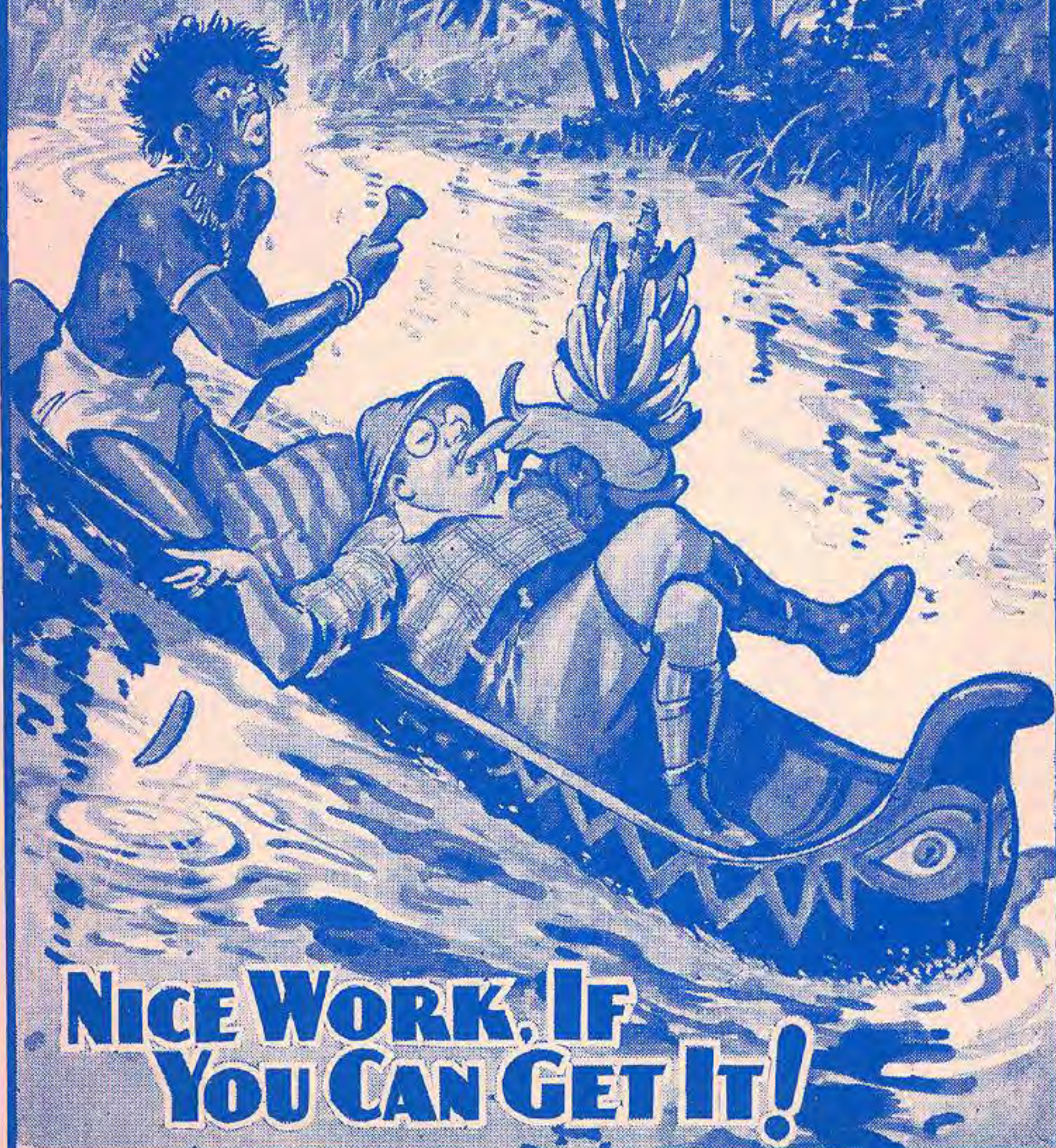


SCORE GOALS and WIN A FOOTBALL!

SENSATIONAL NEW  
STAMP COLLECTING  
OFFER! SEE INSIDE

# The Magnet 2<sup>D</sup>

Billy Bunter's  
Own Paper



NICE WORK, IF  
YOU CAN GET IT!

# SENSATIONAL NEW STAMP-COLLECTING OFFER!

BEGIN  
NOW!



# 1000 FREE FOOTBALLS

for Scoring "Goals"  
with FOOTER-STAMPS

**W**IN a Super Football for the coming season by collecting our "Footer-Stamps"—that's the thrilling new prospect before you this week!

Each week in *The MAGNET* we are now printing "Footer-Stamps"—pictures of six different actions on the football field. The object of this great competition stamp-game is to score as many "goals" as possible by the end of August, when up to 250 of the free footballs will be awarded.

**TO SCORE A GOAL** you must collect a complete set of six stamps (they're numbered 1 to 6) made up of the following movements: **KICK-OFF—DRIBBLE—TACKLE—HEADER—SHOT—GOAL.**

Easy, isn't it? The more stamps you collect the more goals you can score. (Note that the "goal" stamp by itself does NOT count as a goal—you must get the set of stamps 1 to 6 each time!)

There are nine stamps to start with this week. Cut them out and try to "score a goal" with them, then keep all your stamps until you get some more goal-scoring stamps in next week's issue.

## YOUR FIRST 9 STAMPS



If you want to score some quick "goals," remember that "Footer-Stamps" are also appearing in "The GEM" and "MODERN BOY." There are more "goals" waiting in these papers!

"Footer-Stamps" is going to be all the rage—see that you're in it at the start, so that we can send you a football very soon, maybe! Up to 250 of the FREE Footballs are going to be awarded in the August competition for the readers scoring the highest number of goals with "Footer-Stamps" for the month. In the next month, more of the footballs will be given, and so on.

Don't send any stamps yet, wait until we tell you how and where at the end of the month. There's nothing to pay, remember.

**RULES:** Up to 250 Footballs will be awarded in the August contest to the readers declaring and sending in the largest number of "goals" scored with "Footer-Stamps." The Editor may extend or amend the prize list in case of too many ties.

Each "goal" must consist of a set of "Footer-Stamps" Nos. 1 to 6, inclusive—all claims for prizes to be made on the proper coupon (to be given later). 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.—"Footer-Stamps" may also be collected from the following papers: GEM, MODERN BOY, BOY'S CINEMA, DETECTIVE WEEKLY, TRIUMPH, WILD WEST WEEKLY, THRILLER, SPORTS BUDGET, and CHAMPION.)

**OVERSEAS READERS!** You pals who are far away—you're in this great scheme also, and special awards will be given for the best "scores" from overseas readers. There will be a special closing date for you, as well, of course!

**THE BAD LAD OF THE FAMILY!** Somewhere in the far-distant Pacific Islands, Lord Mauleverer and his chums from Greyfriars are looking for Brian Mauleverer, cousin of the schoolboy millionaire . . . more commonly known as Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber!

# The OUTCAST of KALUA!

By FRANK RICHARDS



The beachcomber stepped towards the Greyfriars party and raised his tattered hat. "Stand back!" snapped Mr. McTab. "Mayn't a man give a word of welcome to his lordship, on his lordship's first visit to his lordship's property?" jeered the outcast.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Danger Ahead!

"A IN'T it gorgeous?" murmured Bob Cherry.

His friends agreed that it was. Hurree Jamset Rain Singh remarked that the gorgeousness was terrific.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove stood on the deck of the brig Mindanao, many a long thousand of miles from Greyfriars School.

A tropical sun burned their faces. The blue Pacific rolled round them. Ahead of the brig lay the island of Kalua-alua-lalua.

It was a glare of colour to the eye, too vivid almost to seem real.

The lagoon, of deepest blue, lapped a beach of dazzling white, backed by tropical vegetation, the greenest of green.

Slanting palms, innumerable, nodded in the wind. The blossom of the hibiscus glowed in patches of scarlet.

On the barrier reef the Pacific rollers broke in lines of endless foam, gleaming in the sunshine. Across the coral reef the Greyfriars juniors could see the lagoon within, and the island—spread like a gorgeous picture before their eyes.

Harry Wharton & Co. were looking—and feeling—merry and bright. A holiday on a Pacific island did not often come a fellow's way. It was, as Bob declared, gorgeous.

The brig was steering for the passage in the reef. The juniors guessed that much, for they could not yet make out the passage; so far as they could see, the circle of white surf, tossing on the

reef, was unbroken. Judging by appearances, the brig was running on the reef; but they had no doubt that Captain Jamrack knew what he was about.

Five fellows were watching with eager eyes. A sixth, reclining in a Madeira chair, had his hat tilted over his eyes to keep the sun off. Lord Mauleverer did not seem so keenly interested in the island, though it was his property. Having risen once to glance at it, his lazy lordship had sat down again. He was, in fact, dozing in the heat of the tropical afternoon.

"Mauly, old man, don't you want to

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look at your jolly old island?" demanded Bob Cherry.

No reply from Mauly.

"Wake up, Mauly!" said Johnny Bull.

"Dash it all, Mauly mustn't miss this!" said Bob; and he stepped towards the Madeira chair and bestowed a sudden bang on the top of the hat that shaded Mauly's noble face.

"Ow!" came a sudden gasp from under the hat.

"Wake up, old bean!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"Eh?" Lord Mauleverer sat up, blinking. "I wasn't asleep! I heard all you fellows were saying! You're always talking cricket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weren't you talkin' cricket for once?" yawned Mauleverer.

"Look at your island, fathead!" said Harry Wharton.

"My dear chap, I've looked at it."

"This is what comes of being a giddy nobleman and a bloated millionaire!" said Bob Cherry. "Mauly's got too many things to care about them. But you're not going to miss this, Mauly! Get out of that chair!"

"It's jolly hot!" murmured Mauly.

"I'll help you!"

Bob took a grip on the back of the chair and heaved.

Lord Mauleverer got out of the chair at once, quite suddenly. He landed on the deck in a heap.

"Oh gad!" gasped Mauly. "You footling ass—Oh!"

He sat on the deck, gasping.

"Like a hand up?" asked Bob. "Take his other ear, Franky!"

"Ow! Hold on—I mean, leggo!" howled Lord Mauleverer; and he scrambled to his feet without assistance.

"Now look at your island, fathead!" said Bob. "If that jolly old island belonged to me, I should be doing a song and a dance!"

"Thank goodness it doesn't, then!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"I say, you fellows—"

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"Hullo, hallo, hallo! That's Mauly's sland, Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter rolled on deck. He turned his big spectacles on Kalua-alua-lalua. Then they fixed on the line of dashing foam that lay athwart the bows of the brig. They fixed on it in alarm.

"I say, you fellows, are we running aground?" asked Bunter. "I say, look here, we're running right on those rocks!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Better go and give the captain a hint," he suggested. "He may like a tip how to handle his ship."

Billy Bunter blinked round at Captain Jamrack. The olive-skinned Eurasian skipper of the Mindanao was standing beside the Kanaka steersman, his black eyes fixed on the surf-beaten reef. His plump, olive face did not indicate that there was any cause for alarm.

Still, the fat Owl of Greyfriars could see what he could see! And he could see that the Mindanao was rolling right down to a line of coral rocks that jutted through the splashing surf.

Billy Bunter could believe his eyes—and his spectacles. Calm as the weather was, there was a low, continuous roar from the surf—a sound that was never-ending on Kalua-alua-lalua. It was an alarming sound, to Billy Bunter's fat ears.

"I say, you fellows, you can see that we're going right on those rocks!" exclaimed the alarmed Owl. "I say, tell the captain to turn round, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer chuckled.

"We're all right, old fat bean!" he said reassuringly.

"We're not all right!" hooted Bunter. "I'm jolly well not going to be drowned to please you, Mauly!"

"Don't you worry, old fat man," said Bob. "You wouldn't be drowned if the Mindanao went on those rocks. The sharks wouldn't give you time!"

"Sharks!" gasped Bunter. "I say, are there sharks here?"

"Billions of 'em!" said Bob. "At least, hundreds! But one would be enough for you, old porpoise! You won't get drowned!"

"You—you—you silly idiot!" howled Bunter.

Bunter did not want to be drowned; still less did he want to be saved from drowning by the jaws of a shark. Neither alternative had any attraction whatever for Bunter.

He blinked over the rail, with his little round eyes almost popping through his big round spectacles.

That dashing line of foam seemed terribly close. And there was no sign that Captain Jamrack was going to "turn round." The old brig barged on her way, as if deliberately running to her doom. Already, in his mind's eye, Bunter could see the timbers grinding on the sharp teeth of the coral; the sea rushing in through yawning gaps; destruction overwhelming him.

No doubt it would have overwhelmed the other fellows as well; but Bunter was not at the moment thinking about the other fellows. His fat thoughts concentrated on the alarming prospect for W. G. Bunter.

"Look here, Mauly, you tell the captain to stop—see?" gasped Bunter. "The silly idiot is going to get the lot of us drowned! You're paying for this beastly old tub to bring us here from Suva, so you can tell him! Do you hear me, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Well, are you going to stick there while we run on that reef?" roared Bunter.

"Yaas."

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"You blithering idiot! I say, Wharton, go and speak to that silly fathead of a captain at once——"

"You go!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I don't know enough navigation to sail a brig. If you do, go and put the captain wise!"

"I'm not going to be drowned and devoured by sharks!" howled Bunter.

And, as nobody else seemed disposed to educate the captain of the Mindanao on the subject of navigation in tropical seas, Billy Bunter rolled over to him and grabbed at his sleeve.

"I say——" he squeaked.

Captain Jamrack did not turn his head. The passage of the Kalua reef was not dangerous in calm weather, but it needed a skipper's attention. He seemed to have none to bestow on the fat Owl of Greyfriars. He rapped over his shoulder in his exotic English:

"It is not to bother, in the presence of this moment! You go and sit in one chair!"

"Ain't we in danger?" howled Bunter. "Look here, we're running right on that reef!"

Still the captain did not turn his head, though a grin overspread his olive, perspiring face. He shook off Bunter's fat hand.

"Danger does not approximate!" he answered. "You are safe as one house. Soon we make a passage in a reef. But it is not to bother. Go 'way and sit in one chair, and if there is fright, you shut an eye!"

"Shut up, Bunter, you ass!" called out Bob Cherry.

"Shan't!" roared Bunter. "If you think I'm going to be drowned in the Pacific, and torn to pieces by sharks, just to please you, you're jolly well mistaken. Look here——" The fat Owl grabbed Captain Jamrack's sleeve again. "Look here——"

Captain Jamrack shook his arm impatiently. But this time Bunter grabbed hard, and was not to be shaken off.

He was going to get that fatheaded skipper's attention. It did not occur to his fat brain that if he did it was quite possible that what he dreaded might happen. There was no danger, so long as the skipper attended to his task; but there might have been a great deal had he ceased to do so.

"Look here——" howled Bunter.

He grabbed and tugged.

Bob Cherry ran to the rescue. He grabbed Bunter by a fat ear.

Bunter gave a yell as a finger and thumb closed on that fat ear like a vice. He forgot, for a moment, even the deadly danger that did not exist.

"Yaroooh!" he roared. "Beast! Leggo!"

"Kim on!" said Bob.

"Shan't!" howled Bunter. "I tell you—— I say——yarooop!"

"Well, your jolly old ear's coming," said Bob. "You can please yourself about coming along with it!"

He pulled.

"Ow! Wow! Leggo! Beast! Ow! I'm coming, ain't I?" howled Bunter.

And he came! Bob Cherry led his ear across the deck, with an iron grip, and Bunter had to accompany it.

You don't know what fun you are missing if you haven't a model speedboat of your own, so why not have a look at the Hornby models next time you're at your local dealer? You'll admire the sleek, racy lines, and they put up a wonderful performance. They are thoroughly reliable, too, each Hornby craft being built with the same precision of craftsmanship as the famous Hornby trains. If you would like the new illustrated Hornby Speedboat price list free, fill in the coupon in the advertisement on page 11 and post it off to-day.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Safety First, For Bunter!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. watched, with eager, interested eyes.

They were close to the outer reef now, and, across the low coral, Kalua was growing nearer and clearer.

On the blue lagoon canoes, with brown-skinned natives in them, were dotted about. Other natives, in white lava-lavas, were on the beach, looking across the lagoon towards the ship that was coming in. The juniors could make out a coral quay, with a schooner moored, and back of the beach, warehouses and other buildings, among them a large and handsome bungalow, built on a high foundation of coral blocks, with a wooden veranda running the length of its front, and steps down to the beach.

In the veranda they picked out the figure of a man in white ducks, with a big, shady hat, and caught the gleam of glasses that he had turned on the brig. They could guess that he was Mr. McTab, the manager of the plantations of Kalua-alua-lalua—Mauly's manager. They saw him lower and shut the glasses and descend the coral steps from the veranda.

He looked toy-like in the distance, but in the bright, clear air they picked him out distinctly, even to his sun-burned complexion and stubbly, sandy beard. They saw him walking down to the coral quay, where the schooner and a number of boats were moored, and then lost sight of him.

But Billy Bunter had no eyes for any of these things. Bunter's eyes were on the leaping, dashing surf, now almost under the bows of the Mindanao.

The brig was, in fact, about to enter the passage in the reef, which was not easy for the Famous Five to pick out, and quite impossible for the short-sighted Owl. It was clear—to Bunter—that the brig was running right on dreadful destruction. Every moment he expected the crash.

The fact that the other fellows were not alarmed did not reassure Bunter. They trusted to the captain. Bunter didn't!

A slight, but perceptible, shiver suddenly ran through the Mindanao. The juniors knew that the keel had scraped, for a second, on some jut of coral, far down. It made them all start, and it made Billy Bunter utter a yell that rang fore and aft of the Mindanao.

"Oh! Owl! Help! We're going down!"

"Shut up, you fat ass!" howled Bob Cherry. "You've got all the crew grinning. Don't you know you're a feller white master in these parts? Feller white masters don't get into a funk."

"Beast!" gasped Bunter. He was not thinking of keeping up the dignity of a white master in the eyes of the native crew. No doubt Bunter was a believer in the old proverb that a live dog is better than a dead lion. It was better, in Bunter's view, to survive undignified than to drown with dignity!

"It's all right, you blithering ass!" said Harry Wharton. "We're going through the reef——"

"Lower a boat!" howled Bunter

"Fathead!"

"Where's the lifebelts?" spluttered the terrified fat Owl. That momentary jolt of the old brig had finished what nerve Bunter had left. "I say, you fellows, gimme a lifebelt! Quick!"

"Oh, gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "So you want to sail into Kalua with a lifebelt on, Bunter?"

"Beast! Will you get me a lifebelt?"

yelled, Bunter. "Where's Popoo? Where's that nigger, Popoo? I saved that black beast when he ran away from a ship at Fiji, and now he's leaving me to be drowned! I say, you fellows, can you see Popoo? Where's Popoo?"

"Here, sar!"

Popoo, the Tonga boy, came running up. His brown face expressed great astonishment. Popoo had a high opinion of Billy Bunter—probably the only man in the wide world who had. He was ready to do anything for Bunter. But he could not understand what was wanted.

"Oh, there you are!" gasped Bunter. "Get me a lifebelt, Popoo—quick! Get it on me! Don't stand blithering there, you idiot! Quick!"

Popoo stared at his white master with round eyes of amazement.

"White feller master wantee feller lifebelt?" he ejaculated. "What name white feller master he wantee lifebelt?"

"Get it!" howled Bunter. "Don't jabber! Do as I tell you! Will you get me a lifebelt, or not, blow you?"

"Yessar!" gasped Popoo. "Me get that feller lifebelt plenty too quick, sar, spose you wantee."

There were lifebelts at the rail, and the Tonga boy, astonished as he was, cut across to get one for Bunter.

What Bunter wanted it for, and where the hurry was, Popoo did not know; but he understood that Bunter wanted it, and wanted it quick, and that was enough for the Tonga boy. Bunter had helped him to escape on board the Mindanao when he had run from a hard-fisted skipper at Suva Bay, since when, Popoo had been full of devotion to Bunter! Now he showed his devotion.

He raced back to Bunter with the lifebelt.

There was a howl from the other fellows.

"Bunter, you ass——"

"Bunter, you dummy——"

"Bunter, you funky fathead——"

"Bunter, you terrific and preposterous owl——"

Bunter did not heed. If the other fellows did not realise the awful danger, Bunter did! Heedless of expostulations, Bunter crammed himself into the lifebelt, with Popoo's industrious assistance.

He was going to float, at all events, when the Mindanao went down! And that the Mindanao might go at any second now was terribly clear to Bunter. The surf was lashing and foaming round the brig, and splashes of spray came over the rail.

"I say, you fellows, help me to get this beastly thing fixed!" gasped Bunter. "I say, can't you lend a hand? I say——"

"Oh, all right!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll jolly well fix it safe, Bunter."

Bob grabbed a rope.

"Bunter, you howling ass——" roared Johnny Bull.

"Beast! Buck up, Bob, we're going!" yelled Bunter.

Bob bucked up. If that fat and fatuous Owl wanted a lifebelt on, Bob's idea was that he could keep it on, and he wished him joy of it! He wound the rope round and round the lifebelt, and round and round Bunter, and knotted it, with many knots, all carefully placed behind Bunter, and out of his reach.

That lifebelt could not possibly come off, in the most tempestuous sea. It was likely to give Bunter a lot of trouble before it came off at all! Those knots wanted some untying!

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors as they surveyed the fat Owl arrayed in the lifebelt, while the Mindanao, having

passed the reef, glided peacefully into the calm waters of the blue lagoon.

"Beasts!" gasped Bunter. "Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Ain't you going to get lifebelts on? I say, I——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! Cackle!" hooted Bunter. "The beastly ship's going down!"

"You howling lunatic!" yelled Johnny Bull. "Can't you see that we've passed the reef, and we're in the lagoon?"

"Eh?"

Billy Bunter blinked over the side. The calm lagoon lay round the brig; the awe-inspiring line of surf on the reef lay astern. The Mindanao was standing across the lagoon towards the island.

The whole crew were staring at Bunter. Captain Jamrack, relieved of his task, glanced round, and almost fell down in surprise at the sight of the fat Owl in the lifebelt. Loud chuckles sounded fore and aft.

"What is the matter?" ejaculated Captain Jamrack. "What is to do? Is it that the fat one is, as you say in English, one little piece off a top?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I say, you fellows, ain't we in danger?" gasped Billy Bunter. "I—I say, I—I thought we were going down! I say——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling beasts, help me off with this beastly lifebelt! I—I—I don't want it on, you know! I say, it—it won't come off!"

"Keep it on!" chuckled Bob. "You'll astonish the natives, old fat man, coming ashore with a lifebelt on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts! Help me off with it!" yelled Bunter. "I say, you've tied it on, Bob Cherry, you beast! I can't get at the knots! Will you untie it, you rotter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep it on!" chortled Bob. "There's a boat coming out to meet us. The natives will think you no end of a big chief, got up like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, red as the blossom of the hibiscus, spluttered with rage and struggled frantically with the lifebelt.

The juniors roared—Captain Jamrack chuckled—the Kanaka crew cackled; even Popoo was grinning.

Only Bunter had fancied that there was any danger; and even Bunter did not fancy it now. He was fearfully anxious to get rid of that lifebelt. But it was not to be got rid of easily.

"Popoo!" yelled Bunter. "What are you grinning at, you black villain? Come and get this thing off, you beast! Untie this rope at once! Do you hear?"

"Yessar!" gasped Popoo.

His brown fingers fumbled with the knots. But they were many, and they were tight; and Billy Bunter, wriggling and spluttering, was still a prisoner in the lifebelt, as the Mindanao glided across the lagoon to Kalua-alua-lalua.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Beachcomber Of Kalua!

**Y**SABEL DICK, the beachcomber, lifted his head, from the bollard against which it rested, on the coral quay at Kalua, and glanced round him with blurred eyes.

For a good many hours, the beachcomber had been lying there, half asleep in the tropical heat—ever since, in fact, he had been kicked out of Chinese Charley's saloon along the beach.

A pile of packing-cases had shielded him from the sun, when first he came to roost at that spot; but the sun had moved on its appointed course, and the man from Ysabel was no longer sheltered from its burning rays.

But he was too lazy, and too listless, to move, and he lay under what shade his ragged old hat gave him—his legs, brown as a Kanaka's, stretched out before him on the hot coral, bare to the knee. A pair of tattered duck trousers, cut short, a fragment of a cotton shirt, and a grass hat, were all his garments—just enough to show that he was, or had been, a white man. "Going native" was the last, the final and deepest depth, to which the beachcomber of Kalua had not yet sunk.

Over the green wooded hill of Kalua-alua-lalua, the sun blazed like a furnace as it went down. The worst heat of the tropical day was over, but it was still hot, very hot.

The beachcomber moved—stirred by a brown Kalua boy, who came along the quay, and stumbled over his outstretched legs. Three or four other Kalua boys followed, and the beachcomber gave them evil looks, as they grinned down at him.

A white man was following the brown boys, but Ysabel Dick did not see him yet. His blurred eyes glinted evil at the native boys. Evil was the beachcomber's predominant feeling at that moment. How much "square-face" he had shifted before he was turned out of Chinese Charley's he hardly remembered; but it was enough to drown all the decency and self-control left in him by a life of lazy shiftlessness.

Strong drink, the worst enemy of man in any part of the world, is a particularly deadly enemy in the tropics. A constitution of iron could not stand up against the combined effects of spirits and the burning climate. Ysabel Dick's wretched inside was a battleground of warring chemicals, and his temper was that of a tiger-shark in consequence.

"You scum!" he muttered. Had a missile been at hand, he would have hurled it. But there was no missile within reach, and the poor wretch lacked the energy to stir.

Ysabel Dick had been months on Kalua. He had been kicked off a tramp steamer there, the skipper having had enough of him. He remained on Kalua because a sea-boot had landed him there. Who he was, and what he might have been, nobody knew or cared. He was supposed to have come from the island of Ysabel, in the Solomons—but what he had done at Ysabel, except consume square-face, was not known, if anyone had wanted to know.

He was not popular on Kalua. Mr. McTab, manager and magistrate, regarded him with a most unfavourable eye. Planters, storekeepers, plantation overseers, looked on him with unconcealed contempt and disgust. Even the native Kanakas despised a white man who had fallen so low.

But he had fallen low enough not to care.

He "combed the beach" on Kalua—gathered shellfish on the reef—stole coconuts and yams from the plantations—occasionally did a small job of work, and picked up a little cash to spend on square-face. He was the only beachcomber on the island, and a standing eye-sorrow to Mr. McTab, who was a very respectable and particular gentleman. Mr. McTab bore with him—not patiently.

The wretched man lay glaring evilly at the grinning Kanakas. Not a brown  
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boy of them had any respect to waste on the outcast who combed the beach.

"You poor white feller, you no stop along that place," said Bomoo, the servant of Mr. McTab.

The beachcomber breathed rage. He was ordered off by a Kanaka! He did not stir.

"You hear me, ear belong you?" demanded Bomoo. "You stop along place along feller rope he stop."

A motor-boat, rocked by the quay, moored to the bollard against which the beachcomber rested. He was in the way of the Kanakas, who were going to unmoor the boat for their master. But he refused to stir. His stretched legs lay across the rope, and in sheer evil obstinacy, he would not move.

"Master belong me come along this place!" warned Bomoo.

Ysabel Dick answered only with a gut-laden oath. The Kanakas stood round him, hesitating to lay hands on a white man—even one sunken so low as the beachcomber of Kalua.

A little man, in very neat ducks, with a sharp but not unkindly face under a Panama hat, came along with quick steps.

Mr. McTab's face hardened, and his little sandy beard seemed to bristle, as he looked down at the sprawling repulsive figure of the disgrace of Kalua.

"Shift!" he snapped.

Angus McTab was not to be argued with on Kalua. He was the chief white man on the island; he was the island magistrate; he had a force of six native police at his orders, who carried thick lawyer-canes for the backs of offenders. Few men on Kalua, white, or brown or black, would have disputed with Mr. McTab. But the evil mood was strong on the outcast, and he did not stir, answering only with a black and bitter look.

"Ye disgrace to your colour," said Mr. McTab. "Shift! Get out of sight! Do ye hear me? Man, there's a ship coming into the lagoon, and do you fancy I want Lord Mauleverer to see the likes of you first thing! Get out of sight for shame's sake."

The beachcomber of Kalua made a sudden movement. His lazy listlessness seemed to drop from him like a cloak. He leaped to his feet, and, shading his eyes with his hand, stared at the brig that was coming in from the reef.

It was his first sight of the incoming ship, though it had long been visible to all other eyes on Kalua.

"What ship's that?" he exclaimed.

"It's the Mindanao, up from Suva!" snapped Mr. McTab. "And I tell ye, it's bringing my owner, and a party of his friends, to the island; and the less they see of you, the better I shall be pleased. Do you fancy I want the wee lord to clap eyes on such a scarecrow?"

"Did you say Lord Mauleverer?"

"Are ye deaf?" snapped Mr. McTab.

"Lord Mauleverer!" The beachcomber passed his grimy hand over his blurred eyes, and stared at the estate manager. "What do you mean? What would an English nobleman be coming out to this forgotten corner of the earth for? Are you mad, McTab?"

Mr. McTab gave him a contemptuous glare.

"And did ye not know that Kalua, and nearly everything on it, belongs to the wee lord?" he snapped. "Did ye not?"

"This island belongs to Lord Mauleverer!" repeated the outcast. "You're telling me that this is the island his father bought, cruising in these seas before he was born."

"Man, I'm telling ye just that!"

answered Mr. McTab. "And what do you know of the old lord, I'm asking ye. You'd hardly have been born yourself at the time he was cruising in these seas, I'm thinking."

The beachcomber did not answer. He burst into a laugh—a harsh, sardonic laugh, and stared again towards the brig coming in from the passage in the barrier reef.

"Coming here, is he?" he muttered. "Coming to view his property! And this is the island—Kalua, is it? His lordship is coming to view his lordship's property in the South Seas!" He laughed again, a jarring laugh that rang unpleasantly in Mr. McTab's ears. "What an honour for Kalua, for his lordship's feet to be set on it!"

"If ye speak disrespectfully of his lordship, I'll tell my boys to boot ye the length of the beach!" exclaimed Mr. McTab, indignantly. "Now, I've told ye to get out of sight! Get a move on, sharp!"

The beachcomber grinned savagely.

"Mustn't a man stand by to look at his lordship when his lordship lands?" he sneered.

"Bomoo!" snapped Mr. McTab.

"Yessar!" grinned Bomoo.

"Put that feller along beach, close up."

"Yessar."

The grinning Kalua boys gathered round the beachcomber, and hustled him along the quay.

His face crimsoned with rage, and he struck out on all sides, his fists clenched. Whereupon the brown boys collared him without ceremony, swung him off his feet, and carried him headlong, with his arms and legs wildly sprawling in the air, off the coral quay.

They dumped him down in a breathless, gasping heap, on the sand at a distance. He lay there, spent by the brief struggle, drenched in perspiration, panting for breath. The brown boys, cackling, went back to their master.

Mr. McTab, snorting, stepped into the motor-boat, followed by Bomoo. The other boys cast off the rope: the engine started up, and the motor-boat shot out to meet the incoming brig. Like an arrow it shot across the blue lagoon: and Mr. McTab dismissed the beachcomber from his mind.

In the sand, on the shelving beach, Ysabel Dick sat up, still panting, shaded blurred eyes with his hand, and watched the brig. And the concentrated bitterness and evil in his seamed, sun-scorched face might have startled anyone who had observed it.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Welcome To Kalua!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Ring off, Bunter!"

"Will you help that silly nigger get this beastly lifebelt off?" howled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter was crimson with wrath. In a lagoon as calm as a pond, even Bunter realised that a lifebelt was not required. Even the fat Owl grasped the fact that he looked rather absurd with a lifebelt on, while the brig glided with leisurely slowness across a calm lagoon.

And there was a boat coming out to meet the Mindanao: all the party had seen a motor-boat shoot out from the coral quay, with a brown man and a white man in it. The white man, with the sandy beard, they could all guess, was Mr. McTab; and Bunter did not want to meet Mr. McTab in his present outfit.

Popoo laboured at the knots industriously. Bunter had told Popoo to untie

the knots. Popoo was doing his best to untie them—not an easy task! In the Kanaka way he did what he was told, without using his brains, such as they were. He could have cut through the knotted rope much more quickly. But he had been told to untie: so he untied.

Captain Jamrack saluted Mr. McTab with great respect, as the boat shot alongside, and the engine shut off. The juniors, if they had not known it already, would have observed that the Scotsman was a great man on Kalua-alua-lalua.

Bomoo held on to the brig; and the sliin, spare McTab whisked himself on board with great activity. He greeted the captain, who waved an oily olive hand towards the group of Greyfriars fellows.

"You silly idiot, Popoo!" hissed Billy Bunter. "Will you get that putrid lifebelt off, or won't you?"

"Yessar!" gasped Popoo. "Plenty too much knot stop along this feller rope sar."

"Get a knife from somewhere and cut it, then!" hissed Bunter. "Haven't you got a knife, you dunderhead?"

"Yessar: feller knife stop along hair belong me."

"You—you idiot! If you've got a knife, why haven't you cut that rope then?" hooted Bunter.

"White master say untie, sar, no say cut—"

"Fathead! Idiot! Blitherer! Cut it!"

"Yessar!"

Popoo disinterred a knife from his thick mop of hair—a usual place for a Kanaka to carry his belongings, for want of pockets—opened it, and cut at the rope. It parted right and left under the keen blade: but the lifebelt was still on Billy Bunter when Mr. McTab reached the group of juniors.

The manager of Kalua stared at Bunter. He stared at him blankly.

Billy Bunter's face was crimson with wrath. He realised that he looked an ass. That was not really the impression he wanted to make at Kalua-alua-lalua.

However, Mr. McTab gave the perspiring fat Owl only one astonished stare. Then he turned his attention to the other fellows.

"Lord Mauleverer?"

"Yaas," said Mauly. "Mr. McTab, what?"

"Your lordship's manager," said Mr. McTab. "Welcome to Kalua-alua-lalua, my lord! A fine property, sir,—a vairy fine property—and worth your lordship's inspection. I'm vairy glad to see ye at Kalua, my lord."

Lord Mauleverer shook hands with his manager. Then he presented his friends in turn, and Mr. McTab shook hands with them. Billy Bunter, by that time, had succeeded in extracting himself from the lifebelt.

He did not hand it to Popoo to put it back in its place: neither did he drop it on the deck. He gripped it in both fat hands, and hurled it at the back of Bob Cherry's head.

That, Bunter considered, Bob deserved, and more, for having tied him up in it.

At a distance of about six or seven feet, even the Owl of the Remove might have been expected to get his man with a missile. But Bunter's aim was never good.

The lifebelt whizzed past Bob, just grazing his ear, and making him jump. But it found a billet. It landed fair and square on the features of the little Scotch gentleman.

Bang!

"Oh, gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "What—" stuttered Bob.

Mr. McTab, taken quite by surprise,



The beachcomber was pitched headlong into the fore-castle. As he sprawled there, Captain Jamrack looked in after him, with a grim frown. "You stick!" he said. "You show one leg, and you find that lawyer-cane will approximate! That is one tip! You stick!"

tottered backwards. He sat down on the deck of the Mindanao, with a heavy bump and a howl. The lifebelt dropped on his knees.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He blinked in horror at the manager of Kalua. Bunter had not, of course, intended to floor Mr. McTab. Things often happened that Bunter never intended. Without intending it, he had done it.

"Oh!" roared Mr. McTab. "Oooh! What—ah—oh—oooh!"

"Bunter, you mad ass——" yelled Johnny Bull.

"You terrific lunatic——"

"You dangerous maniac——"

"What the thump——"

Lord Mauleverer and Harry Wharton rushed to Mr. McTab's aid. They grasped him, and helped him to his feet.

The manager of Kalua gasped for breath, and rubbed his nose. He seemed to have a pain in it.

"What——" he gasped. "My lord, really—ow!" he spluttered. "Is that boy mad? What——"

"Oh crikey! I say, I never meant—oh lor! I say, it wasn't me—I mean, I never meant—leave off kicking me, Bob Cherry, you beast! Yaroooh!"

"You fat chump——" roared Bob.

"Yow-ow-ow! Keep off, you beast!" yelled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I never meant—yaroooh!—I mean to say—yoo-hooop!"

Billy Bunter fled below, roaring.

Mr. McTab rubbed his nose, in a state of angry and indignant astonishment.

"Is the boy a lunatic?" he gasped.

"What—why——"

"Only a blithering ass, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Aw'fly sorry—quite an accident—Bunter never meant——"

Mr. McTab grunted. He did not seem at all pleased.

However, he recovered his equanimity, as the Mindanao glided on over the lagoon, to the coral quay.

The brig moored, and the gangway was run out. The Greyfriars party, after their long journey, landed at last on Kalua-alua-lalua. Then Billy Bunter reappeared from below, and followed them ashore.

Mr. McTab gave him a glance—but did not address him. His glance was very unfavourable. Clearly he had not taken a liking to Billy Bunter.

From the quay, the manager led the way up to the beach, towards his bungalow. From the sand a tattered figure rose, standing and staring at the new arrivals as they passed.

The juniors glanced at him. They had seen beachcombers during their voyage, and they could see that this man was a beachcomber. They could see, too, that he was keenly interested in the party—or, at least, in one member of the party. His bloodshot eyes fixed on Lord Mauleverer.

He stepped towards them, raising his tattered hat with an air of mocking, sardonic politeness.

Evidently he intended to speak to Mauleverer; but Mr. McTab, frowning, interposed.

"Stand back!" he snapped.

"Mayn't a man give a word of welcome to his lordship, on his lordship's first visit to his lordship's property?" jeered the outcast.

"Get out of it!" snapped Mr. McTab. He was annoyed by the disgrace of Kalua-alua-lalua meeting Lord Mauleverer's eyes, as soon as he set foot on shore.

"Hold on, sir!" said Mauleverer quietly. "Let the man speak if he wants to. Who is he?"

Grunt from Mr. McTab.

"Flotsam and jetsam of the beaches," he grunted. "A disgrace to his colour. He's called Ysabel Dick—and I'm thinking that I'll get Captain Jamrack to cart him back to Ysabel."

"I say, you fellows, what a scare-crow!" said Billy Bunter, in a stage whisper.

"Shut up, ass!"

The Famous Five did not like the beachcomber's looks—the tattered garb, and matted hair, and the odour of tobacco and strong drink that hung about him were disgusting enough. But there was a trace of compassion in Lord Mauleverer's face. There was always a soft spot in Mauly's heart for the down and out; and few could have looked more thoroughly down and out than the beachcomber of Kalua.

"You wanted to speak to me, my man?" asked Mauleverer, as Mr. McTab grunted and stood aside.

"Only to welcome your lordship to your lordship's island!" answered Ysabel Dick with a sneer that made the words offensive. "It's an honour to a poor devil like me to crawl at your lordship's feet."

"Thank you!" said Mauleverer, with quiet contempt; and he walked on with his friends.

The outcast followed, apparently with the intention of uttering another jeer. But Mr. McTab's patience was exhausted. He grabbed the tattered beachcomber by the shoulder, and, with a twist of his arm, sent him spinning away.

"Get out!" he snapped.

The beachcomber of Kalua spun away and rolled over on the sand.

Billy Bunter gave a fat giggle; but the other fellows were silent as they walked on to the bungalow.

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Ysabel Dick picked himself up, glared after the party with evil, blurred eyes, and slouched along the beach.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Surprising!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What are you doing out of bed?" exclaimed Bob Cherry in astonishment.

It was the following morning.

In the glorious sunrise of the South, the Greyfriars fellows had turned out for a bathe in the lagoon before breakfast.

Billy Bunter had not turned out. He was not fearfully keen on bathing—it was too much like washing for Bunter to be keen on it.

But when the juniors came back, in a cheery band, up the beach, they found the fat Owl in the roomy, shady veranda, beginning breakfast—or rather packing away the first of a series of breakfasts.

Mr. McTab was out. It was his custom to breakfast early, and then visit the plantations. Mr. McTab had already laid out a programme for showing Lord Mauleverer every plantation, and everything else that belonged to him; a programme that his lazy lordship was going to dodge as politely as he could.

As it was still only about nine o'clock, it was quite early rising for Bunter, in holiday time.

"I say, you fellows, this grub ain't bad," said Bunter, blinking at the juniors through his big spectacles, as

they came in. "Not quite what I'm used to at Bunter Court, of course—but not bad! I think I shall be all right here, Mauly."

"Oh, good!" said Lord Mauleverer gravely. "In that case, everything in the garden will be lovely."

"Well, if the grub's all right, everything's all right, you know," said Bunter. "Not that I'm always thinking about grub, like some fellows I could name. It's not much I eat, as you know. But I say, you fellows, I'm in a bit of a fix."

"Hasn't your postal order come?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows, did you know that there ain't a post office here?" asked Bunter. "If you want to send letters, you have to get them off in a ship, when there happens to be one. I asked that nigger Bomoo where the post office was, and he said it was at Pita; and when I asked him where Pita was, he said it was another island, goodness knows where. Looks to me as if I shan't get the remittances I was expecting; and that means that I shan't be able to square a few small amounts I owe you, Mauly, till we go home."

"Then you will, right on the nail!" remarked Johnny Bull, with deep sarcasm.

"Yes, of course! Do you mind waiting till we get back, Mauly?"

"Not at all, old fat man!" answered Lord Mauleverer amiably. "Longer, if you like."

"But that isn't what I was going to speak about," went on Bunter. "It's about Popoo! You fellows know that he got away from a ship at the Squeegie Islands—"

"Do you mean the Fijies?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, yes! I knew it was something," said Bunter. "He had been shanghaied on a Lukwe cutter, and he got away; and I saved him, you know—at least, I helped him on the Mindanao, and I told him I'd give him a lift to his island. Well it turns out that his island was in the other direction—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. You see, I'd forgotten what he called his island—I knew it was something like shovel or poker—but it turns out to be Tonga; and, from what I hear, Tonga is south of the Squeegies—I mean the Fijies—and we came north to this place and so—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, do stop cackling! I suppose you can see that I can't land Popoo on his island, as we came away from it instead of going towards it!" snapped Bunter. "I've got the nigger on my hands."

"All serene," said Lord Mauleverer, laughing. "He can dig in here, Bunter—and Mr. McTab will find him a ship sooner or later going to Tonga."

"Well, that's all very well," said Bunter. "But the fact is I was thinking of keeping him. He's jolly useful, and he's very devoted to me—he would be, you know, when I saved his life, and so on—you should have seen me standing up to that South Sea ruffian who was after him. A regular desperado—fellow called Peter Parsons—toughest knut I ever saw, except that Dutchman who was on the steamer—well, when he came after Popoo, I just told him to get out and I can tell you, he got."

Billy Bunter paused for a moment, to fill a capacious mouth. Having filled it to capacity, he went on:

"I rather think I'll keep Popoo! You see, accustomed as I am to being waited on hand and foot at Bunter Court, I rather miss a personal attendant. You fellows don't, naturally, as you have nothing of the sort in your poor little homes—but it's a bit rough on me, you see that?"

"It's his lower jaw that moves!" said Bob Cherry. "Watch him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly idiot!" howled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I've decided—I'm going to keep Popoo—my faithful nigger, you know. As for his wages, I shall treat him generously."

"Poor old Mauly!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"These Kanakas don't expect much," said Bunter. "I dare say a quid a week will make him feel quite wealthy."

"Mauly, old man, if you have pound notes, prepare to shed them now!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" snorted Bunter, and he devoted himself to his series of breakfasts.

The juniors sat down in a cheery crowd in the shady veranda. The sun was climbing in the blue sky, and it was already warm—and going to be hot.

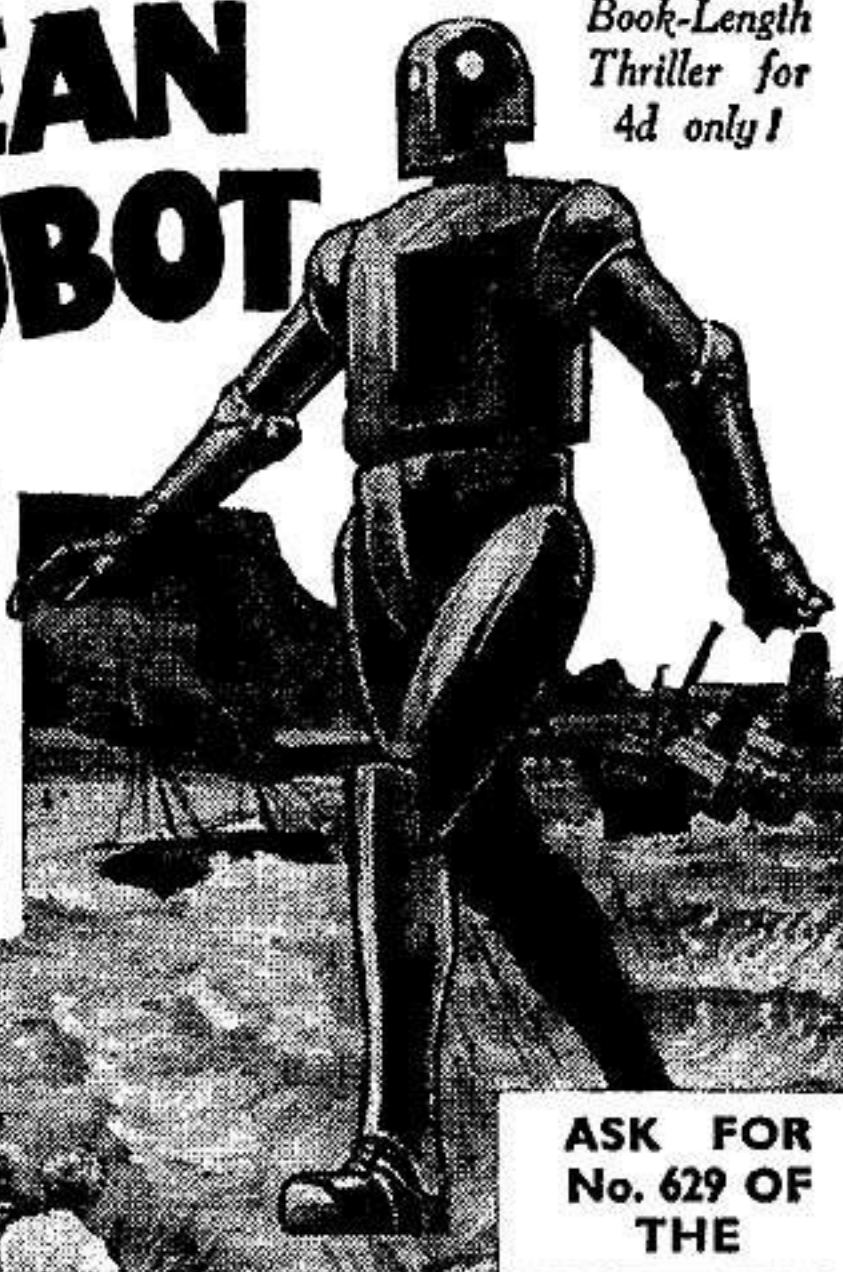
Under their eyes was the dazzling beach; beyond, the blue lagoon rolling to the outer reef in the distance. The Mindanao lay at the quay, and the crew were already busy, preparing for sea. Natives in white lava-lavas appeared on the beach—canoes glided over the calm blue water. Over the reef, innumerable sea-birds circled and called.

Bomoo, who was head house-boy, with number of other brown, cheerful,

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grinning house-boys under his command, brought breakfast into the veranda. There were plenty of native servants in the bungalow; and Bunter was the only member of the party who felt the need of a personal attendant; even Mauly had left his "man" at Mauleverer Towers. But Billy Bunter, no doubt, remembered the glories of Bunter Court—also, he was very keen on a "faithful nigger."

"Topping here, isn't it?" said Bob Cherry, with one eye on his breakfast and the other on the glorious scene that was unrolled before the bungalow.

"The topfulness is terrific!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "It was an execrably good idea to come to this absurd island for a holiday."

"Only one blot on the landscape!" remarked Johnny Bull, as a tattered figure appeared on the beach, going down to the lagoon.

Lord Mauleverer's eyes fixed on the beachcomber of Kalua.

"It's queer," he said. "I've a sort of fancy that I've seen that dashed blackguard before somewhere."

"Might have been on the beach at Suva, when we put in there," said Bob.

"No—McTab says he's been here for months—kicked off some ship by a skipper who was fed-up with him," said Mauleverer. "Rotten to see a white man get down as low as that."

"He's looking this way!" said Nugent.

On the edge of the lagoon, the beachcomber had turned and fixed his eyes on the bungalow. Evidently he picked out the cheery schoolboy party breakfasting there. They saw his brow darken and he made a gesture as if shaking his fist.

"That sportsman doesn't seem to like us!" remarked Harry Wharton. "Evil-tempered brute, by the look of him!"

"What's biting him?" grunted Johnny Bull. "We've done the brute no harm, that I can see."

"I say, you fellows, I'd jolly well have him turned off the island," said Billy Bunter. "Look here, Mauly, this island is yours—you could have him chucked off it, if you liked."

"Yaas!"

"Well, then, do it," said Bunter. "I jolly well would!"

"Yaas, I've no doubt you jolly well would, old fat man!" said Lord Mauleverer amiably. "But I jolly well wouldn't!"

"By gum, what are those fellows up to?" exclaimed Bob.

The juniors rose from breakfast, and stood at the veranda rail, looking down at the beach in surprise.

Two dark Fiji boys, whom they recognised as members of the crew of the Mindanao, had come off the quay and approached the beachcomber, as he stood staring and scowling at the bungalow. They stopped on either side of him, caught hold of his arms, and walked him away on the quay.

That he went unwillingly was quite plain; he could be seen resisting. But the brawny black boys gave no heed to his resistance, and he was powerless in their grasp.

Vainly struggling, the outcast of Kalua was walked across the quay, towards the gangway of the Mindanao—and walked over it to the deck. There he disappeared from sight.

"What the thump—" said Bob Cherry blankly.

Lord Mauleverer compressed his lips. "That looks like a case of shanghaiing!" he said.

"It can't be that!" said Harry Wharton. "No skipper would have that drunken brute on his ship, even if he

were short-handed. He can't be any use as a seaman. Blessed if I can make it out!"

"Looks as if he's sailing in the Mindanao, anyhow," said Nugent. "Nobody here will miss him."

Lord Mauleverer, with a wrinkled brow, descended the steps of the veranda.

The Famous Five exchanged glances and followed him. Apparently his lordship intended to look into that peculiar episode, and the other fellows were curious to know what it meant.

"I say, you fellows, where are you going?" squeaked Bunter.

But the fellows were gone.

Billy Bunter grunted and commenced operations on his fourth breakfast.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Deported!

"TOP of a morning!" grinned Captain Jamrack, as the panting, scowling beachcomber was walked across the gangway on to the deck of the brig.

The plump Eurasian had been watching the two Fiji boys, as they conducted the unwilling outcast on board the Mindanao.

Ysabel Dick scowled at him savagely. "You dirty dago, what does this mean?" he hissed between his teeth.

"You half-breed thief, how dare you tell your niggers to lay hands on me!"

Captain Jamrack's amiable grin left his oily, olive face. He was a very good-tempered Eurasian gentleman, as the Greyfriars fellows had found; but the beachcomber's remarks might have ruffled the very best of tempers. Captain Jamrack's black eyes gleamed like bright black beads from his oily face.

"Close up one mouth, you!" he snapped. "You stick on a ship, along we sail away from Kalua. It is an order! Go forward—and stick there!"

The beachcomber breathed rage.

"You fancy that you're going to shanghai me?" he yelled, struggling to release his arms from the grasp of the black boys.

"Shanghai you!" repeated Captain Jamrack contemptuously. "You are not worth a salt as a seaman! You are dirty—you are lazy—you are one beachcomber—a dirty loafer! You stick in a fore-castle, and along Suva I kick you off my ship. I take you on a ship to oblige, because it is wished that you clear off an island. Close up a mouth!"

"Lord Mauleverer!" breathed the beachcomber. "I owe this to Lord Mauleverer, then!"

"It is because you are insolent to a young lord that you are kick off Kalua. Anywhere you are not wanted!" answered Captain Jamrack. "I do not like to have you on my ship—but I oblige, yess."

"You're paid to run me off Kalua!" hissed the beachcomber.

"There is a small pay for rations, but Scotch gentlemen do not pay large sums!" grinned Captain Jamrack. "You go along a fore-castle—and stick there!"

The beachcomber panted for breath, eyeing him savagely, and then glancing across the beach of Kalua.

There was no help for him.

Nobody wanted him on the island; nobody was likely to extend him a helping hand, even if his fate was observed.

Mr. McTab represented the law on Kalua-alua-lalua: he had power, as magistrate, to deport an undesirable character, and even Ysabel Dick him-

self could not have claimed to be a desirable character!

From Captain Jamrack's words, he knew that Mr. McTab had arranged this; though he had no doubt that it was on Lord Mauleverer's account. He had always been an offence to the sedate, methodical, sober Scotchman; but McTab had left him alone till after the arrival of the schoolboy earl. It was his jeering on the beach, the previous day, that had been the last straw and had caused Mr. McTab to make up his mind.

But, unfriended and unwanted as he was, the beachcomber of Kalua had no intention to submit, if he could help it. Whatever he was now, he had been a white man and an Englishman, and pride of race survived, when self-respect and a sense of shame were dead.

He struggled helplessly in the brawny grip of the black boys.

Captain Jamrack made an impatient sign to them, and he was dragged along the deck and pitched headlong into the fo'c'sle.

As he sprawled there, Captain Jamrack looked in after him, with a grim frown.

"You stick!" he said. "You show one leg, and you find that lawyer-cane will approximate! That is one tip! You stick!"

And the Eurasian captain walked away, leaving the wretched outcast to "stick."

Ysabel Dick picked himself up, panting, and leaned on a bunk, to get his breath. He was too exhausted by his unavailing struggle with the Kanakas to make another move yet.

On the Mindanao's deck, the captain and crew were busy. The brig was to pull out of Kalua later in the day, and they had cargo to take on board, and stack away in the hold. Probably Captain Jamrack dismissed the beachcomber from mind; but, if so, he was soon to be reminded of him.

As soon as he had a little recovered his strength—not that his way of life left him much—the beachcomber clambered out of the fo'c'sle. No eye was upon him, for the moment, and there was a chance of cutting across to the coral quay and bolting.

He made a sudden rush, and had almost reached the gangway to the quay, when a black boy jumped in his way and shoved him back.

"You no run along quay!" grinned the black boy—and he gave the outcast another shove, sending him staggering.

"Upon my gracious words!" exclaimed Captain Jamrack. "This is too much of one impudence! Here, you!"

He grabbed the beachcomber by the shoulder.

Ysabel Dick turned on him like a tiger, and struck.

His fist caught Captain Jamrack in his olive face and sent him staggering back, to fall on the deck.

As he went down, the beachcomber turned and made a desperate rush for the gangway.

Captain Jamrack sat up, spluttering.

"You feller boy, you hold white feller, hand belong you!" he roared. "You stop that white feller too quick!"

Five or six of the native crew rushed on the beachcomber and grabbed him. He was dragged back from the gangway, struggling and cursing.

Captain Jamrack staggered to his feet. His olive face was red with rage as he dabbed a trickle of crimson from his nose. The plump Eurasian gurgled and spluttered with wrath.

"You feller boy! You hold that bad feller! Lawyer-cane stop along back

belong him. Yoh feller Toto, you make lawyer-cane stop along back belong that feller, plenty too much."

Ysabel Dick, in the grasp of black hands, was extending over a packing-case on the deck and held there. Toto, grinning, wielded a thick lawyer-cane. It came down with terrific lashes on the back of the struggling, yelling beachcomber.

The lashes of the lawyer-cane rang like pistol-shots, echoing on the lagoon and on the beach; reaching the ears of the juniors who were coming down to the quay.

Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe!

Toto laid it on hard and fast, the beachcomber yelling and kicking and howling under the castigation.

Captain Jamrack rubbed his damaged nose and looked on with gleaming eyes. The outcast of Kalua was getting a lesson that was likely to last him until the Mindanao sailed into Suva Bay at Viti Levu. The native crew gathered round, looking on with grinning faces.

A dozen swipes of the lawyer-cane had fallen, and the beachcomber's wild yells rang far and wide. But Captain Jamrack made no sign for the Fiji boy to stop, and Toto lashed on.

Half a dozen fellows came cutting across the quay. One of them cut ahead, and ran quickly across the wooden gangway from the coral to the deck of the Mindanao.

"Stop!" shouted Lord Mauleverer.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Maully Chips In!

**L**ORD MAULEVERER ran swiftly across the deck, bursting through the grinning crowd of the native crew.

Toto's sinewy arm was lifted again for another swipe. Mauleverer caught it, and stopped it as it descended.

"Stop!" he rapped.

Toto hesitated, glancing at his captain for orders. Mauleverer pushed him back and faced Captain Jamrack. The Famous Five followed him on board the brig, ready to back up old Maully, though they had little compassion to waste on the wretch, who was writhing in the grasp of three or four of the black seamen.

Captain Jamrack made excited gesticulations.

"Look here! What does this mean, sir?" demanded Lord Mauleverer. "What's that man bein' beaten for?"

Ysabel Dick, writhing, in the grasping black hands, turned his head to stare at Mauleverer. Maully's intervention had stopped the swiping of the lawyer-cane; but there was no sign of gratitude in the face of the outcast of Kalua. His looks expressed only rage and hate.

"My honourable sir," exclaimed Captain Jamrack, "look at a nose! There is a punch on a nose, as you say in English. It is not for a captain's nose to have one punch on the deck of his ship."

"What's the man here for?"

Captain Jamrack breathed hard. He was in a towering temper, and he was by no means finished with the man who had punched his nose on his own deck. But he calmed himself. He liked Mauleverer. Moreover, he did not want any trouble with the owner of Kalua-alua-lalua.

"That swab go along Suva—along this ship," he explained. "At Viti Levu I kick him off a ship."

"He doesn't want to go?"

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Captain Jamrack grinned.

"No; he does not want. But what he want, it is not a matter. He is kick off Kalua, and kick on Viti Levu. It is to get rid. I take that rascal on my ship to oblige."

"Well, that won't do," said Lord Mauleverer. "You can't shanghai a man under the British flag! Let him run!"

"But it is not to run!" protested Captain Jamrack. "He is not want on Kalua. It is to get rid. He stick on a ship. With plenty of lawyer-cane, he learn a manner. Yess, I teach him a manner with a lawyer-cane."

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"You can't do it," he said. "If somebody on Kalua has asked you to clear him off, wash it out! Can't be done!"

"But it is not to say no to Scotch gentlemen!" exclaimed Captain Jamrack. "Scotch gentlemen give order."

"Oh gad, Do you mean that Mr. McTab—"

"Yess. Respected Scotch gentlemen desire that that swab go off Kalua. I take him to oblige. He punch me a nose. But I teach him a manner, along one lawyer-cane! Yess!"

Lord Mauleverer stood silent. It had not occurred to him that it was the manager of Kalua who was responsible for this.

He glanced round at his friends.

"Better not barge in, Maully," said Johnny Bull. "Mr. McTab knows what he's about."

"Case of deportation," said Bob. "I suppose Mr. McTab has the power, and the right, too, if you come to that. But—"

"But it won't do," said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "Dash it all, if it's my island, I can let the poor beast stick on it, if he likes. I'm not goin' to see him handled like this. Look here, my man—"

"I ask nothing from you, Lord Mauleverer!" snarled the beachcomber. "Stand off and mind your own business!"

"But this is my business, my man!" said Lord Mauleverer mildly. "Captain Jamrack, please let that man go! I will fix it with Mr. McTab. I'll ask him as a special favour to let the man stay on Kalua. Mr. McTab won't say no to me, I assure you. Let him go!"

Captain Jamrack hesitated. But he gave an unwilling assent. Mr. McTab was not likely to dispute the desire of his employer, neither did the skipper of the Mindanao desire to dispute with the owner of Kalua.

He signed to the black boys to let the beachcomber go.

They released him, and Ysabel Dick stood, panting.

Captain Jamrack pointed to the gangway.

"Get off a ship!" he snapped.

The beachcomber cast a glare of surly defiance round him, and slouched to the gangway.

"Thank you very much, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer politely.

And Captain Jamrack grunted, and rubbed his nose. He would have preferred to give the outcast of Kalua another dozen or so of the lawyer-cane. However, the matter was settled now, and the man from Ysabel slouched off the brig.

The juniors followed.

Lord Mauleverer left his friends, and hurried after the beachcomber as he slouched away on the beach.

"Just a moment, my man!" said Mauleverer.

Ysabel Dick stopped, and looked at

him under lowered brows. He was writhing from the lashes of the lawyer-cane. Toto had laid them on with plenty of energy.

He did not speak, but his bloodshot eyes glinted at the owner of Kalua. Lord Mauleverer scanned his face intently. Burned by the sun, untidy with a growth of stubbly beard, seamed and bloated by reckless dissipation, it was hard to tell what the man from Ysabel looked like in a normal state. But it could be seen that he was a young man, though the condition he was in gave him an older look.

"Have I met you before somewhere?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

Ysabel Dick laughed harshly.

"Do I look like it?" he asked. "Am I the kind of man likely to have crossed your lordship's path?"

"No," said Mauleverer slowly—"no. But look here! Can I help you to get on your feet again?"

"Help me!" repeated the outcast, staring.

"Yaas. Mr. McTab would find you a job somewhere on the island, if I asked him. If you pulled yourself together a bit—"

"I will take nothing at your hands, Lord Mauleverer!"

"Why not?" asked Maully impatiently. "It's rather rotten to see a white man on the beach. What have you got against me, when we've never met before?"

Ysabel Dick laughed again.

"You are up, and I am down," he said. "You are rich, and I—I comb the beach. You are lord of Kalua, and I stay on the island by your grace. Bah!"

He turned his back on Lord Mauleverer, and slouched away.

His lordship shrugged his shoulders and rejoined his friends. They walked back to the bungalow together. The outcast tramped up the beach, and disappeared into the palms.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### The Faithless Nigger!

**"P**OPOO!" squeaked Billy Bunter. If Popoo-lo-linga-lulo heard, he heeded not. There was no answering "Yessar!" to Bunter's fat squeak.

"Popoo!" roared Bunter.

Neither was there an answer to his roar.

Bunter sat up in the Madeira chair in the veranda, and snorted with wrath.

It was hot in Kalua. But hot as it was, Harry Wharton & Co. had gone for a cruise on the lagoon in the whaleboat Mr. McTab placed at their service. Sailing a whaleboat on a Pacific lagoon was sheer joy to the Famous Five, and they had walked off Lord Mauleverer almost by force to join in the trip.

Bunter had declined. It was too hot, for one thing, and for another, Bunter had packed away a dinner that felt a little too heavy to carry about unnecessarily.

The fat Owl preferred a long chair in the shade, where he could meditate happily on his last meal, and contemplate peacefully and pleasantly his next.

But there was always a fly in the ointment. The Universe had never been run completely to Billy Bunter's satisfaction.

There were flies on Kalua, lots of mosquitoes, and Bunter did not like

mosquitoes; but mosquitoes, on the other hand, liked Bunter. They had given him a hearty welcome to Kalua. No doubt they regarded him as a particularly fat morsel. Moreover, there were always traces of Bunter's last meal about Bunter. He was generally in a rather sticky state. With the mosquitoes, at least, Bunter had achieved popularity; they never tired of his company.

The Greyfriars party had been some days on Kalua now. The Mindanao was long gone. No other vessel, so far, had put in. The arrival of any vessel was rather an event at the island. Harry Wharton & Co. had enjoyed every hour, if not every minute, so far. Bunter, on the whole, had had a good time. The grub was good, and it was ample. And Bunter, unlike the other fellows, was attended by a "faithful nigger."

Popoo had been quite pleased to "stop along white master." Anyhow, he had to remain on Kalua till some vessel turned up to take him away. And he had shown quite an attachment to Billy Bunter, which was unusual, and very gratifying to the fat Owl.

Bunter had lent him a helping hand at Suva Bay when he fled from Dandy Peter Parson's cutter there. Popoo had remembered that kind action. He had, in fact, remembered it for more than a week.

But probably it was growing hazy in his fuzzy mind by this time. Possibly, too, he expected something in the way of cash from a white master whom he served. Moreover, he was, like all Kanakas, lazy.

But the most industrious of faithful niggers might have been tired out by Billy Bunter's demands on his services. Like many people who never have a

chance of giving orders, Bunter gave them right and left when a chance did come his way.

He fancied himself as an autocratic master.

Popoo was wanted now—to sit by his lordly white master and fan the flies off. Probably Popoo knew as much, and that was why he turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer.

Popoo was, as a matter of fact, sitting under a palm-tree at that moment, chewing betel-nut. That occupation was rather more agreeable than fanning his white master to keep the flies off.

"Popoo!" yelled Bunter.

But answer there came none.

Billy Bunter blinked across at Mr. McTab, who was also seated in the veranda.

Mr. McTab was examining samples of pearl-shell. He did not take any heed of Bunter. He seldom did.

Mr. McTab did not seem to like Bunter very much. Perhaps that life-belt banging on his nose on the day of his arrival had given him a bad impression. Perhaps he did not approve of laziness. Anyhow, fascinating fellow as Bunter knew himself to be, his fascinations had no effect on the crusty Scotch gentleman, who never even looked at him except with a disavouring eye. The other fellows did not find Mr. McTab crusty; they all liked him, and respected him very much. Billy Bunter's opinion of him was that he was a rusty, crusty beast.

"I say, seen my nigger?" asked Bunter.

Grunt!

That was one of Mr. McTab's irritating ways to Bunter. He had quite an expressive grunt, and he generally grunted if Bunter spoke to him.

He was at the best of times a man

of few words, and he seemed to think that a grunt was enough to waste on Bunter in the way of conversation.

"I'll boot that nigger when I see him!" yapped Bunter.

Grunt!

"Oh, blow these beastly flies!" howled Bunter, as a loud singing buzz sounded in his fat ear; and he smacked savagely at a mosquito. "Look here, why don't you do something about these putrid mosquitoes?"

Grunt!

"Popoo!" roared Bunter.

Popoo, under his palm, chewed betel-nut, regardless.

Billy Bunter breathed indignant wrath. It was not much use having a faithful nigger if the lazy beast kept out of sight when he was wanted.

"I say, Mr. McTab, call Bomoo, will you?" yapped Bunter. "Or any of the niggers would do! I want somebody to keep these flies off!"

Grunt!

"Will you call a nigger?" howled Bunter.

Grunt!

That grunt was even more expressive than Mr. McTab's previous grunts. It indicated clearly that he was not going to call a nigger to fan the flies off William George Bunter.

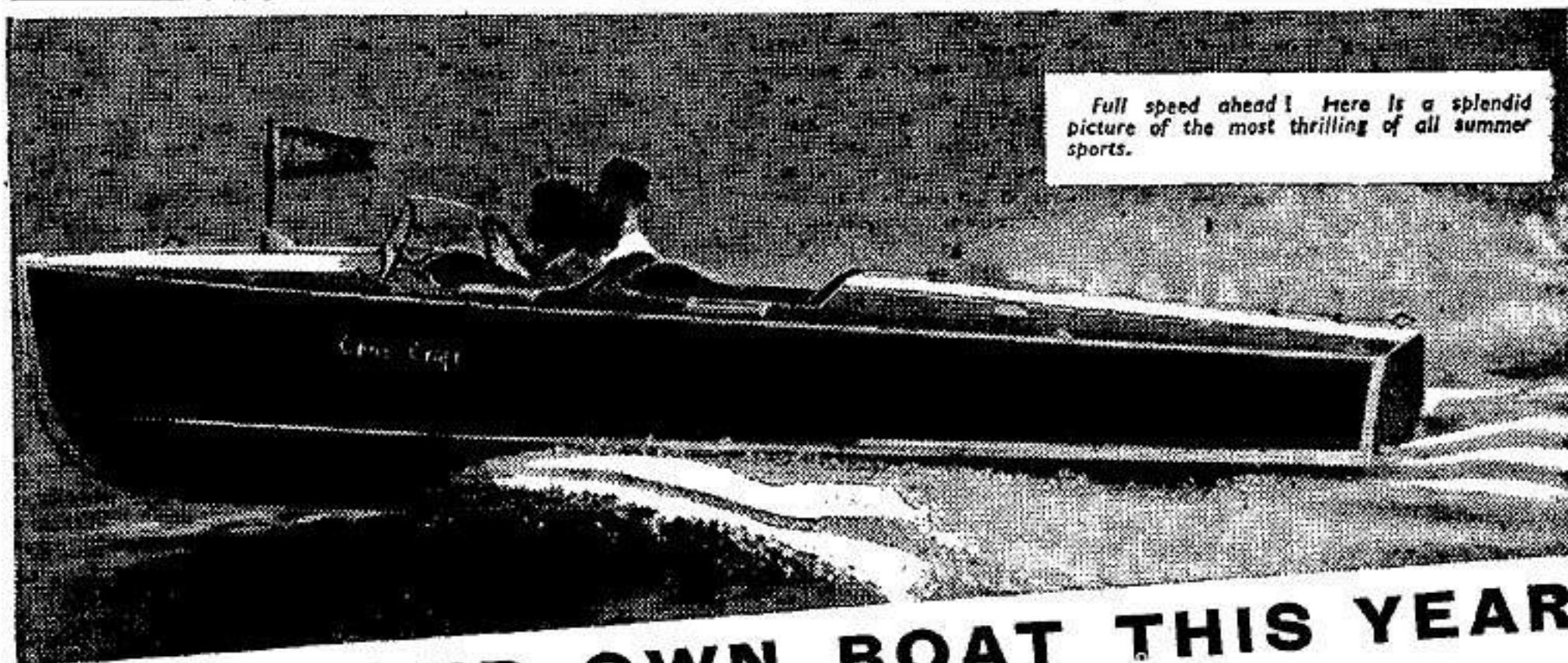
Billy Bunter gave him an inimical glare through his big spectacles.

He had been going to settle down for a comfortable nap, but buzzing insects were disturbing. Bunter saw no reason whatever why a Kanaka should not squat at hand and fan off the flies. It appeared that Mr. McTab did—at all events, he only favoured Bunter with a negative and emphatic grunt.

"Beast!" breathed Bunter.

He did not allow that remark to reach

(Continued on next page.)



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Mr. McTab's ears, however. He snorted, closed his eyes behind his spectacles, and sought repose. And immediately a mosquito settled on his fat little nose, and he opened his eyes, and smacked. Then he sat up in his chair and yelled:

"Popoo! Where are you, you lazy nigger?"

Grunt again from Mr. McTab! It was meant as an injunction to Bunter to keep quiet. The mosquitoes did not seem to be bothering Mr. McTab. They never bothered anybody so much as they did Bunter. There was more of Bunter to bother!

However, Bunter had one consolation. If he could not settle down comfortably, he could see that Mr. McTab didn't, either! The Greystriars ventriloquist gave the fat little cough which was the usual preliminary to his ventriloquial stunts.

Mr. McTab, leaning over the box of pearl-shell samples, which was placed on a stool in front of him, was sitting on the edge of his chair.

Suddenly, and apparently from under his chair, came a deep and menacing growl.

Gurrrrr!

Mr. McTab jumped.

That sudden savage growl, which seemed to him quite close to the calves of his legs, was enough to make any man jump. He jumped, slipped off the edge of his chair, and sat down on the planks of the veranda. Clutching at the nearest object for support, he caught hold of the box of pearl-shell, which, as he clutched and sat, naturally tipped off the stool and shed its contents over him.

Bump! Clatter! Crash!

"Ooooooh!" gasped Mr. McTab, as he sat with samples of pearl-shell raining on him. "Oh! Ah! Oh! Gude gude-ness! What—Oh!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter.

Mr. McTab staggered up in a sea of pearl-shell. He glared round at the cachinnating fat Owl. Then he glared round his chair, and under it. Then he shouted:

"Bomoo!"

"Yessar!"

The house-boy appeared from within, putting a fuzzy head through the slatted blinds of the french windows at the back of the veranda.

"Feller dog stop along veranda!" snapped Mr. McTab angrily. "What name you makee feller dog stop along this place?"

"Me no savvy feller dog stop along this place, sar!" said Bomoo, in surprise. "Feller dog no stop along this bungalow altogether, sar."

"That feller dog stop along chair belong me!" snapped Mr. McTab. "Drive it out at once! You makee that feller dog go plenty too quick!"

"Yessar!"

And Bomoo started searching among the chairs for the dog. Mr. McTab watching him with a frown, and Billy Bunter with a cheery grin.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Mysterious!

"FELLER dog no stop, sar!" said Bomoo.

"Nonsense!" rapped Mr. McTab.

"No see that feller dog, sar, eye belong me!" protested the house-boy.

"Look!" snapped Mr. McTab. "He growled under my chair; I heard him distinctly. Do you think I want to be bitten by some mongrel from the native village? Find that dog at once and drive him out!"

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"Yessar!" said Bomoo, not very hopefully.

Having hunted up and down and round about without spotting anything in the shape of a dog, Bomoo concluded, rather naturally, that no dog was there. But Mr. McTab knew better. He had heard it growl under his chair.

Once more Bomoo hunted through the veranda, while Mr. McTab picked up pearl-shell, and Billy Bunter grinned.

But there was no dog to be found, and even the manager had to conclude at last that it had somehow got away unseen.

He made a gesture to the house-boy to go, and sat down again, frowning.

Gurrrrr!

Mr. McTab bounded. No sooner had he sat down than that deep and threatening growl was heard again.

"Bomoo!" he roared.

"Oh! Yessar!"

Bomoo ran back.

"That dog is still here!" roared Mr. McTab. "Feller dog stop along this place! Find him at once!"

Bomoo blinked at his master. He knew that there was no dog in the veranda, and he wondered whether Mr. McTab was quite sober.

The manager was an extremely sober and careful gentleman, only on special occasions disposing of a "wee drappie" with his friends at the Planters' Club. But this looked to Bomoo as if his white master had forgotten his usual role.

"You hear me, ear belong you?" hooted Mr. McTab angrily.

"Oh, yessar!" gasped Bomoo.

He hunted up and down once more, poking under chairs with a lawyer-cane in search of the dog that was not there.

Mr. McTab watched him, expecting to see the dog rooted out every moment. No dog was rooted out, however.

"Feller dog no stop, sar!" mumbled Bomoo.

He was getting tired of rooting about in the tropical heat.

"Find that dog at once!" roared Mr. McTab.

Bomoo hunted again. As there was no dog, and as his master evidently was not going to be satisfied till a dog was discovered, Bomoo was in rather a difficult position. But the cunning of the native came to his aid. He ran to the extreme end of the veranda, thrashing with the lawyer-cane at the rails.

"Me catchum, sar!" exclaimed the untruthful Bomoo. "Me beat that fellow dog plenty too much, sar—stick belong me."

Whack, whack, whack! ran the lawyer-cane, on the palm-room rails at the end of the veranda—as far as Bomoo could get from Mr. McTab's keen eyes.

Then the houseboy turned back.

"That feller dog no stop, sar! He go along garden," said Bomoo blandly.

"I did not see it!" snapped Mr. McTab.

"He jump along rail, sar—jump along garden," said Bomoo. "He plenty too much fright along stick belong me!"

"Oh crikey!" murmured Billy Bunter.

He knew as well as the houseboy did that there had been no dog in the veranda at all. Bomoo was taking the easiest way out of a difficult position, with a disregard for veracity that was worthy of William George Bunter himself.

Mr. McTab looked very suspiciously at Bomoo. His eyes were keen, and he had not seen that dog jump through the uprights of the veranda rail. However, he nodded, and dismissed Bomoo with a wave of the hand.

Bomoo went back into the house to fan himself with a pandanus leaf after his exertions. Mr. McTab sat down again, to give his attention once more to those samples of pearl-shell.

Gurrrrr!

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. McTab, as the growl came again, fiercer than ever. "Bomoo! You rascal, Bomoo! The dog is still here! Bomoo!"

This time the houseboy did not answer to the call. Perhaps he had gone out of hearing, though more likely he went out of hearing as soon as he heard the angry voice calling him.

Mr. McTab, breathing wrath, started searching for that dog himself. He had no more luck than Bomoo. He stopped at last and glared at Bunter. "Did you see that dog, boy?" he snapped.

"I wasn't looking——"

"Fool!"

Mr. McTab seemed to be losing his temper, to judge by that remark.

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. He did not like being called a fool. Such disagreeable truths were unwelcome.

Gurrrrr!

Mr. McTab bounded at the savage growl behind him. He spun round like a humming-top!

"He, he, he!" gurgled Bunter.

Mr. McTab stared blankly at an empty space, where a dog would have been, judging by the growl. That dog seemed to be rather like the Cheshire Cat in Wonderland, which disappeared leaving only its grin behind. The only part of that dog that seemed to be present was its growl!

"Gude gudeness!" gasped Mr. McTab. "Where is that dog? Where——"

"He, he, he?"

"What are you laughing at?" roared Mr. McTab, spinning round at Bunter with a glare that made the fat Owl jump.

"Oh, nothing!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I wasn't laughing, I—I was—was—was sneezing—I mean coughing——"

A startling reply came—or seemed to come—from the slatted blinds at the doorway. Nothing indicated that it came from Bunter.

"Me no come! You shut up mouth belong you!"

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Mr. McTab, scarcely able to believe his ears at that reply from his houseboy.

"Brain belong you no walk about, sar!" came the voice. "You talk plenty too much fool talk, sar."

Mr. McTab stood petrified. Never before had any native on Kalua-alua-lua ventured to speak like that to the manager. It was really incredible! For a long moment, Mr. McTab stood rooted.

Then he rushed into the house, crashing through the slatted blind, with the evident intention of administering correction to the houseboy.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

This was fearfully amusing to the Greystriars ventriloquist. He gave another fat chortle at the sound of a wild yell from within. This time it was Bomoo's genuine voice, on its top note.

"Oh, sar! Me no speakee along you, sar, samee you say, sar—me shut up mouth belong me, sar! What name you kill this poor feller Bomoo along foot belong you, sar! Ooooooh!"

"He, he, he!"

There was a sound of wild scrambling within. Bomoo seemed to be busy dodging the foot of his exasperated master. The fat Owl, grinning, heaved himself out of his chair. At this



Ysabel Dick, in the grasp of black hands, was extended over a packing-case and held there. Toto, grinning, wielded a thick lawyer-cane. Swipe, swipe, swipe! The beachcomber yelled, kicked and howled under the castigation.

exciting point in the proceedings. Bunter sagely decided to fade out of the scene.

He rolled along to the veranda steps, to descend into the garden below.

Loud yells rang from the house, from the hapless Bomoo.

Mr. McTab seemed to be enforcing discipline with a heavy hand—or, rather, a heavy foot. There was a sound of heavy thudding, as a boot established contact with a loincloth. Bomoo yelled and roared and howled.

Suddenly there was a crash as the slats at the doorway parted, and the houseboy bolted out into the veranda. After him rushed the angry manager.

Bomoo cut across to the steps, to escape into the garden. Why his master was so enraged with him, Bomoo did not know, but he knew that he had had more than enough of "foot belong" that master.

He tore across the veranda and rushed down the steps, Mr. McTab's foot still lunging behind him. Bunter was half-way down when Bomoo arrived on the palm-wood steps, and the houseboy did not even see him. Bomoo came down those steps like a stone from a catapult and crashed into the middle of the fattest back in Kalua.

"Oh!" spluttered Bunter.

He flew. There were six steps in front of him—Bunter did them in one!

He flattened out on the earth below, roaring. Bomoo, howling, landed on his back, and Bunter's roar died away into an agonised gurgle as every ounce of wind was driven out of him.

"Urrrrgh!"

Bomoo bounded up and dashed on, scuttled round a eucalyptus-tree, and vanished. Bunter stayed where he was, gurgling horribly.

Mr. McTab halted at the top of the steps, panting for breath and staring

down. He did not pursue Bomoo further—perhaps considering that the houseboy had had enough. He glanced at Bunter, snorted, and went back to his chair and his pearl-shell samples.

"Yurrrrgh!" moaned Bunter. "Oogh! Oh crikey! Urrrrgh!"

Mr. McTab was not worried any more by a growling dog. The Greyfriars ventriloquist had no breath left for ventriloquism!

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### The Shot From The Bush!

"PENNY for 'em, Mauly!" said Bob Cherry.

"Eh?"

"I'll make it twopence, if they're worth it!"

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

Bob was handling the sail, Harry Wharton was steering, and the whale-boat glided along by the shore of Kalua, under a soft and gentle breeze.

The Famous Five were sailing round the island, in the centre of the great lagoon, with plenty of sea-room between the beach and the outer reef. Outside the circling barrier reef, the Pacific rolled endless, glistening in the sun.

The trading settlement and the native village were on the south side of Kalua. Plantations extended over a great part of the island. But there was a very considerable portion of Kalua that was still as wild and almost as untrodden as in the ancient days before Captain Cook sailed into the South Seas. On the northern side, which the juniors were now sailing past, the wild bush came down in places to the water's edge, with here and there a patch of beach.

Looking at the shore, with the hill rising beyond the bush, the juniors might have fancied themselves Robinson Crusoes on an uninhabited island.

But Lord Mauleverer was not looking at the shore. He was leaning back on a cushion in the stern, his hands clasped behind his noble head. On his brow was a thoughtful frown, and he had been silent for a long time—which led Bob to make the sporting offer of a penny for his thoughts.

"The fact is, you men, I've been thinkin'," murmured his lordship.

"Hurt?" asked Bob.

"Fathead! I've been thinkin' of tellin' you chaps what I came out to this part of the world for," said Mauleverer.

The Famous Five looked at him. So far, they had supposed that Lord Mauleverer had come out of that part of the world for the school holidays, which they thought a ripping idea.

"I mean, I've got somethin' to do out here," explained Mauleverer. "I believe I mentioned, before we left Greyfriars, that I was goin' to look for a man—"

"Yes, I think so," said Harry Wharton, with a curious glance at Mauly.

"The Pacific's quite a big spot to look for a man in," remarked Johnny Bull. "You haven't found him yet, Mauly?"

"No. Last heard of him was at Pita, which seems to have the only post office in these regions, said Lord Mauleverer. "Pita's somewhere near this jolly old island, I believe—near enough for a cruise, one of these days. I believe it's a town of sorts, with a steamer calling, and all that. Not that I suppose the man's still there—it was long ago that he wrote to my uncle."

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(Continued from page 13.)

"Who did?" asked Nugent.

"Man I'm lookin' for. Nunky answered the letter with a No—with, I think, a capital N to it," said Mauleverer. "No more was heard. But—" He paused. "You see, I don't like talkin' about it—disgraceful family secret, and all that—but now we're here, it sort of seems rather like lookin' for a needle in a haystack—and if you fellows knew what I was after, you might be able to help!"

"The helpfulness would be terrific, if within our ridiculous powers, my esteemed Mauly!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"But what the dickens—" asked Bob.

"I've got a cousin," yawned Mauleverer. "His name's Brian. He's the bad hat of the family—a very bad hat! Wastin' his substance in riotous livin', and all that kind of thing. Left his country for his country's good. I believe you fellows saw him once before he hooked it. Anyhow, that's the man! Nobody knew what had become of him till that letter came, post-marked Pita. See?"

"I see," said Harry slowly.

"No address or anythin'—answer to be sent to Pita Post Office. But it showed that old Brian was alive and kickin'. He wanted—" Lord Mauleverer paused.

"You needn't mention what he wanted," said Johnny Bull. "We can guess that one!"

"Yaas, I suppose you can! Money, of course," said Lord Mauleverer. "A rather big sum, too—said he had a chance with a little capital. I don't suppose he expected to get much change out of nunky—must have been pretty desperate when he tried it on at all! Nunky's fed up to the back teeth with him—he's paid his debts in England more than once; and he doesn't seem too keen on paying a fresh lot out here!"

Lord Mauleverer frowned a little.

"Nunky's right, of course," he said. "Ten to one the fellow only wanted money to blow, and was spoofing about turnin' over a new leaf! Nunky's had that before. Still, he answered the letter, so he's told me, requiring particulars."

"And never got them?" asked Bob.

"No—nothin' more from Brian! Now, my Cousin Brian is a fearfully bad hat, I'm afraid," said Lord Mauleverer. "Rollin' stone, you know, gatherin' precious little moss. Still, he's got some good in him—I hope so, at least. He's around the South Seas somewhere—not doin' any good, I'm afraid. You remember that Dutchman, Van Dink, who was on the steamer from Port Moresby. He knew Brian, and said that he had sailed with him. That doesn't look as if he'd done any good!"

"That brute who tried to pitch you off the steamer!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yaas."

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"Well, if he was a pal of Brian's, the less you see of jolly old Brian the better, I should think," said Bob.

"Yaas. Still, I'd like to find the chap, and see whether anythin' can be done for him," said Lord Mauleverer. "That's really what made me think of a holiday in the South Seas this vac. Kalua's only a step from Pita, where old Brian was last heard of. See? If I found the chap tryin' to pull his weight, instead of rottin' about in his usual style—"

"My dear chap," said Harry Wharton, "that Dutchman, Van Dink, on the steamer, was a murderous villain. He tried to tip you into the sea one night—goodness knows why! If that's the kind of man Brian Mauleverer has picked up with in these parts, you'd better give Brian a miss!"

"I know. But I ain't goin' to, old bean!" yawned Lord Mauleverer. "I'm goin' to spot him, if I can, and see how he's shapin', and whether a helpin' hand would do him any good. I wouldn't stand him sixpence to blow on drink or gamblin', but I'd shell out and be glad to help him back to decency, if that's his game. See? Only I've got to spot him first. I wasn't goin' to bother you fellows with the story—but it's occurred to me that you might be able to help me, if you knew."

"We'll keep an eye open for the sportsman!" said Bob Cherry, grinning. "But if he's gone down deep, Mauly, ten to one he's changed his name. Even a bad hat wouldn't want to drag his family name in the dirt!"

"Yaas! 'Tain't goin' to be easy!" said Mauleverer. "I'm not even sure that I should know him—people change a lot in the tropics, with long glasses to help them. But if he's tryin' to do the decent thing, there's no reason why he shouldn't be doin' it under his own name!"

"McTab might have heard something—" suggested Nugent.

"Yaas! I've asked McTab—he's heard nothin'!" answered Mauleverer. "Never heard of a Mauleverer in these parts since my pater was here donkey's years ago. But—"

Lord Mauleverer was suddenly interrupted.

Something struck the thwart, within three inches of him, glanced off the wood, and ricocheted across the lagoon. It was a bullet.

The next moment, the report of a rifle rolled from the thick high bush on the island shore. It rolled with a thousand echoes, startling innumerable birds from the branches.

The Famous Five fairly bounded. Lord Mauleverer stirred to the extent of glancing at the spot where the bullet had struck. Otherwise, he was quite unperturbed.

"What the thump—" exclaimed Bob, staring at the thickly wooded bank.

Harry Wharton gave a swift twist to the steering-oar, and the boat shot away from the island shore.

"That was a shot!" exclaimed Nugent blankly.

"My esteemed Mauly—" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yaas! Some jolly careless sportsman over there!" said Mauleverer placidly. "Nothin' to worry about! A miss is as good as a mile—and it's not likely to happen a second time!"

The Famous Five, as they sheered off in the whaleboat, stared at the shore. No one was to be seen there—and no second shot was heard. But they lost no time in getting to a safe distance.

"All serene, you men!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Some chap shootin' wild

pig, and missin'. Careless sort of ass! Still, there isn't often a boat on this side—"

"You think that?" asked Harry.

"Yaas!"

"That shot went jolly close, Mauly, for a chance shot," said the captain of the Greyfriars Remove quietly.

"Might have gone anywhere."

"Yes, that's so. But—"

Harry Wharton paused, and the Famous Five exchanged startled looks. There was no sign from the bush—the rifleman remained invisible.

Lord Mauleverer smiled. He had not the slightest doubt that there was some sportsman in the bush, shooting wild pig, and that a shot had whizzed out over the lagoon by sheer chance. He had had a narrow escape; but, as he had said, a chance shot might have landed anywhere.

"Right as rain, old beans!" said Mauleverer, smiling. "You're not fancying that there's any man on Kalua pottin' at me specially, are you?"

"Well, it seems impossible," said Harry slowly. "But—you know that Dutch brute, on the Sunderbund, tried to pitch you overboard, Mauly, and he had no reason so far as anybody could make out. Now this—"

"The Dutchman's not on Kalua."

"No. But—"

"Must have been some silly ass loosin' off carelessly," said Mauleverer. "My dear chaps, what else could it have been? Somebody who handles a gun like Bunter!"

"I suppose you're right, Mauly," said Harry. "But—we'll give the shore a wide berth, all the same. I don't like the look of it!"

And the whaleboat was steered across the lagoon, towards the outer reef.

Mauly smiled. But whether that shot from the bush was a chance shot or not, his friends were taking no risk of another. And the whaleboat remained by the circling reef, out of effective aim from the shore, as the chums of the Remove continued on their sail round Kalua.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Dutchman Again!

"A SAIL!" Bob Cherry uttered that exclamation, a day or two later, looking out of the veranda of the manager's bungalow.

Mr. McTab had come in to tea; and, after tea, he was going to take Lord Mauleverer along to one of the sugar-cane plantations—much to Mauly's dismay.

The methodical Mr. McTab took it for granted that, now that his lordship was on Kalua, he would like to learn all about his property, and the management and working thereof. Also, he took rather a pride in displaying the faithfulness of his stewardship.

There were many managers of remote plantations, who would have made, perhaps, a better thing for themselves than for distant employers. But Angus McTab would have perished before he pouched a single bawbee over and above his just due. About his just due, Mr. McTab was very particular; but, beyond that, a single yard of shell-money would have lain heavy on his conscience.

Lord Mauleverer understood him well, and respected him very highly; but he did not want to exert his noble self. Very much indeed he did not.

He had one task in the South Seas already—that of finding, if he could, the missing Brian Mauleverer. Even into

that task, keen as he really was on it, Mauly was not putting a fearful lot of energy. Sitting in a long chair, or reclining under a shady palm, seemed to be his chief method—which did not look like being very successful—unless the missing man dropped into his lap like a ripe coconut!

Mauly was willing, and indeed eager, to leave everything in Mr. McTab's hands. Only once had they had a spot of argument—on the subject of the beachcomber, whom the manager desired to deport from Kalua. Mr. McTab had yielded that point, though not with a very good grace.

Mr. McTab's intentions being so good and dutiful, Mauly did not care to decline to be initiated into the mysteries of island plantations; he only dodged when he could. On the present occasion, there seemed no chance of dodging, so Mauly resigned himself to his fate and prepared to exert himself in a walk over his property, and to bestow his noble attention on Mr. McTab's descriptions and explanations.

But he sat up and took notice as Bob announced a "sail." It was a very welcome interruption. A sail was an event, and Mauly felt that the coming of a craft into the lagoon entitled him to dodge that visit of inspection to the sugar plantation.

All eyes turned towards the lagoon as Bob made his announcement. Under the bright sunshine a lugger was coming in at the reef passage.

It did not look a handsome craft. Even at that distance the juniors could see that it was a long time since that lugger had been acquainted with fresh paint, and the lug-sail was patched in a dozen places.

But it sailed well, and the juniors watched it with interest. A big, brawny white man was sailing it, with a crew of two native boys, and another white man was in a chair on the little after-deck.

"I say, you fellows, did you say a sale?" asked Billy Bunter, blinking round from the foodstuffs. "Do they have sales here?"

"Eh? Of course, fathead!" said Bob, staring at the fat Owl. "What do you mean, ass? How would they get on without sails?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I've seen nothing of them, so far," said Bunter. "There ain't any shops here, unless you call the store a shop. Where do they have the sales?"

"On the ships, fathead!" roared Bob. "What are you driving at?"

"Well, my hat!" said Bunter. "Fancy having sales on ships! I say, though, if there's a sale, we may as well go. You might lend me a few quids, Mauly. I might pick up a bargain in a hole-and-corner place like this, you know. I want to take a few things home from the South Seas—curiosities, you know. Corals, and shells, and things. When is the sale, Cherry?"

"When?" repeated Bob blankly.

"Yes, when. We don't want to miss it!" said Bunter, blinking at him. "When does it come along?"

"It's coming along now, fathead!"

"But there isn't a ship here!" said Bunter, blinking across to the quay. "How can they have a sale on a ship, when there isn't a ship here?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" yapped Bunter. "You said they had the sales on ships—"

"Sail!" yelled Bob. "Not sale—sail! B A I L!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's a sail coming into the

lagoon, Bunter!" said Lord Mauleverer, chuckling.

"Oh!" said Bunter. "Silly ass! I thought you meant a sale! You said sale!"

And Bunter returned to the foodstuffs, not interested in sails.

But the other fellows were, if Bunter was not.

Mr. McTab left his seat and stood looking towards the distant lugger. He gave a grunt.

"I think I know that craft!" he said. "Here, you feller Popoo!"

Popoo was loafing below the veranda rail, and he looked up.

"Yessar."

"You belong along Tonga," said Mr. McTab. "You savvy that feller lugger come along lagoon?"

"Yessar," answered Popoo. "Savvy that feller lugger plenty too much, sar. Him belong along Barney Hall, sar, along Tonga."

"I thought so!" grunted Mr. McTab.

He gave another grunt, expressive of an unflattering opinion of Barney Hall.

"You know the skipper of that packet, sir?" asked Bob.

"Oh, ay," answered Mr. McTab.

"I've seen him. Not a man for you boys to have anything to say to, but one meets all sorts in the way of trade; and if Barney Hall is after trade, I shall have to see him. I'm thinking you may as well steer clear of that lugger while she lies at the quay."

"Oh, certainly!" said Harry Wharton.

The juniors were quite prepared to observe Mr. McTab's injunctions. At the same time, his words made them rather curious as to what sort of a man the Tonga trader might be.

As the lugger drew nearer the quay they could see him more clearly, and they had to admit that he looked a tough customer. He was big, and brawny, and rough-bearded, clad in shirt and trousers, with a big hat, his face burnt almost to the colour of coffee by the sun. He looked a startling contrast to the sleek, smiling Eurasian skipper of the Mindanao. As they watched him, they saw him clout one of the Tonga boys with a heavy hand, and heard the brown boy's yell across the water.

"Nice man!" murmured Bob. "The niceness is terrific!"

"That feller Hall plenty too much bad feller, sar!" said Popoo, from below. "Him plenty kill feller belong that lugger, sar, fist belong him. This feller Popoo altogether too glad no belong that lugger, sar! Him bad feller, all sancee Peter Parsons along Lukwe."

"Who's the other johnny?" asked Lord Mauleverer, in a low voice.

His eyes were fixed on the man who sat in a long cane chair, aft on the lugger. The seated man was a white man, of immense bulk; not nearly so tall as Barney Hall, but a good deal broader in the beam.

There was something about that bulky figure that seemed familiar to the eyes of the Greyfriars fellows. Lord Mauleverer had quite a startled look.

"I've seen that sportsman somewhere," said Bob. "It can't be—"

He broke off and whistled.

"It is!" said Lord Mauleverer quietly.

"Van Dink!"

"The Dutchman, by Jove!"

The Greyfriars fellows stared hard at the bulky man on the lugger.

As the vessel ranged up to the coral quay they saw him plainly; and then there was no further doubt.

That immense, heavy figure, barrel-like in its outlines, the dark, coppery

face, the light-blue, narrow eyes that gleamed from it, the straggling, bushy moustache—they knew every feature.

It was Van Dink, the Dutchman who had come aboard their steamer at Port Moresby, on the journey out, and who, for some mysterious and inexplicable reason, had tried to fling Lord Mauleverer overboard one night on the Sunderbund. There was no mistake about it; it was the Dutchman.

He had escaped from the Sunderbund after his attack on Mauleverer, by leaping into the sea; but they had never supposed that he had gone down. Now they knew that he had not, for here he was!

Every face in the half-dozen was grim now.

"That brute—here!" said Harry Wharton. "He can't have had the nerve to come after Mauly again, on his own island!"

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"Hardly!" he said. "He can't know we're here! How could he? He never knew anything of our business on the steamer; all he knew was that we were going to Suva. I fancy he would have given Kalua a wide berth if he'd known that we were able to recognise him."

"Yes, that's pretty certain," said Frank Nugent. "But we are here, as it happens, and we know the brute, and—"

"And he's not getting away!" said Johnny Bull.

Lord Mauleverer turned to Mr. McTab, who was listening in astonishment. The Kalua manager had been told of what had happened on the steamer Sunderbund on the run from Port Moresby to Suva.

"That's the Dutchman, Van Dink, sir!" said Mauleverer. "The blighter we've told you of. If you think he ought to be bagged—"

Mr. McTab fixed his eyes on the bulky figure on the lugger. Then he called to his head houseboy.

"Bomoo!"

"Yessar!"

"You go along hut belong Kololoo, you tell that feller come along quay, along all feller belong him, close-up."

"Yessar!"

Bomoo ran down the steps.

Kololoo was the chief of the squad of native police on Kalua. Mr. McTab, evidently, meant business in dealing with the Dutchman.

As Bomoo hurried away, the manager went into the house, and came back in a few minutes, with a pistol-holster buckled on his belt.

"You boys stay here!" he said, in passing.

"Hadn't we better come to identify him, sir?" murmured Bob.

"You can do that later," said Mr. McTab grimly. "I shall take the man into custody first."

And he went down the veranda steps.

The juniors had no choice but to obey, though they would gladly have had a hand in securing the ruffian who had attacked Mauly on the steamer. They lined the rail of the veranda and watched eagerly as Mr. McTab joined his police squad and went across the quay towards the Tonga lugger, which was now mooring.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### In The Grip Of The Law!

**B**ARNEY HALL, the trader of Tonga, stamped on a cockroach crawling on the hot, dirty deck of the lugger, swore at Soo, his boat-steerer, and snarled at the other Tonga boy.

The lug-sail was down, and the two natives were mooring to the quay.

The trader gave a stare towards a little crowd of figures coming down the beach, and then stepped towards the big Dutchman, smoking a black cheroot in the long cane chair.

Van Dink glanced up at him with his little piggy eyes.

"I reckon you won't need to comb the beach to look for the man you want, Dutchy!" said Barney Hall. "McTab will be able to tell you whether he's on Kalua."

"McTab?" repeated the Dutchman.

Barney jerked a horny thumb towards the beach.

"That little snuff-coloured swab is McTab, boss of Kalua!" he answered. "He manages this island for the owner—some rich lubber at home. Looks as if he's coming to give us a word—mighty polite of him. He will know if that ship-mate of yours is on the island—he knows everything on Kalua."

"He may have changed his name!" grunted Van Dink.

Barney Hall grinned.

"Mebbe!" he agreed. "Names don't always stick long, on Pacific beaches. But if it's Ysabel Dick you want—"

"Ach! That is the man."

"Well, he was still calling himself that when I saw him at Pita, six months ago," said Barney Hall. "I reckon it beats me what you want him for. He was a down-and-out beachcomber on Pita—and I reckon he'd combed other beaches before he struck Pita. I reckon if you find him, first thing he'll touch you for is the price of a bottle of square-face."

The Dutchman grinned, sourly.

"Perhaps," he grunted. "But he did not always comb the beach! He has sailed with me, when I had a ship. We had bad fortune, and parted, but—ach! I am very anxious to see him again!"

Barney Hall shrugged his broad shoulders. The Dutchman did not look like a man to seek for a former ship-mate in bad luck, to give him a helping hand. Why he wanted to find Ysabel Dick was a puzzle to the Tonga trader.

Not that Barney was deeply interested in the matter. He was on a round trip among the islands, and so long as the Dutchman paid his way, he was welcome to sail on the lugger, and comb beach after beach, looking for the man he was seeking.

He turned from the Dutchman, to touch his hat with a kind of surly civility, as Mr. McTab arrived.

A plank had been run from the lugger's gunwhale to the quay to serve as a gangway.

Mr. McTab walked across the plank actively, and stepped down on the lugger's deck.

After him filed six brawny Kalua boys, led by Kololoo. The native police of Kalua were not in uniform. They wore the same garb as the other islanders: but each of them carried a thick lawyer-cane under his brown arm, as a symbol of authority, and for use when needed.

Barney Hall surveyed that invasion of his lugger with surprise. Mr. McTab might come down to speak to an incoming skipper—but Barney saw no reason for him to bring six Kalua boys with him.

The Tonga trader felt slightly uneasy. Barney Hall was a trader: but he often did a spot of trade, in the way of pearl-poaching or nigger-stealing, that would not have found favour in the eyes of authority. And Mr. McTab was the magistrate on Kalua: with full powers from the High Commissioner at Fiji to deal with offenders against the law. And he was the man to do it! Barney was

well acquainted with the reputation of the little Scotch gentleman.

Van Dink glanced at the manager of Kalua carelessly, and did not trouble to rise. He had never seen McTab before, and never seen Kalua: and it did not occur to him that trouble was at hand for him.

Kalua was simply one of the islands he was combing in search of the man he wanted—the man called Ysabel Dick—and that anyone was there who knew of his attempted crime on board the *Sunderbund*, never entered his mind. The Greyfriars party had gone on to Suva in the steamer, and so far as he knew, they were still in the Fiji islands.

"Barney Hall?" asked Mr. McTab, with a nod to the Tonga skipper.

"Ay, ay," answered Barney. "At your service, sir!" Civility did not come easily to the rough-mannered, hard-fisted trader of Tonga: but he assumed all he could in dealing with Mr. McTab.

"My business is with your passenger," said Mr. McTab, and he stepped towards the Dutchman.

Van Dink rose from the chair. The half-dozen Kalua boys moved to encircle him, at a sign from their master: and the Dutchman realised that there was trouble in the air, though he could not understand why. But his little piggy eyes gleamed at the manager of Kalua, and his hand made a movement, as if by instinct, to the back of his baggy trousers.

Barney Hall stared from one to the other. Then he stepped back, to leave them to it.

"Mr. Van Dink?" asked the manager of Kalua, his keen eyes sharply on the Dutchman's broad fat face.

"Ach! That is my name!" growled Van Dink. "It seems that you know it."

"Quite!" said Mr. McTab. "You were a passenger on the steamer *Sunderbund*, from Port Moresby, in Papua, to Suva."

The Dutchman started. He paused before answering, his light-blue eyes scanning Mr. McTab. He could hardly suppose that he was to be called to account on this remote island, for what had happened on the steamer hundreds of miles away. But he was on his guard at once.

"Neen," he said, after that brief pause. "Neen, mynheer! I am from Tonga—"

"No doubt!" said Mr. McTab, dryly. "But you were at Port Moresby, in New Guinea, when the steamer *Sunderbund* from Singapore put in there—"

"Neen, mynheer!" said the Dutchman, stolidly. "I have never been in New Guinea! You are thinking of some other man."

"And you took a passage on the *Sunderbund* for Suva," went on Mr. McTab. "A number of English schoolboys were on board."

Van Dink breathed hard. It was plain to him now that his crime on the *Sunderbund* was known at Kalua, though how, he could not yet guess. But he persisted stolidly in his denial.

"Neen!" he repeated. "You mistake me for some other, mynheer."

"One of the schoolboys was called Lord Mauleverer," said Mr. McTab.

"I have never heard the name."

"And you did not attempt to throw him overboard one night on the *Sunderbund*, in the vicinity of the Santa Cruz Islands?"

"Neen!" said Van Dink, between his teeth.

"By hokey!" murmured Barney Hall. He was staring on, and listening with all his ears.

"Vairy well, Mr. Van Dink," said the manager of Kalua, calmly. "That

is the charge on which I am taking you into custody. If you are not the man, you have nothing to fear: if you are the man, you will be sent back to Suva for trial. You are my prisoner."

The Dutchman bit his heavy underlip.

"I am no man's prisoner, mynheer!" he said savagely. "I come to this island to look for a shipmate. I sail to-morrow in this lugger. Ach! If I am not wanted here, you will soon see the last of me."

"You are wanted here, if you are the man you are accused of being," said Mr. McTab. "You will come ashore with me now, and face identification."

"There is no one on Kalua that knows me, unless it is the shipmate that I look for!" growled Van Dink. "Who shall identify me, mynheer?"

"Lord Mauleverer and his friends!"

The Dutchman started back, staring. His stolid self-possession deserted him.

"Ach! They are here—on Kalua!" he exclaimed. "Here—they are here?"

Mr. McTab smiled grimly.

"This island belongs to Lord Mauleverer, and he is here with his friends," he answered. "You appear to have heard the name, after all."

"Ach!" gasped the Dutchman.

His fat, coppery face, purpled with rage.

He realised now that there was no use in denial, if the schoolboy whose life he had attempted on the steamer was there to identify him.

He was caught in a trap—he had trapped himself, by coming to Kalua. He had not dared to land at Suva, and he had, in consequence, no news of the Greyfriars party since he had jumped off the *Sunderbund*. He was utterly overwhelmed by the discovery that they were on Kalua—and he could guess now, that they had watched the lugger come in and recognised him on the deck. He gritted his teeth under his shaggy moustache.

"You are my prisoner!" repeated Mr. McTab.

"Ach! I think not!" roared Van Dink, his rage breaking out. "There is no man in the Pacific that will make me a prisoner."

He whipped the revolver from the back of his trousers as he roared. But as he did so, two of the Kalua boys closed in, grasping his arms. Kololoo twisted his right arm, till the revolver fell on the deck.

Mr. McTab looked on, with perfect calmness. He had buckled on his revolver in case it was needed: but it was not needed.

The brawny Dutchman, roaring with rage, struggled furiously in the grasp of the two Kanakas.

Mr. McTab picked up the fallen revolver, and slipped it into his pocket.

Barney Hall stared on, with wide eyes.

"You hold that feller Dussman, hand belong you!" directed Mr. McTab. "You bring that feller Dussman along beach."

"By hokey!" breathed Barney Hall.

The Dutchman fought like a savage beast. The two Kanakas held on to his arms, but in his herculean efforts, he dragged them both across the deck. They swung and spun round the struggling Dutchman.

But the other four Kalua boys laid hands on the brawny ruffian at once. In the grasp of six pairs of sinewy, brown hands, Van Dink was soon helpless.

He still resisted, panting with rage, but he was heaved off the lugger to the quay, and marched away by the grinning Kalua boys. Mr. McTab walked up the beach—and after him went the

Dutchman, half-hustled, half-dragged, by the native police force of Kalua.

"By hokoy!" gasped Barney Hall. And he stared after them as they went. The Tonga trader had lost his passenger, but, in the circumstances, Barney was not sorry to have lost him.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Locked Up!

"I SAY, you fellows! They've got him!"

"The gotfulness is terrific!" "Yaas; it looks like a catch!" remarked Lord Mauleverer.

The juniors descended from the veranda as the crowd came up the beach.

The Dutchman, red with rage, panting for breath, walked between two Kalua boys, who grasped his arms. The rest of the police force followed, ready to

man, who had put up a desperate resistance to arrest. So all the beach of Kalua buzzed with excitement and interest.

In front of the manager's bungalow, the procession came to a halt.

Mr. McTab signed to Lord Mauleverer to approach.

"Look at that man, and tell me whether you identify him, my lord!" said the manager of Kalua, pointing to the scowling, panting Dutchman.

"Yaas!" said Lord Mauleverer. "That's the sportsman who tried to pitch me off the Sunderbund, sir."

"No doubt about it, Mr. McTab," said Harry Wharton. "We all know him quite well."

"Quite!" said Johnny Bull. The Dutchman glared at the Greyfriars fellows, with gleaming eyes.

He knew them all again, as well as they knew him, and he knew that he was in the toils. It was not much use

prison-hut. The Dutchman was marched into it. It was a strong building; the walls of thick palm-poles planted deep in the earth, close together; the roof of pandanus thatch on poles; the door a solid one of hard teak. The window was small, hardly more than a foot square, and barred. Once locked in that hut, a prisoner was safe, unless he received assistance from outside.

That was not likely, on Kalua; but Mr. McTab was taking no chances. Kololoo was posted to watch the hut.

"Ach!" the Dutchman ground between his teeth, as he stood in the hut. "You think that you will keep me here, mynheer?"

"I'm thinking so!" said Mr. McTab. "You can try your strength on the walls, if you like. But I warn you that if you give trouble, you will be sorry for it."

The Dutchman, glaring with rage, clenched his hands, as the Kanakas re-

## "UMPIRE'S" Advice to Young Fieldsmen—

# DON'T BE A BUTTER-FINGERS!

**Dropped catches and misfielding lose as many matches as bad bowling and indifferent batting. Therefore, you fieldsmen, keep on your toes and try to anticipate the batsman's strokes!**

TOO much attention cannot be paid to this all-important part of cricket.

Fielding, after all, is not so difficult as bowling or batting, and every boy, if he tries, can become a good fieldsmen.

When you go out to field you should remember you are one of the team, and therefore strive your hardest to save runs and hold catches.

If you watch some village teams playing cricket you may think, perhaps, the batting and bowling not first-class, but their fielding is usually of a high standard. This is due to their keenness and team spirit.

If you drop a catch, what does it really mean? It means you are giving the batsman another innings, or, to put it another way, your opponents another batsman. Not a pleasant thought if

half a dozen catches are dropped! So practise your catching and fielding, and always remember that matches are often won or lost by a fieldsmen. How often do you hear the remark: "We should have won the match if So-and-So had held that catch?"

Every cricketer drops catches, although all hate doing it; but there is no doubt that many mistakes are made through not watching and concentrating on the game in progress.

## KEEP ON THE ALERT

IT is the first sight of the ball which is so important in making a catch.

A boy is standing in the outfield, he may wander from his correct position, or his thoughts may, for a few moments, stray from his cricket. A catch comes up, he suddenly sees the ball in the air, makes a late start for it, giving himself

insufficient time to steady himself, and so bungles the catch. He is thus letting his side down through inattention.

And what of the poor bowler? The batsman, because of his escape, may not be tempted for a while to have another "go" to hit a six, and so the runs mount up.

Whenever you field you must keep awake and do your utmost to hold those catches—and remember, two hands are always better than one!

Ground fielding and throwing should be practised. If a ball is hit reasonably straight to a fieldsmen he should try to get his heels together, in case the ball goes through his hands.

The hands should be held loosely, so that they "give" a little; this prevents them getting bruised, and stops the ball from jumping out, which it will do if the hands are held stiffly. Except when there is a chance of running a batsman out, it is preferable that the ball be thrown in to the wicket-keeper; this saves the bowler's hands, also unnecessary stretching and running after erratic returns to the wicket.

Try to throw the ball to the wicket-keeper either full pitch or on the long hop, just over the top of the stumps.

And always remember to back up a fellow fieldsmen, in case he should miss the ball, and so save possible overthrows.

grasp him again at once, if needed. Mr. McTab walked ahead. And round them gathered half Kalua, babbling with excitement.

White men looked on from the veranda of the Planters' Club; Chinese Charley looked out of his doorway with his slanting eyes; Joshua Hack, the American storekeeper, stepped out of his store, while natives swarmed round in a staring, buzzing crowd, among them one white man—the tattered figure of Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber.

The arrest of the Dutchman was a spot of excitement for Kalua. It was seldom that the brown boys had such a treat.

Only every now and then, the native police force "ran in" some sailorman who made too merry on the beach, or some native who indulged in kava not wisely, but too well. Mr. McTab's force was not, as a rule, overworked, on a peaceful island like Kalua-alua-lalua.

The island gaol, a single-roomed hut, built of strong palm-poles, was generally unoccupied. Now it was going to have an occupant—and that occupant a white

for him to deny the facts, in the presence of half a dozen witnesses.

"That settles the matter!" said Mr. McTab. "He will be held a prisoner here till he can be transferred to Suva for trial. You feller boy, you take that feller Dussman along gaol."

The procession restarted, winding round the bungalow, and heading for the island gaol, which stood farther back from the beach.

Round it and following it, billowed the buzzing crowd of natives, and among them, the beachcomber followed, unheeded in the numerous throng.

The Greyfriars fellows went with the rest, excepting Billy Bunter. Bunter preferred to give the desperado a wide berth, prisoner as he was.

Harry Wharton & Co. were keen to see that the Dutchman was safely disposed of. For whatever mysterious reason he had attacked Lord Mauleverer on the Sunderbund, Mauleverer was not safe from him, unless he was secured. But they were soon satisfied on that point.

Mr. McTab unlocked the door of the

leased him. His piggy eyes glittered at the manager of Kalua.

"Ach! But I will not stay here!" he muttered. "You shall not keep me here, mynheer!"

He glared round the hut, as if in search of a weapon. There were few articles of furniture; among them was a palm-wood stool. The Dutchman backed towards it.

"Kololoo!" said Mr. McTab quietly.

"Yessar!" grinned the chief of police. "Spoke that feller Dussman give trouble, you makes stick belong you stop along head belong him."

"Yessar! Me kill that feller Dussman plenty too much, stick belong me," said Kololoo.

"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry, as the Dutchman, suddenly stooping, grasped the palm-wood stool and made a rush at the doorway.

But the warning was not needed. The police force of Kalua were looking out. Kololoo's stick fairly flashed in the air, and crashed on the Dutchman, sending him staggering.

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The stool thudded to the floor. Van Dink, yelling, staggered across the hut, and Kololoo's stick landed a second time, stretching him on the earth.

Mr. McTab's jaw set grimly.

"You feller boy, you makee rope stop along hand belong Dussman!" he rapped. "Makee too much rope stop along hand belong that feller."

The police force of Kalua crowded into the hut, one of them with a tapa cord in his hand.

The desperate Dutchman heaved himself to his feet, his head spinning from the cracks of Kololoo's stick. But he was grasped at once, flung down, and his hands dragged behind his back.

The tapa cord was wound round his thick wrists and knotted.

Then he was released again, and sat on the earthen floor, panting and glaring, like a caged wild beast. A stream of Dutch poured from his lips, which it was perhaps just as well that the Greyfriars fellows did not understand.

Mr. McTab looked at him with calm contempt.

"You've asked for that, Mynheer van Dink," he said. "If you behave yourself, you shall be released from that cord to-morrow, but it will keep you from giving any more trouble for the night."

A torrent of Dutch oaths answered him, which had no more effect on the Scotch gentleman than water on a duck.

He shut the door of the prison-hut, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he walked away, followed by the juniors.

Kololoo squatted on the earth beside the doorway, with his stick over his bare, brown knees. He helped himself to betel-nut from some receptacle in his thick mop of hair, and chewed.

Dozens of the islanders remained crowded round the spot, grinning and cackling as they heard the savage, growling voice of the Dutchman from within.

"That brute's safe enough," remarked Bob Cherry. "He won't get out of that in a hurry. Queer that he should have come here and butted right into us."

"The queerfulness is terrific."

"He's safe enough," said Harry Wharton. "But I shall be glad when he's sent off the island. What the dickens can he have come to Kalua for?"

"I think——" began Lord Mauleverer.

"Well, what do you think, Mauly?"

"I think it's too late to make that tour of inspection on the jolly old sugar plantation!" said Lord Mauleverer. "What about sittin' under these palms—I feel rather like a rest in the shade."

"Fathead!" said the Famous Five together. And they went off to launch the whaleboat, leaving his lazy lordship reclining happily in the shade of the palms.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Faithful Popoo!

"COMING, Bunter?"

"No; I'm going in a canoe."

"You fat ass! You can't handle a canoe!"

"I fancy I could handle a canoe better than you can handle that boat, Bob Cherry! But I'm not going to paddle myself! I could, easily—but I'm not going to, when I've got a nigger to paddle me. Popoo!"

The Famous Five grinned.

They were going for a run in the whaleboat—Bunter preferred a canoe. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,590.

paddled by his faithful nigger. But that faithful nigger seemed, as the days passed on, to be growing more and more faithless.

He had followed Bunter down to the quay, not enthusiastically; now he had vanished from sight. Since he had been "faithful nigger" to that extremely exacting white master, Popoo seemed to have understudied the celebrated Boojum. Often and often he "suddenly, silently vanished away."

"I say, you fellows, where's that nigger?" exclaimed Bunter, blinking round him through his big spectacles. "He was here a minute ago!"

Popoo was not to be seen.

That was not really surprising, as he had stepped out of sight behind a pile of packing-cases, which now interposed between him and his fat white master.

"Look here, come in the whaleboat, old fat man, and give Popoo a rest," said Harry Wharton. "There's a native dance on the beach, and Popoo wants to mingle in the throng of the happy and the gay. I heard him tell you so!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! When I want my nigger, I want him!" said Bunter, with dignity. "Besides, Popoo's fearfully devoted to me. He would give up a dance, or anything else, just for the pleasure of waiting on me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

As they had seen Popoo-lo-linga-lulo dodge out of sight behind the packing-cases, in the hope of eluding his white master, that statement made them roar.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" snapped Bunter. "Niggers don't get attached to you fellows—you don't inspire respect and admiration among natives like I do. They always know a pukka sahib, you know—that's how it is."

"Oh crikey!"

"The pukkafulness is not terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yah! Where's that nigger? Popoo!" roared Bunter. "Come here! Do you hear me, you black beast? Do you want me to boot you, you cheeky nigger? Show up!"

Bunter was getting exasperated.

On the beach, natives were gathering for a dance, in the golden sunset. The twanging of ukuleles could already be heard.

Popoo wanted to join in the celebration. There was no doubt that he preferred the Kaluan dance to waiting on his fat white master.

Such a dereliction of duty was not, of course, to be tolerated for a moment—by Bunter, at least.

"Popoo!" he roared. "Show up, you cheeky nigger! Think I'm paying you your wages for nothing, you lazy swab?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Popoo's wages, probably, did not weigh very much in the scale. Bunter was paying Popoo's wages in the future tense!

"Better come in the whaleboat," said Frank Nugent, laughing.

"Shan't!" roared Bunter.

"Give Popoo a rest!" said Johnny Bull.

"He doesn't want a rest! If he does, he can go and eat coke! Think I'm going to be cheeked by a nigger?" roared Bunter. "Might do for you fellows—not for me! Popoo! Popoo!"

Popoo, in the safe side of the packing-cases, squatted silent. He was waiting for a chance to dodge away and join the crowd up the beach.

Once mingled in that numerous throng, he was safe from his fat white master. But he did not venture to

emerge from cover while that fat white master was looking for him.

"Beast!" hissed Bunter. "I—I believe he's dodged out of sight!"

"Not really!" gasped Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter glared round him, and then started round the pile of packing-cases, suspecting that Popoo might be unearthed on the farther side. He grunted breathlessly as he went. It was rather hot for exerting oneself in chase of a faithless nigger!

Probably his grunts warned Popoo that he was coming. The Tonga boy rose silently to his feet, and glided round the other end of the pile.

This brought him in full view of the Famous Five. They chuckled, but said nothing. They saw no reason whatever why Popoo should not join in the native dance if he wanted to; and their view was that Billy Bunter, so far from being a "pukka sahib," was a self-important ass. So they chuckled and watched Popoo, who glided round one end of the packing-cases, while Billy Bunter grunted round the other.

Popoo kept well ahead, and he was out of Bunter's sight when the fat junior emerged again into the view of the Famous Five.

"I say, you fellows, where can that dashed nigger be?" gasped Bunter.

"O where and O where can he be?" sang Bob Cherry.

"The wherefulness is terrific!"

"He ain't here!" gasped Bunter. "I thought the cheeky beast had dodged behind those packing-cases, but I've been right round——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling fatheads!" yelled Bunter. "Look here, help me look for my nigger, will you?"

"Too hot to play 'Here we go round the mulberry bush,' old fat man!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Beast! I know he ain't far away!" grunted Bunter. "I'll jolly well wallop him when I get him! You have to wallop niggers, you know!"

"Even faithful niggers?" asked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

"Better come in the boat——"

"Shan't!"

"Well, let's get off, if Bunter prefers nigger-chasing!" said Bob.

The Famous Five boarded the whaleboat, pushed off, and hoisted the sail, and scudded away merrily over the glistening lagoon.

Bunter, left on the quay, glared round him in great wrath. Once more he circumnavigated the pile of packing-cases. It dawned on his fat brain that Popoo must be there, as there was no other cover at hand, and that the artful brown boy was dodging him.

Once more he circled the pile, Popoo stepping softly ahead, and keeping out of sight.

Then Bunter had a brain-wave! Now that he had guessed the faithless nigger's game, he knew how to put paid to it! Instead of following on, he suddenly turned round and circled back.

This brought him, quite suddenly, face to face with Popoo-lo-linga-lulo, who was stealing softly on, in the belief that he was following his fat white master round.

"Oh!" gasped Popoo, his eyes popping from his brown face, as he came to a sudden and dismayed halt.

"You black scallawag!" roared Bunter. "I jolly well knew you were there! I'll jolly well wallop you!"

"Oh, sar! You no kill this poor feller Tonga boy!" gasped Popoo. "This feller likee plenty too much goey

along canoe along white master, sar!" "Get into that canoe!" roared Bunter.

Popoo gave a lingering glance at the merry crowd gathering up the beach. But he did not venture to disregard the authority of his fat white master. He turned to the canoe, which was tied up under the coral quay.

Bunter's eyes gleamed through his spectacles. He stepped behind Popoo and let out his foot.

There was a startled yell from Popoo as a boat landed. The Tonga boy shot headlong into the canoe.

He landed in it, on his brown hands and knees, yelling. The canoe rocked wildly under the shock.

Bunter, grinning, lowered himself in. Popoo sat up and blinked at him, wriggling.

"Want another?" hooted Bunter.

"Oh, no, sar!" gasped Popoo. "You no kill this poor feller Tonga boy, along foot belong you, sar! Me no likee plenty too much!"

"Get going, then!" snapped Bunter.

"Yessar!" mumbled Popoo.

Billy Bunter sat down, and Popoo took up the paddle. Bunter frowned at him severely. Cheek from a nigger was altogether too much for a pukka sahib like Bunter to stand! He was prepared to land on Popoo all the kicks that were needed to reduce him to the required state of faithfulness.

But Popoo did not seem to need any more. He paddled away dutifully, and the canoe glided out over the lagoon and round the island shore.

Bunter settled down comfortably, satisfied that he had shown his faithful nigger who was who, and what was what.

But every now and then Popoo's black eyes turned on the fat Owl with a peculiar glimmer in them, which hinted that he was still thinking more of the native dance on the beach than of serving his fat white master like a truly faithful nigger.

Bunter, had he noticed it, might have doubted after all whether Popoo was reduced to a proper state of faithfulness!

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Boarded By The Beachcomber!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! That scallawag!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Give him a wide berth!" granted Johnny Bull, fixing his eyes with considerable disfavour on Ysabel Dick.

"Can't be did, as we're going the same way!" said Bob. "But I dare say he won't bite us, and if we keep to windward, we shan't get a whiff of the gin!"

The whaleboat was running down to the reef passage of Kalua. The weather was calm, with a light breeze, and the Famous Five intended to run out into the open sea. They passed a good many native canoes on the lagoon, and as they drew near the channel in the coral reef, they sighted a canoe ahead, and, rather to their surprise, recognised the beachcomber of Kalua in it, paddling a canoe and towing another.

They had seen the man a good many times about the beach and never once engaged in any active occupation. Judging by what they had seen of him, he was too bone idle to take the trouble of paddling a canoe.

This was the first time they had seen him doing anything that looked like a spot of work.

It was rather puzzling, too, why he was towing an empty canoe. As he was making the reef passage, the juniors had to go in the same direction, and the whaleboat, with the wind in the sail, overhauled the canoes at a good rate.

Harry Wharton knitted his brows a little as he watched the man ahead. He saw the beachcomber stare back, with a scowling brow.

"I don't make this out," said Harry. "What is the fellow doing with those canoes?"

"Goodness knows!" said Bob. "No bizney of ours, old man, is it?"

"I suppose not; but I don't imagine that that drunken brute owns one canoe, let alone two!" answered Harry.

"No; I suppose not," said Bob slowly. "We've never seen him in one before, anyhow. But you don't think he's pinched them?"

"I think it looks jolly like it."

"You can hire canoes here from the natives for next to nothing," said Frank Nugent.

"Why the dickens should he hire two canoes, to paddle in one and tow the other?"

"Ask me another! But, dash it all, old man, he can't have pinched the canoes to clear off the island?"

"No; I suppose not. But it's jolly queer!"

Ysabel Dick, having scowled at the whaleboat astern, put on speed. Weedy waster as he was, he seemed to be able to handle a paddle pretty well, and he made the canoe move fast, the towed craft rocking behind it.

He cleared the reef passage ahead of the Greyfriars party, the whaleboat gliding after him.

The juniors had no desire to come into contact with the stubbly outcast of Kalua. His disreputable character, and still more his inexplicable animosity towards Lord Mauleverer, made them more than willing to keep him at a distance.

But they seemed booked to keep him company afloat for a time; for, having paddled out into the open sea, the beachcomber swerved northward, round the outer reef that circled the lagoon, keeping well out from the surf.

That was the direction the juniors intended to take, and the whaleboat still glided after the canoes out on the Pacific.

Again and again the beachcomber stared back, and they could see gathering anger and irritation in his seamed, sun-scorched face under the rag of a hat.

The reef passage lay on the south side of Kalua, opposite the settlement on the island shore within. In every other spot, all round the great lagoon, the circle of coral rock was unbroken; there was no other entrance for any craft.

So, uninterested in Ysabel Dick as they were personally, the juniors could not help wondering a little what he was up to.

To get back to Kalua, he would have to paddle back the way he had gone, towing the empty canoe after him all the time.

Such a proceeding was so inexplicable that anyone who had observed it might have been puzzled.

However, as it did not concern them, the juniors would probably have dismissed it from their minds. The whaleboat was moving faster than the canoes, and ere long they would have left the beachcomber astern.

But suddenly Ysabel Dick, with a sweep of the paddle, shot towards the whaleboat as it surged along. Almost before the juniors realised his intention, he was alongside.

He dropped the paddle, grabbed hold

of the whaleboat's gunwale, and held on, the grip of his feet keeping the canoe towing alongside.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in astonishment. "Want anything?"

All the juniors stared at the stubbly dark face over the gunwale.

They were more surprised than ever by Ysabel Dick's action, not only because they could not guess why he had run them aboard, but by the handiness he displayed. So far they had judged him merely an idle, worthless, slinking loafer, but they could see now that he was, or had been, a sailorman.

He snarled back at Bob.

"What are you following me for?"

"Following you?" repeated Bob plunkly. "My dear man, have you bought the Pacific Ocean?"

"You are following me!" snarled the beachcomber. "Why?"

"Only because we happen to be going the same way," said Harry Wharton. "Get back, please!"

Ysabel Dick answered only with a savage scowl. Evidently he did not believe that it was by chance that the Greyfriars fellows had run out to sea in his wake and turned in the same direction outside the reef.

His suspicion was a pretty plain proof that, whatever was his mysterious reason for towing a canoe round the reef, he did not want other eyes on him.

Holding on to the gunwale with one hand, he stooped and caught a rope, and, to the angry astonishment of the juniors, tied on.

Then he swung himself on board the whaleboat.

In utter amazement and growing anger, the Famous Five stared at him. They did not want trouble with the outcast of Kalua, but he seemed bent on asking for it.

Harry Wharton stepped towards him, his eyes gleaming.

"What do you want on this boat?" he demanded.

"Stand back, you young fool!" snapped the beachcomber. "You are not going to follow me farther!"

"Get off this boat!"

"I've warned you to stand clear!" said Ysabel Dick, his eyes smouldering at the captain of the Greyfriars Remove. "Keep out of the way, or you may get hurt!"

"I fancy you're more likely to get hurt if you don't get back into your canoe, you cheeky blackguard!" exclaimed Harry Wharton angrily. "You can step back, or you can be chucked—that's your choice!"

"Stand back!"

Ysabel Dick drew a large clasp-knife from the pocket of his tattered shirt and opened the blade.

Bob Cherry picked up a boathook.

"Don't be scared," said the outcast, with a savage laugh. "I'm not going to hurt you."

"You're not. And we're not scared," said Bob coolly. "What the thump do you think you are going to do?"

"I'm going to stop you following me!" said the beachcomber grimly. "I'm going to cut through your rigging! You can get back to the island with the oars! Now, stand clear, or you may get hurt!"

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Chucked Out!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. gazed at the beachcomber of Kalua, almost petrified.

They did not need telling that Ysabel Dick, in his strange trip

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with a towed canoe round the reef, was "up" to something to which he wanted no witnesses. It was fixed in his suspicious mind that they were watching him; but, in any case, he wanted to clear them off.

Had they permitted him to cut away the rigging, thus preventing the use of the sail, his object would have been easily attained. Rowing the long, heavy boat was a hefty task, and under the oars they would have had no more than time to get back to the island before dark.

But the Famous Five of Greyfriars were not likely to permit the beachcomber to do anything of the kind.

Apparently, he took it for granted that a crowd of schoolboys would not venture on resistance. He was very soon to learn that he was taking a great deal too much for granted.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "That rather takes the cake! I should advise you to let the square-face alone, Mr. Ysabel Dick, if it gets into your head like that!"

The beachcomber, taking no heed, made a step towards the sheet where it was looped to a cleat, and lifted the knife to cut at the rope.

The whaleboat rocked as the Famous Five jumped, all together, to stop him.

The knife in the beachcomber's hand circled in the air, and his eyes blazed.

"Stand back!" he snarled.

The juniors did not believe that he would venture to use the knife as a weapon, though he looked like it. But they were not taking chances. Bob Cherry had the boathook in his grasp, and he thrust with it as Ysabel Dick brandished the knife, the sharp end jabbing into the beachcomber's shoulder.

Ysabel Dick gave a gasping howl and staggered. The next moment Harry Wharton's fist crashed on his stubby chin, and he went down on his back.

He sprawled in the whaleboat, and, as he sprawled, Wharton kicked the knife out of his hand without ceremony.

The beachcomber howled again; his fingers, as well as the knife, received the kick. But the big clasp-knife went clattering. Whether he would have used it or not, it was out of his grasp now.

He scrambled up, spitting rage.

"Chuck him out!" roared Johnny Bull.

The outcast of Kalua was grasped on all sides. It was clear that he had supposed that the schoolboys would be too scared to handle him; but, as a matter of fact, they handled him with ease. His strength was sapped by drink, and Bob Cherry could have dealt with him single-handed.

Grasped by all the juniors together, he was swung to the side, kicking and struggling, panting with rage. But his resistance was quite futile. He sprawled headlong over the gunwale.

"Chuck him out!" panted Johnny Bull.

"Over he goes!" grinned Bob.

"Drop him!"

Nugent caught the rope, and pulled the canoe close in. The other fellows dropped Ysabel Dick fairly into it.

He crashed into the canoe, in a yelling heap.

Nugent cast off the rope at once, tossing it into the canoe after him. Bob Cherry picked up the clasp-knife, closed it, and tossed it into the canoe. The beachcomber sat up, panting, the canoe rocking wildly and shipping water.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" called out Bob cheerfully.

"Come back when you want some more, you cheeky rotter!" roared Johnny Bull. "Lots more on tap!"

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"The lotfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The whaleboat ran on again, leaving the two canoes rocking astern. Ysabel Dick staggered up, glaring after the juniors as they went. He shook an infuriated fist after them, and Bob Cherry playfully kissed his hand in return.

Then the outcast squatted to the paddle again. The canoe got under way, the towed canoe rocking after it.

The whaleboat was ahead now, and drawing away fast.

Harry Wharton looked back at the paddling beachcomber.

"The silly ass!" said Bob. "He knows now, I suppose, that we're not following him, as we're leaving him astern."

"But what the dickens is he up to?" asked Harry. "Why should he be afraid of being watched?"

"Beats me hollow! Must be up to something!" said Bob. "Serve him jolly well right if we kept him in sight, and kept an eye on him!"

"I'm not sure that we ought to lose sight of him," said Harry slowly. "I can't begin to guess what his game is, but it must be something pretty shady to make him so afraid of being seen at it."

"Not our bizney!" said Bob cheerily. "We haven't run out in this boat to hang round that drunken blighter. Let him rip!"

And Wharton, though he was feeling doubtful, assented.

The whaleboat scudded on, and the canoes dropped farther and farther astern.

No doubt Ysabel Dick, by that time, realised that the Greyfriars fellows were not, after all, watching him. He could hardly have failed to realise it, when the sail danced away from his eyes and became little more than a speck on the sea.

Looking back, after a time, the juniors saw no more of the canoes.

They were standing well away from the reef; for calm as the weather was, there was a continual grind of surf on the coral, and they were careful to give their craft plenty of sea room. There were spots on the barrier reef where it was possible to land on the rugged coral; but the juniors did not know them, though no doubt Ysabel Dick did. It appeared to them, so far as they could make out the beachcomber's intentions at all, that Ysabel Dick was heading, with the towed canoe, for some spot on the outer reef, on the eastern side of Kalua.

But having lost sight of him, they dismissed him from mind. They had run out for a cruise in the whaleboat, not to bother their heads about the outcast of Kalua.

The sun was dipping behind the hill of Kalua when they tacked round to the reef passage again. By that time they had quite forgotten the existence of Ysabel Dick.

But they were reminded of him when the whaleboat glided across the lagoon towards the coral quay opposite Mr. McTab's bungalow.

There were a good many canoes out, under the setting sun, with natives in them. But in one, they spotted the tattered hat of Ysabel Dick. He was paddling slowly, evidently tired by his trip; and he was no longer towing another canoe.

They watched him curiously as the whaleboat glided by. He caught sight of them, and gave them a scowl, but no further attention.

"Well, this beats it!" said Bob. "He's left that towed canoe outside the

reef—what on earth for? He was taking that canoe somewhere, and he's left it there—outside the reef."

"I give it up!" said Harry.

It was quite a puzzle. The beachcomber had towed a canoe out of the lagoon, and left it somewhere on the seaward side of the barrier reef. That there was something "shady" about that mysterious proceeding, the juniors could hardly doubt; the outcast's fear of being watched was proof enough of that. But what it was, they could not begin to guess.

However, they did not give the matter much thought. They ran the whaleboat in, tied up at the quay, and walked up to the bungalow more than ready for supper.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Bad For Bunter!

**S**NORE!

Popoo grinned. That sound, not melodious in itself, was music to the ears of the Tonga boy.

Billy Bunter was asleep.

For a long time, while Popoo industriously paddled the canoe, Billy Bunter sat, or rather sprawled, on several cushions, and travelled steadily through a bunch of ripe bananas. Bunter liked bananas; especially the ripe, rich ones. They grew in innumerable clusters on Kalua, and for the first time in his fat career Billy Bunter could have all the bananas he wanted, without paying for them. So he had quite a lot.

Bunter was feeling happy and comfortable. Sprawling in the gliding canoe, scoffing uncounted bananas, and throwing the skins into the lagoon, attended by a faithful nigger, seemed to Billy Bunter quite a happy way of spending an hour or two after tea!

He had told Popoo to paddle him round the island. Popoo did not look happy, as every stroke of the paddle took him farther and farther away from the dancing throng on the beach.

But Bunter was satisfied; so it did not, of course, matter whether Popoo was or not.

Having finished the bananas, Billy Bunter tilted his hat over his fat face, to keep the sun off, pillowed his fat head a little more comfortably, closed his eyes behind his big spectacles, and went to sleep.

Which caused a grin to glide over Popoo's brown, tattooed face.

As soon as Bunter began to snore, Popoo ceased to paddle. He drew the paddle in, and laid it quietly down.

The canoe, by that time, had covered a couple of miles, round the eastern side of the island. The quay and the buildings were long out of sight, hidden by the curve of the shore.

Popoo rose softly to his feet.

His eyes were watchfully on his fat, white master. Had Bunter awakened, the Tonga boy would have grasped the paddle again and paddled on.

But Bunter did not awaken. Bunter was not easy to wake at any time, when once slumber's chain had bound him! And Popoo's movements were very cautious.

Silently, softly he slipped over the side of the canoe into the water. His brown limbs slid into the lagoon without a sound.

Bunter snored on! The canoe was a good half-mile out from the island shore; but that distance was nothing to a Kanaka swimmer. Popoo let go, and swam.

He struck out for the island.



"Stand back!" snarled Ysabel Dick, as his knife circled in the air to cut away the rigging. Fortunately, however, Bob Cherry had a boat-hook in his grasp, and he lunged with it, the sharp end jabbing into the beachcomber's shoulder. Ysabel Dick gave a gasping howl and staggered.

That faithful nigger was deserting his white master! The lure of the native dance was too strong for his faithfulness—such as it was! Popoo was going to swim to the nearest point of the island, cut across to the south beach, and join in the merry dance, to the tinkle of the ukuleles, absolutely regardless of his fat, white master snoring in the canoe! Ever since they had started, Popoo had been watching for a chance to get away; and this was his chance.

Grinning, the Tonga boy swam swiftly, and disappeared across the lagoon. Had Bunter awakened, he would not have seen him now. But Bunter did not awaken! He snored happily on.

Certainly, it never occurred to Popoo that his fat, white master might be in any danger, thus deserted in a drifting canoe on the lagoon. There was a current that set eastward, towards the barrier reef; but the reef was distant; and even if the canoe drifted on it, in such calm weather no harm would be done—it would be only a light bump. All that Bunter had to do, when he woke up, was to paddle home. That was what Popoo would have thought, had he thought at all! But in point of fact, he did not think at all. He simply jumped at the chance of getting away—and got!

The canoe drifted gently on the current. Had Popoo thought about the matter, it would hardly have occurred to him that Billy Bunter was incapable of handling a paddle to the extent of getting the canoe home. But that was the case; although Popoo did not know it or think about it.

Popoo had joined the native dancers, and totally and utterly forgotten the existence of his white master, while Bunter was still drifting slowly, but

surely, towards the barrier reef on the eastern side, fast asleep.

The sun sank lower behind the hill of Kalia. Shadows crept up from the eastern sea. Canoes on the lagoon made for the beach—with one exception! Bunter's canoe was making for the reef!

Still the happy Owl snored! He might have gone on snoring for a considerable time longer than he did; but he was awakened, at long last, by a bump. That bump jerked him into wakefulness.

He yawned, and sat up, pushing his hat back on his head, and setting his spectacles straight on his fat little nose. He blinked in surprise to find himself in deep dusk. The last red gleam of the sun was disappearing behind the wooded hill in the far distance westward.

"I say, what—" ejaculated Bunter. He blinked round him in surprise and annoyance.

"Popoo! Where are you, you black beast?" Popoo! roared Bunter.

In the deep dusk he did not discern, for a moment or two, that he was alone. But he soon became aware that Popoo-lo-linga-lu was no longer in the canoe.

The fat junior started to his feet, staring round him in astonishment, mingled with alarm. The canoe rocked as he did so, and Bunter stumbled, and nearly went over.

"Oh crikey!" he gasped.

He blinked to and fro across the shadowy lagoon in alarm. Had he been on the south side of Kalia, he would have seen lights twinkling from the buildings. But on the eastern side all was dark. There was only one settlement on the island—on the southern beach, facing the reef pas-

sage. A few bungalows and native huts were scattered here and there inland. But Bunter could not even see it in the gloom. It was a good distance away; for the canoe had now drifted right across the east lagoon, and was bumping on the outer reef.

It was the bump on the coral that had startled Bunter out of happy slumber. As he stood blinking round with alarmed eyes the canoe bumped again, and he sat down suddenly with a thud that almost capsized the light craft.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He struggled to his knees, peering round him in alarm that was now deepening to terror.

Popoo was gone. What had become of him Bunter did not know, and could not guess—neither did he ponder on the mystery. The fact that he was gone was plain enough, and enough for Bunter.

He was left alone in the canoe, drifting in the deepening dark. But for the circling barrier reef, the canoe would have drifted out to sea.

"Oh lor!" mumbled the alarmed Owl.

Where he was he had not the faintest idea, except that he was floating somewhere on the lagoon in the middle of which the island lay.

His fat hand came in contact with the paddle, and he picked it up. He blinked at it dismally. Bunter was prepared to state, by way of argument, that he could paddle a canoe as well as any man in the Greyfriars party—indeed, as well as any Kanaka in the Pacific. But when it came actually to doing it, he had doubts—strong doubts.

Bump!

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Another shock made him totter.

Then he realised at last that the canoe was bumping on something, which could only be a shore of some kind. It was, in fact, bumping on a low shelf of coral, the inner edge of the reef, receding after each bump, and then drifting on again in the current.

Bunter gave a gasp of relief.

He could see little or nothing. But a shore was a shore. If he could only get on land his fat little legs would take him back to the manager's bungalow, sooner or later. His chief anxiety was to get out of that oscillating canoe, safe on terra firma.

It did not occur to his fat brain for a single moment that the canoe had drifted out to the reef. It was bumping on a shore—and that shore was the island shore, so far as Bunter knew.

Bump! came again. This time, watching through his spectacles, the fat Owl made out the rugged coral against which the canoe was bumping. He reached over, grasped with a fat hand at a jut of coral, and held. Then, with great care, he crawled out of the canoe.

The last glimmer of the sun was gone by this time. All was dark, save for the gleam of stars in the sky. But the stars, bright overhead, only seemed to make his immediate surroundings darker. Bunter could see hardly a yard before his fat little nose.

Still, he was ashore—that was something. That was a great relief—in the belief that he was on Kalua.

The question was—how far had he to walk to get to the manager's bungalow? Had he been on the island, following the shore would have led him to it, sooner or later. Happily unaware that there was a mile of deep water between him and the island, Bunter started along the edge of the reef. The canoe, left to itself, floated away on a swirl of the current, and disappeared into the darkness, unheeded by Bunter.

Bunter was thinking of the lights at

the manager's bungalow, hoping to spot them every minute. It was not likely to happen.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER:

### Nothing Doing!

**Y**SABEL DICK shut his teeth hard, his eyes gleaming in the darkness like a cat's.

The beachcomber of Kalua, crouching behind a palm-trunk, peered through the shadows at the prison hut, and breathed curses under his breath as he made out the dim figure of Kololoo, squatted by the door.

At a little distance the lights from the manager's bungalow twinkled out into the tropic night. But by the palm-pole gaol all was deeply dark.

The outcast of Kalua had crept as silently as any wary Kanaka, close to the hut. But he stopped, and dodged behind the nearest tree, at the sight of the native policeman on guard there.

Kololoo was not keeping a very wary watch. He sat leaning back against the hut, staring towards the starry lagoon, his bare, brown legs stretched out, his stick across his knees. He was listening to the tinkle of the music, and watching the native dancers at a little distance in the starlight.

But there was no doubt that he would have observed anyone who had approached near; and the beachcomber cursed him silently, but fluently.

From within the hut the sound of a guttural, grunting oath was heard. The Dutchman was there—the man Ysabel Dick intended to release, if he could. But Kololoo was in the way, and for long, long minutes the beachcomber stood in the darkness, in silent rage and indecision.

But he made up his mind at last. For what he had planned that night, the outcast of Kalua needed help, and the Dutchman was the only man on Kalua to help him. It was, indeed, the Dutchman's arrival that had caused

him to lay that plan. He had counted on releasing Van Dink, and enlisting his aid.

Silently the beachcomber glided away in the shadows. In a few minutes he crept back again, with a heavy chunk of coral in his grip.

His eyes gleamed at Kololoo, still watching the dancers, and unconscious of danger.

The beachcomber crept to the back of the hut, so that the building was between him and the Kanaka guard. Then he crept silently along the side wall to the corner, and looked round.

He was on Kololoo's left, not more than four feet from him, and had the Kanaka turned his head, ever so slightly, he must have seen him.

But Kololoo's eyes were fixed before him on the circling mazes of the native dance a hundred yards away on the beach.

He did not turn his head.

But for long, long minutes the beachcomber remained without movement, the coral gripped in his hand, his heart beating; his eyes gleaming, hesitating act.

He had to take the Kanaka by sudden surprise, if he were to have any chance at all. If he failed his game was up. He would have been an infant in the Kanaka's hands once Kololoo was warned of danger.

But he screwed up his nerve at last, and acted. With a sudden spring, swift as the rush of the tiger-shark on his prey, he leaped at the Kanaka.

His movement caused Kololoo to turn his head—too late! The lump of coral, in a desperate hand, crashed—crashing on the fuzzy head with all the force that Ysabel Dick could put into the blow.

Kololoo gave one gasp, and crumpled up, senseless. The blow would have killed a white man. It stunned Kololoo.

The man from Ysabel stood panting, perspiration dripping down his face. The coral rock was ready for another blow. But the Kanaka lay senseless at his feet, and Ysabel Dick dropped his weapon.

Panting, he groped at the door. It was locked, as he knew it must be, and he knew that the lock was strong, the wood a hard teak. Ysabel Dick knew the island gaol well enough. He had been inside more than once. He groped along from the door, over the close-set palm-poles of the wall. Here and there was an interstice between the poles, and he quickly found one. He put his mouth to it, and whispered:

"Van Dink!"

He heard a startled gasp in the darkness within.

"Wie roept mij?"

"Fool! Speak English!" hissed the beachcomber. "It's your shipmate—Ysabel Dick."

"Ach!" came a deep breath from within. "Then you knew—you have seen—"

"I saw you brought ashore. I'm here to get you out of this. Listen to me, Van Dink! Keep quiet! I've stunned the nigger on guard, but it will not last long."

"Have you a knife?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Fool! Drive it to his heart while he is senseless!"

"Hold your tongue!" hissed the beachcomber. "Listen! Minutes are precious! I have a canoe on the beach. I have taken another canoe outside the reef, and left it on the east side. We run across the lagoon, cross

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PER PACK

the reef, and get the other canoe—at sea. Do you understand?”

“Ja, ja! But—”

“If they get after us—as they will—they will think we have gone by the reef passage—they are sure to think so—on the south side. But we shall have struck east. They will never guess. We shall cross the reef and get to sea while they are wasting their time at the reef passage—”

“Ja, ja!”

“Listen! Lord Mauleverer is at McTab’s bungalow! I have told you of him. You know whom I mean?”

“Ach! Do I not know?” grunted the Dutchman savagely. “It was to warn you that he was in the Pacific that I came to seek you—and landed in this.”

“Listen!” breathed the beachcomber through the slit in the palm-poles. “He goes with us!”

“Ach! Get me out of this, and he will stand in your way no longer,” breathed the Dutchman. “Do you know why I am here? I would have tossed him into the sea, and if I had succeeded you would have shared with me what came to you! Ach! Get me out of this, and once my hands are upon him we—”

“Fool! Brute! Listen!” snarled the beachcomber. “Three days ago I had him under a rifle, but my heart failed me at the last moment. I fired, but I missed. Can you understand that, brute that you are?”

“Neen!” grunted the Dutchman. “There is a fortune, and you falter—”

“I tell you the boy shall not be harmed! Not for all that would follow—not for twice, and thrice, as much! I knew that when I let him escape my shot. I knew that I could not stand for it! But there are other ways. Brute, you know well enough; you have marooned men on lonely rocks—”

“Ja, ja! But—”

“Listen! A copra sack slipped over his head, in the dark night, then to the canoe, the reef. You understand?”

“The thrust of a knife—”

“Fool! If you harm the boy I will hand you over to the rope,” snarled the beachcomber. “I tell you I will not stand for that, or my rifle would not have missed when I fired on him. He goes with us—a prisoner! He will disappear, and never be heard of again, and it will answer the same purpose! I step into everything if he is not found again. But he shall not be harmed!”

“As you choose, fool that you are!” muttered the Dutchman. “We share the—”

“You shall share more wealth than you have ever dreamed of in all your sea-thieving, and nigger-stealing, and pearl-poaching! Now you understand?”

“Ja!”

“The nigger will not remain senseless long; you know Kanaka skulls. But we have time—ample time! I have been in this hut—” The beachcomber gritted his teeth. “I have prowled in it, like a wild animal seeking escape. Listen to me, Van Dink! Grope along this wall—”

“Ach! But—”

“Fool! Listen! Grope along this wall, to the back corner. There is a pole at which I wrenched more than once, when I was a prisoner, as you are. It is not so firm as the others. It is beyond one man’s strength, but not beyond two. Do you understand? You have the strength of a walrus—and I will help from this side. Between us we can drag it out, and you can squeeze through. Do you understand?”

“Ach! But I—”

“Lose no time! I tell you that between us we can wrench out the post. Lose no time!”

The Dutchman breathed curses.

“I cannot! Ach! My hands are bound—knotted behind my back I cannot stir a finger.”

“Oh!” gasped the beachcomber. He panted with rage. It was an utterly unexpected blow. “You are bound—a thousand curses! Why are you bound? No prisoner has ever been bound in this hut before! Oh, fool, brute, ruffian! You had to ask for that, and you have ruined all!”

He leaned on the palm-pole wall, panting.

From within, the Dutchman’s voice growled curses. Freedom was within his reach—freedom and a fortune, and his own brutal truculence had robbed him of it. Had his hands been free, a few minutes would have seen him outside the prison hut! But his hands were knotted fast, and he could give no aid to the man who had come to save him.

“Fool! Brute! Fool!” groaned the man outside.

“Ach! You must help me!” hissed the Dutchman. “You have a knife. The Kanaka need not wake. And then you—”

“It is useless. I will try, but it is useless—”

The man from Ysabel moved along the wall to the back corner. The Dutchman, helpless within, heard a sound of gasping, straining, creaking, wrenching. But it was followed by a groan of exhaustion.

With the help of the muscular ruffian within, the palm-pole could have been wrenched out. Unaided, the beachcomber could not move it. It would not have been easy for two; for one, it was a sheer impossibility.

Ysabel Dick, exhausted by the effort that made the sweat run down him in streams, leaned on the wall, breathing in groans. There was an incessant muttering of Dutch curses within.

Then there was another sound—a quivering gasp from a man recovering consciousness. Kololoo was coming to his senses. The man from Ysabel heard him stirring.

Instantly he left the palm-pole wall and skulked away into the darkness. He was gone before Kololoo gained his feet, rubbing his dizzy head, staring round him in dazed amazement. The game was up, and the beachcomber was gone; and the Dutchman, still a prisoner, breathed fury and disappointment in the island gaol.

## THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter In Luck!

“OH lor!” groaned Billy Bunter. Bunter was worried.

He came to a dismayed halt, blinking round him dismally through his big spectacles.

Bunter had followed the edge of the coral reef in the obtuse belief that he was on the island shore. But he was not able to follow it very far.

For a short distance, the shelf of level coral extended; but after that it was rugged and broken.

Billy Bunter came to a halt on the edge of a deep gully, which barred further progress.

Deep down, the water flowed, swishing on the rock. That gully, if Bunter had known it, extended across the wide reef, from the lagoon within, to the ocean without, and was open to the tide. But it was too shallow, and barred by broken rocks to be used by any craft; the smallest canoe on Kalua could not have found a passage there. Where Bunter blinked down into it, on the

edge of the lagoon, it was deep, in other places, it was hardly more than a yard down. But it barred Bunter’s way, and he groaned with dismay.

Still in the belief that he was on the island, Bunter had no resource but to follow the shore to get home. Had the way been clear, he would have gone on circling the reef till his fat little legs failed him.

But the deep crevice put paid to that. He stood blinking at it in the glimmer of the stars, in dismal dismay.

“Oh crikey!” groaned Bunter.

He turned, at last, from the water’s edge. As that deep gully barred his way, he had to go round it!

He rolled on mournfully.

It was rough going!

That long, irregular gully was a sure guide across the reef in the dark to the outer rim, facing the Pacific. Bunter was, had he only guessed it, heading for the open sea!

It was as well for his peace of mind that he did not guess it! He had no desire whatever to view the Pacific by starlight.

The coral was rugged, and broken with crevices, gulches, gaps, ridges, and jutting spurs. It was tangled here and there with seaweed, left by the tides. Bunter tramped, and rolled, and stumbled on, every now and then tumbling over, and scrambling up again.

Every minute he hoped to see the end of that gully, and to walk round the end and get on his homeward way.

He got to the end at last, after what seemed to him miles and miles of stumbling and tumbling.

But as he reached the end of the gully it widened, and beyond, in the glimmer of the stars, rolled a vast space of water.

Bunter blinked at it, not understanding, for a minute or two. Indeed, he fancied at first that he must have walked across Kalua and hit the lagoon on the other side of the island!

But that vast stretch of water, rolling to infinity in the glitter of the stars, was no lagoon, and even the fat Owl’s obtuse brain realised that fact. It was the ocean!

“Oh crikey!” gurgled Bunter. “Oh lor! I—I wonder where I am? Oh scissors!”

He gave a deep, deep groan!

Slowly but surely it dawned on his fat brain where he was! Tired out by the scramble across the reef, his fat little legs aching and bending under him, he stood on the outer edge of the coral barrier, staring at the vast Pacific. It was an awful blow!

He knew now that he was not on the island at all, but on the barrier reef. He had turned his fat back on the island in following that gully towards the sea.

A silvery glimmer of the rising moon shimmered over the waves in front of him. He was facing east, and knew that behind him lay a mile of lagoon between him and Kalua.

He groaned, and groaned again.

To retrace his steps was impossible. He was too fagged out for that. Neither would it have been of any use; for he had no means of crossing the lagoon from the inner rim of the reef. He was not likely to be able to find his canoe again in the dark, even if he could have handled it when found. He stood sagging and groaning.

He was hungry! But he almost forgot supper, in his dismay and horror. He was out for the night—that was certain. But the aching fatigue in his fat limbs outweighed all other considerations.

Fortunately, it was a fine starry night. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,590.

Now that he knew where he was, and that there was no chance of getting back to Kalua till he was searched for and found, which certainly could not be before daylight, his fat thoughts concentrated on getting a rest.

The coral was hard and broken in sharp edges. The fat Owl blinked round mournfully for a patch of sand on which to stretch his weary limbs. He tottered to and fro, looking for a resting place.

Then, in the rising light of the moon, an object met his eyes, at the mouth of the gully—rocking to the motion of the water.

It was a canoe!

Bunter, after an astonished stare, scrambled down the rugged coral, into the gully to reach it. He could see that it was unoccupied: though the paddles lay within and several other dim objects.

The canoe was out of his reach, tied on a long painter. But it was easy to grasp the tapa cord and pull it in.

Bunter pulled it in, and rolled into it. He squatted down in the canoe with deep satisfaction.

"Oh crikey!" he ejaculated.

Hitherto, it had seemed to Billy Bunter that he was specially persecuted by malicious fortune. But now his luck seemed to have changed! His eyes glistened behind his spectacles, at the sight of a heap of bunches of bananas.

He grabbed, and ate!

Bananas went down like oysters. There was a pile of coconuts, also, but they needed cracking, so Bunter contented himself with the bananas. He ate, and ate, and was comforted. And when he discovered that one of the dim objects in the canoe was a rush basket, and that it contained cold roast pork, Bunter smiled! Another basket contained yams, and another bread-fruit! Bunter grinned.

Why some unknown person had provisioned that canoe, as if for a voyage, and left it outside the reef, Bunter could not begin to guess! But he was glad that some unknown person had!

He ate, and ate, and ate! He realised that he was not, after all, so badly off. The grub was ample—more than ample! There were mats, and some pieces of canvas, in the canoe, of which a bed could be made—and when, at long last, the interior Bunter was filled to capacity, he laid his fat person down on the tapa mats, and drew the canvas over him—and shut his eyes.

Snore!

That deep, rumbling snore, which had rumbled so often through the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars school, now mingled with the deep murmur of the Pacific, and Billy Bunter slept—and dreamed, happily, of the roast pork he had eaten!

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

### In Hostile Hands!

"**T**HAT ass——"

"That fathead——"

"Where the dickens can he be?"

"The wherefulness is preposterous!"

It was a puzzle to the Greyfriars fellows.

Billy Bunter had not returned to the bungalow for supper: which was surprising enough. But he had not returned for bed: which was still more surprising.

Mr. McTab had said good-night to the juniors after supper, and gone along to the Planters' Club for his nightly game of bridge with his cronies there.

But the Greyfriars fellows did not go to their rooms.

They were puzzled about Bunter's prolonged absence, and beginning to get a little worried. They gathered in the veranda, looking out over the moonlit beach and the lagoon, hoping to see a fat figure, every moment, rolling home. But no such fat figure appeared in the offing.

"What the dickens has become of the fat ass?" growled Johnny Bull. "He can't have had an accident in the canoe, with a Kanaka paddling for him."

"He's all right, with Popoo," said Bob. "Can't make it out! Even if they went all round the island, they'd be back before this."

"That fat chump——" growled Johnny Bull.

"We'd better all stay up, I think," said Harry. "If he doesn't come in, something must have happened. But Popoo must be with him—unless——"

The captain of the Greyfriars Remove broke off abruptly as a new thought came into his mind.

"Popoo started with him," said Bob.

"Well, yes, but we know that he never wanted to go, and that fat-ass bully-ragged him into it," said Harry.

"We saw them start, when we were sailing the whaleboat—off—Popoo was with him then. But——"

"Good old faithful nigger!" chuckled Bob. "You think Popoo may have left him in the lurch?"

"I shouldn't wonder! He was keen on getting to the native dance, and he wasn't at all keen on paddling Bunter about."

Lord Mauleverer rose from his Madeira chair.

"Better look for him, you chaps," he said. "We can't go to bed, and leave Bunter to it. What?"

"Lovely night for a walk," said Bob. "Look at the jolly old moon! We'll walk round and see if we can find Popoo."

And the half dozen juniors went down the steps. Now that the thought had occurred to them, they considered it very probable that Popoo had somehow given Bunter the slip, and got back to the dance. That dance was over now, though there were still many natives loitering on the beach, the moonlight gleamed like silver.

In the uncertain light, one Kanaka was very like another; and any of the bronze figures, at a little distance might have been Popoo. The Greyfriars fellows walked along the beach, glancing about them at brown faces and fuzzy heads. After a few minutes, they separated, taking different directions—everyone of them looking for Popoo.

A shadowy figure, under a tall slanting palm caught Harry Wharton's eyes, and he stopped.

"Popoo!" he exclaimed. But the next moment he saw that it was not a Kanaka. The stubby face and gleaming eyes of Ysabel Dick peered at him.

Harry Wharton passed on: the beachcomber staring after him.

There was a strange light in Ysabel Dick's eyes.

Several times, as the evening grew older, the outcast of Kalua had prowled near the manager's bungalow.

Since his failure to release the Dutch man from the island gaol, he had been in doubt. He had laid his plans, counting on the Dutchman's aid in carrying them out: he had never thought of acting single-handed. But now, as the matter stood, the plans were laid: the sea-going canoe was waiting on the outer

reef: all was cut and dried, if he had the nerve, and found the opportunity to seize on the schoolboy earl.

He had watched Mr. McTab walk along to the Planters. He had no doubt that the Kanaka house-boys would slip out to chatter with their friends on the beach, when they were no longer wanted. In doubt and hesitation, he had debated whether he had a chance, unaided, of getting to Lord Mauleverer's room, in the bungalow, and carrying out his desperate scheme without the help of Van Dink.

He was thinking it over, when Wharton passed him in the dusk. For some reason, unknown to him, the schoolboys had not gone to bed, but had come out on the beach. And he made a quick step after Harry.

"Looking for somebody, sir?" he asked civilly.

Wharton glanced back.

He had not expected civility from the beachcomber, after what had happened in the whaleboat that afternoon. But the man was civil enough now.

"Yes," he answered. "Have you seen anything of Popoo—the Tonga boy, or of Bunter? The fat chap——"

"I know him, sir—but I haven't seen him," said the beachcomber, in the same civil tone. "I think I saw the Tonga boy dancing with the niggers—but that was some time ago."

Harry Wharton nodded, and walked on.

The man from Ysabel, breathing hard, stood under the palm.

The fat fellow, it seemed, was missing—they were looking for him! Lord Mauleverer, doubtless, with the rest! His eyes glittered.

Harry Wharton, passing on among the palms, forgot his existence in a few moments. The other fellows, scattered about the beach, were not thinking of him at all.

Certainly Lord Mauleverer, as he sauntered on the beach, and among the palms, with an eye open for a Tonga boy, was not thinking of the beachcomber, or dreaming of danger.

If the schoolboy earl heard, once or twice, a shuffling footstep near him, he did not heed it. That an enemy had spotted him, and was shadowing him, watching for a chance at him if he passed out of the moonlight on the open beach, was not likely to occur to Mauly.

No thought of danger crossed his mind, for a moment, till suddenly the danger came. He was passing under a clump of palms, the heavy fronds shutting off the moonlight, when there was a panting breath behind him, a sudden step; and something descended suddenly over his head.

Mauleverer staggered in sheer amazement.

It was a copra sack, and it was over him, down to his knees. As he staggered in the sack, he was whirled over on the earth; and as he struggled, in dizzy amazement, a cord, already looped round the sack, was drawn tight. It pinned his arms to his sides. Another cord, instantly drawn tight, crammed the rough sacking tight over his mouth, stifling his attempt to utter a cry. Almost in a moment, as it seemed, he was a helpless prisoner.

He could hardly breathe.

Who had thus seized him, he had no idea, unless by some evil chance the Dutchman had escaped from the island gaol. Whoever it was, Mauleverer was completely at his mercy.

(Continued on page 28.)

Off We Go Again On Another Specially Conducted Tour with—

# The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

## ALL ROUND GREYFRIARS. Popper's Island

(1)

It's a lovely little plot,  
It's a choice and charming spot,  
It is quite the most delightful situa-  
tion to be found;  
And for picnics none can beat  
Such a beautiful retreat,  
Though we often beat a swift retreat  
when Popper is around.

(2)

For that island, if you're wise,  
Is forbidden paradise,  
While Sir Hilton Popper, Baronet,  
maintains the place is his;  
It is nothing of the kind,  
But he'll never change his mind,  
For he thinks he owns the universe  
and all that therein is!

(3)

So the place is out of bounds,  
And upon their daily rounds  
All Sir Hilton Popper's keepers have  
an eye for trespassers;  
But we go and chance the row,  
And, in fact, I'm off there now,  
And I'm quite prepared to bend and  
take my "six" if it occurs.  
(Stop Press. It has! Ow-wow-wow!)



## FIRST TEST MATCH England v. The World

England beat The World in a grand  
full day Test Match on Little Side. Full  
scores:

### ENGLAND.

|                                |    |
|--------------------------------|----|
| H. Wharton c & b Ogilvy . . .  | 22 |
| H. V.-Smith lbw b Singh . . .  | 40 |
| R. Cherry b Singh . . .        | 6  |
| M. Linley c Morgan b Singh . . | 17 |
| R. Penfold b Singh . . .       | 0  |
| J. Bull c Singh b Field . . .  | 8  |
| T. Redwing c Desmond b Brown   | 19 |
| P. Hazeldene b Brown . . .     | 11 |
| F. Nugent std Morgan b Brown   | 4  |
| R. Russell not out . . .       | 3  |
| W. Wibley b Singh . . .        | 1  |
| Extras . . .                   | 7  |

Total 138

### THE WORLD.

|                                          |    |
|------------------------------------------|----|
| S. Q. I. Field lbw V.-Smith . .          | 31 |
| P. Delarey c Bull b Cherry . .           | 8  |
| T. Brown not out . . .                   | 57 |
| D. Morgan b V.-Smith . . .               | 5  |
| R. D. Ogilvy c Wharton b<br>Cherry . . . | 11 |
| H. J. R. Singh lbw b Penfold .           | 7  |
| M. Desmond c Wharton b<br>Cherry . . .   | 3  |
| M. Newland c Linley b Cherry             | 4  |
| N. Dupont b Cherry . . .                 | 2  |
| Wun Lung b Penfold . . .                 | 1  |
| F. T. Fish ht wkt b V.-Smith             | 0  |
| Extras . . .                             | 3  |

Total 132

England thus won a thrilling game by 6 runs. The World was lucky in having the Remove's best bowlers, Inky, Tom Brown, Oggy and—when he's not wicket-keeping—Squiff. Their batting was pretty shaky, but it was a close game, and if it hadn't been for a brilliant spell of bowling by Bob Cherry they would have won. Tom Brown and Squiff scored most of The World's runs, Brown playing a great innings and being not out in the end. If Fishy could have kept his bat out of his stumps for one over, Brown would have polished off the arrears and won the match.

Wharton and Smithy put 50 on the board for England's first wicket, and Linley helped Smithy in another partnership, but an unfortunate duck by me—the result of a sheer fluke—made things look grim. However, Hazel and Reddy came together and saved the situation.

It was a great satisfaction to me to get Inky's wicket when The World batted. That made us quits!

## THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

### CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE,

the dandified captain of the Upper  
Fourth.

T is for Temple of the Fourth,  
Search all the counties in the north  
You'll find no fellow half so great  
Or so much like a fashion plate.  
Search all the counties in the east,  
No trousers are more finely creased,



Search all the counties in the west,  
No fellow there so neatly dressed,  
Search all the counties in the south  
No fellow there "shoots off his  
mouth"

Or talks so grandly and so long  
As Temple, when he's going strong!  
This is, of course, his own idea,  
The reason why is hardly clear,  
He's just a tailor's dummy that  
Can talk, but only through his hat!

But soon "buzzes off" in despair.

Yet Fishy amasses  
Good profits from asses

Who sell things for what he will  
pay,

Till Bull, coming back, kicks him out  
of the shack,

And the office is closed for the day.

## AFTER SCHOOL HOURS

### Starts Office Hours

Alone in his office (viz. Study 14)  
The business man does his accounts,  
For Fisher T. Fish is attentive and  
keen

When reckoning up his amounts.  
The scope of his talents  
At striking a balance  
Is probably almost unique;  
For two dollars twenty is certainly  
plenty  
Of profit to make in a week.

The clients who enter the room with  
a grin

Go out, as a rule, with a groan;  
They sobbingly bid a farewell to their  
tin

For interest due on a loan!  
The fellows who borrow  
"A bob till to-morrow"  
Are broke when to-morrow arrives,  
Then Fishy enlarges the scale of his  
charges  
To cover the rest of their lives.

Then Bunter comes in with a hopeful  
design,

But Fishy soon shatters his dream;  
He asks for a fiver, and says he will  
sign

Promissory notes by the ream.  
But big business giants  
Can pick their own clients,  
And Fishy says: "Git, you fat  
geek!"

I reckon you're loco!" And batters  
his boko,  
And Bunter goes out on his neck.

Then Hobson comes next, just to hire  
Fishy's keys,

Two cents is the fee, which is fair.  
Then Snoop tries to sell him a book  
about bees,

(Continued at foot of next col.)

He felt himself lifted and carried away—deeper, as he could guess, into the shadows. He could hear the man gasp and pant; and he knew that it was not the Dutchman, but a much less powerful man.

He was set down again and again—to allow his captor to rest and get his breath. When he was set down for the third time, he felt himself in motion. He was in a canoe.

No word reached him. He lay helpless, dizzy, rolled in the sack in the bottom of the canoe, while the unknown, unseen man plied the paddle. He could do nothing but listen to the dash of the paddle and wonder what it all meant.

There was a jarring bump. The canoe had touched a shore. He was lifted out and set on his feet. He stumbled on rugged coral, and knew that he had been taken across the lagoon to the barrier reef.

"Walk!" came a voice in his ear, muffled through the sack. There was a grip on the cord that bound him, and he was roughly pulled.

He staggered, recovered his footing, and stumbled along in the sack.

The grasping hand guided him. He was being taken across the reef—heading for the open sea.

He knew, only too well, that whoever his enemy was, he was in the hands of a desperate kidnapper—and he could guess that some craft waited outside the reef. That could be the only meaning of this. And though Mauleverer did not lose his courage, his heart was like lead as he stumbled along the rugged coral, guided by the grasp of the unknown hand.

## THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

### Bunter On The Spot!

**B**UMP!

"Oooh!" gasped Billy Bunter. He awoke—quite suddenly.

Something had fallen, heavily and suddenly, across his fat legs, under the canvas, as he lay in happy slumber in the rocking canoe, in the gully on the seaward side of the reef.

What it was, Bunter did not know. It lay heavily across his legs, wriggling as it lay.

The startled Owl lifted his head, and blinked at it.

What he saw made him wonder whether he was still dreaming. It was a copra sack—full of something. What it was full of, wriggled, and gasped. From the end protruded two legs—the amazed Owl saw the ends of a pair of white trousers and two elegant shoes.

He stared, petrified.

There was a wriggling, half-suffocated prisoner tied in the sack, sprawling over Bunter's legs! Someone had swung him into the canoe—someone who was still

on the rugged coral to which the canoe was tied.

Bunter turned a dizzy head.

A figure was stooping on the coral, the back to Bunter, fumbling with the rope that secured the canoe.

Bunter gave it a terrified blink.

Who it was, he had no idea; but even the obtuse fat Owl could understand what was happening. A kidnapped prisoner was in the sack that had been pitched in, and the kidnapper was unfastening the painter—to follow it in and run out to sea!

Billy Bunter was not quick on the uptake. But sheer terror sharpened his faculties. The man on the reef had not seen him—did not dream that anyone was in the canoe under the canvas there. But he would know as soon as he jumped in! And when he found Bunter—

Even as the terrified fat Owl blinked at him in helpless dread, the man rose, the painter in his hand—untied!

Then Bunter acted—rather on instinct than on thought, for he was too frightened to think. He reached over, and gave a hard and hurried push at the coral.

The canoe shot away from the rock.

The man was turning towards it, the cord in his hand—the sudden and unexpected pull jerked the cord from his fingers.

The canoe rocked on the tide, shooting away from the rock. There was a shout of amazement and rage from the man left standing on the coral.

But Bunter lost sight of him the next moment. The canoe was floating out to sea, and the deep shadows of the gully in the reef swallowed the man who had been left behind.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He struggled out from under the canvas, and the sacked figure that lay across it.

The canoe, unguided, rocked wildly. It was running out to sea—already the reef was dropping behind.

"I say—" gasped Bunter.

A gurgling murmur came from within the sack.

Bunter sorted out his pocket-knife, opened it, and sawed at the knotted cord. Then he dragged the sack off.

"Urrrgh!" came a gasp.

"Mauly!" yelled Bunter.

His eyes fairly popped through his spectacles at the sight of Lord Mauleverer, revealed when the sack was pulled off.

Mauleverer sat up, and his eyes, too, popped at Bunter! He was as astonished to see Bunter as Bunter was to see him!

"Bib-bub-Bunter!" stammered Mauleverer.

"Oh crikey! I say, Mauly—"

Lord Mauleverer stared round him. The reef was sinking in the moonlight. Fortunately, the night was calm; the

sea almost as smooth as a pond. Mauleverer picked up the paddle.

He steadied the canoe. Mauly could handle a paddle, which was fortunate for both of them.

"Mim-mum-Mauly!" gurgled Bunter. "Fancy it being you, Mauly! I say, old chap, is—is it really you? Oh crikey!"

"Sort of!" said Mauleverer. "Did you see the man who chucked me in?"

"Yes! No! I just saw him—"

"A white man or a Kanaka?"

"Blessed if I know! A white man, though, I suppose—I—I think he had trousers on! I didn't stop to look at him, Mauly—I just pushed off, when he untied the rope—oh lor! If I hadn't—"

Bunter shuddered.

Lord Mauleverer paddled steadily. Billy Bunter was still goggling with amazement, and wriggling with terror; but Mauly was his cool and self-possessed self again.

The canoe came round to the reef passage at last. Mauleverer paddled in, Bunter blinking rather anxiously at the surf on the coral rocks. But there was ample sea-room for a canoe, and Mauly paddled into the lagoon—and headed for the twinkling lights of the bungalow on the island shore.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Mauly!"

"Bunter!"

"We missed you, Mauly—where the dickens—"

"You've found Bunter!"

"Bunter found me!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Awful glad to see you fellows again! I—"

"I say, you fellows, I rescued Mauly! I—"

"Can it, Bunter!" said the Famous Five, with one voice.

"Beasts! I tell you—" roared Bunter.

"Fact!" said Mauleverer cheerfully.

"But for Bunter I should be sailin' the jolly old ocean waves, bound for parts unknown—"

"Mauly!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"What on earth's happened?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Tell us before you go in, fathead! What—"

"I've got to tell McTab! You come in and hear me tell him! Save tellin' the story twice!"

"Fathead!"

Mr. McTab and the Famous Five listened to Mauly's story, in great amazement. Mauly told it, uninterrupted by Billy Bunter. Bunter was busy feeding.

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss: "THE SCHOOLBOY CRUSOES!"—the next yarn in this magnificent series. It shows Frank Richards in tip-top form, and will provide you with thrills galore!)

## ROYAL NAVY

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booklet "The Royal Navy as a Career and How to Join It" which may be obtained on application to the Recruiting Staff Officer, R.N. and R.M. (N), 85, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, or at any Post Office.

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# TRIUMPHANT AT LAST!

Last Laughable Instalment of Our Record-Breaking Serial:  
"MUTINY AMONG THE MASTERS!"  
By DICKY NUGENT

"Letter for you, sir!" Sorter, the postman, greeted Mr. Lickham in the quad with these words a couple of days after the fiasco in the Jimmynasium.

The temporary headmaster of St. Sam's gave a whistle as he reckoned the family crest on the back of the envelope. Sorter handed him.

"Few! It's from Sir Frederick Funguss! Thanks, Sorter!"

He carelessly tossed the postman a French penny and inserted a somewhat grimy thumb into the flap to open the envelope. As he did so, a bearded figger hopped out from behind a shrub near by and pounced on him like a cat pouncing on a mouse.

"Mind if I see what he says, Lickham?" grinned the newcomer, who was none other than Doctor Birchmell.

Mr. Lickham jumped. "Ow! You gave me quite a start! Yes, you can have a squint, if you like—though I think I can guess what Sir Frederick is going to say," went on Mr. Lickham, with a grin.

"If I am any judge, this letter is to announce that I have passed the tests for branes and strength with flying colours—and that the governors have decided to award me the head-

mastership without bothering about the test for curridge!"

"Ratts!" grinned the Head. "But open it up, old chap, and then we shall see."

Mr. Lickham shrugged and opened the letter, and the two old fogeys pored over it together. This is what they read:

"Dear Mr. Lickham, —After carefully considering the matter, the governors have chosen two of the candidates for the headmastership to undergo the final test, the test having failed to reach a sufficiently high standard in the first two tests. The two successful candidates should present themselves at my house next Saturday afternoon to have their curridge tested. Their names are as follows:

Mr. Caddish.  
Doctor Birchmell.

"Yours truly,  
FREDERICK FUNGUSS, Bart."

"Hooray! Hip-hip-hooray!"

That deft cheer, of course, was from Doctor Birchmell. The ex-headmaster of St. Sam's was as excited as a Second Form fag. He seized Mr. Lickham round the waist and started waltzing him

round and round at whirlwind speed. "Good old me! I knew I'd do it! Hip-hip-hooray!" he cried. Mr. Lickham, needless to say, was by no means so delirious as his successful rival.

"Yah! Not fair! It's a beastly fraud! Lemme go!" he hooted. "Anyway, you haven't won yet. For all you know that chap Caddish may beat you in the final test—and then he'll be Head and you'll still be on the dole!"

Doctor Birchmell laughed scornfully as he released the temporary Head.

"What, Caddish? Never! If you think for a single moment, Lickham, that that wretched little whippersnapper stands an earthly against me in a test of curridge, you must be potty! Anyway, I think I know a way of settling his hash! See you later, Lickham!"

Doctor Birchmell then set off for the School House at a spanking pace. There was a rough smile playing about his lips as he galloped up the stairs and walked along to the

imaginable. The only thing that chaps find objectionable about Johnny is his disconcerting frankness. Funnily enough, this is just what I like most about him!

The last of the Co. is his Highness Hurrey Singh—Inky to us! He's as smooth and polite as Johnny is rough and rude. And his manner is as serious as his English is comic!

Inky's not so easy to understand as the others, but he's a fine sportsman and a great pal.

So these are the chaps with whom I spend so much of my time, pater and mater. I think you'll agree I couldn't have chosen a better crowd in all Greyfriars!

No time for more now. Thanks again for being such sports. See you later in the vac!

Love from  
FRANK.

## Uncensored Letters

No. 7. From FRANK NUGENT

Dear Pater and Mater, —First, my best thanks for agreeing to my spending the first part of the vac. with Wharton and the rest.

You're a couple of sports to say "yes" so easily. You must think at times that I'm beginning to make too much of a habit of it; but I'm too fond of home for that.

There's one thing about it, you can bet I'm in good company so long as I'm with the other members of the Famous Five. Though you have never seen a great deal of them, I think you have seen them well enough to know that much.

Wharton is a real brick,



# The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 304.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

August 6th, 1938.



## HARRY WHARTON CALLING

The Summer Term is over—and by the time you are reading this, my chums and I will be on our way to the South Seas! Here's hoping, readers all, though you may not have the waving palms and tropical thrills in store for us, that you will have the best vac. ever, with plenty of sun and lots of fun.

I shall be unable, naturally, to continue my duties as Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" while I am thousands of miles away; and as nobody else seems anxious to take on the job during the

hols., I have decided to let Fisher T. Fish have a shot at it. Fishy is spending the first part of his vac. at the school and, for that reason, if for no other, seems a good choice! I have warned him that if he tampers overmuch with the style and material of our little paper, his life will not be worth that Continental red cent about which he is always talking; so in its essential features the good old "Herald" will remain unchanged—though I do not doubt that Fishy will add as many touches of his own as he dares! I shall take good care to read all the numbers produced under his editorship, though they may reach me somewhat late; and I am sure that you, my chums, whether you're hiking, biking, or lazing by the sea or working on a farm for the vac., will watch Fishy's career as an Editor with equal interest!

Greyfriars fellows, as usual, are scattering far and wide for the hols. this year—though none, I fancy, are venturing so far as our particular little party. All parts of the British Isles will be explored and some are going to the Continent. Pleasure cruising also claims its devotees. Some Fifth Formers are going in a party to Madeira and half a dozen chaps from the Shell and Upper Fourth are booked for a tour of the Northern Capitals.

Wherever they are and whatever they are doing, you can bet that all Greyfriars men will make the most of it—and that goes particularly for the cheery little crowd of us that are now sailing to the other side of the Equator!

Till we meet again, chums, on my return!

HARRY WHARTON.

study of Jack Jolly, the kaplin of the Fourth. Evidently some wily skeem was forming in his brane. But what that skeem was and what it had to do with Jolly of the Fourth remained a secret—at any rate, for the time being.

On the following Saturday afternoon the

"Help! Help!" he cried, in pammick-stricken tones. "There's burglars in the house, jents—four masked berglars!"

Even Sir Frederick's ruddy complexion turned white at that unexpected announcement.

"B-b-berglahs?" he gasped. "Berglahs at this hour of the day? Where are they?"

Sir Frederick's lips curled, as he saw him. "Egad! An' to think I had you here to test your curridge! Why, I've nev'n in all my life seen a follah in such a blue funk! But we must see to th' berglahs! Is there a man amongst us?"

"There is, Sir Frederick! He's standing before you now!"

It was Doctor Birchmell who rapped out these words. The ex-headmaster stepped forward—the grin on his classical features replaced now by a look of grim determination!

"I'll do the job—alone and unaided!" he cried, in ringing accents.

"Single-handed, I will tackle these despit outlaws, fear ass, if need be, in the face of doom!"

Sir Frederick drew a deep breath.

"Birchmell! My brave an' noble follah!" he breathed. "But there are four of these scoundrells, remembah—armed to the teeth most likely!"

"Pah! That's a meer nothing to a man of my stamp!" said the ex-Head, lightly. "Leave it to me, Sir Frederick! I'll round them up in no time!"

So saying, Doctor Birchmell dashed out of the room. They heard him galling up the stairs three at a time, and then after that they heard a terrific banging and clattering in one of the rooms on the floor above.

A cup of minnits later, he returned, grinning all over his face and carrying under his arm a caseful of military medals.

"All sreen!" he larfed. "I put them to flight. Unforchunittly, I failed to capture them; but I saved the medals!"

Sir Frederick rose to

his feet. There was a look of deep gratitude on his ruddy face. "My brave Birchmell—all!" he merrered. "How can I evah repay you? You have saved my medals—my proudest possessions! What can I do to show you how grateful I feel?"

Then a gleam came into Sir Frederick's eyes.

"Egad! There is one thing I can do, Birchmell! I am goin' to do it at once—an' nobody will evah be able to say you don't deserve it! Birchmell! It is my plezuah and privilege to give you back your old job! You are once more headmastah of St. Sam's!"

For some seconds, Doctor Birchmell was so overcome that he could not say a word. Sheer delite had made him speechless! Then he found his tung at last.

"Thanks, awfully, Sir Frederick!" he gasped. "Be assured, my dear sir, that your trust will not be misplaced. From

now on, I shall be on my metal. I shall steel myself against temptation and rule myself with a rod of iron and take good care not to earn the attentions of a copper!"

"After what has happened just now, Birchmell, I have every confidence in you!" grinned Sir Frederick. "Take up your duties at once, sir. Good-bye—and good luck!"

With these words ringing in his ears, Doctor Birchmell walked out of the massive doors of Sir Frederick's residence, while Mr. Caddish, nashing his teeth with rage, was shown out by the tradesmen's entrance.

Out in the roadway, the reinstated Head was greeted by four cheery youngsters who were just removing masks from their faces.

"Did the wheeze work sir?" asked Jack Jolly, of the Fourth.

"Worked like a charm Jolly—thanks to you boys!" grinned Doctor Birchmell. "Much

obliged to you all for helping me to regain the headmastership by dressing up as cat berglars! Here's something for your trubble!"

With that, he dived into his trowsie pocket and fished out four pennies, one of which he presented to each of the Co.

Jack Jolly then went off to spend the cash on ice-creams.

And Doctor Birchmell all returned to St. Sam's in grate glee.

Once more he was taking up the reins of office—and now he didn't care if it snowed!

THE END.



two selected candidates duly turned up at Sir Frederick Funguss' magnificent mansion and were ushered into Sir Frederick's presence.

They made a weird contrast as they stood before the chairman of the governors. Mr. Caddish, who, like all booties, was a coward at hart, looked as white as a sheet and trembled like an aspirin leaf at the meer thought of facing an ordeal to test his curridge.

Doctor Birchmell, on the other hand, though he had never been noted for his bravery, was for some reason best known to himself, simply full of beans!

"Gentlemen," said Sir Frederick, "I am now going to put you through the final test that will settle which of you is to occupy the proud position of headmastah of St. Sam's. I propose to try your curridge in several ways. I have a captive lip, for instance, at the back of the house, an' I shall ask you each in turn to step into its cage an' stay there for five minnits—"

But before Sir Frederick could say more, there came a startling interruption.

The butler burst into the room, wobbling like a jelly out of sheer terror.

"Help! Help!" he cried, in pammick-stricken tones. "There's burglars in the house, jents—four masked berglars!"

Even Sir Frederick's ruddy complexion turned white at that unexpected announcement.

"B-b-berglahs?" he gasped. "Berglahs at this hour of the day? Where are they?"

## "WAIT FOR IT!" said QUELCH

But Could Not Wait Himself!

Quelchy has a stern way with fellows who feel the holiday spirit before the holidays start.

When there was an outbreak of holiday-itis in the Remove a few days before breaking-up, the old martinet dealt with it in a completely unsympathetic manner.

For firing a water-pistol during class, he gave Skinner 500 lines.

For humming a jazz tune and beating time on the desk with his fingers in the middle of Roman History, he gave Trevor "six."

For drawing a plan of a proposed hiking tour while he was supposed to be drawing a map of Europe, he gave Tom Brown a "halfer" in detention.

After that, he issued a general warning.

"I would like to remind the Form," he said, acidly, "that the summer holidays do not start until the term ends. Until the term ends, I would

advise you, for your own comfort, to maintain the same decorum and to work with the same zeal as might normally be expected in mid-term. Since the vacation is now so near, it is surely not asking too much to ask you to possess your souls in patience and wait for it to come!"

With our ardour thus chilled, we decided to do the wise thing and wait for it. Quelchy is not a man to be trifled with, and the gleam in his gimlet eye betokened a hectic time for any hero who let the holiday spirit get the better of him again.

So for the rest of the week, we manfully gave of our best. In fact, we minded our p's and q's so well that the beak was quite pleased with us and began to look on us with quite a kindly eye.

By relegating the vac. severely to the background,

we surprisingly brought about in the Form-room the cheery holiday atmosphere that the Quelch-bird had set out to squash!

The proof that this was so was a startling one.

On the third day after the warning, we were grinding away at a Latin "con" and Quelchy was sitting at his desk, writing.

Marking up exam papers, we guessed.

What we saw made us gasp! Instead of the exam papers we expected to see, Skinner was handing back a bundle of booklets on holiday tours mixed up with elaborate notes on the cost thereof in Quelchy's neat fist!

It takes a lot of believing—but at that moment, Quelchy actually blushed!

He thanked Skinner, pushed the papers into his desk, and hurriedly came out to collect our "cons" and get on with the lesson.

And after that, we had no more complaints from Quelchy about not being able to wait until the holidays started.

It only proves what we have always maintained—that, in spite of evidence to the contrary, the Quelch-bird is quite human when you get to know him

A wasp flew through one of the open windows and started buzzing round Quelchy's head. Quelchy tried to shoo it

