

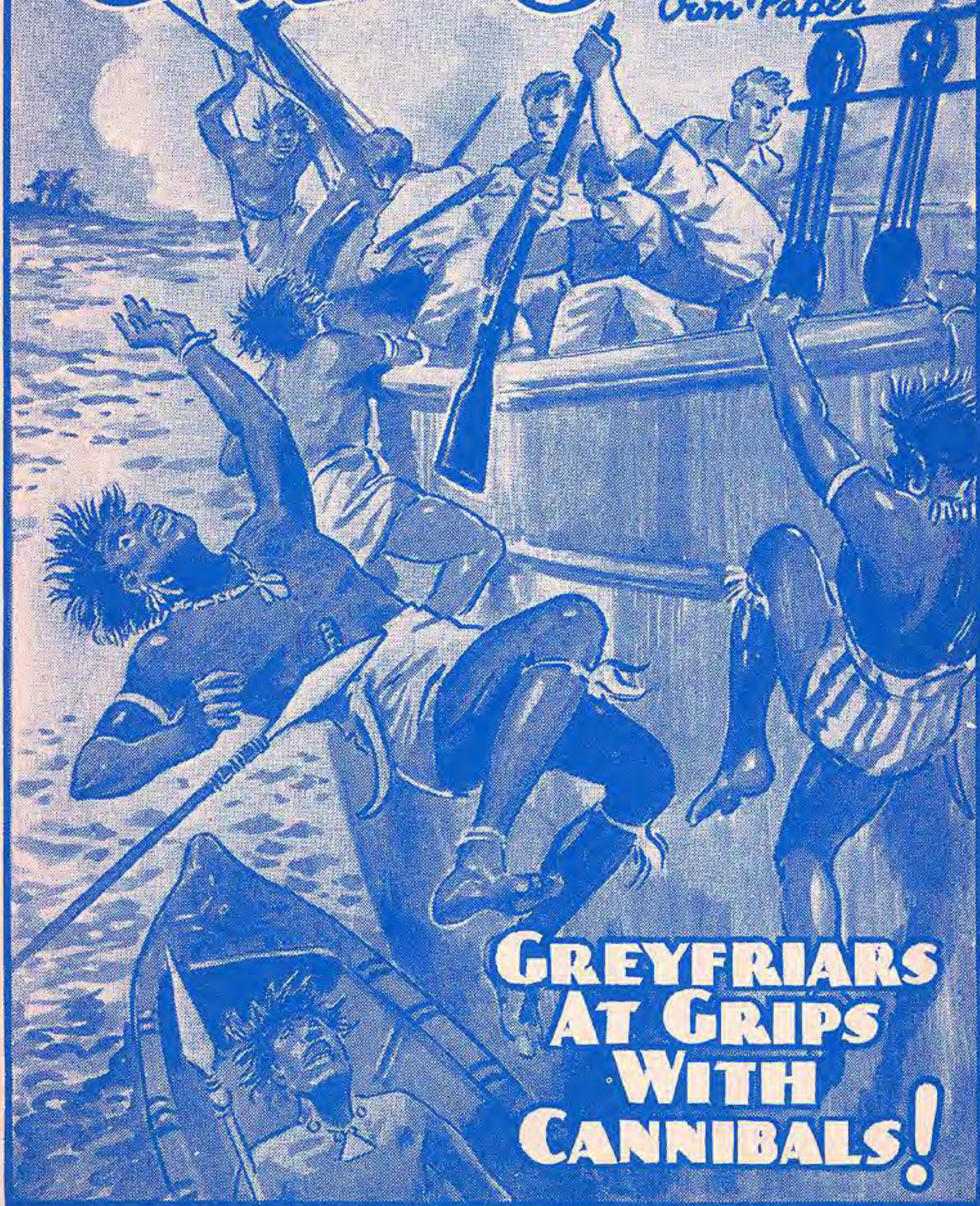
“SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURERS!”

Thrilling
School-Adventure
Yarn of . . .

HARRY WHARTON & Co.

The Magnet 2^D

Billy Bunter's
Own Paper



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LOOK! This is your final opportunity of winning a Prize in our Great "Armaments" Race. We are now going to giveaway the remaining "Hercules" Bicycles and at least 2,000 of the other Super Prizes—they are waiting to be sent off to the readers who have collected the highest number of two kinds of stamps—TANKS and BATTLESHIPS.

So, lose no time! Get out all the stamps you have been collecting each week, and add to them those given in this issue (twelve on this page, and four more on Page 21). Sort them out carefully and then count up how many TANK and BATTLESHIP Stamps you have altogether. No other stamps are wanted this month.

Having found your total, write it clearly in ink on the coupon given here, remembering that no allowance will be made for incorrect totals. Add your name and full address also, and fill in at the foot of the coupon which of the following Prizes you would like in the event of your being a second-prize winner—

FOOTBALL	CRICKET BAT	FOUNTAIN PEN
WRIST WATCH	PEN AND PENCIL SET	PROPELLING PENCIL
DART BOARD	CAMERA	A FAMOUS BOYS' BOOK

When you have completed the coupon in full, pin or clip your Battleship and Tank Stamps only together, and attach them to the coupon. Post, in a properly stamped envelope, to:

MAGNET "Armaments" (July), 1, Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

This Month's Closing Date for Home Readers is TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1938.

OVERSEAS READERS! Remember that you, too, are included in this scheme, and special awards are to be given for the highest collections from overseas readers. Send in your stamps according to the directions for home readers, but note that in your case, the closing date is extended to Wednesday, November 16th, 1938.

N.B.—As you know, this great gift scheme is also appearing in other boys' papers like "Modern Boy" and "Gem" and you will find more stamps in them.

And here's a good tip, pals—this week's MODERN BOY (issue dated July 30th) contains FOUR BONUS Battleship Stamps, making twenty stamps in all.

RULES.—Five First Prizes of £4 7s. 6d. "Hercules" Cycles and at least 2,000 other prizes will be awarded in order of merit as in previous months of the contest, i.e., to the readers declaring and sending the largest collections of the stamps called for. Cash value of any of the first prizes may be divided in case of a tie or ties for such prizes. Ties for any other prizes will be decided by the Editor.

All claims for prizes to be sent on the proper coupon (as given here); no allowance made for any coupon or stamps mutilated or lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence! No one connected with this paper may enter, and the Editor's decision will be final and legally binding throughout.

(N.B.—You can also collect or swap "Armaments" Stamps with pals who read "Gem," "Modern Boy," "Detective Weekly," "Triumph," "Thriller," "Sports Budget," "Champion," and "Boy's Cinema.")

The "Magnet"

"ARMAMENTS" RACE (July).

Herewith I enter..... stamps of

BATTLESHIPS and TANKS

In entering this competition I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Your Name.....

Address.....

Prize you would like if a second-prize winner.

NOTE: The total of stamps to be given above is the combined total (that is, your grand total of the two kinds). See that your total is correct—no allowance made for error.

12 Stamps Here - - - and 4 more on Page 21



SOUTHWARD BOUND! Miles away from Greyfriars, Harry Wharton & Co. are en route for the South Seas—with Lord Mauleverer, the schoolboy millionaire—where danger is awaiting them. But the Greyfriars chums are prepared to meet it with smiling faces!

SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURERS!

By FRANK RICHARDS



Cra-a-a-ack! "I—I say, stop! Stop that nigger, you fellows! I—I—yaroooooh!" roared Billy Bunter, as the rickshaw collapsed under his weight.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Waiters!

"**W**HAT about a ginger-pop, Bunter?"

"Thanks, no."

"Like some jam-tarts?"

"No!"

"Or some cream-puffs?"

"No!"

Those replies, from Billy Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove, were most unusual. They were, in fact, astonishing.

Never before, in all his fat career, had Billy Bunter been known to decline the offer of ginger-pop, jam-tarts, or cream-puffs!

Neither, as a rule, did the Famous Five of the Remove gather round Bunter, crowding him with these generous and hospitable invitations.

But circumstances, like carpenters, alter cases!

It was breaking-up day at Greyfriars. Everybody had packed; some fellows were gone already. All were ready to go.

Harry Wharton & Co. had an eye on the school bus. They did not want to miss that bus and go in the next. Nevertheless, while that bus filled they had gathered round Bunter. Regardless—or almost regardless—of buses and catching trains, they gave the fat Owl of the Remove their very special attention.

Fellows seldom did, on breaking-up day. In fact, they never did. When

the "hols" were at hand, fellows were more likely to dodge round corners at the sight of Bunter than to gather round him. Bunter, at such times, was sticky, and hard to get unstuck. For the first time in history, on such an occasion, Billy Bunter seemed to be in request.

The Famous Five seemed to have only one wish, at the moment, and the dearest wish of their hearts was to get Bunter to walk across to the school shop and there to dispose of ginger-pop, jam-tarts, and cream-puffs at their expense.

At any other time it would have been

Opening Yarn of a Thrilling New Holiday Series, Starring HARRY WHARTON & CO., the World-Famous Chums of GREYFRIARS.

the easiest of tasks. Now it was not easy. It was, in fact, impossible.

Bunter, grinning, stayed where he was, heedless of the voice of the charmer.

Harry Wharton offered ginger-pop. Bob Cherry suggested jam-tarts. Frank Nugent mentioned cream-puffs. Johnny Bull referred to meringues. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh murmured coconut-ice.

But it was in vain! Billy Bunter

grinned a negative to every tempting suggestion.

"Room for you fellows!" yelled Peter Todd from the bus.

But the Famous Five did not heed.

Vernon-Smith came out of the House. A handsome car was waiting for him.

"You men like to pack in for the station?" asked Smithy.

"Thanks, old man, no."

"I say, you fellows, why not get off?" squeaked Billy Bunter. "Nothing for you to wait for, is there?"

Apparently there was, for the chums of the Remove waited, and the Bounder rolled off in his handsome car and left them with Bunter.

A still handsomer car was still waiting. Upon that car, Billy Bunter's eyes—and spectacles—were fixed. A liveried chauffeur stood like a statue by that car. He had been waiting for some time—and was still waiting. There was baggage on the car—Lord Mauleverer's baggage. But Mauly himself had not yet appeared to take his seat. So the chauffeur was still waiting—and so was Billy Bunter!

Bunter was going in that car—with Mauly!

That was why he resisted the blandishments of the Famous Five. That, as he jolly well knew, was why they wanted him to walk across to the tuckshop. Making out, like the beasts they were, that old Mauly did not want his pal in that car!

If that was the belief of the Famous Five, it was a false belief. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,589

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Five, they had grounds for it. For twice Lord Mauleverer had looked out of the doorway, and at sight of Billy Bunter watching the car, had disappeared into the House again.

Bunter, watching the car, did not observe him—having, of course, no eyes in the back of his head, and those in front not being particularly good ones. But the Famous Five did. Bunter was waiting for Mauly to come—and Mauly was waiting for Bunter to go! Both of them, in the peculiar circumstances, seemed booked for a long wait! For which reason the Famous Five, nobly missing their bus, were doing their best for old Mauly.

"I say, you fellows, your bus is going!" said Bunter.

"Oh, that's all right, we'll get the next!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"You'll lose your train!"

"Lots of trains to-day!" said Bob.

"Well, look here, one of you cut into the House and tell Mauly his man's waiting!" suggested Bunter. "The silly ass seems to have forgotten all about it."

"You cut in," suggested Nugent.

"I'm waiting for Mauly. I don't wish to risk missing him. He might come out at another door—"

"Very likely, with you waiting at this one!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "I say, I wish he'd come! I never did my lines for Quelch, and it would be just like him to nab me at the last minute. I don't want to see Quelch before I go."

"My dear chap, you'll have to say good-bye to your Form-master!" said Bob, hopefully.

"I'll watch it!" said Bunter.

"Better cut in and see Quelch, Bunter!" urged Harry Wharton.

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter blinked round irritably at the big doorway. He did not want to see Mr. Quelch; he did not want to see Lord Mauleverer. As it happened, Mauly glanced out, for the third time, as Bunter blinked in; and this time the fat Owl spotted him!

"I say, Mauly—" he squeaked.

Lord Mauleverer disappeared like a ghost at cock-crow.

"Mauly!" roared Bunter.

But answer there came none! Lord Mauleverer was suddenly busy elsewhere. Billy Bunter snorted.

"What the dickens is the matter with the chap?" he grunted. "Keeping me hanging on like this, when that old ass, Quelch, may spot me at any minute, and jaw me about those lines. Nice way to treat a fellow he's asked to spend the vacation with him. I'd chuck the whole thing up, really, only I can't very well let Mauly down."

"Think Mauly would mind?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Well, he wouldn't mind if you fellows let him down," he said. "In fact, I fancy he would be rather glad! I mean to say, he can't actually want you fellows to go on that trip to the South Seas with him. How could he?"

"You fat ass—"

"You can call a fellow names!" said Bunter disdainfully. "You've hooked on to Mauly for these hols—not the sort of thing I would do. Some fellows are particular about such things. Mauly begged me to go, almost with tears in his eyes! I said I would."

"How on earth did you wangle it?" asked Bob.

"Yah!"

"Well, look here, what about a bit of a feed before we start?" asked Harry

Wharton. "A real spread. Won't you join us, Bunter?"

"No, I won't!"

"Jam-tarts, and meringues, and cream-puffs, and ginger-pop, and—"

"Oh, shut up!" howled Bunter. That tempting list made his mouth water. "If you think you're going to make me miss Mauly, you're jolly well mistaken—see?"

Evidently, there was nothing doing.

Bunter was a fixture there—waiting for Mauly to come! Mauly was another fixture elsewhere, waiting for Bunter to go! It was like the old story of the irresistible force brought to bear on the immovable object!

Mauly had asked Bunter for the vac. Bunter, somehow, had wangled it—he was a wonderful wangler in such matters. The Famous Five were joining Mauly later for the trip, after a few days at home. Bunter wasn't! Bunter was going home with Mauly in that car!

Perhaps he did not want Mauly to escape his eyes until they started on that trip to the South Seas. Perhaps he preferred Mauleverer Towers to Bunter Court. Anyway, when Mauly left the school, Bunter was leaving the school—with Mauly!

And, as Mauly actually had asked him for the holiday trip to the South Seas, Bunter felt that he could hardly refuse. Mauly, no doubt, felt the same. He hated refusing anybody anything. He did not want to refuse Bunter. All he wanted was to get away without him.

"I say, you fellows, do go in and call Mauly!" said the fat Owl peevishly. "I can't stand here for ever!"

"Come over to the tuckshop and wait there," suggested Bob.

"Shut up!" roared Bunter.

The chauffeur was still standing like a statue. Bunter was not—he was wriggling with impatience.

"Will that fathead ever come?" he yapped. "I say, you fellows, do call him! That silly old ass Quelch may spot me any minute, and you know what he is—he would jaw a fellow on break-up day as soon as look at him—"

"Shut up, ass!" breathed Bob Cherry, as an angular figure appeared in the doorway, and Mr. Quelch glanced out into the quad.

"Shan't!" snorted Bunter. "It would be just like Quelch to make me do my lines to-day, if he spotted me—you know what a blithering, blinking old goat he is—absolutely savage old brute—"

"Bunter!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Bunter!"

Billy Bunter revolved on his axis, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles at the Remove master in the doorway. Mr. Quelch looked at him as if he could have bitten him.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, sir, I—I wasn't saying—oh crikey!"

"Follow me to my study, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, in a voice like that of the Great Huge Bear.

"I—I—I'm waiting for a—a chap, sir."

"Follow me this instant, Bunter!"

"Oh lor'!"

Billy Bunter rolled dismally into the House, and followed his Form-master. Ten seconds after he had disappeared, an elegant figure emerged from the House. Lord Mauleverer, seldom in a hurry, seemed in haste now. He popped into the car.

"See you men at Croydon!" he called out; and the Famous Five, grinning, waved good-bye as the car rolled away to the gates.

Then they went for a bus!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter In Luck!

"IMPOSSIBLE!" said Mr. Bunter. "Oh, really, dad—"

"With income tax at five shillings and sixpence in the pound," said Mr. Bunter severely, "quite impossible!"

Billy Bunter grunted.

He was not interested in income tax. He was still at the happy age when such things did not worry.

But he had heard a good deal about it, uninterested as he was, since Greyfriars had broken up for the holidays. Really, it seemed to be Mr. Bunter's favourite topic.

Bunter hardly knew that that onerous payment was due on the first of July. Mr. Bunter did—only too well! Even if he had forgotten it, the Inspector of Taxes would have reminded him, before the end of the month. The Inspector of Taxes had an awfully good memory!

"But I mean to say, I'm going away for the whole vacation—" explained Bunter. "A tenner—"

"With income tax—"

"Well, a fiver!"

"At five shillings and sixpence—"

"What about a couple of quid?"

"In the pound!"

"Ten bob, then!" said Bunter despairingly.

"I should be very pleased—"

"Oh, good!"

"If it should ever please the Chancellor of the Exchequer—"

"Eh?"

"To draw in a little less money to be spent here, there and everywhere," said Mr. Bunter, with ferocious sarcasm. "But until then—"

"Oh lor'!"

"Until then, William, you must be satisfied with your allowance. Now I must catch my train. Good-bye, William! I hope you will have a very pleasant holiday with your friends abroad."

And Mr. Bunter was gone.

The old Ford grunted, as he went. So did Bunter.

Bunter grunted even more emphatically than the Ford.

It was a bit thick, Bunter considered. Here he was, about to start on a long trip abroad—tropical regions, too! A fellow had to have a few things for tropical regions. He had no doubt that the other fellows had been doing a lot of shopping, ready for the voyage. Bunter had not bothered about that much, however. He hoped that they had done enough for him also! He would have to borrow a few things from his pals, and he only hoped that they wouldn't be too tight for him.

Owing to Lord Mauleverer's happy escape on breaking-up day, Bunter had had to roll home to Bunter Court, instead of bestowing his fascinating society on Mauly, at Mauleverer Towers.

Bunter Court, judging by Bunter's descriptions of it at Greyfriars, should have been quite a pleasant spot to roll home to.

But—close at hand—Bunter Court diminished to Bunter Villa; the Rolls to a Ford; the vast wealth to a small income which, according to Mr. Bunter, had chiefly to go in income tax!

"Br-r-r-r!" grunted Bunter.

Sammy Bunter, his minor in the Second Form, home for the holidays, looked in, with a cheery grin.

"Did you get by with it, Billy?" he asked.

"No!" grunted Bunter.

He blinked at his minor.

"I say, Sammy, I'm going to-day—you

know my pal Mauly, in the Remove, asked me to go on that trip with him to an island in the Pacific—I couldn't very well refuse, you know, when he made such a point of it—"

"He, he, he!"

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

"Fat!" said Sammy. "I like that!"

"Well, look here, a fellow doesn't like to turn up stony, and if you can lend me—where are you going, Sammy?"

Sammy did not answer that question.

He went.

Billy Bunter breathed hard. He rolled out into the garden—which at Greyfriars became the vast grounds of Bunter Court!—where he found Sister Bessie eating an apple.

"I say, Bessie, I'm going to-day," he said. "Can you—"

Miss Bunter blinked at him.

"Don't forget that half-crown before you go," she said.

"Eh! What half-crown?"

"The one I lent you—"

Bunter rolled away! He had as good as forgotten that half-crown, but Elizabeth Bunter seemed to have as good a memory as an Inspector of Taxes!

Bunter rolled in again.

"Aren't you going to pack, William?" asked Mrs. Bunter.

The frown left Billy Bunter's fat face. He gave his mother an affectionate blink.

"No, that's all right," he said. "My friends will see me through. I say, mums, I'm going to bring you back some corals and things from the South Sea Islands. I'll send you some picture postcards, if they've got any at Kalua-wolly—what-do-you-call-it."

"And you will want a little extra—" Mrs. Bunter began to open her purse.

"No, mums!" answered Bunter heroically. "That's all right—that's quite all right! Quite! I'm expecting a postal order—I—I—I mean, that's quite all right! Don't you worry about that!"

"Well, if you would like a cake to eat in the train—"

"What-ho!" said Bunter.

There was a little bundle under Billy Bunter's arm when he started for the station. But it was not still under his arm when he arrived there. Bunter had had only one breakfast that morning. The cake was an inside passenger before Bunter sighted the station.

Perhaps that was the reason why he lost his train. Anyhow, it was going out when he rolled into the station.

Bunter was booked for London that morning. He had his railway fare. At Waterloo he was to join up with the rest of the party; after that, financial matters would be in other hands. Mauly's uncle, Sir Reginald, was making all the arrangements for the trip, and was to see the party off at Croydon. The first "lap" of that long journey was to be made by plane, as far as Singapore, where a steamer was to carry the party on to the Pacific Islands.

Few fellows would have thought of starting on a trip to the Pacific Ocean with nothing but what they stood up in, and their cash limited to the railway fare as far as Waterloo Station. Bunter was one of the few.

Had Bunter caught that train, Bunter would have been all right. But he had to wait half an hour, at the little Surrey station, for the next. That did it! Exactly how it came about that his railway fare was expended on grub instead of a ticket, Bunter hardly knew. These things happened to Bunter! The cake, perhaps, had whetted his appetite. Anyhow, it went; and with his last

penny, the fat Owl provided himself with a platform ticket.

Few fellows, again, would have gone on a platform to start a journey, armed only with a platform ticket! Again, Bunter was one of the few.

It was possible that his friends might be in the very train he was going to catch, as they had the same destination. If so, they would see him through. If not, Bunter—sad to relate—was prepared to make a desperate attempt to "bilk" the railway company! Bunter was one of those misguided fellows who take the view that railway companies are fair game! This view had landed Bunter in a lot of trouble at various times, and he really hoped that he would spot familiar faces in the train when it came in. Even Bunter preferred not to bilk, if it could be helped.

His fat face beamed as the train came in.

From a first-class carriage descended an elegant youth and a portly, middle-aged gentleman. The first was Lord Mauleverer, of the Greyfriars Remove, the second was Sir Reginald Brooke, his uncle and guardian.

Why they were getting out at that station, Bunter did not know—but it was a tremendous stroke of luck for him.

He rolled along to give them a cordial greeting.

Mauly and his uncle, not observing him, crossed the platform and sat down on one of the seats, under the window of the refreshment-room. Bunter, in Mauly's place, would have sat down inside that room, not outside! They seemed to be going to wait for somebody.

Bunter rolled up.

He heard Sir Reginald's voice as he arrived.

"We have half an hour to wait for your friends, Herbert. There is a matter I intended to mention to you—but I hesitated to do so—"

"Carry on, nunky!" said Mauleverer.

"With regard to this trip to Kalua-alua-lalua—dear me, who is this?"

"Me, sir!" said Billy Bunter brightly. "How do you do, sir! How's things, Mauly, old man? Jolly meeting you like this, what?"

Lord Mauleverer did not seem to think it fearfully jolly. Still less so did his uncle.

"Who is this, Herbert?" he asked.

"Bunter, sir—don't you remember him—"

"Oh! Bunter! Yes, quite! But was not Bunter to be at Waterloo?"

"Yaas!"

"Then how—why—"

"Bunter always turns up like a bad penny, sir! Don't you, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Mauly! The fact is, I lost my train," said Bunter. "Worse than that, I've lost my ticket, too! I had it in my hand one minute, and the next minute it wasn't there! You know how these things happen! I suppose you'll—"

"Oh! Yaas!"

"Waiting for the other fellows here?" asked Bunter breezily. "I'll wait with you, old chap!"

Bunter sat down.

Sir Reginald's eye glinted at him. He had been about to speak to his nephew on private matters, as Bunter very well knew. Mauleverer hastily interposed.

"I believe this buffet's open, Bunter," he said.

"Yes! But I left my purse at home," said Bunter regretfully. "Bit awkward, you know. The pater stood me a tenner, specially, and Sammy and Bessie both insisted on lending me a

few quids, in the circumstances, you know—and then I go and leave my purse on the radiogram in my den at Bunter Court—"

He blinked at Mauly. "If you'd lend me half-a-crown, old chap—I'll let you have it back out of a postal order I'm expecting—"

Billy Bunter rolled into the refreshment-room with half-a-crown in his fat paw; and Mauly and his uncle were left at liberty to get on with that private conversation—which was not destined, however, to be quite so private as they supposed!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Bad Hat!

BILLY BUNTER grinned.

He sat at a little table in the refreshment-room in that little Surrey station, just by the window which looked on the platform.

That window was a few inches open. As the seat on which sat Lord Mauleverer and his uncle was just outside the window, their voices were audible to a pair of fat ears within.

Bunter ate jam-tarts and cakes, and scoffed ginger-pop—and grinned.

Not that Bunter, of course, was playing the eavesdropper! He would have scorned the imputation! He just sat there, and if they talked within his hearing, how was Bunter to help it?

Curiosity was Bunter's besetting sin. But he did not admit to himself that he was a Paul Pry and a "Peeping Tom"! It just happened that he had selected that table among a dozen others in an empty buffet. Bunter had a wonderful way of believing what he chose to believe.

Anyhow, there he was; and the rather thin, high-pitched voice of Sir Reginald Brooke came clearly to his fat ears. But he ceased to grin as he listened. It is well said that listeners seldom hear good of themselves.

"I do not like that boy Bunter, Herbert! He appears to me a very inquisitive boy. I am sure he knew that we were speaking on private matters, yet he sat down here just the same."

"Yaas!"

"Beast!" breathed Bunter, into a jam-tart.

"Is he a friend of yours at school, Herbert?"

"Well, he says he is, sir," murmured Mauly. "I suppose he knows."

"I am afraid, Herbert, that you are easily imposed upon, in some ways!" said the old gentleman.

"Yaas!"

"Your other friends—Wharton, Nugent, Bull, Cherry, and the Indian boy—I am very glad that they are going with you. But I really do not quite see, Herbert, why you are taking this—this Bunter—"

"The other fellows wanted him, sir."

Billy Bunter grinned again. Bunter knew, if Mauly did not, exactly how much the other fellows wanted him! But, as the old baronet had said, Mauly was rather easily imposed upon.

"Oh! Very well!" said Sir Reginald. "The boy appears to me to be inquisitive, but after all—"

"He ain't a bad chap, sir," said Mauleverer. Mauly never could regard any chap as a bad chap. "He's got his good points! I—I can't quite remember what they are, but I'm sure he's got 'em."

"Well, well, never mind Bunter," said Sir Reginald. "This may be my last opportunity of speaking to you in
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private, Herbert, before you start. Now, my boy, I am very glad that you like the idea of this voyage to the Pacific, and that you take an interest in your property there—some day you must take charge of your possessions, and it will be greatly to your benefit to be the better acquainted with them. The island of Kalua-alua-lalua is a very valuable property, and it has greatly increased in value, under the care of Mr. McTab."

"Yaas!"

"I regret that my age makes it impossible for me to accompany you, Herbert; but I have, of course, made every arrangement for you and your friends to be properly looked after. The plane will carry you as far as Singapore, where the steamer will be waiting to take you to the Fiji Islands, and there another vessel will be in readiness for Kalua-alua-lalua. But we have already gone into all this—"

"Yaas."

"But, my boy—" the old gentleman hesitated.

"Anythin' worryin' you, sir?"

"Not exactly," said Sir Reginald. "But—I have not referred to this before, Herbert, but I feel that I must do so before you leave."

"Carry on, sir."

"You are going for a holiday, and to inspect your property in the South Seas—an excellent idea. But—have you any other object, Herbert?"

Lord Mauleverer did not reply.

Billy Bunter, on the inner side of the window, pricked up his fat ears.

For a fellow who was not eavesdropping, he was hearing a good deal; and he was going to hear more!

Billy Bunter was, in fact, very curious about that trip to the South Seas.

Lord Mauleverer had inherited a South Sea island, among innumerable other possessions, but he had hardly remembered its existence till just lately. He had some special reason for recalling it to mind, and for planning this long trip, Bunter was sure of that. And, as it did not concern Bunter in the very least, he wanted to know all about it.

"You need, of course, tell me nothing, Herbert," said the old gentleman, a little stiffly. "But—"

"My dear sir," said Lord Mauleverer at once. "I've got another idea in my mind—no secret about it even if I were ass enough to keep secrets from you, sir. I fancied you'd take it for granted."

"You mean—Brian?"

"Yaas!"

Billy Bunter almost swallowed a jam-tart whole in his excitement. He was hearing something now!

Bunter had heard of Mauly's scapegrace cousin, Brian Mauleverer. He had, in fact, met that reckless young man once, on a visit to Mauleverer Towers. He knew that Brian Mauleverer was a very "bad hat."

Certainly it had never occurred to Bunter that this trip to the South Seas could have any connection with the "bad hat" of the Mauleverer family, who had left his country for his country's good.

"I thought so, Herbert," said the old baronet. "It is since a letter was received from Brian, from the South Seas, that you began to take an interest in Kalua-alua-lalua. But—"

"Blood is thicker than water, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "Brian's a bad hat, and his letter showed plainly enough that he's going down deep. But—perhaps a helpin' hand—"

"I fear, Herbert, that Brian Maul-

everer is past redemption," said Sir Reginald gravely. "His conduct in England was wild and reckless and unscrupulous—and in that distant part of the world, I fear that he has gone from bad to worse. In fact, what he said himself, in his letter, leaves no doubt on that point."

"I know! But—"

"He asked for money—he would not have written for anything else—"

"Yaas! But—"

"I could not consent to place a large sum in such hands, Herbert, unless I was assured that it was intended to be used for an honourable purpose. He could give no such assurance. He referred to an opening he had in view—but I cannot help thinking that it was more likely to be some wild and lawless project than anything else."

"I'm afraid so, sir! But—if I came across him—I might look into it," said Mauleverer. "If old Brian's tryin' to make a fresh start, I'd like to give him a leg up, sir! I'd let you know—and you could trust my word, if not Brian's."

"I hardly like you coming into contact with him."

"He won't do me any damage, sir! You don't fancy he will teach me to play poker with a whisky-and-soda at my elbow?" Lord Mauleverer chuckled.

"I can trust you, Herbert! I can trust your friends! But—"

"It will be all right, sir! I mayn't find him—he's left precious little clue to finding him. But if I do, I could see whether anythin's to be done to set him on his feet again. Ten to one he's tryin' to turn over a new leaf—I hope so, anyhow."

"Well, well, I will not oppose you, Herbert, though I fear that little good will come of it!" said the baronet slowly. "You may be right, my boy, though I fear that Brian Mauleverer will never be anything but what he has always been. If you find him at all, I fear that you will find him a worthless loafer—a beachcomber, as it is called there. But we will hope for the best—and, in any case, I can rely upon you not to fall under his influence."

"That's all right, sir!"

There was a shriek of a whistle.

"Here comes the train, nunky! I'd better call Bunter! When he's eatin' he forgets everythin' else."

Billy Bunter hastily bolted the last jam-tart, and rolled out of the refreshment-room, wiping a sticky mouth with the back of a sticky hand.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Off For The South Seas!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

A carriage door was hurled open, and five cheery faces looked out as Bob Cherry's roar woke the echoes of the railway.

The Famous Five waved to Lord Mauleverer and his uncle, who came up to the carriage.

"Hop in, Mauly!" said Bob.

"Room for you, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "One of us will stand."

There were five in the carriage, which left one seat vacant. But Sir Reginald smiled, and shook his head.

"I will go into the next," he said. "You go in with your friends, Herbert."

"Jump in, my esteemed Mauly!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that Bunter?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, staring at

a fat and sticky Owl. "Weren't you going to Waterloo, Fatty?"

"I lost my ticket—"

"Why didn't you lose yourself along with it, fathead?"

"Yah!"

Sir Reginald went to his carriage. Billy Bunter rolled in with the Famous Five, and Lord Mauleverer hesitated. But Bob Cherry grabbed him, and dragged him in, and a porter slammed the door.

The train rolled on for London.

"Here we are, here we are, here we are again!" sang Bob Cherry. Bob seemed to be in exuberant spirits. "Sit down, Mauly!"

"Oh, I'll stand!" said Mauleverer placidly.

"No, you won't! Bunter—"

"If you think I'm going to stand, Bob Cherry—" roared Bunter.

"I was going to say that you could have my seat, porpoise!"

"Oh, all right! You sit down, Mauly, old chap! Bob can stand all right! If you'd hang one of your feet out of the window, Bob, it would make a lot more room. He, he, he!"

Bunter sat down in a corner seat. Bunter liked a corner seat. What anybody else liked did not, of course, matter.

"Squat down, Mauly!" bawled Bob.

"No, look here—yaroooh!" yelled Lord Mauleverer, as Bob gave him a playful shove on his noble chest, and he sat down quite suddenly.

"I say, don't be such a hippopotamus, Bob!" chided Bunter. "You're travelling with me now! Might have a spot of manners."

"Isn't he nice?" said Bob. "Ain't it gorgeous to be travelling with Bunter? Who'd care for a holiday without him?"

"Boot him!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

"Jolly to see you fellows again," said Lord Mauleverer. "We—"

"Did you arrange to meet these fellows at this station, Mauly?" asked Bunter, with a severe blink through his big spectacles.

"Yaas."

"Then why didn't you let me know? If I—I hadn't lost my train—I mean, my ticket—I should be waiting at Waterloo!"

"But I didn't know you were on the same line, old fat bean," said Lord Mauleverer mildly.

"Couldn't you have written?"

"Yaas."

"Well, was it too much trouble to write?"

"Yaas."

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Is your baggage on the train, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton. "I didn't see—"

"Eh? Oh! Yes, I suppose so!" answered Bunter carelessly. "I hadn't much, as we're going by plane—a couple of suitcases, and my silver-mounted dressing-case, and a gun-case or two. I expect the porters have seen to them."

"The expectfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Johnny Bull snorted.

"If that fat spoofer fancies that he's going to bag my shirts and socks, same as he did last time—" he began.

"I dare say Mauly will lend me a few things if my baggage doesn't turn up!" said Bunter, with dignity. "You won't mind, will you, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Beast! I mean, look here, old chap, it will mean a lot of delay if I have to root round Waterloo hunting for my baggage—it may take a jolly long time to find it—"



"Look at that guy!" said Bunter. "Fancy an old ass dressing up like that!" "Shut up!" hissed Bob Cherry. "How do you know he doesn't understand English?" "Thank you, young sir!" said the Chinaman, coming to a slow and stately halt and bowing.

"A frightfully long time, I fancy!" remarked Frank Nugent. "Say a hundred years—"

"And then some!" said Bob Cherry.

"Well, if we lose the plane at Croydon, it won't be my fault!" said Bunter. "I say, Mauly, I hope it's a decent plane. If I'd been standing this trip, I should have chartered a special plane. Have you done that, Mauly?"

"Eh? No!"

"Well, I really think—" said Bunter warmly.

"But nunky has—"

"Oh! Then we're having a plane all to ourselves?"

"Yaas! Couple of pilots, and a steward, if you don't mind that, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Did you charter a special weighing-machine for Bunter, before he goes on board?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Eh? No!"

"Then the game's up! An ordinary one won't stand the strain!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a bright and merry party that turned out of the train at Waterloo.

Sir Reginald rejoined the party there, and shepherded them to the car that was in waiting. Billy Bunter did not delay to make any inquiry about his baggage. The Greyfriars party rolled off for Croydon.

They looked with great interest at the giant plane that was to carry them on the first lap of the long trip across Europe and a good part of Asia.

All the juniors had been "up" before, and were delighted at the prospect of going "up" again—with one exception. Billy Bunter eyed the plane rather dubiously through his big spectacles.

"First hop, Paris!" remarked Bob

Cherry. "You won't be seasick in the Channel this time, Bunter."

Sir Reginald saw the party safe on board.

Billy Bunter sat down and clutched at his seat. The plane was not moving yet, but Bunter's idea seemed to be "safety first."

Mauly's uncle shook hands all round with the party, excepting Bunter—whose fat hands were clutching, and not at liberty for hand-shakes—so Sir Reginald missed a jammy paw.

The door closed. The engines roared. Billy Bunter held on like a limpet to a rock. The plane began to taxi on the asphalt.

"I—I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter.

"How many brekkers have you had, old fat man?" asked Bob. "If you've had more than six, you'll lose one or two now!"

"Beast! I say, Mauly—" squeaked Bunter.

"Yaas."

"I—I think I—I'd rather go by steamer, after all! And—and train—I—I think I—I'd rather get out."

The plane took off. The juniors, looking down from the window, saw Sir Reginald waving his hand, and waved back. But Sir Reginald and the landing-place rapidly diminished. Bunter did not look out. He held on, and blinked wildly at Mauly.

"Deaf?" he roared.

"Eh? Yaas—I mean, no. What's the trouble, old man?"

"I'm going to get out!" roared Bunter.

"Oh gad!"

"Open that door, Bob Cherry! Do you hear me, you beast? We're just going to start, I believe—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Open that door!" roared Bunter. He tottered to his feet. "I'm getting out, see!"

"Bit of a step down," grinned Bob Cherry. "Anybody see the altimeter? How high are we now?"

"Thousand feet," said Nugent.

"No; two thousand!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Stepping out, Bunter?"

"Beast!"

Bunter gave up the idea of stepping out.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Day In Singapore!

"IT'S hot," said Billy Bunter, fanning himself with his hat.

"Hot?" repeated Bob Cherry. "Did you say it was hot, Bunter?"

"Yes, I did."

"Now, I wonder," said Bob meditatively, "why they allowed Singapore to be hot, when Bunter was coming along? They couldn't have known he was coming."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh cackle!" said Bunter bitterly. "Fat lot you care!"

"We're rather warm ourselves, old fat man!" murmured Lord Maul- everer.

Snort! from Bunter.

Singapore was hot. There was no doubt about that—it was hot! But whether the other fellows felt the heat or not was, of course, a matter of very small moment. What mattered was that Bunter did.

Bunter was red as a turkey-cock, and perspiring.

Under his sun-helmet his fat face glowed like a poony, and his big spectacles flashed in the tropical sunshine.

After a series of "hops," the plane had landed the Greyfriars party at Singapore, and they were through with sky-travelling now. Thousands of miles had passed under them at wonderful speed. Even the long summer holiday would have been short for a trip to the South Seas, but for that swift lift on the long journey.

Bunter was not sorry to say good-bye to the plane. He had got used to it, but the law of gravitation always haunted his fat mind when he was "up." He was glad to be "down" again for good.

At Singapore the party had been met by a friend of Sir Reginald's, who owned a rubber plantation near the city. He had landed them in the Eastern Hotel, and was looking after them till they passed into the charge of the captain of the steamer next day.

Meanwhile, they were taking a walk about Singapore on their own, making the most of a day in that wonderful city of the East.

But it was hot.

Judging by Billy Bunter's remarks, it might have been supposed that the authorities in Singapore had nefariously turned the heat on, just to annoy Bunter. But they hadn't. It was generally like that.

Bunter had declined to stay in the shady veranda of the hotel. He was not going to be left out. On the other hand, walking did not appeal to him—especially in tropical heat.

The other fellows found endless interest in the bustling streets of Singapore, where they jostled white

men and black and brown and yellow—planter, Malaya, Tamils, Chinese, Siamese, all sorts and conditions of men of all colours, and talking a wonderful variety of languages.

Bunter was chiefly occupied with the fact that it was hot, and, so far as he noticed the people at all, it was with contemptuous indifference. Lot of niggers, was Bunter's opinion of them.

"Look at that guy!" said Bunter, with a nod towards a Chinese gentleman, in his native costume, who was walking with slow and stately steps in his voluminous silken garments. "Fancy an old ass dressing up like that, just as if he was in a musical comedy."

"Shut up, ass!" hissed Bob Cherry. "How do you know he doesn't understand English?"

"Oh, these foreigners are an ignorant lot!" said Bunter disdainfully. "Look how they cackle in their silly languages—sounds like cracking nuts to me. I'll bet that old sketch don't understand a word of any civilised language. Fancy a man with a fan! He, he, he!"

"Dry up, fathead!"

"Shan't! Silly, old ass!" said Bunter, blinking at the Chinaman, who came to a slow and stately halt, and bowed to him.

"Thank you, young sir!" said the Chinaman; and he passed on, with flowing garments, leaving Bunter blinking, and the other fellows crimson with vexation.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "He—he—he understood me! Oh!"

"The Chinese," said Bob, "are the politest people on earth. Otherwise, that chap would have kicked you all over Singapore."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"But I'm not so polite as a Chinaman," went on Bob. "So I'm jolly well going to kick you—"

"Look here—Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "I say, you fellows—wow! Stop kicking me, you beast, or I'll—whoo-hoooo!"

Billy Bunter dodged wildly.

He was hotter than ever, after his exertions, when the Greyfriars fellows resumed their walk round Singapore.

"Rickshaw, sar—rickshaw!"

"I say, you fellows, hold on!" squeaked Bunter. "Here's a rickshaw! I'm going to take a rickshaw!"

"Oh, come on!" said Johnny Bull impatiently.

"I'm tired!" hooted Bunter. "It's hot! I'm going to take a rickshaw. You lend me some money, Mauly."

"Yaas."

"Here, my man!" howled Bunter.

The rickshaw coolie came to a halt. There were plenty of rickshaws, or jinrikshas, to be seen in Singapore—little light carriages, drawn by a coolie running between the shafts.

This particular coolie was eager for custom, but he seemed smitten with a doubt as he looked at Bunter.

The rickshaw was light and flimsy. Bunter wasn't. Perhaps the coolie doubted whether it would stand the strain. It hardly looked as if it would.

But Bunter did not doubt. According to Bunter, he weighed eight stone. In the Greyfriars Remove they put it at eighteen, or perhaps twenty-eight.

"You wantee rickshaw, sar?" asked the coolie, not very enthusiastically. "Yessar! Oh, yessar!"

"I say, you fellows, you might help a fellow in!" hooted Bunter. "Beastly awkward thing to get into. Will you help a fellow in, or won't you help a fellow in?"

"Wait till we get to the celebrated new dock, Bunter," advised Bob.

"Eh—why?"

"They've got a steam crane there."

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "I say, gimme a bunk, Mauly!"

Three or four hands helped Billy Bunter into the rickshaw. There was just about enough room for him inside. He sat down with a gasp of relief, and the little vehicle creaked ominously as he landed.

Cree-e-eak!

"I say, you fellows, keep me in sight!" said Bunter, blinking out of the rickshaw. "I don't want to get lost in this beastly town. Here, my man, get on with it!"

"Yessar!" gasped the coolie.

He took the handles and started. There was a louder creak from the flimsy vehicle, followed by a louder crack. Something seemed to be going!

"I say, you fellows, mind you don't lose sight of me!" roared Bunter. "What are you grinning at, you fat-heads?"

"We shan't lose sight of you, old fat man," chuckled Bob Cherry. "I don't think you'll go very far in that rickshaw."

"I'm jolly well staying in this rickshaw all the time!" declared Bunter. "I've had enough tramping about in this beastly sun! I'm going to sit down, see? I'm going to stick to this rickshaw till—"

Crack!

"I—I say, what's that?"

Cra-a-a-ack!

"I—I say, stop! Stop that nigger, you fellows! I—I—yaroooh!" roared Billy Bunter, with a roar that woke most of the echoes of Singapore, if not

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of the mainland. "Ow! Help! I say, is it an earthquake? Yarooop!"

Crash!
The coolie had had his doubts! Those doubts were justified. Some rickshaws would have stood Bunter's weight. That one didn't! Exactly what happened Bunter did not know! He suddenly found himself sitting in the road, surrounded by the wreck of the rickshaw, like Marius of old sitting in the ruins of Carthage.

"Yoo-hoop! I say, you fellows, help! I'm killed!" yelled Bunter. "I mean, nearly killed! I'm smashed up—smashed to pieces!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.
"I say—help—oh crikey—what's happened—yarooop!" roared Bunter.
"I say—yooo-hoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Rickshaw all gone!" gasped the coolie. "Him break along plenty piecee! Too much heavy white feller."

"Yarooop! Help!"
Billy Bunter, as a rule, liked the lime-light. He was getting it now. A crowd white and brown and black, and all shades between, surrounded him, and all were laughing. Coolies chuckled, Chinese grinned, even grave Malays smiled. The Greyfriars fellows yelled.

But they rushed to the rescue. They grabbed Bunter, and dragged him out of the wreck of the rickshaw.

The coolie waved brown hands and howled:

"Plenty niceey rickshaw, all goey along plenty piecee! White feller pay along rickshaw all break along too much piecee."

Lord Mauleverer slipped a handful of silver into the brown hand, and the coolie calmed down, and grinned with satisfaction. But Billy Bunter did neither. Bunter howled, and gasped, and spluttered, and gurgled.

"Coming on?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Beast! Ow!"

"We've got half Singapore round us now! Are you waiting for the other half?"

"Urrggh! Beast!"

"Shall I call another rickshaw?" chuckled Bob.

"Yah! Rotter! Ow!"

Bunter did not want another rickshaw. One was enough, if not one too many. He rolled on, at last, with the Greyfriars fellows, snorting. Singapore was still hot, and Bunter was still tired, not to mention lazy; but he finished that excursion on his fat little legs—he was not going to trust himself in a rickshaw again.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Spot Of Ventriloquism!

"IS that Australia?" asked Billy Bunter.

The steamer *Sunderbund* was throbbing through blue waters, under a sky of cloudless blue.

Billy Bunter gave a blink over the rail to port, and asked whether it was Australia that he saw in the distance in that direction.

At which the other fellows chuckled.

"Not quite!" answered Bob Cherry.

"That's Borneo, old fat bean!"

"Oh, is that Australia on the other side—I believe there's something—"

"Hardly! That will be Java."

"Well, look here, tell me if we pass New Zealand!" said Bunter. "I'd like to have a squint at New Zealand, where old Brownie comes from, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Five juniors, in deckchairs on the *Sunderbund*, chortled. Even Lord Mauleverer opened his eyes, and grinned, and shut them again.

As the steamer was passing the strait between Java and Borneo, it was highly improbable that New Zealand would be sighted, as Australia had not yet been reached, N. Z. was a long way on the further side thereof.

But Billy Bunter's ideas of geography were rather vague.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," grunted Bunter. "I told Tom Brown I'd have a squint at New Zealand on the way to Fiji, and he cackled, just as you fellows are doing. Look here, you'll tell me when we pass New Zealand."

"Right-ho!" said Bob, cheerily. "You'll want some jolly good specs, though, to see New Zealand when we pass it. You see, we shan't pass within a thousand miles or so. But I'll point it out if I see it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" grunted Bunter. "I say, you fellows, it's as hot here as it was in Singapore. I say, can you see the steward? I want a lemon-squash."

The steward was no more visible than New Zealand; though no doubt he was not so far away. The *Sunderbund* was a cargo steamer, but carried passengers; all the passenger accommodation having been booked for the Greyfriars party.

Readers

PLEASE NOTE

that owing to the August Bank Holiday the next issue of the **MAGNET** will be on sale **FRIDAY, July 29th.**

The Remove fellows did not expect to find an Atlantic liner on a far Eastern trade route, neither did they. They were not disposed to grumble, however—with the distinguished exception of Billy Bunter! Bunter grumbled enough for the whole party. There was one steward—a coloured man—on the *Sunderbund*—and Bunter could have kept one steward busy all day, entirely on his own.

"Can't see him!" said Nugent.

"Well, call him!"

"He might be busy!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! This is a bit of a change after Bunter Court!" said Bunter bitterly. "After being waited on hand and foot by menials all day long—and what are you sniggering at now?"

"The menials all day long!" answered Bob.

"Carry on!"

"Of course, you're not accustomed to much in the way of style, in your poor little home, Cherry! You don't know what it is to have footmen at your beck and call."

"No more than you do, old bean."

"Yah! Will you call that nigger?"

"You call him!"

"He doesn't come when I call him!" snorted Bunter. He did the first day, and since then he's got cheeky. He pretends not to hear.

"Then I'll tell you what," suggested Bob. "Go and get your lemon-squash yourself."

"I'm tired!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Poor old Bunter!" said Johnny Bull. "He walked nearly round the deck yesterday. Must be worn out to-day."

"Aren't you tired, Bull?"

"Not fearfully."

"Well, then you go and get me a lemon-squash?"

"Rats!"

"Beast! I say, Mauly——"

"Yaas?" Lord Mauleverer opened his eyes again. It was a sultry afternoon, and Mauly was drowsy.

"Will you go and get me a lemon-squash, old chap? You don't mind going and getting it off the steward, do you?"

"Yaas."

"Are you going to be a lazy, selfish beast like the others, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

Billy Bunter snorted. Six fellows were seated round him, and not one of them was going to fetch Bunter a lemon-squash, though he had told them he was thirsty. This was the sort of selfishness that Bunter was accustomed to.

Certainly, the other fellows saw no reason why Bunter should not wait on himself, if he required waiting on. But Bunter saw lots of reasons. It was hot; and he was lazy.

"I say, Inky——"

There was no reply from Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. The Nabob of Bhanipur was probably the only member of the party who enjoyed the tropical heat of the East Indies. It reminded him of his own sunny land. He was stretched in a deckchair, with the blaze of the sun on his dusky face, and his eyes closed. If he was not asleep, he looked as if he was; and he did not answer Bunter.

"Inky! Deaf?" hooted Bunter. "Look here, you black beast——"

No reply.

"It's hot," remarked Bob Cherry. "But it's not too hot to get up and boot you along the deck, Bunter! So shut up!"

"Yah!"

Bunter shut up for a little while. The juniors watched the blue sea, and the blue sky and chatted. Bunter, lemon-squashless, grunted.

Then he coughed. Had the juniors noticed that fat little cough, they might have guessed that the Greyfriars ventriloquist was just going to begin. But as they were not heeding Bunter, they did not notice it.

"Are you going for that lemon-squash, Cherry?" asked Bunter.

"No, ass; shut up!"

"My esteemed Bob," came a voice that was either Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's, or a twin to it. "Do not be a lazy pig!"

Bob Cherry almost jumped out of his deckchair.

"What?" he gasped.

All the Co. stared at the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Inky, stretched lazily in his deckchair, did not stir.

His eyes were shaded by his tilted hat, so it was not noticeable that they were shut. As they had heard his voice, the other fellows naturally supposed that he was awake. It did not occur to them that the fact that Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had dropped into slumber, had given the fat ventriloquist a chance.

"Inky, old man!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, staring.

"What did you call me, Inky?" asked Bob Cherry, with a glint in his blue eyes.

"A terrifically lazy pig!" answered the voice that ought to have belonged to the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"You silly, cheeky ass——" exclaimed Bob.

"What the thump do you mean, Inky? Do you want me to mop you out of that deckchair?"

"You couldn't, you preposterous fathead!"

"Couldn't I?"

Bob Cherry jumped up.

He demonstrated the next moment that he could. He grabbed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh and whirled him out of the deckchair, which collapsed as the nabob was dragged headlong out of it. Bump!

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh bumped on the collapsed chair and roared. It was quite a sudden and startling awakening for the Nabob of Bhanipur.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Lemon-Squash For Bunter!

"HE, he, he!" cackled Bunter. Bunter was amused.

The other fellows were not, however. Bob Cherry stood glaring at the nabob, who sat dizzily on the flattened deckchair, blinking up at him in amazement. The others, all on their feet now, stood round in dismay.

"Rows" in the happy circle of the Famous Five were quite uncommon. There were spots of trouble at times, but they blew over and nobody remembered them; but this looked like being a royal row.

"My dear chaps—" remonstrated Lord Mauleverer, most dismayed of all. His lordship had been drowsy, but he was wide awake now. "My dear fellows—"

"What the idiotic thump—" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "You potty fathead, what are you up to?"

"Like some more?" roared Bob, red with wrath.

"Shut up, ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You're not going to row with Inky!"

"Think I'm going to be called a pig?" roared Bob.

"Inky, you ass—" said Nugent.

Inky tottered to his feet. He blinked in astonishment at his friends, but his dark eyes glittered as they fixed on Bob.

"Is that what you call the jokefulness, you ass?" he demanded. "Or have you gone off your idiotic rocker? Do you want me to bang your silly head on that absurd deck?"

"Yes, if you can do it!" retorted Bob. "Get on with it!"

"You terrific ass!"

"You cheeky rotter!"

That was enough for the Nabob of Bhanipur. He hurled himself at Bob Cherry.

Lord Mauleverer jumped between.

"Hold on!" he gasped. "You— Oh gad! Oh crikey! Yaroooh!"

A punch intended for Bob landed on Mauly's ear. He staggered against Bob and stopped a punch intended for Inky with his other ear. It was quite painful for the peacemaker.

"He, he, he!" gurgled Bunter.

Bunter was enjoying this. It was really better than the lemon-squash which was the cause of all the trouble.

"I say— Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer, clapping his hands to his ears. "I say— Yoo-hoop!"

Wharton and Nugent grabbed Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull grasped the nabob, and they were dragged back. Lord Mauleverer stood between them, rubbing his damaged ears. Bunter, in his deckchair, giggled. Really he had hardly expected a spot of ventriloquism to cause all this!

"Stop it!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Stop it, you ass, Bob!"

"Chuck it, Inky!" hooted Johnny Bull.

"I will not allow that terrific ass to call me a rotter!" gasped the nabob.

"Well, you called him a pig, you fathead—"

"Who called him a pig?" ejaculated Hurree Singh.

"You did before he grabbed you out of that chair, you ass! We all heard you, fathead! So shut up!"

"But I did not!" yelled the astounded nabob. "How could I call the terrific ass a pig when I was asleep?"

"Talking in your sleep, perhaps!" snorted Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Anyhow, you did—"

"I did not!" howled the nabob. "I was fast asleep when that blitherful chump woke me up, banging me over on the idiotic deck!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Look here, you preposterous fathead, I tell you—"

"Oh rats! I heard you—"

"I will punch your idiotic nose if you say you heard me—"

"Well, I did—and so did the other fellows—"

"Hold on!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Chuck it! That villain Bunter—"

"Bunter?"

"That potty porpoise Bunter playin' his tricks again!"

"Oh!"

"I say, you fellows, it wasn't me!" exclaimed Billy Bunter in alarm, as the whole party turned to glare at him. "Don't you be a beast, Mauly, making out that it was me! I never knew Inky was asleep; and as for imitating his voice, I can't do it—I've quite forgotten how to ventriloquise! I never—"

"Bunter!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat! I'd forgotten that fat scoundrel and his potty ventriloquism! Inky, old man, sorry—"

"Bunter!" said Johnny Bull in a deep, growling voice. "I'd forgotten his potty tricks! Boot him round the deck!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Bump him!"

"Burst him!"

"I—I say, I keep on telling you it wasn't me!" howled Bunter, as the juniors, enlightened now, gathered round him, and he blinked up in alarm from his deckchair. "Besides, I shouldn't have done it if Bob had fetched me that lemon-squash, as I asked him. Not that I did it, you know! I wouldn't! It was only a joke, too! Just a spot of ventriloquism to— to amuse you! Can't you take a joke? I say, Mauly, keep them off! If this is how you allow a guest to be treated— I tell you it was only a joke—and I never did it, either!"

"You terrific toad—"

"You fat foozler—"

"Burst him!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. He pushed his comrades back, much to Billy Bunter's relief. "Leave him to me! Do you still want that lemon-squash, Bunter?"

"Eh?" Bunter blinked. "Yes!"

"Then I'll fetch it for you."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Oh crikey!"

"What—" gasped Johnny Bull.

"My esteemed Bob—"

"Bob, you ass—"

"My dear chaps," said Bob Cherry, "leave it to me! Bunter played that rotten trick because I wouldn't fetch him a lemon-squash. I'm jolly well going to fetch him one! Leave it at that!"

"Oh, all right!" said Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry went for the lemon-squash. His friends eyed Bunter as if they could have eaten him; but, as Bob

had requested, they left it at that. They had rather an idea that Bunter was not going to enjoy that lemon-squash when he got it.

That idea did not occur to Bunter. He sank back in his deckchair in great relief and satisfaction.

Bunter had not known—or cared—how the affair was going to end, but he had never dreamed that it was going to end like this. Bunter was feeling very satisfied.

Bob Cherry reappeared on deck with a large, brimming glass in his hand.

Billy Bunter eyed it with happy anticipation.

He was, as he had said, thirsty. He was always hungry; and now that he was in a tropical climate he was always thirsty, too. That long, cool drink looked delicious.

"Here you are, Bunter," said Bob. "Take your hat off."

"Eh? I don't want to take my hat off to drink a lemon-squash!" said Bunter, blinking at him. "I say— Wharrer you up to, you ass?" added Bunter in a howl, as Bob jerked his hat off.

"I don't want to pour it on your hat," explained Bob.

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Bunter. It suddenly dawned on him how he was going to get that lemon-squash. "I say, keep off! Don't you chuck that on me! I say, you beast— Grooooooogh!"

Splash!

It was a large glass; it was full. Bob upended it over a fat head. It swamped.

"Yooooooogh!" spluttered Bunter, as lemon-squash drenched his hair and ran down behind his fat ears and down his fat neck. "I say— Gooooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrrrrgh! Beast! Gurrerrgh!"

Bunter bounded up, streaming lemon-squash. He clawed at a streaming face, dabbed at a soaked head, and clutched at a drenched collar. Lemon-squash was running all over him; he was of the lemon-squash, lemon-squashy. Lemon-squash taken internally was grateful and comforting; taken externally, it was not nice!

"Groooooogh!" gurgled Bunter. "Oh, you beast! I'm all wet—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm all sticky!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall have to go and change!" shrieked Bunter. "I shall have to wash!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrrrgh! I'm all wet and sticky!"

"Let's have another spot of ventriloquism," said Bob Cherry. "Every time you give us a spot of ventriloquism I'm going to give you a spot of lemon-squash. Get on with it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Billy Bunter was not thinking of handing out any more ventriloquism! He rolled away, gurgling. Bunter was likely to give the Greyfriars fellows a long rest before he treated them to another spot of ventriloquism!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Man At Port Moresby!

"PAPUA—" said Bob Cherry.

"Otherwise New Guinea!" said Nugent.

"And the town's called—what the dickens is it called?"

"The whatfulness is terrific."

"Oh, I know!" said Billy Bunter.

"Sydney!"

"Sydney's in Australia, you fat ass!"

"Is it? I mean, I know it is! Yow"

can't teach me anything about geography, Bob Cherry! I meant to say Adelaide."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Captain Rawson, passing the Greyfriars group on the deck, threw a word over their shoulders.

"Port Moresby!"

"Thanks!" said Bob. "That's it, you men! That's Port Moresby!"

The Java Sea, the Banda Sea, and Torres Straits, were left behind, and the steamer was ranging along the British end of New Guinea. She was to put in at Port Moresby, where there was going to be time for a run ashore—to which all the juniors were looking keenly forward. It was not often that a chance came a fellow's way of getting a look at Papua, and they were jumping at this chance.

They watched the harbour, and its surrounding hills, and the tin roofs ashore, as the Sunderbund throbbed in. Billy Bunter eyed the wharf, and the crowd thereon, a little uneasily through his big spectacles. Bunter's idea of the South Sea Islands was chiefly associated with cannibals; and any of the dark gentlemen now in view of his spectacles might have been a cannibal, for all Bunter knew.

"I say, you fellows, are they all niggers here?" he asked.

"If you mean negroes, no, fathead!" said Bob. "They're Papuans."

"They look jolly black," said Bunter. "Much blacker than you, Inky!"

"You terrific idiot—"

"The Papuans belong to the dark, or Melanesian race!" said Harry Wharton. "But there aren't any negroes in this part of the world, fathead!"

"Rot!" said Bunter. "South Sea Islanders are called Polynesians. I've read that in a book."

"Polynesians are the brown, ones! Melanesians are the black ones! But they're not quite black."

"Blacker than Inky—yaroooh! Wharrer you kicking me for, Inky, you beast?" yelled Bunter. "You're blacker than they are—much blacker—yah!"

Billy Bunter hurtled below, after that. He was only in time to escape another lunge from the nabob's boot.

He was still in his cabin when the Sunderbund berthed at the wharf, and winches began to rattle, and the juniors to prepare for a walk ashore.

Bob Cherry gave him a roar.

"Coming, Bunter?"

"Yah!"

"We're going ashore, fathead, if you want to come!"

"I don't want to see any more niggers! I see enough of Inky!" howled back Bunter. "Go and eat coke!"

The shore-going party were not fearfully anxious for the company of Billy Bunter. A walk round Port Moresby was not likely to be improved by incessant complaints that it was hot. But Bob was all good-nature, and he thought it rather rotten for Bunter to miss the chance of a life-time. He banged on the fat Owl's cabin door.

"Look here, come along, fathead!" he called out.

"Shan't!" retorted Bunter. That was enough for Bunter! If he was wanted, he wasn't going.

"Ass!" said Bob.

And feeling that he had done enough, he rejoined his friends, and they walked cheerfully down the slanting gangway.

There was not, perhaps, a great deal to be seen at the little Papuan seaport, but it was all new and strange to the schoolboys, and they wanted to see it all; and every fuzzy-headed, long-legged

Papuan was an interesting object to their eyes.

They strolled along the wharf, looking about them. There were several sailing-craft in the harbour, but the Sunderbund was the only steamer there. They stopped to look at a schooner, on the deck of which brown Tonga boys were lounging, when a voice called behind them. Unaware that they were being addressed, the juniors did not look round.

"Verstaat gij mij!" came the voice again, in raised and rather angry tones. Then Bob Cherry glanced round.

At a little distance, a man was sitting on a cask, smoking a long black cheroot. It was he who had called, in a language unknown to the Greyfriars fellows.

But apparently he was addressing them, for he waved a large fat hand at Bob Cherry as the junior glanced round.

He was a big man, or rather, an immense man—not so much vertically as horizontally. Billy Bunter would have looked almost slim beside the plump Dutchman who was sitting on the cask.

His fat face was dark almost as a native's, from burning, tropical suns. His eyes were a light-blue, in startling contrast to his extremely dark skin.

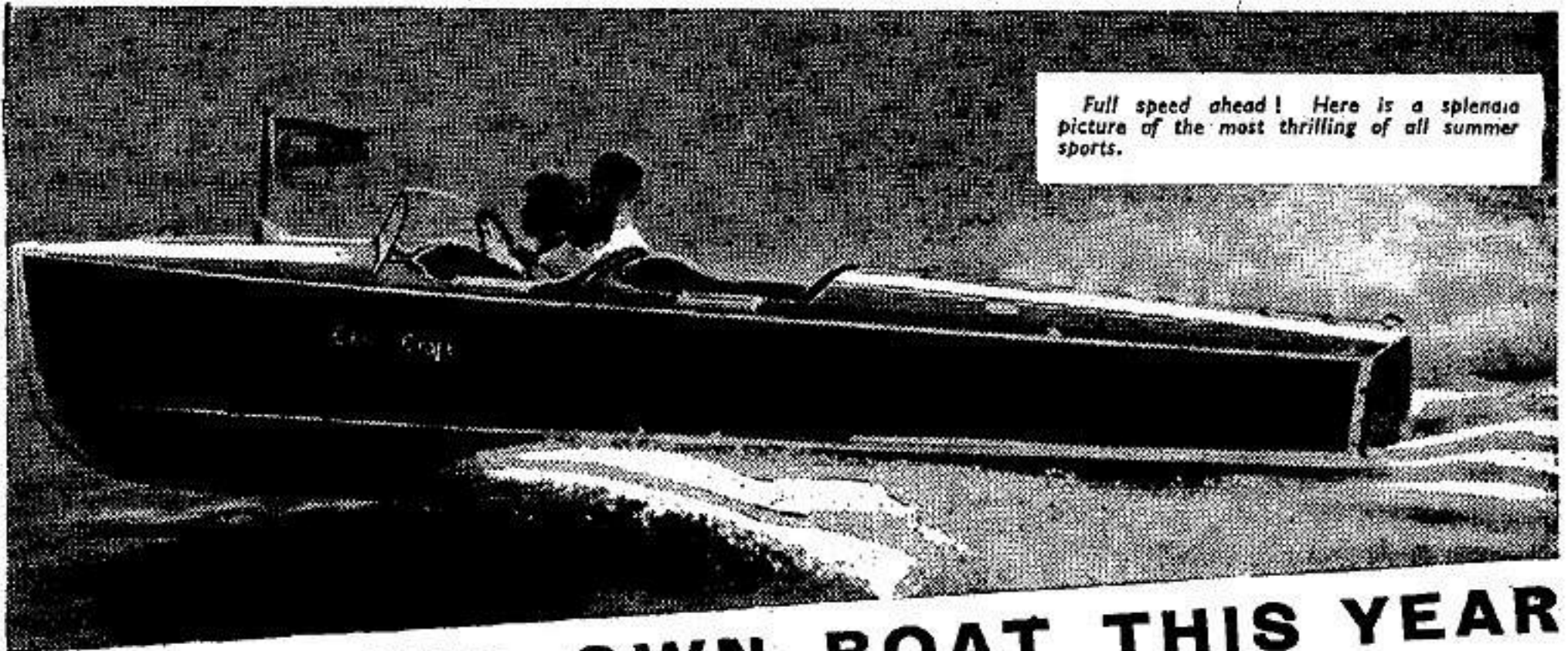
He waved his hand impatiently to Bob.

From his looks, he was a sea-going man—probably a skipper, accustomed to rapping out orders. Bob Cherry was not much disposed to take orders from a foreigner and a stranger; however, he was always civil, and as the Dutchman evidently wanted to speak, he walked over to him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob cheerily. "Want anything?"

"Ach! You are English!" said the big Dutchman.

(Continued on next page.)



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"Right in one!" agreed Bob.
 "You come from that steamer?" The Dutchman, evidently, could speak English, though he had hailed the party in his own tongue.

"Eh? Yes!" answered Bob.
 "Wees zoo goed mij te zeggen—" "I don't speak Dutch!" said Bob politely. He guessed that it was Dutch. "Neen, neen!" grunted the big man. "Be so good to tell me, where does that steamer go?"

"Fiji!" answered Bob.
 "Fiji!" The big man seemed pleased to hear it, why, Bob could not imagine. "She go to Fiji?"

"Yes!" answered Bob.
 "She is a cargo ship, but she take passengers!" said the Dutchman, with a nod.

"Oh!" Bob understood then, that the Dutchman wanted a passage to the Fiji Islands. "I'm afraid there's no accommodation on the *Sunderbund*. All the cabins are taken, and it's rather a crowd already."

The Dutchman stared at him.
 "Ga weg!" he grunted.
 Bob was unaware that "ga weg" meant "go away." He stood where he was, his friends joining him.

"This chap's asking about passenger accommodation on the *Sunderbund*," explained Bob. "Nothing doing, *Mauleverer*?"

"'Fraid not!" answered Lord *Mauleverer*. "Sorry, sir, but it happens that the cabin accommodation has all been booked for this party."

The Dutchman stared at him.
 A sudden glitter had shot into his light blue eyes. Those eyes, which seemed very keen, scanned the face of the schoolboy earl, with the sharpest scrutiny.

"*Mauleverer*!" he repeated. "Did you say *Mauleverer*?" The name seemed to have struck him.

"Eh? Yes!" said Bob.
 "That is my name!" said *Mauly*, in some surprise. He had not expected to come across a seafaring Dutchman in New Guinea, who was acquainted with his name.

"*Mauleverer*!" repeated the Dutchman, still scanning him closely. "Ach! Your name is *Mauleverer*! That is not a common name."

Lord *Mauleverer* started a little. It was true that it was not a common name; it was a very uncommon one. But there was, at least, one man in the South Seas who bore that name—*Brian Mauleverer*, the scapegrace whom *Mauly* hoped to find during his holiday trip to the Pacific.

To his friends, *Mauly* had said nothing on that subject. It was not one that he liked to discuss. They knew nothing of his intended quest, and he was unaware that *Billy Bunter* knew.

"You know the name?" he asked very quietly.

"Ja, myheer, ja."
 "Got any relations in these parts, *Mauly*?" grinned Bob.

"Yaas!"
 "Eh? You've never said so!"
 "No!"

The Famous Five looked at *Mauleverer* rather curiously. His lordship coloured faintly.

"Least said soonest mended!" he explained.

"Oh, quite!" said Harry, in astonishment. "No bizney of ours, old bean. Come over and look at that ketch, you fellows."

Harry Wharton was quick on the uptake. It was news to him that Lord *Mauleverer* had any relative in that part of the world. But he divined that

Mauly wanted to speak to the Dutchman unheard. In such circumstances, *Billy Bunter* would have glued himself to the spot! But the Co. followed Wharton across the wharf, to look at a ketch in the harbour—all of them surprised, but not inquisitive.

Lord *Mauleverer* glanced after them as they moved off, and then looked at the Dutchman's heavy dark face.

"Excuse me," he said politely, "but would you mind telling me if you've met a man named *Mauleverer* in these parts?"

"Perhaps!" answered the Dutchman coolly.

"Most likely a relative of mine," explained *Mauleverer*. "If his other name was *Brian*, he's the man, and I'd like to know where to see him."

The Dutchman shrugged his podgy shoulders.

"It is a year—two years, perhaps—that I have seen him," he answered. "I can tell you nothing." His light eyes were still keenly on *Mauly's* face. "You are the Lord—the young Lord *Mauleverer*?"

"Yaas!"
 "Ach! I can tell you nothing."

"I can see that it's *Brian* you have met, or you would never have heard of me," said Lord *Mauleverer* quietly. "Are you quite sure that you cannot tell me where to find him?"

"I know nothing."
 Lord *Mauleverer* breathed hard.

"Where did you see him?" he asked.
 "I do not remember."

Mauleverer compressed his lips. Why the Dutchman was lying, he did not know, but he knew that he was lying. The Dutch skipper had met *Brian Mauleverer*, and did not choose to say where and when.

"Was he a friend of yours?" asked *Mauly*. He hoped that the answer would be in the negative. He was far from liking the Dutchman's looks.

The Dutchman grinned.

"Ja, mynheer, ja! A very good friend—we have sailed together—ja, ja!"

Lord *Mauleverer* looked at him, gave him a curt nod, and walked on to rejoin the Famous Five.

The Dutchman stared after him, grinning as he went.

Mauly's face was very thoughtful as he walked on into the town with his friends. He made no reference to his talk with the Dutchman, and they asked him no questions; but they could not help wondering a little as they strolled about Port Moresby in the brilliant sunshine.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Asks For It!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life?" roared Bob Cherry.
 "Just like you fellows to clear off and leave a fellow on his own!" sneered Bunter. "The sort of thing I expect from you."

"You fat ass—"
 "Yah! I say, you fellows, there's another passenger on board!" said *Billy Bunter*. "Blessed if I know where they're going to stick him!"

"Another passenger?" repeated Bob. He remembered the Dutchman on the wharf. "What's he like?"

Billy Bunter grinned.
 "Fat!" he answered. "You should see him! Fat Jack of the Bonehouse! He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter was on deck, when the juniors came back from their trip ashore. They had had quite a cheery day, and so had Bunter. Bunter had been sitting down all the time, and eating most of the time; so the day had passed agreeably enough to the fat Owl of the Remove.

"Foreign chap?" asked Harry.
 "German, I think," said Bunter. "He called the captain 'mynheer'—that's German, isn't it?"

"Dutch, fathead!"

"I think it's German!" said Bunter calmly. "You don't know much about foreign languages, Wharton! I say, his name's *Van Dink*! Weird, ain't it? He, he, he! Fancy *Van Dink* being a name! He, he! German name, of course."

"Dutch, ass!"

"And, I say, he's fat!" giggled Bunter. "I mean to say, I like a chap to have a bit of a figure—like mine, you know—I shouldn't like to be a skinny scarecrow like you fellows! But that man—he—he—a regular fat porpoise. He, he, he!"

"Must be the same man!" said Nugent. "I suppose Captain Rawson's found room for him somewhere. Can't often be a steamer to be picked up at Port Moresby for the Fiji Islands. Lucky for him we put in."

"I say, *Mauly*, you've a right to object!" said Bunter. "We booked all the accommodation on this steamer—not that there's much. I'm not used to such a poky little cabin when I travel, I can tell you. Are you going to let the captain land a fat German porpoise on us, *Mauly*?"

"Yaas!"

"Oh, you're soft!" said Bunter. "I'd go straight to the captain and say—wharrer you making faces at me for, Bob Cherry?"

There was a heavy tread, and a fat figure emerged on deck. It was that of the seafaring Dutchman the juniors had met on the wharf early in the day.

Evidently he was the new passenger on the *Sunderbund*.

"Shut up, ass!" muttered Bob. "Here he comes!"

"Oh!" Bunter blinked round at the Dutchman.

Van Dink—which appeared to be his name—glanced at the schoolboys with his little light-blue eyes, but took no other notice of them. He went to the rail and stood looking across at the town.

Billy Bunter blinked after him, and then blinked round at the juniors, and chuckled.

"Look at him!" he said, in a stage whisper. "Fat—what? Jevver see such a Lilliputian—"

"Such a what?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Lilliputian!" said Bunter. "Those big people, you know, in *Gulliver's Travels*—"

"The Lilliputians were the little people, fathead—the *Broddingnagians* were the big ones—"

"Rot! You don't know much about literature, Bob—you're rather ignorant, old chap, if you don't mind my mentioning it. I say, he's as broad as he is long, ain't he? He, he, he!"

"Would you mind shuttin' up, Bunter?" asked Lord *Mauleverer*.

"Oh, really, *Mauly*—"

"Jolly good idea, if it were only possible!" sighed Bob Cherry. "But Bunter never shuts up!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"



A quick, powerful grasp was laid on Lord Mauleverer from behind, and before he knew what was happening, he was jerked from his footing and pitched over the boat's rail. Only by instinct, the schoolboy millionaire's hand closed in a desperate grip on the rail!

"That chap doesn't look very good-tempered, Bunter," said Nugent. "If he heard you giggling at him, he might wallop you!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "He can't hear me from here! I say, you fellows, did you ever see such a porpoise as that chap? If he's a Dutchman, he ain't a Flying Dutchman—he, he, he! He would sink a plane! He, he, he!"

And Bunter chortled spasmodically.

He ceased to chortle the next moment. The Dutchman seemed gifted with very keen hearing—neither was Bunter's voice so subdued as would have been judicious. The fat man turned round from the rail and came with a heavy stride across the deck.

He grabbed Billy Bunter by the collar! Fat as he was, he had immense strength. Bunter, who was no lightweight, spun like an infant in his grip.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "I say, you—"

Bang, bang, bang!

"Ow! Help! Rescue! Oh crikey!" yelled Bunter.

"Here, stop that!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The juniors could hardly blame the man for being annoyed, and for giving Bunter what he deserved for his impudence. Had he smacked that fat Owl, and smacked him hard, they would not have felt called upon to intervene—Bunter had asked for it, most emphatically.

But he was banging the hapless fat junior with a heavy fist, and Bunter yelled and howled in anguish. Three heavy bangs had fallen, and a fourth was on its way when Bob Cherry jumped forward and grabbed hold of the fat, but muscular arm, and stopped the bang in transit.

"Ga weg!" roared Van Dink, shaking

his arm, as if to shake Bob off like a fly.

"Stop it!" snapped Bob, hanging on with all his strength.

"Ow! Stoppin! I say, you fellows—yaroooh!"

"Ga weg!" yelled the Dutchman savagely, and as Bob did not let go, he released Bunter's collar and aimed the other hand, clenched, at Bob.

That savage blow, had it landed, would probably have stretched Bob half-senseless on the deck. But it did not land. Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull had hold of the ruffian in a second, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh grasped him a second later. Powerful as he was, the Dutchman staggered and tottered in the grasp of so many hands.

His hard, bronzed face was red with rage. He wrenched at his arms to free them, with the obvious intention of hitting out right and left—as, doubtless, he was accustomed to do with a native crew on his own deck. That the man was a savage-tempered, hard-fisted ruffian, was only too clear at that moment.

He struggled with the four, staggering to and fro, spluttering with rage, and Nugent and Lord Mauleverer lent a hand at grasping him. Even the half-dozen of them did not find the enraged ruffian easy to hold.

Billy Bunter tottered away, yelling.

Three or four of the crew gathered round, staring. The captain was on the wharf; but the uproar drew him to the spot. He came striding up the gangway; and, at sight of him, the Dutchman seemed to make an effort and control his fury.

He ceased to wrench and struggle—and the juniors, glad enough that the tussle was over, released him, and stood back, panting.

Van Dink gave them a glare of fury, and tramped, spluttering, down into the cuddy. He was gone as the captain stepped on deck.

"What—" began Captain Rawson, staring at the flushed and panting juniors.

"Our Dutch friend got a little excited!" drawled Lord Mauleverer. "I'm afraid it was Bunter's fault, to begin with. No harm done, sir."

"Ow! I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, you fat chump!"

"Beast! Ow! Wow! Ow!" groaned Bunter. "I never knew the beast could hear me call him a porpoise—ow! I say—wow!"

The captain gave the fat Owl a look, and went back to the wharf. The juniors, all a little breathless after that unexpected tussle, fanned themselves. It had been brief, but warm work!

"Savage brute!" said Bob. "Bunter ought to have had his cheeky head smacked—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"But pitching into the fat idiot like that—"

"The pitchfulness was altogether too terrific!"

Johnny Bull rubbed his nose. It had had rather a knock from Van Dink's elbow in the struggle.

"What about booting the fat ass?" he asked.

"Beast! I say, you fellows, I've got a pain—"

"I'll give you another!" growled Johnny. "Let's boot him round the deck and back again. That will show the Dutchman that we're not all offensive pigs like Bunter."

"Let's agreed!" agreed Bob.

Billy Bunter did not seem to like the idea, however! He rolled off into his cabin, and banged the door shut.

(Continued on page 16.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Hits Back!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. eyed the Dutchman a little warily when they saw him on deck the next day, when the *Sunderbund* was steaming onward into the Pacific.

They were rather relieved to find that Van Dink took no notice of them.

As he was to be their fellow passenger for some days, it was both awkward and unpleasant to have started with a "shindy." Certainly, he was not a man with whom they could have been on friendly terms; but civility, at least, was possible—but for Bunter's antics.

It was rather a relief to find that he was not disposed to carry the trouble further, however. So far as he heeded the Greyfriars fellows at all, he scowled at them—though every now and then, during the next day or two, some of them noticed his eyes fixed on Lord Mauleverer, with a peculiar intentness of gaze.

That he took some personal interest in Mauly, was easy to see; though why, it was not easy to guess. But his interest, whatever it was, did not lead him to speak to the schoolboy earl; he had no more to do with Mauly than the rest of the party.

Billy Bunter kept as far away from the Dutchman as he could—eyeing him very uneasily through his big spectacles whenever he saw him.

For days after leaving Port Moresby, Bunter had still three distinct aches where three hefty bangs had landed from the Dutchman's heavy fist. He did not want a fourth—and he was not likely to make any more offending remarks in the fat man's hearing.

At the same time, Bunter was feeling sore—in a double sense! Bunter did not like being banged! He had asked for it, but, like many people, Bunter did not like getting that for which he asked.

Indeed, he confided to the other fellows that he had "a jolly good mind" to knock the cheeky brute down, for having laid hands on him—which made the other fellows chortle.

As the whole party had found it rather difficult to hold Van Dink, it did not seem probable that Bunter would have much luck in knocking him down—not that Bunter was likely to attempt to suit the action to the words.

"Well, I'll jolly well make him sit up, you see!" said Bunter darkly. "I'm not going to be punched by a Dutchman."

"Give him a wide berth, you blithering owl!" said Harry. "We shall see the last of him at Suva. Steer clear, and don't play the goat!"

"You wait!" said Bunter, mysteriously.

But if Bunter was thinking of retaliation on the big Dutchman, he was not in a hurry to get on with it. One glare from Van Dink was enough.

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to make Bunter roll away across the deck. But when the effects of those three bangs had worn off, the Greyfriars ventriloquist got going, at last. Bunter—on second thoughts, perhaps—had decided not to knock the big Dutchman down! But ventriloquism seemed rather a safe method of getting his own back—for certainly Van Dink could never have suspected that the fat junior was a ventriloquist, if he had ever heard of ventriloquism at all.

One hot afternoon, the *Sunderbund* was steaming in sight of an island, which the juniors had learned was Santa Cruz, when the Dutchman came tramping heavily on deck. He planted himself at the rail, at a little distance, taking no notice of the Greyfriars party, as usual.

Bunter sat up in his deckchair and blinked at him. Then he gave a fat little cough.

Bob Cherry looked round. He knew that fat little cough!

"Want another lemon-squash, Bunter?" he asked.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"That's a tip, you fat ass!"

"Yah!"

The Dutchman was staring across the blue sea, with a scowling brow, a long, black cheroot sticking out of the corner of his extensive mouth. His back was partly turned to the Greyfriars fellows in the deckchairs.

"Ga weg!" snapped a sudden voice behind him.

Van Dink fairly jumped.

He spun round from the rail, glaring. He was surprised at being addressed in his own language, on a ship where there were no other Dutchmen. And the words were the reverse of polite.

Billy Bunter had picked up those words from the Dutchman himself, and learned their meaning. Bunter's acquaintance with the Dutch language was limited to those two words. But they were enough for his purpose. No man could like being told to "go away" in a snappish voice.

"Ach!" ejaculated the Dutchman, in angry astonishment, as he saw that there was no one near him.

Harry Wharton & Co. glanced round towards him. They had caught the words, and supposed, for the moment, that it was Van Dink himself speaking.

But the astonishment and bewilderment in his face, and the fat grin on Bunter's, enlightened them.

"You podgy piffler!" hissed Bob, as he realised that the Greyfriars ventriloquist was at work again. "Will you chuck it?"

"He, he, he!"

"Was that Bunter?" breathed Lord Mauleverer. "Bunter, you ass—"

"He, he, he!"

The Dutchman stared along at the juniors suspiciously.

But he could not suppose that one of them had spoken. He stared round the deck, stared up at the captain on the bridge, and finally turned to the rail again and leaned his plump elbows on it. Perhaps he concluded that his ears had deceived him.

"Ga weg!"

The voice rapped behind him again. Again he spun round. The amazement and bewilderment in his face were ludicrous as he saw no one at hand.

It was difficult for the juniors to avoid grinning—but they kept their faces serious. The irritated Dutchman was obviously in a mood to quarrel at a word or a look; and they did not want another scrap on the deck of the *Sunderbund*.

Breathing hard, his coppery face purple, the Dutchman stood staring.

No doubt he realised that some trick was being played, though he could not understand it. At length, however, he gave it up, as a puzzle, and once more leaned on the rail.

A few moments later the mate of the *Sunderbund* passed along. As he passed, the sharp voice rapped again:

"Ga weg!"

With a splutter of wrath the Dutchman spun round; and this time his eyes fixed on the mate. He stepped towards him, and shook a brawny fist in his startled face.

"You speak to me!" he roared. "It is you that speak! You tell me to go 'way! What is it that you mean, pig?"

The mate backed away from the brawny fist, staring at him blankly.

"What's biting you, Dutchy?" he asked. "I never spoke to you!"

"You say 'ga weg'!" roared Van Dink. "You say to me, it is three times, 'ga weg'!"

"Spot of the sun, I reckon," said the mate of the *Sunderbund*. "I don't speak your lingo, Dutchy, and never did. But keep that paw to yourself, see? I've got no use for it."

For the moment the juniors expected to see the enraged Dutchman hurl himself at the mate.

He had no doubt that it was the mate who had addressed those disagreeable words to him, and he was evidently on the very verge of giving way to his savage temper.

The juniors rose to their feet uneasily. If the South Sea ruffian's savage temper broke out again they were ready to lend a hand, if required, though far from eager for another shindy.

Billy Bunter sat and grinned.

"Fool—pig!" snarled the Dutchman. "You—"

"Belay it!" said the mate. "That's enough from you, Dutchy!"

The Dutchman made a step towards him, his brawny fists clenched. The mate eyed him coolly. He was astonished, and getting angry; and he did not budge a step.

Billy Bunter chuckled breathlessly. What would happen if the Dutchman started scrapping with the mate of the *Sunderbund*, he did not know; but he had no doubt that the outcome would be unpleasant for the Dutchman.

Luckily, the ruffian restrained his savage temper—with an effort, for it was very clear that he was not accustomed to restraining it. But the captain's eyes were on him from the bridge, and he realised that he could not carry on on the steamer's deck as he was used to do on the deck of a trading schooner. He choked back his rage and stamped away below—rather to Billy Bunter's disappointment, though to the relief of the rest of the party. Bunter would have preferred to see a shindy, so long as his own fat person was left safely outside it.

The mate shrugged his shoulders, and went on his way. And from Billy Bunter came a fat giggle:

"He, he, he!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Mauly Makes A Discovery!

LORD MAULEVERER fixed his eyes on Billy Bunter's fat, grinning face.

He made no remark, for the moment. Five other fellows were making remarks, all at once.

"You fat idiot—"

"You dangerous maniac—"

"You troublesome, terrific toad—"

"Look here, boot him!"

"Boot him all over the deck!"

"He, he, he! I say, you fellows—
he, he, he! I told you I'd make that
beast sit up! He, he, he!" chortled
Bunter. "I say, I thought he was going
to pitch into the mate! What would
the captain have done to him, do you
think? He, he, he!"

Bunter, evidently, was entertained.

"You piffing, pernicious porker!"
said Lord Mauleverer, breaking his
silence. "Do you think it's funny to
start a scrap?"

"He, he, he!"

"I'll go and get a lemon-squash!"
said Bob.

"Look here, you beast——"

"Hold on!" said Lord Mauleverer.
"That fat chump ought to be hanged,
drawn, and quartered——"

"Oh, really, Mauly——"

"And booted, and bumped, and
burst!" went on Lord Mauleverer.
"Still, you fellows knew what a per-
nicious piffler he was when you hiked
him along, you know. Grip and bear it,
old beans! You wanted him. Well,
now you've got him."

The Famous Five, who had been
glaring at Bunter, now turned their
gaze on Mauleverer in astonishment.

"What do you mean by that, Mauly,
you ass?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Only what I say, old bean,"
answered his lordship amiably. "You
wanted Bunter, you've got him—so it's
up to you to make the best of him! See?"

"Who wanted him?" roared Johnny
Bull.

"You did, old man!"

"Mad?" asked Johnny.

"Well, Wharton said he had talked
it over with his pals when he asked me
to put Bunter on the list, so I suppose
he——"

"Wharton did?"

"Yaas."

"Sunstroke, I suppose," said the
captain of the Remove, gazing at Lord
Mauleverer. "Or are you wandering
in your mind, Mauly?"

"Eh? Don't you remember?" asked
Lord Mauleverer, in surprise. "Bunter
told me you fellows were fearfully keen
on his joining up, so I told him he
could join up if you wanted him, and
if you told me so."

"I know that," said Harry Wharton.
"But what——"

"Well, you did want him, I suppose,
as you asked me——"

"I did nothing of the kind, fathead!"

"My dear chap——" murmured Lord
Mauleverer.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I say, let's talk about something
else," said Bunter. He seemed quite
uneasy, for some reason known only to
himself. "I say——"

"Shut up!" roared Wharton. "Look
here, Mauly, what are you burbling
about? You told that fat ass you'd
put him on the list if we wanted him,
as he made out, but you jolly well
knew we shouldn't land him on you——"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Shut up! I never said a word to
you on the subject, Mauly. What on
earth's put that fatheaded idea into
your head?" demanded Wharton hotly.
"Think I'd have taken it on myself to
land that fat Owl on you?"

"That was all right. I said he could
come if you fellows wanted him, as he
said you did. So when you asked me
if——"

"I did not!" roared Wharton.

"Losin' your memory, old bean?"
asked Lord Mauleverer, gazing at
Wharton in great astonishment. "Don't
you remember comin' along to my study
and tellin' me you'd talked it over with

your pals, and they'd all like Bunter
to come?"

"I never said anything of the kind."

"Oh, begad!"

"I say, you fellows——" squeaked
Bunter anxiously. "I say, look at that
ship over there! I say, is it a ship or
a sea-bird?"

"If you don't shut up, you fat Owl,
I'll boot you! Now, look here, Mauly,
I——"

"My dear chap, it's all right!" said
Lord Mauleverer. "Sorry I mentioned
it, if you've forgotten."

"It never happened, you ass——"

"Oh, all right! My mistake, I dare
say! Let it drop!" said Lord Maule-
verer placidly, and he leaned back in
his deckchair. "What's the good of
arguin'? It's too jolly hot for
arguin'."

"I want to know what you mean, you
fathead!" snapped the captain of the
Remove. "Sounds to me as if you've
gone batchy. You say I came into
your study at Greyfriars and——"

"You didn't come in, as I was sportin'
my oak!" explained Lord Mauleverer.
"You just called through the door in
passin'."

"I did not!" howled Wharton.

"All serene—forget all about it!"
said Lord Mauleverer. "Perhaps I
went to sleep on the sofa and dreamed
it!"

"You must have dreamed it, unless
you're trying to pull my leg," said
Harry sharply. "I never spoke to you
on the subject. I——"

"I say, you fellows, look at that
flying-fish——"

"Shut up, you fat chump!"

"Beast! Leave Mauly alone," said
Bunter warmly. "Mauly doesn't want
to argue about it. Do you, Mauly?
You shut up, Wharton!"

"Look here, Mauly, tell me what the
thump you mean!" exclaimed Wharton.
"Has that fat blitherer been pulling
your silly leg? I rather wondered how
he had wangled it."

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"Bunter had nothing to do with it,"
said Lord Mauleverer. "Don't be an
ass, Wharton, old man! I'd locked my
study door that afternoon, to keep him
off, and he gabbled through the key-
hole and went away; and then you
came along——"

"I say, you fellows, look at that
cloud——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Beast! I say—think it's going to
rain?"

"I came along and called in through
door, did I?" exclaimed Harry
Wharton.

"Yaas."

"And asked you to put Bunter on
the list?"

"Yaas."

"And told you we wanted him?"

"Yaas."

"You howling ass!" roared Wharton.

"I did nothing of the kind! But I can
jolly well guess who did! Bunter was
about, was he?"

"Yaas."

"Bunter, you fat scoundrel——"
roared the captain of the Remove.

It had not occurred to Mauly's noble
brain, but it occurred to Harry
Wharton's. As he certainly had not
spoken the supposed words through the
door of Lord Mauleverer's study at
Greyfriars, and as Bunter had been at
hand, it was really not very difficult to
guess that the fat ventriloquist had done
it.

"Oh, really, Wharton! If you think
it was me, you're jolly well mistaken,"
exclaimed Bunter in alarm. "I wasn't
there! As for imitating your voice, I
couldn't do it! Besides, Mauly asked

who it was at the door, didn't you,
Mauly?"

"Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.
He sat bolt upright, and stared at
Bunter.

"I was nowhere near the Remove
passage when I did it," went on
Bunter. "I couldn't have done it,
either, if Mauly hadn't locked his
door, to keep a fellow out. You know
that, Mauly."

"Oh gad!"

"Besides, Mauly kept on shilly-
shallying, as you jolly well know!"
said Bunter warmly. "He never
knows his own mind. Not that I did
it, you know. The idea never crossed
my mind at all. Mauly would have
seen who it was all right, if he hadn't
been too lazy to get up and unlock the
door. Not that it was me, you know.
I was out of gates at the time."

"Well, my only hat!" said Bob
Cherry. "If that ass Mauly had men-
tioned it, we should have guessed at
once that it was that ventriloquising
bladder of lard!"

"So you pulled my leg, Bunter,"
said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "I
suppose I was rather an ass to be
taken in——"

"You always were a bit of a fool,
old chap," said Bunter cheerfully. "I
didn't do it, you know. I've told you
so. Still, if I hadn't done it, I
shouldn't be here now with you. So
I suppose you're glad."

"Not so glad as I shall be when we
put in at Suva," said Lord Maule-
verer, in the same quiet tone. "I
don't like bein' taken in, Bunter.
There's a limit. I'll fix you up at
Suva to go back on the steamer."

"Wha-a-t?"

Billy Bunter's eyes popped through
his glasses at Lord Mauleverer.

"I—I say, are you joking, Mauly?"
he gasped.

"Not at all."

"But I mean to say, you can't go
on to the island without me, old chap.
I mean, what will become of you,
without me to look after you?" gasped
the fat Owl. "I'm not going to turn
you down, Mauly."

"You are!" said Mauly grimly.

"You cheeky ass!" hooted Bunter.
"You silly, cheeky ass——"

Lord Mauleverer rose from the deck-
chair, and strolled away along the
deck. Billy Bunter blinked after him,
with an alarmed blink through his big
spectacles.

His long-suffering lordship seemed to
have his noble back up at last. This
was rather a new experience from the
easy-going Mauly.

"I say, Mauly——" howled Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer walked on.

"Beast!" roared Bunter.
He blinked round at the Famous
Five.

"Well, you've done it now!" said
Bunter. "That silly fool's got his
back up, and it looks to me as if
you're going to lose me. Don't blame
me. It's your own fault—your own
fault entirely!"

And that was that!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Problem!

BILLY BUNTER had been look-
ing forward to arriving at
Suva, in the Fiji Islands, which
was the last stop before Kalua-
alua-lalua.

Now he was not.

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At Suva, the voyage of the *Sunderbund* ended; another vessel was to carry the party on to Lord Mauleverer's island. The steamer was going back with cargo, and, unless Mauly relented, with Bunter.

Mauly did not look like relenting. His noble mind seemed to be made up.

Mauly did not like being taken in. Mauly had that unmistakable characteristic of aristocratic descent—an infinite capacity for being taken in. But he did not like the process.

The way Bunter had wangled himself into the South Seas trip, had seemed to Bunter a very clever stroke—really, a stroke of genius. Mauly, tired of saying no, had left it to the other fellows to decide. So Billy Bunter's ventriloquism had decided the matter. It had not occurred to his fat brain that if the party ever compared notes on the subject the facts would come to light. Bunter never foresaw anything; but things happened, whether he foresaw them or not. Now Mauly knew how his leg had been pulled, and he had his back up.

It was quite dismaying to Bunter.

Of course, he wasn't going back. That was not to be thought of. From Suva, in Fiji, he was going on to Mauly's island in the brig, *Mindanao*, with the rest of the party. Somehow, that had to be wangled. But, in view of Mauly's attitude, Bunter did not quite see how.

"I say, you fellows, are you going to speak to Mauly about it?" he asked the Famous Five that evening, when they came on deck.

"Yes, if you like," said Bob Cherry. "We'll keep him up to the mark, if he changes his mind."

"I don't mean that, you silly chump!" hooted Bunter.

"I do," answered Bob.

"I say, Wharton, old chap—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Harry. "If you weren't going back from Suva, Bunter, I'd boot you all over the steamer!"

"Beast!"

Evidently there was nothing doing, so far as the Famous Five were concerned. They seemed as fed-up as Mauly.

Billy Bunter sat in a deckchair, and reflected. It had to be wangled, somehow. But, wonderful wangler as he was, he could not see how.

Lord Mauleverer came on deck and leaned on the rail, gazing over the sea. The night had fallen dark and cloudy, and for once there were few stars to be seen in the sky.

Bunter blinked at the shadowy figure by the rail.

"I say, is that you, Mauly?" he squeaked.

No reply.

"Deaf?" hooted Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer seemed deaf—or, at least, dumb. He continued to gaze over the shadowy sea, regardless of the worried fat Owl.

Bunter heaved himself from his deckchair, and rolled along to join him at the rail.

Mauleverer walked across the deck. Bunter rolled after him.

"I say, old chap—"

Mauleverer went below.

"Beast!" hooted Bunter.

He followed Mauly down into the cabin. It was dark and rather windy on deck, and Harry Wharton & Co. came down, and Bob Cherry put on the rather battered gramophone. Lord

Mauleverer was seated there, and Billy Bunter was addressing his remarks to an ear that seemed stone deaf. The buzz of a squeaky record interrupted him.

"I say, you fellows, stop that row while I'm talking to Mauly!" snapped Bunter irritably. "Mauly can't hear me speak!"

"Can't you hear Bunter, while we've got the gramophone on, Mauly?" roared Bob.

"No!"

"Good! Then we'll keep it going!" And Bob industriously kept it going.

"I say, Mauly, come for a stroll on deck, and get away from that row!" yelled Bunter, into a deaf ear. "I say, old chap—"

Lord Mauleverer's lips moved, but the gramophone drowned his voice. Bunter bent over eagerly.

"I say, what did you say, old chap? I didn't catch that! Will you stop that row a minute, Cherry, you fat-head, and let Mauly speak?"

Bob Cherry changed a record, and there was a momentary lull of blessed silence.

"Now, what did you say, Mauly?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"I said shut up!"

"Eh?"

"Shut up!"

"Why, you beast—"

"You awfully busy with that instrument of torture, Bob?" asked Mauleverer. "If you could spare a minute to kick Bunter—"

"Pleased, old chap! Turn round, Bunter!"

"You cheeky beast—"

Billy Bunter dodged a lunging boot. He dodged round the table, across which he gave Bob a devastating blink through his big spectacles.

Bob started the gramophone again, and a well-worn record squeaked and squealed.

"Stop that row!" yelled Bunter. "I've got something particular to say to Mauly." He grabbed up a cushion from a chair. "Look here, if you don't stop it, I'll jolly well buzz this cushion at it, see?"

The gramophone roared on.

Bunter was as good as his word. He lifted his cushion, took aim, and hurled. The cushion whizzed across the table.

But Bunter's aim was never good. He missed the gramophone by a couple of feet, and landed the cushion on Bob Cherry's left ear.

"Wooh!" gasped Bob, as he spun over.

Crash!

"He, he, he!" gasped Bunter.

Bob Cherry spread himself on the cabin floor. It was quite a crash. For a moment or two he sprawled there, quite dizzy.

Then he bounded up, grasped the cushion, and started for Bunter. Bunter started for the deck.

He stared swiftly—in fact, he flew. After him flew Bob, brandishing the cushion.

It was fortunate for Bunter that it was an unusually dark night. Bob, with a spinning head, and an ache in most of his bones from the crash on the cabin floor, was wrathful. But Bunter had a start, and he made the most of it, aided by the darkness. He had disappeared when Bob charged on deck.

"Stop, you fat villain!" roared Bob. "Where are you going you, you podgy piffler? I'm going to burst you all over

the steamer, you footling frog! Where are you, you chunk of lard?"

But answer there came none. Bunter, crouching in the cover of two or three chairs that had been left on deck, hardly breathed. Bob tramped up, and tramped down, and finally went below again, still breathing wrath.

"Beast!" hissed Bunter.

He rose, and sat down in one of the deckchairs. Even with something particular to say to Mauly, he did not care to venture below again at present.

A little later, there was a heavy tread on the steps, and then on the deck; and the fat Owl squatted close in the darkness in the deckchair. But that tread was too ponderous for even Bob Cherry—and Bunter guessed that it was the Dutchman coming up.

He heard a heavy creak, as the bulky man sank down in one of the deckchairs, quite near him. He did not glance in Bunter's direction, and evidently did not know that he was there.

The smell of a cheroot came to Bunter's fat little nose, and he heard the Dutchman grunt.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter under his breath.

But he did not make that remark audibly. He did not want to attract the Dutchman's attention; still less his heavy fist! He sat in silence, pondering over his insoluble problem, while the Dutchman grunted and smoked, and the *Sunderbund* throbbed on over the shadowy sea, and the more or less melodious strains of the gramophone floated up from below.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

In The Shadow Of Death!

LORD MAULEVERER rose and yawned.

Harry Wharton & Co. were gathered round the gramophone, in a cheery crowd, selecting records and jamming them on.

But a good many of those records were decidedly squeaky, and Mauly's noble ear was sensitive. He lounged away, and went on deck for a stroll in the windy fresh air.

His was thinking of his missing cousin, Brian Mauleverer, and wondering whether he was likely to fall in with the scapegrace of the family during his trip to the Pacific. He glanced at a bulky figure in a deckchair—dimly visible in the shadows: the strong smell of the cheroot told him that it was the Dutchman.

He paused for a second—but moved on again, and stopped at the rail, leaning on it, and gazing over the dim ocean.

From what had been said on the wharf at Port Moresby, Mauleverer had no doubt that the Dutchman, had he liked, could have given him news of the scapegrace. Why the ruffian did not choose to do so, puzzled him. More than once, since Papua had been left astern, he had been tempted to speak to Van Dink on the subject: but he had not done so. But he had observed Van Dink closely and made up his mind as to the kind of man he was—a hard-fisted, unscrupulous, and lawless ruffian. He had no doubt of the truth of Van Dink's statement that Brian Mauleverer had sailed with him: and it was not pleasant to think that this was the sort of associate that the scapegrace had picked up, in the South Seas.

He could picture Van Dink on the deck of some trading schooner or ketch, bullying a native crew, backing up a brawny fist with a revolver: pearl poaching or kidnapping blacks. Was

that the kind of life that Brian Mauleverer had led since he had cleared out of his native country! Was it with some such object in view that he had broken his long silence and written to Mauleverer Towers for money?

It was Mauly's way to hope for the best: but he was forced to realise that he might discover the worst, if he found Brian on some Pacific beach.

Leaning on the rail, thinking it over, Mauly heard a movement on the deck behind him: and knew that the Dutchman was stirring. But he gave no heed—the thought of danger did not cross his mind for a moment.

Danger came suddenly, swiftly, utterly unexpectedly. A quick, powerful grasp was laid on him from behind, and before he knew what was happen-

He saw the white startled face in the darkness: and his hard, heavy hands gripped at Mauleverer's, to tear them from their hold.

A gasping cry broke from Mauleverer: drowned by the whistling wind and the throbbing engines.

It was a matter of seconds his fingers were torn loose by those hard, ruthless hands. One hand was wrenched away—and the other would have followed. He was helpless, at the mercy of the ruffian above—a desperate ruffian in whose savage heart there was no more mercy than in that of a tiger-shark. In that awful moment, which seemed an age, Mauly still heard the squealing of the gramophone from below—his friends gathered round it, unconscious of his danger. And he was lost—inexorably doomed, at the hands of this

His terror of the Dutchman was paralyzing: but, fortunately for Mauleverer, the fat junior pulled himself together, as he realised what was happening. He jerked himself up.

"Help!" shrieked Bunter. As he shrieked, he pitched himself at the Dutchman, grabbed the back of his collar with both hands, and dragged.

In ordinary circumstances, the fat junior might as usefully have tugged at a rooted tree, as at the burly, brawny Dutchman. But that sudden tug on the back of his neck took the ruffian by surprise and he staggered over backwards, and fell, almost falling on Bunter—and Mauleverer was still holding on! Bunter jumped back, still shrieking.

"Help! Oh, help! I say, you fellows, help!"

He was heard—there was a calling

OUR SPECIAL CRICKET ARTICLE.

BOWLING FOR THE BEGINNER

Every young cricketer wants to become a Kenneth Farnes. But, says our cricket coach, the main thing in learning to bowl is to keep a good length.

EVERY boy, if he is keen on his cricket, should learn to bowl, for there is always room in County cricket for a good bowler.

In some ways there may not be so much glamour in bowling as batting; but it is just as important, for after all, the ball can rule the game just as much as the bat.

No boy should be allowed to bowl with a full-size ball—a smaller ball can be obtained. It is not fair to expect a boy with a small hand to be able to control the larger ball.

The first—and most important—thing a boy must learn is to bowl what is called a "good length."

Good length bowling, whatever the pace, keeps the batsmen playing at the ball without scoring many runs and hitting usually to a fieldman. This eventually tries a batsman's patience, and he starts to take risks, which is what you want him to do. It also gets a batsman in two minds—whether to play forward or back—and also finds

that boggy of most batsmen, their blind spot.

Many boys try to bowl fast, or else endeavour to spin the ball, before they have mastered command of length and variation of pace, so persevere and practise hard to bowl a good length.

Every bowler's action and delivery is different, so no rule can be laid down; but don't take a longer run up to the wicket than is necessary, as it is tiring. Also, once you have decided the length of your run, always keep to it.

DECEIVING THE BATSMAN

THERE are two ways of spinning the ball, either from the off or leg. It is advisable to concentrate at first on one or the other.

A bowler should learn the art of change of pace and flighting the ball. This is puzzling to a batsman, particularly if it is well disguised. Every effort should be made to deceive the batsman. Therefore, do not alter in any way your action or run up to the wicket, but

slightly vary the pace and flight of the ball.

If you are successful in deceiving the batsman in this way, you will make him mistime the ball, with the result he will play his stroke too soon or too late.

Always thinking how to get your batsman out, if you can, try to find his weak spots—have your fieldsmen altered and bowl to his weakness. Care should be taken over correctly placing your field, and having finally settled upon it, "bowl to it." Many runs are given away by a bowler pitching balls on the leg side after having placed the majority of fieldsmen on the off, and vice versa.

Mainly owing to the weather, the pace of wickets vary, and a bowler, after a time, learns the type of wicket which best suits him. But a bowler who is capable of keeping a good length can, by using his brains, command respect from batsmen on any type of wicket. For instance, if a wicket is hard and fast, and the bowler is of medium pace and can spin the ball, he will probably find the wicket will not respond to his efforts to spin. It is then an occasion when he should employ more variation of pace and flight of the ball, and perhaps bowl a larger proportion of "faster" ones than usual.

But to do this, it must be remembered—length is the basis of all good bowling—obtain accuracy of length—then do your experimenting afterwards.

ing, he was jerked from his footing and pitched over the rail.

The attack was so sudden, so utterly unexpected, that he was taken completely by surprise, and had no chance whatever of guarding against it.

He was over the rail, the hull of the Sunderbund slanting below him to the dim waters, before he knew that he was attacked.

Only by instinct, not by thought, for he had no time for thinking, his hand closed in a desperate grip on the rail, and he hung.

That instinctive clutch saved him from shooting down like a plummet into the sea.

He hung, with a desperate grip: and over him loomed the hard, evil face of the Dutchman: the piggy eyes glaring, the discoloured teeth showing through the ragged moustache.

"Ach!" he heard the Dutchman grunt.

For a moment, in the gloom, the Dutchman did not seem to see that the schoolboy had caught the rail, and was hanging on—he fancied that his victim had shot down to the water.

But that was only for a moment.

burly desperado—no one at hand, to see what was happening, or to stretch out a hand to help.

But there was one at hand, though neither Mauleverer nor the Dutchman was aware of it. Neither of them had seen Bunter huddled in the deckchair in the dark. Billy Bunter sat upright in his deckchair, his eyes fairly bulging through his spectacles.

He had seen, without heeding, the Dutchman rise and step behind the schoolboy earl as he leaned on the rail. What followed transfixed Bunter with amazement and terror.

He sat dumb, paralysed.

The Dutchman was a savage-tempered brute: but that he had, or could possibly have, any motive for harming Mauleverer, was incomprehensible. In utter amazement, and deadly fear, the fat junior stared at that scene, only six or seven feet from him—chained to his seat.

But he woke suddenly to action.

Whatever was the meaning of it, even Bunter's fat and terrified brain could understand that Mauleverer was within an ace of death—that the desperate villain was flinging him into the sea.

voice from the bridge, and a shout from another direction in the gloom. The gramophone below was suddenly shut off.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a roar. "What—"

"Help! Mauly— Oh, help!" shrieked Bunter. "Oh, help—murder—help!"

There was a rush of feet on the deck. Bunter shrieked and shrieked again, as the bulky figure of the Dutchman reared up from the deck, and the piggy eyes glared round at him, scintillating with fury.

It was well for Bunter that Harry Wharton & Co. were quickly on the spot. The Dutchman, mad with rage, was making a stride at him—but he changed his intention, and ran along the deck.

Bunter shrieked on.

"What's the row?" Harry Wharton caught him by a fat shoulder. "Have you gone mad, Bunter?"

"Help! Help! Mauly—"

"Mauly! Where's Mauly—"

"The Dutchman—he— Oh, help!"

"Mauly!" shouted Harry.

"Here! Lend a hand!" came a pant-

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ing voice: and the juniors tore to the rail. Over it showed the white face of Lord Mauleverer, as he strove to clamber on board.

"Mauly!" gasped Bob.

In a second, Mauleverer was grasped, and dragged over the rail. Bunter yelled and yelled. Mauly stood gasping for breath.

"Mauly, old man!" Wharton held his arm. "How—what—"

"You fell overboard?" gasped Johnny Bull. "Mauly, old man—"

"Help!" yelled Bunter.

"Shut up, you ass, Mauly's all right now—"

"Help! Oh crikey! Help!"

Captain Rawson strode on the scene. He stared at the juniors, and grasped Bunter by a fat shoulder, and shook him.

"What's that row about?" he roared. "What—"

"Ow! Leggo! Help!"

"Mauleverer's been overboard," gasped Bob. "Shut up, Bunter—it's all right now!"

"Overboard!" repeated the captain blankly. "You—"

"I caught hold of the rail!" explained Lord Mauleverer. He was cool again at once. "The Dutchman pitched me overboard from behind—"

"What?"

"If I hadn't grabbed the rail, I should have gone straight down," said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "And if Bunter hadn't given the alarm, I should have been gone, in another moment—the brute was forcing my hands loose. Look for that scoundrel, you fellows—he's on deck!"

There was the sound of a heavy splash. The Dutchman was no longer on the deck of the *Sunderbund*. He was in the dark Pacific as the steamer throbbed on.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

All Right For Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER curled a fat lip. He sneered.

Sitting in the cabin, the fat Owl fixed his eyes, and his spectacles, on the Greyfriars fellows, curled his lip, and sneered.

Bunter had had the fright of his life! How he had ever found the nerve to grab the Dutchman was rather a mystery to him now, and a still deeper mystery to the other fellows. But he had done it! And, an hour having elapsed since the episode, he had recovered from his fright.

The Dutchman was gone. Had he been still on board, even as a prisoner, Bunter would not have felt quite so easy in his mind. But he was gone. The steamer had been stopped, and a boat lowered—but nothing had been seen of the wretch who had leaped overboard to escape the consequences of his attempted crime. Neither had Captain Rawson wasted very much time on a search for him.

There was little doubt that he had swum to one of the islands, of which there were many at no great distance. But if he had gone down in the deep Pacific, no one was likely to waste any regrets on the ruthless ruffian.

It was a startling and exciting occurrence, but still more amazing than either. Apart from the "shindy" the day the Dutchman had come on board at Port Moresby, the Greyfriars fellows had had no trouble with him—they had kept out of his way, and he had kept out of theirs. But even had there been trouble, it would not have accounted for

that desperate and murderous attack—especially upon Mauly, who certainly had given no offence.

The man must have had a motive, but it was quite impossible to guess what it was.

The juniors were discussing the strange and mysterious affair now. Lord Mauleverer, a little pale, but quite calm, was his usual self again—what he had gone through had not shaken his noble nerves. He was quite as much perplexed as his friends.

Bunter, blinking at them, sneered. There he was, the chap who had saved Mauly's life, and the other fellows did not even seem to notice that he was there! His big spectacles gleamed with scorn, across the cabin. His fat face contorted into one huge sneer!

"Blessed if I make it out!" said Bob Cherry, for the umpteenth time. "I've noticed several times that the brute seemed sort of watching you, Mauly."

"Yaas, I've noticed his eyes on me!" agreed Mauleverer. "But—"

"But you've hardly spoken to him—"

"Hardly a word."

"Then why—" said Bob blankly.

"No good askin' me!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Can't account for it, unless the brute had gone off his rocker all of a sudden."

"It wasn't that," said Harry Wharton, shaking his head. "He was a brute and a ruffian, but he was sane enough. It looks, from this, as if he had been watching for a chance, and this was the first one that came his way. Generally we've been together—but this time he caught you on your own—"

"But why—" said Bob.

"The whyfulness is truly terrific!" remarked Hurrée Jamset Ram Singh.

"Beats me hollow!" said Mauleverer. "Thank goodness we're done with him, anyhow. Not likely to see the brute again."

"No; he won't turn up at Suva, after this!" said Harry. "I've no doubt he's got ashore somewhere—he knew what he was about when he jumped over the side. I wish we'd got the brute."

"And you can't guess what he wanted to tip you over for, Mauly?" asked Nugent.

"Haven't the foggiest!" answered Lord Mauleverer. "Just a jolly old mystery. It was fearfully lucky for me that Bunter was there. He seems to have grabbed the brute and pulled him back. By the way, where's Bunter?"

Sniff!

That contemptuous sniff announced where Bunter was. The juniors looked round.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Caught a cold, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry.

Sniff!

"Haven't you got a hanky?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

The juniors looked at Bunter. They realised that that emphatic sniff did not indicate that the fat Owl had caught a cold. It indicated profound contempt and disdain.

Bunter, as the hero of the hour, in his own estimation at least, had perhaps expected to be the centre of an admiring crowd, to the accompaniment of loud cheers! Instead of which, the Famous Five, in their concern for Mauly, seemed to have forgotten his fat existence!

"Much obliged, Bunter!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Indeed!" said Bunter sarcastically.

"Really?"

"Yaas!"

"Fancy Bunter coming in useful for once!" said Johnny Bull. "Well, a fellow who can't be ornamental, ought to be useful sometimes!"

"I'd like to know where Mauly would be now, but for me!" said Bunter scornfully. "I save his life, when he's in fearful danger, and all you fellows can do is to stick round a gramophone—"

"You howling ass! If we'd known—"

"Well, I knew," said Bunter. "I was the right man in the right place, as usual. Mauly's treated me rottenly! You know you have, Mauly! But I risked my life for him, all the same—"

"Oh, gad!"

"That's me all over," said Bunter. "Kindest friend and noblest foe, and all that! You fellows stick down here with a gramophone—"

"You blithering Owl—" began Bob Cherry. But he paused.

"Oh, call a fellow names!" sneered Bunter. "You stick round a gramophone, and leave Mauly to it! Not that you'd have been much use, if you'd been there. I fancy you'd have thought twice before you tackled that hulking Dutchman! Did I stop to think?"

"Not much use if you had!" growled Johnny Bull. "You've got nothing to do it with!"

"My dear chap—" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"You needn't speak to me, Mauly!" said Bunter loftily. "You've treated me rottenly. Turning a chap down, after he's taken the trouble to travel half across the world with you, entirely for your sake! Then I see you in danger, and spring to the rescue—"

"Oh dear!"

"But what did you do exactly?" asked Johnny Bull. "We heard you yowling like a cat on the tiles, and rushed up, and found you spluttering with funk—"

"Why, you beast, I was as cool as a cucumber!" howled Bunter. "I mean, as cool as a cucumber—that is, a cucumber! I'd like to have seen you tackle that big brute! Mauly knows! You saw me knock him down, Mauly—"

"Nunno!"

"You knocked that big Dutchman down?" gasped Nugent.

"Like a skittle!" said Bunter firmly. "I never grabbed him by the back of the neck before he saw me—never thought of such a thing. If you think he tripped over because he was taken by surprise, you're quite mistaken! It was nothing like that! I stepped up to him and hit him—my left, you know! I gave him my left, and he went over like a—*a* ninepin! Right over! 'Lie there, you brute!' I said to him—just like that! And he lied there—I mean, he laid there—that is, he lay there, and—"

"And now you're lying here!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's like you fellows!" said Bunter, with deep scorn. "You stick round a gramophone, while I rescue a pal at the risk of my life—and all you can do is to cackle! Yah! If I hadn't got him by the back of his neck—"

"Did you get him by the back of the neck, while you were giving him your left?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I mean, if I hadn't knocked him down, where would Mauly be now! Lucky for Mauly that a plucky chap was on the spot! After the way he's treated me, too!" Bunter sniffed. "And there he is grinning, now! Grinning at the chap who saved his life. Talk about ingratitude being a sharper serpent than a child's tooth—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle!" snorted Bunter. "After all I've done—"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Johnny Bull. "I suppose even you couldn't sit there and see a chap buzzed overboard. Any fellow would have chipped in—without doing a song and a dance about it afterwards, too!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Beast!" roared Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you—"

"My dear chap," interposed Lord Mauleverer, "I'm fearfully obliged—really and truly! And—" His lordship paused and glanced round the circle of faces. "And if you fellows think you could stand Bunter—"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Like to come on to Kalua, Bunter, instead of turning back at Suva?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"I'm not sure that I should care to, thanks," said Bunter with dignity. "After the way you've treated me—"

"Oh, all right, then! I'll fix it up with the captain to take you back—"

"I mean to say I'll come with pleasure, old chap!" said Bunter hastily. "That's what I really meant to say. You can rely on me, Mauly."

"Yass, I'm afraid I can—"

"What?"

"I mean I'm sure I can. All serene, old fat man!" said Mauleverer. "It's a go!"

Billy Bunter's problem was solved for him. He was not, after all, going to turn back at Suva.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Deserter!

BANG!

Billy Bunter jumped. It was fearfully annoying.

Bunter was settling down to a comfortable nap in a comfortable Madeira chair under the awning on the after-deck of the brig Mindanao, when that sudden bang put paid to it.

Suva Bay glowed with brilliant sunshine.

There were many craft in the extensive harbour of the capital of the Fiji Islands, but the Sunderbund was not among them. The Greyfriars party had found the Mindanao at Suva and transferred to her; but Captain Jamrack, of the Mindanao, was waiting for a wind, and she was still in the harbour when the Sunderbund steamed away.

Nobody was sorry to spend a few days at Suva—sauntering on the beach, or sitting under the palms, and clambering over the steep hills of Fiji. Billy Bunter had had one trip ashore, which was enough for him—the island of Viti Levu was too billy for him. At the present moment all the party were ashore, except Bunter. Bunter preferred to take his ease in a Madeira chair under the shade of the awning, with a dish of tropical fruits at one elbow, and a long glass of lemonade at the other. With his fat little legs stretched out, and his fat head resting on a cushion, Bunter closed his eyes behind his big spectacles, and was comfortable and happy—and was just gliding off into balmy slumber, when that bang startled him into wide wakefulness.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter.

He sat up and blinked round him.

Most of the crew of the Mindanao had shore leave; there was only one man sitting on the fore-castle—a fuzzy-headed, dark Fijian—and Captain Jamrack, who was leaning on the rail. Captain Jamrack—a little, stout, smiling man, of Eurasian nationality—was looking towards the beach, but he

glanced round at the sound of the shot. Bunter realised that it was a shot, and he rose from the Madeira chair, blinking at the captain.

"I say, what's up?" he asked.

Captain Jamrack glanced round at him, his oily olive face shining with perspiration. It was hot at Suva—as Bunter had already told the other fellows many times.

"A nigger shall desert a ship," said Captain Jamrack, who spoke a somewhat exotic variety of English. "A captain shall shoot with a gun! Yes!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter.

He rolled to the side.

At a distance from the Mindanao a cutter—a very trim and handsome little vessel—lay. Three black faces could be seen looking over her side, grinning. One white face was to be seen—a handsome face, that of a slim man in dapper ducks, but dark with anger. In the white man's hand was a revolver, smoking.

"Oh crumbs!" repeated Bunter.

He blinked round through his big spectacles to spot the deserter. A dark, fuzzy head showed over the water, that

Bunter was not much given to bothering about any person in the wide world, excepting W. G. Bunter, but he could not help feeling concerned for the luckless brown boy.

The bullet from the cutter dashed up the water hardly a few inches from the swimmer's head.

It was very plain that the man on the cutter cared little what damage he did in his rage at the attempted escape of the deserter. Either he had forgotten in his rage, or did not care, that Fiji was a British Colony, where there was law and order to deal with a reckless handler of firearms.

He shouted after the second shot, his shout reaching to the Mindanao.

"You feller boy! You feller Popoo! You comey back along this cutter, you no wantee me shoot head belong you, along gun belong me!"

He was speaking in the "beche-de-mer"—the "pidgin" English of the South Seas. Bunter had already heard some samples of that peculiar language, and he understood what was meant.

The "feller Popoo" did not heed, however. He swam desperately on; but, instead of heading for the beach, he headed for the brig, with the evident intention of placing it between him and the man with the revolver.

"You hear me, ear belong you?" shouted the man on the cutter.

The native heard, but he did not heed, swimming on with swift and desperate strokes to gain the cover of the anchored brig.

Billy Bunter watched him breathlessly.

Bang!

It was a third shot, and the expression of concentrated evil on the handsome, wicked face of the cutter's skipper showed that he meant the shot to hit.

Bunter heard a sharp howl as the bullet cut through the swimmer's thick mop of hair.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

But the bullet had not struck; a moment or two more and the brown boy was swimming on the safe side of the Mindanao.

The hull of the brig was now between him and the cutter, and he was sheltered from the revolver of Captain Parsons. The dapper man in ducks watched savagely for him to emerge past the vessel, ready to fire on him as soon as he appeared.

"I say, that beast ought to be stopped, you know!" gasped Bunter.

Captain Jamrack gave another shrug of his plump shoulders.

"It is not a business of this one!" he said. "Also, I have some very considerable objection to rows and shindies with Dandy Peter Parsons. He belong along Lukwe, where all fellers are very bad fellers!"

Billy Bunter rolled across the deck to the other side to blink at the swimmer again. He sighted the dark head below the rail.

Popoo was not swimming on to the beach; he was remaining in the shelter of the brig, doubtless well aware of what was waiting for him if he emerged from cover. He had a brown hand on the hull of the brig.

His dark eyes looked up from the wet brown face as Bunter blinked down. He seemed doubtful whether to remain where he was; probably any white face seemed to the hapless brown boy at that moment that of an enemy.

Bunter gave him a reassuring wave of a fat hand.

"I say, hold on!" he called out. "You're safe there!"

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of a man desperately swimming away from the cutter.

He was quite near the brig, and Bunter had a glimpse of his face—a clear brown, unlike the black faces that were grinning from the cutter. The man was a Polynesian—unlike the darker Melanesians who were watching him, apparently amused by his effort to escape.

"Oh crumbs!" said Bunter, for the third time. "I say, they ain't allowed to shoot the niggers, are they?"

Captain Jamrack shrugged his plump shoulders.

"That captain, he care little!" he answered. "He care for nothing—that Captain Parsons. If that nigger do not swim back along his cutter he shoot in a leg—or an arm—but he care little if he shoot in a head! Very deplorable bad feller, that Captain Parsons."

Bang!

Captain Jamrack did not appear much concerned. The Fiji "boy" on the fore-castle was mildly interested. The three black boys on the cutter were amused. But Billy Bunter blinked very anxiously at the swimmer as the white man on the cutter fired a second shot.

"Yessar!" gasped the brown boy below.

"But, I say, what have you deserted for?" asked Bunter. "You shouldn't desert from your ship, you know!"

"No deserter, sar!" gasped Popoo. "This feller Popoo no belong ship belong Cap'n Parsons, sar. That feller white man shanghai this feller, sar."

"Oh!" said Bunter.

He had heard of "shanghai-ing"—the forcible seizure of seamen by short-handed skippers. The man on the cutter looked lawless blackguard enough for that, or anything else.

"What an awful beast!" said Bunter indignantly. "Look here, he's no right to collar you if you don't belong to his ship. You just hang on. See?"

"Yessar!" gasped Popoo. "Me likee plenty too much stop along this place, sar, along that feller Cap'n Parsons shoot along gun belong him, sar."

"That's all right!" said Bunter. He was feeling quite benevolent and protective. "You stick on there! Like his cheek! He would be jolly well run in if he was on shore. I'll come and tell you when it's safe to get away."

Billy Bunter rolled across the deck again and grinned at the cutter. Any fellow might have felt indignant at the high-handed proceeding of the Lukwe skipper; and Bunter was quite pleased to put a spoke in his wheel! He chuckled as he watched the enraged face that stared over the rail of the Sea-Cat.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter To The Rescue!

"HE, ho, he!" chuckled Bunter. He was quite amused. Dandy Peter Parsons, the dapper skipper of the Sea-Cat, seemed to be growing more savagely exasperated with every passing minute.

Leaning over the rail, the revolver gripped in his hand, he watched, but he watched in vain for the swimmer to reappear.

Popoo had started to swim for the beach, and Dandy Peter expected him to continue on his way. But Popoo was sticking to the shelter he had gained, with the hull of the Mindanao between him and the cutter. So long as he stayed there he was safe from Dandy Peter's revolver.

Bunter, grinning, waited for the skipper of the Sea-Cat to get tired of watching for the brown boy to reappear. Then he was going to give Popoo a tip that it was safe to make for the beach. Which was really very good-natured of Bunter.

But Captain Parsons, when he tired of watching, did not give the matter up! He turned at last from the rail, and snarled to the Lukwe boys on the cutter.

A dinghy was towed astern of the Sea-Cat. Bunter blinked at the black boys as they drew it alongside.

Parsons jumped into it, with two of the Lukwe boys.

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Bunter. "I say, is he coming after that nigger?"

Captain Jamrack grinned and nodded.

"In a few minutes boat belonging cutter will approximate," he answered. "There will be catch of shanghai'd nigger."

"Look here, it's a rotten shame!" said Bunter warmly. "The nigger says he doesn't belong to that ship! That brute can't do such things under the British flag, you know."

"Dandy Peter care very small

matters," said Captain Jamrack, with another shrug of his plump shoulders. "He comes to catch a nigger, yess. Oh, yess, he will catch a nigger."

"Cheeky cad!" said Bunter. "He jolly well won't—see?"

Billy Bunter blinked round for a rope, of which there were plenty at hand. He rolled across the deck again and blinked down at Popoo.

"Here!" he called out. "Catch!"

He made fast one end of the rope to a stanchion and threw the other down to Popoo. It was like Bunter to land it, with a bang, on the brown boy's nose. Popoo gave a startled yelp.

"Ooooh! What name you throw feller rope along face belong me, sah?" he ejaculated.

"You silly fathead!" yapped Bunter. "That beast is coming after you in his boat! Get on board here—see? He won't know."

"Oh, sar!" gasped Popoo. "You very good white master, sar—you plenty too good along this poor feller Popoo, sar."

"That's all right!" said Bunter. "Buck up—see?"

"No savvy buck up, sar!"

"Climb up, you ass—quick!" Bunter blinked round over a fat shoulder at the dinghy pulling from the cutter. "They're coming! They'll see you in another couple of minutes! Quick!"

The brown boy came up the rope like a cat.

Almost in a twinkling he was over the rail of the brig, and crouching down out of sight there, in a pool of dripping water.

Bunter jerked the rope up after him.

Then he grinned over the rail, quite amused at the idea of watching Dandy Peter's face when he found that the brown boy had vanished.

The dinghy pulled into view round the stern of the brig.

Bunter grinned cheerfully as it came into sight.

He heard Captain Jamrack's startled voice behind him. The Eurasian was staring at the dripping brown boy.

"But what you do?" exclaimed Captain Jamrack. "You make Cap'n Parsons along a fearful rage."

"He won't know the nigger's here!" explained Bunter. "Don't you say anything, you know! Let the rotter hunt for him!"

"Oh, my gracious word!" ejaculated Captain Jamrack. "It is very dangerous to make one fool along Dandy Peter."

But he nodded assent. He was a good-natured man, and though it was plain that he feared Dandy Peter of Lukwe, he evidently did not like him. He went below, to his cabin, to get off the scene.

Bunter watched and grinned as the Sea-Cat's dinghy pulled round the brig. Two Lukwe boys were pulling, and Dandy Peter standing up, watching the sea for Popoo. Having guessed the brown boy's intention of staying there in cover, he fully expected to find him floating under the hull of the Mindanao. His eyes gleamed with rage as he failed the spot the fuzzy head.

The dinghy ranged along under the brig's rail, Dandy Peter scanning the sea towards the beach. But there was no sign of a swimmer.

He stared up at Bunter's fat face.

"Here, you!" he snapped. "Did you see a nigger swimming here?"

"Oh, yes, I saw him!" answered Bunter. "He's gone down."

"Gone down!" repeated Peter Parsons, with a start.

He had fired on the shanghai'd brown boy chiefly to scare him into returning, but he was well aware that his reckless bullets might have struck. He

had no reason to doubt Bunter's statement, not, of course, being acquainted with the habitual unvaracity of the fat Owl of Greyfriars.

Perhaps Bunter thought that a "fib" was justifiable, in the circumstances. Perhaps he did not bother about the justification! Untruthfulness was one of his little ways.

He nodded cheerfully.

"Didn't you expect him to go down when you shot him?" he asked. "I saw you firing at him—"

"He swam round the brig!" snarled Dandy Peter.

Reckless as he was, the Lukwe skipper was a little uneasy, if not remorseful. Viti Levu was not Lukwe; and there was law and order, under the British flag ashore, to deal with a skipper of Dandy Peter's calibre.

"Yes, I saw him," agreed Bunter. "He went down just there—just where your boat is now. Covered with blood and—"

Popoo, crouching on the brig's deck, was quite out of sight. He was silent as a mouse, his dark eyes fixed on Bunter, as the fat junior talked to the man in the boat.

Capture by the Lukwe skipper meant unnumbered lashes of the lawyer-cane on his bare, brown back, and, probably, irons on his limbs so long as the Sea-Cat remained at Suva! This was Popoo's only chance of escape; and all depended on Bunter. The fat and lazy Owl's good-natured impulse meant much to Popoo.

"Smothered with blood!" went on Bunter calmly. "Drenched with it! I heard his last cry as he went down! It was awful!"

Dandy Peter gave him a scowl, swept the sea once more with a savage glance, and then snarled to the Lukwe boys to pull back to the cutter.

As Popoo was not to be seen, he could only conclude that the brown boy had gone down, as stated.

Billy Bunter chuckled as the dinghy pulled away round the high stern of the Mindanao.

He bestowed a fat wink on the crouching brown boy.

"All right!" he said, grinning. "I've stuffed that beast! Don't you be afraid, darkey, I'll look after you."

Popoo gave him a look of gratitude. Billy Bunter realised that he had done the brown boy a good turn; but he was far from realising how very good a turn he had done him. But Popoo knew only too well. But for Bunter he would have been recaptured, and writhing under the lashes of the lawyer-cane, his last hope of escape cut off.

"White master good feller along this poor boy, sar!" said Popoo gratefully. "This feller likee plenty too much stop along ship belong white master. Along night he comey, this feller go along beach."

"That's right!" agreed Bunter. "Stick here till dark. Do you belong to this island?"

Billy Bunter's ignorance of the South Seas and all appertaining thereto, was unlimited.

"Oh, no, sar!" answered Popoo. "Fiji feller black, sar. This feller no black, sar. This feller belong Tonga."

"Tonga?" repeated Bunter.

He had never heard of the Tonga.

"Yessar! White master savvy Tonga?"

"Oh! Um! There's not much I don't know about geography," answered Bunter airily. "I was considered pretty good at geography in my Form at Greyfriars, you know."

Popoo did not know what geography was, or what a Form was, and he had



Billy Bunter was racing for the companion-way when Popoo emerged therefrom. Crash! "What——" gasped the astonished Popoo, as tray, jug and glass went flying. "Yooo-hoop!" roared Bunter. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

never heard of Greyfriars. But he listened with great respect.

"Handsome white master savvy plenty too much," he said.

Billy Bunter gave him the most benevolent of blinks.

He rather liked being called a handsome white master. It was all the more gratifying, because Popoo was the very first person who had ever noticed that Bunter was handsome.

"White feller master go along Tonga, ship belong him, p'laps?" asked the brown boy, watching Bunter's fat face eagerly. "S'spose go along Tonga. Takee this feller Popoo along island belong him, sar."

Bunter paused for a moment. Popoo either believed, or affected to believe, that the brig belonged to Bunter. Instead of which Bunter was only a passenger thereon—and, in fact, the most inconsiderable of all the passengers. Somebody would have to pay Popoo's fare if he sailed on the *Mindanao*. Probably it would not be a large amount, as a "nigger" could berth with the native crew forward. But howsoever small the amount, it would be too much for Billy Bunter, whose financial resources were limited to the amount he could borrow from Lord Mauleverer.

But that pause was only for a moment.

A handsome white master was not going to lower himself in the eyes of a nigger. Bunter nodded graciously.

"I'll manage it," he said. "That's all right. I dare say you wouldn't be safe from the brute if you landed here. I'll give you a lift, my man. You stick on this ship."

Billy Bunter was happily unaware that the Tonga Islands lay south-east of Fiji, while *Kalua-alua-lalua* lay almost due north. In the kindness of

his fat heart, he was going to give Popoo a lift in the wrong direction.

But Popoo was all gratitude.

"Oh, sar!" he said. "Me tinkee you altogether too good along this poor boy Popoo. Me likee plenty too much sail along white master, sar."

"It's a go," said Bunter graciously. "Keep out of sight, though. If that beast spotted you, he might come across. I don't want any trouble with him personally."

"Yessar."

Popoo crawled along the deck to the fore-castle, dived in, and disappeared.

Billy Bunter, with a cheery grin on his face, rolled to the rail, and blinked across at the cutter.

His grin expanded almost from one fat ear to the other as he saw that the *Sea-Cat* was in motion. Dandy Peter was pulling out of Suva.

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter.

He could guess that the Lukwe skipper was alarmed, in the belief that the Tonga boy had gone to the bottom of Suva Bay under his shooting. Peter Parsons was not waiting to be called to account. And Billy Bunter grinned from ear to ear as the Lukwe cutter slipped out to sea and disappeared.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Under Bunter's Protection!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

Snore!

"Good old sleeping beauty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here we are again, Bunter, old fat bean!"

Snore!

Billy Bunter was extended, comfortably, if not gracefully, in the Madeira

chair, under the awning on the brig, when the shore party came back.

His eyes were shut, and his mouth was open. He slumbered, and he snored. And even Bob Cherry's cheery roar did not awaken him.

Captain Jamrack had gone ashore, and the crew were not yet on board. Only the native watchman sat on the fore-castle, half-asleep, in the glow of the sunset over the Fiji Hills. But near Bunter, aft, a brown boy squatted on the deck.

The Greyfriars fellows had never seen him before, but they supposed that he was one of the crew, who were nearly all native islanders, and gave him no heed.

The Tonga boy did not stir; but he eyed the juniors curiously as they came on board and dismissed the canoe that had brought them out to the *Mindanao*. "Boy," as he was, in the language of the islands, Popoo was not a boy in years. He was, at least, twice as old as any of the Greyfriars fellows.

"Bunter!" roared Bob.

Snore!

Popoo rose to his bare, brown feet, and stepped between the juniors and Bunter. They stared at him.

"You no sing out along white master, sar," said Popoo. "White master likee go asleep, sar."

"Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Bob.

He stared blankly at Popoo.

"White master belong me no likee wake, sar," said Popoo. "You no sing out along him; mouth belong you, sar."

"Well, my hat!" gasped Bob. "And who the thump are you, to put your oar in?"

"This feller Popoo-lo-linga-luh, sar."

"Popoo—whatter?" gasped Bob.

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He had already heard some lengthy Kanaka names, but this one seemed to him rather a "corker."

"Popoo-lo-linga-lulo, sar, belong Tonga!" answered Popoo. "S'pose you friend along white master, sar, 'tis feller Popoo good boy along you, sar. You no wakee white master belong me. He wantee go asleep."

"Bunter seems to have picked up a pal in the crew, while we've been ashore," remarked Johnny Bull. "You can clear off, Mr. Popoo-linger-longer, or whatever your name is."

"Me stop along white master belong me, sar!" answered Popoo firmly. "White master tell this feller Popoo stop along him, along ship belong him."

"Along which?" gasped Bob.

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "Has Bunter been telling the tale again? Or does this ship belong to Bunter?"

"Yessar, this feller ship belong white master belong me," said Popoo. "He takee this feller along island belong me, sar. Him plenty too good white master along this feller, sar. You no wakee."

"My only summer hat!" said Frank Nugent.

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at Popoo in great astonishment. They realised from what he said that he was not a member of Captain Jamrack's native crew. So what he was doing on board the Mindanao was a mystery to them.

"What the dickens are you doing here?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Stop along this feller ship, sar, all samee white master he say."

"But where did you come from?"

"Swim along sea, sar, along run away along feller cutter belong Cap'n Parsons," answered Popoo. "Too much bad feller, Cap'n Parsons. Plenty too much kill this poor boy along fist belong him. No likee stop along cutter belong Cap'n Parsons."

"There was a cutter anchored sonder," said Bob. "It's gone now."

Did you come from that cutter, Popoo?"

"Yessar."

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter's eyes opened behind his big spectacles. "I say, have you come back? Leaving a fellow on his own all this time! Just like you! I say, I'm thirsty!"

"Like me to fetch you a lemon-squash?" asked Bob.

"Beast! You've woke me up!" grunted Bunter. "I was dreaming about a spread in Smithy's study at Greyfriars. I say, you fellows, do you remember that spread with the Bounder, when there were three kinds of jam, and—"

"Not so well as you do, old fat man," chuckled Bob. "Look here, Bunter! Who the dickens is this darkie—and where did you dig him up?"

"Oh!" Bunter, thus reminded of Popoo, blinked at him. "Oh, that chap! That's Poppy—I mean, Pippy—no, Popoff—I say, what did you tell me your name was, you feller boy?"

"Popoo, sar—Popoo-lo-linga-lulo—"

"Get me something to drink, Popoo!"

"Yessar."

Popoo shot away.

Billy Bunter grinned complacently at the astonished juniors.

Bunter liked giving orders. He did not often have a chance. When he had a chance, he naturally made the most of it.

Popoo was more than willing to be of service. Not only was he grateful, so long as the impression lasted, for what Bunter had done for him. But Bunter was giving him a passage on the Mindanao back to his own island—at least, Popoo believed that he was. Between gratitude and a desire to keep on the right side of the fat white master Popoo was all eager service.

"That nigger's devoted to me, you fellows," remarked Bunter carelessly.

"He would be, you know, as I've saved his life."

"More life-saving stunts?" asked Bob. "Go it, Bunter! Tell us the rest of your dream."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle," said Bunter disdainfully. "But if I hadn't taken that nigger on board, very likely he would have gone to the bottom. That beast on the cutter was shooting at him in the water."

"Oh!" said Harry. "A deserter!"

"He said he was shanghaied," said Bunter. "So naturally he got away as soon as he could. I stood by him. That brute has cleared out on his cutter—a bit frightened of me, I fancy."

"A South Sea skipper, with a jolly old gun in his paw, frightened of you," gurgled Bob Cherry.

"I fancy so! He's cleared off, anyhow!"

"Did he see your face?"

"Eh? Yes!"

"Ah! That accounts for it!" admitted Bob. "Might have frightened anybody but a blind man."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I gave him a look," said Bunter, "when he came after the nigger, you know! That was enough for him! He sheered off!"

"Paralysed, I expect!"

"Beast! I've told the nigger I'll give him a lift back to the island, when we leave here!" said Bunter. "He seems a decent sort of nigger—respectful, you know. I arranged it with Captain Jamrack before he went ashore. I'm paying the fare, as I've taken him under my protection."

"Better tell Mauly how much it is, then!" suggested Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"I suppose Mauly will be willing to lend a pal a few pounds," said Bunter with dignity. "I shall square when we get to Kally-ally-wally, Mauly. I've given instructions for my correspondence to be sent on there, and I'm expecting several postal orders to come in a bunch! That will be all right."

"Oh, right as rain!" said Lord Mauleverer with a cheery grin. "The black chap seems to be landed on us, and he's welcome to a lift to his own island, if we go near it. What island is it?"

"Let's see—something like Shovel," said Bunter. "I don't remember exactly—no, not Shovel—something to do with fire-irons, anyhow! That's all right. Jamrack's only asked a fiver—cheap, I call it! But I'll tell you what, Mauly, make it a tenner, and I'll settle the whole amount out of the postal orders I'm expecting at Kally-alley-bally! I say, where are you going, Mauly?"

Lord Mauleverer did not explain where he was going. He seemed suddenly deaf. He walked away regardless.

"Beast!" grunted Bunter. "Walking off while a chap's talking to him! I say, you fellows, where's that nigger? If he fancies he's going to keep me waiting—"

"Feller lemon-squash, sar!" interjected the voice of Popoo.

"Oh! All right!" Billy Bunter took the lemon-squash and gave Popoo a gracious nod. "That's right! Now just hang around in case I want anything else."

"Yessar!"

Bunter imbibed the lemon-squash. Popoo squatted on the dock.

On his chubby, tattooed, brown face there was a cheery grin.

Billy Bunter was not considered, by the fellows who knew him, the most attractive company; but no doubt he

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was an agreeable change from Dandy Parsons of Lukwe. Popoo, his troubles forgotten, in the happy Kanaka way, as soon as they were over, squatted and beamed on Bunter—and Bunter, genially, beamed on Popoo. The obvious fact that Popoo-lo-linga-lulo regarded him with great respect and admiration, naturally made Bunter beam—while it made the rest of the Greyfriars party smile!

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Peril On The Pacific!

"I SAY, you fellows, what's up?" "Something, old fat man!" said Bob Cherry. The Mindanao lay like a log on a glassy sea.

Captain Jamrack had pulled out of Suva Bay the day after Popoo had come on board. North and east lay the course of the Mindanao; and for the first day there was a fair wind; and though the brig was rather a heavy old tub, she made fairly good way. On the second day the wind dropped, but the Mindanao still rolled on, towards Kalua-alua-lalua; and then there was a third day of still slower progress. On the fourth the wind dropped entirely, leaving the brig becalmed—which was extremely annoying to the Greyfriars fellows who were keen to get to Mauly's island.

Captain Jamrack, however, took it with philosophic calm; and his brown-and-black crew lolled about, and chewed betel-nut, and did not seem to care when the wind came, or whether it ever came at all.

The sun burned down from a cloudless sky, rather like a furnace. The sea was like glass, with hardly a ripple on the shining surface. The ship stirred so little that her shadow in the still water hardly moved.

Wind-jamming, as the juniors realised, was quite different from steaming. So long as the calm lasted, they had to wait.

Nothing was to be seen but sea and sky, unless a dim blur in the far distance might have been an island. Only one person on board the brig was in active motion. That was Popoo. Billy Bunter, drenched in perspiration, under the striped awning aft, required continual refreshment; and at regular intervals his fat voice squeaked to Popoo, and Popoo jumped to his commands.

Popoo was, in fact, so useful, and Bunter enjoyed so much being waited on, that he was rather sorry to think that he was going to lose the brown boy as soon as his native island was sighted.

But as Popoo's native island had been left farther and farther behind with every fathom covered by the Mindanao, the voyagers were not likely to pass it in a hurry!

Captain Jamrack had been, like Bunter, taking his ease in a Madeira-chair, his olive face glowing oilily with heat, but his cheerful temper imperturbable. But later in the afternoon, the captain's big, black eyes turned several times on the dark-blue rim of the sea, with keen and searching look, and presently he rose and stood with his eyes fixed, in an intent gaze, and, finally, sent a black boy for his binoculars.

Now he was scanning the sea through the glasses, and the expression on his olive face drew the attention of the juniors—even Bunter's.

All of them could see that there was something "up."

What it was, they had no idea. They stared hard in the direction in which the captain had focused the glasses; but all they could make out was a speck on the sea which might have been an albatross, or even an island, or coral reef, for all they knew. "I say, is there going to be a hurricane or anything?" asked Billy Bunter, in alarm.

"Goodness knows!" answered Harry Wharton.

"No, sar!" put in Popoo. "Good feller weather stop, sar." The Kanaka knew the weather signs, if the school-boys did not.

"Well, what's up, then?" grunted Bunter. "Can you see what the captain's blinking at, Popoo?" "Yessar! Feller canoe stop along sea."

"A canoe!" repeated Bob Cherry. The juniors stared hard at the speck. The Famous Five had good enough eyesight, but they could not make out the shape of a canoe, at the distance.

But they noticed that the speck, whatever it was, was a little larger, which meant that it was nearer. Evidently, therefore, it was not a fixture, such as a coral-reef—for it was approaching the Mindanao, though still far away.

"Well, suppose it's a canoe!" grunted Bunter. "What's the fuss about? We've passed hundreds of canoes."

"Feller cap'n no likee that feller canoe, sar!" said Popoo. There was a shade of anxiety on his own brown face as he stared across the glassy sea. The Kanaka's keen eyes could see what the juniors could not yet make out. "This feller Popoo no likee, sar. Me likee plenty too much feller wind comey."

"What's the matter with that beastly canoe, then?" asked Bunter.

"Tinkee that feller canoe belong Baloo, sar."

"Baloo! What the thump's Baloo?" grunted Bunter irritably.

"Baloo!" repeated Lord Mauleverer. "I've heard of Baloo! It's an island not far from Kalua-alua-lalua—in the same group, anyhow. But it's a black island—not a brown island like Kalua."

Popoo glanced at him. "Yessar!" he said. "Black feller stop along Baloo! Makee kai-kai along other feller, sar, makee head belong other feller smoke along canoe-house, sar! Velly bad feller stop along Baloo."

"What does the idiot mean by 'kai-kai'?" demanded Bunter. "Wharrer you mean, Popoo, you fathead? What's kai-kai?"

"Makee kai-kai, sar, along mouth that belong that feller," explained Popoo. "Long-pig, sar, stop along Baloo."

"You mean they eat long pigs?" asked Bunter.

"Yessar."

"Well, why shouldn't they, if they like?" asked Bunter. "I should think they preferred fat pigs, but if they like long pigs, I suppose it's a matter of taste."

"Us feller long-pig, sar."

"What?" yelled Bunter.

"He means that they're cannibals, fathead!" said Bob. "Long-pig is a fancy name for it."

"Oh crikey!" Bunter bounded out of his chair. "I say, you fellows, if that's a mob of cannibals coming, we'd better get out of this! I say, why don't that fathead Jamrack get along, somehow?"

"How can he get along without a wind, ass?"

"We ought to have come in a steamer!" howled Bunter. "If I was standing fellows a holiday trip, I should charter a steamer. Look here, we can't stay here to be eaten by cannibals."

"Get out and nush!" suggested Bob. "Beast!"

Captain Jamrack lowered the binoculars at last. The juniors, by this time, could make out the shape of the canoe, tiny in the distance. It was evidently coming rapidly nearer the becalmed brig. It was a long canoe, with a large outrigger, and a high, carved prow.

"Danger, sir?" asked Lord Mauleverer quietly.

"It is to whistle for one wind!" said Captain Jamrack. "If one wind he do not approximate, excessively bad black fellers come along this brig. This calm is, as you say in English, one dickens of a dooce."

He lifted the binoculars again and scanned the surrounding sea. But he lowered the glasses with a gesture of discouragement.

"There is no sail!" he said. "There is no smoke of one steamer! Altogether there is nothing! Black fellers may be troublesome, in very lonely waters, when there is none that shall see! I have known some things—yes! But you shall have very small fear, for there are rifles."

Captain Jamrack made soothing gestures with his oily olive hands, and then turned away to give orders to the crew.

The native seamen, by that time, had ceased to loll about idly, and were standing watching the Baloo craft, with very uneasy looks.

The mate, a half-caste Filipino, hurried down to the cabin. He came back with a couple of revolvers, one of which he handed to the captain. Then rifles were served out to the crew: but judging by the looks of the native boys, the juniors did not conclude that they would be likely to do much damage with them.

Billy Bunter blinked at the approaching canoe—visible now to his eyes, and his spectacles. It was crammed with at least twenty blacks, with fuzzy heads, sooty skins, and dark rolling eyes.

Most of them were kneeling at the paddles: but one man was standing—a tall, broad-shouldered black man, with strings of cartridge clips in his ears, and another string dangling from his broad, black nose; and a polished metal teapot adorning his thick black hair, shining in the sun.

"That feller Kaminengo!" said Popoo. "Me savvy that feller! Him big chief along Baloo."

"He looks rather a comic beggar in that outfit!" remarked Bob Cherry. "But—"

"They don't seemed to be armed!" said Nugent.

Popoo grinned.

"No see, sar!" he said. "Feller spear, feller axe, stop along mat, along bottom canoe! Plenty too much feller along that canoe, my word."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"But they'd never dare attack a white man's ship," he said. "Surely they'd never dare—"

"Not as a rule, I suppose!" said Harry Wharton, slowly. "But a savage gang like that might jump at a chance like this—a ship becalmed, with no other sail in sight. I don't suppose such a chance comes their way once in a blue moon. But if they do—"

"Oh crikey! I—I say, you fellows

it—it's rather hot up here—I—I think I'll go below for a bit—"

"Hold on, Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry. "We want you to protect us, old bean! This is where you do your life-saving stunts."

Billy Bunter made no reply to that. He did not seem keen on life-saving stunts. He rolled below and disappeared.

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"If they attack us, old beans, they won't get by with it!" he drawled. "The crew don't look as if they were bursting with pluck: but that Eurasian chap will stand up to them—and so shall we! We've got a case of guns below—what about goin' and upparkin' it, before those sportsmen barge in."

"What-ho!" said Bob.

And the juniors followed Bunter below though with very different intentions. Bunter was not to be seen: but as nobody wanted to see him, that did not matter. In a few minutes, the Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer returned to the deck, with rifles under their arms, and a supply of cartridges.

Captain Jamrack blinked at them, grinned, and nodded approval.

The stout Eurasian was anxious about what was going to happen: but he was quite self-possessed: and evidently relieved to see the juniors armed, and with determined looks.

"You can shoot?" he asked. "You can, as you say in English, hit one haystack? You are brave, like all true British subjects—yess! Oh, yess! We shall give those black fellers some warm work, and they will find us one tough customer."

The dash of the paddles could be heard now. Harry Wharton & Co. lined the brig's rail, and watched the canoe as it came.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

White Against Black!

KAMINENGO, standing in the canoe, looked up at the faces that looked down, as the Baloo crew paddled nearer.

His big, black eyes, from his sooty face, scanned the ship searchingly. Some of the crew had laid in their paddles, and were groping under the mats for hidden weapons. There was savage fierceness in every black face.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched them breathlessly.

It was plain enough now that the blacks meant hostility. The Greyfriars fellows were in peril—deadly peril, and they realised it clearly enough.

Not once in a blue moon, as Wharton had said, did such a chance as this come the way of the Baloo savages—a ship becalmed in lonely waters, with no other sail in sight. Such a chance was not to be lost by Kaminengo and his crew. Likely enough, that canoe had pulled out of Baloo on a fishing or trading expedition, possibly a plundering expedition among the small atolls peopled by native islanders. By chance, the blacks had sighted the Mindanao. Had the wind risen, the brig would have been in no danger. But the calm was unbroken—there was no breath of wind: the Mindanao lay like a log: escape was impossible. The only question was, whether the crew could drive off a mob of more than a score of armed and savage blacks.

Captain Jamrack leaned over and waved his revolver at the advancing canoe.

"You feller Baloo boy, you stop along sea!" he called out. "You no come along this ship! You hear me, ear belong you?"

"Me hear, sar, ear belong me," answered Kaminengo, in the "pidgin" English of the Pacific. "This feller come along ship belong you sar! You no shoot along gun along this feller."

"This feller shoot along gun, plenty too quick, s'pose you no stop along sea!" rapped Captain Jamrack. He waved the revolver again.

"You shoot along gun, sar, this feller Kaminengo kill-dead all feller stop along that ship!" retorted the Baloo chief: and the canoe glided on.

Bang!

The juniors started at the sudden shot. Captain Jamrack fired, sending a bullet through the Baloo's chief thick hair. It crashed on the teapot that was fastened there, and knocked it from his head.

Kaminengo gave a startled howl, and staggered, sitting down suddenly among the bare black legs of the paddlers.

The juniors could hardly help grinning, so absurd did the startled chief look, as he sprawled, with the strings of cartridge clips fluttering in his ears and his broad black nose.

The black crew ceased to paddle. Three or four of them grabbed Kaminengo to pick him up.

Captain Jamrack waved the smoking revolver.

"You feller Baloo boy, you go along sea, along canoe belong you!" he shouted. "All you feller kill-dead s'pose you come along this ship."

The juniors waited—finger on trigger. They would have been only too glad if that warning had scared off the Baloo cannibals. They watched Kaminengo as he scrambled to his feet.

His black face was distorted with rage. He glared at the brig, pouring out a stream of fierce words in his own Melanesian dialect. Then he howled to his crew, and the canoe shot onward.

"You shoot!" roared Captain Jamrack. "Fire! My young friends, fire with considerable promptitude."

He blazed away with his revolver, the Filipino mate joining in: and the Greyfriars fellows were not slow to follow his example.

The canoe was coming on, almost like an arrow: it was a matter of moments before that fierce horde would be scrambling and clambering up the side, with axe, spear, and knife in their hands, and red murder in their hearts. It was for life or death now!

It was fortunate for the captain of the Mindanao that the Greyfriars fellows were on board and that they knew how to handle firearms, and had the courage to handle them.

The native crew blazed away from the deck, with wild aim, or rather no aim at all, sending the lead yards from the enemy: and it was quite clear that they would make no stand when the Baloo horde boarded. Some of them were already climbing into the rigging in the hope of escape, leaving their rifles on the deck. The skipper and mate would have been left to stem the rush on their own, but for the presence of the Greyfriars party. And it was certain that a couple of revolvers would never have stopped the rush.

But half a dozen rifles in steady hands, made a very great difference. Harry Wharton & Co kept cool heads, though their hearts were beating fast enough.

They fired steadily and swiftly, into the canoe, pitching the bullets right into

the black mob, and hardly wasting a shot.

The roar of firearms rang and echoed across the calm sea, mingled with the fierce yells, and howls of the attacking blacks.

Black man after man reeled right and left in the crowded canoe under the rapid fire.

Half the crowd were sprawling, torn by the hot lead, when the tall prow crashed on the hull of the Mindanao. A moment more, and the canoe was rocking under the rail, and desperate savages were leaping and clambering.

"Back up!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

The blacks clambered like cats. Fuzzy head after fuzzy head rose over the rail: black hands grasped and black legs swung over.

Bob Cherry clubbed his rifle as Kaminengo got a brawny black leg over, thrusting with his spear. The rifle-butt crashed on a broad black chest, and Kaminengo went over backwards, yelling, and crashing down into the rocking canoe.

It was close work now—hand to hand—but the juniors stood up to it manfully. Had the savages gained the deck the struggle could only have ended one way. But sharp shots and clubbed butts drove them back as they clambered over the rail, and savage after savage dropped into the canoe or into the sea.

One brawny savage, avoiding three or four blows aimed at him, rolled over, landed on the deck, and scrambled up with cat-like activity, brandishing an axe.

Popoo-lo-linga-lulo leaped at him, knife in hand. The Tonga boy did not share the terrors of the crew of the Mindanao. The black man went down under his lunging knife, the axe crashing on the deck.

"That Baloo feller go finish!" grinned Popoo.

No other of the Baloo horde succeeded in getting over the rail. Man after man was knocked back, and Kaminengo, sprawling in the canoe, was hidden from sight by wounded and yelling blacks tumbling on him.

"Shoot!" yelled Captain Jamrack, his olive face ablaze with excitement, and his English sounding queerer than ever. "Shoot along a gun with rapidity, my young friends!"

The canoe was pushing off.

More than half its crew were sprawling in the bottom or sinking in the sea, and of the rest hardly a man was unhurt. Captain Jamrack leaned over and pumped bullets into the canoe as it retreated.

Howls and yells and groans floated back as the Baloo canoe rocked away, followed by whizzing lead.

But the Greyfriars fellows ceased firing. The enemy was in retreat, and had been severely handled. The danger was past.

"By gum!" murmured Bob Cherry, wiping a perspiring brow. "That was hot while it lasted, you fellows!"

"The hotfulness was terrific!" gasped Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Captain Jamrack blazed off his last cartridge and turned to the juniors with a cheery grin on his perspiring, olive face.

"It is warm work!" he remarked. "It is, as you say in English, touch and come! I think that you save me one ship and one life by the lending of a hand. That feller Kaminengo will have considerable regret that he attack a

(Continued on page 28.)

ON THE ROAD AGAIN with—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

ALL ROUND GREYFRIARS. The Towing-Path

(1)
Here you see the river rippling,
And I need the pen of Kipling
To do justice to the scene.
Though perhaps an artist's brushes
May portray the nodding rushes
Under trees of deepest green,
My poor powers are limited,
Very much so—ask the Ed!

(2)
Many peaceful hours I've squandered
On the towing-path, and wandered
By the river to the town,
Or along the upper reaches,
Where the massive Popper beeches
Hang their verdant branches down.
(Wow! You must admit that's fine!
Every word is really mine!)

(3)
Courtfield Bridge lies down the river
Where the nodding rushes quiver,
(Oh, I've mentioned them before!)
In the opposite direction,
Where the river is perfection,
There's an island we adore.
But we must not land upon it—
See the facts in next week's sonnet!



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

SIDNEY JAMES SNOOP
and WILLIAM STOTT,
Skinner's two pals in the Remove

S is for SNOOP and for SIDNEY,
A fellow of Skinner's own kidney,
In fact, he's a close friend of Skinner's,
And helps him to pick all the winners (?)
In classes, he's chief of the duffers,
And often, yes, often, he suffers
A licking, or lines, or detention,



His woes are too many to mention,
That's all I can say about Snoopey,
So S is for STOTT, who is loopy
To join with those birds of a feather,
And that's why I lump 'em together.
They're all fond of betting and smoking,
Indulging in practical joking,
And the way they dodge work is so clever
It's worthy of better endeavour.

ANSWER to PUZZLE

Put 10 matches on the table so that they spell the word FIVE. Take away the 7 matches forming the letters F and E, and IV (4) is left.

GREYFRIARS GRINS

Last week Fisher T. Fish was seen going into the Three Fishers. We shall have to call it the Four Fishers in future.

Coker of the Fifth fought his skipper, Blundell, in the gym last night. Result—Coker knocked himself out in the 1st round. (Loud laughter.)

Skinner fancied a horse in Wapshot Races, which he said was a "stone cert." It stood like stone at the starting-post, and that's a cert!

From a newspaper: "Most men who make money are Scots." Take Fisher MacFish, for instance!

The one good thing about air raids is that Bolsover major will have to wear a gas-mask. (Yaroooh!)

Mr. Twigg was seen spluttering with laughter this morning. The rumour is that Dicky Nugent handed him his latest St. Sam's shocker in mistake for 100 lines.

Micky Desmond boasts that he can "see through Bunter." I wonder whether he noticed my steak-and-kidney pie.

PUZZLE PAR

Can you put 10 matches on the table so that there are only 5, and then take away 7 to leave 4?

Answer at foot of col. 2.

The one thing Wibley can't make up is his mind.

RANDOM RIDDLES.—Why is a farmer foolish?—Because he likes "thick cars."

Why is necessity like Peter Todd?—Because it "knows no law."

Why is Bunter like flannel?—They both shrink from washing.

What's the difference between Mark Linley, and old Ben, the shepherd?—One's stocking his mind, and the other's minding his stock.

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS Good News For Bunter

"Now, Bunter," Quelch said one day—

But that was all he'd time to say,
For Bunter made his hurried plea,
"Oh, really, sir, it wasn't me!
If Coker says I've had his cake,
He's simply making a mistake;
To tell the truth, I never care
For cake! Besides, I wasn't there!"
Said Quelch, now grim, "I had not heard

That any such event occurred,
But since you now have made it plain,
I'll give you six strokes of the cane.
Now, Bunter—" But there came a cry,

"I say, I never had that pie!
If Mrs. Kebble says I took
A pie, she's really off her hook!"
Said Quelch, his molars grimly shut,
"I heard a pie was taken, but
I did not know the culprit's name!
I'll give you six more of the same!
Now, Bunter—" But again the Owl
Broke in with penetrating howl,
"If there is gum in Loder's bed,
I've never heard of it," he said.
Said Quelch, "I've had no report
Of any happening of the sort,
But since you've now confessed your tricks,

For this you'll get a further six!
Now, Bunter," Quelch said at last,
(And interruptions all were past),
"Your uncle's telephoned to say
He'll be in Lantham for the day.
He wishes you to meet him, so
You may have leave from class to go,
But first—" And Quelch took up his cane,

And soon there came a sound of pain;
When off to Lantham Bunter went,
His voice was raised in wild lament,
And next time, when he sees a beak,
He'll wait until he's asked to speak!

ship! Yess! What do you think? Yess!"

"I think he's feeling sorry for himself by this time!" grinned Bob.

In the distance, the canoe was disappearing into the blue. Once more the Mindanao lay solitary on a lonely sea.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Beastly For Bunter!

"KALUA!"

It was the following day. The wind, for which they had waited so long in vain, had come at last, and the Mindanao rolled on her way, making about five knots.

The Greyfriars fellows fixed their eyes on the dim blur against the blue skyline which Captain Jamrack pointed out with an olive finger. It was a hilltop, jutting out into the cloudless blue; all that was to be seen, so far, of Lord Mauleverer's island, Kalua-alua-lalua.

"So that's Kalua!" said Lord Mauleverer, lifting himself out of a deckchair to cast a glance at his distant property, and immediately sitting down again. "When do we get in, sir?"

"When there is a sunset we make a lagoon," answered Captain Jamrack. "In short time you will see barrier reef, very dangerous in tempestuous weathers, but in these fine weathers safe as one house, as you say in English."

Harry Wharton & Co. watched with keen interest as the heavy old brig thumped through the sea and bore down on distant Kalua.

The hill, clothed with green to the summit, grew clearer to their eyes, and at length they could see the barrier reef—the coral circle that surrounded Kalua, on which the waves of the Pacific broke and within which lay the lagoon. Somewhere that circle was broken by the reef passage, through which the Mindanao was to enter, though they could not yet pick it out.

"Looks jolly!" said Bob.

Across the reef, where the Pacific broke in lines of creamy surf, they glimpsed the shining lagoon and the island in the centre—the dazzling white beach blazing in the sun, backed by tall, nodding palms. Moving specks on the lagoon were doubtless canoes, and outside the reef several canoes were more clearly seen with brown boys in them—cheerful-looking Kaluans, very different in their aspect from the fierce black tribesmen of Baloo.

"I say, you fellows, where's Kally-wally-woot?" asked Billy Bunter. He joined the juniors at the rail and blinked across the blue water. "I can't see it. I say, is that a whale?"

The fat Owl fixed his spectacles on a canoe, which was paddling along at a little distance from the brig.

The Famous Five chuckled.

"No, that's a canoe!" said Harry Wharton laughing.

"A—a—what? Niggers in it?" exclaimed Bunter. "I—I—I say, you fellows, if you're trying to pull my leg—"

"It's a canoe, ass, with a dozen jolly old South Sea Islanders in it," said Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter blinked very earnestly at the moving object on the sea. His vision was limited, even with the aid of his big spectacles, and he could not clearly make it out. But an expression of alarm was growing on his fat face.

"I—I—I say, you fellows, I—I believe it's a kik-kik-canoe!" he stammered at last. "I—I say, it—it—it's kik-kik-coming this way! I say, tell the captain to go quicker!"

The Famous Five looked at him and burst into a roar. Bunter, evidently, was thinking of the encounter with Kaminengo, and the sight of a native canoe on the Pacific was alarming to him.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" hooted Bunter. "I say, there's a crowd of them—a dozen, at least! What is this beastly old tub crawling like this for? I say—"

"Can't go any quicker, unless you get behind and shove!" said Bob. "Shall I drop you over the taffrail?"

Bunter spun away from the rail.

"Where are you going, Bunter?" roared Bob.

"I—I—I'm going to look for a gig-gig-gun!" gasped Bunter. "I'm not going to hide in my bunk, like I did yesterday. I mean, I didn't, yesterday. I was looking for a r-r-rifle! I—I—"

"Here they come!" shouted Johnny Bull. The canoe was paddling nearer to the brig, and Captain Jamrack leaned over to exchange a hail with the Kaluans. "Here they come! Hold on, Bunter, don't desert us!"

Bunter did not hold on.

Bunter flew!

Whether it was to look for a gun, or for some other reason, Billy Bunter shot for the companion like an arrow from a bow. The Famous Five roared as he bolted, like a fat rabbit for a burrow. Bob Cherry gave a sudden yell of warning.

"Look out!"

It was rather unfortunate that Popoo emerged from the companion at that moment with a tray, on which stood a jug of lime-squash and a glass. Bob's yell of warning came too late.

Popoo, naturally, did not expect to be

charged by his fat white master as he stepped on deck. He did not know that Bunter was happening till he happened! As for Bunter, he did not even see the Tonga boy until he crashed.

It was a terrific crash!

Popoo, with a yell, spun over. Tray, and jug, and glass, went to the deck, smashing right and left.

Billy Bunter staggered from the shock, and sat down.

"What name—" gasped the astonished Popoo.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yoo-hoooo!" roared Bunter.

The fat Owl reposed on the deck for about the billionth part of a second. Then he bounded up, roaring, as if the deck was red-hot.

It was hot in the sun, but it was not so bad as that! But a fragment of the broken jug was there. Bunter had sat on it! He seemed to have found it painful. He bounded, he roared, and he yelled. He forgot even the canoe and the imaginary danger from which he had been fleeing. He roared, he yelled, he wriggled, and he writhed!

"Oh crikey! Oh crumbs! Yow-ow-ow-ow! I say, you fellows—ooooogh! Ow! Oh! Yow!"

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

Captain Jamrack stared round in amazement.

"What is the matter?" he ejaculated. "The fat one, he like to dance, in these hot weathers?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crikey! Ow! I say, you fellows—yow-ow-ow-ow!" Billy Bunter looked rather as if he were performing a horn-pipe. "I say—yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Go it, Bunter!" chorled Bob Cherry. "Song and dance by Bunter! Go it, old fat man! One of your best turns! Keep it up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Beast! Wow!"

Billy Bunter remembered the canoe. He ceased his song and dance and rolled below.

Whether he was hiding in his bunk again, and how long he would remain hidden there, the juniors did not know. They chuckled as the Mindanao, leaving the canoe astern, rolled on towards Kalua-alua-lalua, and they drew nearer and nearer to the goal of their long trip, across half the world—Mauly's Pacific Island.

THE END.

(Lord Mauleverer and his chums have had an exciting journey, what? But their adventures are nothing compared to what's in store for them on Mauly's island. Be sure you read: "THE OUTCAST OF KALUA!" the second story in this grand holiday series.)

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SOMETHING LIKE A SCRAP!

Another Exciting Instalment of Our Sparkling Serial:
"MUTINY AMONG THE MASTERS!"
By DICKY NUGENT

"This way to the Jim, you fellows!" cried Jack Jolly, of the Fourth Form at St. Sam's.

And Merry and Bright and Fearless grinned. It was the day after the Branes Test—the first of the tests by which the guvvernors of St. Sam's were choosing the new headmaster. The second test—to find out the fizical strength of the applicants for the job—was about to take place in the Jimmy-nasium.

The chums of the Fourth did not intend to miss this treat at any cost!

Most of the applicants for the headmastership were St. Sam's masters. And those masters, whatever their merits, were not at all good at atherleticks. Jack Jolly & Co. had an idea that this strength-testing stunt in the Jim was going to be rather a comical affair. In fact, Fearless expressed the opinion that it would

be worth a whole term's pocket-money to see. Grinning cheerfully, they set off across the quad to the Jim.

They had not gone very far, before a shrill whistle and the clattering of hob-nailed boots on the flagstones made them look round.

It was Doctor Birch-ernall—the sacked headmaster of St. Sam's, who was at present making such a despit effort to win back his lorrels in the 'guvvernors' tests. There was a somewhat shifty grin on the Head's face as he drew level with them.

"Half a jiffy, boys!" he panted. "Doing anything special?"

"Yes, sir," grinned Jolly. "We're going across to the Jim in the hoop of seeing some fun when this strength-testing stunt comes off."

Doctor Birchernall's grin faded. He frowned slightly.

"Surely, Jolly, you don't imagine that the

Guvvernors are going to turn it into a vulgar exhibition by allowing spectators?"

"Not exactly, sir!" larfed the kaptin of the Fourth. "But we're hooping to get front-row seats on the winder-sills. It ought to be rather a commical site to see you and the other old buffers seeing who's the strongest!"

"That may apply to the others; but I can assure you, Jolly, there will be nothing commical about my performance," said Doctor Birchernall, with a sniff. "But to get to bizziness; I want you to do me another little favour."

"Anything for a quiet life, sir," said Jolly cheerily. "Do you want us to fix you up in another suit of armour?"

A gilty look came into the ex-Head's face for a moment.

"Surely, Jolly, you don't imagine that the

that this time," he said, with a hasty look over his shoulder to see that nobody else was listening. "What I want you to do, Jolly, is to come over to the tuckshop in a couple of minnits and do something to make everybody larf!"

"Grate pip!"

"A good wheeze would be for you to walk into the tuckshop on your hands," went on Doctor Birchernall thoughtfully. "You see, I have promised to meet all my rival competitors and treat them to ice-cornets all round before we go to the Jim. And, just to buck them up before we meet the guvvernors, I want to show them something to make them larf."

"Then why not show them your face, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Merry and Bright and Fearless.

"I hoap you can

mannidge this slite favour, Jolly," said the ex-headmaster of St. Sam's, discreetly ignoring Jolly's little joak. "Is it a deal?"

"Oh, all right, then, sir," chuckled the kaptin of the Fourth. "It sounds to me as if there's something fishy behind it. But I'll do it just for a lark."

"Thanks, awfully! In a couple of minnits, remember!"

With these words, Doctor Birchernall hurried off to the tuckshop, beaming all over his face as though a grate weight had been lifted off his mind.

His rival competitors were waiting eagerly for him when he arrived at the little school shop, and there was a loud cheer as he appeared in the doorway.

"Good old Birchernall!"

"Ripping of you to stand Sam for all of us!"

"Yes, rather!"

"It's only what you mite expect from a jenneros-harted gentle-man like myself," grinned the ex-Head. "Ice-cornets all round, please, ma'am!"

The tuckshop dame got bizzzy preparing the ice-cornets, and in a very short space of time a big dishful of these sukkulent dainties appeared on the counter.

Just at that moment, Jack Jolly appeared in the doorway, performing an acrobattick feat—by walking on his hands!

The kaptin of the Fourth, who was an expert at tricks of this kind, hopped and skipped about in a very comical way, and the old fogeys at the counter forgot all about the cornets for a moment and nearly busted their sides with larfer over him.

Now this was exactly what the cunning old ex-headmaster wanted.

As soon as he saw that everybody was gazing at Jolly's larfable antics, he whipped out of his pocket a sinnister-looking bottle which was labelled as follows:

"SLEEPING MIXTURE."

"Sprinkle a little over your supper to ensure a

good nite's sleep. Tasteless with food."

Qu... as litening, Doctor Birchernall uncorked the bottle and up-ended it over the ice-cornets—taking care not to touch his own. He then put the empty bottle back in his pocket and breehed a sigh of relief.

"Come on, you fellows!" he grinned. "Why waste time watching childish tricks, when these delicious ice-cornets are waiting to be swallowed? It's nearly time to go to the Jim, you know!"

"By Jove! You're right!"

"Puss 'era round, old bean!"

Doctor Birchernall's guests turned to the counter again and made a proper onslaught on the cornets. They gobbled them up greedily—little dreaming that they were falling right into the trap their wily old host had set for them!

When Jolly found that his acrobattick turn was no longer attracting attention, he rejoined his chums outside.

"Old Birchy's behaviour gets more and more misterious, as time goes on," he remarked, as they turned their footsteps in the direction of the Jim once more. "First he dresses up in a suit of armour; and then he buys ice-cornets for all those old fogeys and gets me to walk on my hands to amuse 'em! What's the explanation?"

"Give it up!"

Each other for all they were worth.

"My hat!" gasped Jack Jolly. "This is going to be something like a scrap!"

Jolly's words proved true—but not quite in the way he had meant them! Almost as soon as the scrap had started, the effects of Doctor Birchernall's sleeping mixture began to show themselves. First, Mr.

Jolly & Co. were simply roaring with larfer as they returned to the School House.

"It looks as if Sir Frederick Funguss is going to have a rare job, picking out the man for the job!" said Jolly. And the rest of the Co. agreed.

But although they did not know it, the problem was about to be solved in a very unexpected fashion! (For the laugh of the week, read the concluding instalment of "Mutiny Among the Masters!" in next week's "Greyfriars Herald.")

BLAND RETORT TO BLAND

Bland, who is in Scotland, claims to be the only Greyfriars man to have taken a trip up the Forth.

It is interesting to note that the Remove, in the past, have often been able to TRIP UP THE FIFTH!

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

"REMOVITE"—"Quelchy is what you might call a hard egg."

Yes, and we suffer under his "yolk!"

UNCENSORED LETTERS

No. 6. From PETER HAZELDENE

Dear Mater,—Bulstrode has asked me over to his place for the first week of the vac. He's a bit of a beast at times, but Skinner, who has been home with him, says it's not bad and a chap can rely on getting a spot of fun out of it. So I hope you won't mind if I go. Be a sport and talk pater round into agreeing, will you? And if everything is O.K., please get him to send on some cash, as I am completely broke. Bulstrode's people will take us home in their car, so I shall save you travelling exes. On the other hand, I believe B.'s people go

DAY OUT FOR REMOVE AT ATHLETICS

Term Ends in Sports Day Triumph

Our Editor's forecast that the Remove would almost wipe out the opposition in the school sports has been justified up to the hilt. Sports Day at Greyfriars last Wednesday saw the most notable triumph in athletics ever scored by one Form, thus putting the seal on a term of remarkable successes in all outdoor pastimes. And Remove chaps left for the summer vac. in a blaze of glory!

A big programme of events started at the unusually early hour of ten in the morning; but the time up to midday was chiefly taken up with sorting out the wheat from the chaff—preliminary heats—and the real business of the day started after dinner.

Big Side looked a picture for the occasion. The weather was sunny and not unpleasantly

Form skippers were neck and neck most part of the way, with the rest of the field nowhere. Temple was known to have put in a lot of systematic training for this event, and, being a formidable sprinter at any time, was thought to be invincible. Wharton proved otherwise.

The loudest cheer of the afternoon was reserved for Bunter, whose weight gave the Re-



move an immense advantage in the tug-of-war. The Remove won this event against teams

from the Shell, Upper Fourth, and Third without losing a single pull, and Bunter was afterwards rewarded with a record feed of pastries and ginger-pop, paid for by generous fans.

Prizes were presented at the close of the sports by Sir Philip Angel, and a delightful display of fireworks concluded a day to be long remembered by all those present.

- RESULTS.**
- Lower School 220 yds. H. WHARTON (Remove).
 - Junior Long Jump. R. CHERRY (Remove).
 - Putting the Weight. J. BULL (Remove).
 - Lower School 100 yds. H. VERNON-SMITH (Remove).
 - Quarter Mile (Open). G. WINGATE (Sixth).
 - Lower School High Jump. T. REDWING (Remove).
 - Hurdles (Open). C. R. TEMPLE (Upper Fourth).
 - Lower School Team Race. Remove first.
 - Tug-of-War. Remove first.
 - Half Mile (Open). G. BLUNDELL (Fifth).
 - Sack Race. P. BOLSOVER (Remove).

LAST WEEK AT GREYFRIARS

Coker decided to grow a moustache. Tubb of the Third washed his neck. Coker gave up growing a moustache. Tubb was in bed for two days, suffering from a severe shock to the nervous system. L. o. r. d. Mauleverer passed a whole day without having a nap on the couch in his study. It was Sports Day, and he had it in a deck-chair instead. Bolsover major, pleased at winning the sack race, smiled agreeably at a group of fags. Several of them swooned immediately afterwards. Gosling drew a record sum in tip from visitors. He is at present confined to his lodge with a severe attack of hic-cups.

grinned Fearless. "I vote we forget it and find a good seat for that strength-testing show!"

The chums of the Fourth reached the Jim and perched themselves on winder-sills—two on one and two on another.

Five minnits later, they saw Doctor Birchernall and his rivals enter the Jim.

The St. Sam's guvvernors seated themselves round a big roped-off ring in the middle of the floor and Jack Jolly & Co. heard Sir Frederick Funguss announce how the Strength Test was to be decided.

"The rules are simple, gentlemen," he cried, in his culchered voice. "You will all get into the ring togethah an' start biffin' each othah—an' the last man left on his feet will be the winnah, begad!"

"Grate pip!"

Some of the competitors did not look at all keen on the idea; but the chairman of the guvvernors took no notiss of this.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" he asked. "Ye-es!"

"All into the ring, then! TIME!"

The free fight started, and in a couple of jiffies the old fogeys were bizzily engaged in biffing



lickham yawned, and then Mr. Justiss; then Mr. Swishingham curled up in the middle of the ring and fell fast asleep!

In less than a minnit all the competitors, with the exception of Doctor Birchernall and Mr. Caddish, were lying down in the ring, snoring loudly!

"Something like a scrap" is right!" grinned Fearless. "It's something like—but not very much!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But there was one final flicker of excitement before the fight fizzled out. Mr. Caddish, as it happened, had spotted Doctor Birchernall's move in the tuckshop and had decided not to touch his ice-cornet. He and the ex-Head now squared up to each other as though they really meant bizziness.

Biff!

Wallop!

They both hit each other on the nose at the same time! The next moment they both collapsed—nocked out to the wide!

So the grate Strength Test ended in everybody being laid out, most of the competitors being carried away on stretchers!

It was a comical finish to the affair, and Jack

out and about a lot and I should like to to stand my whack now and again. So the more the pater can fork out, the more I shall like it!

I can do with a change, as this has been a jolly trying term for me. Quelchy has detained me on no less than six "halfers"—nearly a record. I am sorry I didn't do better in the exams and hope my report is not too tragic. But the fact is, I get rather a raw deal from Quelchy. If he didn't rag me so much, I should do a lot better. I am sure if you explain this to the pater in the

right way, he will understand.

Glad to say that the end of the term finds me on pretty good terms with everybody here—myself included. If Marjorie starts cribbing about me before I get home again, tell her to lay off till I arrive, and then you can hear both sides of the question.

Well, mater, must close now with best love. Please talk to the pater like a Dutch uncle, and perhaps it would be as well not to show him this letter.

Awaiting an early reply—with the cash, if possible,

Your affectionate son, PETER.



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 303.

EDITED BY HARR WHARTON.

July 30th, 1938.



YOUR EDITOR CALLING!

Readers often ask me how Dicky Nugent writes his stories.

If they saw them in the condition I often receive them, they would be equally interested to learn how I read them!

Very few of the manuscripts that come to my editorial sanctum are models of neatness and legibility. But young Nugent's really take the biscuit. From a distance, a page of Dicky Nugent's manuscript looks like a target for ink-pellets that has seen long service on the blackboard in the Second Form-room!

Frequently, I spend several minutes finding out which way up you have to hold it to read it!

Still, the main thing is the story, and I always find it worth the trouble of deciphering Dicky's spidery scrawl to get to that. What-over you may say about his writing and spelling, when it comes to the story you have to admit that young Nugent minor delivers the goods. Many a time and oft have I held up the work of the office with a howl of laughter over Dicky's quaint quips and weird and wonderful wisecracks.

But I started out to tell you how he writes them.

Usually, he does it in the Form-room. At this time of the year he does sometimes go out of doors for a change, and I understand that the best part of "Mutiny Among the Masters!" has been written in a deckchair near the pavilion on Big Side. But nearly all his work is done in the Form-room.

Most authors require peace and quietude and perhaps the scent of flowers to inspire them. Ducky gets none of these. Yells and bangings are the order of the day where he works, and the only scent he ever gets is the scent of herrings, frying on the ends of pen-holders at the Form-room fire! But he asks for nothing better. In an environment like this, he can turn out his very best work!

Perhaps this fact explains the hectic atmosphere and richly flavoured humour of his famous St. Sam's stories.

Well, that's all I can tell you about Dicky Nugent—for the present, at any rate. Once more, my space is filled.

Cheerio, chums, till next week!

HARRY WHARTON.