants to seize a good thing when he knows it!" remarked Nugent. "More power to his elbow in this case."

"What?"

"Well, look at what a lot of trouble it will save us on the holidays if we don't have that trike," argued Nugent.

"Fathead!"

"What on earth can the man want it for?" said Harry, perplexed. "He's risking going to chokcy for the sake of an old jigger that no sensible chap would lift off a rubbish-heap."

"He's worked in the factory, and

knows what a splendid machine it is," said Bob. "I dare say he could sell it at a profit—sell it as easy as anything."

"Jorrock doesn't seem able to."

"Oh, rats!"

Argument, evidently, was wasted on Robert Cherry.

The Famous Five went up to the Remove passage, to devote what little time remained to prep. On the Remove landing they encountered Fisher T. Fish. The American junior had finished prep, and he seemed to be waiting and watching for the Famous Five. Why he was interested in their proceedings was rather a puzzle, but plainly he was.

"Say, you guys," said Fishy, "you been to Lantham about that jigger?"

"Yes," said Harry, passing on and going into Study No. 1 with Nugent. He had no time to waste on Fisher Tarleton Fish.

"Buying it?" asked Fishy, transferring his attention to Bob Cherry.

"You bet!" answered Bob.

"They're asking four pounds for it, what?"

"That's so," answered Bob. Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh went on their way, thinking of belated prep; but Bob was willing to hang on a few minutes to talk about the Dionysius tricycle. He was the only member of the Famous Five who regarded it as a tremendous bargain, and his enthusiasm awoke no echo in their breasts. It was really quite gratifying to Bob to find some fellow taking a

friendly interest in it, though that fellow was only Fishy.

"Worth it?" asked Fisher T. Fish.

"Worth six-times as much, at least," answered Bob. "It's old-fashioned, and a silly ass might call it out of date. But it's a splendid machine."

Fishy's eyes glimmered.

"You bought it already?" he asked.

"Oh, no! We hadn't the money with us, for one thing, and those silly asses weren't keen, either. But we're buying it!"

"Settled on that?"

"Quite."

"I guess you'd give more'n four pounds for it, if you had to, to get hold of it," remarked Fisher T. Fish, eyeing Bob with his narrow, watchful eyes.

"Well, yes. We can't afford a lot, of course—we're not millionaires like Mauleverer. But I'd jolly well go a few pounds higher to get that trike," said Bob confidentially.

"If Jorrock had asked six we'd have it all the same."

"If he knows you're so keen he might put up the price."

"Rot! He's honest."

"But if you ain't bought it it may be gone to some other customer before you get hold of it," remarked Fishy, still with his cunning eyes watching Bob's unsuspecting face.

"That's so," agreed Bob. "But the fact is, there isn't a rush on it. A man tried to steal it, but nobody seems to want it at four pounds. I dare say it isn't everybody's money! But it is exactly what we want to carry our baggage on a walking tour in the vac."

"You wouldn't miss it, what?"

"No fear. If my pals don't play up I shall buy it on my own," said Bob emphatically. "But they'll play up all right—they'll see sense."

"Still, the man may have sold it," said Fisher T. Fish thoughtfully. "He ain't promised to keep it back for you?"

"No; he told us plainly that he couldn't do that. But I think it will be all right to-morrow afternoon," said Bob cheerily. "The truth is, that Jorrock has had it on his hands a jolly long time."

"To-morrow afternoon!" said Fisher T. Fish thoughtfully. "You'll be vamooseing the ranch just as quick as you know how to-morrow, I guess, to make sure of cinching that jigger. What?"

"Can't," said Bob. "We've got an hour's detention for staying out. But we shall get off after that."

"An hour's detention! Waal, I swow!" Fisher T. Fish smiled.

"And you're quite certain that you're going to have that machine, and that you'd have it even if Jorrock had asked more?"

"What-ho!" said Bob. "Come over with us to-morrow and see it, Fishy, if you're interested. I've got to get to prep now."

And with a friendly nod to the American junior Bob went along to his study. Fisher T. Fish looked after him, and smiled again.

"Carry me home to die!" murmured Fishy. "I guess it's really a shame to use a galoot's brains to dish these simple Simons, it sure is. But I calculate that business is business! A green jasper must expect to come out at the little end of the horn."

And Fisher T. Fish strolled away grinning.

Bob Cherry sat down to prep and forgot Fisher T. Fish and his rather puzzling interest in the affair of the tricycle. But if Bob had reflected on it for hours, with a wet towel round his head, he never would have guessed the cause of the American junior's interest in the matter.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Sold!

"DETENTION now!" groaned Frank Nugent.
"Oh, don't grouse!" said Bob Cherry. "What's an hour's detention?"

"Fathead!"
It was a glorious summer's afternoon, and it was the last half-holiday of the term. Everybody else at Greyfriars seemed bent on enjoying himself. Five members of the Remove had to think of detention instead.

It was, as Johnny Bull remarked, sickening. But it could not be helped. The Famous Five proceeded to the Form-room.

Bob Cherry had looked round for Fisher T. Fish after dinner. If Fishy wanted to come over to Lantham with the five to look at the second-hand tricycle Bob was more than willing to let him join the party. But Fisher T. Fish was not, for some reason, to be found. Immediately after dinner Fisher T. Fish had vanished. And little as the chums of the Remove guessed it, the American junior was, just then, seated in a train bound for Lantham Station—with the best of reasons for wishing to get to Lantham before the Famous Five. The business-man of the Remove was on the trail of business.

In the Remove Form-room Mr.

to buy that trike. So in the noble cause of peace they agreed.

Besides, Bob was determined, and if the Co. hadn't agreed he was going to buy the trike on his own. As Bob's funds were rather limited, that would have been a difficult matter for him—necessitating holding a sale in the Remove of some of his other possessions. That, of course, his chums could not allow. It was, as usual, a case of sink or swim together, and the Co. made up their minds to it. Hence the cheery smile on Bob's ruddy face as he dealt—more or less successfully—with the paper Mr. Quelch had so kindly provided.

It was a little difficult for Bob, in the circumstances, to fix his attention on Latin irregular verbs. The verbs in his paper, in fact, were much more irregular than they ought to have been. When Mr. Quelch stepped in at three o'clock and took the papers he did not seem wholly satisfied. But he dismissed the juniors without a remark. Henry Samuel Quelch had been a boy himself once upon a time, and he knew what the five felt like in a stuffy Form-room on a summer's afternoon, while all the other fellows were out. Tempering justice with mercy, he dismissed them.

he said. "Hallo, hallo, hallo, Linley—seen Fishy about?"

Mark Linley looked round.

"He's gone out of gates," he answered.

"Gone out?" repeated Bob.

"Yes, he went out just after dinner."

"The silly ass must have forgotten," said Bob, and the juniors went on their way, and wheeled out their machines.

It was quite a pleasant run, by shady lanes and grassy paths, to Lantham. The whole party were very cheerful. Now that it was definitely settled about the second-hand tricycle, the juniors resolved to make the best of it, and take it amiably. It was no good yielding to their chum, if they yielded ungraciously. A thing that was worth



When Mr. Quelch stepped into the Form-room at three o'clock and took the detention papers from the Famous Five he did not seem wholly satisfied. But he dismissed the juniors without remark, realising full well what they must have felt like in a stuffy Form-room on a summer's afternoon. (See Chapter 8.)

Quelch kindly set the five juniors a task that would keep them nicely occupied for an hour.

Without feeling in the least grateful to Mr. Quelch for his thoughtfulness, the juniors set to work on it.

Four faces were rather gloomy. But Bob Cherry looked as cheerful as if he found Latin irregular verbs inspiring.

When the hour's detention was up the Famous Five were going over to Lantham once more. They were going to buy the trike. That was finally and definitely settled now.

Perhaps four of them still hoped that something might happen to it before they started the vacation. But it was settled that they were going to buy it.

Cash had been collected and counted. Every member of the Co. was taking an equal whack in the purchase. It was, after all, only sixteen shillings each, whacked out among five fellows.

Sixteen shillings, of course, was sixteen shillings; but it was worth more than that to keep Bob quiet on the subject. Obviously there was not going to be any peace till the Co. had agreed

Gladly the Famous Five got out of the House.

"They walked down to the bike-shed."

"Got the money?" Bob asked thoughtfully.

"Here!" answered Wharton.

"Good! Wouldn't do to forget that—Jorrocks wouldn't keep the trike five minutes if he got another offer."

"If!" murmured Nugent.

"You fellows will be glad I spotted that bargain when we get going in the vac," said Bob confidently.

"Hem!"

"I don't say it didn't crock up yesterday, when that sneak Snooks was on it," said Bob. "Jolly lucky it did if you come to that. But I've been right over it, and got it well in hand now. I can tell you, that trike will go like—like anything! Works like a charm."

"Let's hope so!" said Harry.

"The hopefulness is terrific."

Bob Cherry looked round. He remembered Fisher T. Fish, and that bony and business-like youth's interest in the trike.

"I thought Fishy wanted to come,"

doing was worth doing well. So they forgot, as far as possible, their objections to the acquisition of that ancient trike, and even tried to believe that it was, as Bob was convinced, a great and attractive bargain.

That gracious concession from his friends was all Bob needed to put him in the highest of spirits. He was gay when the Famous Five pedalled into Lantham.

Little did he dream of the surprise that awaited him there.

The cyclists stopped at Mr. Jorrocks' shop, and jumped off their machines.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob in astonishment. "Here's Fishy."

Fisher T. Fish was standing outside the cycle establishment.

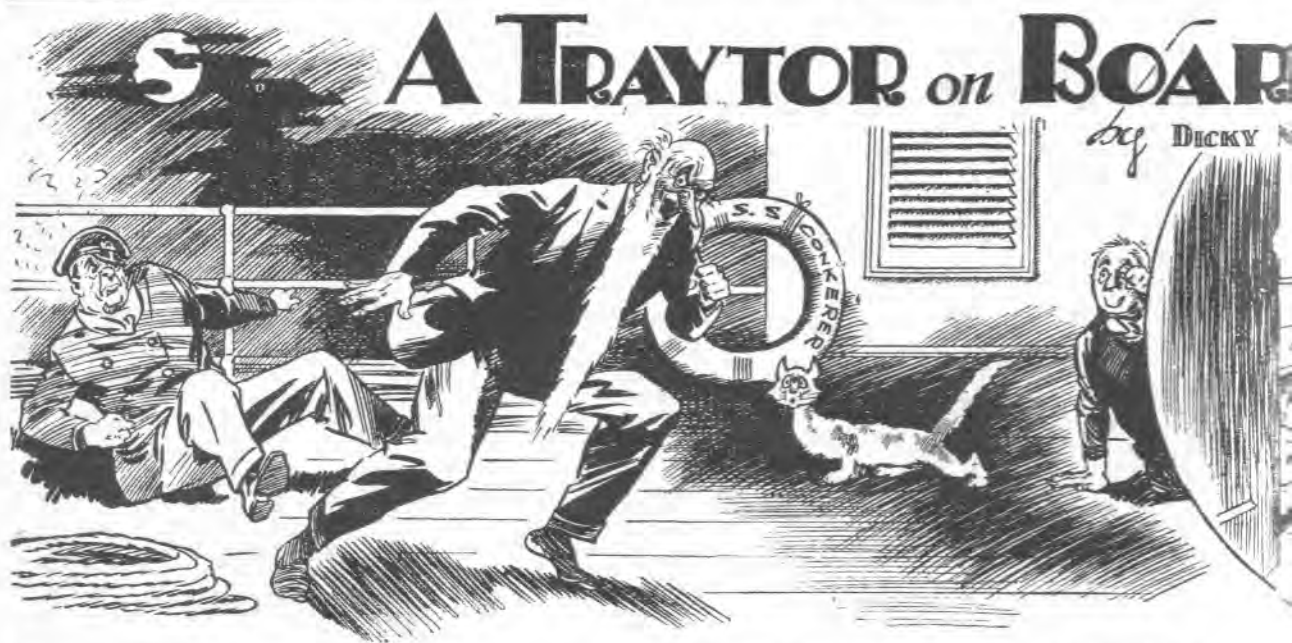
The old Dionysius tricycle was also outside the shop. Fisher T. Fish was standing by it, examining it.

He glanced round at the chums of the Remove, and smiled with a peculiar glimmer in his narrow eyes.

"Hello, you guys," said Fisher T. Fish.

(Continued on page 16.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,118.



Here's another screamingly funny story of Jack Jolly & Co., of St. Sam's—not forgetting Dr. Birchmall—dealing with their amazing quest for buried treasure.

"HEAVE-HO, my harties!"
 "Port to starboard bow on the jib topsail!"
 "I, I, sir!"
 Jack Jolly & Co. of St. Sam's smiled cheerily, as the nautical shouts rang out on the clear morning air. The good ship "Conkerer," which was carrying them to a far-off forrin land on their amazing trezure-hunt, was plowing its way steddily through the deep, blue sea. Overhead, the sun shone out-of-a cloudless sky, and the larks pored out their thrilling song.

"This is grate!" said Frank Fearless, who was the founder of the advencherous trip.

"Yes, rather!"
 "Alone on the mitey ocean!" said Jack Jolly poetically. "Not a cloud on the sea, nor a sale on the sky!"
 "What's that, then?" asked Merry, pointing to the distant horizon.

The boys glarned in the direcktion indicated, and perceived a faint wisp of smoke. Frank Fearless whipped out a pair of binoculars, and fokussed them on the spot from which it came.

"Few!" he whistled.
 "What is it, Frank?"
 "A pirate ship!" was Frank's startling reply. "I can just distinguish the skull and crossbones flying from the mast!"

"A pirate ship in these days?" asked Jack Jolly incredibly. "Impossible!"

"Nevertheless, it's too!" said Frank Fearless, his handsum face flushing with eggstement. "You know what this means, chaps? It means that One-eyed Pedro, my late uncle's sworn ennemy, is on our track!"

Jack Jolly & Co. felt awfully eggsgited. They had herd a lot from their chum about the villanous One-eyed Pedro, who had sworn that the trezzure which Fred Fearless had berried on the Amazon

should be his. They knew that he was a kallous, hard-harted scoundrell, who would stop at nothing to gain his ends, and they alreddy had had reason to suspekkt that he was carrying on an intreeg with Dr. Birchmall, the cunning old Head of St. Sam's. But they had hardly eggsgpected to meet him on the buzzom of the ocean, sailing under the skull and crossbones.

"Let's hope the rotter attacks us," remarked Jack Jolly. "We'll show him how Britons can fight, you chaps!"

"Yes, rather!"
 "But he'll never dare!" said Frank Fearless regretfully

"Hallo! There goes the breakfast bell!" cried Bright, at that moment, and One-eyed Pedro was immejately forgotten in a wild rush down to breakfast.

"Good-morning, boys!" greeted Mr. Fearless, turning a beeming face up from his eggs and bacon.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fearless!" corussed Jack Jolly & Co.

"Heave-ho, you lubbers!" came a yell from the doorway, and Dr. Birchmall, his skollerly face wreethed in smiles, entered, dancing a sailor's hornpipe.

Jack Jolly & Co. gave the revered and majestick headmaster of St. Sam's rather grim looks. Dr. Birchmall was an uninvited guest aboard the Conkerer. He had mannigded to get on board by a cunning trick, and the boys were not quite reconciled to his skollerly prezzence yet.

"Nice day, Dr. Birchmall!" remarked Mr. Fearless.

"Splendiferous!" grinned the Head. "Tell the steward to give me three portions of everything, will you, Mr. Fearless? A life on the ocean wave gives me quite a ravvenous appetite, you know!"

"Sugar in your coffy, sir?" asked the steward defferenshally, gliding in just then.

"A duzen lumps, please!" nodded Dr. Birchmall. "Don't be meen with the rolls now, Mr. Fearless. Hand 'em over!"

Mr. Fearless frowned, but passed the rolls, and the Head waded in. Nothing more was herd from his skollerly lipps for the neckst half-hour or so—Dr. Birchmall was too bizzzy to indulge in any more idle chatter.

Only when he had wolfed enuff fer half a duzen did the Head join in the conversation again.

"Getting somewhere near the end of our jerney, Kaptin?" he then asked of Kaptin Manesale.

"Only a cupple of thousand miles or so to go now," replied the kaptin of the Conkerer.

"And then the giddy trezzure is as good as ours, eh?" grinned the Head.

"Ours—but not yours," said Frank Fearless, with a frown. "If you think you're going to share in the spoils you'd better think again, sir."

"Tutt-tutt, Frank! You must not speak disrespectfully to the old scoundrell," reprooved Mr. Fearless jently. "You must remember that in spite of his ugly fizz and greedy ways, he is still your headmaster."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jack Jolly & Co., while Dr. Birchmall turned as red as a pony.

"Larf away, boys!" he hist. "Wait till I get you back at St. Sam's, though!"

"Lots may happen before then, sir," grinned Jack Jolly. "For one thing, you may be burnt at the steak by savvidge Indians!"

The Head started violently.
 "Indians? You're not suggesting that we are likely to encounter savvidge Indians, Jolly?"

"Yes, rather!" chuckled the kaptin of the Fourth. "I beleieve they are cannibles, too, aren't they, Kaptin Manesale?"

Kaptin Manesale nodded.
 "I should jolly well think they are. One of their favorite dishes is poached skoolmaster on toast!"

"Yarooooo!" yelled the Head, his classical dile turning a sickly green.

"Look here, if you imagine I'm going to risk being served up on toast by a lot of ignorant savvidges, you're jolly



well mistaken. Turn the boat back at once, Kapitn; I've just remembered an important appointment at St. Sam's!"

"I'm afraid it's too late to think of that now," larfed Kapitn Manesale. "But I don't think you need worry your fat, sir. The savvidges will have to be frightfully hungry before they make a meal of a tuff old joint like you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Head grinned a feeble grin. Seemingly, however, he felt rather reassured, for he made no further mention of the subject of skoolmasters on toast, and returned, instead, to the trezzure—a subject of never-failing interest to Dr. Birchmall.

"I trusted you're taking proper precautions against having your trezzure-chart pinched, Fearless," he mermered, addressing Frank Fearless.

"Yes, rather; the pater's looking after it for me," answered Frank. "I fancy the crook who suxceeds in pinching it from him will be a clever man, won't he, pater?"

"Oh, rather! You see; it's in the safe in my cabin," eggspalined Mr. Fearless to the Head.

"Indeed!" mermered Dr. Birchmall, an eggspression of grate cunning creeping into his dile. "Well, so long as it's secured against any theeving scoundrells who mite be on the boat—"

"It's secure enuff, I can assure you. Nobody but a skillful safe-braker could possibly touch it, and I don't think there are many skillful safe-brakers aboard, do you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Not likely!" larfed the Head. But although he larfed, it was notissable that the cunning eggspression did not leave his fizz. Little did Mr. Fearless dream of the daring and unscrewulous wheeze that was being turned over in the Head's brane-box at that moment.

THE fool moon, shining over the Atlantick Ocean, reveled a lean, bearded figger, flitting across the deck of the Conkerer. But it wasn't much use reveleing the figger, when there was nobody prezzent to see it reveled. The kapitn was sleeping peacefully in his cabin. The mate was snoring loudly

on the bridge. The crew were in the land of dreams. And the passenjers were sleeping the sleep of the unjust.

The mysterious nite-bird, glarusing alternately to port and starboard as he went, crept past the bridge like a snake in the grass.

Crash! Bang! Thump!

With noiseless movements, he glided down the steps. An eerie silence brooded over the ship—an eerie, sinnister silence. There was something uncanny in the air—something that hinted of dark, desprit deeds, and villainous plots; it was just the nite for a crime.

Wearing a tense, taught eggspression on his dile, the midnite wanderer sneaked along the passidge leading to the cabin occupied by Mr. Fearless.

Outside, he pawed, for a breef instant, and applied one eye to the key-hole. Seeing no light within, he gave a satisfied nod, and opened the door.

Closing it behind him, he crept step by step towards the bunk where Mr. Fearless snored away in blissful iggnorance of the danger that threatened.

With a swift movement, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket—a handkerchief that had a heavy, sickly, nawcous oader about it, caused by a peace of gorgonzola cheese consealed in the middle of it.

"Now!" he muttered.

So saying, he clapped the doped handkerchief over his viktims nose.

Mr. Fearless gave a convulsive start, and tried to sit up. But even as he woke to life, the poisonous fumes overwhelmed him with their stiffling oader.

"Grooooo!" he choked. "Gug-gug-grooooo! Oooooooh!"

With a last faint gasping sound, the owner of the Conkerer sank back into unconshusness—drugged by his nokternal vissiter!

The scoundrel kept the handkerchief to his viktims nose for some seconds after he had swooned, just to make sure of his job. Then at last he withdrew it, and gazed at his handiwork with a sinnical grin on his ugly fizz.

"He won't wake for some hours!" he mermered. "And now to get on with the giddy washing!"

He switched on the light, and crossed the cabin to the hevvy safe which stood in the corner. For severall seconds, he kontemplated it reflectively. Then he dived a hand in his pocket and produced a jemmy, a blowpipe, and a cupple of sticks of dynamite.

An hour of feverish work followed. The midnite marauder worked swiftly and in silence, eggcept, of course, when he used the dynamite. Even then, the noise of the eggsplosions was not suffishantly loud to wake up the sleeping ship.

His activity was rewarded at last. The hevvy door of the safe swung back on its hinges. A low chuckle escaped the villain's thin lipps at the suxcess of his fowl deed.

"Good egg!" he muttered.

Down he went on his hands and neeze, rummaging eagerly among the contents of the safe. Disdaining the jewelry and other valluables that were littered about, he made a dive for a scrap of paper that was lying in the corner, waited down by an empty ginger-beer bottle.

"The chart!" hissed the villain. "The giddy trezzure-chart at last!"

His hawk-like eyes dwelt greedily on the secret chart that showed where the trezzure of the Amazon was berried. For some minnits, he nelt there, farely gloating over it. Then he tucked it away in a consealed pocket in his waiscoat, and rose to his feet.

"Now for bed!" yawned the midnite marauder. "Something attempted, something done has earned a nite's repose, as Shurtfellow remarked—or was it Spokeshave?"

The villain helped himself to a cupple of jam-tarts that were lying on the table beside Mr. Fearless, and washed them down with a handy bottle of ginger-pop. Then, without even a glarnse at his viktim, he buzzed off.

Silence brooded over the yot again—dead silence, broken only when the sea moaned and the wind groaned. And well they mite have moaned and groaned!

Neckst morning, the good ship Conkerer woke up to find that a crime had been committed on board.

Frank Fearless rushed up on the deck, his face tense and drawn.

"The chart has been pinched!" he yelled.

"What?"

"Some scoundrel has dragged the pater during the nite, and opened the safe!"

"Grate pip!" eggscalined Jack Jolly.

The juniors followed Frank Fearless back to his pater's cabin, to find that what their chum had said was only to troo. The trezzure-chart—that all-important scrap of paper without which they could never hope to find the trezzure of the Amazon—had been pinched, purloined, and appropriated!

"The Head!" muttered Jack Jolly.

"Ten to one in doennutts he is the criminal."

"Jolly! How dare you!" thundered a stern voice behind them just then, and Dr. Birchmall himself stalked into the cabin.

"Are you the villan who has done this?" asked Frank Fearless, pointing to the opened safe and the senseless figger of his pater.

"Certainly not!" answered the Head, promptly.

"I hurl the akkewasation back in your teeth, Fearless. The fambly motter of the Birchmall's has always been 'Skorn to pinch,' and I have made a practiss of living up to that motter. If you doubt my word, you are at libberty to search my belongings for your preshus chart."

Jack Jolly & Co. looked at each other helplessly. That offer told them pretty plainly that if Dr. Birchmall was the guilty party, he had by this time consealed the chart in a place where nobody would ever find it. To search the Head's belongings in the circumstances was but a waste of time.

Feeling awfully fed-up, our heroes left Frank Fearless with his unconshus pater, and went up on deck again to bewale their misfortune. They were all at sea, in more senses than one, now, for without the chart it was impossibul to find the berried trezzure.

By breakfast-time, everyone aboard the Conkerer had learned the bad tidings, and a deep gloom settled over the yot. But there was one person, anyway, who didn't feel a bit upset. Dr. Birchmall, in the privacy of his cabin, rubbed his bony hands and chuckled into his beard, as though the unforchunit happenings of the nite before gave him the utmost plezzure.

"Easy as rolling off a log!" he kept on repeating to himself. "And now to hand the chart over to One-eyed Pedro and bag my share of the giddy trezzure!"

THE END.

(Don't miss the next rousing yarn in this amusing "Trezzure" series, entitled: "A BATTLE WITH PIRATES!" You'll find it in next week's MAGNET, chums!)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1, 118.



BOB CHERRY'S BIG BARGAIN!

(Continued
from
page 13.)

"Came over by train?" asked Bob.

"Yep!"

"Keen to see the trike, what?"

"Sure."

The juniors went into the shop to see Mr. Jorrock. They were considerably surprised at having seen Fisher T. Fish there. The ride to Lantham was rather a long one for a fellow like Fishy, and only Bob had expected him to join the cyclists. But it was surprising that he had come there by train. Lantham was half-a-crown return from Friardale. Fisher T. Fish had spent half-a-crown. That he should have spent half-a-crown was remarkable; but it was still more remarkable that he should have spent it for the sake of looking at a second-hand tricycle that somebody else was going to buy.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, here we are again, Mr. Jorrock," called out Bob Cherry cheerily.

Mr. Jorrock, who was attending a puncture, turned round with a tube of solution in his hand.

"Oh! Good-afternoon, young gents!" he said a little awkwardly. "I 'ope you haven't come after that tricycle."

"That's just what we've come after," said Bob.

"Oh! sorry!" said Mr. Jorrock.

"Why?" asked Bob, puzzled. "Don't you want to sell it now?"

"It's sold."

"Sold!" ejaculated all the juniors together.

Mr. Jorrock nodded.

"Sorry, gents! But you know I told you I couldn't keep it back, if I had another offer, that tricycle having been on my 'ands so long! I told you so, fair and square, you'll admit that."

"That's so," said Wharton slowly.

"We've nothing to complain of, Mr. Jorrock. But—" He paused. Bob Cherry's face was a study of dismay; and at that moment, seeing his crushing disappointment, his chums wished from the bottom of their hearts that they had bagged that old tricycle. All their objections to it vanished at the sight of Bob's face.

"I say, that's rotten," said Nugent, breaking a painful silence.

"I—I wished we'd bagged it yesterday, now," mumbled Johnny Bull awkwardly.

"The wishfulness is terrific."

"When was it sold?" asked Wharton.

"Half an hour ago," said Mr. Jorrock. "It ain't been taken away yet. I'm sorry, young gents, but you never said for certain you know, and I told you fair and square—"

"That's all right," said Bob. "It's not your fault. We'd have been here earlier if we hadn't been under detention. It—it can't be helped."

Not a word of reproach passed Bob's lips; not a look of reproach did he turn on his chums. That was not Bob's way. He was bitterly disappointed; but he was not the fellow to reproach or complain.

"I'm real sorry," said Mr. Jorrock.

"But look 'ere, sir, p'raps the young gent what bought it might be willing to part with it."

"Not likely," said Bob, shaking his

head. "He's got a bargain in that trike at four pounds."

"Well, it ain't everybody's money," said the cycle merchant. "I was afraid I'd never get shot of that machine, sir, unless I let that red-headed covey sneak it. I s'posed you young gents had thought better of it and I was glad when that young gent come in and made the offer. But still he might be willing to part with it, seeing that he belongs to your school."

The juniors jumped.

"A Greyfriars man!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes, sir, he's outside now with the machine," said Mr. Jorrock. "Name of Fish, sir."

"Fish!"

"That's the name."

The Famous Five stood rooted to the floor of the cycle shop. They could scarcely believe their ears.

"Fish!" repeated Wharton. "Fish never heard of the tricycle, till we told him—he can't have been mean enough to cut across here while we were detained, and bag it away from us."

Johnny Bull snorted.

"Fishy's mean enough for that," he said. "He's mean enough for any thing."

"You're sure you've sold it to a fellow named Fish of Greyfriars, Mr. Jorrock?" stammered Nugent.

"He's outside with it now, sir."

The juniors knew that; they had seen him there with the tricycle, though they had never dreamed that he was the new owner of it. They knew now why Fisher T. Fish had spent half-a-crown on railway fare that afternoon.

Bob Cherry had quite a dazed look. He seemed slow to comprehend the treachery of the business-man of the Remove. Slowly it dawned upon his mind why Fisher T. Fish had wanted to know so much about that second-hand tricycle the previous evening.

"Well," said Nugent. "This is the limit—even for Fishy."

"The limitfulness is terrific."

"I suppose the matter's settled, Mr. Jorrock?" asked Wharton. "You've actually sold the machine?"

"Sold it and taken the money, sir, and given Master Fish his receipt," said the cycle dealer.

"That settles it, then."

The juniors turned to go. So far as Mr. Jorrock was concerned, the matter was at an end; though they had something to say to Fisher T. Fish.

Bob Cherry drew a deep breath.

"Let's go and see Fishy!" he said.

And the Famous Five went out of the cycle shop, to see Fishy. The tricycle was sold, and they were "sold," too, completely. All that remained was to tell Fisher T. Fish what they thought of him.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Business!

FISHER T. FISH smiled sweetly. Standing by the ancient tricycle, outside the cycle-shop,

Fishy was waiting for the chums to emerge. When they emerged, he knew by the looks on their faces, that they had learned the truth from Mr. Jorrock. And it made Fishy smile.

Getting the better of another guy was, to Fishy, pure joy. But his satisfaction was not complete, unless the other fellow was left feeling defeated and sore. Fishy not only wanted to be sharper than the other fellow; he

wanted the other fellow to realise and acknowledge his superior sharpness. Sharpness, in Fishy's valuable opinion, was a great quality. It would have surprised Fishy to learn that anybody regarded it as a defect.

There was no doubt that he had been very sharp on the present occasion. From the unsuspecting Bob he had learned of the intended purchase, and the value set on it. He had cut in and bagged the article, taking full and unscrupulous advantage of Bob's simple faith in human nature. He was far from guessing, reckoning, or calculating that Bob's simple faith was a more valuable gift than all the sharpness, cuteness, and spryness in the length and breadth of the United States.

So much sharper was Fishy than these Simple Simons, these green jaspers, these looted guys who never even dreamed of suspecting trickery and treachery, that he almost pitied them. He felt it was scarcely the thing to use his superior cleverness against such all-fired mutts. Still, a galoot had to look after his own interests first; he had to look after Number One all the time—Fishy had no doubt of that.

If a guy saw a possible profit, a guy was bound to snatch at it, by the laws of Nature—Transatlantic nature, at least. So Fishy was quite satisfied with the morality of his proceedings. Only he felt a contemptuous pity for guys who were not in the same street with him, when it came to sharpness and cuteness.

Fisher T. Fish smiled, and felt that he had reason to smile. He had gone one better than the other fellows; he had corralled the goods; and they were feeling sore about it. They looked sore, they looked savage. They even looked angry and indignant, as if they thought that Fishy had done something wrong—which, of course, was all guff! What was there wrong in taking advantage of a fellow's unsuspecting confidence and diddling him while he was off his guard? Fishy couldn't see anything wrong in that. According to his weird beliefs that was business; and the beginning and end of all things was business.

Up to the smiling Fishy came five fellows who were not smiling. Wrath and disgust were plainly written on their faces. Fishy smiled more broadly. He found this amusing. That there existed in the wide world any guys who fancied that a galoot wouldn't or shouldn't grab any little advantage that came his way Fishy would never have believed till he came to the benighted island where he now resided. He had found, to his astonishment, plenty of such guys around in the old country.

What could a spry galoot do but skin them?

"You rotter!"

Thus Bob Cherry.

"Aw, can it!" suggested Fisher T. Fish. "That guy told you I've bought the jigger—what?"

"Yes, you measly worm!"

"Hard words break no bones, any more than soft ones butter parsnips!" said Fisher T. Fish philosophically.

"Say, can't a guy buy a tricycle if he wants? Wasn't it offered for sale? I've paid the price and cinched the jigger!"

What you howling about?"

Bob looked at him. In his simplicity he had expected Fishy to look, at least, a little ashamed of himself. Instead of which, Fishy looked quite pleased and satisfied with himself. Obviously, he saw nothing in the transaction to be ashamed of.

Bob had clenched his hands, apparently with some idea of mopping up

Lantham High Street with Fishy's bony carcass. But he unclenched them again.

"Say, you don't want to go off on your ear, you know," said Fisher T. Fish rather anxiously. "Nothing to get mad about!"

"That benighted rotter doesn't even know he's played a dirty trick!" said Frank Nugent, in wonder.

"Come away!" said Bob. "It would make a fellow's hands dirty to touch him. Let's get away; he makes me feel ill!"

"Say, don't you go off at the deep end," said Fishy.

"This trike is still for sale, if you want it."

"What?"

"I guess I ain't a collector of antiquities," explained Fisher T. Fish. "You can have this trike if you want."

The juniors gazed at him.

"You've bought it," said Harry. "Mean to say you've bought it for some idiotic joke, and you don't want to keep it?"

"I sure don't want to keep it?"

"Blessed if I understand you, then! Anyhow, we'll give you the four pounds and take the machine," said Harry.

Fisher T. Fish smiled pittingly.

"The price of this jigger is six pounds," he explained.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Six pounds."

"Don't be an ass," said Nugent. "The price is four pounds. We brought the four pounds with us for Mr. Jorrocks."

Fisher T. Fish sighed. The obtuseness of these guys was almost too much for his patience.

"The price has gone up," he said. "It was four pounds when I bought it. It's six pounds now."

"Oh!"

"Buying and selling are different things," explained Fishy, trying to make matters clear to these unworried fellows. "I guess a galoot wants to make his profit. Savvy?"

It was clear to the Famous Five now. Fishy had not cut in because he saw a bargain in the trike, or wanted it himself. He had cut in to make a profit on the turnover.

If anything could have added to their disgust that would have done it. Fishy, as usual, was on the trail of cash.

"Cheap, too, at six pounds!" said Fisher T. Fish warmly.

"Why, I guess that contraption cost a hundred pounds once upon a time. Cherry told me himself that he'd have bought it all the same if Jorrocks had asked more. Well, it's going at six pounds. Take it or leave it!"

"You worm!" said Johnny Bull.

"The wormfulness is terrific!"

"Aw, forget it!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Come down to business, instead of blowing off your mouth! Do you want this trike?"

Bob Cherry breathed hard.

"We want it," he said. "But we'd see it at the bottom of the North Sea before we'd help you make a dirty profit on it, you measly worm! You've bought it, and you can keep it! Come away, you men!"

Fisher T. Fish looked rather dismayed as the Famous Five turned away. He had counted on that transaction as a certainty. Assuredly he did not want to be landed with that ancient tricycle for keeps.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "Look here, between friends, I'll let you have it at five-pound-ten. What?"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Wharton. "If you like to pass it on, we'll give you the four pounds you gave Jorrocks. Not a sixpence more!"

"Well, carry me home to die!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish. "I like that! Why, I spent half-a-crown on a railroad fare, to cinch this trike!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Say, you guys—"

"Rats!"

The Famous Five walked back to their machines and mounted them. Fisher T. Fish stared after them blankly as they pedalled away up the High Street.

"Jerusalem crickets!" he ejaculated.

He was quite dismayed.

Not for a moment had he doubted that he would bring off that coup. Bob Cherry, at least, was extremely keen on acquiring the trike. An extra two pounds was not much, whacked out among five fellows. As for the principle of the thing, the juniors' determination not to submit to extortion, Fishy had not given that a thought. That was not business; and Fishy's powerful brain failed to grasp anything that was not business.

Certainly he did not want to be permanently landed with that ancient trike. He was not likely to find other customers very soon.

"Oh, gee-whizz!" murmured Fisher T. Fish disconsolately. Then he grinned. He guessed and calculated that the juniors were bluffing. They wanted the machine; they would

(Continued on next page.)



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buy it before break-up. All they wanted was to beat down the price, Fishy sagely calculated.

He would get that jigger housed at Greyfriars; he would tell all the fellows what a wonderful bargain it was, and he would affect to be far from keen on selling it. That would "draw" Bob Cherry in the long run, and the expert angler would get a bite.

Much comforted by that reflection Fisher T. Fish prepared to transport his purchase to the school.

The Dionysius was behaving itself very well to-day, doubtless owing to the overhaul Bob had given it the day before. Fisher T. Fish succeeded in starting it up with ease. He mounted, and careered away up the High Street, and heading for the Lantham road. On the edge of the town he passed five cyclists, the Dionysius careering gaily past the push-bikes.

Fisher T. Fish waved a triumphant and bony hand at the Famous Five.

"Race you to Greyfriars!" he chortled.

And the motor-tricycle shot on and disappeared.

Bob Cherry's brow was clouded.

"She goes all right!" he said.

"The rightfulness is terrific," murmured Hurrees Jamset Ram Singh.

"It's rotten," said Harry. "That rotter ought to be scragged."

"Can't be helped now," said Bob, as cheerfully as he could.

And the juniors pedalled on, far behind the careering trike, and out of range of its snorting.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

More Business!

"JUMPING Jehosaphat!"

Fisher T. Fish uttered that exclamation in dismay.

The tricycle halted.

For two or three miles, the ancient Dionysius had gone like clockwork. Fisher T. Fish, in great spirits, was sailing merrily home.

Then it suddenly gave out.

The machine slowed down, and stopped. Fisher T. Fish sat in the saddle, miles from everywhere, and ejaculated.

He had not expected this.

Bob Cherry, he knew, had a lot of knowledge of motor machines, and Bob had declared with enthusiasm that the old Dionysius was a big bargain, and that it worked like a charm. It had travelled under Fisher T. Fish in the most satisfactory manner—for some miles. Why it had suddenly snuffed out, Fishy did not know. But it had!

Long, long miles lay yet between him and Greyfriars. Pedalling that heavy, cumbersome machine all the way was unthinkable. Wheeling it was still less to be thought of. Running repairs were not in Fishy's line. But it was evident that he had to get the tricycle going again, somehow, unless he was to leave it there and walk home. Leaving it there was a sheer impossibility. It had cost money. It would have been the same as leaving money there! Which, of course, was unimaginable.

Fisher T. Fish dismounted, with a grim expression on his thin, narrow face. He had not bargained for this. Possibly he had over-rated Bob's practical knowledge of such things. Or perhaps the machine was not yet quite in working order, after it's long, long rest. Fishy sorted out the tools, and began to examine the machine. Somehow, he had to start up again. The Famous Five were following the same road, and if he was stranded here, they

would soon be passing him. He could picture their derisive faces, when they passed him on push-bikes, leaving him wrestling with his big bargain.

"Gol-darn it!" growled Fishy.

Something was out of gear, and he was determined to find out what it was, and set it right. But the more he examined that ancient tricycle, the more he realised that it was not built on modern principles. Fishy had some superficial knowledge of motors. But such knowledge as he possessed did not seem to come in very useful here. That ancient machine was, in fact, an education in itself.

"Elp you, sir?" asked a voice.

Fisher T. Fish looked round.

From a gap in the hedge, where he had apparently been reposing in the hot summer afternoon, a slightly-built man, with red hair, shifty eyes, and a cast in his left eye, emerged. Fisher T. Fish was wholly unacquainted with Honest Alfred Snooks, but at first sight he was not favourably impressed by that honest gentleman. Still, any help was welcome. Defeat loomed before Fishy, in his struggle with the old tricycle.

"Know anything about motor-tricycles?" he asked.

Mr. Snooks smiled effusively.

"Know anything, sir? Blow me tight! I worked in the Dionysius factory, sir, when them machines was being built, and I know 'em inside out."

That was good news to Fishy. A man who had helped, in those far-off days, to build the Dionysius machine, was exactly the man he needed to help him out. Fishy had already discovered that a motor a quarter of a century old, moved in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

"Good!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Look here, you start the machine for me, and I'll stand you a bob, what?"

Mr. Snooks looked at him. The offer did not overwhelm him by its liberality. But he nodded cheerfully. Mr. Snooks, had his own ends in view, in offering assistance to Fisher T. Fish.

"Done, sir!" he said brightly. "I'll soon get her going! You jest sit down on the bank, sir, and watch me do it."

Fisher T. Fish did not retire to the bank and sit down. He was quite unaware of Mr. Snooks' mysterious interest in the old Dionysius, but he was distrustful by nature. He remained close at hand, watching.

"It's the same machine," said Honest Alfred, surveying it. "The very same! You got this from Jorrocks' shop in Lantham, sir?"

"Yep! You've seen it before, then?"

"I'd jest say I 'ave!" assented Mr. Snooks. "Saw it yesterday sir, when some other young gents was after it—fellers with a school cap like yours, sir." He blinked inquisitively at Fisher T. Fish. "I thought they was going to buy it."

"I guess I bought it," said Fisher T. Fish briefly. "Get it going as soon as you can. I want to get it to Greyfriars."

"You leave it to me, sir."

Alfred Snooks proceeded to work. Fisher T. Fish watched him.

Mr. Snooks' claim, that he had worked, in his youth, in the Dionysius works, was probably well-founded. Certainly he seemed to know his way about that ancient tricycle.

"It's in the ignition tube, sir," he explained.

"Is it?" said Fisher T. Fish, looking as wise as he could.

"They don't make an ignition tube like that nowadays, sir," said Mr. Snooks, with a peculiar grin on his

shifty face. "But perhaps you ain't looked at it specially, sir."

"Nope."

Far away in the direction of Lantham, five cyclists came into sight on the crest of a rise in the road. The Famous Five were in the offing, though they were still distant.

"Buck up," said Fisher T. Fish, anxiously. He did not want the chums of the Remove to come up and find him stranded.

Mr. Snooks was examining the ignition tube, and for some reason best known to himself, the outer surface thereof seemed to rivet his attention. But he started, and proceeded to business again, as Fishy spoke.

"Get 'er going in five minutes, sir," he said confidently.

Fishy grunted. In five minutes more, Harry Wharton & Co. would be close at hand.

"Quick as you can," he snapped.

"Leave 'er to me," said Alfred Snooks. "Look 'ere, sir, 'ere she goes!"

Chug! Chug! Chug!

The tricycle was talking again! It was a glad sound to the ears of Fisher T. Fish.

"That's better," he said.

"Jest a minute more," said Mr. Snooks.

Fisher T. Fish glanced in the direction of Lantham. Down the hill, free-wheeling, came the Famous Five in a bunch. They were still afar, but they were coming on rapidly. Mr. Snooks seemed too absorbed in his occupation to have any eyes for them.

"That's all right now, sir," he said. "I tell you, I know 'ow to 'andle these jiggers, sir, blow me tight if I don't! 'Ere you are, sir!"

Fisher T. Fish stepped forward. Then he met with the surprise of his life.

Instead of handing him the resuscitated tricycle, Mr. Snooks handed him an upper-cut, full on the point of Fishy's sharp jaw.

Fishy gave a gasp, and spun backwards.

Bump!

Dazed and dizzy, feeling as if all his teeth had been knocked through the roof of his mouth, Fisher T. Fish sat down.

Alfred Snooks was running along with the tricycle now. The ancient engine puffed and blew.

Alfred leaped into the saddle.

The tricycle flew.

Fisher T. Fish sat in the dust, and blinked after it. Mr. Snooks had gone without his promised shilling. But he had gone with the Dionysius.

Fishy gasped.

"Grough! Oh, gee-whiz! He's stolen my machine! Jerusalem crickets! Waul, I swear!"

Fisher T. Fish staggered to his feet. With one hand clasp his aching jaw, he stared after the vanishing trike.

"Stop!" he yelled. "Stop thief!"

Alfred Snooks did not heed.

He was coaxing the Dionysius to its best speed. The old machine careered along the wide country road in great style. A turn of the road hid it from Fishy's sight.

He stood dazed. He had given four pounds for that machine! But if it was a bargain, evidently the shifty man had got the bargain! He was gone, and the tricycle was gone.

"Jumping Jehosaphat!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

There was a whizzing of wheels, a whirring of brakes, and a ringing of bells. The Famous Five had arrived.

"Get out of the road, you dummy!" roared Johnny Bull.

Fisher T. Fish, standing in the middle of the road staring after his lost bargain, was right in the way of the cyclists. He spun round. They opened out on either side to pass him.

"Hold on!" yelled Fishy.

"Rats!"

"I've been robbed—"

"What?"

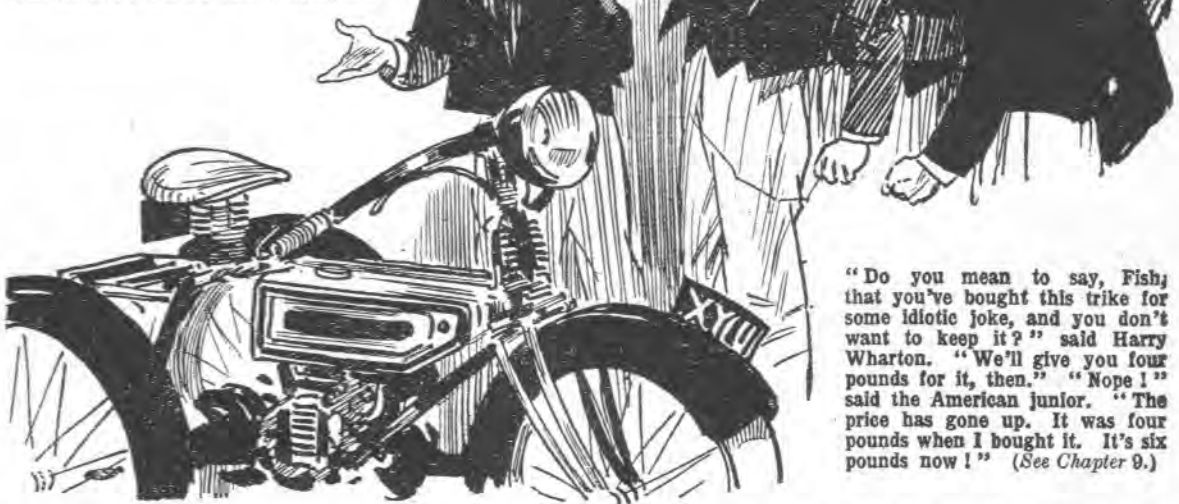
"Hold on! Stop! Help!" yelled Fisher T. Fish desperately.

In amazement the Famous Five clapped on brakes and jumped down. They gathered round the American junior.

"Where's the tricycle?" asked Nugent.

"Gone!" gasped Fishy.

The juniors could see that it was gone.



"Do you mean to say, Fishy, that you've bought this trike for some idiotic joke, and you don't want to keep it?" said Harry Wharton. "We'll give you four pounds for it, then." "Nope!" said the American junior. "The price has gone up. It was four pounds when I bought it. It's six pounds now!" (See Chapter 9.)

Only a pool of oil in the dust of the road remained to show where it had been standing.

"Stolen!" groaned Fishy.

"Oh, my hat!"

"After him!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"Get it back for me! One of you, lend me a bike to chase him! A little red-headed guy with a cast in his eye—"

"What?" roared Johnny Bull.

"That's Snooks!"

"Snooks!" gasped Nugent. "He's got it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five roared.

Fisher T. Fish glared at them. He could see nothing to laugh at in Mr. Snooks having proved even sharper than his Transatlantic self.

"Say, you guys!" he hooted.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's stolen my trike!" raved Fisher T. Fish. "He's gone off with it! Follow him—chase him—run him down—get my jigger back—"

"I don't think!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"The don't-thinkfulness is terrific."

"I can't see us doing it!" chorried Nugent. "You stole the trike from us, Fish, and now another rogue has stolen it from you, serve you jolly well right."

"It's business, you know," gasped Wharton, "just business! You ought to like Mr. Snooks' methods, being a business man yourself of the same sort."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you mugwumps!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "I've been robbed! That guy's absquatulated with my jigger! Are you going after him?"

"Ha, ha! No fear!"

"Lend me a bike to get after him, then," shrieked Fisher T. Fish desperately. "Jumping Moses! I stand to lose four pounds!" Fisher T. Fish almost wept. "Lend me a bike! Will you lend me a bike?"

"Business first!" roared Johnny Bull. "We won't lend you a bike—we'll hire you one, if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What?" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"You slab-sided jay! What you want for hiring me a bike, then?"

"Six pounds!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The expression on Fisher T. Fish's speaking countenance made the Famous Five yell. Fishy lived and moved and had his being in business, and yet, somehow, he did not seem to like business when it came home to roost, as it were. He gave a deep and dismal groan, and the chums of the Remove yelled with laughter.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Fearful for Fishy!

BOB CHERRY wiped his eyes. The loss of the motor-tricycle had been a blow to Bob. But Fishy's loss of it, also, seemed to solace him a good deal. Shakespeare has remarked that it is sport to see the engineer hoist by his own petard. Certainly there was something entertaining in Fishy losing his big bargain on the way home after that excessively sharp stroke of business. Really he could not expect much sympathy from the fellows he had diddled.

He did not receive any, at all events. The Famous Five roared with laughter, evidently regarding Fishy's loss of four pounds as merely comic.

Fisher T. Fish almost wept. Four pounds was twenty dollars. The loss of twenty dollars was petrifying, scari-fying, unnerving.

If Fisher Tarleton Fish survived to the age of Methuselah he was not likely

to forget that loss, or to recover therefrom. To his latest hour the bitter memory would haunt him. Had he lost anything else—his good name, his best friend, his dearest relation, he could have found some drop of comfort in his soul. But this was money! The loss of money was a loss from which no guy could ever completely recover. At all events, no guy like Fisher Tarleton Fish.

The expression on Fishy's face was really execrable. The chums of the Remove wept with merriment.

"My esteemed and disgusting Fishy," chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "the way of the absurd transgressor is the stitch in time that breaks the camel's back, as the English proverb remarkably observes. Keep your ridiculous hands from the pickfulness and the stealfulness—"

Fisher T. Fish groaned.

"Say, you guys," he mumbled, "I guess you've got it up against me that I cinched that jigger. But you sure ain't letting that galoot get away with it. You surely ain't. No, sir! Go after him—"

"Why should we go after him?" asked Harry Wharton. "Is that business?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where do we stand to gain?" chuckled Johnny Bull. "We're to chase a man all over the country, tire ourselves out, deteriorate our machines and tyres. All for nothing! That isn't business, is it?"

Fisher T. Fish couldn't say that it was! By his own standards he had no right to ask a helping hand of anybody unless he could make it worth that anybody's while.

"It serves you jolly well right, you measly worm," said Bob Cherry grimly. "You dished us and sneaked the trike. Now you've lost it! You're

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as bad as Snooks, and he's no worse than you are! Serve you jolly well right! Come on, you fellows."

"Say," gasped Fisher T. Fish, "you get that trike back for me and I'll sell it to you—cheap!"

"Rats!"

"I'll take five pounds!" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"Not from us, you spoofer."

"Four-ten!" wailed Fisher T. Fish, agonised, as he saw his prospective profits dwindling at this rate, and yet still more torn with anguish at the prospect of a total loss. "Four-ten, if you get it back."

"Go and eat coke!"

The juniors prepared to remount their machines.

"Four, two-and-six!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "That lets me right out—jest what I gave for the trike and my fare to Lantham! Four, two-and-six."

"Dry up!"

"Stop!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "Say, that guy's getting away with it all this time! Hold on! Say! I'll let it go for four pounds if you get it back for me! Honest Injun!"

"Come on, you men."

"Good-bye, Fishy! Next time you go roguing mind you don't meet another rogue."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Three, ten!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "I'll take three, ten! There!" Tears were in his eyes, but anything was better than a total loss. "Three, ten! I lose ten bob on the deal! There!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors stopped. The pathos of Fisher T. Fish's grief did not touch their hearts. But after all they wanted the trike; at least, Bob wanted it, and his chums were ready to give him his head. If Fishy was prepared to be decent they were prepared to do business.

"Look here," said Wharton. "Bob wants that old jigger—I mean, we want it—and you've swindled us out of it. We'll buy it—if it can be recovered—at a fair price. If that's a go—well, we'll do our best."

"Three, ten!" wailed Fisher T. Fish. "Oh, dear! Three, ten!"

"Don't be a silly idiot," growled Bob Cherry. "If we take the trike we'll give you what you gave for it—four pounds."

Fisher T. Fish stared at him. Even at that moment of anguish he could hardly conceal his contempt for a fellow so unbusiness-like. But the offer was too good to be declined. Unless the Famous Five got after Alfred Snooks very promptly the old Dionysius was not likely to be seen in that part of the country again. In the circumstances it was something to get his money back minus the profit for which his Transatlantic soul hungered.

"Done!" gasped Fishy. "Get it back and it's yours for four pounds!"

"Come on, then," said Wharton. "There's a chance, anyhow—the old jigger may crock up again—"

"Hold on," said Johnny Bull.

"No time to lose, old chap, if we're going to get the trike back."

"We're not going to get it back, unless Fishy sticks to his bargain," said Johnny Bull stolidly. "And he would think nothing of letting us down afterwards, if we got that jigger back and handed it over."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I guess my word's good enough."

"Oh, rats! We'll have it in writing," said Johnny Bull coolly. "We trust you as far as we can see you, Fishy—or not quite so far."

"The trustfulness is not terrific," re-

marked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The black-and-whiteness is the proper caper."

"You're wasting time!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "All this while that guy is making tracks."

"Business first!" grinned Nugent.

Fisher T. Fish seemed reluctant to put it into black and white. No doubt he had already envisaged the possibility of another smart stroke of business, if these trustful jays recovered the machine for him.

There was no help for it. On a leaf of his pocket-book Fisher T. Fish wrote down the agreement, undertaking to sell the Dionysius trike to the Co. for four pounds, if they succeeded in recovering it. He signed it, and handed it over to Wharton.

"That does it!" said Bob. "Come on!"

The juniors remounted their machines, and vanished down the road in a bunch, on the track of the already vanished Mr. Snooks. Fisher T. Fish gazed after them. It was doubtful whether the trike would be recovered—very doubtful. If it wasn't he stood at a total loss. If it was recovered he gained nothing by his sharp stroke of business. He netted the loss of his railway fare to Lantham that afternoon.

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Not a large sum, but large enough to give Fishy a pain. Fisher T. Fish groaned dimly. The way of the transgressor was hard; and the way of a cute and spry business man was not easy.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Hot Chase!

A LONG, white road lay before the Famous Five as they came sweeping round the bend beyond which Mr. Snooks had disappeared.

Sunshine lay in a sea of golden light on the white road. It was a sunny day—a blazing day. The glorious summer had come at last. It had come with hesitating and halting steps; but it had come. Cloudless blue and blazing sun, a long, white road and whirling dust from passing cars, and five juniors, grinding at their pedals, could have wished that the summer had delayed a little longer. It was warm work—decidedly warm. Even Hurree Jamset Ram Singh admitted that it was warm.

Five bikes fairly flew. Bob Cherry, keenest of all in the pursuit, and heaviest of all in limb and muscle, gave a lead; but the other fellows ran him close. The whole party were going all out.

The trike was theirs for four pounds, if they found it. Fisher T. Fish

couldn't back out of that bargain. And by that time the Co., though not so keen as Bob, were quite keen. For friendship's sake they were willing to let Bob have that fearsome trike, even to trundle it along with them on the vac. His deep disappointment when it, and he, were sold, had finally settled that point. Bob was going to have his way—and his trike—if they could get it back from Honest Alfred Snooks.

Nevertheless, while keen on the chase of Mr. Snooks, the juniors wondered. Unless Alfred was a lunatic they could not account for his apparently frantic desire to possess that antiquated trike.

Bob's opinion was that any fellow who knew what was what would want to bag that machine on its merits. His chums disagreed. They did not believe that any fellow, cycle thief or otherwise, really could want that trike, unless he had a screw loose somewhere.

What on earth did Alfred Snooks want with it? Mr. Snooks, very likely, would be on tramp that summer. He looked as if he generally was on tramp. But he would not require a carrier for his baggage like the Greyfriars walking-party. His baggage was sparse, and indeed it was quite clear that he did not carry with him even a brush and comb and a cake of soap.

But what, then, did he want that prehistoric trike for? Not to sell. It was not saleable, except to an enthusiast like Bob. Mr. Jorrocks had had it on his hands long enough to show that there was no demand for such an article on the part of the public.

Mr. Snooks might have pinched two or three saleable bikes, with the amount of trouble he had devoted to that remnant of a faraway past. Then what the thump did he want it for?

The juniors as they raced along the sunny, dusty road could not help puzzling about that. And it seemed to them that there was, so to speak, more in that ancient trike than met the eye. There was some peculiar mystery attached to it.

For some inexplicable reason it had a value in Alfred Snooks' eyes—a mysterious value.

That much seemed clear, though the explanation was far to seek. It made the juniors keener to get hold of the trike. They were rather curious to have it under their hands so that they could examine it, and discover, if possible, what extraordinary attraction it had for Alfred Snooks.

But the prospects of the pursuit seemed dubious. The cycle thief had had at least ten minutes start. If the Dionysius continued to go, it beat any push-bike in point of speed. Ancient as it was, weird as its engineering arrangements seemed to be, it went faster than human muscle could drive. But four members of the Co. considered it probable that it would crock up. One member hoped that the thief would run short of petrol. If Fishy had filled up before leaving Lantham, he was not likely to have paid for more juice than was necessary to get the trike home to Greyfriars. Fishy was not the man to waste anything that cost money. It was likely, therefore, that Mr. Snooks was poorly supplied with gas. Bob Cherry pinned his faith to that, and hoped for the best.

Moreover, news of the trike was easy to pick up along the road. There was plenty of traffic on the Lantham road, which was a main highway between that town and Courtfield. All the traffic was certain to notice the trike if it passed. Any passenger not afflicted with blindness must have noticed it. It

was a thing that leaped to the eye, so to speak.

Moreover, everybody on the Lantham road, and within a certain radius on either side of the road, must have heard it. The trike was not musical, but it was insistent. Its various parts accompanied one another as it went. It had somewhat the effect of a jazz band on a small scale. Many of its notes resembled those of a saxophone. Only the deaf and the blind could have remained ignorant of that trike when it was in the offing.

"Seen a motor-tricycle pass?" shouted Bob Cherry, to a man who was resting on a stile, and who was gazing away up the road with a fixed expression of surprise on his face.

The man looked round.

"Was it a tricycle?" he asked.

"Yes—yes! Seen it?" shouted Bob.

"Did it go right on?"

The man nodded and pointed.

The cyclists sped on. They were on the track of the trike, at least. It had not yet left the main highway. Perhaps Mr. Snooks was doubtful of the result, if he trusted it to hilly and rutty bye lanes. Anyhow, so far, he was sticking to the King's highway.

"We'll get him!" gasped Bob.

"The gofulness will be terrific!" panted Hurroo Jamset Ram Singh.

A car came whizzing down the road, and Bob Cherry jumped down, stood in the road, and held up his hand to the motorist. The car halted, and a gentleman whom the juniors recognised as Mr. Pilkins, the estate agent of Lantham, looked at them inquiringly.

"Road up, or what?" he asked.

"No. Have you seen a tricycle?"

Mr. Pilkins grinned.

"Have I seen a what?" he asked.

"Do you mean the thing that passed me at the cross roads? Yes, I've seen it. Got out of the Zoo, I suppose, or the British Museum."

"Did it turn off the road?" gasped Bob. "It's been stolen, and we're after it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pilkins, becoming serious. "Yes, it turned at the cross-roads, and headed for Redclyffe. I thought it was a band at first."

The juniors did not linger to hear what Mr. Pilkins had thought about the tricycle. They pushed on again.

At the cross-roads they turned into the road for Redclyffe, still on the track of the trike.

The Redclyffe road went down a hill, and a long spell of free-wheeling gave tired legs a much-needed rest. Suddenly, Bob Cherry gave a yell, and let go a handle-bar to point.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look!"

Far across a field that bordered the Redclyffe road, a mile or so from the cross-roads, an object came into view.

In a lane at a little distance from the road a machine of large dimensions and striking design was halted.

It was the trike.

Probably Mr. Snooks had not expected to be pursued so swiftly and so closely. He had left Fisher T. Fish on foot, and pursuit by Fishy would have been hopeless. Mr. Snooks had not known that the biking-party were on hand. Anyhow, here he was about six miles from the spot where he had despoiled Fishy of the trike, at a halt. He had turned from the road into the little lane, halted the machine, and there it was in full sight of the five juniors as they came sweeping down the hill.

"Crocked, I expect," gasped Wharton.

"Juice petered out, more likely," said Bob.

"Anyhow, we've got him."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulne is terrific!"

Hedges hid the trike from sight for a few minutes. The lane turned at the foot of the hill, still some distance ahead of the cyclists, and they had to reach the turn before they could enter the lane. But the hedge thinned again, and again they had a view of the trike across the grassy field. This time they had a view of Alfred Snooks also.

Honest Alfred had been seated on a grassy bank, smoking a cigarette and resting after his arduous labour in driving the ancient Dionysius. Now he was active. The juniors, watching him across the field, saw him sorting out tools. Then he knelt beside the bike, and seemed to get busy. So far as they could see, he was devoting his attention to the ignition tube. But whatever Mr. Snooks was up to, he had no time to carry out his intentions.

Caution—which was second nature with Mr. Snooks—led him to take a sweeping glance round, lonely as the countryside looked. Thus he became aware of five cyclists pelting down the hill, towards its junction with the lane.

Mr. Snooks jumped, and dropped a wrench.

"Blow me tight!" he ejaculated.

Undoubtedly he recognised the juniors.

Neither could he have had any doubt that they were after him. In fact, Bob Cherry shook a fist at him as he looked round.

Alfred Snooks stared at the quintet across the corner of the field that still cut them off from the lane where he had halted.

His shift face was dismayed. But for the rich complexion imparted to it by Mr. Snooks' sturdy support of the drink traffic, he would have turned pale. Turning pale was impossible to Mr. Snooks; but no doubt he felt pale.

He got busy at once.

From seeing the cycle thief kneeling beside the machine, tool in hand, the juniors had supposed that the trike was crocked once more. But that was an error. Whatever Mr. Snooks had been going to do to the machine, it was not running repairs. For he hastily stacked away the tools, and started up the ancient engine. Chug-chug-chug! Came waited across the field. The big bargain was in motion again, Mr. Snooks, in the saddle, chug-chugging away down the lane at a great rate.

"It—it—it's going!" gasped Nugent.

"The gofulness is terrific!"

"Put it on!" spluttered Bob.

The bicycles went down what was left of the hill at a speed that was simply dizzy. Bob, ahead of his comrades, whirled into the lane, and very nearly crashed. Fortunately, he righted, and sped on, grinding at his pedals as if for his life. After him swept the other four.

Ahead of them, Mr. Snooks was riding for his life. Snorting and rattling, with a more startling resemblance to a jazz band than ever, the ancient trike gathered speed.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Lap!

"STOP thief!" Bob Cherry yelled and waved his hand.

"Stop thief!" panted the Co.

The tricycle was chugging onward gallantly. Mr. Snooks, however, was not in the best of luck. He had picked that little lane as a quiet spot to carry out his design—whatever his mysterious design might be—on the pinched trike. He had been driven to sudden and

(Continued on next page.)



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precipitous flight again by the danger of capture.

He had had no chance but to follow the lane where he found himself. It was narrow, hilly, and rutty, and a heavy and extensive tri-cycle found it hard going. Mr. Snooks, at every jerk and jump, was probably in fear of the engine snuffing out, or of the whole contraption falling to pieces. Undoubtedly it was growing more and more musical as it fled. He was not gaining on his pursuers, owing to the difficulties of the route. The active cyclists were at least holding their own.

Now, from a farm-gate ahead, a horse appeared in the lane, drawing a cart stacked with hay. A farmer's man was in charge, and he stood and stared at the oncoming Dionysius with wide-open eyes. His acquaintance with motor-tricycles was probably small; but had it been large it might not have included the make of machine that was now bearing down on him. He stared blankly.

The juniors yelled to him.

"Stop thief!"

The man's glance passed the careering tri-cycle, and rested on the pursuing juniors. He understood.

"Stop thief!"

"Stop him!"

With great presence of mind, the countryman led his horse and cart out of the gate, into the lane, to block the way.

Any cautious and careful driver, mounted on the Dionysius would have reined in his fiery steed just then.

But Mr. Snooks was desperate. He could not afford to be cautious or careful, when pursuit was so close behind, and "chokey" looming in the distance. He had to take chances. And he took them.

The motor-tricycle rushed on.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton.

For a moment a collision seemed imminent. But fortune favours the desperate. Mr. Snooks, going all out, just shaved the nose of the farmer's horse, and got by. The startled horse pawed and reared. Five cyclists coming on hard, found their way blocked, and had to jam on brakes.

"Oh crumbs!" panted Bob Cherry.

He almost fell from his bike. That wild race was telling even on Bob's stalwart limbs.

The man with the farmer's cart had done his best to stop the thief. But it was the pursuers he had stopped; and the thief was far past the cart, going strong.

"Oh dear!" gasped Nugent.

"Come on!"

Bob wheeled his bike round the cart and remounted. His comrades followed him. They would have given all the tri-cycles in the wide world for a few minutes' rest and something cool to drink. But that was not to be thought of. The cycle thief had gained ground, and the chug-chug of the motor was already fainter in the distance. There was not a second to be lost.

Streaming with perspiration, feeling and looking as if they had just crawled out of a very hot oven, the chums of the Remove took up the chase.

"Oh, good luck!" gasped Bob suddenly.

The motor-tricycle was far ahead. But farther ahead was a gate! Like so many of the Kentish by-lanes, this lane was barred here and there by gates to keep cattle from straying on the road. On some of the beautiful shady lanes round Greyfriars, there were gates to such a number as to make motorists foam at the mouth. Short cuts often

proved extremely long cuts. Nobody who went on wheels liked those gates. Just now, however, the five cyclists rejoiced to see a gate across the road.

"The brute's got to stop!" panted Harry.

Mr. Snooks had to stop. In many respects, as it careered and jumbled and jostled over the uneven ground, the tri-cycle seemed to resemble a buck-jumping broncho. But it could not jump gates; its resemblance ceased there. Honest Alfred Snooks stopped, and scrambled down, making lurid remarks as he did so. He hurled open the gate; but, like many farmers' gates, it was weighted with a heavy stone, to cause it to swing back into place if some thoughtless pedestrian left it open. It swung back.

Mr. Snooks made more remarks. Somebody was wanted to hold that gate open while a motorist went through. There was nobody to hold it open for the cycle-thief. Desperately, Mr. Snooks jammed it open again, and wriggled the tri-cycle through the gateway, with the gate trying to swing shut all the time. He lost whole minutes in the process, and minutes were precious to Alfred now. Every minute brought five crimson and panting cyclists closer and closer.

But the gate was negotiated at last, and Mr. Snooks trundled on again. Harry Wharton & Co. reached and passed the gate by the time Alfred was at the other side of the field that was crossed by the lane. There was another gate, this one giving on to the high-road. It was the end of the lane, which led from the Redclyffe road across country to the Canterbury road. Once past that gate, Mr. Snooks would have the well-laid King's Highway under his wheels again—and could hope to bid a long farewell to pursuing push-bikes.

But Mr. Snooks had to dismount and open the gate. This time he snapped a branch from a tree, and propped the gate open, and got the tri-cycle through rather more rapidly. Careless of the cattle in the field, and of the danger of their straying out into a road thick with motor-cars, Mr. Snooks trundled through, and left the gate propped open. The juniors saw him turn to the right, and then he disappeared beyond high hedges and roadside trees.

"Put it on!"

They raced on to the gate. Four of them shot through and turned in the direction taken by Mr. Snooks. Nugent jumped down to shut the gate—more mindful of a citizen's duty than Mr. Snooks could afford to be in the circumstances. He remounted and rode after his comrades, a long way behind. Bob Cherry set his teeth.

He was riding desperately, sweat pouring down his face, dust covering him as with a garment, an unheeded insect buzzing in his nose. Behind him came his comrades, strung out, pedalling frantically. But the Dionysius was drawing away.

On a level road, well-laid and smooth, the old trike was at its best; and it fairly walked away from the push-bikes. The most desperate driving at pedals could not beat it. Human flesh and blood could not beat machinery and petrol. Mr. Snooks looked back, and grinned a dusty, greasy, triumphant grin. He had had narrow escapes! But he had got away with it.

But had he?

Alfred Snooks grinned too soon!

There was a peculiar sound from the tri-cycle. It had already sounded many notes; but this was a new note. It was a kind of anguished "whoof." It slowed down!

"Blow me tight!" gasped Mr. Snooks. "Strike me up a gum-tree if the juice ain't give out!"

Like the wise tent maker of Persia, that ancient tri-cycle might have said, "Fill me with the old familiar juice; methinks I shall recover by-and-by." But juice was a minus quantity with Mr. Snooks. He had one resource left; he drove at the pedals. It was a very desperate resource; and it did not prove useful. After Mr. Snooks, grinning now—it was their turn to grin—came the Famous Five—with a final rush. They overtook Mr. Snooks, they passed him, they surrounded him, they jumped off their bikes, letting them run whither they would—they laid violent hands on Honest Alfred, and they dragged him from the saddle of the tri-cycle—and Mr. Snooks smote the outer rim of the round globe with a mighty swipe.

Faintly, from a gasping and suffering Mr. Snooks, came an appeal to powers unknown to blow him tight!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Where?

"I SAY, you fellows, you look tired!"

He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter grinned.

The five juniors who came limping into the House did look tired. There was no doubt about that. They looked tired, and they felt as tired as they looked. It had been a hectic afternoon.

Unheeding Bunter, the Famous Five dragged themselves up to the Remove passage. On the Remove landing a bony, anxious-faced Transatlantic junior met them.

He eyed them eagerly.

"Oh, you've got back!" he exclaimed. "Did you rope in the all-fired jay who abscatulated with my jigger?"

But the chums of the Remove did not answer. They were tired out, and disinclined for chin-wag and the company of Fisher T. Fish. They limped into Study No. 1 and sat down.

Fishy followed them into the doorway. He was anxious. He was torn with anxiety. Fishy had gone back to Greyfriars that afternoon, a prey to dismal apprehensions. The best outcome of Fishy's business transactions that day would be the loss of half-a-crown on his railway ticket.

That was bad enough; but, as Shakespeare has remarked, "Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind!" Suppose the trike was not recovered? Then Fishy stood to lose four pounds, in addition to the half-crown. The possibility made him feel faint. All the disastrous happenings in American history, from the discovery by Christopher Columbus to the Declaration of Independence, would not be so bad as that! No Greyfriars fellow could have understood the feelings of Fisher T. Fish in those dreadful hours. Only an Indian at the torture-stake could have understood.

Fishy prowled about the House, like a caged jackal, while he waited for the Famous Five to show up. Had they got the trike back? Hadn't they got the trike back? These were questions almost of life and death to Fisher Tarleton Fish. If they had, there was still the loss of half-a-crown to haunt him. But if they hadn't—If they hadn't, Fisher T. Fish was booked to spend the summer vacation in the mood of Rachel, mourning for that which was lost, and insensible to comfort.

"Say, you guys!" gasped Fishy. "Can't you speak? Can't you wag your pesky chins? Can't you chew the rag? Where's that trike?"

With pursuit so close behind him, and prison looming in the distance, Mr. Snooks was forced to take chances. Going all out on the triecyle, he only just shaved the nose of a farmer's horse by a hair's-breadth. (See Chapter 13.)



"My hat! I'm glad to sit down!" said Frank Nugent, with a deep sigh of content, as he stretched himself luxuriously in the study armchair.

"The gladfulness is terrific!"

"Blessed if I'm not a bit fagged!" confessed Bob Cherry—a confession seldom made or thought of by the hefty Bob.

"Where's that trike?" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"The fagfulness is great and preposterous," remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "My esteemed legs are aching absurdly."

"Same here," said Harry Wharton. "Quite nice to sit down a bit. I'd like somebody to drop in and get tea for us."

"You slapsided mugwumps!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Have you got that trike back, or haven't you got that trike back?"

"Here's Fishy!" said Johnny Bull, appearing to notice the existence of the American junior for the first time. "Have you butted in to get tea for us, Fishy?"

"Nope! I want—"

"Then get out!"

"I want to know—"

The juniors were not too tired to grin. They really seemed to be deriving a heartless amusement from the mental tortures of Fisher T. Fish.

"Spill it!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I want to know! You got after that all-fired galoot, didn't you?"

"We did!" said Harry.

"Did you catch him?"

"We did," said the captain of the Remove, taking compassion on the excruciating anxiety of Fisher T. Fish at last. "We got him."

"And the triecyle?"

"And the triecyle!"

Fisher T. Fish gasped with relief.

"Then it's safe!" he ejaculated.

"Safe as houses."

"Where did you get him?"

"Miles away on the Canterbury road."

"You look as if you've hustled a bit," said Fishy. "Well, if that trike's

safe, all right. I guess I'm ready to talk business."

His bitter anxiety relieved, Fisher T. Fish was himself again.

"Now, you galoots," he went on in an argumentative, persuasive tone. "you've got that trike back. All O.K. Now, I'm ready and willing to sell you that trike. That's agreed. I guess I'm a man of my word. What do you say to five pounds?"

The juniors gazed at Fishy.

"You mean four," said Johnny Bull.

"Now, be reasonable," said Fisher T. Fish. "I may have said four, being upset and ornery at the time, owing to that guy getting away with the goods. But be reasonable. Say five, and call it a go!"

"You unspeakable worm!" said Bob Cherry. "You agreed to sell it for four if we got it back, and put it in black-and-white."

"I've got your signature here," said Wharton.

Fisher T. Fish smiled pityingly.

"That bit of paper don't amount to shucks," he said. "That bit of paper ain't any value in law. I s'pose you galoots ain't setting up above the law, are you? That bit of paper don't go! It's worth nothing!"

"Great pip!"

"I was asking six pounds for that trike, and worth it," said Fisher T. Fish. "Seeing that you got it back from that rustler, I'm offering it to you guys for five. I guess that's reasonable. Is it a go?"

The juniors continued to gaze at Fisher T. Fish. They seemed interested in him, as if he were a strange zoological specimen.

"Is it a go?" repeated Fisher T. Fish. "Mind, I ain't begging anybody to buy that trike. That trike's good value. I'm prepared to keep that jigger in hand till I find a customer. I'll tell the world! But out of friendship and generosity, I'll let you guys have it for five pounds. Is it a go?"

"Kill him, somebody!" said Bob.

"It isn't a go," said Harry Whar-

ton. "Get out! Take your face away, before I alter its shape, you horrid worm!"

"I guess you don't want to go off on your ear," said Fisher T. Fish persuasively. "Make it four-fifteen, and call it a go."

"Get out!"

"Waal, I guess I've made you a fair offer," said Fisher T. Fish. "If you won't buy, you won't. I guess I can sell that trike. Where is it now?"

No answer.

"You've put it in the bike shed, I suppose?"

Five grins dawned on five faces, but the juniors did not speak.

Fisher T. Fish glared at them suspiciously.

"Say, you brought that trike back to Greyfriars with you, didn't you?" he demanded with sudden uneasiness.

"No!"

"Nope?" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"You see, there was no petrol left, and we couldn't get the thing along," chuckled Wharton.

"You could have pedalled it?" yelled Fishy.

"Possibly. But we didn't."

Fisher T. Fish felt his heart sink. He had not foreseen this. It was not uncommon for Fisher T. Fish, in his unscrupulous cunning, to over-reach himself.

"You never left that trike out of gates?" he gasped. "You never left it on the road, where that jay could get at it again?"

"Why shouldn't we?" smiled Wharton. "It wasn't our trike."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fatigued five were not too fatigued to laugh. The expression on Fishy's face, indeed, might have made a cat laugh.

"You—you've left that trike out of gates?" stuttered Fishy.

"We've left it out of gates."

"Where?" yelled Fishy.

"Echo answers where!"

"Look here, you got to tell me where you left that trike!"

"Why, should we?" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It's your trike. You agreed to sell it, and you've backed out. So it's still your trike. Find it if you want it!"

"Oh Jerusalem crickets!"

"Now take your face away, while it's safe!"

Fisher T. Fish did not heed that warning. He was too anxious about the trike. Not for a moment had he guessed that the recaptured tricycle had been left out of gates.

"Look here, I want my trike!" he gasped. "What did you galoots do with it? What did you do with that cycle-thief?"

"Kicked him! He bunked!"

"You ought to have had him run in! Now he may try to get hold of that trike again!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish excitedly.

"Quite likely," assented Wharton. "No business of ours if he gets hold of your trike, that I can see."

"Where did you leave the trike?" shrieked Fishy.

"That's telling."

"I guess—"

"Get out!"

"Not till you tell me where that trike is! I guess—"

Undoubtedly the Famous Five were tired after their energetic afternoon. But they were not too tired to deal with Fishy. They rose with one accord and seized him.

"Hyer, I say—I guess—I calculate—Yarooooh!" roared Fisher T. Fish, as he whirled through the study doorway.

There was a crash in the Remove passage.

The door of Study No. 1 closed on Fisher T. Fish. That hapless businessman limped away, once more the prey of anxiety and apprehension—once more in the unhappy state of Rachel, mourning for that which was lost, and inaccessible to comfort!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Break-Up!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were busy the next few days. The last days of term were always rather full, for one reason or another. But they found time to make arrangements for the vacation, to map out a route, and to settle many details that were better settled in advance. And they settled, finally, on the old Dionysius as beast of burden for the trip.

Bob Cherry was still as keen on it as ever; the Co. had come round; and, strange to relate, Fisher T. Fish was keenest of all.

For a whole day had Fisher T. Fish brooded over the matter, occasionally demanding news of the trike, at the risk of getting his long, sharp nose punched, or his abundant ears pulled—both of which risks materialised several times. But news of the trike he did not receive. And it was at last borne in on Fishy's mind that he had better sell it, and keep his word instead of his profit before it was too late.

All he learned was that the trike had been left out of gates, as it had run out of juice and was too heavy to trundle home. Even Fishy had to admit, on his own business principles, that the Famous Five were not called upon to trundle home a trike that did not belong to them. He had relied on what he was pleased to term their dog-goned foolishness for that. Neither were they bound to tell him where they had last seen it if they did not choose—and they did not choose!

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If Fishy wanted the trike he could go in quest of it. In fact, he could spend his summer holidays hunting for it. So the chums of the Remove told him, adding in direct language what they thought of him, of his business dealings, of his cuteness, his spryness, and his sharpness, and his rascality generally.

Hard words did not hurt Fisher T. Fish. He was used to them, and they cut no ice with him. But the loss of money hurt him painfully; it hit him where he lived, as he would have expressed it. And the trike looked like being a total loss (once more, just as much as if Honest Alfred Snooks had succeeded in getting away with it).

So Fishy, with many pangs, made up his mind to do the right thing—a painful process for Fishy, who never did the right thing if he could help it. Indeed, after a day of dismal doubt and delour, Fishy realised that he would be lucky to sell the trike at all—for goodness only knew where it was, or what might happen to it.

So the bargain was struck at last in the Rag, and four pounds were handed over to Fisher T. Fish—exactly the sum he had paid Mr. Jorrock for the trike. A receipt was duly written out, and, to make assurance doubly sure, witnessed by half the Remove—after which even the elusive Fishy had no chance of wriggling out of his bargain.

"And now, where's the trike?" asked Fisher T. Fish, when the transaction was completed, desiring to satisfy his curiosity at least. "If you guys have left it stranded on the road, I guess it's absquatulated by this time. Mind, that's your funeral; not mine. It's your trike. But where did you leave it?"

Wharton smiled.

"It's all serene, worm. It's safe at Friardale."

"Friardale!" Fishy jumped. "Less'n a mile away all the time! Housed? Safe? Why, you pesky mugwump—"

"You see, the Friardale carrier passed us on the Canterbury road after we'd got the jigger back from Snooks—"

"The Friardale carrier?"

"Yes, and we hired him to carry it home and house it in his shed. It's there now—safe as houses."

Fisher T. Fish looked at the grinning juniors. He breathed hard and deep. All the while he had been worried about that trike, it had been safe in responsible hands, under shelter—a short walk from the school.

There was a pause, broken by the chorlles of the Removites.

"Say, you guys!" said Fisher T. Fish at last.

"Go it, worm!"

"Let's look at that receipt once more," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Evidently Fisher T. Fish had some wild idea of yet undoing the bargain now that he knew where to lay hands on the trike. But the captain of the Remove did not hand him the receipt to "look" at. So businesslike a youth as Fisher T. Fish was not to be trusted even so far as he could be seen.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows," said Bob Cherry, "we're finished with that toad now! I vote that we show him what we think of him. Talking to him is no good, but there are other ways."

"Hear, hear!"

The next five minutes were crammed with excitement for Fisher T. Fish.

The Famous Five, with the hearty co-operation of many other Remove men, demonstrated unto him what they thought of him—and they left him in no doubt on the subject.

When Fisher T. Fish escaped from the

Rag, in a wild and dishevelled state, he was feeling the mere wreck of a Fish—neither his popper nor his mopper would have recognised him.

That, and the loss of half-a-crown, were the outcome of Fishy's business transactions in second-hand tricycles, and it might have been borne in upon him that honesty was the best policy had his Transatlantic mind been capable of assimilating such knowledge.

However, the Dionysius tricycle now belonged to its owners, without dispute, and all was serene. Remove men walked down to Friardale to look at it in the carrier's shed. The Famous Five received many congratulations on their acquisition—most of them ironical, it is true.

Billy Bunter was among the fellows who inspected it. He inspected it with dubious looks, but he seemed, on the whole, satisfied when he returned to Greyfriars and looked into Study No. 1.

"I say, you fellows, I've seen that trike!" announced Bunter. "It's the weirdest contraption I've ever seen, but—"

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"But, after all, a fellow can sit on it," said Bunter. "It's a roomy old saddle, and quite comfortable, so far as that goes. I tried it, of course. It will save walking. That's something. A fellow who gets tired will be able to take a rest on it, what?"

"Quite!" said Wharton. "Thanks for your interest in us, Bunter. It's very kind of you to bother about whether we get tired or not."

Bunter blinked at him.

"I mean, I shall be able to take a rest on it," he explained. "As I'm coming with you fellows—"

"Are you?"

"Yes, old chap! You didn't think I'd let you down for the vac, did you?" said Bunter affectionately. "I've turned down Lord Mauleverer, after all. You know how keen he was to have me—"

"Not at all."

"Oh, really, Wharton! And I've told Smithy I can't go home with him for the holidays—"

"Did you tell Smithy, or did Smithy tell you?"

"Oh, really, you fellows, I'm coming! That's settled! I can stand that trike," said Bunter generously. "If you're keen on it, why, dash it all, I'll stand it. I'd do more than that for old pals. I've looked at it, and the saddle can be put down to suit me. So that's all right. You can leave it to me to drive the trike, while you fellows walk, see? Healthy exercise—do you a lot of good."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Besides, I shall be able to introduce you into a lot of magnificent country-houses belonging to my titled relations, scattered practically all over England," added Bunter. "That will be rather ripping for you—chance for you to mix in some really decent society."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Well, rely on me," said Bunter. "I'm coming—you needn't be afraid that I shall let you down."

"We're not," said Bob. "What we're afraid of is that you won't."

Billy Bunter rolled away, with the matter settled in his own mind. The next day Greyfriars School broke up and scattered to the four corners of the kingdom, and a few days after that the chums of the Remove were on the open road—with Bob Cherry's Big Bargain.

THE END.

(Be sure you read next week's yarn in this topping holiday series, entitled: "THE TRIKE OF THE TRIKE!" which will appear in next week's bumper issue of the MAGNET.)

YOU CAN BEGIN THIS THRILLING TEC YARN TO-DAY, CHUMS!

THE MASKED DEATH



By
JOHN SYLVESTER

(The earlier chapters are retold
on page 26.)

The Clue of the Letter.

I FOUND this letter waiting for me when I got back," began Lomax, handing a cut envelope to Locke. "It was addressed to my brother, but, of course, I considered myself entitled to open it. It's lucky I did, because it seems to me to be the first real clue we've struck."

Locke opened the envelope without comment. His face was a mask of inscrutability as he read the contents.

"Unless I hear from you by Monday,"—it ran—"you must accept the consequences. I need not remind you again what to expect if your whereabouts become known to those who are very anxious to meet you. Send the money poste restante, Brussels."

There was no address or signature. The letter was typewritten.

Silently Ferrers Locke crossed to the window. He examined the letter afresh with the aid of a powerful lens. Nothing escaped him.

The watermark of the paper, the slightly defective "a" and "d," the make of the typewriter, were registered among the carefully sorted data in the index of his mind.

Next he studied the postmark, the gummed edge of the envelope, the violet blotch of sealing-wax.

Jack Drake fancied that the ghost of a smile touched his thin lips.

"What do you think of it?" asked Lomax, who seemed puzzled by the detective's lack of enthusiasm. "My own view is that my brother was being blackmailed. The blackmailer was threatening to betray him to someone who had already threatened his life. If we can trace the blackmailer we can force him to reveal who my brother feared."

"That is the obvious explanation," the Baker Street detective admitted. "But it's a police job."

"Do you mean you won't follow it up?" The Australian looked genuinely dismayed. "If we give this to Webster he'll bungle it."

"Nevertheless, it's a police job," the other affirmed. "You see, I haven't any official status. The trouble is this blackmailer is abroad. I haven't any power to arrest him or secure his extradition. If I met him I couldn't make him talk."

Lomax frowned and looked disappointed.

"I should have thought there were ways of making a man talk."

"You mean third degree methods?" Locke smiled sceptically. "We aren't in the wilds of Australia, my friend. I should be risking more than it's worth if I tried to get information from a man in a foreign country at the point of a pistol."

Lomax pulled out a cheroot and thrust it between his teeth. He looked plainly unconvinced.

"I was hoping you'd run across, and, anyway, find the man. If we inform the police, I've got a feeling he'll scuttle away before the machinery of the law can be put into operation. We might tell the police when you've got him, so that you can keep him in sight. Anyway, confound it! What else have we got to go on?"

"If you want me to go," said Ferrers Locke slowly, "of course, I will do my

wouldn't mind betting he has been recalled to London. Do you mind if I slip out the other door?"

"Not a bit," said Lomax, with a comprehending laugh.

Outside Jack Drake turned to Ferrers Locke, bursting to hear what he really thought about this latest development.

"I liked the way you bluffed poor old Lomax," he chuckled. "You gave him the shock of his life when you urged him to take the letter to the police. But why did you pull his leg? It's the clearest clue we've got, isn't it?"

"The whole case," sighed Locke, shaking his head, "reminds me of a famous definition of metaphysics—a blind man looking in a dark room for a black hat that isn't there. All the same—"

He paused, and his expression became grave.

"Lomax seems very anxious for me to leave the country," he added quietly.

A Chance for Jack Drake!

JACK DRAKE stared in surprise at his chief. The significance of the words were not lost on him. Ferrers Locke would

never make a remark like that unless he had good reason.

"But why should Lomax want to get rid of you?"

Locke shrugged his shoulders.

"That remains to be seen."

"Great Scott! You don't suspect—"

Jack Drake broke off. The idea that had leapt into his mind seemed too preposterous even to voice.

"Cast your mind back," said Ferrers Locke, as they walked on down the gravel path. "You will notice that I purposely put every possible objection to going out of the country. I tried to urge that it was a job for the police; but Lomax wouldn't hear of it. I may be misjudging him, but it seemed to me he was most extraordinarily anxious, having got me down here, to get rid of me again."

Jack Drake was thinking furiously. But somehow he couldn't bring himself to see anything suspicious in the Australian's attitude.

"It's natural enough, when you

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If a man's dangerous . . . get rid of him. So says the master crook. But getting rid of Ferrers Locke is no easy task, for he has the habit of popping up at the most unexpected moment, in the most disconcerting fashion.

best. But you must be prepared if it turns out to be a blind alley. And there's a chance, too, of an attempt being made on your own life while I'm away."

"Don't worry about me!" exclaimed Lomax, instantly brightening. "I can take care of myself now I know what to look out for. But I've got such complete confidence in you, Mr. Locke, that I felt I might as well throw the letter into the fire as give it to Webster."

"I only hope your confidence won't be misplaced."

"It won't. I'm sure of that. When will you cross?"

"It's too late to catch to-night's boat."

"I suppose it is," said Lomax, chewing his cigar. "Still, that can't be helped. The only thing is this man may find out any moment that my brother is dead."

"We must take the risk," Locke suddenly glanced through the window and caught sight of Webster hurrying up the path. "Here's the inspector, looking in the best of a temper. I

INTRODUCE FERRERS LOCKE AND JACK DRAKE TO YOUR PALS!

remember that the only Yard man he has met is Webster. After all, you can't get away from the letter, can you?"

"No; I'm not trying to get away from it," answered the Baker Street detective, with a grim smile. "But I don't happen to believe it was genuine."

Jack Drake was about to utter an exclamation of astonishment—although he ought to have known better than to feel surprised at anything Ferrers Locke said, when the latter forestalled him. "There was a new look on the detective's sharp, ascetic face. His eyes brightened with a light that his boy assistant knew of old. It was a rather ominous expression; it meant that he believed himself to be on the scent, and he was seldom mistaken."

"Do you remember when Silas Morecombe first came to see me? He produced a sheet of paper in which a warning was typewritten. I kept that paper. At the time, I think I told you I believed there was something peculiar about it."

"Yes, you did; but you didn't tell me what," said Drake, with a faint note of reproach.

"I wasn't trying to mystify you. I rarely keep any information back from you, Jack. I give you the data, and wait to see if you have profited by my teaching. In this instance I'm not blaming you, because we've both had our hands pretty full. My conclusion was that Morecombe had typed the warning himself."

The youngster repressed a start. He resigned himself to the complete rout of all common-sense. Had Ferrers Locke proceeded to prove that twice two make five, or that the earth was flat, he would have listened meekly.

"I admit it sounds improbable. By the way, let's sit down. We have a clear view on all sides, so we are not likely to be overheard. That's better," he added, following suit as Jack Drake hoisted himself on a stone ledge. "Now you are waiting to hear my reasons. I am afraid they are only surmise. Nevertheless, I refuse to believe that the kind of criminal we are dealing with would be so criminal as to give Morecombe a message to show the police the very night before he murdered him. In fiction you sometimes read about a master-criminal advertising his intentions out of sheer bravado, but in real life that doesn't happen. The last thing 'Mr. X.' wanted was a cordon of police around the house, although it's true he managed to elude them. Also, the warning was utterly superfluous, since Morecombe didn't need to be reminded of his danger. He knew it only too well."

"But why should he write a warning to himself?"

"Because he didn't want to tell us of the interview he had previously had with Mr. X. He didn't want us to know why he was threatened. And, without admitting that, he had to devise some means of persuading us that the danger was real, and not just a delusion. He typed that warning to make up for the gap in his story, so that either Scotland Yard or I should go to his aid."

"It sounds simple, put like that," muttered Jack Drake. "But everything does when you start explaining. I feel like the American who hung crepe around his head because his brains were dead!"

Locke smiled, and folded his hands across his knees.

"All these questions would be simple

if we only got rid of the obstinate prejudice of trusting appearances. I might add, if I haven't done it too many times before, if we also used our eyes. But I haven't finished yet. As you know, anyone who has studied the subject can at once recognise the machine on which a piece of typewriting has been done. Now the machine Morecombe showed me was typed on an old pattern Belling-ton No. 10. Certain keys were defective. The paper he used was an expensive variety bearing the water-mark of a centaur, and the monomark KCM-BXZ. Do you know what I'm going to tell you next?"

Jack Drake suddenly bit off the blade of grass he had been chewing.

"You don't mean that letter from Brussels was typed on the same machine?"

"Not only on the same machine," replied the Baker Street detective, "but on precisely the same paper. Would you call that a coincidence?"

"My poor old head's beginning to go round. But if we can find that typewriter and a wad of the same paper in the house behind—"

"That's exactly what I have found," interposed Locke, with as near a show of triumph as he ever permitted himself.

"Then the letter couldn't have come from Brussels!" exclaimed Jack, sitting up. "But you saw the postmark. Surely that couldn't have been faked?"

"I don't see why not. Of course, a confederate abroad may have posted the letter. But a great deal can be done with a rubber stamp."

"Let me get this clear. Are you accusing Lomax of faking the letter in order to send you on a wild-goose chase out of England?"

"It's a little early to begin accusing," said Ferrers Locke. "But the man who typed that letter is the man we are looking for."

"If it was Lomax—" Jack broke off, and all at once something dawned on him—something he believed his chief

INTRODUCTION.

FERRERS LOCKE, the world's famous detective, and his assistant, Jack Drake, receive a visit from Mr. Silas Morecombe, of Bridgewater, South Devon, who tells Locke that he has received two notes threatening his life. In consequence of this, Locke and Drake visit the West Country that night and watch his house on the edge of Dartmoor. Suddenly their vigil is broken by an alarm from the house, and rushing in, they discover Silas Morecombe dead in his room, the murderer having vanished without a trace. Inspector Webster, of Scotland Yard, who is in charge of the case, suspects Soames, the dead man's butler. Ferrers Locke, however, has a different theory, for he knows that Morecombe—whose real name was Lomax—was a member of a criminal gang headed by a scoundrel called Peter the Pedlar, who, years before, had been responsible for the disappearance of half a million pounds worth of bullion. The gold was never recovered, and Locke is convinced that somewhere at the Grange are concealed the stolen ingots that were the cause of Morecombe's death. Later, Locke reads of a shooting tragedy in Half Moon Street. Thinking this might have some bearing on the Morecombe mystery he visits the scene of the tragedy and discovers some charred letters which convince him that the dead man had recently quarrelled with Silas Morecombe. Immediately following an unsuccessful attempt on his life by the mysterious unknown, the London death receives a visit from Mr. Lomax—Morecombe's brother—who informs him that he has seen a ghostly white form in the grounds of the Grange seemingly without any face and resembling in shape a monk with a pointed eard. This weird shape had pointed a skinny hand at the house and uttered a mournful wail. Ferrers Locke visits Bridgewater the next day where he finds Lomax anxiously awaiting his arrival to inform him that there has been a new development.

(Now Read On.)

had missed. His eyes brightened eagerly as he turned to the detective. "Suppose we've been on the wrong track altogether? We've got it into our heads that the murderer belonged to a gang of criminals. But it doesn't follow. We've no real proof. Whereas once you assume Lomax may be guilty, it's obvious he had a motive. He was on bad terms with his brother. He knew if Morecombe died without leaving a will he would inherit his property, being the next of kin. He may have known about the bullion. He may have started that ghost scare as a kind of red herring to put us off the track. And if he did, it jolly well succeeded."

"Not bad," observed Locke tolerantly, "although you are breaking all the rules I ever taught you. I'm afraid you are too impulsive to carry through a rigidly scientific piece of reasoning. You have a habit of conveniently ignoring anything that doesn't fit into your theory."

"But what doesn't fit? The ghost we saw on the night of Morecombe's death might easily have been Lomax. He would have known the construction of the house. And as for the ghost Lomax saw recently, we've only his word for it. He might have invented the story to divert suspicion."

"But what about the murder in Half Moon Street?" asked Ferrers Locke dryly.

Jack Drake frowned, but he was loath to part with his theory.

"There may be some explanation," he ventured.

"You are solving one puzzle by creating a second. That doesn't get us very far, does it?"

"Still, if those letters were written on the same typewriter and the machine is still in Bridgewater Manor, someone now living in the house must have written the letter from Brussels."

"There are two people living in the house," reminded Ferrers Locke gently.

"Only Lomax and—and Soames. Surely Soames is ruled out."

"Inspector Webster has ruled him out. At least, he has refused to arrest him."

"But I can't believe it was Soames," Jack protested.

"It wasn't many minutes ago you said you couldn't believe it was Lomax."

"But what the dickens am I to believe?" the boy groaned. He had a feeling of having started to race down a certain path, convinced it would lead somewhere, only to find he had run his head against a brick wall.

"There is no need to believe anything—yet," said the Baker Street detective patiently. "We are still collecting evidence. When it is all pieced together we can formulate a theory. But until then we must suspend judgment."

"Which is easier said than done," said Jack feelingly. "But what are you going to do yourself, gu'nor? There's no need now to go to Brussels?"

"I've given out that I'm going, and that's what I want everyone to believe. Actually I intend to leave you here to keep an eye on things while I follow up a private hunch of my own."

Instantly Jack Drake leapt down from the wall, his face beaming.

"You mean that, sir?" he asked excitedly. "You are going to give me a chance on my own?"

"Entirely on your own. Keep a watch on whoever you like. If you'll take my advice you will be specially interested in any strangers who happen to be loafing about. At the end of a week send me a report of anything you've seen."

"But where shall I post it?"

"Ask Soames to do that for you," replied Ferrers Locke quietly. "The address will be poste restante, Brussels."

"But—"

"There aren't any," said Ferrers Locke, with mock firmness, as he stepped down. "Your's not to reason why—your's but to do and die. Comprenez vous?"

"I don't," declared the youngster, shaking his head in bewilderment. "All the same, if you are going to give me a real chance—"

"I certainly mean to. I shall probably leave you here for a fortnight. If you've solved the mystery before then just ring up Webster and cheer his heart. Meanwhile, we might steal down to the inn and snatch some tea before he picks up our trail. It's a curious thing that Devonshire is the only county in England that understands how to make cream."

casual, "we shall be grateful for any tips. We are rather old-fashioned in our methods at the Yard."

"Is that so?" said Jack Drake cheerily. "Have you anything to pass along to me? Or are you keeping it a dark secret?"

"I'm working this from the London end," said Webster, drawing himself up portentously. "We've struck a good line to follow up. I can't tell you more than that."

"Not taking a sudden interest in zoology, I suppose?"

"Zoo—what?"

"Snakes—creepy crawly things—just the head and tail of an animal. I can see I'm right."

It was purely a shot in the dark; but evidently Inspector Webster had been informed about the tattoo clue without being told how the information was obtained.

your idea on the head, doesn't it? Mind, I give you full marks for good intentions, but they don't help much, do they?"

"So you think I was on the wrong beat?" asked Jack Drake, with less annoyance than he felt.

"For an amateur it was a good idea," conceded Inspector Webster. "But it just shows what comes of putting theory before experience. The first thing they did at the Yard was to get an expert to examine those tattoo marks. He declared they had been there for years, so the unknown man with a fondness for cobras couldn't have had them tattooed in London. Therefore—to follow the chain of reasoning, as Locke would say—it is useless running all over London to find someone who tattooed that pattern a few days ago. Hundreds of people may have had it done; just as hundreds of people may have bought a bowler-hat.



With an odd feeling that invisible eyes were watching him, Jack Drake stopped reading and looked round the room. Then he placed the book back in the desk again, preparatory to locking it. (See page 28.)

No doubt it was highly curious, but Jack Drake wasn't thinking of clotted cream just then.

Ferrers Locke managed to get away without seeing Inspector Webster, and Jack Drake had to deal with the Yard man single-handed. Not that the youngster minded. A sudden feeling of importance descended on him when Locke's car disappeared in a cloud of dust.

He was about to re-enter the inn parlour, when a gruff voice greeted him. "Hallo, young feller-me-lad! So you are taking charge of this case?"

"Are you chucking your hand in, then?" queried Jack Drake amiably.

Inspector Webster turned very red at first, but evidently decided that it was beneath his dignity to show exactly how he felt.

"Of course," he said, with heavy sar-

"Are you a thought reader?" he demanded.

"Trade would be slack at the present moment," rejoined Jack pleasantly. "As a matter of fact, that's old stuff. I interviewed Ikey Moses myself. He told me all about Collins."

The inspector turned various shades of purple and almost burst with the effort to control himself.

"Then you'll also be aware that Ikey Moses has seen the body of the man who was found dead in the Half Moon Street flat? You'll have heard, too, that he swears it isn't the same man he tattooed, and who gave the name of Collins?"

For a second the youngster's face registered a blank.

"You score," he said, after a pause. "We didn't know that."

"Not surprising since the news has only just come through. But it knocks

But it has no connection with this present case."

"I wish Locke was here," thought Jack. "He doesn't know about this. It certainly does put the kybosh on things."

"If Ferrers Locke has got that bee in his bonnet," continued the Yard man, picking up a pint pot and studying it contentedly, "he'll get badly stung. Did I hear he has gone back to town?"

"He didn't tell me where he was going. But it's just possible—I won't say more than that—he has gone abroad."

"Gone abroad?" cried Inspector Webster, suddenly looking startled. "What ever for?"

"I oughtn't to tell you, inspector," said Jack, with the right amount of hesitation, "but I think he's following up that discovery of yours."

Utterly nonplussed, Inspector Webster stared in surprise.

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"I think you found out," murmured Jack Drake placidly, "who didn't murder Morecombe."

The Secret Passage I

THE following morning Ferrers Locke's boy assistant went along to the manor by a roundabout route. He did not wish to be seen by any of the clay workers, as ostensibly he was on holiday.

Inspector Webster had gone back to town, and there was no one to question his free hand. As he crossed the moor the youngster reviewed the facts he had just learnt in his mind.

The flat mystery was even more baffling than Morecombe's death. No motive had, so far, come to light. The clue of the tattoo marks had proved abortive at the very moment when it seemed most promising.

However, he decided it was no use speculating about it. Ferrers Locke had probably gone to London to attack the problem from that side. His own job was to deal with the situation at Bridgeworthy.

If only he could make some discovery completely on his own! It would show Ferrers Locke he was fit to be entrusted with responsibility. Only it wasn't easy to see where to make a start.

For a time, the youngster had thought that Ferrers Locke had suspected Lomax. But when asked point-blank the detective had refused to commit himself. He even confused the issue by hinting that Soames ought to be watched. It was rather cryptic—that advice to give Soames his report to post.

And how in the name of Jehoshaphat would Ferrers Locke ever get it if he addressed it to the Brussels post-office?

Jack Drake shook his head in perplexity. But the keen air was a tonic. A way of attacking the problem gradually began to present itself. By the time he reached the Grange he had made up his mind what to do, although he was by no means sure that it would lead him further than they had already got.

That, however, was invariably the case in the game of detection. You baited your hook a score of times for every catch, and you didn't know whether you would find a minnow or a tunny.

Soames admitted him. The man looked pale and shaken after his grueling with the police. Any man would, having just stepped out of the shadow of the scaffold. He scarcely looked the part of a dangerous criminal.

"Not with those eyes," reflected Jack. "Like a contemplative codfish."

Nor, for that matter, did James Lomax look as though he would fit the role. He was big and powerfully built, but you couldn't suspect every man over six feet in height. His face had a

wholesome candour—a fine, bronzed, out-of-door face—and his handgrip—by no means a bad test of character—was reassuring.

"Glad to see you, Drake," said Mr. Lomax smilingly. "No news, I suppose?"

"The wizard is away," responded Jack Drake modestly. "I'm afraid I'm a poor substitute."

"But it must be a wonderful training to work with a man like Ferrers Locke. They tell me he's never had a failure yet."

"I'm willing to bet that Inspector Webster didn't tell you that, Mr. Lomax," said Jack, with a grin. "Besides, it isn't strictly true. Although I'll say this, if Locke can't solve a particular mystery, then nobody can."

"I hope this won't be one of his failures, anyhow," said the other man fervently. "It's the first affair of this kind I've been mixed up in, and I trust it will be the last. But now that I am mixed up in it, I want to see it through."

"The reason I came over this morning was that I've got a letter to write," said Drake. "I wonder if you could lend me a typewriter?"

"A typewriter?" repeated Lomax, raising his eyebrows. "I don't suppose for a single moment that Oscar possessed such a thing. But Soames will know. I'll ring for him."

The butler appeared at the door in response to the ring.

"Have we got a typewriter, Soames?" asked Lomax.

Jack Drake fancied the butler gave a nervous start. It was certain that he stuttered before he could get out a coherent reply.

"Y-essir. The late Mr. Morecombe was in the habit of using one for his correspondence."

Lomax looked genuinely surprised; but he seemed also relieved to be of service to Ferrers Locke's boy assistant.

"When you've finished your job of work, will you stay on to lunch?" he asked.

"I'd better not," said Jack Drake regretfully. "We mustn't seem too friendly, or else the villagers may talk."

"I don't see why they should. However," said Lomax, with a smile, "I hope you'll regard it as a compliment if I say you don't look a detective."

Lomax went as far as the door with Jack Drake, and the latter followed Soames into the room which Morecombe had used as a study. It was lined with books, most of which appeared never to have been opened. The typewriter was in a corner on the floor, and the butler removed the dusty-looking cover and lifted the machine to the table.

"Can I have some paper?" asked Jack Drake.

"Certainly, sir." Paper was brought; and, after inquiring if there was anything else Ferrers

Locke's boy assistant wanted, Soames went noiselessly out of the room.

Alone, Jack Drake felt a thrill of excitement. He could now verify what Locke had told him. The typewriter was a Bellington No. 10, and a battered enough looking object at that. But the ribbon was nearly new. Inserting a sheet of paper, the youngster tried the usual formula: "Now is the time for every man to come to the aid of his party."

Holding it up, Jack Drake examined it, and he didn't need a microscope to see that the "a" and "d" were badly defective; also, the "t" was only crossed on the righthand side.

The paper, however, was a disappointment. It was not the sort that had been used for the letter purporting to be received from Brussels.

"I'll cast around a bit," Jack decided.

The heavy oak desk against the window was locked. But he carried an instrument in his pocket—one of Ferrers Locke's own inventions—that was capable of dealing with a much stiffer proposition. It was a delicate, cunning contrivance, and as he inserted the steel feelers in the keyhole, and got a grip, he slid back the catch.

The cover of the desk opened. But, to the youngster's astonishment, the pigeon-holes were all empty.

"I'm not the first to have this idea," Jack reflected; and then he noticed a sliding panel.

Instead of typing paper, the bulky object he drew out was a book. It was entitled, "'A History of Bridgeworthy,' compiled by the Rev. Barnabas Hotchkiss." The date on the first page showed it to have been published in 1820.

It was an unexpected find. Jack Drake glanced through it wonderingly, and then he paused. The experiment with the typewriter was forgotten. He was suddenly absorbed.

But this was no place to sit reading. With an odd feeling that invisible eyes were watching him he stopped and looked around the room. It seemed impossible that he could have been seen, but the matter was far too important to take any risks.

Closing the desk gently, the youngster locked it again. Then he placed the sheet on which he had been typing in his pocket. But instead of going out through the door, he opened the french windows, and with the book under his coat walked quickly across the lawn down towards the village.

Once only he turned to look back. And he couldn't be sure whether it was imagination or not, but he thought he saw someone watching him from an upstairs window.

(Jack Drake believes that he has found a clue which will throw some light on the Morecombe mystery. Look out, then, chums, for more startling developments in next week's gripping instalment.)

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