

"CHUMS ON TRAMP!" A Splendid Complete Yarn dealing with the
Holiday Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co.

No. 1,120. Vol. XXXVI. Week Ending August 3rd, 1929.

The

Magnet

2^d

LIBRARY

EVERY
SATURDAY.



COKER CUTS "EGGS"-TRAORDINARY CAPERS!

A lively incident taken from this week's fine story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greysfriars.



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.).

THE SECRET OUT!

FOR the past two weeks I have attempted to make you curious as to the nature of the Free Gift with which every reader of the MAGNET is to be presented the week after next. Well, now I feel that the time is ripe to put you fully wise to everything. This Free Gift will take the form of

A MODEL AEROPLANE!

How's that? Are not my earlier words justified? Isn't it just the rippingest Free Gift that you could wish to have? What-ho! Lots of readers will remember the tremendous success and popularity of a similar free gift that was presented to readers of our companion paper, the "Modern Boy." The "M. B." Aeroplane was the talk of the country for weeks. Well, hold on a minute, the MAGNET aeroplane is better than its predecessor. In all honesty I can say that it is

AN IMPROVED MODEL!

Cheers! Louder, please! That's tons better. And cheer you will when you get this scrumptious gift in your hands. It is made of strong, coloured card, and will be given away in two parts (for reasons that are obvious to you) with MAGNETS No. 1122 and 1123. With each section of the MAGNET aeroplane will be given explanatory drawings and full particulars of how to assemble the plane. Anyone from the age of eight upwards is capable of assembling this aeroplane so that

IT WILL FLY

like a model that would, in the ordinary run of events, cost several shillings to buy. Although the MAGNET aeroplane "structure" is composed of card, don't run away with the idea that it isn't strong. Believe me, the completed plane will stand the severest tests and emerge from them with flying colours. Have you got all that? Good! Now to a few more finer details. The first issue (MAGNET No. 1122, dated August 17th) will contain the planes, undercarriage, fuselage, etc. The second issue (MAGNET No. 1123, dated August 24th) will contain the unbreakable propeller, elastic, and driving parts generally. A patient fellow can build his plane ready for flying within an hour.

THE REGULAR ORDER.

The reader who already has placed a regular order with his newsagent for the MAGNET is certain to receive this bumper gift. I would, at this juncture, urge my other chums to follow the good example. It would be a rare pity and a disappointment to miss this stupendous gift. It's old advice, but none the less necessary, for I should hate to think that a MAGNET reader of many weeks or years standing should lose this glorious treat. I can only advise him in good time; the rest is up to him. In the pages of this issue all of you will see a photographic reproduction,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

in miniature, of this FREE GIFT AEROPLANE. Being in black and white it by no means does justice to the real thing. Still, it serves the purpose of letting you see something of what the MAGNET aeroplane will look like. Next week I will go further into details, and amongst these you will find a full mention of an all-star story programme, as befits the occasion. A New Frank Richards' series; a new serial; a new St. Sam's series, etc. Now, then, chums—have I let you down? Have I been eulogising something during the past few weeks which didn't deserve any praise? I leave with all confidence the answer to you.

Here's a yarn which wins a pocket knife for Herbert Adams, of 25, Erlanger Road, New Cross, S.E.14.



A bill-sticker was sticking bills on a fence, when he saw a notice: "Bill stickers will be prosecuted." He took no notice of it, however, and went on with his work. Before many minutes had elapsed a policeman came along. "Here, my man," said the constable, "can't you see that notice there says 'Bill stickers will be prosecuted'?" "Yes," answered the bill-sticker, promptly, "but my name's not Bill Stickers, it's Bill Perkins!"



"Yo-ho-ho! And a bottle of rum!" Excuse me going off like this, but Editors are only human, after all, and I have just returned to my den after spending a week-end on the sea-coast. I routed about all the caves I could find, and held long and serious conversations with the local "oldest inhabitants," all of whom had tales to tell of wrecking and smuggling, and what not in the good old days. Consequently, I feel in a "smuggling" mood this week.

"Any smuggling going on nowadays?" I asked one old salt, trying to make myself look like a conspirator, in the hopes that he would sign me on for a trip across the Channel on a smuggling expedition. But there was nothing doing. Apparently, I don't look enough like a smuggler. Next time I go down there I must wear top-boots and a wide-brimmed hat, and keep calling out: "Shiver me timbers, and split me infinitives"—or whatever it is that sailors do split.

I did get talking to one fellow, however, who told me that smuggling was still going strong nowadays, and he gave me a lot of information. But, alas! I discovered he was a Customs officer in plain clothes. According to him

SMUGGLING IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE!

There was a case a few years ago when two business men in London conceived the idea of becoming modern smugglers, and they chartered a French fishing smack to run ninety-one cases of smuggled brandy across to England. The brandy was brought to Calais by one of their agents, and the fishing smack put to sea, intending

to run across the Channel and land the brandy at a quiet spot on the South Coast.

Alas for their intentions! The agent suffered so much from sea-sickness that he told the skipper to make for Newhaven. As soon as the smack was boarded by the Customs officers, the brandy was discovered, with the result that the smugglers had a nice little fine of £498 to pay, together with £31 in costs. That finished the two business men with smuggling.

Any of you who might be spending a holiday on the Continent should remember this—just in case you decide to try a little smuggling on your own account when you return.

Still, here is

A TIP FOR YOU

if you do have a Continental holiday. If you have anything that you think is liable to duty, declare it straight away to the Customs officers, and have it on top of your bag so that he can see it for himself.

Now let us see what sort of questions you fellows have to ask this week. But, first of all, let us give a concerted chuckle at this Limerick which has been sent in by Eric Hodgins, of "The Laurels," 20, Claremont Road, Sandymount, Dublin. He is now the proud possessor of a MAGNET pocket wallet for his effort.

Mr. Samuel Quelch when severe
Fills his pupils with trembling and fear,
For his sharp gimlet eye
Every fault will espy,
And the softest of whispers he'll hear.

By the way, I hope you are not forgetting the fact that a special representative of the MAGNET will be at all the principal seaside resorts this summer looking out for readers. To all boys and girls displaying their copy of the MAGNET prominently he will present FREE a novel gift from the following selection: kites, windmills, large balloons, mystery packets, and flags. See that you catch the eye of our representative.

Here's the first question. Boh Lawther, of Blyth, wants to know which is

THE OLDEST CASTLE IN ENGLAND?

It is either the castle of Richborough, of Studfall, or of Burgh, all of which are existing specimens of Roman castles. Henry II. was responsible for demolishing most of the castles which flourished in this country prior to his reign.

The Famous Five are well to the fore (no pun intended) in next week's long complete Greyfriars yarn, which is entitled "The Mystery of Methuselah!" It will be well up to Frank Richards' usual standard, and you'll be wise not to miss it. Pensonby & Co., of Hightcliffe, play a prominent part in it, and, of course, Bunter makes the usual ass of himself! Then there is another "rib-tickler" of the chums of St. Sam's, which is warranted to bring a smile to the face of anything except a graven image. It's called "Dr. Birchmell's Reward!" and it's the final yarn of the "Treasure" series. When you've managed to get your face straight again after reading it, you can turn to the remarkably fine concluding instalment of John Sylvester's enthralling serial, "The Masked Death." Every line will grip you.

Anything else? Of course! There's be another "Giants of Cricket" article—this time about W. E. Astill of Leicestershire, and full particulars of our Wonderful Free Gift Aeroplane, star programme, etc., discussed in our own little corner conducted by

YOUR EDITOR.

HERE'S THE BRIGHT AND BREEZY HOLIDAY YARN YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

CHUMS ON TRAMP!



Featuring the world-
wide favourites,
Harry Wharton & Co.,
of Greyfriars.

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

"Clear the Way!"

HONK!
Honk, honk, honk!
The motorist behind was growing emphatic.

The Greyfriars walking-party heard—they could not help hearing—but they heeded not.

Motorists, after all, did not matter very much. When a fellow was in a car, of course, it was irritating for pedestrians and cyclists to get in the way. When a fellow was on foot the matter was different. Then it was irritating for some miserable motorist to come up behind, honking on his horn as if all the road belonged to him.

So the walking party deliberately took no heed.

Besides, had they taken heed there was nothing to be done. The five members of the party who were walking could have got out of the road; but Bob Cherry, who was steering the motor-tricycle, couldn't. Methuselah, the motor-tricycle, had been built in the spacious days before the War on expansive lines, and much material had gone to the making of him. On the King's highway, of course, there was ample room for any vehicle to pass Methuselah. But the Greyfriars walking-party were not on the King's highway now. They were following a narrow lane that wound up the Chilterns, and even a bike would not have found it easy to pass the motor-tricycle in that narrow lane. Getting out of the way of the impatient motorist behind was a sheer impossibility.

Bob Cherry could do many things with that motor-trike. He could make it go, which—on its looks—seemed rather a creditable performance. He could do other things with it; but he could not make it fly. And, without rising in the air, he couldn't get out of the way of the little car that was coming up behind.

Honk, honk, honk, honk!
"Silly ass!" remarked Bob Cherry, without turning his head.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"
"I say, that fellow's getting wild."
"It's a free country," remarked Johnny Bull. "Let him get as wild as he likes."

Honk, honk, honk!
"Might get a little speed on," remarked Harry Wharton. "That car has been following us half a mile now."

Bob Cherry grunted.
"The trike's going its best," he said.
"The bestfulness does not seem terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Shall we give you a push, Bob?" asked Frank Nugent blandly.
"Fathead!"

Honk, honk, honk!
Methuselah was doing his best. But, in point of fact, the old motor-trike had not been planned for hill-climbing. The Buster Seven behind was a good

down, in order not to leave the walkers behind. But on that steep rise even Billy Bunter could have walked away from Methuselah.

Strange, weird sounds came from the antiquated jigger; it seemed to strain and pant like an over-driven horse.

Harry Wharton & Co. would not have been greatly surprised had the trike blown up in that great effort.

Fortunately, it did not blow up.

But its progress up the hill was snail-like; and even Bob, great as was his confidence in the powers of that old trike, was rather uneasy. Methuselah undoubtedly was jibbing. If he struck work, matters would be serious. The thoughtful manufacturer had furnished him with pedals, in case of accidents, which were, perhaps, only too likely to occur. But only Hercules could have pedalled that tricycle up a hill, and Hercules was not at hand.

Honk, honk, honk!

With his hands full of Methuselah, that incessant honking behind had a very exasperating effect on Bob Cherry.

He was, in fact, growing as "wild" as the motorist.

Four members of the party were smiling. Even Billy Bunter was looking less disgruntled than usual. Anything that caused the pace to slacken was welcome to William George Bunter.

Only Bob's face, usually so sunny, was not smiling. With Methuselah threatening trouble, and an irritating motorist honking behind, Bob did not feel disposed to smile—all the more so because of his comrades' smiles. He could not help feeling that the present state of affairs made these silly asses think that their criticisms of Methuselah were justified. And Methuselah was Bob's big bargain, and a splendid jigger when all went well. Downhill, at least, he was a real ripper if a fellow could keep him from turning over.

Honk, honk, honk!

The motorist was getting his money's worth out of his horn, if not out of his car.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

Healthy and vigorous chums are we,
Trudging the broad highway,
Seeking adventure where e'er it be,
Cheery the live-long day.

Nothing on earth our spirits can damp,
Come troubles when they may,
We're Wharton & Co., or "Chums on
Off for our Holiday!" [Tramp,]

climber; Methuselah wasn't. So the exasperated motorist was reduced to slowing down and playing a solo on the horn.

Like many of the narrow old lanes in the Chilterns, this particular lane was steep. It was barely six feet wide, and on either side great banks of chalky earth rose higher than the heads of the walking-party, crowned by fences and hedges. The sunken lane was like a fissure in the fertile hillside. Sometimes a cow looked down from the fields above, doubtless attracted by the strange noises made by Methuselah as he negotiated the steep rise.

That he negotiated it at all was, to Bob's mind, a proof of what a splendid jigger he was.

But there was no doubt that he negotiated it slowly and with difficulty.

On level roads Methuselah had to slow

(Copyright in the United States of America.)

Frank Nugent began to sing

"If I had a donkey that wouldn't go!"

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry.
 "Eh? Can't a fellow sing?" asked Nugent in surprise.
 "Shut up, ass!"
 Then Johnny Bull burst into song:

"Oh, listen to the band!"

There was no doubt that Methuselah somewhat resembled a jazz band when he was going strong. Now, straining his utmost on the hill, he resembled a jazz band with an extra allowance for saxophones.

"Can't you fellows shut up!" hissed Bob Cherry.

"After all, Methuselah is making row enough," remarked Harry Wharton. "I hope nobody in Buckinghamshire is having a nap this afternoon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk!
 Then came a roar from behind. The little car had come up quite close, and the fellow who was driving added his voice to the other deafening noises that woke the echoes of the lane and the fields above.

"Hi! Gerroust of the way, you fags! Hi! I'll get down and wallop the lot of you! Hi!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Coker Begs for It!

"COKER!"
 "My hat!"
 That voice was familiar to the Remove fellows of Greyfriars. Only Coker of the Fifth, and a steamer's siren, had a voice like that.
 "The esteemed and ridiculous Coker!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.
 For the first time the chums of the Remove bestowed their attention on the little car that was crawling up the hill behind.

Three fellows were in it.
 The fellow who was driving was Horace Coker, of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars. The other two, who were packed in the little car rather like sardines in a tin, were Potter and Greene.
 "Coker's car!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

The Greyfriars fellows had heard of Coker's car. Horace's Aunt Judy, who gave her darling Horace everything he wanted, had bought him a car for the holidays. Coker had talked about that car at school in an airy way that gave the impression that it was the largest size in the Rolls-Royce line. Indeed, from Coker's talk, one might have gathered that his car was a motor-bus, seating seventy. On actual inspection, however, it turned out to be one of those natty little cars that cover the roads like bluebottles in summer. It was a Buster Seven.

The burly Horace, in fact, looked too big for his car. He took up most of the available space in it, and Potter and Greene wedged in somehow. Holiday-making in Coker's car was not wholly pleasure. The worst of it was that the Buster Seven was practically fool proof, and even Coker could drive it. Potter and Greene lived in hopes of a breakdown that would land them at some comfortable inn for a few days. With Coker driving, it seemed fairly safe to reckon on a breakdown. But that beastly Buster was not merely fool-proof, it was Coker-proof. It refused to break down, and Potter and Greene continued to travel like sardines in a tin.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked back at Coker and his car, with smiling faces. Bob Cherry did not look back. He dared not take his concentrated attention off Methuselah for a moment. He felt that something would happen if he did.

"Hi!" Coker was bellowing now, like the Bull of Bashan. "Hi! You fags! You little beasts! You cheery worms! Hi! Gerroust of the way."
 "They can't, old man," murmured Potter. "There's no room and there's no turning."
 "Don't be an ass, Potter!"
 "But really—" said Greene.
 "Don't be a fathead, Greene!"
 "Oh!"

Owing to the August Bank Holiday the next issue of the MAGNET will be on sale Friday, August 2nd.

Coker edged closer to the party in advance till he was honking almost in Bob Cherry's back.

"Honk, honk, honk!" roared Coker.
 "You hear me?"
 "What do you mean by digging up that antediluvian monster and blocking up the road with it? What?"

"Fathead!" roared Bob Cherry, without turning his head.

"What?" yelled Coker.
 "Idiot!"
 "My hat! I'll get down and mop up the road with that mob!" gasped Coker. "Jevver hear such cheek, you men? As if a man doesn't get enough cheek from those fags at Greyfriars! I'll spifficate them!"

"In a hurry, old bean?" called out Harry Wharton.

"I want to get on, you young ass! What do you mean by blocking up the road with that—that tin spider?"

"Well, can't you get down and carry that crystal set under your arm?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"This—this what?" gasped Coker.
 Coker's rugged face was crimson with wrath. He was sensitive on the subject of the smallness of the Buster Seven. He did not like jokes on that subject. Most assuredly, he did not like his car to be alluded to as a "crystal set." He spluttered with wrath.

"This what? My hat! I—I—I'll—I'll—"

"If you want to get past we'll lift it over the trike for you, if you like," offered Johnny Bull. "Get down and chuck it this way. We'll catch it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Potter and Greene grinned. They were not sensitive about the Buster Seven, as Coker was. It was not their car. In fact, with all Coker's swank about his car, Potter and Greene considered that he might really have had a larger one, with room for a fellow's legs.

"Will you get out of the way?" roared Coker. "Think I'm going to keep behind you till night? What?"

"The thoughtfulness is terrific, my esteemed Coker!"

"Keep cool, old bean," said Harry Wharton soothingly. "As soon as we come to a place where it can be done we'll shift. Until then, grin and bear it."

"You cheery fag!" roared Coker. "Why couldn't you leave that thing on the scrap-heap, where it belongs?"

Bob Cherry breathed hard. He was as sensitive about the trike as Coker was about the Buster Seven.

"Can't you fellows chuck something at that silly ass and shut him up?" demanded Bob.

"Hi! Clear out of the way!" roared Coker. "By Jove! If you don't clear I'll run you down."

"Go it!" chuckled Nugent.

"I fancy you'd get the worst of it," grinned Johnny Bull. "The trike's heavier than your crystal set."

Honk, honk, honk!

"Shut up that row, you dummy!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Gerroust of the way!"

"Fathead!"

"I give you one minute," bawled Coker, "then I'm going to get down and thrash the lot of you."

"I say—" murmured Potter.

"Shut up, Potter."

"But—" remonstrated Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

"Oh, dear!" said Potter and Greene, and they gave it up again.

"I'm going to make an example of those fags," said Coker, breathing hard.

"They check me at Greyfriars, and now they're checking me on the road. But I've told you fellows more than once that I've got a short way with fags. I'll show 'em!"

Coker either didn't realise, or didn't care, that the trike party couldn't get out of the way if they wanted to. High earthen banks shut in either side of the narrow lane, and there was no turning in sight. When a farm cart met another farm cart in such a lane one of them had to back until it reached a spot where a bank had been widened out for the purpose. But these widened spots were few and far between, and none was in sight now. Life ran on leisurely lines when those old lanes were planned—long before the age of motoring, long before even the old Dionysius trike had been thought of. Modern haste and hurry were quite out of place in such a quarter.

But Coker was in a hurry. He had no special reason for haste, except that he was driving a car. But that was reason enough. Like the cannibal in the story, who went to war because he had a new war club, Coker was out to exceed speed limits because he had a new car. Being held up on the road was frightfully exasperating to Coker. He did not exactly think that all the roads in Great Britain belonged to him. He only acted as if he thought so.

Honk, honk, honk, honk!
 The minute's grace had elapsed, and still the trike pursued the even tenor of its way, right under Coker's nose. Coker was a man of his word. Thrashing the cheeky fags was the next item on the programme, and Coker stopped the Buster Seven and jumped down for that purpose.

"Come on, you men!" he shouted to Potter and Greene.

Potter and Greene did not come on.
 When Coker of the Fifth got mixed up with a mob of fags in the Remove passage at Greyfriars Potter and Greene generally found business in another direction. Here they could not depart from the spot, but they were content to be onlookers. They stirred a little, stretching their legs—there was room to stretch them now that Coker's feet were no longer on board. They followed Coker with an interested gaze, but in no other way.

"Now then—" shouted Coker.

His idea was to begin by collaring Bob Cherry and dragging him backwards off the saddle of the motor-tricycle. Billy Bunter jumped out of his way. But four sturdy juniors jumped in his way—right in his way. Coker did not reach Bob Cherry. He reached Wharton, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. And the next moment Coker, in the grasp of four pairs of hands, was in a horizontal attitude, his prominent nose grinding into clayey chalk, somebody sitting on the small of his back, and somebody else sitting on the back of his neck.

night at Greenleaf. What's the good of doing more than two miles a day? I don't believe in making work of a walking tour."

"Suppose you camp here while we go on to Greenleaf?" suggested Johnny Bull. "That would give us a rest."

"The restfulness would be—"

"Terrific!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, you fellows! Look here, I keep on telling you I'm tired," urged Bunter. "You fellows don't seem to care whether a fellow's tired or not. I call it unfeeling. Not pally, you know. For two pins," added Bunter, "I'd leave this party."

Johnny Bull fumbled with the lapel of his jacket, extracted therefrom two pins, and extended them to Bunter.

"There you are," he said.

Bunter blinked at them through his big spectacles.

"Eh? What's that?"

"Two pins."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bull! Don't be a silly ass, you know. Look here, you fellows, are we staying here to camp, or aren't we staying here to camp? Yes or no?"

"No," said the Famous Five together.

"Beasts!"

Bunter consumed cake and ginger-beer in sulky silence.

Cake and ginger-beer chiefly were Billy Bunter's idea of a walking tour. Walking he regarded as superfluous.

Having finished long before Bunter, the Famous Five went for their stroll. Bob Cherry called back to Bunter as he went.

"Keep an eye on the trike, Bunter."

"Blow the trike!" was Bunter's gracious answer.

"Perhaps one of us ought to stay to watch it," said Bob, looking at his chums, and hesitating. "You remember those two tramps who were after it—Snooks and Harris."

"We left them behind in Sussex," said Harry. "You don't think they are trailing that trike all over England, do you?"

"Well, a valuable machine like that is—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Come on!" said Nugent. "Bunter will howl out loud enough for all Bucks and Berks to hear him if he sees a tramp."

"Oh, all right!"

And Bob Cherry went with his comrades, though he cast several lingering glances behind before he disappeared with them.

Bunter continued to consume cake and drink ginger-beer. The load the trike had to carry in the way of provender, was likely to be considerably lightened after Bunter had had his tea. But while Bunter was eating and drinking, he was doing something else that was much more unusual with him. He was thinking.

There was a sly gleam in his little round eyes behind his big round spectacles. He blinked in the direction that the Famous Five had taken. They were out of sight among winding hedges and trees and fields. He blinked several times at Methuselah and grinned. Great thoughts were stirring in Bunter's podgy brain.

Having reached, and passed, the Plimsoll line, the fat junior ceased at last to consume cake and ginger-beer. He rose to his feet and took a long and cautious blink round him.

Then he stepped to the trike.

What Billy Bunter did not know about motor vehicles would have filled enormous volumes. But he knew that if they ran on petrol, and he knew that if the petrol ran out, they would not run. Methuselah had ascended the Chiltern slopes unwillingly; but he had ascended them, thus far, on plenty of "juice." But if the juice failed, Methuselah could go no farther, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not have persuaded him farther up that hill. Billy Bunter had an idea.

He proceeded to empty out the petrol. That done, he turned to the spare can that was fastened on the carrier, unwound the stopper, and let the juice pour out. Then he wound the stopper on again, and fastened the can as before.

Then he chuckled a fat chuckle.

Not a drop of juice remained.

Methuselah was powerless to stir. Methuselah was going to lie as idle as a painted trike upon a painted hill, becalmed.

"He, he, he!" cacknated Bunter.

"I rather think we shall camp here to-night, after all! He, he, he!"

Having carried out that masterly, strategic plan that had flashed into his

fat brain, Bunter returned to the hay. He laid his weary, fat limbs down to rest. Bunter was tired—the sunshine was warm—the hay was cosy and comfortable. Bunter slept, and the deep snore that had been wont to awaken the echoes of the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, reverberated over the Chilterns.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Help for Two!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Snooks!"

"The Snookfulness is terrific!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

And the dingy, shabby, unshaven gentleman in a rag of a hat, who sat up in the gap of the hedge and blinked at the Famous Five, ejaculated:

"Blow me tight!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at the man. It was Alfred Snooks—Honest Alfred Snooks, as he was pleased to call himself. There was no mistaking the red hair, the cast in the eye, the dingy, stubby face, and the cunning, foxy features, of Honest Alfred. He had been sleeping in the shade of the hedge as the Greyfriars fellows sauntered by, and Bob Cherry's surprised exclamation had awakened him.

Mr. Snooks grinned a feeble, ingratiating grin.

"'Arternoon, young gents!" he said.

"Ope I see you well!"

Bob frowned darkly.

"You're after the trike!" he exclaimed.

"No, sir!" said Mr. Snooks. "Nothing of the kind, sir! I never knowed you was in this here quarter at all—never knowed you was in Bucks, sir! Last time I seed you, you was miles from 'ere, t'other side of the river, sir. Never expected to clap eyes on you agin, sir."

The Famous Five looked at him suspiciously. They were not likely to believe that statement.

Mr. Snooks' passionate and almost frantic attempt, to steal the old Dionysius trike was a not forgotten. They knew that he had followed them on the Sussex downs; but in Bucks they had thought that Honest Alfred was happily lost. Now he had turned up again, and they would not credit that it was simply a coincidence.

Bob Cherry was quite convinced that Mr. Snooks was still after the trike, and his comrades agreed with him.

"Jest a 'appy chance meeting, sir!" murmured Mr. Snooks. "Blow me tight if I knowed you was in this county at all. When I saw you standin' before me, sir, you could have knocked me down with a blinking feather."

"Get up," said Bob, "and I'll knock you down with something harder than a feather."

Mr. Snooks grinned feebly, and did not get up. He seemed to feel safer where he was.

"Where's the other rogue?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Bill 'Arris has gone arter a job," said Mr. Snooks. "I 'ope he's going to find one for me, too! I've been out of work for a long time, sir. These are 'ard times for a man, sir! I ain't qualified for the dole, neither."

"Ever done any work at all?" asked Nugent.

"You young gents will 'ave your little joke," said Mr. Snooks. "Being kind-hearted young gents, very likely you'll 'elp a cove on his way. I'm that thirsty—I mean hungry—"

"You've been following us, and

Do you understand your receiver?

Can you keep it in tip-top condition so that every station in its range is at your service—to be called up at the touch of a finger? Things you want to know about your wireless set are always cropping up, so that a reliable source of information is essential. You can have the best advice if you buy POPULAR WIRELESS—the paper that is specially written to help you. This bright weekly is more closely in touch with home and foreign radio progress than any other paper in the world and the leading experts of all countries contribute to its pages. Buy a copy to-day and you'll want it every week.

POPULAR WIRELESS

Every Thursday 3d. At All Newsagents

"You're after the trike!" snapped Bob Cherry.

"Clear enough," said Wharton.

"The clearfulness is preposterous!"

"Kick him!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"What about giving him a wash?" asked Frank Nugent. "There's a pond a little farther on."

Mr. Snooks shuddered. The prospect of getting a wash seemed to unnervise him. No doubt it was a long time since his last experience of that kind. Mr. Snooks, in fact, had no use for water, internally or externally. As a fluid, he disliked it.

"I ain't after the trike, young gents," he said, almost tearfully. "Blow me tight, sir, I ain't! I was jest interested in that old jigger because I used to work in the old Dionysius factory when that pattern was made. That's all, sir. As for pinching it, I wouldn't! When I was at the works, I was always called Honest Alfred."

"You want to be helped on your way?" asked Bob.

Mr. Snooks brightened. He did not look hungry; but there was no doubt that he was thirsty. Mr. Snooks had a perpetual thirst, which was worth pounds to the nearest publican when Alfred was in funds.

"That's it, sir," he said eagerly. "If you had a 'arf-crown to spare, it might save a bloke's life, sir! I ain't had a square meal for weeks."

"How long since you had a square drink?" asked Nugent.

"Months, sir, blow me tight!"

"My hat! It must have been a hefty one when you had it, for you're still scented with it."

Undoubtedly there was an aroma around Mr. Snooks which hinted that he had lately been exerting himself manfully in support of the drink traffic. In fact, there was a glassiness in his gaze, and a slight uncertainty in his speech, which hinted that he had not yet wholly recovered from those exertions.

"You squiffy boulder!" said Bob Cherry, in disgust. "While you're wallowing in that hedge, I suppose the other rogues are looking for the trike."

"Looking for work, sir, blow me tight!" asseverated Mr. Snooks. "Both of us, sir, looking for work!"

If Mr. Snooks was looking for work, it was clear that he was not looking very hard. But that was easily explained. Probably he was afraid that he might find some.

"Elp a cove on his way, sir," pleaded Mr. Snooks. "Jest 'elp a cove on his way, and give him a chance to get a start!"

"We'll do that!" said Bob.

"Rot!" hooted Johnny Bull. "You're not going to give that frowsy villain any money, you ass!"

"Who's talking about giving him any money?" asked Bob. "We're going to help him on his way."

"There are more ways of terminating the career of an esteemed cat than the chokefulness with cream!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The excellent and execrable Snooks may be helped on his way bootfully."

"Oh," said Johnny Bull, "if that's the idea—"

"That's it!" said Bob.

"Good egg!"

"Look 'ere—" protested Mr. Snooks belligerently.

Then he gave a wrathful howl, as Bob Cherry grasped him by his dirty collar, and hooked him out of the hedge into the road.

"Ow! Leggo! 'Ands off! Blow me tight!"

"Help him on his way!" grinned Bob.

"Which way are you going, Snooksey?"

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Give him a start!"

Mr. Snooks was given a start. Then the Famous Five helped him on his way, all at once with great vigour. Mr. Snooks was not a big man, but room was found on him for five boots, and they all landed at once, hard.

Mr. Snooks fairly flew.

He flew and stumbled and rolled and roared.

"Help him on his way!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha! On the ball!"

The five juniors rushed after the cycle thief. Honest Alfred Snooks picked himself up with great activity, and ran for his life.

"After him!"

"Tally-ho!"

Mr. Snooks ran desperately, turned from the lane, plunged through a hedge, scampered across a field, and vanished. Obviously, he was able to get on his way without further help.

"That will be a warning to him!" growled Bob. "He's after the trike, of course; he's followed us again to steal it. I wish we could find the other rotter, and give him some of the same!"

Bob's wish was destined to be gratified.

After that unexpected meeting with Mr. Snooks, the juniors cut short their stroll, and walked back to the hay-

WOLVERHAMPTON WINS!

A MAGNET pocket-knife has been awarded to the sender of the following rousing rib-tickler.

THE REASON WHY!

Tommy: "Do you know why the hand of the Statue of Liberty is only eleven inches long?"

Dick: "No; what's the reason?"

Tommy: "Well, you silly cuckoo, if it were another inch, it would be a foot, wouldn't it?"

Sent in by Albert C. Jackson, 33, St. John's Street, Wolverhampton, Staffs. Who's next, please?

field where the trike and Bunter had been left. Bob was uneasy about Methuselah, and though the other fellows were not, they had already learned that Bob had to be given his head where the trike was concerned. So they walked back, and as they came in sight of the haystack and the tricycle standing near it, and the melodious snore of Billy Bunter burst upon their ears, they also came in sight of a dingy figure standing a few yards from the jigger, looking at it.

They had only a back view of him, but the fat figure of William Harris, the comrade of Alfred Snooks, was quite familiar. Evidently Mr. Harris had been looking for the trike—and had found it. Whether Bill Harris was going to seize the trike himself, or fetch his comrade to the spot, the juniors didn't know, and did not stop to inquire. They advanced on Mr. Harris from behind, and that gentleman gave a sudden howl of alarm as he was seized.

"Ow! My eye! Wot—" he gasped. He spun round in the grasp of the Famous Five.

"Ow! You! Leggo!" gasped Mr. Harris.

"Not after the trike?" asked Bob Cherry genially.

"You believe me, sir, I ain't! Jest looking at it!" gasped Mr. Harris.

"You don't want to be helped on your way?"

"Well, sir, if you puts the question, I could do with it," said Mr. Harris. "A 'elping 'and is always welcome, sir."

"Helping hands are off!" explained Bob Cherry. "But there are plenty of helping feet about."

"Lots!" said Nugent. "Five pairs here—or six, counting Bob's as two pairs."

"You silly ass—"

"Look 'ere, blow you!" shouted Mr. Harris, wriggling to escape. "Don't you start a-kicking me, or I'll— Yarooop! Whoop! Wow!"

Mr. Harris was spun round, and five boots helped him on his way, as they had helped Mr. Snooks. Like his friend and comrade, Mr. Harris did not wait for further help. He fled wildly.

"That's put paid to rotter number two," said Harry Wharton, with a smile. "I fancy it will be a long time before we see Mr. Snooks and Mr. Harris again. What do you fellows say?"

"The longfulness will be terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Jolly narrow escape of losing that trike," said Bob, as Mr. Harris vanished over the horizon. "Fancy those rotters following us all this time! Shows that they think this trike jolly valuable." He glared at a half-hidden figure in the hay, from which a deep and reverberating snore proceeded. "That's how Bunter keeps watch. Might have lost the trike while that fat idiot was snoring. Jolly good mind to go on and leave him there."

"Get the jigger going," said Harry.

"I'll wake Bunter."

Bob went to the tricycle to start up. Harry Wharton jammed a boot into Bunter's fat ribs. There was a howl.

"Ow! Wow!"

"Wake up, fathead!"

"Beast! Lemme alone!"

"Time to get up, you howling ass."

"Ow! 'Tain't rising-bell."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Apparently Bunter had awakened under the impression that he was in the dormitory at Greyfriars.

"Fathead! We're going on," said Wharton. "Do you want to stay here on your own? You can if you like, and welcome."

"The welcomefulness is terrific."

Bunter sat up, rubbed his eyes, and blinked round him. He grinned as he saw Bob Cherry leaning over Methuselah with a perplexed expression on his face. Then he lay down again.

"I'm not going on!" he said.

"You'll be left behind."

"Oh, rats!"

"You fat duffer!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "We're starting as soon as Bob gets the jigger going."

"He, he, he!"

"What is the fat duffer cackling at? Wake up, Bunter!"

"Shan't!"

And Bunter curled up in the hay and went to sleep again. His deep snore resounded once more, but there came no sound from Methuselah. Bunter slept peacefully—without any fear whatever of being left behind if the walking-party waited till Bob Cherry had started up the trike.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Dry!

BOB CHERRY did not speak. It was useless to speak. Words could not have expressed his feelings.

His ruddy face grew rather more ruddy, and a glint came into his blue eyes. But he was silent.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

His comrades exchanged a glance. They were careful not to smile.

That exchange of glances intimated that the Co. realised that Methuselah was "at it" again.

But it would have been quite dangerous to smile.

That forced calm on the part of Robert Cherry hinted of deep feeling. It reminded his comrades of a volcano covered with ice, such as may be found among Greenland's icy mountains; cold and calm, but liable to a terrific outburst at any moment.

Something was the matter with Methuselah. That, of course, was no new experience; often and often there was something the matter with Methuselah. The intricacies of its ancient engine were a mystery to the Co., but Bob Cherry had explored the mysterious recesses, and claimed to understand the whole bag of tricks. He believed that Methuselah had no secrets from him. He had even declared that where Methuselah differed from a vehicle of more recent date, he differed rather for the better. Nevertheless, there was no doubt that at times—many times—Methuselah seemed to suffer from some strange pain in his ancient inside. There were times when he went on strike for no explicable reason. But never had his failure to respond been more inexplicable than at the present moment.

The sunset was reddening the slopes of the Chilterns, turning the windows of farmhouses to crimson squares. Weary ploughmen homeward plodded their way, and exchanged cheery rural greetings with the schoolboys as they passed the group by the haystack. Billy Bunter, happy in the hay, snored a sonorous snore. Four juniors, considerable for a worried chum, waited patiently; they did not smile, they did not even yawn. Bob Cherry, with a forced calm that grew more and more forced, and a glint in his eyes that was growing positively dangerous, wrestled with the motor-tricycle.

"Can a fellow help?" asked Nugent at last.

No answer.

"Bob, old chap—"

"No, thanks!" said Bob, with almost ferocious politeness. "Much obliged, but I don't think you could help! You see, this jigger isn't fool-proof."

"Might be a mechanic at Greenleaf!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Quite possible," agreed Bob. "That's a rather valuable suggestion—as Greenleaf is two miles away, uphill. Think you could carry this tricycle under your arm as far as that?"

"Might fetch the mechanic to it!" said Johnny.

"Probably you think a mechanic knows more than I do about a Dionysius tricycle. I don't agree."

Johnny Bull grunted. Patience was all very well, and palliness was all very well, but Johnny thought there was a limit.

"The mechanic, if there is one, may be a very, very old man, and remember the time when that make of machine was made!" he said.

"If idiotic cackle could help a fellow get a trike going, this jigger would fairly jump!" said Bob.

"Look here, old chap—" said Wharton.

"You can't keep quiet for a few minutes?" inquired Bob.

Methuselah really seemed to have a devastating effect on Bob Cherry's sunny temper.

"Well, we've kept quiet for about an hour," said the captain of the Remove.

"The trouble is, Methuselah seems to be

keeping quiet, too. Is the dashed thing ever going to start?"

"Let's look at it," said Johnny Bull. "Dash it all, Bob, we can't wait about here like this! If you can't get it going perhaps another fellow can."

Bob Cherry breathed hard and deep. He stepped back from Methuselah.

"You can try, if you like," he said. "If you muck the whole thing up it means camping here for the night."

The juniors gathered round the trike. It was true that Bob knew more about the mysterious workings of Methuselah than the other fellows did. Still, it was possible that in the multitude of counsels there would be wisdom.

"Got plenty of juice?" asked Johnny.

"Ass!"

"Well, look here, the thing can't run without juice. Are you sure you filled up with juice?"

"I'm sure I filled up with juice," said Bob Cherry, breathing harder and deeper. "I don't think I'm quite such a fool as to think that a trike will go without juice. You can peep into it if you like, if you think I'm such a benighted idiot as to forget to fill up."

"That's all right," said Wharton soothingly. "Bob filled up fresh a little while before we camped here. I remember."

"Might have used up the juice," said Johnny.

"I filled up enough for eight hours," said Bob calmly. "Of course, the trike may have mopped up eight times as much as usual. I don't think it's likely

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.

GOTRREPTOEQ

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

Last week's solution was—
Monty Newland.

myself; but, of course, I don't claim to know so much about these things as you do, Bull!"

This was bitter sarcasm.

"What about a leak?" asked Frank.

"The leakfulness of the esteemed vehicle would account for the milkin' of the preposterous coconut," remarked Hurreo Janset Ram Singh.

"Can you see any sign of a leak?" asked Bob.

"Well, no; but—"

"Then why talk like a fool?" inquired Bob.

"My esteemed chum—"

"Cheese it! If you can get that trike going, get it going. No need to waste time in idiotic cackle!"

"Well, I think we'd better make sure there's juice on," said Johnny Bull, who had a streak of obstinacy in him. "It seems to me rather fatheaded to keep on messing about with a jigger, without making sure in the first place that a simple thing like that is all right."

"The juice is all right," said Bob. "But you can poke your silly nose into the tank if you want to. No objections, I'm sure."

Johnny Bull restrained the retort that rose to his lips, turned to the trike, and proceeded to examine it. In the short space of ten seconds he discovered that there was not a single solitary drop of juice available.

"Got any more petrol, Bob?" he asked.

"There's the can on the carrier."

"That's lucky."

"We can't afford to throw petrol away," remarked Bob Cherry. "If you start pouring more into a full tank it will overflow. Some fellows would know that, without being told."

"The tank's empty."

"Fathead!"

"Quite empty."

"Idiot!"

"Not a drop in it."

"We may come across a home for idiots while we're on this trip," remarked Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "If we do, I think we ought to leave Bull there. I don't think he ought to be about loose."

"The tank's empty!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Blind," asked Bob, "or only silly?"

"Look for yourself, you chump."

"I don't need to peer into a full tank to make sure that it isn't empty. I leave that to born fools!"

"But it's really empty, old fellow," said Harry.

"It isn't empty."

"The emptiness is terrific."

"It isn't empty, because it's full," explained Bob Cherry. "If you fellows think I've been trying to start up a motor without any juice, you can think so if you jolly well like. I've given up expecting any sense from you chaps for a long time."

Bob Cherry's comrades glared at him. As he had recently filled up the tank, it was pardonable that he should have taken it for granted that the juice was there. Still, facts were facts. The juice wasn't there!

"Will you look at it yourself, you pie-faced, puffing dummy?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, I'll look!" yawned Bob. "Anything to please your poor little wandering mind."

He looked.

There was a deep, deep silence, broken only by the snore of a fat junior in the hay.

"Oh!" said Bob at last.

He said no more. Silence was eloquent enough. Silently he turned to the spare can and lifted it from the carrier.

A can of petrol requires a certain amount of lift! An empty can does not.

Bob, naturally believing the can to be full, put in the amount of lift required for a heavy can. The can being empty, it came up almost like a feather, and Bob staggered back and sat down with it in his arms.

"Oh!" he ejaculated.

Johnny Bull stared at him.

"What on earth are you up to, Bob?" he demanded.

"What are you down to?" grinned Nugent.

Bob gasped.

"This can's empty."

"Empty!"

"Must be; it doesn't weigh anything. I thought it was full." Bob jumped up, unscrewed the stopper, and blinked into the can. "Empty! Not a drop!"

"You've run out of petrol!" roared Johnny Bull.

"No."

"Got another can?"

"No."

"Then where's the petrol?"

"It was in this can."

"My only hat! I know there was petrol in that can, as it's a petrol can. I didn't suppose it was a tea-caddy!"

hooted Johnny Bull. "What I want to know is, where is the petrol now?"

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton.

"We've run out of juice, and—oh, my hat!—we're landed!"

"We haven't run out of juice," said Bob, with the same ferocious calmness. "I'm in charge of the juice. We might



"If you want helping on your way, Snooksey," said Bob Cherry, "we'll help you!" "Look 'ere—" protested Mr. Snooks belligerently. Then he gave a wrathful howl as Bob Cherry grasped him by his dirty collar, and hooked him out of the hedge into the road. "Give him a start, chaps!" yelled Bob. (See Chapter 4.)

run out of it if one of you fellows was in charge of it. In fact, we should be sure to run out of it. But as I'm in charge of it, we don't, and haven't."

"Then where is it?" shrieked Johnny Bull.

"It's been raided!"

"What?"

"Some villain has emptied the tank and stolen the petrol from this can, or chucked it away."

"Oh, my hat!"

"That tramp Harris—" began Nugent.

"Harris hadn't touched the trike when we collared him."

"Then who—"

The deep, sonorous snore from the hay seemed to answer that question. All eyes turned on the sleeping beauty in the hay.

"Bunter wanted us to camp here!" said Bob.

"Oh, my hat! Bunter!"

"I'm going to smash him!"

Bob strode towards the sleeping beauty. And his comrades, with one accord, rushed after him. The look on Bob's face was homicidal, and it was only too evident that he would be in need of restraint when he began dealing with William George Bunter.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Beastly for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER awoke suddenly. Bunter was not easy to wake, but that drive from Bob Cherry's boot, which took effect on Bunter's fat ribs, effectually awakened him. It would have awakened Rip Van Winkle.

"Yaroooooo!" roared Bunter.

He sat up.

"Owl! Beast! Gerraway! Wow! Wharrer you kicking me for? Wow!"

"Get up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Owl! Shan't! Beast!"

Bunter changed his mind the next

moment. He got up—just in time to escape another lunge from a boot. He jumped out of the way with the activity of a kangaroo.

"Hold on, Bob!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, catching the excited junior by the arm. "You don't know that it was Bunter—"

"I do!"

"Well, we'll make sure first."

"I'm sure already, and I'm going to smash him."

"Yaroo! Keep him off! It wasn't me!" yelled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, keep that beast off!"

Gently but firmly the Co. restrained Bob Cherry. If Bunter was the guilty party, Bunter had to be made an example of; but it was only cricket to make sure first. Bob was in a mood to take a lot for granted.

"I tell you I know it was Bunter!" roared Bob.

"You know such a jolly lot!" grunted Johnny Bull. "You knew that the trike was full up with juice, didn't you?"

"I tell you I'm going to burst that fat villain—"

"Cheese it!"

"You silly, cheeky asses—"

"Hold him!"

By main force Bob Cherry was held back from Bunter. Vengeance had to wait. Bob was disposed to take as an example the "Jedwood Justice" of olden time, when an offender was hanged first and tried afterwards. His comrades were a little more judicial.

"Chuck it, old man," said Harry Wharton. "Now, Bunter—"

"Let me go, you silly idiots!"

"Fathead! Bunter, did you spill the juice out of the jigger?"

"Eh? Certainly not!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows, keep that beast off. I'm not going to thrash him, after that long walk. I'm tired."

"I—I—I—" stuttered Bob.

"Did you empty the spare can?"

"I never knew there was a spare can."

"Have you meddled with the trike at all?"

"Never been near it," said Bunter. "I'd forgotten all about it. Very likely it was that fellow Harris."

"You fat villain!" roared Bob Cherry. "You let the juice out of the jigger to keep us from going on to-night."

"Nothing of the kind. I don't know how to let the juice out. I've never even noticed that little tap—"

"What?"

"As for letting out the juice, why should I? Making a fearful smell of petrol all over the place," said Bunter. "I can tell you, the smell was something frightful!"

"Then you did let it out?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Eh? No, I've just told you I didn't."

"He's owned up—"

"I say, you fellows, I haven't owned up!" yelled Bunter. "Nothing of the sort. I never did it. It was the tramp Harris. I saw him—"

"You were fast asleep when Harris was here, you fat fibber, and you never knew he had been here till you heard us say so, after you woke up."

"I—I mean—"

"Well, what do you mean?"

"I—I mean it wasn't Harris. It was another man. I—I saw him—"

"You saw another man?"

"Yes; that's it."

"While you were asleep?" yelled Nugent.

"Nunno. N n-not while I was asleep, of course!" stammered Bunter. "It—it was before I went to sleep. See? He came creeping up and—and—and let the juice out of the jigger under my very eyes—"

"And you let him?"

"Ho—he had a revolver—"

"A—a—a revolver?" stuttered Wharton.

"Yes. He levelled it at me and said 'Hands up!'—like they do on the

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

American films, you know. Of course, I should have stopped him, otherwise. As matters stood, I couldn't."

The juniors stared at Bunter.

"One of those motor baddits, you know," added Bunter. "A frightful-looking ruffian, with a face like—like yours, Bull."

"What?"

"I mean frightfully ugly, you know. Dangerous looking. I'd have knocked him spinning, but what was a fellow to do when he drew a knife—"

"A—a—a knife?"

"Yes; and brandished it right under a fellow's eyes, you know. I suppose you didn't want to come back and find me stabbed to the heart!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Was he going to stab you with the revolver?" asked Nugent. "It was a revolver a minute ago."

"I—I mean—"

"Let's hear what you mean, by all means."

"I mean he had a revolver in one hand and a knife in the other. He levelled the revolver in one hand and brandished the knife in the other while he was taking the petrol out of the trike—"

"Oh, crumbs! What hand did he handle the trike with?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean—" gasped Bunter.

There was no doubt that Bunter was getting a little mixed.

"So he had three hands?" said Nugent. "Must have been a handsome fellow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I mean he—he—he—" stammered Bunter.

"Is that the best you can do?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I hope you can take a fellow's word!"

"Great pip!"

"As for letting the juice out of the jigger just to stay here and camp, I never thought of it," said Bunter. "If you fellows think I watched you out of sight, you're mistaken. I never watched you go at all, and didn't see you go out of sight past those trees. It's a bit sickening for a fellow's word to be doubted like this. Not gentlemanly!"

"Let me get at him!" breathed Bob Cherry sulphurously.

"Well, it's pretty clear," said Harry. "Don't kill him, old bean; but anything short of that—"

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter did not wait.

As his comrades' restraining hands loosened, Bob made a jump for Bunter. Bunter made a jump to escape.

In ordinary circumstances a race between Billy Bunter and Bob Cherry would have resembled a race between a tortoise and a hare. But the circumstances were not ordinary.

Billy Bunter fled for his fat life.

The speed he put on was remarkable. He flew down the lane like a fat rabbit, with Bob raging on his track. What would happen exactly if Bob overtook him Bunter did not know. But he knew that it would be something painful. How he put on such a speed was a mystery to Bunter, and a mystery to the onlookers. But his feet seemed barely to touch the ground as he flew.

"Go it, Bunter!" roared the juniors. "Go it, Bob!"

Both of them were going it.

They disappeared down the winding lane, Bunter still ahead, and vanished round a corner, both going strong.

"Oh, my fat!" gasped Wharton. "I rather hope Bunter will get clear. I

fancy something will happen to him if he doesn't."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The fat villain!" said Nugent.

"We're booked to camp here to-night, after all, unless you fellows think you can wheel Methuselah two miles uphill."

"The thoughtfulness is not terrific."

"No jolly fear!" said Harry. "Let's camp. After all, it's a jolly place for a camp. One or two of us can walk to Greenleaf for supplies for supper—lots of time—"

"Might go on, and leave the trike for Bob," suggested Johnny Bull.

Wharton laughed, and shook his head.

"Poor old Bob! We'll get him some juice in the village and bring it back for him. Let's camp."

And the tent was unpacked, and the four juniors prepared to camp. Bob and Bunter were still absent—apparently the chase was still proceeding on the chalky slopes of the Chilterns. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent walked on to the village for supplies, in the shape of provender and petrol, leaving Johnny Bull and Harroo Singh busy in the camp. Bob Cherry and Billy Bunter were busy elsewhere. A stern chase is a long chase!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Dignity!

"HEM!" remarked George Potter of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars.

"Hem!" murmured William Greene.

Coker said nothing.

For a long time Coker had said nothing.

That in itself was remarkable.

Generally, the most active part of Horace Coker was his chin.

Now his chin was still; his powerful voice was silent. On his brow sat offended dignity.

Lofty, disdainful, even majestic in his wrath, was Horace Coker, from his own point of view. From the point of view of Potter and Greene it was simply a case of old Coker having "got 'em" again.

Coker, like the prophet of old, felt that he did well to be angry. In the hour of need he had been basely deserted by his pals, whose one thought, of course, should have been to back up Coker, in whatever shindy his irate temper and overpowering personality might land him.

Potter and Greene had sat in the Buster Seven and watched Coker dealt with by the cheery Removeites. They had watched him overturned, bumped, hustled and hustled, rolled and ragged, reduced to a state of breathless exhaustion and dusty dishevelment—without lifting a finger.

Coker had been practically left for dead by the chums of the Remove; and Potter and Greene, from the Buster Seven, had watched his slow recovery.

True, they had forborne, with great self-control, to smile. Coker did not even know that they felt disposed to smile. It was not, so far as Coker could see, a smiling matter. But they had stood aside—or, at least, had sat aside—while he was handled by the fags, and they had taken no heed.

That ragging of Coker had passed them by like the idle wind which they regarded not. They had sat, as Coker bitterly reflected, like spectators in a Roman arena, while a gladiator went down under sword or trident. They had sat indifferent.

Was this, Coker asked himself, the conduct a fellow had a right to expect from his pals—pals whom he cherished,

whom he corrected in their faults for their own good, whom he was never tired of lecturing for their improvement?

When Coker asked himself that question he could only answer it in the negative. The conduct of Potter and Greene was not the conduct a fellow had a right to expect from his pals.

Coker did not slay these faithless friends. He did not hurl them forth from the Buster Seven and strew the Chiltern Hills with their remains. He did not utter a word of reproach. He did not utter a word at all.

With silent dignity, Coker—when he had recovered—resumed his place at the wheel of the Buster Seven.

The Remove fellows were long gone—out of reach of vengeance. Perhaps it had even dawned on Coker that vengeance was a doubtful proposition after what had occurred. Anyhow, he dismissed the fags from his mind.

With grim, austere brow, silent as the Sphinx, Coker sat at the wheel, and the Buster Seven resumed the negotiation of the Chiltern slopes. Not a word from Coker as the little car ran on, hill-climbing in great style, as is the way of the Buster Seven. Not that Potter and Greene wanted any word from Coker. They had had lots of words from Coker—too many—during that tour in the Buster Seven.

When Coker talked he went into the business wholesale. In the rare intervals when he did not talk, the repose was delightful. Now that offended dignity and outraged friendship kept Coker silent, Potter and Greene could not help feeling the relief from a long strain.

But it was growing awkward.

The Buster Seven hopped cheerily into Greenleaf, and stopped at the little old ivy-clad inn, where the party were booked to remain that night. It was a delightful old inn, looking exactly the same as it had looked in the days when John Hampden rode the lanes of Buckinghamshire. There was, as the sign announced, refreshment for man and beast; which Potter and Greene took to imply refreshment for themselves and Coker.

Tea in the inn garden, under ancient trees which had been saplings when the Plantagenets were kings, was substantial and enjoyable. The silence of Coker did not detract from the enjoyment. Rather it enhanced it.

Still, the situation was growing awkward.

Delightful as Coker's silence was, Potter and Greene felt that it would not do.

They were, after all, Coker's guests. In the Buster Seven there was hardly room for a fellow's legs, so long as Coker persisted in keeping his feet on board, as naturally he did.

Still, it was Coker's car, and he was standing this tour. The very tea they were consuming, which was made so pleasant by Coker's silence, was stood by Coker. Offended dignity on the part of the host was awkward for the guests. It couldn't continue like this.

Coker, apparently, was prepared to keep it up, to explore the highways and byways of rural England with Potter and Greene, in dignified silence—without opening his mouth except for the reception of provender. But his comrades felt that it simply would not do. They had to placate Coker, or part with Coker.

Parting with Coker had its attractions. Any place where Coker wasn't present was, ipso facto, a pleasant place of sojourn.

Still, a summer tour in a Buster Seven was a summer tour in a Buster

(Continued on page 12.)

Giants of Cricket

By "Sportsman."

To play in a Test Match in England. . . . to captain an English Eleven on tour, and, eventually, to lead an England side on to the field at Lords—these were the early longings of J. W. H. T. Douglas; and they all came to pass!

No. 5. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS

(England and Essex).

CRICKET is a game which every right-minded boy loves, and so, if only because of this, Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas must take credit for being sensible in his childhood days. He was, and is, passionately fond of the game, and perhaps this is in a great measure due to the fact that his father was an exceedingly good cricketer; not first class, but generally regarded as a fine player in local, or suburban, games. He assisted Clapton and one or two other sides, and it was young Johnny's great pleasure to watch him perform. Then in his spare time Mr. Douglas used to coach his son in his garden. He it was who instilled in the future England captain the absolute necessity of a perfectly safe defence, and I remember the many hours he spent with his small bat while Douglas senior and I were bowling with a composition ball and instructing the small boy in the proper manner of dealing with each delivery.

When Douglas was sent to a small boarding-school in Lincolnshire he immediately got into the cricket eleven. When the holidays came along, he would sometimes be given a place in the Clapton side—when they turned up one man short. And on other occasions he accompanied his father, and was satisfied to fill the role of scorer. It was all good training, and some of the players predicted a successful future for the youngster because he always played with a straight bat.

AS he grew bigger he gradually improved, and there came a day when he was removed from the Lincolnshire school and entered Felsted, where the cricket was on a very much higher plane. In his first year he played in the second eleven, but the next summer saw him in the first team, and he did pretty well. I well remember his telling me one day, after playing a fairly good innings for his school, that he'd made up his mind to play for his county. At the time I thought he was over-optimistic.

Anyhow, his ambition was eventually gratified and his optimism was always predominant. For instance, when he first played for Essex he made up his mind to play for the Gentlemen against the Players. Then, having attained that proud distinction, he wanted to be chosen by the M.C.C. for a Colonial tour—to play in a Test match in England—to captain an England eleven on tour—and, eventually, to lead an England side on to the field at Lord's. All these longings came in the above order as he made good.

His first trial for Essex was the result of a particularly good season at school, in 1901, when he was eighteen years of age. The summer holidays came along, and he was asked to play for Essex 2nd XI against Middlesex 2nd XI at Leyton. He scored 120 odd. Then came the return match at Lord's, where he carried his bat through the innings and got, I think, 69. This was a pretty good start; anyhow, as a result, he was asked to play in the first eleven in the next three matches, v. Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, and Derbyshire.

IN the first game, against Yorkshire, he gave no indication of his possessing any great cricket ability, for in the two innings he received only five balls, two of which hit his wicket and the other three struck his thigh. 'Two ducks' eggs! And the bowler was George Hirst. Douglas told me afterwards that he made up his mind that if he were given another chance to play against the "Tykes" he'd make their arms ache through bowling at him; and this resolve materialised, as since then he has played some very patient and long innings when opposing Yorkshire. Perhaps his biggest revenge was taken when he got five of their wickets in eight balls at Leyton.

I remember Douglas playing in a match against Lancashire, at Old Trafford, when the wicket was bad and Huddleston was making the batsmen look stupid. Douglas scoffed at his colleagues for getting out so quickly, and was reminded that he was to go in at the fall of the next wicket.



J. W. H. T. Douglas, England's hardest-working cricketer.

The first ball he received was a slow one, and he dashed down the pitch to hit it out of the ground. But he missed it, and was stumped for a duck's egg.

PERHAPS one of the biggest thrills Douglas had in connection with first-class cricket occurred one Monday during the summer of 1912, when England, Australia, and South Africa competed in a triangular tournament. Essex hadn't a match on that particular day, and so Douglas went up to his father's office with the intention of putting in some work. Soon after his arrival he had occasion to go out and make a business call, and didn't hurry back. But when he re-entered his office all the clerks were excited, and he was told that the authorities had been on the telephone from the Oval; that he was wanted to play for England against Australia that day; that his bag had been wired for from Leyton, and was probably already on its way to the Oval; that he was late, and a good many other things. Naturally he, as well as the office staff, was excited because he had been very anxious to play in a Test match in England; anyhow, he jumped into a cab, arrived at the Oval twenty minutes late, and went in to bat.

There is no doubt that the proudest moment of Douglas' life was when he captained the side which won the rubber in Australia during the 1911-12 tour. Owing to "Plum" Warner's illness after the first match, Douglas had the honour of captaining the side, and this wonderful experience of skippering such a magnificent eleven which won in very handsome style four out of the five "Tests" was the very apex of his ambition. What a team England had! Jack Hobbs, Rhodes, George Gunn, Woolley, Mead, Hearne, and F. R. Foster all at their best in batting; and Sidney Barnes, the greatest bowler of all time, and Foster bowling as only they knew how to bowl.

(Next week "Sportsman" will tell you some interesting facts concerning Ewart Astill, Leicester's match-winning all-rounder.)

"CHUMS ON TRAMP!"

(Continued from page 10.)

Seven. There was no denying that. It couldn't be done without Coker; Coker had to be stood along with it, like the fies and the dust.

Potter and Greene decided on placating Coker. Refreshed by tea and by Coker's long silence, they commenced operations.

But to "hemming" from his comrades Coker paid no attention.

He was not to be easily placated. He was sorely wounded. Physically he still suffered from aches and pains, due to his wild combat with the Removites. Morally, he suffered from the pangs of outraged friendship. This double dose of suffering confirmed him in his attitude of lofty and scornful indifference.

"Hemming" having failed to draw a sign from Coker, Potter proceeded to speech. The thing was, he felt, growing absurd—three fellows sitting blinking at one another like moulting owls in painful silence. This couldn't go on if the tour was to go on. They had to bring Coker round, or chuck Coker. It was rather an awkward spot for chucking Coker, miles from a railway station, with no means of transport but the Buster Seven. Horace Coker had to be brought round.

"Lovely spot!" said Potter at last.

No answer.

"Ripping old inn, Coker!"

Coker turned towards Potter, and gave him the benefit of a fixed and steady stare.

"Did you speak to me, Potter?"

"Why, yes, old chap."

"Then don't!"

"Eh?"

"Don't!"

"Oh!" said Potter, discouraged.

"We've had a ripping tea!" said Greene, after a long and painful pause. "Trust old Coker to pick out a good place! How do you do it, Coker?"

In ordinary circumstances Greene would have got a bite with this bait. But Coker was too deeply offended this time. He did not thaw. Instead, he stared at Greene as he had stared at Potter.

"Did you speak to me, Greene?" he asked.

"Yes, old fellow," said Greene feebly.

"Well, don't!"

"Oh!"

Silence again!

The silence grew painful. Coker sat and stared grimly before him. Potter and Greene stared at one another.

It was quite a relief when Coker rose to his feet.

"Going to look at the car?" asked Potter.

No reply.

"Going for a walk?" asked Greene.

Heedless, Coker signed to the plump waiter who was hovering in the garden, occasionally swiping at a wasp with a serviette.

"Is there a post office in this village, waiter?" Coker asked.

"Yes, sir; just down the street next to the old oak-tree, sir. Mrs. Files' grocery shop and drapery store and post office, sir."

"Thank you!" said Coker, with dignity.

He moved off. Potter and Greene exchanged a glance, and rose.

"Going to the post office, Coker?"

Coker was deaf, or dumb.

"Like us to trot along, old chap?"

Coker walked into the inn.

"Oh, my hat!" said Potter.

"Oh, my aunt!" said Greene.

"The silly idiot!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

"The silly chump!"

"The howling ass!" said Potter.

"The benighted cuckoo!" said Greene.

"I wish those fags had thumped him a little harder," remarked Potter.

"I wish they had!" concurred Greene.

"The burbling fathead!"

"The frabjous frump!"

"Well, let's go for a stroll," said Potter. "After all, we can enjoy a stroll, if Coker is somewhere else."

"That's so. Let's!"

Potter and Greene accompanied one another on a stroll. Coker headed for the post office on his lonely own, accompanied only by his offended dignity—remote, unfriendly, solitary, slow, like the Traveller in the poem. But from his morose and majestic dignity he was startled as he entered the establishment which was a grocery, a drapery store, and a post office, by a sudden exclamation in a familiar voice:

"My hat! Coker!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Eggy!

"COKER!" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"Coker!" repeated Frank Nugent.

The two juniors stared at Coker.

They had not expected to see the great Horace again so soon. They had supposed that the swift wheels of the Buster Seven had borne him far away long ago, knowing, of course, nothing of Coker's route, and never guessing that he had been heading for Greenleaf when he had honked behind Methuselah!

The two juniors had completed their purchases in the village store. A large parcel of provender and a can of petrol were ready for transport to the camp by the haystack. Wharton had just finished settling the bill with Mrs. Files behind the counter, when Coker happened. There were no other customers in the village store; business was never brisk at Greenleaf. Mrs. Files had woke up from a nap to serve her two customers, and was preparing to sink into another nap, when a rush of custom appeared in the form of Coker.

Coker halted, and stared at the two juniors. The meeting surprised him as much as it surprised them. Really, they seemed fated to meet.

"You!" said Coker.

"Us!" agreed Wharton.

"Little us!" smiled Frank Nugent.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Coker. One might have supposed, from Coker's manner, that the village of Greenleaf belonged to him, as well as all the roads in Great Britain.

"What are we doing?" repeated Wharton.

"Yes, what are you doing?"

"At the present moment we are looking at a silly ass!"

"What?"

"A silly ass!"

Coker's eyes glistened. On the road he had handled four of the juniors, or, rather, they had handled him. Even Coker had come to the conclusion that four was a large order. Now there were only two: Coker would have smiled scornfully at the idea of his not being able to handle two Remove fags. Vengeance which had seemed out of his reach, was now in the offing. These fags had handled Coker, hustled and hustled him, rolled and ragged him. Now Coker had cornered them—and they were at his mercy. At least, Coker was sure that they were.

He smiled grimly.

"You cheeky young scoundrels!" he

said. "I'm glad I've run into you! Now you're going through it! See?"

"Not quite," said Wharton cheerfully.

"I'm going," said Coker deliberately, "to knock your heads together—hard! Make a fuss, and I'll thrash you first. Got that?"

"Dear old Coker!" said Nugent affectionately.

Mrs. Files, in her armchair behind the counter, had closed her eyes in the peaceful repose that was customary at Greenleaf. But she opened them again quite suddenly at sounds of alarm that were quite unc customary at Greenleaf.

Coker, striding at the two juniors, reached for them, with the fell intention of banging their heads together. That was really a mild punishment compared with what they deserved. Mild as it was, however, the chums of the Remove did not seem to be taking any.

They closed on Coker, and, without waiting to be grasped, grasped Coker. Coker grasped in return, and the three of them proceeded to waltz round the village shop.

"Lawks!" said Mrs. Files, in amazement.

Coker certainly was a hefty fellow for two Lower Fourth juniors to tackle. At Greyfriars there were Sixth Form men who treated Coker with respect. Coker was big and burly; he had a hasty temper and a heavy punch. Physically, Coker was greatly developed, though mentally he was, perhaps, still somewhere near the beginning of things. Properly speaking, two fags of the Remove should have crumpled up helplessly in the powerful grasp of Horace Coker. Resistance on their part was simply impudence.

Nevertheless, these fags did not crumple up, and the resistance they put forth was, as Hurree Singh might have said, terrific.

Three fellows locked in a deadly embrace, staggered to and fro, whirled round, reeled and rolled, panted and puffed and perspired.

"Lawks!" repeated Mrs. Files.

It was a terrific combat, and somebody would certainly have been hurt had it continued.

But it did not continue.

It came to a sudden termination when Wharton hooked Coker's leg, and the great Horace went crashing backwards into a large box of eggs.

It was a large box tilted against the counter to display its contents, and it was full of eggs.

The eggs were marked "Foreign!" and the price was cheap. Even into that remote Bucks village foreign eggs had penetrated, but there did not seem to be an extensive demand for them. For when Coker landed into them and burst them, the aroma that arose proved that they had been on the premises a long time—a very long time.

Coker crashed backwards into the box, sat in it, sank in it, buried himself in it, and in eggs.

The crashing of eggshells followed the crashing of Coker, and accompanied every movement he made.

From the mass of smashed eggs came a devastating smell. It was no wonder that they were marked cheap. They could not have been too cheap.

"Oooooooh!" spluttered Coker.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yurrrrrggghhh!"

Coker made a frantic attempt to extract himself from the box. He rolled over, and the box rolled over on him. Eggs in various stages of destruction clothed Coker like a garment.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Wharton.

"Let's get out of this! Oh, my nose! Hook it!"

"Oh crikey! Come on!" "Lawks!" said Mrs. Files, for the third time.

Nugent rushed for the door, parcel in hand. But Wharton, overpowering as was the aroma of the eggs, paused at the counter.

"How much that box of eggs, ma'am—the whole box!" he gasped. "Quick!"

"Ten shillings!" gasped Mrs. Files. Her reply sounded like "ded shilluds," for the good dame was compressing her ancient nose with finger and thumb, almost overcome by the deadly scent.

Wharton threw a ten-shilling note on the counter and fled.

"Ooooooooh!" was the last remark

"Hook it!" chuckled Wharton, as he rejoined his chum in the village street. "I've paid for the eggs—and Coker can have them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The two juniors promptly looked it. They did not want to have anything more to do with Coker. Coker, in his eggy state, was not attractive.

Laden with their purchases, they fled down the village street, and vanished into the leafy lane that led to the camp, what time a horrible figure emerged into the sunlight from the village shop. It was Coker, and his state was of the egg eggy. Eggs and broken eggshells clothed him—there seemed to be more eggs than Coker.

Natives of the village came to stare at him, but they did not linger. They gasped and fled. Mrs. Files was probably in luck in getting these fruity foreign eggs off her hands. Coker was not in luck in getting them on his hands, and on the rest of him.

Coker, eggy from head to foot, eggy in feature, and eggy in scent, staggered away, spreading dismay wherever he passed. Even a village dog who sniffed at Coker, coughed spasmodically, and fled, howling. Potter and Greene, strolling down the village street, sighted Coker, and gazed at him in wonder.

They gazed but for a moment. As he approached them, they caught a whiff of the foreign eggs on the evening breeze. One whiff was enough for them. Potter and Greene melted away into space promptly.

Coker was left alone—with the eggs!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Where is Bob Cherry?

"**W**HERE'S Bob?" "Goodness knows!" "And Bunter?" "The esteemed goodness only knows!"

Wharton and Nugent arrived in camp rather breathless. Dusk was falling deep on the Chiltern Hills. The glow of the cooking-stove had quite a cheerful effect in the deepening shadows of the summer evening. Equally cheery was the singing of the kettle. Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were in camp when the shoppers returned; but at Bob Cherry and Billy Bunter there was no sign.

Hunter and hunted were still abroad. Wharton glanced round into the gathering darkness, rather perplexed. Bob might be, like Charley's Aunt, still running; but it was certain that Bunter couldn't be. Long before this Billy Bunter's fat legs must have

given out. There was no reason, so far as Wharton could see, why Bob should not have overtaken the fat Owl, slaughtered him, and returned to camp long ago. But he was still absent.

"No good waiting supper," said Johnny Bull.

That was passed unanimously.

Four juniors sat down to supper, wondering what had happened to Bob, but devoting their



Eggy from head to foot, Horace Coker emerged from the village shop. Natives of the village stared at him—but they did not linger. Dogs sniffed at him, coughed spasmodically, and fled howling. Potter and Greene approached him, caught the whiff of foreign eggs, and melted away into space promptly! (See Chapter 8.)

chief attention to the meal. The probability was that Bob had lost his way—they could think of no other explanation of his prolonged absence. But if he had lost it, he was bound to find it again sooner or later, and, anyhow, there was nothing to be done.

Supper was almost over when a fat figure loomed up in the gloom.

"I say, you fellows!" came an exhausted squeak.

"Bunter!"

Bunter rolled into camp.

He looked tired.

"Ow!" he gasped, as he dropped on a heap of hay. "Wow! I say, you fellows, I'm tired—I'm hungry! I say, give a chap some grub! Oh dear!"

"Where's Bob?" demanded Wharton.

"Blow Bob! I say, you fellows, I'm famished!" groaned Bunter. "I've had a fearful time! Up hill and down dale, with that raging maniac after me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! Are you going to give a fellow some grub?" hooted Bunter.

Grub was passed to Bunter. To judge by his looks, he had suffered for his sins. Bunter's strategic proceedings with Methuselah had been designed to save him a walk of two miles that afternoon. He looked as if he had done a good many miles since then.

Bunter ate and gasped, and gasped and ate. There was still no sign of Bob

Cherry, and the juniors questioned Bunter. But the Owl of the Remove had no leisure for answering questions. Bunter was hungry, and when Bunter was hungry lesser matters had to wait. Not till Bunter had devoured supper enough for three, and had taken the keen edge off his appetite, did he speak.

"The beast!" he said.

"Did Bob get hold of you?" demanded Wharton.

"Chased me up hill and down dale," gasped Bunter. "Luckily for him, he didn't catch me. I should have thrashed the brute!"

"Look here, hasn't Bob licked you?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"No fear! I should hardly have allowed the fellow to lick me," said Bunter, with a sniff. "Pass that ham, will you?"

"Then we'll jolly well lick you," said Johnny. "You're not going to get off without a licking, you fat fraud!"

"Oh, really, Bull."

"Leave him to Bob," said Harry, laughing. "If Bob is hunting him all this time, he will come back wanting to lick somebody."

"Ho, he, he!"

"What are you cackling at, you fat villain?"

"Oh, nothing! Pass that cake. If you've been shopping, you might have

(Continued on page 16.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

I.

"SO this is the Amazon!" Frank Fearless of the Fourth at St. Sam's, made that eggclamation from the deck of his pater's yot, the "Conquerer," as she steamed majestically up the rolling River Amazon.

"Some river!" remarked Jack Jolly. And Merry and Bright, the other two members of the adventurous Co., answered anonymously:

"What-ho!"

Certainly, the panorama that was unfolding itself to our heroes' eyes was one that would have delighted the hart of any skoolboy.

On both sides of the mitey river were grate forests, full of savvidge wild animals and even more savvidge savvidges. A riot of culler covered the banks, grate orkida, highbiscus plants, and tropical dandy-lions as big as oak-trees growing in wild profewsion.

As they steamed along, the St. Sam's juniors caught fleeting glimpses of astonished natives peering through the foliage at the unusual sight of a grate yot, full of civilised hewman beings. They shuddered at the thought of the garstly fate they would meet if those savvidges ever got hold of them.

"See those orkida back there, boys?" asked Mr. Fearless, strolling up to the group of skoolboy adventurers, and indicating some orkida in the distance. "They're worth a thowsand pounds each, if a penny!"

"Few!"

"Why not take a cupple of duzzen or so back with us?" asked Bright, who was rather a keen man of bizzness.

Mr. Fearless stifled a yawn.

"Well, it hardly seems worth it, when you think of the eggstent of the trezzure we are seeking," was his reply.

And the juniors could only gasp at the idea of such wealth.

"I suppose we're getting somewhere near the trezzure, now?" asked Jack Jolly.

"Within a thowsand miles or so!" nodded Mr. Fearless. "We have got almost as far as we can get by the yot, now. To-day, we form a party to go on in canoes, leaving the yot behind in charge of Kaptin Manesale."

"Hooray!" yelled Jack Jolly & Co., as eggstated as anything at the thought of doing a thowsand miles or so by canoe.

"Needless to say, we shall have many danjers to brave," remarked Mr. Fearless. "Savvidge ennemies will surround us on every hand. Apart from the Indians, we must still reckon with One-eyed Pedro, you know. And then, of course, there are wild animals, snakes and alligators abounding in tropical lucksurience."

"So much the better!" said Jack Jolly. "Like troo British chaps, we shall be only too glad of the chance of a scrap with anybody or anything!"

"Yes, rather!" grinned the Co.

"By the way, what are you going to do with Dr. Birchmall?" asked Frank Fearless, curiously.

Mr. Fearless started.

"Grate pip! I'm afraid I'd forgotten the old buffer," he eggclaimed. "Haven't set eyes on him since he was clapped in irons and shoved down in the hold. Perhaps I'd better go and see him now."

With that, Mr. Fearless went down below. The juniors followed, rather anxious to see how their headmaster was getting on in solitary confinement.

Dr. Birchmall was looking hungry and fed up at the same time, when they arrived down in the inky blackness of the hold. Chained and mannaekled from head to foot, and overrun with ratta, his plite was, indeed, a mizzerable one.

"Mersy!" he cried, as they clattered down the wooden stairs. "Look here, you rotters, lemme out of this, and I

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

The TREZZURE



Jack Jolly & Co knew full well that they were up against a stiff proposition when they set out for the mighty Amazon, and wealth untold. But they never reckoned on coming up against lions and tigers galore, not to mention a thowsand savages, brandishing tomahawks and scalping knives!

prommis you I'll never betray your blessed secrets to One-eyed Pedro again!"

"A fat lot of good your prommises are!" remarked Mr. Fearless, his lipp curling contemptibly. "However, I don't intend to leave you here for good, Birchmall."

"My bat! I should jolly well hope not!" eggclaimed the Head. "Look here, Mr. Fearless—"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Fearless.

"Listen to me, Birchy. We are about to set out on the most perillous part of our jerney."

"Well, what about it?" grunted the Head.

"It has just occurred to me that you mite come in useful to us in this danjerous mission of ours."

Dr. Birchmall smirked a dusky smirk through the inky blackness of the hold.

"Ah! You need a man of grate curridge and resource and vast intellijence, I suppose?" he asked, with a slite coff.

"Certainly not. We've got plenty of those already. What we need is someone with muscular arms and no branes, to do a bit of paddling and to look after the baggage!" answered Mr. Fearless.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jack Jolly & Co.

"Why you—you cheeky rotter! Meen to say you're offering me a blessed porter's job—me, a gentleman of grate skollastick attainments, who has never soiled his sensitive mawlers with meenial work before?" hooted Dr. Birchmall, indignantly.

Mr. Fearless nodded calmly.

"Eggsactly! You can axsept the job and regain your libberty, or turn it down and remain in bondage, just as you please. What do you say?"

Dr. Birchmall fetched out his handkerchief and bloo his nose, with a loud rattling of chains, before he made his decision.

When he looked up again, his mind was made up.

"I'll fall for it, then," he said with dignity. "It's like your dashed cheek to make such a hewmilating proposal. But even work is preferable to staying here. I axsept!"

"Good!" cried Mr. Fearless. "I'll go and see Kaptin Manesale immediately." And Mr. Fearless buzzed off to see the kaptin.

Five minnits later, Dr. Birchmall was freed from his iron shackles and allowed to roam about the ship again.

The very first thing the old skallywag did, however, was to go straight to his cabbins and get in touch with One-eyed Pedro, by means of his portable wireless telephone!

In a few grafic sentences, he told the villanous Spanniard how he had been clapped in irons and releesed again. Finally he told him the plans of the Fearless party for finishing the jerney by canoe.

One-eyed Pedro farly chortled as he listened.

"My only sombrero! This is where I step in and helpa myself, senior!" he said.

"Are you going to follow us?" asked Dr. Birchmall eagerly.

"Si! I sneeka past the yot of Senior Fearless by notchy (Spanish for nite—other), and follow by canoe, till the Senior Fearless gets the trezzure. Then—"

"Then you come in with a rush, I suppose?" finished the Head, with a sinnical larf. "All right, then; that's settled. By the way, it's understood, of course, that we go halves?"

"Si, si!"

"Good egg! Cheerio, then, Pedro!"

"Adios, senior!"

And the two plotters went their respective ways.

RE of the AMAZON!



DICKY NUGENT



"Try them and see! I've heard that their favorite meal is hewman flesh—particularly that of skoolmasters!"

"Grooooo! In that case perhaps I'd better postpone that appointment!" remarked the Head, with a garstly smile. "I'll come with you, Mr. Fearless. Rely on me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Very well, then. If you're all ready we'll set fourth," said Mr. Fearless.

And shortly after the little party moved forward.

As Mr. Fearless had said, deth lurked in every step they took in that tretcherous forest.

Enormous jaguars were continually leaping out at them; grate snakes, measuring hundreds of feet, were constantly tearing along towards them, only to fall in their deth aggermies under the deadly gun of Mr. Fearless; spiders and beetles as big as motor-cars kept on sprinting up, all to meet the same fate.

A large-sized book mite be devoted to our heroes' advenchers on that terribul jerney; space alone prevents the orther describing them in detail.

Suffice it to say that although, under the furious onslawt of the wild beasts, Jack Jolly & Co. lost a few fingers and ears and other oddments, none of them lost their heads. And after tramping all day and all nite without a paws, they at last reached their destination.

In a little sheltered glade in the hart of the forest, towards which the trezzure-chart had led them, a solitary signpost had been erected—doubtless by the hands of Frank Fearless' uncle, Fred Fearless, diseased.

On that signpost was written the magick word—"TREZZURE."

"The trezzure at last!" shouted Frank Fearless as his peepers fell on that welcome vision.

"Hooray!"

"Rich for life—wealthy beyond the dreams of avarias!" beamed Mr. Fearless. "Get bizzy, boys, and let's unearth the giddy collection!"

So saying, Mr. Fearless diskarded his coat and set to work with a handy pickaxe which Dr. Birchmall had been carrying among the baggage. Needless to say, the juniors quickly followed suit—some using their hands, as there weren't enuff pick-axes to go round.

An hour of feverish activity followed. With inspiration streaming down their diles, our heroes worked like men perspired.

And then at last their efforts were rewarded. Bit by bit they dug out a heavy iron box, until they were able to lift it out to the light of day.

(Continued on page 28.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

II.

DURING the neckst few days the Head did more hard work than he had ever done in the corse of his skollastick career. With moskeatoes stinging his rinkled old dille, and nats and enormous insekts buzzing round his prominent nose, he paddled away like a Trojan.

Needless to say, Mr. Fearless and Jack Jolly & Co. also did their bit. When they were not paddling they were shooting alligators, and when they were not shooting alligators they were dodging poisoned arrows which tretcherous Indians were constantly firing at them.

The heat was simply terribul. Jack Jolly once put his hand in the water for a cooler, only to draw it out hurriedly to find it scalded! That eggssample alone should be enuff to show what our heroes had to put up with.

What with the heat, and the Indians, and the feroshus alligators, and the monkeys who bombarded them with cokernuts from the trees, the jerney was not eggssactly a plezzant one.

But Jack Jolly & Co. were not the kind of fellows to complain. When poisoned arrows peered their annatomies and hevvy cokernuts hit them on the napper, they meerly larfed good-humoredly, tossed them into the water, and carried on regardless.

At last they reached a spot in the river where a signboard stuck out of the water bearing the words: "Alight here or Forest of Deth."

The juniors cheered like anything when they saw that, for they knew that they had now reached the last stage, the rest of their jerney having to be made on foot.

Stiff and sore after their long river

trip, they landed on the bank of the river, and insulted the trezzure-chart.

"Only another hundred miles to go, boys!" announced Mr. Fearless cheerily.

"Where's the nearest tuck-shop?" inkwired Dr. Birchmall, mopping his feavered brow. "After that little ride I shan't be satisfied with anything less than a tuppenny ice-cornet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm afraid there are no tuck-shops round here, Birchmall," grinned Mr. Fearless. "That is, unless you consider the native stores as tuck-shops. It is probabul, however, that their menu wouldn't eggssactly suit you, seeing that the natives are cannibals!"

"Yaroooo! Stoppit!" gasped the Head, turning quite green.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, shall we push ahead, boys? Or are you too tired for any more to-day?" asked Mr. Fearless.

"No fear!" corussed the juniors anonymously.

"We're fit for fifty miles yet, pater," said Frank Fearless.

"Then we'll push off," said Mr. Fearless. "Mind how you go, my boys! Remember that deth lurks in every step you take, you know!"

"Oh erikey!" gasped Dr. Birchmall in dismay. "Look here, Mr. Fearless, I've just remembered I promised to meet a fellow at St. Sam's. Can't I turn back?"

"No, you cannot!" answered the leader of the eggspedition sternly. "This is no time to think of turning back. Either you come with us or you're thrown to the alligators. Which do you prefer?"

"D—do you think the alligators round here are well-behaved crectchers?" gasped Dr. Birchmall.

Mr. Fearless larfed grimly.

"CHUMS ON TRAMP!"

(Continued from page 13.)

got a plum-cake, as well as this seedy one. You know I like plum-cake. The selfishness of you fellows—"

"Look here, do you know where Bob is?" asked Nugent.

"He, he, he!"

Bunter cackinnated over the cake. It was clear that he knew something that he had not imparted to the juniors.

"Where's Bob?" asked Harry.

"How should I know where he is?" said Bunter peevishly. "I say, this is a decent cake, though I prefer plum-cake. If you fellows don't want any, I'll finish it."

"You know where Bob is," said Wharton, staring at the fat junior.

"Why hasn't he come back?"

"He, he, he!"

"Will you cough it up, you villain?"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I don't know anything about him, of course. You don't want that ill-tempered beast to come back, I suppose? I can tell you that if he comes back I shall leave. I'm not standing him any longer."

"What on earth's happened to Bob?" exclaimed Nugent. "Bunter knew he wasn't here, or he wouldn't have dared to show up. Where did you leave him, Bunter?"

"He, he, he! I say, you fellows, did you get any juice for the trike?" asked Bunter.

"Yes. We got a can of petrol in Greenleaf," said Harry. "Never mind that now. We want to know about Bob."

"Never mind about that beast! Look here, you fellows, what about pushing on?" asked Bunter. "After supper, I mean, of course. I'm not finished yet."

"Pushing on?" repeated Wharton.

"Yes. Lovely night for a walk," said Bunter. "I'm tired, but I'm ready to go on. Nothing slack about me."

"Without Bob, do you mean, you fat chump?"

"Well, you don't want him," argued Bunter. "He's only a worry, fussing over that fatheaded trike, and getting into a temper when the juice runs out. Let's go on, and leave him behind—see? You won't want him; you've got me!"

Evidently Bunter considered that his own fascinating society was an ample compensation for the loss of any other.

But William George Bunter had that belief entirely to himself.

"You frabjous ass!" said Wharton. "Tell us where you left Bob before we burst you!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Where is he?" roared the four juniors together.

They were getting rather anxious about their missing chum now. It was clear that something must have happened to Bob, and that Bunter knew what it was.

"Not knowing, can't say," said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, is there any jam?"

"No, you cormorant."

"Well, if you've been shopping, you might have got some jam. You know I like jam. I've told you so often enough."

The four rose to their feet. Johnny

Bull picked up a stick, which Bunter eyed with an apprehensive blink.

"Now, cough it up!" said Johnny. "Where did you leave Bob, and what's happened to him?"

"I don't know—"

Whack!

"Yaroooooh!"

"Have another?" asked Johnny Bull affably.

"Look here, you beast—"

Whack!

"Yow-ow! Beast! Keep off!" roared Bunter, leaping to his feet. "I'll jolly well lick you! Yarooooh! Stop it! I'm just going to tell you where the beast is! Can't you give a fellow time to speak?"

"Buck up, then, you fat boulder!"

"The beast chased me for miles," said Bunter. "Dozens of miles, I think—about twenty, at least, or twenty-five—"

"You fat chump! You couldn't run half a mile if there was a mad dog behind you!" snorted Johnny Bull.

"Well, it was a jolly long way," said Bunter. "I think it was miles and miles. It seemed like it. I was quite winded; and you fellows know what I'm like at running—"

"Like a hedgehog!" said Nugent.

"Or a hippopotamus!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Beast! Well, the rotter nearly came up with me," said Bunter. "And then—"

Bunter paused.

"Well, what happened then?" demanded Wharton.

"Nothing! I—I lost sight of him, and—came back."

Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Beast! I'm just going to tell you. It wasn't my fault if the fathead fell into a hole—"

"Fell into a hole?" ejaculated Wharton.

"I never shifted the plank," said Bunter hastily. "I wouldn't, you know. I buzzed across that plank, and—never moved it so that he would fall in. You fellows can take my word about that, I suppose."

"You—you—fat scoundrel!" gasped Wharton. "You've pitched Bob into some chalk-pit and left him there!"

"Well, I couldn't get him out, could I?" demanded Bunter. "Don't be an ass. I don't think he broke his neck—"

"What?" yelled the juniors.

"He couldn't have, you know, because he was yelling like anything, and a fellow couldn't yell with a broken neck, could he?" argued Bunter. "I don't think he broke any bones at all. He was making a fearful row at the bottom of the pit, but I think that was simply bad temper. You know what his temper is like—rotten!"

"And—and—and you were going to leave him there all night?" gasped Nugent.

"Well, I dare say he could make himself comfortable," said Bunter. "The fact is, I prefer to keep him at a distance. He's got it into his head that I chucked away the petrol, you know, and it's no good arguing with him. He's obstinate. I can tell you it was wonderful presence of mind that made me shift that plank so that he would fall in. You fellows would never have thought of a dodge like that. You should have heard him hoot when he went in! He, he, he!"

"And where did this happen?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Oh, miles away!" said Bunter.

"You can find the place?"

"Oh, no! Impossible—quite impossible!"

Bunter sat down again, and reached

for what remained of the cake. The juniors stared at him. Bunter, apparently, expected the walking-party to leave matters where they were. Bunter himself was all right; so, of course, everything was all right, so far as Bunter could see.

"You frabjous, fat chump!" said Wharton. "We're going to get Bob out at once. Where is the place?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Miles away, that's all I know."

"You don't think you could guide us to it?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Impossible! Besides, I'm tired."

"Do you think you could guide us there if I helped you with this stick?" asked Johnny. "Like that?"

Whack!

"Beast! Wow!"

"And like that—"

"Yarooooh!"

Bunter jumped up again. Harry Wharton took hold of a fat ear between a finger and thumb.

"Come on, Bunter!"

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Help him with your boot, Franky."

"Yarooooh!"

"Get a move on, you fat villain!"

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I'll come with pleasure, but I haven't finished my supper. I say—Yarooooh! Keep that stick away, you beast! I'm coming, ain't I?" howled Bunter.

And Bunter came.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

In a Hole!

BOB CHERRY breathed fury. Bob was a good-tempered fellow, as a rule. But his mood was that of a Red Indian, if not of a cannibal.

Even Methuselah at his worst had never been able to ruffle Bob's temper as it was ruffled now.

Certainly, his situation was not agreeable.

For hours—long hours—Bob had been in that situation, and it grew more and more uncomfortable, especially as Bob was growing desperately hungry. And there was no escape from it.

He was at the bottom of one of those chalk fissures found in the slopes of the Chilterns. It was not very deep—not more than twelve feet—and the bottom of it was thick with ferns and nettles, which broke the force of a fall. Bob had fallen into masses of nettles, as if into a feather bed. That was all right, so far as it went. Some of the nettles were "blind" nettles; but a great number of them were stinging-nettles. The stinging-nettles made their presence felt in the most uncomfortable manner.

Bob could have kicked himself, if that would have done any good. With more satisfaction he could have kicked Bunter. But the Owl of the Remove was far beyond the reach of kicking.

Such cunning on the part of the fat and fatuous Owl Bob had never looked for. The fat junior, fleeing for his life, had dodged him among hedges and fences. Bob had sighted him again, streaking across a wide field, and had pursued at top speed. In that field was a chalk fissure, which was crossed by a single plank. Bunter had fairly flown across the plank, and paused one moment to shove it away before he resumed his flight. Bunter's idea had been to hurl the plank into the pit, and cut off pursuit that way. But the plank was heavy—and Bunter had time for only one shove.

Before Bunter could shove a second time Bob's footsteps were on the plank, and he was coming across at a great

rate. But Bob's rapid footsteps—which were not light—completed what Bunter's shove had begun. The plank slid down into the pit, and Bob landed with a bump in ferns and nettles. Bunter, streaking away across the field, was followed for quite a distance by a powerful voice on its top note. He did not heed it. What had happened seemed, to Bunter, about the best thing that possibly could have happened. Bob was safe, and all Bunter had to do was to find a way back to the camp, leaving him safe. It was uncomfortable, perhaps, for Bob, but it was all right for Bunter. Hours had passed, and Bob was still in that furzey, ferny, nettles pit.

Darkness had fallen, and he was still there. He had tried climbing out, but the sides were steep, and gave no hold. He slipped back every time. He shouted, and yelled, and roared, hoping that some farmer's man had business there that day. Once a cow came and looked over the edge at Bob in a meditative way. But that was all.

Bob breathed fury. Evidently Bunter meant to leave him there—and considering what Bob had in store for Bunter, that was not, perhaps, to be wondered at.

Anyhow, he left him. Hours had passed—and they seemed like weeks to the hapless Bob.

Stars came out in a summer sky overhead. They shone down on the fertile slopes of the Chilterns, on wide fields and cosy farmhouses, and on an infuriated face that looked up from a chalky fissure in a lonely stretch of pastureland.

Bob had given up shouting now. It was borne in upon his mind that he had to wait there till morning, when no doubt some farmer's man would hook him out—unless his comrades found him. But they did not know where to look for him, and Bunter was not likely to tell them, even if the fat idiot found his way back to the camp; and he was as likely as not to lose himself in the winding paths and lanes.

Bob made up his mind to it; but he did not make it up patiently. He breathed wrath and destruction.

The celebrated wrath of Achilles, to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered, was a mere jest to the wrath of Bob Cherry in those hapless hours.

Among his other troubles, he was frightfully hungry. And he had not even a stick of toffee or a wedge of chocolate about him.

Then, all of a sudden, when Bob had resigned himself to his fate for the night, he heard the sound of a voice. It was not a pleasant one; but the music of the spheres could not have sounded more harmonious in the ears of Bob Cherry just then.

"Look out, Bill!" There's a blinkin' 'ole 'ere!" The voice seemed familiar.

"I believe you!" came a husky voice in reply. "There was a blinkin' plank across this blinkin' 'ole this arternoon. I see it! It's gone!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob.

"Blow me tight! What's that?"

"Help!"

"My eye, Alf! There's somebody in the 'ole!"

"Help!" shouted Bob.

Two unwashed, unkempt faces peered over the edge of the pit, far above Bob's head. In the starlight he would hardly have recognised them; but he had recognised their voices. It was Messrs. Harris and Snooks who were looking down at him. But even those two frowzy, disreputable rogues were welcome to Bob at that moment.

"Ello! Who's down there?" called out Mr. Snooks.

"Me," answered Bob. "I've fallen in. Help me out!"

"Blow me tight, if it ain't one of them young coveys!" ejaculated Mr. Snooks. "Strike me up a gum-tree, if it ain't the very covey what kicked me!"

"I believe you," grinned Mr. Harris.

"Look here," exclaimed Bob. "Get me out of this, and I'll pay you for your trouble. Five bob!"

Mr. Snooks chuckled.

There was still a remonstrant twinge in Mr. Snooks' bony frame of the helping on his way he had received from Bob Cherry and his friends. Mr. Snooks had had the misfortune of a bad upbringing, and had never learned to return good for evil. Rather, it was his way to return evil for good. He seemed to be quite enjoying himself as he stared down at Bob Cherry in the dim glimmer of the stars.

"Ten bob!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Get a rope from somewhere and help me out, and I'll make it ten bob."

"I could do with ten bob," said Mr. Snooks, with a nod, "and if I had my 'ands on you I fancy I'd 'ave the ten bob, and any other bobs you've got."

"Wot!" agreed Mr. Harris.

"Ain't there any way of getting out of that?" asked Mr. Snooks.

"Do you think I should be still sticking here if there was?" snorted Bob.

(Continued on next page.)



Delivered to your door for

2/6 NO FURTHER PAYMENT FOR A MONTH

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL without obligation to buy. Juno Cycles are British throughout and sent straight to you direct from our factory.

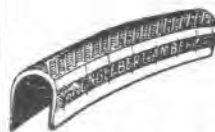
£3/15/0 CASH. Perfect in every Part.

Superb quality and easy running. Guaranteed for ever. Don't delay. Write for Free Art Catalogue.

JUNO CYCLE CO. (Dept. U.2.), 248 & 250, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2. Established 51 years.

JUNO

The ENGLEBERT Transparent AMBER TYRE



Although Light-weight and speedy it has the wearing qualities of a carrier tyre and is suitable for all conditions.

The wonderful new **ENGLEBERT AMBER CYCLE TYRE** is the one you must fit. Ask your dealer for particulars.

Made in Belgium.

XMAS CLUBS

Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods

SPARE TIME AGENTS WANTED.

Excellent Commission. Art Catalogue and Particulars FREE.

SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., Burton Road, LEEDS



Boys! Here's your bike

A bike to be proud of for 2/6 down and nothing more to pay for a month. Perfect, long-lasting and good looking. Write for Catalogue and details of 15 days' trial.

Mead

Dept. (T847) BIRMINGHAM

EASY TERMS

FROM £3/10 CASH

THE "TRIANGULAR" PACKET FREE

Triangular Stamp, Stamp from Angora, Indian Native States, many British Colonies, over 70 different. Send 2d. postage, requesting Approvals.—**LISBURN & TOWNSEND (U.S.),** Liverpool.

FREE TO ALL



My New Booklet, "Don't Be Bullied." How to defend you self without weapons by JIJITSU, the Japanese Art. Splendid Lessons given away free. Simply send 2d. stamp postage. Or you can have a Large Portion for P.O. 3/6. You will be delighted. Dept. A.P., Prof. GARRUD, Queensway, Near Feltham, Middlesex.

FREE PASSAGES TO ONTARIO, CANADA, for approved boy farm learners, aged 15 to 19. Apply:—**ONTARIO GOVERNMENT, 163, STRAND, LONDON.**

FREE! (Abroad 6d.) Scarce Set of 6 Japan EARTHQUAKE STAMPS and 25 different BRITISH COLONIALS, to all asking to see Approvals.—**W. A. WHITE, Engine Lane, LYB, Stourbridge.**

All applications for Advertisement Space in this Publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **UNION JACK SERIES,** Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Back Up!

NEWLY swept and garnished, Horace Coker sat at supper in the inn at Greenleaf.

In the way of hot baths the resources of the inn were limited. But all its resources in that line had been called upon to clean Coker. He had rubbed and scrubbed, and scrubbed and rubbed, and changed his clothes to the last stitch. And still there was some lingering reminiscence of those foreign eggs about Coker. Coker had a feeling that he never wanted to see, much less eat, an egg again. He was fed-up on eggs. The best fresh could not have tempted him—he would have turned his eyes away from the finest English new-laid of the highest grade. It was likely to be a long time before Coker could think of eggs without horror.

Coker was still silent.

Potter and Greene again felt the relief of his silence; but they felt more than ever that it would not do. The thing was impossible. It was getting to be a worry. The worry was not severe enough to affect their appetites in any way; they made an excellent supper on the goodly viands provided by the Greenleaf Inn. Still, it was a worry. They had to bring Coker round, or chuck Coker. They were not in a position to chuck Coker. He had to be brought round.

Unfortunately, they had now given deeper offence than ever. Coker resented the way they had fled from the whiff of the eggs. When a fellow was in such a state surely his friends ought to have stood by him. Potter and Greene thought that no fellows could be expected to stand those foreign eggs, unless provided with gas-masks. It was one more difference of opinion, and it made matters worse.

But this couldn't go on. Remaining the guests of a fellow who gave them the cold shoulder, the marble eye, and the frozen mitt, was impossible. Coker had to be brought round.

During supper Potter and Greene ventured some remarks. These were ill-received, so they gave it up till after supper. After all, supper came first, and it was a good supper.

After supper Coker rose from the table and walked out into the starlight before the inn. Potter and Greene exchanged a glance and followed him.

"Now or never!" murmured Potter. "Neck or nothing!" agreed Greene. Coker was strolling in the starlight. Potter and Greene strolled after him.

"Lovely night, Coker," said Potter, as they came up with their estranged chum.

Coker turned on his heel and walked back.

Potter and Greene turned and followed him, and came up once more. "Coker, old chap—" said Greene.

Once more Coker revolved upon his axis and walked away.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Potter. Once more they followed on. This time they headed Coker off and faced him.

"Look here, Coker—" said Potter desperately.

"I've asked you not to speak to me!" said Coker calmly.

"Your old pals!" urged Greene.

"Pals don't let a fellow down!" said Coker, with lofty contempt. "Pals lend a fellow a hand when he's in a row."

Coker's tone was cold, cutting, contemptuous. But at least he was speaking! Possibly by that time the desire to talk was getting too strong for Coker to resist.

"You see—" murmured Greene,

and broke off. Really, the matter was difficult to explain.

It was no use telling Coker that they had left him to it because he had asked for it, and that the more such a thundering fool got, the better. This was the truth, but truth was a commodity that had to be dealt out with a sparing hand in dealing with Coker. Such an explanation assuredly would not have made matters any better.

"Well?" sneered Coker.

"You see—" said Potter.

"I don't!" Coker pointed out.

"Of course, we thought you were going to mop up those fags," said Potter. "We—we naturally didn't suppose you would want any help."

"You see," said Greene, taking his cue at once, "you'd have done it like a shot if—if they hadn't got you by—by surprise."

"You practically had them licked as it was," said Potter.

"They were glad enough to get away!" remarked Greene. "If they'd stayed a few minutes longer they knew what they'd get."

Coker took this in like milk.

His rugged face thawed.

"There's something in that," he admitted. "Properly speaking, I should have thrashed the whole gang of them easily enough. My foot slipped, and—"

"What I was afraid of," said Potter, "was that you were going to do some serious damage. You know what you're like when you get wild, Coker."

"Dangerous!" said Greene, with a shake of the head. "Matter of fact, I was relieved when those fags legged it. We didn't want any hospital cases."

"That's all very well," said Coker dubiously.

The explanation was plausible. His comrades had naturally expected Coker to prove too much for any number of cheeky fags. Properly speaking, he was a match, and more, for all the fags in all the wide world. Somehow or other, they had got him down on the road and jammed his features into Buckinghamshire. But if that hadn't happened, and if a few other things hadn't happened, no doubt Coker would have been an easy winner.

Still, though Coker liked to hear tributes to his prowess, he was not wholly satisfied.

"And when those little beasts smothered me with eggs—" he said accusingly.

"We weren't present then, old man," murmured Potter. "You'd turned us down, you know."

"You saw me—"

"Hem! We—we—we—those eggs were rather strong, old chap," said Greene. "We—we were a bit over-come."

"Still, take it all in all, if we owe you an apology, Coker, we make it!" said Potter handsomely. "A fellow can't say more than that."

"That's all very well," said Coker grimly, "but you've let me down! No good walking round it—you let me down! You'd let me down again."

"Never!" said Potter.

"Never!" said Greene.

"We've been friends," said Coker. From lofty wrath he had now reached sad and reproachful dignity, which was a step in the right direction, so far as Potter and Greene were concerned.

"We've been friends—I've stood by you at school—helped you in a lot of ways. Given you advice lots of time, fairly forced you, sometimes, to act like sensible chaps. I've talked to you for hours, pointing out what silly fools you were. This is my reward!"

Coker paused. But not like Brutus for a reply. Coker had little need of

"I s'pose not," said Mr. Snooks, with relish. "I dessey somebody will come along to-morrow, or p'raps the day arter—"

"Or the day arter that!" chuckled Mr. Harris.

"Next time you come acrost a honest covey looking for work don't you kick 'im so blooming 'ard!" said Mr. Snooks.

"You frowsy thief!" retorted Bob. "I wish I could get at you now, and I'd jolly well kick you harder."

"Well, you can't get at a bloke, that's a cert," grinned Mr. Snooks. "But ain't your friends looking for you?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"They'll be looking for you," said Mr. Snooks thoughtfully. "Why, they're bound to be looking for you. Bill, old covey, this 'ere is where we come in. Them coveys will be looking for this covey. What about the trike?"

"Wot about it?" chuckled Mr. Harris.

"Ain't it a blinking chance for us to get 'old of it and get that blinking tube off it, and grab twenty-five pounds?" asked Mr. Snooks.

"Looks like it," agreed Mr. Harris.

"You rotters!" roared Bob. "Look here, you frowsy soundrels, get me out of this, and I'll make it a pound."

Mr. Snooks chortled.

"I wouldn't get you out of that, young covey, not if you was 'ung with diamonds," he answered. "Not arter you kicked a covey. Make it twenty-five pounds and p'raps I'll think it over."

"You silly chump, do you think I've got twenty-five pounds, or half as much?" snapped Bob.

"No, I don't; but I know where to lay my 'ands on twenty-five pounds, if them other coveys are looking for you," chuckled Mr. Snooks. "You stay there, lad—you're safe out of 'arm's way now. Come on, Bill—we don't want to get acrost this blinking 'ole now—we ain't looking for that barn any more—we got something to do better'n going to sleep. Come on, mate."

"I'm arter you!" said Mr. Harris.

"Oh, you rotters!" gasped Bob.

The grinning tramps disappeared from his sight. Bob heard their foot-steps die away across the field.

If Bob had breathed fury before, he almost breathed sulphurous fumes now. He knew that Mr. Snooks' surmise was well-founded—it was practically certain that his chums would search for him if he did not return to camp that night. They were not likely to find him; but they were certain to search. And the camp would be left unguarded—and Methuselah would be there, a passive victim to the cycle thieves. Bob Cherry raged.

He had given up shouting for help long ago. Now he re-started after the interval. The possibility of Methuselah falling into thievish hands stimulated him to renewed efforts. There was a bare possibility that some belated labourer might hear.

"Help, help, help! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Hi, hi, hi!"

Bob's voice was a little tired, but it was still powerful. It rang and echoed from the chalk-pit across the lonely pasture.

Suddenly, to his infinite relief and joy, there came an answering shout.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob.

"This way, you men."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter! Hurry up!"

A minute later, and four faces in a row stared down into the chalk pit at Bob Cherry. His friends had arrived.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

replies when he was conversing. Once his chin was going he was prepared to do all that was to be done in the way of talking.

"We've been friends!" he repeated, "but we'd better part before we come to trouble. You fellows may forget what a friend I've been to you—I shall never forget it. I was going to the post office this afternoon to telephone to Fitzgerald of the Fifth. I turned him down to bring you fellows on this motor-tour. Now you're fed up with it—"

"But we're not!" exclaimed Potter in alarm.

"Not at all!" asserted Greene.

"Not that we care specially for motor-ing," said Potter. "It isn't that! It's your company, Coker."

"Your conversation!" said Greene.

"You see—" said Potter.

"Let a fellow speak," said Coker.

"You men are fellows for jawing, I must say that. A man can't get a word in edgewise."

"Don't interrupt Coker, Greeney."

But Coker was not the man to acknowledge suggestions. He was very careful to preserve his dignity as leader.

"I shall find out where they are," he said. "Don't you fellows worry about that. If you care to back me up in dealing with those fags, you're welcome. I'll try to overlook your rather rotten conduct."

"Oh, dear!" murmured Potter.

Greene suppressed a groan.

But there was no help for it. If they were going to make peace with Coker they had to enter into his feud with the Removites. If they refused to back him up now Coker was done with them. That was clear.

So Potter made an effort.

"My dear old chap, of—of course we're going to back you up," he said. "We're keen on it. Ain't we, Greeney?"

"Eager!" said Greene.

"Well, if you mean that," said Coker, eyeing them, "all right! We'll say no more about your letting me down, if you back me up now. I'll stroll into

to three or four people who've seen them—seen that weird old trike of theirs, you know. I rather fancied they'd remember that trike once they'd seen it."

Not a word from Coker to hint that that had been Potter's suggestion. Coker was not the man to flatter the conceit of his followers. Potter could have kicked himself for having made the suggestion.

"So—so you know where to find them?" asked Greene.

"Yes; come on."

"Come on!" repeated Greene dubiously, with a glance at the dark lanes round the village, and another at the cosy, comfortable inn.

"Yes—we're starting now! A night attack—and a jolly good thrashing all round for the whole gang!" said Coker.

"Splendid idea!" said Potter enthusiastically. "But what about leaving it till the morning, Coker, and—catching them before they start?"

"Not a bad wheeze," agreed Greene hopefully.

"Are you coming?" asked Coker coldly.

"Oh, dear! Yes!"

"Yes, old chap, we—we're coming."

"If you'd rather not—" said Coker icily.

"My dear old chap, we're eager."

"Come on, then, and don't jaw! I keep on telling you fellows that you talk too much! Just shut up and come on!"

Potter and Greene shut up and came on. For a moment or two a wild temptation assailed them to seize Coker,



Before Billy Bunter could shove the plank a second time, Bob Cherry's feet were on it, and he was crossing it at a great rate. Bob's rapid footsteps, however, completed what Bunter's shove had begun, with the result that the plank slid down into the pit and Bob landed, with a bump in ferns and nettles! (See Chapter 10.)

"Sorry," said Greene. "Cut in, Coker, old man."

"I never telephoned," said Coker. "Those measly fags mopped those eggs over me, as you know. Look here! I'm not the man to stand being handled by a mob of fags! I'm going to make that crew sit up."

"I would!" agreed Potter.

"You're the man to do it," said Greene.

"They're camped somewhere near this village," said Coker. "They were buying grub at the village shop—shows they're camping somewhere about. I'm going to find out where."

"Easy enough," said Potter.

"I don't see that it's so jolly easy!" contradicted Coker.

"I mean, anybody that's seen that queer old trike of theirs will remember it," explained Potter. "Lots of people in the village must have seen it—they work in the fields hereabouts."

That was an obvious suggestion, though it had never occurred to Coker's powerful brain. As a matter of fact, Coker had been ruminating deeply on the subject without results.

the village now and pick up news of those young scoundrels."

"Leave that to me, old chap," said Potter, with real eagerness.

Coker may have had a suspicion that if he left the scouting to Potter he would not receive any information as to the whereabouts of the Greyfriars walking-party. He shook his head.

"It needs intelligence, Potter," he answered. "I'll see to it."

And Coker walked away, leaving Potter and Greene blinking at one another in the glimmer of light from the windows of the village inn.

"We're for it!" groaned Greene. "Blessed if it's worth while. Still, I suppose it's Coker this vac, or nothing."

"After all, the idiot mayn't find out where those fags are," said Potter. "Thank goodness he's such a fool."

But that hope on Potter's part was disappointed. Horace Coker rejoined his comrades half an hour later, and he looked bright and cheery.

"All serene, you men," he said briskly. "The little beasts are camped about two miles from Greenleaf, near a haystack in Giles' Lane. I've spoken

bang his head on the old oak-tree outside the inn, and leave him there; and depart, shaking the dust of the Buster Seven from their feet. But they resisted that temptation and followed Coker. They had one remaining hope—that Coker would fail to find the camp of the Greyfriars walking-party. After all, with Coker as guide it was very likely that the destination would be missed. Cheered by that last hope, Potter and Greene followed Coker of the Fifth.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

To the Rescue!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
"You there, Bob?"
"Can't you hear me?"
Bob Cherry's reply was tart.
"My dear man, we could hear you a mile off," said Harry Wharton.
"Then don't be an ass."
"Well, I won't be such an ass as to fall into that hole, anyhow," promised the captain of the Remove.
"If you fellows are going to help

me out—" said Bob Cherry, in sulphurous tones.

"That's what we're here for, old bean," said Johnny Bull. "We've had to kick Bunter about a hundred times to get him as far as this."

"Beast!"

"I'll kick him a hundred more times when I get out of this," said Bob Cherry. "Keep him there for me."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter! How the dickens are we going to get you out?" asked Wharton, staring down into the pit. "We shall want a rope or something."

"Didn't you bring a rope?"

"No!"

"What a brain!"

"Look here, you ass, how could we bring a rope when we hadn't a rope in the camp?" demanded Frank Nugent warmly. "When we started on this walking-tour we didn't lay in supplies of rope to pull silly asses out of holes in the ground."

"Pitch Bunter in," said Bob savagely. "I could get out with a fellow's shoulders to stand on."

"Then how would Bunter get out?"

"No need for Bunter to get out! We can leave him here."

"Beast! I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter. We must manage it somehow," said Wharton, staring down into the chalk-pit, with a perplexed brow.

"My esteemed chum—"

"And before morning—if possible," said Bob, with biting sarcasm. "Those two rotters, Snooks and Harris, saw me here; and they think you'll be looking for me, and they're after the trike. I suppose you left nobody guarding the camp?"

"Of course we didn't! How could we guard the camp and come hunting for you at the same time?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Some of you could have stayed to look after the trike—and, anyhow, it wasn't much good hunting for me, if all you're going to do is to stare at me like a set of owls, and cackle like a lot of old hens."

"Blow the trike!" said Johnny Bull, with emphasis. "That beastly, old, vile, rotten jigger is at the bottom of all the trouble. I hope those tramps get hold of it, and bag it, and clear off with it."

"You silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "Look here, are you going to get me out, or aren't you going to get me out of this?"

"My esteemed and ridiculous chums, we—"

"I say, you fellows, I'm going!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Yah!"

"My esteemed and absurd chums," recommenced Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "we have no ridiculous rope, and our absurd arms would not reach the worthy and fatheaded Bob. But a preposterous hurdle—"

"Good!" exclaimed Wharton. "We passed a hurdle fence coming here. We can borrow a hurdle—"

"Doing it would be better than talking about it," came a voice from the chalk-pit. There was no doubt that Bob Cherry's temper was not at its best.

"Wait a bit, old bean, and we'll be back," said Frank.

"Not much choice about waiting, that I can see."

"Oh, rats!"

The Greyfriars juniors hurried away across the starlit field. Four of them stopped at the fence to annex the largest hurdle they could find. The other—William George Bunter—did not stop. Bunter had a well-grounded apprehension that something would happen to THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

him if he was on the scene when Bob Cherry got out of the chalk-pit. He wisely departed.

But Bunter was not wanted. Four juniors carried the hurdle across the field to the yawning gap and arrived there with it breathlessly.

"Here we are, old bean!" sang out Nugent.

"You've been a jolly long time!"

"Bow-wow!"

Taking the wooden hurdle by one end, the juniors lowered it carefully over the edge of the chalk-pit. Bob Cherry, standing below, looked up and watched its progress. The edge of the pit was grassy and crumbly, and loose stones and earth were dislodged by the hurdle as it slid.

There was a sudden howl from the regions below.

"Yoooop!"

"My hat! What's the matter now?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Ow! Wow! Yow! My nose! Ow! You frabjous chumps, what the thump are you dropping stones on my face for?" howled Bob Cherry. "You've jolly nearly fractured my nose!"

"Oh, blow your nose!" said Johnny Bull.

"Look out, Bob!" yelled Wharton. "It's coming!"

The hurdle was long and heavy. It

HATS OFF TO HORSHAM!

The following clever limerick wins for its author a useful leather pocket wallet.

A Lower Fourth fellow named
Rake

Once saw a fat clam pinch his
cake.

And Rake in his ire
Breathed slaughter and fire,
And Bunter in hiding did quake.

Sent in by A. Over, 8, Park
Terrace East, Horsham, Sussex.

Don't forget, chums, there are plenty
more wallets waiting to be won!

went quite nicely till the greater part of it was in the pit. Then its weight told, and it jerked itself out of the holding hands. A wild roar from the pit told that Bob Cherry knew where it had landed.

"Got it!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"You dummy!"

"Look here, Bob—"

"You chump!"

"The esteemed Bob seems to be a little infuriated, my worthy chums," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But let us not add oil to the troubled flames. The soft answer turneth away the wrath in time, as the English proverb says."

For several minutes an eloquent voice addressed the juniors from below. The hurdle, it appeared from these remarks, had landed on Bob, and the effect had been neither grateful nor comforting when it established contact. Acting on the nabob's sage suggestion, the juniors allowed Bob to blow off steam without telling him what they thought of him.

Having exhausted his eloquence, Bob Cherry proceeded to make use of the hurdle. He jammed it on end against the side of the pit and climbed up it; not an easy task, but Bob was active and agile. It was a large and strong hurdle, and it answered the purpose admirably. Hands from below grasped the rough, grassy edge of the pit.

"Lend a fellow a hand!" gasped Bob.

"What ho!"

Johnny Bull lay down on his chest on the edge of the pit and reached down for a good grip. There was a yell.

"Keep your thumb out of my eye, you idiot!"

"Look here—"

"Can't you get hold of my arm, you ass!"

"Look here—"

"Idiot!"

Wharton grasped one arm from below, Hurree Singh the other. Johnny Bull grasped at Bob's collar, missed, and secured his hair. The three tugged together, and Bob made an effort at the same time, and came scrambling over the edge and landed on the upper earth.

"Which of you silly idiots has been dragging my hair out by the roots?" yelled Bob.

"My only hat! I never heard such a clap for grousing!" said Johnny Bull testily. "Anybody would think you wanted to stop in that pit!"

"You born idiot!"

"Look here—"

"My esteemed chum, remember that the speech is silver, but the silence is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob sat and rubbed his head. That last long, strong tug had landed him safely, and his thick flaxen hair had afforded Johnny Bull a good grip. But for some minutes Bob was quite incapable of expressing gratitude.

His chums waited for him to recover. They realised that Bob had been through a trying experience, and they were patient and forbearing. Bob Cherry got on his feet at last and glared round him.

"Where's Bunter?"

"Somewhere near the horizon by this time, I fancy," said Nugent, laughing. "He didn't seem keen on waiting for you."

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Well, let's get back to the camp! I only hope that those tramps haven't bagged the trike while you've been playing the giddy ox."

"What about the hurdle?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Blow the hurdle!"

"Look here, we can't pull down a farmer's fence and leave his hurdle at the bottom of a pit!" said Johnny Bull warmly. "We're not tramps, I hope. Inky tied a string to it—"

"Blow the hurdle!" roared Bob Cherry. "I'm going!"

And he went.

But the other fellows remained to recover the hurdle. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had thoughtfully tied a string to it before it was lowered for that purpose. He had trebled the string, and it was equal to the weight.

The hurdle was carefully drawn up, pulled over the edge, and the juniors carried it back to where it belonged, and replaced it carefully. Then they followed Bob Cherry, who was hurrying in the direction of the camp, filled with uneasiness on account of Methuselah.

"What a night!" murmured Nugent. "Thank goodness it's all over and we shall be able to get a little sleep," yawned Johnny Bull.

But the adventures of that eventful night on the Chilterns were not over yet.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Coker on the Warpath!

"COKER, old man—"
"Don't yell," said Coker.
Potter of the Fifth suppressed his voice and his feelings.

He had spoken in quite subdued tones;

and Coker had answered in much louder tones, bidding him not to yell. But that was Coker all over. It was not so much the necessity for caution as the necessity for maintaining discipline that was in Coker's mind.

"I think we've missed them," murmured Potter.

"Do you?" said Coker unpleasantly. "Well, don't you trouble to think at all, George Potter. I'm doing the thinking for this party."

Potter resisted the temptation to ask Coker what he was doing with it. So far as Potter had observed, Coker was unprovided by Nature with the requisite mental apparatus.

"I don't see anything of them, Coker," remarked Greene, staring about him in the dimness of the night.

"Leave it to me," said Coker.

"It's getting rather late."

"It generally does towards this time of night," Coker could be sarcastic. "Any more idiotic remarks to make, Greene?"

Apparently Greene had no more idiotic remarks to make, for he was silent, only breathing very hard.

"It was by a haystack," said Coker at last. "I got that quite plain from two or three men who said good-night to them in passing. They pitched the tent near a haystack beside the lane."

"We've passed about ninety haystacks," said Potter.

"Don't yell, Potter!"

"A hundred and ninety, I should say," murmured Greene.

"Don't yell, Greene!"

Potter and Greene looked at Coker, their eyes glinting in the starlight. Horace Coker never knew how near he was at that moment to being seized, assaulted, and battered. Coker often had these narrow escapes without knowing it.

"There's a haystack!" added Coker, pointing.

"The ninety-first," said Potter bitterly.

"The hundred and ninety-first!" groaned Greene.

"Shut up! Listen!"

From the shadows of the haystack came a sound. Something was moving there. Coker felt a thrill.

"We've got 'em!" he muttered.

The three seniors of Greyfriars listened. Undoubtedly there was something stirring under the lee of that haystack. They could see no signs of a camp or a tent, but in the deep gloom little was to be seen, anyhow. That sound of stirring so late at night showed that something or somebody was there, and who could it be but the Greyfriars walkers?

"We've got 'em!" repeated Coker.

"Now, quiet! Don't yell! I've said that before. One of the little beasts is awake, or he wouldn't be moving about. See?"

Coker had made that masterly deduction by his own unaided efforts.

"Wait till the little scoundrel settles down again," went on Coker in a whisper, the kind of whisper that is called a "stage" whisper, and which certainly could have been heard at a considerable distance. "Wait till all's quiet, and then follow me!"

"But—" began Potter.

"Don't yell!"

The three Fifth-Formers waited and listened. Even Coker left off talking.

The stirring continued for some moments, and then all was quiet. Whoever it was that had been moving about had settled down again.

"All right now," said Coker. "Now, quiet. Don't yell! Just shut up and follow your leader! This is going to be a surprise. When they jump up just pitch into them and knock them right and left. See? Thrash 'em all round! That's the idea. No need to talk."

Coker led the way cautiously. Potter and Greene followed him. They passed from the dimness of the lane into the blackness of the shadow of the haystack. Potter had been trying to point out that there was no sign of any camp,

that there was, in fact, no camp there. But it was useless to attempt to point things out to Coker. Coker, as usual, knew best. He led the way into the blackness, and as something stirred and rose under his trampling feet, he seized on it and shouted to his followers:

"Go it!"

Coker had no doubt that he had got hold of one of the Greyfriars campers. But if he had got hold of a schoolboy, it was the most remarkable schoolboy that ever was. For Coker discovered that he was hairy all over, and had a large pair of horns on his head. As Coker made that startling discovery one of the horns hooked into his waistcoat, and Coker sat down with a howl.

"Yowp!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Potter. "What—what—"

"Yarrooop! Wow!" howled Coker. "Keep that bull off!"

An immense form loomed over Coker as he sprawled. Even Coker realised that it could not be a schoolboy. Two big sleepy eyes blinked at him.

"Mooooooh!"

"Oh crickey!" stuttered Greene. "It's a cow!"

"Moooooh!" said the disturbed sleeper.

"Oh, my hat!" spluttered Potter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A—a—cow!" stuttered Greene.

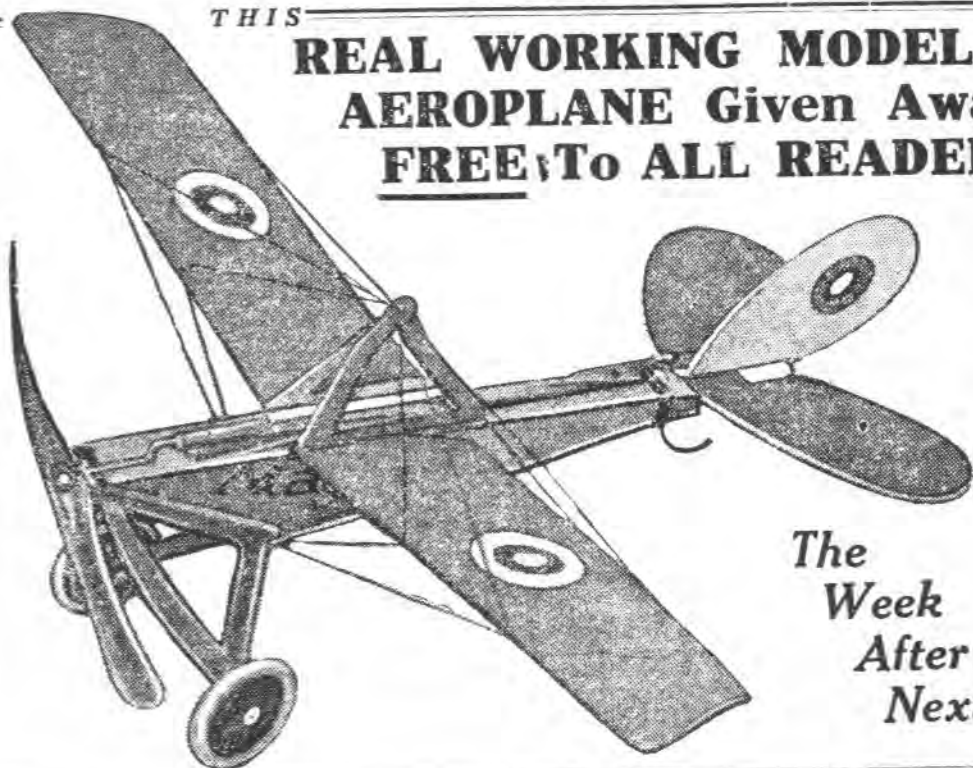
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Potter and Greene backed away into the lane. Fortunately, it was only a cow, not a bull. That harmless and necessary cow had, apparently, wandered from its pasture, and lain down to rest under the haystack. Coker had disturbed its balmy slumber, and the cow was surprised and inquisitive. It pushed its huge head fairly into Coker's face, apparently in an effort to find out who and what he was, and what was the matter, anyhow. Potter and Greene weren't afraid of cows, but they did not want to get mixed up with cows in the dark. They retreated.

(Continued on next page.)

THIS

REAL WORKING MODEL AEROPLANE Given Away FREE To ALL READERS!



The
Week
After
Next!

"Moooooooooh!"

Coker sprawled and gasped. A huge wet mouth blubbered over his face, and he squirmed away frantically.

"Moooooooooh!"

Coker gained his feet and jumped for it. He was spluttering wildly when he rejoined Potter and Greene.

"It—it—it was a cow!" he stuttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling-at?" howled Coker. "Is there anything funny in this?"

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha! Nunno, not at all!" gasped Potter. "Oh dear! Only a poor old c-c-cow! Ha, ha!"

"If you want a thick ear, Potter—"

Potter and Greene controlled their merriment. Coker could see nothing at all of a comic nature in the incident. In fact, he was obviously annoyed. There was a slight pain under his waistcoat where the cow's horn had hooked him. And he was dusty and rumpled and excited. Also, he realised that there was something a little absurd, if not exactly comic, in that night attack on a sleeping cow. It gave his followers some slight pretext for criticising his leadership.

"Another cackle from you and I'll jolly well bang your heads together!" said Coker sulphurously.

"Hem! Better go back to Greenleaf, hadn't we?" asked Greene. "We've missed those young sweeps somehow—"

"You can go back, if you like. In fact, I think you'd better. You're no use. I'm going on."

Coker went on. Potter and Greene sighed and followed him. If Coker was determined to wake up all the cows in Buckinghamshire one after another there was no help for it.

But there is said to be such a thing as fool's luck. Half an hour later Coker halted suddenly, and exclaimed dramatically:

"Hark!"

"Another cow?" asked Potter flippantly.

"Don't yell!"

They were near a haystack again. Haystacks seemed that night as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. But it was the right haystack this time, for in a gleam of starlight a strange, weird shape showed up standing near it. Coker & Co. had seen the Dionysius tricycle before, and Methuselah, once seen, was never forgotten. And beyond Methuselah there stood a tent, dim to the view, but discernible. And between the tent and the tricycle two dim, shadowy figures moved stealthily.

"Got 'em this time!" breathed Coker. "Two of the little beasts are awake; the others will be in the tent. Now, I'll take those two. You fellows make for the tent and kick the other young sweeps out of it. See? Follow me!"

And Coker rushed on. And Potter and Greene, feeling that they were for it now, rushed after him. Fairly on the warpath, Coker & Co. rushed into the camp of the Greyfriars walking party, and a startled howl of alarm greeted them.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Tramps in Trouble!

"HERE we are, Bill!" murmured Mr. Snooks.

"Here we are!" agreed Mr. Harris.

"Not a blooming soul about!" said Mr. Snooks, after peering into the deserted tent. "This 'ere, Bill, is jest pie."

"Jest pie!" agreed Mr. Harris.

Honest Alfred Snooks rubbed his hands.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

"Didn't I tell you, Bill, it would be alright?" he asked. "With that young covey in a 'ole, and the other coveys gorn looking for 'im, jest as I said? Didn't I tell you that it was jest pie for us?"

"You did, Alf."

"I knowed they'd be gone looking for him," said Mr. Snooks. "Stood to reason, now, didn't it? They may find 'im and they may not! Blow me tight! Look 'ere, Bill, 'ere's a can of juice, all 'andy! 'Ere's the trike! 'Ere's a tent with a lot of stuff in it! We're arter the trike, Bill! But it would be a sin and a shame to waste all these 'ere things, leavin' 'em about! What?"

"I believe you!" chuckled Mr. Harris.

"They got a carrier on the trike, all 'andy for us!" smiled Mr. Snooks. "We're going to pack up for them, Bill, and save them coveys all the trouble. What?"

"'Ear, 'ear!" said Mr. Harris.

"I dessay," continued Mr. Snooks, "that we can sell this lot for ten pun', in a safe place. And if we don't get twenty-five pun' for that there tube on the trike, I don't know anything about it. You been grousing a lot, Bill, about follerin' that there party all this time. Wot do you think about it now? Are we in for a good thing, or ain't we?"

"We are, Alf!" grinned Mr. Harris. "Blow me tight, I should say so!" chuckled Mr. Snooks.

Really, it looked like 'pie' for Messrs. Harris and Snooks. They had found the walking-party's camp, and found it utterly deserted. Nobody in the camp, and nobody in the vicinity at all, so far as they knew. The tent and all that it contained lay at their mercy—all the baggage of the Famous Five, as well as the ancient trike. That old trikecycle was Mr. Snook's game; but he was not the man to leave any article of value lying about unappropriated. For years and years Mr. Snooks had followed the avocation of a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. There was the trikecycle, there was a can of petrol; there was all the property of the walking-party, except the clothes they stood up in. Mr. Snooks fairly gloated.

To pack up everything he could lay hands on, load the trikecycle, and vanish over the starlit horizon with it, was now Mr. Snook's plan.

"Better get a move on, Alf!" remarked Mr. Harris.

"You're right!" agreed Mr. Snooks. "I dessay they won't be 'ome till the milk in the morning. But you never know your luck. You get the stuff out of the tent while I get the trike going. Blow me tight! Next time them coveys come acrost an honest bloke looking for work, p'r'aps they won't kick him so 'ard!"

And Mr. Snooks chuckled gleefully. His chuckle suddenly died away in a gasp.

From the shadows of a night a burly figure rushed into the walking-party's camp, with two other figures behind.

Mr. Snooks had barely time to glimpse that burly, rushing figure, before it was upon him.

"Ow!" gasped Mr. Snooks, as he went down.

"My eye!" stammered Mr. Harris.

He had no time for more. A thump on the chest sent him sprawling beside his honest friend.

Then the two of them were in Coker's grasp.

Bang!

Coker had a collar in either hand. The heads of Mr. Harris and Mr. Snooks came together with a frightful crash.

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

Millions of stars danced before their dazzled eyes.

"Go it!" roared Coker. "Potter—Greene! Pile in! Have those young sweeps out of the tent, while I handle these two! Pile in!"

Potter and Greene rushed into the tent. They were not eager for a scrap, not in the very least; but since they were booked for it, they resolved to take it out of the walking-party. They were in a humour to thrash somebody—preferably Coker; but as Coker was not available for thrashing, there would be some satisfaction in thrashing the fags. So perhaps it was just as well that there was nobody in the tent. Had the juniors been sleeping there, they would certainly have been taken by surprise. But Potter and Greene, in amazement, groped round an empty tent.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Harris and Snooks were not taking matters quietly. They were not, as Coker supposed in the hurry and darkness, a couple of Lower Fourth fags, destined to crumple up in the grasp of the mighty man of the Fifth. Singly they were not, perhaps, a match for Coker; together, they were a good deal more than his match. The banging of their heads had hurt them. They did not give Coker time for a second bang. They twined round Coker, grasping him, grabbing him, rolling him over. Coker, to his surprise, found himself on his back, with somebody thumping on his waistcoat, and somebody else hammering at his features.

"Ow!" gasped Coker. "Wow! Gerroff! Potter! Greene! Yaroooooh! You cheeky little beasts! Yaroooooh!"

"Smash 'im!" panted Mr. Snooks.

"Out 'im!" gurgled Mr. Harris.

"It ain't one of them coveys—never mind 'oo it is—smash 'im!"

Coker fought desperately.

It was borne in upon his mind that these fellows who were grasping him were not Lower Fourth fags—that they couldn't be! For the second time Coker had woke up the wrong passenger, and this time he had woke up something more ferocious than a moo-cow! He fought wildly, but Messrs. Snooks and Harris had him down, and they were beating Coker as if they fancied that they were beating a carpet.

Had there been no help at hand, undoubtedly Coker would have been smashed, if not outed! Harris and Snooks clung to him like tigers, raining blows. Coker howled and gurgled and gasped and spluttered.

Fortunately, there was help at hand. Potter and Greene emerged from the empty tent and looked about them. In the glimmer of the stars, they stared at the two frowsy figures that were clinging to Coker and pulverising that unfortunate youth.

Potter and Greene advanced to the rescue. But they did not hurry. They saw no special reason for haste.

Coker asked for these things, and so far as his comrades could see there was no reason why he should not receive what he asked for.

"The kids aren't here," remarked Potter casually. "The young asses have cleared off somewhere—"

"And I suppose those tramps were going to pinch their things, when Coker butted in," remarked Greene.

"Looks like it," yawned Potter.

"Just like Coker, ain't it?"

"Oh, just!"

"First a cow, and then two frowsy tramps," said Greene. "I wonder what he will find next?"

"I wonder!" said Potter.

"Well," said Greene, with a sigh, "I suppose we musn't let them kill him."

We don't want him sulking again! Come on!"

Horace Coker was almost at the last gasp by that time. His chums felt that it was time to take a hand.

So they took one. Messrs. Harris and Snooks, assailed from behind as they thumped and hammered and gouged at Coker, were dragged off their victim.

"Blow me tight!" gasped Mr. Snooks. "There's some more of 'em—"

"Ook it!" gasped Mr. Harris.

Coker sat up, spluttering.

"Ow! Wow! Yow! Groogh! Oh, my hat! Pitch into 'em! Smash 'em! Hold 'em till I gerrup! Oh, crumbs! Ow!"

Coker staggered to his feet. Messrs. Harris and Snooks made a break of it. Potter and Greene could have held them easily enough till Coker re-engaged. But somehow the two tramps got loose, and they lost no time in hooking it. Possibly Potter and Greene were not keen on scrapping with frowzy tramps.

"Hold them!" gasped Coker. "After

Potter. "Coker will expect us to put in ten minutes at least! And we shall get a rest from his jaw."

Potter and Greene leaned on the haystack for ten restful minutes. Then they walked round it again and rejoined Coker.

Coker was sitting on a camp-stool, taking much-needed rest, and still gasping and spluttering for breath. There were signs of trouble all over Coker. He had had the time of his life in the hands of Messrs. Harris and Snooks.

He looked up as his comrades reappeared in the offing.

"Got them?" he gasped.

"They got away!" said Potter sadly.

"We—we did our best, but they got away."

"You silly chump!"

"You see, Coker—" began Greene.

"You silly cwl!"

Potter and Greene found camp-stools, and sat down to wait for Coker. For a long time Horace Coker did nothing but gasp and gurgle, puff and blow. When he had finished gasping and gurgling, puffing and blowing, Potter and Greene

young scoundrels spot us from a distance, do you think they'll turn up? Of course they won't! Get into the tent!"

"But, I say—"

"Don't yell! They may be coming back this minute, for all we know! Get into the tent!"

Potter and Greene trailed disconsolately into the tent. They could almost have wept as they thought of the comfortable beds at the Greenleaf inn. It was almost midnight, and they were frightfully sleepy. But there was no gainsaying Coker. Coker was leader, and he had to be followed, or it was good-bye to the Buster Seven and the holiday tour. Potter and Greene suppressed their feelings, and drifted into the tent.

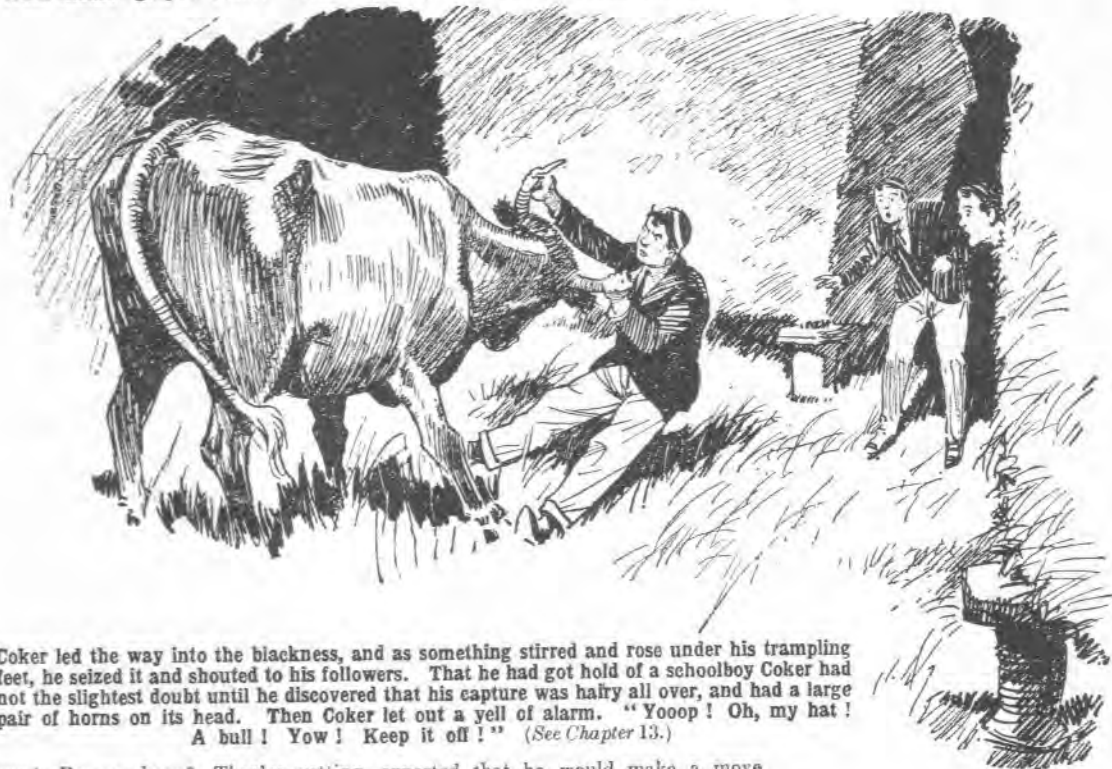
Coker followed them in.

"Don't go to sleep!" he said, as he heard a sound of two tired fellows settling down on blankets.

"Oh!"

"How are you going to watch for those young scoundrels if you go to sleep?" demanded Coker.

"Um!"



Coker led the way into the blackness, and as something stirred and rose under his trampling feet, he seized it and shouted to his followers. That he had got hold of a schoolboy Coker had not the slightest doubt until he discovered that his capture was hairy all over, and had a large pair of horns on its head. Then Coker let out a yell of alarm. "Yooop! Oh, my hat!

A bull! Yow! Keep it off!" (See Chapter 13.)

them! Do you hear? They're getting away! After them, you silly idiots!"

Potter and Greene exchanged a wink and started in pursuit. Messrs. Harris and Snooks vanished round the haystack, and streaked across the field, puffing and blowing, and putting on a good deal of speed. Once more their knavish tricks had been frustrated, once more Methuselah had escaped their thievish hands. Messrs. Harris and Snooks melted away into the night; and Potter and Greene took a rest, leaning on the haystack, which was now between them and Coker.

"Feel like chasing those tramps across Bucks, old bean?" asked Potter.

"Not quite!" smiled Greene.

"Same here! They're putting it on, ain't they?" yawned Potter, gazing idly at the panting figures disappearing across the field. "They don't seem to know that there really isn't any great hurry."

Greene chuckled.

"Better wait here a bit," remarked

expected that he would make a move for Greenleaf. They thought that even Coker would be satisfied by this time. But they did not know their Coker.

Horace rose at last, stared up and down the shadowy lane, and turned to his waiting comrades.

"They're not here!" he said.

"No. Better get back to the inn," said Greene. "My hat! I'm sleepy."

"We're not getting back to the inn!"

"Oh dear!"

"We came here to thrash that gang of fags," stated Coker. "They're not here! The young sweeps have gone for a walk, or something—lost their way very likely. But they'll be back some time. We're waiting for them."

"Waiting for them?" moaned Potter.

"That's it! Ambush, you know."

"Oh, scissors!"

"Don't sit there like a pair of moulting owls, in full view of anybody who comes along the lane!" said Coker testily. "Get out of sight! If those

Coker was not inclined to sleep himself. The terrific punching he had received from Messrs. Harris and Snooks had left him in a wakeful mood. He had a lot of bumps to rub.

"I say, Coker—" almost whimpered Greene.

"Don't yell!"

"If you're going to watch, we may as well take a little snooze. You can call us—"

"If you want to sleep, go back to the inn. I've no use for slackers."

"But, I say—"

"Don't yell!"

Potter and Greene remained awake.

In ambush in the tent the three Fifth-Formers waited for the return of Harry Wharton & Co., ready to rush on them, and smite them hip and thigh, as soon as they appeared. Twice had Coker come a "mucker" that wild night.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

Once he had woke up a cow, once he had woke up a couple of tramps.

But this time, Coker considered, it was all right. The walking-party would come unsuspectingly back. They would walk fairly into the ambush. Before they knew what was happening they would be smitten right and left, knocked into a cocked hat, and made a proper example of. Coker did not see how this ambush could fail. And when at last there was the sound of a footstep, Coker's eyes gleamed.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not a Success!

BILLY BUNTER rolled into the camp, gasping.

Bunter was fairly worn out.

The fat junior had been already fatigued when he started on that totally unnecessary journey to guide the Co. to the chalk-pit. Now he was more than fatigued. As he came limping back to the camp the Owl of the Remove felt scarcely able to drag one fat leg after the other.

As for Bob, Bunter could only hope that the juniors would fail to get him out of the chalk-pit. He nourished a faint hope that they would all fall in while so engaged. That would give a fellow a bit of a rest, at any rate.

But had vengeance, in the shape of the wrathful Bob, been close at his heels. Bunter had to rest. Though the skies fell, he had to rest. That, at the moment, was the one important necessity in the universe.

He limped, gasping, into camp.

He was too tired even to look back over his fat shoulder. So he was unaware that Harry Wharton & Co. were not more than fifty yards behind him. The Famous Five covered the ground rather more quickly than Bunter, and though the fat Owl had had a long start, they sighted him reaching the camp.

Possibly, had he known they were so near, Bunter might have passed the camp instead of entering it, and sought refuge in some hidden corner somewhere. Had he seen the expression on Bob Cherry's face when Bob sighted him, he certainly would have done so.

But Bunter saw nothing, and knew only that he was tired, and that he wanted to bed down in the tent and snore.

He headed for the tent, of which the flap stood open as the juniors had left it. He plunged in.

The next moment a fearful shriek awoke the echoes of that part of the county of Buckingham.

Hands from the darkness grasped Bunter.

Foes unseen surrounded him, grasped him, collared him, bumped him over, and the fat junior yelled with terror.

Coker & Co. were dim shadows in the darkness inside the tent. To the terrified Owl they were tramps, burglars, probably motor-bandits. He writhed and wriggled and shrieked.

"Yaroooh! Help! Murder! Help! Thieves! Murderers! Bandits! Help!"

Bunter was tired but his voice did not sound fatigued just then. The amount of steam he put on was amazing.

His yells rang far and wide.

"Help! Murder! Help! Fire!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Potter. "Shut up, you little idiot!"

"Blessed if he won't wake the whole county!" ejaculated Greene. "Stick his head in the blankets!"

"Yaroooh! Help! Yooop! Murder! Fire!" roared Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

"Shut up, will you?" growled Coker, shaking the Owl of the Remove till he quivered like a fat jelly. "It's Bunter! Where are the others? Where are the other little beasts, Bunter? Eh?"

"Yaroooooooh!"

"You silly little fat idiot——"

"Whoop! Yooop! Help!"

"My only hat!" said Harry Wharton, as the Famous Five came on to the camp at a trot. "What on earth——"

"That's Bunter!" said Nugent. "He's run into something——"

"Those tramps!" gasped Bob Cherry. "They're at the camp, and Bunter has run into them! Put it on!"

Bob Cherry broke into a frantic spurt, and fairly raced to the camp. After him went the Co.

It seemed likely that Bob's surmise was correct. Bunter had evidently found trouble in the camp. Four of the party were not deeply concerned about Methuselah; but all their property was in the tent. They ran as hard as Bob, and the five of them came whooping into the camp in a wild rush.

"I say, you fellows! Help! Murder! Fire!" Bunter was roaring. "Leggo! Mercy! Spare my life! It wasn't me! Yaroooh!"

"Will you shut up, you potty little idiot?" shouted Coker. "Where are the other young sweeps? Do you hear? Where——"

"Coker!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Coker—in the tent!" stuttered Wharton.

"Help! Yooop! Murder! Thieves! Bandits——"

"Where are they?" roared Coker, shaking Bunter. "You little idiot, we're not burglars, we're waiting here for those young scoundrels! Can't you understand, you potty porpoise? Where are——"

"Here they are!" roared Bob Cherry.

"It's a giddy ambush!" gasped Nugent. "Lucky Bunter ran into it instead of us! Come on!"

There was a wild charge into the tent.

Had the Famous Five walked unsuspectingly home, doubtless they would have walked into that masterly ambush laid by the strategic Horace. But once more the great Horace had come a mucker. Bunter had walked into the ambush, and his terrified yelling had given the alarm. Harry Wharton & Co. knew exactly what to expect when they reached the tent, and they were ready. They rushed in.

Three Fifth Form men and five Removites were mixed up in the gloom, with blankets and camp-stools and Billy Bunter, and all sorts and conditions of things.

It was a wild and whirling scene.

Bunter, on the ground, strove to crawl away, but he strove in vain. Every fellow in the tent seemed to trample on Bunter, as if doing it on purpose.

How many feet landed on Bunter he never knew. It seemed like hundreds.

The tent was well planted, but it was not planted to stand such a combat as that inside. Horace Coker, with two juniors grasping him, rolled over, tangled himself in canvas, and brought the tent down. Canvas rumbled over Coker and wrapped him, and from below it his muffled voice roared, like the tones of a suffocating bull.

Potter and Greene, rumbled and ruffled and breathless, found themselves in the open air, struggling with they hardly knew whom. Potter knew that his nose was streaming red; Greene knew that an elbow had caught him in the eye. They struggled desperately, hitting out wildly, what time Horace Coker struggled in enveloping canvas and yelled for release.

Coker, for the moment, was hors de

combat. The Famous Five were able to devote their whole attention to Potter and Greene.

After about one minute of the whole attention of those five hefty juniors, Potter and Greene realised that they had had enough of it.

They started for the horizon.

Coker or no Coker, Buster Seven or no Buster Seven, they had had enough. The summer stars smiled down on two breathless, hatless, battered and bruised Fifth Form men, negotiating the lane to Greenleaf at record speed.

Coker still struggled with the enveloping canvas. It was, perhaps, just Coker's luck to get mixed up with the tent in that manner at such a crucial moment. Things like that happened to Horace Coker.

Coker struggled and grappled in a universe of tangled canvas, tangled ropes, and jabbing tent pegs. He had not succeeded in extracting himself when Potter and Greene vanished, and the Famous Five turned to him. They extracted Coker.

What happened next was always dim in Coker's memory. He had a vague impression of air-raids and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, all happening at once.

When his dizzy brain cleared a little he found himself lying in a ditch, at the bottom of which an inch of water covered six inches of thick, juicy mud.

There was less mud in the ditch when Coker struggled out of it. Coker pulled out a lot along with himself.

"Shove him in again!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

What was left of Coker streaked after Potter and Greene. Squelching wildly through the summer night, Coker vanished into space.

"I say, you fellows!"

"You fat villain!"

"I—I think I'm dying!" moaned Bunter.

"No such luck!"

"Beast!"

Bunter certainly was damaged. A fellow could not be trodden on by eight other fellows, hard, without getting damaged.

He lay and groaned.

Bob Cherry looked at him and grinned.

"I was going to slaughter you, you fat rotter——"

Groan!

"But you look as if you've had enough!"

Groan!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Nugent.

"What a night!"

He dabbed a river of crimson from his nose.

"The trike's all right," said Bob.

"Oh, my eye!" said Johnny Bull.

"Never mind; we've licked them."

"The lickfulness was terrific. The bashfulness of our esteemed selves is also preposterous!" gasped Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Bob Cherry grinned cheerfully. Methuselah was safe, and that was all that really mattered, and Coker & Co. had been licked. The Famous Five attended to their casualties, set up the tent, and went to bed, to the accompaniment of a series of hair-raising groans from Billy Bunter. It was quite a long time before Bunter's groans died away, and his sonorous snore was once more heard in the land.

THE END.

(Now look out for the next yarn in this topping holiday series, entitled: "THE MYSTERY OF METHUSELAH!" You'll find it in next week's MAGNET, chums!)

THE MASKED DEATH



By —
JOHN SYLVESTER

(The earlier chapters are retold
on page 26.)

A Feather in Drake's Cap!

LUCKILY Jack Drake slipped. But he did not altogether lose his balance.

Red Elliot's attention was momentarily distracted by someone who tried to stop him firing.

"Stow it, you blamed fool! Do you want to bring the cops in?"

"Leave me alone," roared the American. "We've got 'em in already."

He was fighting mad, and forgot, possibly, that this wasn't Chicago, and that gun exercise was not so common. He had recognised Jack as the one who had smashed his wrist the previous night.

His first shot had miscarried, but he had five left.

"I'm gonna kill yuh!" he hissed.

Face to face with the most perilous situation he had ever been in, Jack was surprised at his own coolness. His life hung on a single hair. The merest touch of that trigger—a child couldn't miss at such a range; and Red Elliot was no child with firearms.

"Nothing like being an optimist, however," Jack murmured.

His eyes didn't leave those blazing eyes fixed on him. He was measuring the distance as confidently as if he were in the boxing-ring. Many a time he and Ferrers Locke had practised wrestling a gun from a would-be assailant.

"Stick up your hands!" rapped Elliot. "I'm going to have a little game."

"It suits me," grinned Jack Drake tantalisingly.

Ferrers Locke's boy assistant actually meant it. He had been hoping he would be asked to put his hands above his head.

If Elliot had expected him to be terrorised he was disappointed. For a minute he stared in puzzled rage. Everyone in the room stared, not daring to interfere, but a little anxious as to how far they themselves might be incriminated.

Then Jack moved. Swift as lightning both hands descended. The left gripped Elliot's forearm and the right his wrist, twisting it back. The gun went off, and to visible appearances it was impossible that the boy had been quick enough.

Yet the trick had been successful. Before the heavy trigger had been

drawn back the muzzle of the revolver was slanting upwards, with the result that the bullet crashed into the ceiling, bringing down a mass of plaster.

Elliot gave a bellow of rage. He tried to swing his arm free, but Jack Drake closed with him. Both in weight and strength Ferrers Locke's boy assistant was inferior, but Elliot had the disadvantage that he couldn't use his right hand. Normally, Jack would have hated tackling a man under the circumstances, but he felt no more squeamish about tackling this Chicago gunman than dealing with a wild beast.

The danger was that someone might intervene. As they swayed and struggled Jack was on the alert lest anyone should strike him from behind.

He never knew how nearly this happened. He didn't see the hunchback approaching, with a bottle in his hand. It swung above the boy's head. But it didn't descend.

Someone uttered a warning cry, the

Somewhere in Bridgeworthy lies concealed a fortune in gold and silver ingots; and somewhere in Bridgeworthy is a master criminal who means to lift that fortune at all costs.

But Bridgeworthy not only shelters a master criminal it shelters a master tec!

dreaded cry of "Police!" and, like rats scuttling from a sinking ship, the whole crowd swarmed towards an emergency exit.

"Curse you!" raved Elliot.

His fingers found the boy's throat. They squeezed with animal ferocity. They fought for breath, and at the same time his opponent brought his knee up sharply into his stomach. Had it landed Jack would have been laid out.

But he seized the leg with both hands and pulled it upwards with such violence that Elliot's other foot left the ground.

Still gripping Jack's windpipe, he crashed backwards, and they both rolled over on the ground.

Jack Drake struck desperately at that malignant face. To his dismay, the blows made no difference. He was still being suffocated. A mist swam before his eyes. He couldn't be sure what happened next.

He was only aware—and it seemed an eternity afterwards—of a wonderful

relief. He could breathe again. He half raised himself, coughing and panting and spluttering. Then he looked up.

"Take it easy, old son!" sang out a familiar voice.

Cruxton was bending over him.

"No damage, is there? It's worth an uncomfortable five minutes. You've got the credit of holding on to him. And I think you've earned me a promotion."

Jack experienced a thrill of triumph. Red Elliot was between two constables, his hands manacled.

"You've got nothing against me!" he shouted.

"Haven't we?" murmured Cruxton. "Well, there's a matter of carrying firearms without a permit. To say nothing of trying to murder a peaceable citizen."

"I didn't, curse you! I was defending myself. And you can't prove I wasn't."

"Tell that to your counsel," said Cruxton sardonically. "You can also explain to him why your hand is bandaged. But those are details. We may not bother to charge you with attempted murder when we want you for the real article."

"Whatcha mean? I ain't done—"

"The real charge," said Cruxton grimly, "is that on April 27th you wilfully murdered Silas Morecombe, at Bridgeworthy, Devonshire. And I ought to warn you that

anything you say may be taken down and used as evidence against you at your trial."

Elliot gaped, and his lobster eyes seemed to bolt from his head.

"It's a pack of lies! I wasn't there! I've got an alibi!"

"Of course you have! They all have," chuckled Cruxton, turning again to Jack.

"It's a frame up!" Elliot yelled. "I tell you I can prove—"

"You'll have plenty of time," was the retort.

The following morning Jack Drake called on Lambton again at the Yard. Apart from a few bruises and scratches he was none the worse for his adventure.

The inspector received him enthusiastically.

"You did wonderfully, Jack! I've heard all about it. Although if Elliot had harmed you I should never have

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,120.

forgiven myself. I didn't mean to let you go for him single-handed."

"I've learnt to take care of myself, inspector," replied Jack, flushing at the praise. "It was the best moment of my life, hanging on to that human gorilla. He's a tough proposition. I can tell you. But we've got him at last. I don't think he'll hold another gun in a hurry."

"Neither do I. He behaved like a maniac in the cell last night. Vowed he was innocent, and that he can prove an alibi. I've no doubt that some of his pals will come forward and swear they were playing cards with him on the night of the murder. But their evidence won't cut much ice."

"Will he be charged this morning?"

"Technically, that's all. We shall just remain him for unlawfully possessing firearms. That will give us a week to marshal the facts. But, you know, it won't exactly be a walk-over."

Lambton frowned and topped a cigarette on his thumbnail. His enthusiasm had abated slightly.

"We've got to get a case to carry into court. It's no use saying that Elliot might have done it; we've got to prove that he did. That's where I miss Ferrers Locke. He's got all the evidence of this case at his finger-tips."

"The gov'nor will show up when he hears about this."

"I only hope so. It's far from plain sailing at present. Elliot is a gunman, and it's rather peculiar he should have chosen strangling—"

"Not a bit," broke in Jack Drake warmly. "He nearly throttled me last night."

"That's because he couldn't shoot. I don't say the point is very important. But Locke, I believe, has some measurements of the murderer's hand?"

"They ought to clinch matters."

"Do you know of any other evidence?"

"There was the handkerchief," said Jack reminiscently, "that Webster found in Half Moon Street. From that he deduced the murderer had blue eyes and fair hair, recently dyed black. I know you think it's far-fetched, but he linked the handkerchief up with Bridgewater before we had heard of the place."

Lambton lighted his cigarette thoughtfully.

"Elliot," he said at last, "scarcely fits in with that description. He has iron grey hair and brown eyes. Locke must have made a slip somewhere. Although, now you mention the Half Moon Street affair, it strikes me we shall have our work cut out connecting Elliot with that. It shows a finesse of which I can hardly believe him capable. Unless he had an accomplice—unless there were two murderers—unless—Oh, Jupiter! This case is driving me off my head!"

"We want the gov'nor badly," agreed Jack. He paused as an idea occurred to him. "Do you think Morecombe could have made the acquaintance of Red Elliot when he was over in America?"

"It's very likely, but it doesn't get us much farther. Look here, the best thing you can do is to send an S.O.S. to Locke. He gave you an address?"

"I'll wire him and hope for the best."

Jack Drake left the inspector, and having telegraphed to Brussels, without much belief that Locke would ever receive the message, he treated himself to a cup of coffee and debated what his next move ought to be.

There was every reason why he should

feel highly satisfied. Entirely through a clue he had personally discovered, the murderer had been traced. He himself had caught the man. Locke would come back to find the real work done. And yet—

At the back of the youngster's mind lurked an uncomfortable suspicion that he had been taking too much for granted, that the whole thing was too good to be true. Lambton had also echoed that tiny disquieting doubt, although he had soon dismissed it again.

"But I'm hanged if I can see where we've gone wrong," he murmured. "Red Elliot simply must be our man."

Finishing his coffee, Jack Drake consulted a pocket time-table, having decided to return to Bridgewater.

He left Paddington by the midnight. Securing a carriage to himself, he drew down the blinds and stretched full length on the seat. It was several hours before he went to sleep. He did some pretty hard thinking first.

The solution, he was convinced, lay in the secret passage, which surely couldn't end with that brick wall.

"By Jove, I've got it!" he exclaimed. "I ought to kick myself! Naturally, it wasn't designed so that you could enter the house from the outside, but to enable you to escape from the house when you were already in it. I believe I should find an entrance if I searched long enough in the study. I'll try it to-morrow night. Lomax has been sent for by the Yard. Soames will be the only man in the house, and he will be too scared to come down even if he hears me. Why didn't I think of looking in the study before?"

Having come to this decision, Jack Drake shut his eyes again, and the train was just crossing the Somerset border when he fell asleep.

He reached Bridgewater about half-past nine, feeling famished. The inn, which he had made his headquarters,

INTRODUCTION.

Ferrers Locke, the world-famous detective, and his boy assistant, Jack Drake, are visited by Mr. Silas Morecombe, of Bridgewater, South Devon, who tells Locke that he has received two notes threatening his life. The next night, although the police, under Inspector Webster, of Scotland Yard, are also on the case, Morecombe is found dead in his room, the murderer having escaped without a trace. The police are baffled, but Ferrers Locke has a theory, for he knows that the murdered man, whose real name was Lomax, was a member of a criminal gang headed by a scoundrel called Peter the Pedlar that, 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. The detective is asked by Mr. Lomax, the dead man's brother, to follow up the clue of a letter which had arrived for Morecombe from Brussels. Locke promises to do his best, although he divines Lomax's anxiety for him to leave the country. Drake is left in charge of the case at Bridgewater, and by examining the typewriter at the Grange, finds that the letters threatening Morecombe's life were typed on this machine. Following this the boy sleuth discovers a secret passage leading from a disused well in the grounds to a subterranean chamber under the house. Drake explores it at night and in the pitch darkness encounters a man whom he is convinced is the slayer of Morecombe. Drake succeeds in scoundreling him, but the unknown escapes in a waiting car. The next morning Drake's search for clues is rewarded by the discovery of a revolver bearing a fingerprint which, at Scotland Yard, is found to be that of Red Elliot, a notorious Chicago gunman and a member of Peter the Pedlar's gang. Jack Drake takes part in a police comb-out of several criminal hounds and at last the wanted man is run to earth. As the disguised boy sleuth approaches him, however, Red Elliot jerks out a six-shooter and fires.

(Now read on.)

was a pleasant sight, the smoke from its crooked chimney streaming into a blue sky.

Ferrers Locke's boy assistant entered it and ordered breakfast. The landlord, he fancied, was looking at him rather inquisitively.

"So you've come back to look for butterflies, sir?"

"That's about it," Jack nodded, with a smile. "I suppose things are quiet again now?"

"For the present," replied the man, staring at him hard. "Although if you had been here last night you would have seen something more interesting than butterflies." He spat out the last word with most unscientific scorn.

"What would I have seen?" queried Jack, off-handedly.

"Maybe you don't believe in ghosts. Yet there were two men of this village who saw something last night—and you can call it by what fancy name you like. Jake Williams swears it came straight out of the water. It rose up, with a big, glaring eye—and horns."

Jack's interest quickened, although he tried to conceal it.

"The cider you sell is pretty strong stuff," he commented sceptically.

"I thought as you'd say that," replied the landlord solemnly. "But you can take my word they wasn't drunk. What they saw goodness only knows. But mighty queer things have been happening in Bridgewater."

"I agree," said Jack. "It doesn't seem the ideal place for a rest cure. By the way, I'll have three eggs instead of two with my bacon."

Jack Drake went upstairs, and as soon as he had turned away his expression became decidedly thoughtful. Another ghost—although Red Elliot was in gaol!

"This is some case," he sighed, opening the door of his bed-room.

Then for an instant he stood stock-still with amazement, as though he had seen a ghost himself. For there was a tall man, with his back to him, sitting in a chair in front of the window.

It was Ferrers Locke!

What the Lake Revealed!

"SORRY if I gave you a shock," drawled Ferrers Locke, standing up and watching the thunderstruck boy with amusement, "but you keep an excellent library. I've just been entertaining myself with your latest acquisition."

He held up the ancient volume entitled "A History of Bridgewater."

"I congratulate you on discovering it. I suppose that's what you were doing when you nearly sandbagged me. If I may make the suggestion, never shine a torch in a subterranean passage unless you've first made sure it is unoccupied."

"Then it was you, gov'nor, I passed!" gasped Jack Drake.

"And it was my sandwich that puzzled you so much," said the Baker Street detective, with a chuckle. "I watched your subsequent performance, and I congratulate you on shooting straight. If things had got ugly I would have shown myself. As it was I preferred to lie low."

Jack Drake blinked like a swimmer coming to the surface after a high dive.

"So you haven't been abroad?"

"No; but I read your admirable report all the same. When I told you to give it to Soames to post I felt toler-

ably sure he wouldn't post it. I abstracted it from his room."

"Soames! You suspect—"

"I not only suspect, but I know he's a dangerous criminal. He would have made a great actor if he had chosen to earn his living honestly. You think he's a nerve-shattered scarecrow, but believe me, Jack, the man's got no more nerves than a stone. He's that most cold-blooded and loathsome reptile—a professional blackmailer."

Jack Drake sat down heavily on the bed. He was thinking of the black-mailing letter that had nearly sent Locke to Brussels.

"Still, we've got our man—Morecombe's murderer. He's safe under lock and key. Or do you know about it already?"

"I don't know. I hadn't the faintest idea an arrest had been made."

"I'd better start from the beginning and tell you the whole story."

"I'm listening," said the Baker Street detective, pulling out his pipe.

Jack Drake's confidence had inexplicably begun to wane as soon as he started, and by the time he had finished he had a feeling that the theory he had propounded would soon be torn to shreds. But Ferrers Locke hadn't once interrupted. He listened throughout with a faint, imperturbable smile.

"It must have been Elliot," Jack ended. "Who else could have done it?"

"It seems to me you are making a *petitio principii*, to use a term in logic. As a matter of fact, I don't blame Lambton, since he isn't very familiar with the curious intricacies of the case. But you totally neglected my warning, Jack."

The tone was reproachful rather than chiding. But to save his life Jack could not remember what warning the detective had given.

"I couldn't have hinted much more plainly," continued Ferrers Locke, "when I said we had to look for a master-mind. The whole methods of the criminal bear the stamp of intellect and originality; a cold, remorseless intellect, with prodigious foresight. Shall I outline the case as I see it now?"

Jack nodded. He felt incapable of speech.

"I will start with the original crime—the theft of the bullion," said Locke, leaning back and pressing the tips of his fingers together. "Six well-known crooks were hired to do the job. They were merely the tools. They could never have planned anything on so big a scale. Morecombe did the thinking."

"As you remember, the bullion was taken from an uncoupled train carriage and loaded into a lorry. The lorry drove away in the direction of Dartmoor and disappeared from human ken. It was never seen nor heard of again, despite the fact that all that night every road was patrolled, and a description of the lorry had been circulated to every police station. Where did it go?"

"I happen to have found that out. At the back of the manor house, as you know, there is a small lake. It is not fifty yards long, but it is very deep. The lorry containing a precious load of gold and silver ingots was driven straight into that lake. It sank into the mud at the bottom, and in addition to being very deep, the water is practically stagnant and covered with green slime and weeds. Therefore no one had any reason to suspect the existence of a lorry below the surface."

"It was Morecombe's idea, and from the very first it seems obvious that he intended to doublecross his associates. He had secretly purchased the house, in the grounds of which the lake stands."

"When they were captured and sent to prison he paid a brief visit to

America in order to be out of the limelight. He felt confident enough the treasure was safe, and when he came back he intended to dispose of it at his leisure."

"You may wonder what first put me on the right track. I have always impressed on you that every object in the neighbourhood of a crime constitutes potential evidence. Now, if you had noticed a freshly purchased book on diving would that have conveyed anything to you?"

"I'm afraid I must admit that it wouldn't, gov'nor," said Jack. "So that is why you took me to the aquarium to see that diver at work?"

"That was my reason," nodded Locke. "I'm sorry it seemed to you a waste of time. Webster thought it was positively frivolous. But it gave me some most important information. You see, Morecombe hadn't visualised the difficulties of retrieving his sunken treasure. It's

Ferrers Locke suddenly switched on the headlamps, and a brilliant beam of light revealed a boat a few yards from the bank, and two startled-looking figures, one of which was in the dress of a diver. "Trapped!" cried Ferrers Locke triumphantly. "Blow your whistle, Webster!" (See page 28.)



possible that he didn't know the lake was so deep. Anyway, when it came to salvaging the contents of the lorry he found there was only one way, short of draining the lake, which would have attracted unwelcome attention. He would have to dive for it."

The Baker Street detective paused and applied a match to his pipe, which had gone out.

"Unfortunately," he resumed, "for Morecombe, you can't go diving without an assistant. So he had to let someone else into the secret. He picked up Soames, deceived by his cringing manner into thinking he was a weak sort of fool, easily to be duped. He little realised that Soames was to play him false. And of the two I should say that Soames undoubtedly had the stronger personality."

"Well, they started diving. Bit by bit they got some of the treasure up. They didn't try to get too much at a time because of the difficulty in disposing of it, except in driblets. Still, the process took a couple of years it would make Morecombe wealthy and

independent for the rest of his life. I imagine that is how he argued."

"It must have been a great shock when the hauntings began. He couldn't make head or tail of them. He didn't know then they were the work of a shrewder brain than his, a brain with such immense foresight. But the time came when he received a direct challenge. He was told either to quit and leave the treasure or to prepare for his death."

"That was when he came to us, I suppose?" put in Jack, who had listened spellbound, to the exposition.

"Precisely, and we know what happened. He met his death at the hands of an unknown assassin we have christened Mr. X. It was Mr. X's intention to resume the operations that Morecombe had been carrying on. But an unexpected difficulty arose—and that is what confused us so much. When Morecombe was murdered, his photo-

graph appeared in the newspapers. He was recognised by his former associates he had doublecrossed, most of whom are now out of prison again. It wasn't hard to put two and two together and deduce that the reason Morecombe had been murdered was for the hidden loot—their loot."

"So long as the police were on the spot they dared not show their hand, but they were determined not to lose more time than necessary. The gang had, meanwhile, recruited a new member, the Chicago gunman whose acquaintance you have made. Red Elliot volunteered to remove Soames—whom they rightly suspected knew where the gold was concealed. He came down, but his gun ran awa, with him. He tried to shoot you and Lomax. He came from a part of the world where shooting a man was his normal morning exercise. Perhaps now," added Locke dryly, "he is beginning to see that we do things differently across the herring pond."

"I can't stand much more of this,"

complained Jack, running his hands through his hair. "My brain is spinning like a top. You mean that Elliot is innocent?"

"Elliot is a mere interloper in the game. He's just a gunman with the mind of a baboon. I grant he has tangled the issue; but I've made everything clear now, haven't I?"

"Mud clear!" declared Jack. "And you haven't begun on the Half Moon Street affair."

"Nor do I intend to—yet," said the Baker Street detective, standing up. "A solemn thought has just occurred to me. I haven't yet breakfasted."

"Neither have I. Hang it, I've no appetite for food now—"

"That's where we differ, Jack. We differ fundamentally. No man can do a day's work without a good breakfast. And we've got a hard day's work in front of us—and a still harder night."

"But what are we going to do? At least, you will tell me that!" protested the boy.

"We are going to catch butterflies," said Locke, "until the evening. Then we are going to catch Mr. X."

There was no moon. Clouds hung low over the tords, scudding before a sou'-westerly wind. Both the clay works and the manor house were invisible in the blackness.

Two men were talking in whispers in the shelter of a gigantic boulder.

"I've come because I was ordered to," Inspector Webster was growling. "But you are barking up the wrong tree this time, Mr. Locke. I tell you flatly, I don't believe what you've just told me."

Ferrers Locke, however, was in wonderful spirits.

"You are the complete sceptic!" he declared. "A new and interesting role. You doubt everything except your own intelligence. Yet if you were a philosopher, inspector, you would start by doubting that."

"We haven't come here to discuss philosophy!" said Webster testily.

"What do you want me to do?"

"How many men have you?"

"Six."

"And they are all armed?"

"With truncheons—except the sergeant and myself."

"Well," said Locke, in a resigned voice, "it'll be safer so far as we are concerned, since they don't know how to handle guns. You've stationed them as I said?"

"They are forming a ring around the

lake. Although what on earth you expect—"

"Forgive me for not telling you, I don't want you to be uninvolved."

Webster gave an angry snort.

"The man who did this job is in the lock-up!" he retorted. "I can tell you exactly how long it will be before he walks to the scaffold."

This time the Baker Street detective took no notice.

"Have you warned them, whatever happens, not to reveal their presence until you blow your whistle?"

"Yes, I've told them that."

"We'll take up our own positions. Follow me. But don't make any noise. Look out for loose stones on the ground. We aren't show a light."

"Blind man's buff!" was Webster's explosive comment.

Passing the sheds for drying clay, they came suddenly to a halt.

"Look!" whispered Locke, pointing.

It was a weird sight. The lake was in front of them, and in the heart of its darkness a tiny light glimmered, and was reflected ruby red in the water.

Webster gasped, in spite of himself, because the light not only revealed the bow of a boat, but something like a steely bubble forming in the water itself.

It rose higher. A ghastly, inhuman face, with one monstrous, glaring eye. Higher still, until a slimy body was revealed.

"Am I dreaming?" Jack Drake heard Webster mutter.

Ferrers Locke made a quick, silent move. It was the first time either of them had been aware of the presence of a stationary motor-car. Leaning over the side of the low body, the Baker Street detective suddenly switched on the headlamps, and a brilliant beam of light illumined the water.

It revealed a boat a few yards from the bank, and two startled-looking figures—one in the dress of a diver.

"Trapped!" cried Locke triumphantly. "Now blow your whistle!"

The screech of a police-whistle cut the silence. Instantly the men in hiding rushed out of their ambush, racing towards the two men trying desperately to scramble on to the bank.

The diver, encumbered by his heavy garments, failed to land, and suddenly raised one hand above his head in an attitude of curious menace.

"Take care!" yelled Locke frantically.

"He's got dynamite!"

(For the concluding chapters of this great detective serial, see next week's MAGNET.)

THE TREZZURE of the AMAZON!

(Continued from page 15.)

"Now for it!" cried Mr. Fearless. "Hand me a crowbar, Birchy!"

Dr. Birchmell passed over a crowbar, and Mr. Fearless prized open the lid. The site that was revealed made the spectators fairly gasp. Grate bars of solid gold, all mixed up with glittering heaps of diamonds and other precious stones, filled the box to overflowing.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" gasped Jack Jolly. "What a trezzure!"

"Grate pip! I have never seen so much wealth in all my natcheral!" merrered the Head, his eyes gleaming greedily.

"Why, old Moses of Muggleton would give you at least five quid for that lot!"

"Five million quid would be nearer the mark!" laughed Mr. Fearless.

"Few!"

"No wonder One-eyed Pedro was so keen to lay his theieving mawlers on the trezzure!" grinned Frank Fearless.

"Wonder what's happened to the cadd?"

"Perhaps he's not very far away at the prezzent moment!" suggested the Head, a cunning look creeping into his skollery fizz.

"Let's hope not, anyway," said Mr. Fearless, rising to his feet again. "Hallo! What the thump—"

"Lissen!" hilt Jack Jolly.

The entire party lissened. And brave as they were, their faces blanched at what they herd.

From every direcktion came the silent, rustling sound of an invizzible army advancing through the trees towards them, closing round on them on all sides!

"Indians!" gasped Mr. Fearless.

Then came a voice they all knew—the voice of One-eyed Pedro himself!

"Ready, senors?"

Back came the answer from the throats of an army of Indian warriors.

"Ugh!"

"Then charge!" roared the evil scoundrell.

An instant later, a thousand savvidges had leaped from their hiding-places, yelling feendishly and brandishing tommy-hawks and skalping-knives.

"Back up, St. Sam's!" roared Jack Jolly, rising to the emergency.

"What-ho!" responded his chums.

Immediately afterwards a wild and whirling fight was in progress.

THE END.

(Be sure you read the final story in this amusing, "trezzure" series, entitled:

"DR. BIRCHEMELL'S REWARD!"

which will appear in next week's bumper MAGNET.)

ALL NEED

FREE—PEAR COLLECTION OF COUNTLESS STAMPS; "PETITE" SCARCE SIAM; ZOOLOGICAL STAMPS; PICTURE STAMPS; GUMMED CLEAR POCHETTES; "PEARLESS" HINGES; PORTRAIT STAMPS; INDUSTRY STAMPS; SETS MINT AND USED. JUST EVERYTHING YOU WANT! Coloured List of Bargains and GIFTS. Ask for Approvals. POWERFUL MAGNIFYING GLASS IN FOLDING CASE!!! ALL FREE, but 2d. post must be sent—VICTOR BANCROFT, MATLOCK, ENGLAND.

"ABBEY-CLICO" POTATO PISTOL

Long range. Good report. Fast and furious fun! Absolutely safe. Ammunition: Potato. Action: Air. Price 1/3 post free, 3 for 3/6, 6 for 6/6 Colonial Postage 6d. extra.



NORWOODS (Dept. U.2), 16, Cullum Street, London, E.C.3

GROW TALLER!

ADD INCHES to your height. Details free.—JEDISON, 39, BOND STREET, BLACKPOOL.

STOP STAMMERING!

Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free—FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

£2,000 worth Cheap Photo Material and Films. Samples Catalogue Free. 12 by 10 Enlargement, any photo, 8d.—HACKETT'S, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS

AGENTS wanted to form Clubs. CHOCOLATES. TOYS. FANCY GOODS. CRACKERS. BIG VARIETY of Leading Makes. :: :: :: HUGE PRIZE SCHEME.

Write at once.

WALKER & HANNAM, LTD. (315), Kent Street, BRADFORD

BOYS (ages 14-19) WANTED for CANADA, AUSTRALIA, & NEW ZEALAND

Farm training, outfit, assisted passages provided. The Salvation Army keeps in touch with boys after settlement in the Dominions. S.S. VEDIC, chartered for third time, sailing October 19, 1929, from Liverpool to Australia. Make immediate application to the Branch Manager, 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.