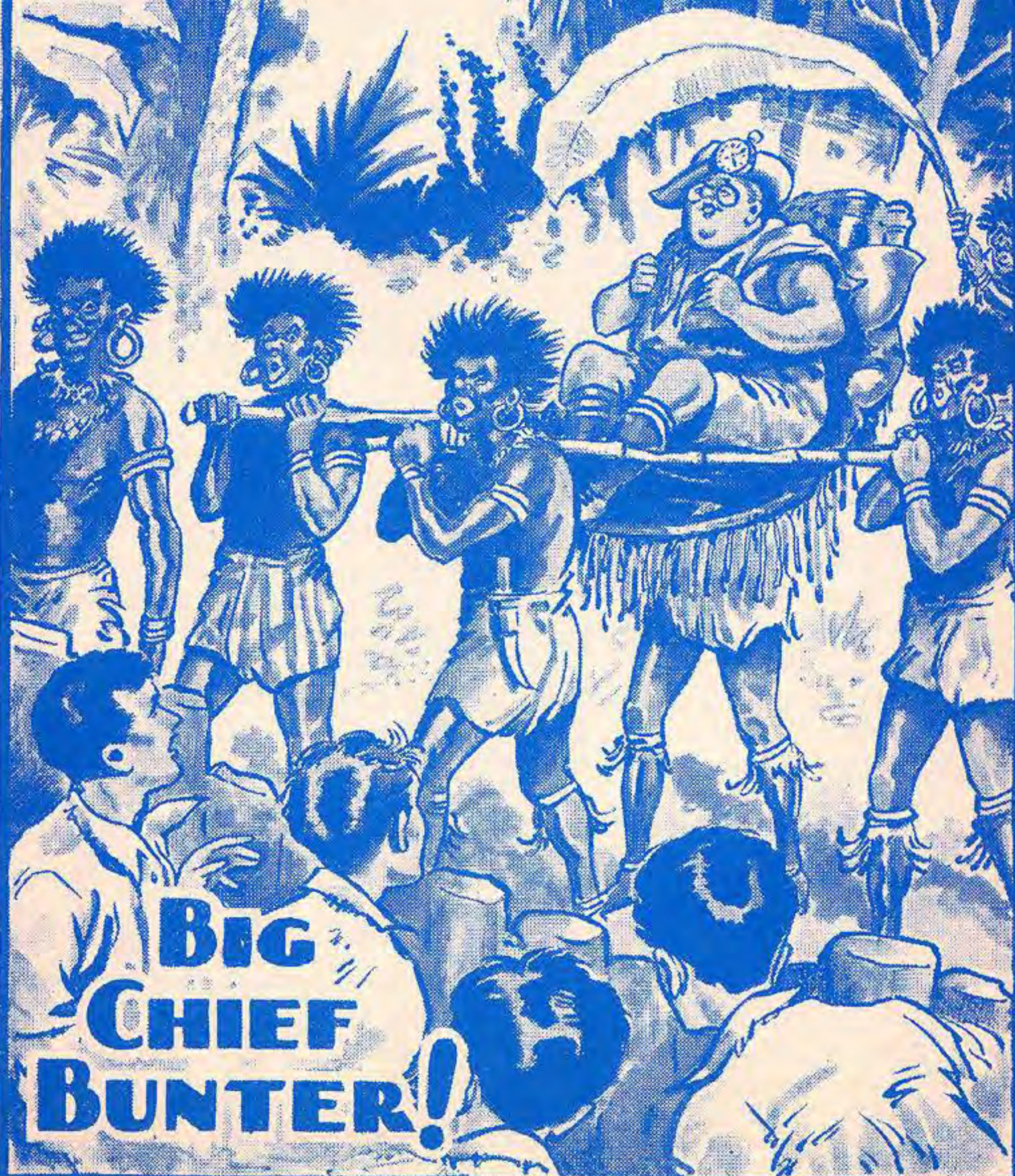


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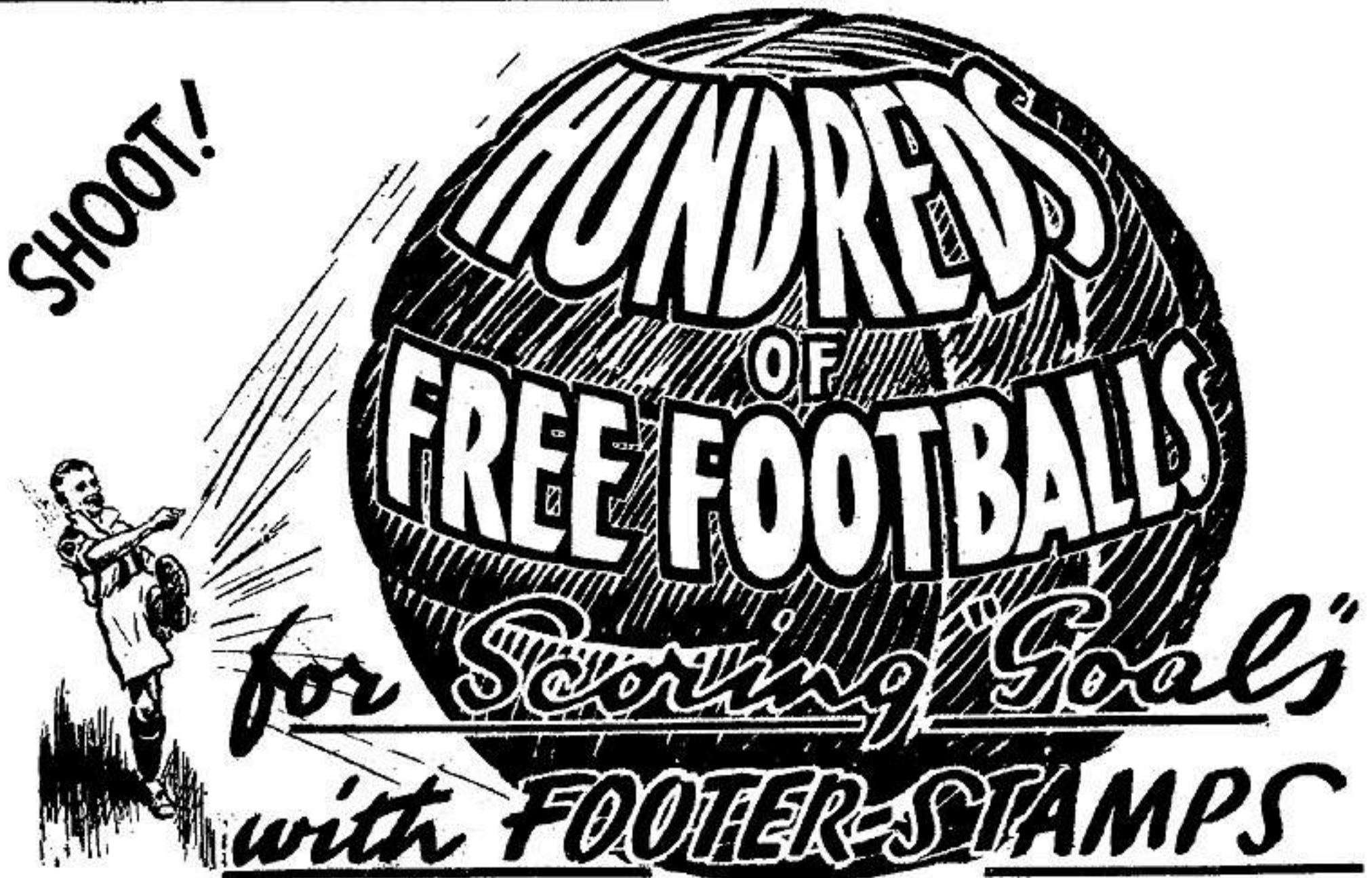
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Billy Bunter's
Own Paper



**BIG
CHIEF
BUNTER!**

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WHO wants to win a Super Football? There are hundreds to be won free this month by "Footer-Stamps" collectors. "Footer-Stamps" are being printed every week in MAGNET. They consist of pictures of six different actions on the football field, and the object of this great competition stamp-game is to score as many "goals" as possible by the end of September.

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.**

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 a set of the stamps 1 to 6 each time.)

There are ten more stamps here to add to your collection. 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. If you have any odd stamps left over from the August competition they can be included, too.

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

"Footer-Stamps" is all the rage—see that you're in it, so that we can send you a football very soon, maybe! Up to 300 more of the 1,000 footballs offered are going to be awarded in the September competition for the readers scoring the highest number of "goals" with "Footer-Stamps" for the month.

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 300 Footballs will be awarded in the September 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—and 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!

TEN MORE FOOTER-STAMPS" TO SAVE!



It's touch and go with 'the chums of Greyfriars—castaways on a cannibal island in the boundless Pacific—until a startling change of fortune makes William George Bunter—

BIG CHIEF BUNTER!



"Oooooogh!" gasped Billy Bunter, waking up suddenly to see a tall and muscular brown man, spear in hand, grinning down at him.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Gets a Shock!

BILLY BUNTER bounded. It was not merely a jump. It was a wild bound! Billy Bunter was considered, in the Greyfriars Remove, a bit of a bounder—in one sense of that word. But he was not much of a bounder in the other sense of the word. Bunter was too solid for bounding. But, at the present moment, he bounded like the most active of kangaroos.

It was enough to make any fellow jump—if not bound!

Bunter was a good many thousands of miles from Greyfriars School. He was sitting on a shelving beach, lapped by the blue waters of a lagoon. Tall, nodding palms shaded him from the glare of the tropical sun. Before him lay the lagoon, the surf-splashed reef, and the boundless spaces of the Pacific Ocean, stretching away to the horizon all round the solitary island on which the Greyfriars castaways had drifted on their raft.

The raft lay high and dry on the beach. Harry Wharton & Co. had gone along the shore to discover, if they could, whether that lonely and unknown island was inhabited. Billy Bunter was anxious to know whether that island was inhabited, and especially whether it was inhabited by cannibals—in which case, the inhabitants would probably have regarded Bunter as a particularly fat and welcome morsel.

But Bunter was not, at the moment, thinking about the inhabitants.

He was sitting between two piles of provender—one of coconuts and the

other of ripe bananas. He helped himself from both piles alternately.

How many coconuts and how many bananas Bunter had already packed away that morning Bunter could hardly have told. Drifting on the raft had left Bunter with a lot of space to fill. He had been eating when the other fellows left him to explore the beach, and he was still eating, when there was a rustling sound among the palms, and a number of brown figures in loin-cloths emerged into view.

It was then that Bunter bounded.

Harry Wharton & Co. were far out of sight along the curving beach. Whether they had discovered inhabitants or not, Bunter had—or, rather, the inhabitants had discovered Bunter!

A second ago Bunter had been think-

Holiday Adventures With A Real Live Thrill for HARRY WHARTON & CO., the Cheery Chums of GREYFRIARS.

ing only of packing more and more coconuts and bananas. Now he forgot bananas and coconuts. With one frantic bound, Billy Bunter was on his feet, blinking round him in horror through his big spectacles.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter

His first thought was to run. That was a thought that always leaped to Bunter's mind in a moment of danger.

But there was no chance to run.

There were more than a dozen of the brown-skinned islanders, and they circled round Bunter as soon as they appeared in sight. He was surrounded.

He made one step towards the beach in the direction the juniors had taken. A broad-bladed spear was presented to his podgy chest, and he retracted that step in a hurry.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

He stood rooted, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles. Every one of the savages had a spear in his brown hand, and the point of every spear was turned towards the fat junior of Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter's fat knees knocked together. His fat legs failed him, and he sat down again, with a heavy bump!

But the spears, though pointed towards Bunter, did not lunge. The brown men of the Pacific island seemed satisfied with barring off his escape.

Neither did they look ferocious. Even in his terror, the fat Owl of the Greyfriars Remove could see that every brown face wore a cheery grin.

Judging by their looks, the savages were glad to see Bunter!

Bunter's podgy heart, which had almost ceased to beat, resumed its normal functions. It dawned upon his fat mind that the inhabitants of that unknown island might be friendly. At all events, they did not seem to be going to hurt him. The threatening spear-points were lowered.

Two or three of them addressed him in a language that was soft and musical to the ear, but of which he did not understand a single word.

"Oh crikey!" was all that Bunter could say in reply.

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One of the natives stepped closer to him. The native was a big man, over six feet high, with brawny limbs. From his garb, which was more elaborate than that of the others, Bunter could guess that he was a chief. Every other brown man wore a loin-cloth, and not a lot of that. But the chief, in addition to a loin-cloth, wore an old pair of duck trousers. He wore them round his neck, hanging down his back. In his ears he wore strings of cartridge-clips, in his nose the handle of a teapot. In his thick mop of black hair he wore the metal case of a cheap clock, polished, and shining in the sun. It was obvious, from this dressy style, that he was a man of distinction. What reassured Bunter was that he wore, in addition to the other things, a happy and cheerful grin!

He stretched out a large brown hand and pinched Bunter's fat cheek! It was quite a gentle pinch—almost a caress! Then he pinched the other fat cheek! Then he pinched a fat shoulder!

Then, stepping back again, he spoke to his companions, in his strange tongue, and there was a general gabble, which, to Bunter's relief, expressed satisfaction.

They were glad to see Bunter! On their looks, there could hardly be any doubt about that, and the fat junior breathed more freely.

"I—I say—" began Bunter.

He rose to his feet, reassured.

Friendly as they seemed, Bunter would have preferred their room to their company. He was anxious to get away and rejoin the other fellows.

He made one step!

Immediately the spears were lifted, and he backed promptly. Cheery grins gave place to sudden ferocity, and the fat junior sat down again with a gasp.

Smiles immediately returned to the brown, tattooed faces. They seemed to like Bunter, and to want his company. It was, perhaps, the first time on record that anybody had wanted Billy Bunter's company. But it was clear that the islanders did; and Bunter was in no position to refuse.

The chief addressed him, grinning from ear to ear, displaying a magnificent set of white teeth.

"You white feller, you stop!" he said, speaking in the beche-de-mer—the pidgin-English of the South Seas. That universal language of the Pacific seemed to have penetrated even to that solitary island, of which the Greyfriars fellows knew nothing, except that it was hundreds of miles from anywhere.

"Oh, yes!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wasn't going away, you know. I—I want to stop. Oh lor'!"

"You stop along this place!" said the chief. "This feller Koo-koo likee plenty too much you stop."

Koo-koo was apparently the name of the chief!

"Oh! Yes! Certainly!" stuttered Bunter. "Likee too much; Oh crikey!"

"This feller too much glad fat white feller come along island belong him," said the chief. "Fat white feller come along Koo-koo, along house belong him, close-up."

"Oh jiminy!"

The chief made a sign, and the savages closed up round Bunter, on either side of the hapless fat Owl. Koo-koo gestured him to walk. He was to be taken through the palm grove, to the dwelling of the natives of the island; but, smiling as they looked, Billy Bunter was very unwilling to go. Brown hands lifted him to his feet and set his face towards the palms.

"I—I say—" stammered Bunter.

"You comey!" said Koo-koo.

"I—I—I'd rather not, if you don't mind!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I d-d-don't want—I—I say—yaroooooh!"

He yelled as he felt the prick of a spear-point.

"Ow! Oh crikey! Keep off, you beasts! I say, you fellows, help!" yelled Bunter as he was grasped and urged towards the palm grove. "Yow-ow-ow! Help! I say, you fellows! Help! Help!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Scrap With the Savages!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry

"That's Bunter!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

Harry Wharton & Co. were already hurrying.

A mile from the spot where the castaways had landed the night before from the raft, Lord Mauleverer had noted the footprints of naked feet in the sand of the shore, which warned them that the island was inhabited.

As Bunter had been left alone at the camp, the Famous Five and Mauly were losing no time in getting back after making that discovery.

They were drawing near the camp, but it was still out of sight on the curving beach when Bunter's yell reached their ears. That yell could have been heard over most of the island, and a good deal of the Pacific. The terrified fat Owl was putting his beef into it.

"Come on!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"That means that the natives have turned up already!" said Frank Nugent. "They've found Bunter—"

"Help! I say, you fellows, help!" came the yell through the palm-trees. "Buck up!" said Lord Mauleverer.

The six juniors ran hard along the sand. What they were going to find when they reached the camp they did not know; but they had to go to Bunter's rescue. They had hoped to be able to lie low for a time, until they discovered what sort of natives were on the island, but there was no hope of that now.

They were in no state for hostilities, if hostilities could be avoided. Most of the supplies that had been brought off from the sinking schooner had been lost when the raft was storm-tossed on the Pacific. Only one rifle remained—and it was not fully loaded. Harry Wharton had it under his arm—Wharton being the best shot in the party. Bob Cherry had an axe. There was no other weapon in the party at all, and Johnny Bull, Nugent, Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh and Lord Mauleverer, had cut themselves cudgels. A scrap with a mob of savages was a dismaying prospect in the circumstances.

But no fellow in the Greyfriars party thought of hesitating as the hapless Owl's wild yells rang along the beach. They ran their hardest.

In a couple of minutes they passed the raft, high and dry on the sand, and dashed under the palms where Bunter had been left.

It was a startling scene that met their eyes.

Billy Bunter, yelling with terror, was wriggling in the grasp of two brawny brown men, his eyes bulging behind his spectacles, his hair almost standing on end. Round them were gathered nearly a dozen more islanders, gabbling excitedly in an unknown tongue.

The attention of the savages was concentrated on Bunter, and they did not

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cast a glance towards the other juniors as the party came panting on the scene. Probably they were not yet aware that others beside the "fat white feller" had landed on the island.

"You come, you white feller!" Koo-koo was snapping at Bunter. "S'pose you no walk, leg belong you, carry all samee little pig."

"Help!" yelled Bunter. "Owl Leggo! I won't go! I say, you fellows, help! Oh crikey! Leggo!"

The two brown men who were holding Bunter's fat arms grabbed him, and swept him off his feet, to carry him away bodily. Even Billy Bunter's weight was nothing to the brawny Kanakas.

"Stop!" shouted Harry Wharton.

He came to a panting halt, the rifle to his shoulder, his eyes gleaming over the levelled barrel.

There was a splutter of surprise from the brown-skinned islanders, and they spun round in a bunch, staring at the juniors. But the two men who carried Bunter still held him, his fat arms and legs thrashing wildly in the air.

"More white feller stop!" exclaimed Koo-koo. He made a stride towards the juniors, but halted, plainly daunted by the levelled rifle and the steady eyes that looked over it.

Harry Wharton's friends gathered round him, grasping their weapons. They were ready to stand up to a struggle; but they did not need telling how utterly hopeless it was if the savages rushed with their spears. All depended on whether the levelled rifle stopped a rush.

Remote as that island was, far out of the track of ships and trade, it was clear that the islanders knew fire-arms and their deadly nature. Wharton could have shot down as many of them as he had cartridges before they could have reached him with their spears—and they were well aware of it. Fierce glares were turned on him—the good-humour that Bunter had seen in the brown faces was quite gone now. But they did not advance on him.

"Hand belong you no stop along that white feller!" rapped out Harry, in the beche-de-mer. "You let that white feller go, close-up."

"Help!" shrieked Bunter, as the two men holding him made a sudden rush to get him away in the palms.

"They're going—" breathed Bob. "Harry—quick—"

Bang!

The rifle roared! Bunter would have been gone in another few moments, and the captain of the Greyfriars Remove had to fire, at all risks. He aimed at a brawny brown leg, and shot through the knee; and one of Bunter's bearers let go the fat junior and collapsed on the ground, yelling.

Bunter bumped down after him, roaring.

There was a wild, fierce yell from the islanders. For one terrible moment the Greyfriars juniors thought that the rush was coming. The next, the whole mob were scuttling away through the palms, leaving the wounded man shrieking, and Billy Bunter roaring.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Stockade!

"O H crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"I say, you fellows—help!" yelled Billy Bunter.

The juniors stood panting. Brown figures and fuzzy heads were darting

among the palms, disappearing. Almost in a twinkling they were gone from sight. Billy Bunter, unaware that the danger was over, roared and roared.

Harry Wharton lowered the rifle, breathing hard. Only that rifle and steady nerve had saved the juniors from a mad rush, and stabbing spears.

"By gum! That was touch and go!" breathed Johnny Bull. "All right now, Bunter—"

"Owl! Help!" roared Bunter.

"Shut up, ass! They're gone!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Owl! I say—wow!"

The wounded man was crawling away, with terrified backward glances. The juniors were glad enough to see him go.

"All serene, Bunter—"

"Owl! I say, you fellows—oh crikey!"

"O.K., old fat man," said Lord Mauleverer. He stepped to Bunter, and gave him a hand up.

Bunter tottered to his feet, with Mauly's helping hand. His fat face was like chalk, his podgy knees knocked together. He blinked round him, with popping eyes, through his spectacles.

"I—I—I say, you fellows, are they gone?" stuttered Bunter.

"The gonefulness is terrific, my esteemed, fat Bunter!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh reassuringly.

"Oh crikey! They—they looked friendly at first!" groaned Bunter.

"J-just as if they were glad to see a fellow, you know! Oh lor! Then they were going to tut-tut-tut—"

"What?"

"To tut-tut-tut-take me away, with them!" gasped Bunter. "Oh jiminy! Leaving a fellow to be tut-tut-took—I mean, tut-tut-taken away by kik-kik-cannibals—ow!"

Bunter wiped the perspiration from his fat brow. Bunter had had the scare of his fat life, and he did not find it easy to recover from it.

"I—I say, you fellows, we've got to get out of this!" gasped Bunter.

"Get out of it?" repeated Bob, staring at the fat Owl. "How?"

"We can get the raft out and clear, before they come back!" howled Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, let's get out before they kik-kik-come back."

In his terror of the savages, the fat Owl seemed to have forgotten the terrible days on the raft. But the other fellows had not forgotten.

For days and days—long, burning days—the castaways had drifted on the wandering raft, after the sinking of the Flamingo. They had survived a wild hurricane on the Pacific, almost by a miracle. Worse than the hurricane, had been hunger and thirst; and they had reached land, as they knew only too well, barely in time to save their lives.

Putting to sea again on the raft was a last and desperate resource. It was asking for the dreadful fate they had so narrowly escaped. Whatever their fate on the unknown island, it could scarcely be worse than the tortures of thirst on the drifting raft.

"We seem to have got out of the frying-pan into the fire!" said Johnny Bull. "But we ain't getting back into the frying-pan, fathead!"

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"That's impossible!" he said quietly. "Whatever we've got to face here, it's better than that! You think so, Mauly?"

"Yaas!"

"This may be an island that ships touch at, for all we know!" said Harry.

"We may be able to get clear of those brutes—they don't seem to like shooting at close quarters, anyhow."

"They'll come back!" wailed Bunter.

"Well, if they come back, we shall have to stand up to them, old fat bean," said Bob. "They seemed rather in a hurry to get away, last I saw of them."

"They've cleared right off, anyhow!" said Nugent.

Billy Bunter cast an uneasy blink into the palms. There was no sign of the islanders to be seen. Evidently they were gone, though it was rather too much to hope that they were gone for good.

Still, they were gone, and their sudden and frantic flight had the effect of raising the spirits of the Greyfriars fellows.

"We've got time—" said Harry Wharton.

"Time to get off in the raft?" gasped Bunter.

"No, ass! We can't chance it on the raft again! Anything's better than that, fathead!"

"Look here, you beast—"

"Don't you remember how hungry you were on the raft, Bunter, old bean?" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

Billy Bunter groaned. He did remember! It had been awful. But this was awful, too. In fact, the general outlook was awful.

"I—I say, you fellows, think we can hide?" he gasped.

"Hide?" repeated Bob. "Oh, my hat! We're not thinking of hiding, old porpoise. Still, if you're keen on it—"

"I jolly well am!" howled Bunter.

"All right! I'll give you a hiding, if you like!" said Bob cheerily. "Wait till I cut a lawyer-cane—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. The hiding he wanted was not, it seemed, one from a lawyer-cane. "Look here—"

"Shut up, old fat bean! You talk too much!" said Bob. "Carry on, skipper!"

Savages on a solitary island did not seem to have affected Bob Cherry's exuberant spirits very much. The fact was that all the juniors realised that, savages or no savages, they were lucky to be on the island at all.

"We've got time," repeated Harry. "They look like leaving us alone for a bit, at least, and we want to be ready for them if they come back. We've got to put up some sort of a defence."

"A stockade!" exclaimed Bob.

"Something of the sort. Something that will stop a rush, at any rate," said the captain of the Remove.

"If we hadn't lost the dashed tools in that dashed storm—"

"Well, we did. Can't be helped. We were lucky not to follow them to the bottom of the Pacific!"

"True, O king!" said Bob. "Let's pile in! If that chap with the clock on his napper comes back, we want to be ready for him!"

Bob swung the axe. It was the only implement remaining to the castaways. There was ample material at hand for building a stockade in the palms that grew thick and innumerable, but hewing them down with the single axe was a task far beyond the powers of the juniors.

"Break up the raft!" said Harry tersely.

Yell from Bunter.

"You silly ass! If we break up the raft, how are we going to get away?"

"Fathead!" roared Johnny Bull. "We can't get away! Dry up!"

"Well, look here, let Bunter cut down some of these palms instead!" suggested Bob. "Got your pocket-knife, Bunter?"

"You—you—you idiot!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get going!" said Harry. "The raft's no use to us now. We're here, and we've got to stick here. If we could make friends with the natives we might be able to get a canoe from them. But what we've got to do now is to build some sort of a defence in case they cut up rusty and try to rush us."

All the fellows agreed to that—even Bunter, on seconds thoughts. The mere recollection of the horrors adrift on the raft made the fat Owl shudder.

And it was plain that the natives—for the present, at least—were going to give the castaways a wide berth. There was a hopeful possibility that a friendly footing might be established with them later. But clearly the first pressing need was for the castaways to put themselves in a position of defence, and they lost no time about it.

Bob Cherry wielded the axe, and the other fellows wrenched and tugged, and the timbers of the raft came to pieces. Even Billy Bunter lent a fat hand at the hard labour.

There was plenty of timber in the raft. The juniors had had all the material they wanted, and more, when they built it on the deck of the Flamingo. Innumerable thick beams and heavy planks lay on the sand when it had been knocked to pieces.

Close by the bank of the little stream that flowed into the lagoon, near the spot where they had first landed, the castaways started building.

Harry Wharton marked out a square. Sand was shovelled away, with flat pieces of board used as shovels, and beams and planks set upright, planted deep, and the sand shovelled back, with coral rocks added to give strength.

While they worked, the castaways kept a wary look-out. Bunter wariest of all. But there was no sign of the enemy. If Koo-koo and his tribesmen were not finished with the castaways, they were, at all events, in no hurry to reappear.

The long, hot hours wore by, burning heat streaming down on the lonely island and the encircling ocean. Hot as it was, the juniors did not think of resting so long as they could keep going.

The timbers of the raft, one after another, were jammed into place, banked with sand and coral. Only the narrowest of gateways was left, through which the juniors had to squeeze.

It was heavy labour; but many hands made light work, and the juniors were spurred on by the knowledge that, in all probability, their lives might be at stake. Only in the blaze of noon they stopped for a brief rest and a meal of coconuts and bananas, washed down by clear, cool water from the stream. Then the labour was resumed, and, hot and tired as they were, the Greyfriars castaways had the satisfaction of seeing the stockade growing near to completion.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Boot For Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Say on, old fat pippin!"
yawned Bob Cherry.

It was sunset.

The fence was up. The enclosure within was limited in space, but there was room for the seven juniors. The wooden walls were strong—that was the chief thing. Many nails had been knocked out and used again, and Bob Cherry's pocket-knife was one of those complicated contrivances which include a screwdriver, so Bob was able to deal with the screws. The uprights, planted firmly, banked with sand and rocks, were strengthened by boards nailed or

screwed cross-wise on the inside. The narrow gateway was blocked by a single wide plank, with bars to keep it in place.

There was plenty more to be done in the way of strengthening the stockade, but for the present the castaways left it at that, even Bob Cherry, the most strenuous of the party, not feeling equal to knocking in another nail or driving in another screw.

The juniors had hardly recovered from their privations on the raft, and that day of heavy labour had worn them out.

They sat on the sand inside the stockade and rested, and ate bananas and coconuts as the sun sank towards the western sea.

Billy Bunter was the least fatigued. That was because Bunter was the laziest. Even Bunter had worked that day, but he had allowed himself a good many rests—in fact, his resting intervals were a good deal longer than his working periods.

Now, with a coconut in one hand and a banana in the other, Billy Bunter sat with his fat little legs stretched out on the sand, his podgy back resting against the stockade fence, and blinked up at the sky.

"Suppose it rains!" he said.

"Suppose it rains!" repeated Bob.

"Yes; you haven't thought of that!" said Bunter, blinking at him.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

The juniors had thought only of building a stockade to keep off the enemy in case of attack, and all the timber available had been used in the walls. They were really not in a position to consider possible changes in the weather.

"Let's hope it won't rain" said Bob cheerfully.

"Well, you know what it's like in these beastly tropics!" said Bunter. "Might come on any minute, drenching!"

"Then you'll get a wash, old porpoise! After all, you haven't had one since we got away from the Flamingo!" "Beast!"

"Since we left Greyfriars, you mean!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter ate a banana, drank the milk from a coconut, and began to chew the same. Then, with his mouth full, he restarted after the interval.

"I say, you fellows, it's getting dark!"

"Observant chap, Bunter!" remarked Bob Cherry. "Did any of you fellows ever notice that it gets dark at night-fall?"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "I mean, suppose those beasts come back after dark! I shouldn't wonder if that is their game!"

The juniors grinned. They could not help it. That thought had apparently only just occurred to Bunter. It had been in every other mind all day long.

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Bob. "If they're going to pay us another visit at all, I think it's jolly likely they'll drop in after dark."

"The likeliness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But what cannot be cured must go longest to the well, as the English proverb observes."

"I—I—I say, you fellows, I—I—I think it would have been safer to push off on the raft, after all!" said Bunter uneasily.

"If you really think so, old chap——" said Bob thoughtfully.

"I jolly well do!" yapped Bunter.

"All right, then! Stick it together again——"

"What?" howled Bunter.

"And we'll push off!" said Bob affably.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave the cheery Bob a devastating blink through his big spectacles.

"You—you—you silly idiot!" he gasped.

Harry Wharton rose, stepped on a rock inside the stockade fence, and looked over the top. The white beach gleamed in the setting sun, but under the thick palms at the back of the beach the dusk was deepening. But, so far as he could see, there was no sign of a return of the natives.

"Nobody in sight?" asked Nugent, as he stepped down again.

"No! They may be going to keep clear," said Harry. "I hope so, anyway. But——"

"But we shall have to keep a jolly good watch to-night," said Bob.

"Yes, rather! We'll take it in turns—an hour each!" said Harry. "If they keep clear to-night, we may have done with them for good!"

"I shan't sleep a wink to-night!" groaned Bunter. "I wish we hadn't left Kalua, you fellows."

"I think we all wish that, old chap!" said Harry. "I'd give a good deal to be in Mr. McTab's bungalow on Kalua now."

"It was all that ass Mauly's fault!" grunted Bunter.

"You fat ass——"

"You howling owl——"

"So it was, and you jolly well know it!" snorted Bunter. "That ass Mauly's landed us in this! We were all right on Kalua—and if we hadn't gone in that beastly schooner we should be there now! Don't I wish I was!"

"And don't we wish you were!" said Bob.

"The wishfulness is terrific!"

"And what did Mauly go off in that putrid schooner for?" snorted Bunter. "We were all right on Kalua, but he had to start off on a trip to the Fiji Islands, looking for that beastly relation of his——"

Lord Mauleverer gave a start.

"Eh? What's that?" he ejaculated.

"You jolly well know you did!" grunted Bunter. "We should be on Kalua now if you hadn't gone hunting about for that beastly cousin of yours, Brian Mauleverer——"

"Yaas," assented Mauly. "But I don't remember tellin' you anythin' about old Brian, Bunter! I told these fellows, but I never told you. How do you know anythin' about it?"

The Famous Five glared at William George Bunter as if they could have eaten him. Lord Mauleverer had confided to them that his chief object in taking that holiday in the South Seas was to find, if he could, his missing Cousin Brian, the bad hat of the family. Certainly, he had not confided it to Bunter! Still, it was not really surprising that Bunter knew! The Owl of the Remove had his own peculiar methods of acquiring information about matters that did not concern him.

"You fat villain!" said Johnny Bull. "Have you been listening——"

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"You eavesdropping fat worm——" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"How did you know, Bunter?" asked Lord Mauleverer, very quietly.

"Oh, really, Mauly! If you think I listened to you when you were talking about it——"

"Didn't you?" asked Mauleverer.

"Certainly not!" said Bunter warmly. "Not the sort of thing I would do,



Billy Bunter, yelling with terror, wriggled in the grasp of the two brown men. "You comey, you white feller!" snapped Koo-koo. "S'pose you no walk, leg belong you, carry all samee little pig." "Help!" yelled Bunter. "Leggo! I won't go!"

Mauly! These fellows might, perhaps—"

"Why, you fat rotter!" roared Johnny Bull.

"You needn't yell at me, Bull, because I'm a bit more particular in such things than you are!" said Bunter. "I should scorn the action, as you jolly well know!"

"Then how do you know anythin' about old Brian?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh! The—the fact is——"

"Carry on!"

"The—the fact is——"

"Yaas, I'm waitin' to hear the fact before I kick you!" said Lord Mauleverer patiently. "Let's hear the jolly old fact! How do you know anythin' about my hikin' along to the South Seas to look for my Cousin Brian?"

"The—the—the fact is, I—I don't!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I—I don't know anything about it at all, old fellow! Never heard of the chap."

"What?" yelled Mauleverer.

"Never heard the name before!" declared Bunter. "I—I say, there's nothing to get waxy about, Mauly. I—I've never even heard the name of Brian Mauleverer. I—I suppose you can take a fellow's word?"

"Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Get up, Bunter!"

"Eh? Wharrer you want me to get up for?"

"I can't kick you while you're sittin' down."

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer got up. Billy Bunter did not. He sat tight. Billy Bunter always preferred sitting down to standing up. Now his preference was more marked than ever.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly. "What's that Bunter's sitting on? Is it a snake?"

"Yaroo!"

Bunter bounded. He bounded as swiftly and as actively as when he had first sighted the natives that morning. How he lifted his weight so swiftly was really a mystery. But he did! In a split second Bunter was on his feet.

Thud! A boot landed on the tightest trousers in the Pacific Islands.

"Yaroo!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer sat down again placidly.

Billy Bunter wriggled and roared. He realised that he had not been sitting on a snake. But that realisation came after Mauly's boot had landed. And it had landed hard.

"Ow! Beast! Yow! Rotter! Wow! Swab!" roared Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to— Yow-ow-ow-wow!"

"Now let's all kick Bunter together!" suggested Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter sat down again as quickly as he had risen!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Foes In The Night!

HARRY WHARTON caught his breath.

It was past midnight.

High in the deep-blue heavens hung the Southern Cross, and bright starlight glimmered down on the beach of the unknown island, on the shining lagoon, and the Pacific creaming on the circling reef. But under the tall palms, at a little distance from the stockade by the stream, all was dark. It seemed to Wharton that he caught a movement of dark figures in the deep dusk under the palms.

It was Wharton's turn to keep watch. He stood on one of the coral rocks inside

the palisade, the rifle under one arm. From the bottom of his heart he hoped that the castaways had done with the natives and that the brown-skinned islanders would keep their distance. But he was keeping wary watch and ward.

On many of the Pacific Islands, he knew, the natives would never engage in hostilities after nightfall. But customs varied in different islands, and whether that custom obtained on this particular island he had no means of knowing—though he certainly hoped that it did.

With a knitted, anxious brow, he listened and watched.

His comrades lay sleeping, heads pillowed on arms, in the sand within the stockade. Billy Bunter had stated that he would not sleep a wink that night, but his deep snore sounded as continuously as it was wont to do in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars School. Only Harry Wharton was awake—but he was wide awake and tensely on the alert.

His comrades, perhaps, were dreaming of Greyfriars, and Harry was thinking of the old school as he watched the shadowy palms for a foe. He wondered whether he would ever see Greyfriars again—ever walk in the old quadrangle and meet the old crowd in the Remove passage.

With luck and pluck the castaways might succeed in defending themselves against the hostile savages. They had, at any rate, had the best of it so far. But they were cast away on an island of which they knew nothing, except that it was a speck in the boundless Pacific. Whether a white man's ship ever came to that remote spot he could not tell—but it did not seem very likely.

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Had the natives been friendly, a canoe might have been obtained from them, packed with native provisions, and the juniors might have tried their luck again on the sea. But that looked far from probable now, though Wharton had not entirely given up hope of it.

Where they actually were was a problem to the castaways. They had drifted, perhaps, a hundred miles after the sinking of the *Flamingo*. But the schooner had sailed a great distance after falling into the hands of the two desperadoes, Van Dink and Ysabel Dick, before it had been scuttled.

They were, at all events, hundreds of miles from Kalua, Mauly's island, where his manager, Mr. McTab, was probably expecting them back from Suva by this time.

Probably Mr. McTab did not know yet that anything had happened to Lord Mauleverer and his friends.

Certainly he could never have dreamed that the two prisoners, who were on the schooner in irons to be taken to Suva, had obtained their liberty and taken possession of the vessel.

Nothing could be known until the captain and crew were picked up in the whaleboat, and then news might be long in reaching Mr. McTab at Kalua. When he learned of the fate of the *Flamingo*, no doubt he would dispatch a vessel in search of possible survivors. But the chance of being found was remote.

There were some who knew that they had survived—and Wharton set his lips as he thought of the cutter that they had sighted from the raft, and that had passed on its way, abandoning them.

Van Dink and Ysabel Dick had been on that cutter, and the beachcomber, at least, would have picked them up from the raft. How Van Dink had prevailed on the skipper of the *Sea-Cat* to pass them by the juniors could not guess—but they knew that he had done so. There was nothing to hope for from Peter Parsons, the skipper of the *Lukwe* cutter.

Probably he supposed that the castaways on the raft had perished by this time; as indeed they must have done had they not chanced upon the beach of this savage island.

Greyfriars School seemed a long way off to the captain of the *Remove* as he stood there, thinking it over, while he watched for the enemy.

But Greyfriars, and all other matters, vanished from his thoughts as he detected a shadowy movement under the nodding palms. He caught his breath quickly.

He was not mistaken! Dark, dim, shadowy figures moved and flitted in the deep dusk under the trees, and suddenly he caught the gleam of a spear-head glistening in a ray of starlight.

The savages were gathering for the attack.

Harry Wharton glanced down at his companions. They were all sleeping soundly, more soundly, probably, than they had slept in the dormitory at Greyfriars, after the fatigues of the day. But Lord Mauleverer woke up immediately at the sound of his voice.

"Wake up, you fellows!"

Mauleverer sat up.

He rubbed sleepy eyes, and blinked at the captain of the *Remove*.

"Comin'?" he asked.

"Yes, old chap! Call the others."

Mauly was on his feet in a moment, shaking the other sleepers. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, jumped up instantly and grasped their weapons.

Bunter snored on!

He gave a grunt as a boot poked into

his fat ribs. He gave another grunt as it poked harder. Then he sat up, blinking.

"Beast! What's up?" he grunted.

"We are, old fat bean, and you'd better be!" answered Bob. "Get hold of something, and wherever you see a head hit it."

"Oh crikey! Are they coming?" gasped Bunter.

"They is, old bean; they are!"

"Oh lor'!"

Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet and jammed his spectacles on his fat little nose. Johnny Bull shoved a palm-wood cudgel into his hand, the fat Owl grasped it, and it shook there like an aspen leaf. Billy Bunter did not look like doing a lot of damage with that cudgel.

"Oh crikey!" he groaned. "I wish I was back at Greyfriars! I wish I was at home! Bessie and Sammy are better than this! Oh jiminy!"

"Brace up, old chap!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Beast!" moaned Bunter. "I—I say, you fellows, hadn't we better cut off, and—and hide?"

"Fathead!"

"I jolly well wish I'd hided now—I mean hidden! If you beasts hadn't stopped me—"

"Shut up, ass!"

"Oh lor'!"

The hapless Owl moaned and groaned. The Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer manned the stockade. Moaning and groaning did not seem useful in the circumstances, and they left it to Bunter. Bunter certainly put up enough for the whole party.

"Here they come!" breathed Bob. "That's his nibs—Koo-koo!"

The brawny figure of the island chief emerged from the dusk of the palms. He was easily recognised by his decorations. The polished clock-case in his mop of hair caught the starlight and glittered.

"Some dandy, that sportsman!" murmured Bob.

In other circumstances the juniors might have smiled at the sight of Koo-koo with the clock-case shining in his hair, the teapot handle glimmering in his nose, and the old trousers hanging down the back of his neck. But the look on Koo-koo's face was not in keeping with his absurd outfit; it was a look of savage and concentrated ferocity.

He stood staring towards the stockade for a long minute. Then he made a sign with his spear to the crowd of dusky forms lurking under the palms. Twenty shadowy figures, or more, crept out, with spears glistening in the gleam of the stars. Silent, with their bare, brown feet on the sand, they crept towards the stockade.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Night Attack I

"STOP!"

Harry Wharton's voice rang out sharply.

There was hardly a sound from the savages as they crept across the sand from the palms, spears in hand, with glinting ferocious eyes. Evidently they hoped and intended to take the castaways by surprise, and certainly they would have done had the garrison of the stockade been sleeping.

But there was a startled gabble of voices, as Wharton's voice rang sharply through the silence. Standing with rifle levelled over the top of the stockade fence, the captain of the Greyfriars *Remove* took aim at Koo-koo. But at his sharp call, the savages halted—

gabbling and cackling in startled surprise.

"Stop!" repeated Harry in a firm, clear voice. "You stop along that place, you Kanaka feller, or this feller shoot along gun."

The juniors, gripping what weapons they had, breathed hard. From Billy Bunter came a faint squeak.

The islanders stood in the starlight, in a confused, gabbling bunch. They had clearly counted on a surprise attack in the dark, and were taken aback by finding the white party on their guard. The whole bunch had stopped—and some of them seemed to be backing behind the others. One or two could be discerned backing towards the dusky palms. Evidently they did not like the look of the levelled rifle, unaware perhaps that it was the only firearm in the stockade, and certainly unaware that only three cartridges remained in the magazine.

"You no shoot along gun, you white feller master!" came the voice of Koo-koo at length. "This feller Kanaka plenty good friend along you."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob. "Looks friendly!"

"This feller Koo-koo likee white feller master too much," went on the island chief. "Good feller along you, sar! Likee too much white feller come along island belong me."

The juniors were not likely to be deceived by that infantile attempt at treachery. Even while he uttered those amicable words, Koo-koo was edging a little nearer.

Wharton made a gesture with the rifle.

"You stop along that place!" he rapped. "You come along this place, you kill-dead close-up."

Koo-koo stopped again.

"Likee white feller too much!" he repeated. "Likee all white feller come along house belong me. Makee big-feller feast, along me plenty glad see white feller along house belong me."

"With us on the menu!" murmured Bob.

"All good feller friend!" went on Koo-koo. He stopped, and laid his spear on the sand in sign of friendship. "You see, eye belong you, sar! This feller good friend altogether too much."

"If we could trust him—" murmured Nugent.

"We can't!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"No fear!" said Bob. "He's got a paw behind him—look out—"

The juniors watched the island chief warily. He had laid his spear on the sand, obviously in the hope of deluding them. The cunning of the savage mind was almost childish. His right hand was behind him, as he stood—and they knew that it grasped another weapon as well as if they had seen it.

Gladly, more than gladly, the castaways would have avoided a conflict. But Harry Wharton had his finger on the trigger, ready to fire on the instant.

"You hear me, ear belong you, you feller white master!" went on Koo-koo persuasively. "All white feller come along house belong this feller, along makee plenty big-feller feast."

Even as he finished making that friendly speech, the savage chief's right hand shot up, and a hidden knife flew.

The juniors had heard of the South Sea savage's trick of throwing the knife, but they were not, at the moment, thinking of that form of attack, and the sudden, treacherous action took them by surprise.

Wharton, as he held the rifle, showed head and shoulders over the stockade, and straight at him the whirling knife whizzed, as straight and almost as swift as a bullet.

Mauleverer grabbed him by the shoulder and jerked him aside.

It was only in time.

The whizzing knife grazed Harry Wharton's ear as it shot past and dropped inside the stockade.

"Oh!" gasped Harry.

And even as the knife flew, Koo-koo grabbed up his spear and rushed on, and his followers, with a fierce howl, rushed after him.

For a second, Wharton stood shaken by his fearfully narrow escape. But it was only for a second. Then he fired with a steady aim.

There was a fearful yell from Koo-koo, and he crashed down on his face, hardly three yards from the stockade.

He lay writhing where he had fallen, yelling and yelling.

Bang! roared the rifle again.

Another of the islanders went over backwards, shot through the shoulder. But he was on his feet again in a twinkling, and running for the palms. After him ran the rest, howling with affright, savage ferocity suddenly turned into mad panic as is the way of the savage.

The whole mob fled howling into the palms, leaving Koo-koo writhing on the sand in the starlight, yelling.

Wharton's finger was on the trigger. Had the rush come on, he would have fired his last shot, and then it would have been hand-to-hand over the stockade fence.

But, almost like the changing scene in a film, the howling mob had vanished from sight, leaving the stockade unassailed.

Only Koo-koo remained, writhing on the sand, howling with the pain of his shattered leg.

Harry Wharton dropped the butt of his rifle and rubbed his ear. The whizzing knife had passed so close, that it had carried away a fraction of skin.

"Oh, my hat! They're gone!" murmured Johnny Bull. "By gum! If they knew that there was only one shot left in the locker—"

"Luckily they don't!" said Harry. He breathed hard. "That brute nearly got me. I wasn't looking for that!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"O.K., Bunter, old bean!" said Bob cheerily. "They're running, old fat man—like to get after them?"

"Oh crikey!"

Harry Wharton leaned over the stockade fence and aimed the rifle at the wounded chief. Certainly, he had no intention of pulling trigger. But there was a wild yell from Koo-koo.

"No shootee, sar! You no shootee along this foller, sar!"

"Get out!" snapped Harry.

"Hop it!" said Bob Cherry.

Koo-koo crawled away on the sand on his hands and his sound leg. The other leg, shattered by the bullet, dragged helplessly. He left a crimson trail on the glistening sand as he crawled.

The island chief was disabled, and it was likely to be long before he led his savage warriors to another attack. Slowly and painfully he crawled away, and disappeared at last into the darkness under the palms.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Becalmed!

PETER PARSONS, skipper of the Sea-Cat, sat in a Madeira chair on the deck of his cutter, fanned himself with a palm-leaf, and muttered, every now and then, a tired and breathless oath.

At intervals he glanced at the sky, a vault of burning blue stretching over the vast calm ocean.

The Sea-Cat hardly moved in the water.

A dead calm lay on the Pacific, a calm so deep that the shadow of the cutter's graceful spars in the water did not seem to stir.

To the skipper of a windjammer few things could be so intensely irritating as a calm sea. Dandy Peter Parsons was not patient by nature, and ever since that calm had fallen his temper had been growing worse and worse. And it had lasted two days now, and still showed no sign of a break.

Suloo, the boat-steerer, lounged over the tiller. Kotoo and Nalau, the other two black Lukwo boys, who formed the crew, lay on the deck, getting what shade they could from the burning sun.

On a tapa mat was stretched the bulky form of Van Dink, the Dutch freebooter. The fat Dutchman hardly

stirred, only every now and then wiping a stream of perspiration from his brow and muttering a curse in Dutch.

On board the Sea-Cat there was only one figure that stirred. That was Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber of Kalua.

He was pacing to and fro, and every now and then he stopped to stare across the low rail and search the sea with his eyes.

Peter Parsons glanced at him occasionally with a bitter sneer on his face. The man from Ysabel was not looking for signs of a wind; Dandy Peter knew what was in his tormented mind. Ever since the day that the cutter had abandoned the drifting raft and left the schoolboys to death by hunger and thirst on the sea, the outcast of Kalua had been like a haunted man.

The sea-lawyer of Lukwo lighted a cigarette, threw it away half-smoked, and snarled out another weary oath.

Ysabel Dick stopped in his restless pacing and glanced at him.

"Shall we ever get out of this?" he snarled.

Parsons shrugged his shoulders.

"Whistle for a wind!" he answered.

"What have we made since the day we dropped the raft?"

"Under sixty miles!"

"And that was a week ago!" mut-

tered the beachcomber. "It seems like Fate!" He clenched his hands. "We are tied down here—tied down! There is no escape from—from—"

The Dutchman looked up grunting. "Ach! Fool!" he said. "The calm will not last for ever! When the wind comes—"

"Will it ever come?" muttered Ysabel Dick.

"Ach! It will come! Then we shall make Honolulu, and you will go home a rich man—and it is I who have made you rich!"

The beachcomber of Kalua gave him a look of hatred. To the brutal Dutchman the abandonment of the castaways on the raft was nothing—to Peter Parsons it was a trifle. But to the wretched outcast of Kalua, it was a haunting

(Continued on next page.)



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crime from which there seemed no escape.

A dead calm had fallen on the Pacific chaining the cutter to the water. Day after day it had lasted—the sea as smooth as glass, the sky burning and baking like an oven. Only sixty sea-miles, if that, from the spot where the raft's crew had been abandoned, the cutter lay motionless—like a painted ship upon a painted ocean. It seemed to the haunted mind of the man from Ysabel that the finger of Fate was in it—that he was doomed to haunt the scene of that crime, like the Flying Dutchman of old.

"You think the wind will come?" he muttered, his haggard eyes on the mocking face of the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

"Are you a superstitious fool?" snapped Dandy Peter. "The calm looks like lasting—but it will break in time! I have been through a calm of three weeks—" He shrugged his shoulders with a bitter sneer. "If this calm should last so long you will have something else to think about, my friend—the water will not hold out!"

"The water?" repeated the beachcomber. He stared at the sneering sea-lawyer. "Is the water short, then?"

"Not yet!" answered Parsons grimly. "Not for a week to come! But I had to put in to fill my casks before setting sail for the Hawaiian Islands—and we are something like a hundred miles short of the island where I should have put in. If the calm lasts another week, my friend, you may think of your own thirst, not of that of the boys on the raft."

The beachcomber breathed hard. "It is the hand of Fate!" he said. "Such a crime could never prosper."

"Fool!" said Dandy Peter. The beachcomber resumed his weary pacing. Dandy Peter watched him with a sneer. The Dutchman, heedless of anything else but the burning heat, dashed away perspiration, and gasped for breath.

The man from Ysabel was like a man tormented.

The schoolboy earl on the Greyfriars raft stood between him and a fortune; and Ysabel Dick had plotted and schemed to maroon him on some lonely island, but that was the limit of his wickedness. Not for the Mauleverer millions would he have left the castaways to their fate, had he been master on the Sea-Cat. But Parsons was master, and he had stood in with the Dutchman.

When it was done, it was done; and the wretched man's only thought was to escape from the scene of that dreadful act, to leave the South Seas behind him for ever. The cutter was at his disposal, now that Dandy Peter knew how matters stood, and had a share in the gain. The plan was to put in at an island the sea-lawyer knew for food and water for a long trip, and then make the Hawaiian Islands, from where a swift steamer would bear him away for ever from the sunny seas where he had sailed in lawless ships and combed the beaches.

And then came the calm, and not a whisper of a wind stirred the canvas of the Sea-Cat. Weary day after day she lay like a log on the Pacific, chaining the wretched man to the sea that was haunted for him.

And now he knew that if the calm lasted there was danger of want of water. The fate to which the castaways on the raft had been abandoned threatened the wretches who had abandoned them—if the calm did not break.

He swept the burning horizon with weary eyes, and turned again to the scowling skipper of the Sea-Cat.

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"The calm will not break!" he said. "There is a curse on this craft—the calm will not break!"

Dandy Peter answered only with a snarling oath.

But even the hard-hearted, sardonic sea-lawyer of Lukwe began to wonder, as the days passed, whether the outcast of Kalua was right. For day after day dawned and burned away to breathless night, and still no wind stirred the glassy surface of the sea. The cutter still lay like a log on the gleaming water.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

No Work For Bunter!

"SHAN'T!" said Billy Bunter.

"You fat villain—"

"I said shan't!"

"Look here—"

"And what I mean is, shan't!" said Bunter.

The fat Owl of the Greyfriars Remove evidently did not want to leave any doubt of his meaning.

It was blazing hot on the unknown island. It had been hot ever since the castaways had landed there, and now it seemed to get hotter and hotter. Not a vestige of a cloud was to be seen in the sky that stretched from sea-rim to sea-rim of the deepest, bluest blue.

Several days had passed since the castaways had built the stockade and the islanders had attacked in the night. During those days the Greyfriars fellows had seen nothing and heard nothing of Koo-koo and his tribe.

The savages seemed to be keeping to their own side of the lonely island—much to the relief of the castaways.

Whether it was because Koo-koo was wounded and disabled, and no longer able to lead an attack, or whether it was the fear of the firearms—or for both reasons—the islanders seemed to have had enough. And the Greyfriars fellows, on their side, were only too glad to call it a day, as Bob Cherry expressed it.

They were careful to keep on their guard, and they did not venture to penetrate into the bush—in which, for all they knew, enemies might be lurking.

It was laid down as a rule that none of them should ever go out of sight of the stockade, and that one of the party should always keep on guard within, with the rifle that contained the last cartridge.

That rule was carefully regarded. But as one day followed another without a sign of hostility confidence returned, and the juniors gave little thought to their enemies on the other beach.

They had—for the present, at least—plenty to occupy their time. They put in a good many hours in the coolest part of the day at strengthening the stockade with small trees that Bob hewed down with the only axe, and coral rocks rolled up the beach.

Then they cut poles and gathered the largest palm-leaves to build a shelter inside the stockade, in case of a change in the weather—Bunter not being the only fellow to foresee that it might rain.

Likewise, great quantities of coconuts and bananas were gathered to stack up for food in the event of a siege by the natives—unlikely as it looked. They were not in a position to take any chances they could avoid, and there was no telling when there might be a sudden outbreak of ferocity from the islanders.

The four casks which had once sup-

ported the corners of the raft were carefully repaired and bunged and cleaned, and filled with water from the stream to keep in the stockade.

All this meant a great deal of work; but, as all the fellows realised how necessary it was, no one thought of slacking, though the burning heat of the Pacific tempted even strenuous fellows to slack. No one, that is to say, but William George Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer, who was generally supposed at Greyfriars to be too lazy to live, worked as hard as any fellow. But Billy Bunter did not feel disposed to make such a change in his manners and customs.

Bunter admitted that the work was necessary. He was glad to see it done. But he had a rooted objection to taking a hand in it.

And as it was more trouble to make Bunter work than to do the work themselves, the fat Owl generally got by with it.

Bunter was content to sprawl on the sand, chew such provender as the fertile island afforded, and watch the other fellows at work—in the intervals of taking long and happy naps.

This suited Bunter.

Certainly he was not satisfied with the food. Coconuts and bananas palled on him, and he longed for something solid. He urged the other fellows to go fishing in the lagoon, or turtle-hunting along the beach, or to look for game in the bush. But he did not go fishing, or turtle-hunting, or game-tracking himself; coconuts and bananas were better than exertion.

Most important of all the castaways' occupations was keeping up a signal fire. Their only hope of being taken off the island was to attract attention from some vessel out at sea—and there was only one method.

So on the beach near the stockade a fire was built and lighted, and never allowed to go out. At night it was banked up to last till morning, while the juniors shut themselves up inside the stockade for safety, and watch was kept for another night attack—which did not come.

At dawn every morning the fire was stirred into activity, and sent up a high, rolling column of smoke that could have been seen many miles out at sea.

Any vessel passing within, perhaps, twenty or thirty miles might have spotted the smoke-signal.

There was ample fuel close at hand. It only needed gathering and throwing on the fire. From dawn to dark that smoke-signal rose against the cloudless blue sky.

The juniors had wondered at first whether it might bring the savages on them again; for certainly it must have been noticed from the other side of the island, rising high over the bush.

But if the islanders saw it—as no doubt they did—they took no heed of it. One day followed another peacefully, though the castaways never quite lost the sense of danger, and continued warily on their guard.

Strange to relate, it was Billy Bunter who was most confident, and least wary of peril. It was Bunter's way to jump from shuddering funk to fatuous self-confidence. The niggers had been frightened off; they dared not come back; and Bunter had almost forgotten their existence. For two or three days he had been in a state of trembling trepidation. Now he was completely satisfied that it was all right.

Gathering firewood and banking up the signal-fire was a daily task—and

that, like all the others, Bunter was prepared to leave to the other fellows.

Now he was arguing the point with Bob Cherry.

Bunter had been assigned to attend the fire while the other fellows worked at other things. He attended the fire by the happy method of getting as far from its heat as possible and going to sleep in the sand.

Bob, coming along with a young palm he had hewn down with infinite labour to make another prop for the stockade, found the fire burning low and glared round for Bunter.

Having put in a couple of hours' strenuous labour in hewing down that young palm, and feeling as if he had been in an oven, Bob did not seem pleased by the discovery of the fat Owl asleep on duty.

He woke Bunter up by the simple process of jamming a boot into his fat ribs, and pointed to the fire.

Bunter sat in the sand and glared.

"Get to it, you fat freak!" roared Bob.

"Shan't!" roared back Bunter.

"You fat, footling, footling, frabjous, flopshus fathead!" said Bob. "Suppose that a ship passed, and that fire had gone out—"

"Are you too jolly lazy to put something on it?" sneered Bunter. "Of all the rotten slackers—"

"Get a move on!"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter. "It's too jolly hot to breathe almost. Think I'm going to stick at that beastly fire, you beast? Leave a fellow alone!"

Bob Cherry laid down the sapling he was carrying on his shoulder; then he stooped over Bunter and grasped a fat neck.

Bunter came to his feet with a jump. "Owl! Leggo!" he roared.

Bob Cherry let go the fat neck. He proceeded to use his foot—he used it with vigour.

Billy Bunter, roaring, was propelled in the direction of the signal-fire. It was true that, in the tropical heat, that fire was most unpleasant to approach. Bunter approached it unwillingly—but he approached it. There really was no arguing with the largest and heaviest foot in the Greyfriars Remove.

"Now pile in!" said Bob, glaring. "And if I catch you slacking again, you fat villain, I'll boot you all round the island!"

"Beast!"

Bob tramped to the stockade and went on with his labours there. Billy Bunter, wriggling, remained in charge of the signal-fire.

There was a large heap of fuel stacked near at hand, and some of the juniors were gathering more among the palms to add to the heap. All that Bunter had to do was to feed the fire from time to time.

It was really not much, but it was too much, much too much, for the fat Owl, who made both a science and an art of laziness.

He piled fuel on the fire and retired for another nap. A deep frown of indignation wrinkled his podgy brow. It was bad enough, in Bunter's opinion, to be stuck on a rotten island, hundreds of miles from anywhere, with nothing really decent to eat, and precious little chance of ever getting away, without having his fat, lazy comfort interfered with, over and above.

However, he was sinking once more into happy slumber when there was a roar from the stockade:

"Bunter!"

The fat Owl sat up.

"Beast!" he hissed.

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"Look after that fire!"

"Shan't!" shrieked Bunter.

"Do you want me to come and boot you again?"

"Yah! Rotter!"

Bunter heaved up his weight and once more mended that beastly fire. His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

He had had enough of this!

Having mended the signal-fire, he retired from the radius of its heat once more. But this time he did not sprawl his fat person on the sand. He rolled up the beach into the palms.

Harry Wharton, who was gathering fallen nuts, called to him:

"Keep on the beach, Bunter!"

"Yah!" was Bunter's elegant retort, over a fat shoulder.

"You fat ass! It's not safe to go into the bush! Those brutes may come prowling round any time!" snapped Harry.

"I'm not so afraid of niggers as you are!" retorted Bunter.

"Get back at once!"

"Shan't!"

And Billy Bunter settled the matter by scuttling into the shady palms. As he heard the sound of following footsteps, the fat Owl scuttled on, dodging among the endless, bewildering trees, and very easily throwing Wharton off the track. Having done so, and having listened to make sure that the interfering beast was nowhere near at hand, Billy Bunter curled up under a shady palm and grinned with satisfaction. And that happy grin still adorned his fat face when he went to sleep and woke the echoes of the palm grove with a deep, rumbling snore.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Fallen Among Foes!

BILLY BUNTER awoke suddenly.

He sat up under the palm, set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked round him.

Something had awakened him!

He did not for a second know what it was. The next second he knew. It was the point of a spear that touched his podgy chest.

"Oooooogh!" gasped Bunter.

His eyes grew large and round behind his spectacles. The terror that ran through him like an icy chill seemed to paralyse him.

Standing directly in front of him, grinning down at him, was a tall and muscular brown man, spear in hand.

For one awful, dreadful moment the unhappy fat Owl dreaded that the grinning savage was going to spit him on that spear like a fat partridge.

But the islander did not thrust. Bunter sat still, paralysed. One jerk of the muscular brown hand, and it would have been the end of all things for the hapless Owl of Greyfriars. He gazed up at the islander, every vestige of colour draining from his fat cheeks. He could not speak. He could hardly breathe!

The islander grinned at him. Then he spoke in the "beche-de-mer."

"You no sing out, mouth belong you, sar! S'pose you sing out, mouth belong you, me kill-dead, close-up."

Billy Bunter was not likely to sing out with that sharp spear-point touching him. Even if he had dared, his voice failed him.

Dumb with horror, he blinked at the brown-skinned islander. The grin widened on the tattooed brown face.

"You no 'fraid along me!" said the islander. "You shut up mouth belong you, this feller Totototo no kill-dead!"

No likee sing out along white master along gun he stop!"

How far he was from the stockade on the beach by the stream Bunter did not know, but he knew that the distance could not be great. But for the thick groves of trees that intervened he would probably have seen the stockade in the distance. The islander, it was clear, dreaded the "white master along gun he stop"—otherwise, Harry Wharton and the rifle—and feared that a call might reach the ears of that white master. Bunter did not need telling that if he yelled a thrust of the spear would promptly silence him. Bunter was not quick on the uptake, but he understood that at once.

He squatted silent, in utter terror and dismay.

Obviously Wharton's warning had been well founded—that some of the brown men might be prowling in the bush. One of the prowlers had come on Bunter—probably guided to the spot by his snoring. Anyhow, there he was grinning, or rather, gloating, over his prize.

"You get along leg belong you," said Totototo.

Bunter crawled to his feet.

"I—I say—" he gasped.

"You no talk mouth belong you, sar," said the islander. "You come along this feller Totototo, along house belong him."

He made a gesture with the spear.

Bunter's fat knees knocked together. He did not dream of resistance, and flight was impossible. The spear would have thrust before he had taken two steps!

"You walk along this feller, leg belong you," said the savage; and he led the way through the trees. Bunter tottered by his side.

The savage was still grinning, apparently in high good-humour. It reminded the hapless fat Owl of his first acquaintance with Koo-koo and his tribe. But there was nothing reassuring in the happy grin of the brown man. That satisfied grin expressed the triumph of a hunter who had bagged his prey.

In what direction they went Bunter had no idea. Only he knew that he must be turning his back on his friends. Totototo trod swiftly among the endless bewildering trees, and when Bunter lagged he made a gesture with the spear which caused the fat junior to buck up at once.

Every step, Bunter knew, was taking him farther and farther from the stockade on the western beach of the island—farther and farther from possible help and rescue. He was a prisoner in the hands of the islander, and he was heading for the native village on the eastern beach. But he dared not lag. He tottered and stumbled, and his fat knees knocked together, but he contrived somehow to keep pace with the brown man.

From the palm grove they passed into high bush, tangled tropical vegetation so thick as to be almost impenetrable. But Totototo was following a runway out in the bush—a narrow path hardly three feet wide, walled on both sides by thick, high bush.

Above, the interlaced branches shut off the sun. But the heat in that tunnel-like runway was like that of an oven.

How far the weary fat junior tramped he did not know, though he knew that his fat little legs were almost dropping off. But it was probably not much more than a mile.

Then from the wild bush they emerged into palm groves again, where

he could have seen, had he looked, signs of cultivation. Through the palms the wide blue Pacific burst on his view, showing him that he was now on the eastern side of the island. His fat heart almost died within him at the thought that the whole island now lay between him and the Greyfriars castaways.

Fields of yams and taro could be seen among the groves of palms. In the distance was a collection of buildings between the palms and the beach, huts of palm poles and laced pandanus leaf. Only one building was large, standing on an extensive foundation of coral blocks.

As they drew near the native village a crowd of brown-skinned islanders were seen, women and children among the rest. All eyes were turned on Billy Bunter as he tottered in by the side of his captor.

Many voices addressed Totototo in the language of the island—a Polynesian dialect of which Bunter did not understand a syllable. Totototo grinned and chattered with the crowd as he marched Bunter onward.

Suddenly, as they passed among the huts, a tall figure that Bunter knew appeared. It was Koo-koo, the chief.

His right leg was swathed in bandages, and he walked with the aid of a long, stout stick. His black eyes glittered at Bunter, and he made an imperious sign to Totototo.

The latter came to a reluctant halt. Billy Bunter was glad enough to stop, so far as that went. But his terror was so extreme that the unfortunate fat Owl could scarcely stand. He eyed Koo-koo with deep dread. The chief was evidently still suffering severely from the wound he had received in the attack on the stockade.

Koo-koo proceeded to speak rapidly in the native dialect. Totototo answered him from time to time. What they were talking about was a mystery to Bunter—but he could see that his captor's face was growing more and more discontented. It dawned on him, at length, that the possession of the prisoner was being disputed. Koo-koo was claiming him, and Totototo was unwilling to hand him over. Round them, as they argued, the crowd of natives gathered, to the number of well over a hundred.

The dispute ended in favour of the chief. Totototo disappeared in the crowd, scowling, and Bunter was left standing where he was.

The chief made a sign to him.

"You come along this feller Koo-koo, you fat white feller!" he said.

The fat junior tottered after him.

The chief led him to the large building that Bunter had already noticed. There was a wide doorway, closed with a kind of lattice of canes. Koo-koo stopped on the coral step at the door and called in his own strange tongue.

The lattice was pushed aside and a face looked out—a face that made the fat junior shudder.

It was an old, wrinkled face, of a man nearly black, dressed in a dingy loin-cloth, with a circlet of bones round his waist, another round his neck, and others round his arms. They made a curious clicking noise as he moved. Billy Bunter's heart was sick within him as he looked in terror at the hideous old wretch, knowing that the bones that hung about him were human bones.

For several minutes Koo-koo talked to the old native—a devil-doctor, as Bunter could easily guess—in the island language. Among the Kanakas, there

could be no proceeding without an ocean of talk. But he ended at last and gave Bunter a push—a skinny hand grasped a fat arm, and the hapless Owl tottered into the devil-house, and the lattice dropped into place behind him, shutting off the daylight.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

In The House Of The Devil-Doctor!

"O H lor'!" mumbled Billy Bunter. It was the first sound he had made for more than an hour.

In the shadowy interior of the devil-house, the fat junior had slumped down on a tapa mat, spread on the dirty and evil-smelling rushes that covered the coral floor. He lay there silent, too terribly frightened to move or speak or look about him.

The heat in the building was oppressive, the atmosphere heavy and stuffy. But Bunter was past thinking of discomforts.

He lay in dread, and it was not till an hour had passed and nothing had happened, that he pulled himself together to the extent of sitting up, and looking about him through his spectacles.

The interior of the building was dim—a sort of shadowy twilight—as there were no windows and the lattice at the door admitted little light. Hardly a glimmer came from the wood fire that was burning—adding to the oppressive heat.

The smoke from the wood rose to the high palm-pole roof, and eddied and circled there, in a thick cloud. Even in his terror, Bunter could not help wondering why a fire was burning on a blazing tropical day.

He blinked towards it, and discerned the old man who had admitted him. From the word "Tomongo," repeated many times by Koo-koo in addressing the old wretch, Bunter guessed that that was his name. Tomongo, to his eyes, looked about a hundred years old—a skinny, bent, shrivelled old wretch, with a patch of ragged beard like a goat, and sunken eyes that almost disappeared into his shrunken old face.

He was squatted by the fire, mumbling over his almost toothless gums, while he turned, and turned, something that hung suspended by a cord from the roof. The fat Owl could not see what it was, as it turned in the curling smoke. Which was perhaps as well for him, for it was a human head.

Tomongo did not glance at the prisoner. He seemed deeply intent on his occupation—smoking the head for preservation, to be added to a number of others that hung from the rafters above.

Bunter blinked at him, and then blinked further. At a little distance from the wood fire at which the old man sat, was a strange object that made the fat junior jump as he looked at it. Bunter realised, the next moment, that it was carved in wood.

On the island of Kalua, the fat junior had seen ancient stone idols in an old temple, and he knew that this must be an idol—an object of some sort of worship among the islanders. It represented the head of a shark on the shoulders of a man, the great jaws open, displaying the rows of teeth, two little eyes, made of some kind of bright shell, gleaming strangely in the dusk.

Bunter sat staring for a good ten minutes, but the old wretch at the

wood fire did not turn his head and seemed to have forgotten his presence.

He rose to his feet at last.

Gleams of sunlight came through the lattice at the doorway. Billy Bunter blinked in that direction and his fat heart beat.

He was not secured in any way, and old Tomongo had his back turned to him, and had apparently forgotten his existence. The fat junior made one step towards the latticed doorway—then another!

Still the old man did not heed. With his heart thumping almost to suffocation, Bunter reached the doorway, pulled a part of the lattice aside, and looked out.

Outside the sunlight was blinding by contrast with the duskiness within.

But the thought of escape passed from his mind at once. There were more than a dozen natives in sight, some of them squatting on the coral foundation on which the devil-house was built.

Two or three of them glanced round, as the lattice stirred, and grinned at the sight of Bunter's fat face peering out.

He dropped the lattice into place again. There was no hope of escape—indeed, he could guess that had there been he would not have been left the free use of his limbs. He heard a cackle from the natives outside, as he moved dismally back from the door.

He wiped a stream of perspiration from his fat brow.

He was a prisoner—and there was no escape! He was hungry—though for once he hardly noticed it. What was going to happen to him?

He sat down on the mat again.

If ever a fellow repented his folly, Bunter did in those dismal moments. But for his own fatuous folly, he might have been safe in the stockade, on the other side of the island with the other castaways.

His dismal thoughts wandered to them. Very likely they would not even miss him till sunset, knowing that he had cleared off on his own accord. But it mattered little when they missed him—they could not help him.

Even if they learned what had become of him, there was no hope of help or rescue. They could not even approach the savage village without being massacred. Bunter had seen more than a hundred savages among the huts, and he had no doubt that there were many more that he had not seen. The Greyfriars fellows could not save him, even if they knew where to find him—and they did not know.

The fat Owl groaned aloud.

That sound seemed to draw the attention of Tomongo. His head turned, and he gave Bunter a blinking glance, and a grin—a grin that made the fat junior's blood run cold. He could see now what it was that Tomongo was turning in his skinny hands in the curling wood smoke.

Without getting up the old devil-doctor reached to a strangely shaped shell that lay on the mat beside him, put it to his lips, and blew a note on it.

It was a signal of some kind, now that he was reminded of the prisoner. Bunter waited with thumping heart.

A few minutes later, the lattice was pushed aside, and a native entered, carrying a large wooden bowl in his hands.

In spite of his terrors, Billy Bunter brightened up a little. The bowl contained food, and a very appetising



As Harry Wharton, rifle in hand, showed head and shoulders over the stockade, a whirling knife came whizzing towards him. Mauleverer grabbed him by the shoulder and jerked him aside in the nick of time. "Oh!" gasped Wharton.

scent came from it. He realised that the native had given a signal for food to be brought.

The bowl was set down on the coral floor, and the bearer departed.

"You white feller, you eat, mouth belong you!" said Tomongo, in a cracked, high-pitched voice, and he pointed to the bowl.

Bunter was, he realised now, very hungry. He was willing to eat. The fact that he was fed raised his hopes a little. The dreadful thought was in his mind that his head was intended to turn in the wood smoke, like the one that Tomongo was handling. But it seemed to him that if that was to be his fate they would hardly feed him first.

"You likee," said Tomongo, grinning. "Feller turtle he plenty good!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Yes!"

He sat down to eat. His fat face brightened more and more. Turtle was a great delicacy, more than welcome to Bunter after days and days on nothing better than tropical fruits. He had nothing to eat with but his fat fingers.

He sat at the bowl, and ate, and ate. His spirits rose more and more as he ate. It was the first decent meal that he had had for what seemed to him ages and ages. And there was plenty of it—not only plenty, but more even than he could eat. He ate, and ate, and ate. Old Tomongo blinking round at him, at intervals, and grinning that hideous grin.

Bunter was a good man at meals, but there came a time when even Bunter could eat no more, and there was still food in the bowl. By that time he was feeling fat and full, and much easier in his mind.

But, as he pushed the bowl away, the old devil-doctor rose, came towards him,

blinked into it, and then pointed a skinny finger at it.

"You eat, mouth belong you!" he said.

Bunter stared at him.

"I've had enough!" he answered.

"You eat, mouth belong you!" repeated Tomongo.

"But—but I don't want any more!" gasped Bunter.

From some recess of his dingy loin-cloth the devil-doctor extracted a short shark's-tooth knife. Bunter eyed it in terror.

"You eat, mouth belong you!" said Tomongo, for the third time. "You no eat, you white feller, head belong you no stop!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

And he started again in a hurry. Drifting on the raft or feeding on coconuts and bananas at the stockade, Bunter would never have dreamed that the time would come when he would be unwilling to dispose of extra helpings of succulent turtle-meat. But that time had come, and it was only by an effort that he finished that enormous supply of food, the old devil-doctor watching him with his glittering, bead-like eyes till the last morsel was gone.

Then he restored the shark's-tooth knife to its place, went back to the wood fire, and squatted, and recommenced turning the head in the smoke, leaving Bunter to his own devices.

The fat Owl sat on the mat again, breathing rather stertorously. He sat and blinked at the old devil-doctor, half-hidden in the smoke, and at the shark's-head god that towered in the dusk. And suddenly it came into his perplexed fat mind why the old wretch had forced him to eat, and in the horror of that dreadful thought the hapless fat junior sat as if turned to stone.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Missing!

"THAT ass!"

"The fat chump!"

"That piffling porpoise!"

"That terrific toad!"

"Anybody seen him?"

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "I hope nothing's happened to the howlin' ass!"

"Nothing's happened to him, unless he's burst!" grunted Johnny Bull. "From the amount of bananas he was stacking away, he may have!"

"Something's going to happen to him, though," said Bob Cherry, "and that something is a boot!"

The Famous Five were intensely exasperated.

Every fellow had been busy, getting through hard and necessary work. They were hot and tired and perspiring. Bunter had been left the really easy task of keeping the signal fire going, and the fire had burned low. The thick column of smoke had dwindled away to a mere wisp that was lost in the still air before the other fellows noticed what was amiss.

Then the fire was banked up again, and one of the juniors tended it—in the absence of Bunter.

Now it was sunset, and the fat junior, who had scuttled off to slack, had not yet returned.

The fire was burning steadily, thickly banked, and sending up a dark column of heavy smoke. That column rose vertically to the blue sky, and spread out like a fan high above. So still was the air that the column of smoke hardly swayed.

There was no doubt that it could have been seen many, many miles out to sea had there been eyes to see it.

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BIG CHIEF BUNTER!



(Continued from page 13.)

Obviously, however, it had to burn continuously if it was to be of any service. And the thought that the signal had been lacking for over an hour, owing to the fat Owl's laziness, was intensely exasperating to the juniors. During that hour, for all they knew, a ship might have passed far out at sea within the radius of the signal. No sailing-ship, certainly, could have done so, for the Pacific lay still as glass in a dead calm. But there was always the chance—or, at least, the hope—of a steamer.

At sunset the juniors expected to see the fat Owl again, if only in search of supper. They were prepared to boot him as he deserved when he showed up.

When he failed to show up they concluded that he had guessed what was awaiting him, and was postponing the evil hour.

But as the red sunset deepened to dusk their angry exasperation was tinged with anxiety.

Nothing had been seen of Bunter since Harry Wharton had spotted him sneaking away into the palms and called to him, and followed him for some distance to shepherd him back to the beach.

Bunter had dodged him, and had been out of sight ever since. And now the juniors wondered whether he had lost his way in the trees.

Even Bunter was not ass enough to wander into the tangled bush that lay beyond the palm grove. And in the palms, thick and bewildering as they were, it was always possible to glimpse the sea, and that was a sure guide back to the beach. So it seemed unlikely that even the fat Owl could have lost himself for long. Still, as he did not return, it looked as if he had; and there was no doubt that Bunter was the fellow to lose himself if it could be done!

So far the Famous Five did not suppose that anything more serious than that had happened. So many days had passed since they had seen or heard anything of the natives that they had little doubt that the islanders had settled down to keep on their own side of the island. Certainly they were still keeping watch and ward, aware that danger might crop up at any time. Still, no danger had accrued so far.

They sat down to supper in the stockade. It was an unusually good supper, as Frank Nugent had been fishing successfully in the lagoon. Cooking utensils were lacking, but fish broiled on hot embers was a very welcome change from coconuts and bananas and plantains.

"That fat chump doesn't know what he's missing!" remarked Bob Cherry. "It would serve him right to stop his supper!"

"We'll boot him, anyhow!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The bootfulness will be terrific!" said Hurree Jammet Ram Singh. "But it looks as if the idiotic Bunter is going to make a night of it!"

"We shall have to look for him if

he doesn't roll in," said Bob, "and we'll jolly well dribble him all the way home!"

After supper the juniors gathered outside the little gateway of the stockade. The brief tropical twilight was at hand now, and dusk was thickening under the palms.

Still there was no sign of Bunter.

"He can't have gone far," said Harry. "I warned the fat ass that the natives might be prowling in the wood—only he's such a howling idiot! I—I suppose—"

He broke off uneasily.

"We've seen nothing of them," said Bob, uneasy, too. "They've been giving us a wide berth ever since you knocked over that blighter Koo-koo. They're fed-up with us!"

"Yes; but that fat chump is just the silly ass to ask for it!" said Harry. "The brutes might prowl about at any time; they don't dare to come near the stockade, but they might keep an eye open for stragglers."

"The ass!" said Bob. "The pernicious idiot! We've made it a fixed rule never to go out of sight of the stockade. And if that howling ass has done it—"

"He's fool enough!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Is that what you're thinking of, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Well, we've got to find him," said Harry. "He can't be out of hearing, unless he's gone into the bush. If he's been idiot enough for that, he's lost till to-morrow at least. But if some prowling brute has got him—"

That dismaying thought was in all minds now. It was certain that Bunter would not willingly have missed supper. Either he was lost, or he had been snapped up by some prowling savage on the watch for stragglers from the stockade.

If that was what had happened, the case was hopeless. And the possibility was enough to change exasperation entirely into anxiety.

"Come on!" said Bob. "If we don't find him before dark we shan't find him at all, that's a cert."

"Don't go out of sight, and, for goodness' sake, keep your eyes open!" said Harry. "Cut back at once if you see any of the natives."

The captain of the Remove remained on guard in the stockade, with the rifle under his arm, watching his friends as they went up to the palms at the back of the beach. Secure as they were now beginning to feel, the castaways never left the stockade unguarded for a moment. It was their only refuge in danger, and in the open they had no chance against the islanders.

Bunter had to be searched for; but if prowling savages appeared in sight, there was nothing for the juniors to do but to cut back to the stockade at once. And Bunter's disappearance made it look as if some of the islanders had been lurking not far away.

Bob Cherry's roar rang and echoed among the palms:

"Bunter! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bunter!"

If the fat junior was anywhere in the vicinity, it was certain that he must hear, and no doubt that he would answer. Even if he was lost in the palm grove, it would guide him back.

But there was no answer, and the fat Owl did not appear.

Bob Cherry shouted again and again, and the other fellows added their voices. But there was no reply, save the echoing and re-echoing of the shouts.

Nothing was to be seen of the prowling savages. But nothing was to be

seen of Billy Bunter, either, or heard of him.

Darkness was thickening, and searching along the shadowy trees in the dark was hopeless, apart from the possibility that watchful savages might be lurking there, with spears ready to thrust.

The juniors returned to the stockade at last. The last gleam of red in the west died away as they came in at the narrow gateway, with troubled and worried faces. Further search for Bunter, until daylight, was impossible; and all the castaways were feeling, by this time, that it would be hopeless, for it was certain that the hapless fat Owl was not in the palm grove that bordered the beach.

Where he was they could not tell—and dreaded to think! There was a chance that he had wandered into the high bush, and might yet be found. But that chance was slight. The same terrible thought was driven into all minds—that the fatuous fat Owl had walked into the hands of a watchful enemy.

"They've got him!" said Bob dismally.

The gateway was fastened; but the juniors did not turn in to sleep. They were too anxious to sleep.

All the fat Owl's exasperating ways were forgotten now in their anxiety for his safety.

As the dark hours crawled by they hoped every moment to hear a foot-step, or a squeaking voice, and gladly they would have welcomed back the wandering Owl; but there was no foot-step, and there was no voice, and their hope of hearing either was very faint.

There was little sleep for the castaways that night. It was a relief when morning dawned over the lonely island and they were able to scan the beach again; but they did not expect to see Bunter—and they did not see him!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Shark-God Speaks!

BILLY BUNTER groaned. His dismal groan was due to a very unaccustomed cause. He had eaten too much breakfast.

Sitting on the mat, in the devil-house, the fat junior blinked at an empty bowl, and groaned.

He had slept on that mat during the night—and, fortunately for Bunter, he was able to sleep. But he had awakened to a terrible dawn. A bowl of appetising food was brought to him, which, in other circumstances, he would have welcomed. Now he would gladly have left it untouched.

But he had no choice about that. The shark's-tooth knife, and the threatening glare of the old devil-doctor, settled that matter, and the fat junior ate—and, hungry as he was, every morsel seemed to choke him.

He finished the contents of the bowl to the last morsel, and then sat on the mat, groaning.

Through the interstices of the cane lattice at the wide doorway, gleams of sunshine penetrated the dusk of the dismal building. Voices of the natives floated in at times.

Tomongo took no further notice of the fat Owl after he had eaten. He moved about the dusky place, turning the smoking head over the wood fire from time to time, chewing betel-nut, or smoking a short black pipe.

Billy Bunter watched him with eyes of dreadful apprehension.

Since he had realised why he was fed the fat junior had been like a quaking jelly of fear. It had dawned on his fat mind now why the savages had grinned with such glee that first morning when they had found him on the beach, and had seemed so glad to find him on the island.

He knew that they were a cannibal tribe; he knew why he had been taken prisoner, instead of being thrust through by Totototo's spear; and he knew why food was forced on him. He knew why Koo-koo had disputed possession of the prisoner with Totototo, which had perplexed him at the time. And the knowledge froze him with fear.

He was a helpless prisoner in the devil-house. Escape was impossible; help was impossible; and his life was numbered by days, or hours, according to the date fixed for the feast of "long pig."

"Long-pig" was the name given to the feast, for even the cannibals had a lingering sense of shame in it, and would not call it by its right name.

The stoutest heart might have quailed in such circumstances. Bunter quailed and quaked with hopeless funk.

His eyes lingered in terror on the hideous old wretch who had him in his keeping.

Every moment he dreaded to see the old wretch approach him, and to see the shark's-tooth knife reappear.

But old Tomongo gave him no heed.

Now, as the hapless fat junior watched him, the devil-doctor was busy with some of the rites of his horrible superstition. Bunter watched him crawling, on hands and knees, towards the pedestal of coral rock, on which the carved image of the shark-god stood, mumbling among other strange words, the name "O-O-loluo."

He had a bowl in his hand, containing fruits. This he placed close by the open jaws of the monster, whose native name, it seemed, was O-O-loluo.

Then he retreated backwards, still on all fours—a grotesque sight. Not till he was at a certain distance did he venture to rise to his feet.

Tomongo's fear of the shark-god seemed almost as deep as Bunter's fear of Tomongo.

The islanders, like most savages, had a kind of religion, founded on fear. The shark was their natural enemy, and for that reason the shark had been taken for a god, with some dim idea of propitiating a dangerous and terrible enemy—an idea worthy of the impenetrable obtuseness of the barbarian mind. In a snake-infested country it is not uncommon to find the serpent an object of terrified worship. In the same way, these benighted islanders had taken the shark for their idol. Tomongo, no doubt, made a good thing out of the superstition of the savages, and his position as keeper and priest of the shark-god; but it was clear, from his looks and actions, that he shared the superstition himself, and had a deep dread of the powers of O-O-loluo.

The bowl of food he had placed before the monster was an offering. Later on it would be taken away and replaced by a bowl of fresh fruits. To the childish mind of the savage, this represented feeding the god. Tomongo was old, and cunning, and artful, yet in some respects, his intellect was scarcely on a level with that of a European child of six, playing with dolls in a doll's house.

But, infantile as it was, it was horrible and terrifying, and would have been still more so to Bunter had he known that at the feast of long-pig a

portion was placed before the shark-god as a special offering.

Having finished his devotions, the devil-doctor sat down to smoke his pipe again, occasionally giving a turn to the head hanging over the fire.

Bunter sat and moaned feebly.

But as he sat, in a state of utter terror and desperation, his eyes on the towering monster looming through the dim smoke, an idea germinated in his fat mind. It came, probably, from his observation of Tomongo's fear and respect for the monstrous idol.

He caught his breath as he thought of it. He remembered a trick he had played on Kalua, in the ruined temple of the stone gods. Bunter, who could do nothing else, could do ventriloquism, and in the old Kaluan temple he had made a mysterious voice proceed from a stone god, frightening Popoo, the Tonga boy, almost out of his wits.

His eyes began to gleam behind his spectacles. He had made the Tonga boy believe that the stone god had spoken, with his weird ventriloquial trickery. And the Tonga boy, who had lived among the white men, was infinitely more intelligent than this filthy old savage, Tomongo.

He sat thinking it over. What would be the result if a voice proceeded from the shark-god?

Bunter could not speak a word of the native tongue of the island, in which their god might be expected to address them if he spoke at all. But the illimitable stupidity of the savage mind would help him there. The savages were incapable of intelligent or constructive reasoning. He could make the god speak in the *beche-de-mer*, the language they were accustomed to hearing from white men, and from Kanakas of other tribes who did not speak their tongue.

He hardly dared venture to make the attempt. Tomongo's eyes were not on him, and he dreaded to risk drawing the glance of those glittering black beads. And in his state of terror he did not feel equal to playing ventriloquial trickery.

He sat thinking it over, in dismal doubt.

Suddenly Tomongo blew on the shell, and in answer, a servant, or slave, entered, with another bowl of food.

Bunter shuddered at the sight.

Even Bunter was not hungry again yet. Had he been, his appetite would have been destroyed by the knowledge of why he was fed. He fairly sickened at the sight of that enormous bowl of food.

The native placed it before him. Tomongo made him a sign to eat. And Bunter, in utter desperation, made up his mind to try it on!

He gave a fat little cough. And then Tomongo and the native with the bowl both started violently as a low, wailing sound was heard in the devil-house.

It did not seem to proceed from Bunter! The fat ventriloquist of Greyfriars could do these things well.

They did not even look at Bunter. They gazed with startled eyes round the dim and dusky building.

The sound died away, leaving them staring.

Bunter's fat heart beat fast.

They did not suspect him, and they were startled and scared. The native who had brought in the bowl stood rooted to the coral floor.

Tomongo drew out the shark's-tooth knife, and with a savagely ferocious look on his wrinkled face, proceeded to search in the dim, smoky corners of the building, evidently under the impression that some unknown person was hidden there.

The wail was repeated, and Tomongo

came to a halt, his starting eyes fixed on the shark-god.

For the first time since that monster had been set up in the devil-house, far beyond Tomongo's recollection, old as he was, the shark-god was making audible sounds!

A long, low, mournful sounding wail floated through the building. Tomongo dropped on his knees, the knife falling from his hand. His bead-like eyes bulged at the monster. The other native stood as if turned to stone.

From Tomongo came a babble of words in his own tongue. From the tone of his voice, it was plain that he was making some terrified appeal to the shark-god, doubtless under the impression that the idol was angered.

The wailing ceased.

Billy Bunter breathed hard and deep! Something like confidence returned to his fat heart! There was a brief silence, and then, apparently from the gaping jaws of the shark-god, came a voice:

"You feller Tomongo!"

The devil-doctor, already on his shaking knees, collapsed on his face. He lay shaking with a fear that was greater than Bunter's. The native who had brought in the bowl gave a hoarse cry of utter fear, and fled out of the devil-house shrieking. Tomongo remained lying on his face.

Billy Bunter gasped.

He had had a faint hope that his ventriloquial trickery might help him in this fearful extremity. But he had never dared to hope for success like this! He could have grinned as he looked at the prostrate priest.

Tomongo raised his head at last. His face was almost grey with fear. He babbled a few incoherent words in the native dialect.

"You feller Tomongo!" came the voice of the shark-god again. "You hear me, ear belong you!"

Tomongo gave a whimper of terror like a frightened child.

"You feller Tomongo, you do all samee me say, or this feller send fire burn up inside belong you!"

The wretched devil-doctor babbled again; incomprehensible words, but plainly asking the shark-god to make known his will.

"White feller no eat, along white feller no likee!" came the voice of the shark-god. "Me likoe that feller too much."

Babble from Tomongo! He listened with frightened ears, but the idol did not speak again. He crawled at last to his feet, tottered towards Bunter, and picked up the bowl of food.

"White feller no likee?" he asked in trembling tones.

"No!" said Bunter.

"S'pose no likee, no eatee!" said Tomongo.

He carried the bowl to the door, and placed it outside the lattice. And Billy Bunter drew a deep, deep breath. There was hope, more than hope, in his fat heart now.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Upper Hand!

KOO-KOO threw aside the cane lattice at the door of the devil-house, letting in a flood of brilliant sunshine.

The tall, brawny chief of the island tribe stepped, or rather hobbled, in, with the help of his long palm-wood stick, dragging his injured leg.

The expression on his brown tattooed face was a strange mingling of astonishment, incredulity, and anger.

Bunter, blinking at him, could guess

that he had heard of the startling occurrence in the devil-house. The native who had scuttled out in terror had doubtless spread the amazing news all through the village by that time.

Through the doorway, as the chief entered, Bunter could see a crowd of startled, staring, brown faces. Among them was the face of Totototo, who had captured the fat Owl the previous day. Totototo mounted on the coral platform and stared in after Koo-koo. But he did not enter—and the rest did not venture after him on the platform.

Koo-koo glanced at Bunter, with a black brow. The injury to his leg probably affected the chief's temper a good deal. He had a spear in his hand, and his look at the fat junior was savage and ferocious.

But his glance passed Bunter, and rested on Tomongo, and then passed on to the towering carved figure of the shark-god.

The old devil-doctor did not heed him. His eyes were fixed fearfully on the idol.

Twice the chief called him by name, before the old Kanaka turned his head. Then a torrent of words burst from Koo-koo, and Bunter, without understanding any of the words, knew that he was inquiring into what had happened. It was clear that he was incredulous about what he had heard. The shark-god had never spoken before in the memory of any brown man on the island, and Koo-koo did not believe that he had spoken now.

Tomongo answered in a trembling babble to which the chief listened contemptuously. Then he strode towards the idol.

Billy Bunter watched him, with the greatest uneasiness. He did not like the look in Koo-koo's eye, neither did he like the way he handled his spear. The fat junior breathed hard, his fat heart beating. The Greyfriars ventriloquist could, at all events, convince the chief that the shark-god had spoken. He could only hope that Koo-koo would be as scared as Tomongo.

The chief stood staring at the shark-god—angry, but evidently uneasy, and in dread of the island deity. He began to speak in his own tongue, addressing the idol. What he was saying, Bunter could only guess, but the fat ventriloquist was ready with an answer.

Koo-koo gave a spring, almost clear of the floor, as a voice came, or seemed to come, from the yawning jaws of the shark-god.

"You feller Koo-koo!"

There was a groan of fear from old Tomongo, and he fell on his face again. Koo-koo fairly bounded, in surprise and dread, at this startling confirmation of what he had been told. Then he hurriedly backed farther away from the idol. But he did not turn his back on it. He seemed to fear taking his eyes off it.

"You hear me, ear belong you?" went on the idol.

Koo-koo trembled from head to foot.

He answered, in a shuddering voice, in his own tongue. Then the voice from the shark-god rapped sharply:

"You no speakee tongue belong you! You speakee tongue belong me! Me no likee tongue belong you."

"Me speakee samee you likee!" answered Koo-koo. "Me do all thing you say! What name you speakee, along you never speakee any time before?"

"Me speakee along me likee!" answered the shark-god. "Me speakee along me too much angry along feller belong this island. Me send big-feller fire, burn up house belong all feller stop."

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along this island, burn up all feller along house belong him, s'pose you no makee all samee me say."

Koo-koo trembled.

"This feller do all samee you say!" he stammered. "Me 'bey all word stop along mouth belong you."

Koo-koo did not once glance round at Bunter. Clearly it never crossed his mind for a moment that the fat prisoner had anything to do with the voice that came from the shark-god.

Bunter was feeling better now! His fat confidence was reviving.

The chief was even more scared than the devil-doctor had been. He had not the slightest doubt that the island deity was speaking, after his long silence, and that the idol meant every word of his threat, to send fire to burn up the village and its inhabitants.

Neither did Tomongo look at Bunter. He was still lying on his stomach on the coral floor, with popping eyes fixed on the hideous carved idol.

"Me likee white feller too much!" went on the voice of the shark-god. "You savvy, you feller Koo-koo."

"Me savvy!" answered the chief. "Me kill-dead that white feller, along you eatce, mouth belong you."

Bunter nearly fell down as he heard that reply! He did not want the chief to carry his obedience to the mysterious voice to that length!

"You no kill-dead that white feller!" came the sharp tones from the shark-god. "S'pose that white feller kill-dead, all feller belong this island burn up along big-feller fire."

"No kill-dead that white feller!" said Koo-koo obediently. "You makee this feller Koo-koo savvy what you wantce along that white feller, me do all samee you say."

"Me likee that white feller stop along me, friend along me," said the shark-god. "You makee that feller all samee master along Kanaka feller."

"Me makee likee you say!"

"That white feller good-feller along Kanaka feller! Kanaka feller hurt that white feller, he go finish, close-up, along fire burn up inside belong him."

"Kanaka feller no hurt that white feller!" mumbled Koo-koo. "That white feller all samee master along Kanaka feller."

Koo-koo, trembling, waited for more. On Billy Bunter's fat face, a happy grin was dawning. He had the chief of the island tribe where he wanted him now. There was no more to fear from Koo-koo, than from Tomongo.

The fat junior blinked round at the doorway. Totototo was staring in, his jaw dropping as he heard the words from the idol. Behind him were a crowd of staring, frightened faces. Bunter drew a deep breath.

He realised that there was power in his fat hands now. Bunter was the fellow to use power when he had it.

The voice went on from the jaws of the shark-god.

"Me too much angry along that feller Totototo, along he bad-feller along that white master! You give that feller Totototo five-five lash, along lawyer-cane, along back belong him. You savvy?"

"Me savvy!" said Koo-koo.

"You no stop along this place any more!"

Koo-koo backed away. He was dismissed by the shark-god, and he went without question. Not till he was near the doorway did he venture to turn and take his eyes off the hideous idol. Then he stepped quickly out.

The lattice dropped into place. All was dusky again. Tomongo remained

lying on his brown stomach, mumbling with fear.

Billy Bunter listened. From outside, a few minutes later, came a sound of yelling and howling. Totototo was getting the lawyer-cane on his bare brown back!

Bunter grinned.

Totototo deserved that, and more, for having put Bunter through this! But the fat Owl welcomed it chiefly as a proof that he was in a position to give orders that would be obeyed. Indeed, there was no doubt that had he made the shark-god order Koo-koo to "kill-dead" Totototo, the wretched native's life would not have been worth a minute's purchase.

The yelling died away. It was followed by a continuous murmur of voices from crowds gathered round the devil-house.

Every now and then the lattice stirred, and some brown man, bolder than the rest, peered in and popped back again.

Billy Bunter blinked at Tomongo. The scared old wretch was not stirring. Bunter moved across to the doorway.

But he paused. It was probable that he would have been safe in venturing out of the devil-house, and that not a hand would have been raised against him after what the shark-god had commanded. But his fat heart failed him at the thought of making the venture. There were two or three hundred natives gathered round the devil-house, and he dared not take the risk.

But he was, at all events, safe where he was. He returned to his mat and sat down on it. Tomongo, at last, stirred, and crawled to his feet. Billy Bunter blinked at him and resolved to put his new powers to another test.

"You feller Tomongo!" he rapped.

The devil-doctor looked at him.

"You stop along that place!" ordered Bunter. "You no move foot belong you, hand belong you!"

Tomongo gave him a fixed look with his bright, beady eyes. The white master who had been taken under protection of the shark-god was an object of fear to him. At the same time, it was clear that he did not like taking orders in the den where he had so long reigned supreme. The evil look in his beady eyes made Bunter's fat heart quail. But the Greyfriars ventriloquist was ready to weigh in again.

From the shark-god came the low wailing sound, and Tomongo spun round with terrified eyes on the idol, and immediately fell on his stomach. That hint of the shark-god's attention was enough for him. He did not stir again.

Billy Bunter lay down on his mat. He pillowed a fat head on a fat arm and went to sleep. He could sleep now in comfort.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

No Exit!

"Oll crikey!" murmured Billy Bunter.

He sat up on his mat.

He had slept for some hours, and he awakened refreshed—and hungry! His fat thoughts turned to the bowl of food that he had been so unwilling to touch in the morning! He was more than willing to touch it now.

He blinked round the dusky devil-house.

He had forgotten Tomongo, and his autocratic order to the old wretch to lie where he was. Now he was reminded of him. Tomongo still lay where Bunter



"You feller Koo-koo—" Koo-koo gave a spring, almost clear of the floor, as a voice came, or seemed to come, from the yawning jaws of the shark-god. Little did he know that it was the work of Billy Bunter, the fat ventriloquist!

had seen him last, and had not, apparently stirred all the time that the fat Owl had been asleep.

Billy Bunter murmured "Oh crikey!" and grinned. If he had wanted a proof of his new power in the village of the island savages he had it now. For hours that horrible old wretch, in his necklaces of human bones, had lain there, not daring to stir. It was not, Bunter, of course, that he feared. It was the shark-god, who had commanded that Bunter was to be obeyed. But it came to the same thing. The shark-god was going to give all the orders that seemed good to the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

Only a few hours ago Billy Bunter had been trembling and shuddering with terror. But there was no trembling or shuddering about him now.

Bunter was full of beans. The abject superstition of the savages made him master of the situation, and he knew it. He actually was a more powerful man in the village than Tomongo himself, or even Koo-koo, the chief, for neither of them dared even to think of opposing the commands of the idol.

For generation after generation that hideous effigy had been the object of the islanders' terrified worship. They made offerings to it, to gain its favours; they carried out its supposed wishes, as translated by Tomongo, its priest, whose superstitious belief was finetuned with cunning trickery, as with all savage witch-doctors. Now the idol had actually spoken—and no brown man on the island would have dreamed of disregarding its words.

That a wooden idol should speak any white man would have known at once was impossible. But to the Kanakas it did not seem in the least impossible, or even improbable. They believed firmly in the unlimited power of the shark-god. It had never spoken before, but it could speak if it chose! Now it had

chosen! And that was all about it! As for disobeying its commands, the boldest savage on the island would not have dared to think of that for one moment.

Billy Bunter, as he blinked at the prostrate figure of the devil-doctor, understood quite clearly how matters stood. He had the upper hand now—he was top dog! And Bunter was the fellow, if he had power in his hands, to let the power get into his head!

Bunter liked giving orders! Now it seemed to him that he could give all the orders he liked and receive unquestioning obedience. He was going to try it on, at all events!

"You feller Tomongo!" he rapped.

The old savage raised his head.

"Yessar!" he mumbled.

"You get up, leg belong you!"

Tomongo got up.

"This feller wantee kai-kai!" went on Bunter. "Good-feller kai-kai, you savvy, plenty too much good-feller turtle meat."

"Yessar!"

"Get to it!" rapped Bunter.

"Yessar!" mumbled Tomongo.

He blew on the shell. In a few minutes food was brought in by a native, who eyed the shark-god with dread as he entered.

Billy Bunter's fat face beamed.

He was hungry, and he was no longer afraid to eat. Turtle-meat was delicious, and Bunter proceeded to enjoy himself. Having disposed of turtle, he proceeded to guzzle oranges. This, Bunter considered, was all right! After that meal, he was going to try his chance of getting away. But he was not going to try to sneak out of the devil-house and scuttle!

Now that he realised his power, he was going to use it. He needed a guide across the island, to the stockade on the other side; for there was little doubt that, had he got away from the village, he would have lost himself in

the bush. He had decided that Totototo was going to take him back across the island. Whether that would be stretching his new powers too far, Bunter did not know—but he was the fellow to stretch them to the widest possible extent.

"You feller Tomongo!" he rapped, when he had finished eating.

"Yessar!"

"Wantee see that feller Totototo, eye belong me! You makeo that feller come along this place."

The devil-doctor seemed to hesitate for a moment. Then he went to the lattice door and called.

In a few minutes Totototo entered. Billy Bunter blinked at him with involuntary uneasiness. The previous day Totototo had frightened him out of his fat wits.

But one blink at the brown man reassured him. It was Totototo now who was frightened. He stood before Bunter—but the corner of his eye was on the dread effigy, dim in the curling smoke of the wood fire.

"Feller white master wantee speak along this feller Totototo!" he mumbled.

"This feller wantee go back along friend belong him!" said Bunter.

With all his new confidence, the fat Owl's podgy heart thumped as he waited for Totototo's answer. But the answer came at once.

"Yessar! This feller do all thing white master say."

Billy Bunter gasped with relief.

Only the previous day, Totototo had driven him into the native village with his spear, like a fat pig captured in the bush. Now he stood ready to obey his orders!

Bunter jumped up from the mat.

"Come on!" he said quite briskly.

Tomongo's evil eyes were on him.

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Evidently he was unwilling to see his intended victim escape from that den of darkness and horror. He glanced round uneasily at the shark-god, and then spoke to Totototo in a low voice, in his own language.

The brown man appeared to hesitate. Billy Bunter breathed hard. He could not understand the words of the old devil-doctor, but he could easily guess their purport, from the change in the manner of Totototo. He gave his little fat cough. It was time for O-O-loluo to speak again!

"You feller Totototo!" came a voice, and the brown man started violently and fell on his knees. His eyes were fixed in terror on the idol, and Tomongo's mutter ceased instantly.

The voice of the shark-god went on:

"You feller Totototo, you 'bey along white master, all same him chief belong you! You good-feller along that white master, me makee you rich feller, along plenty yam, plenty turtle, plenty shell-money, plenty piecee gold-money. You no good-feller along that white master, me makee big-feller fire burn up inside belong you."

The voice died away. Totototo, on his knees, with his fuzzy head bowed, did not stir for a full minute. Then he gained his feet, trembling, and made a sign for Bunter to follow him. Tomongo was silent now, but had he spoken his words would have been unheeded. The shark-god had spoken.

Billy Bunter rolled after Totototo to the doorway.

The brown man drew aside the cane lattice for him to pass out of the devil-house. The fat junior rolled out into the brilliant sunshine of the tropical day.

He stood blinking like an owl in the glaring light, shading his eyes with a fat hand.

There were twenty or thirty natives in sight, and their eyes all turned on Bunter. At a little distance from the coral platform stood Koo-koo, leaning one hand on his supporting stick, and grasping a long spear in the other.

His eyes fixed on Bunter with a deadly look.

There was no sign of hostility from the other natives. Totototo was all trembling obedience. But the look on Koo-koo's face was not to be mistaken.

Bunter stopped where he was. His fat confidence evaporated suddenly at the sight of that ferocious, threatening face.

Within the devil-house, Koo-koo had trembled at the voice of the shark-god. Out of hearing of that dread voice, however, he seemed quite a different Koo-koo!

"I—I say," gasped Bunter, "what is that beast standing there for? I mean, what name Koo-koo stop along that place?"

"Tinkee he stop along that place, along kill-dead white master, along spear belong him!" answered Totototo simply.

"Oh crikey!"

"Along house belong O-O-loluo, too much fright!" explained Totototo. "Along white master no stop along house belong O-O-loluo, kill-dead too quick."

"Oh jiminy!" gasped Bunter.

The fat Owl had not allowed for the weird workings of the savage mind. Within sound of the shark-god's voice Koo-koo had trembled and obeyed. Out of hearing of that terrifying voice he was ready to run his spear through the prisoner; and evidently intended to do so, as soon as Bunter was clear of the devil-house.

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"White master come?" asked Totototo.

"You silly idiot!" gasped Bunter. He was not likely to let Totototo lead him within reach of a lunge of Koo-koo's spear!

"No come?" asked Totototo.

Totototo did not seem to think that it mattered a bean whether that spear went through Bunter or not! It mattered a lot to Bunter!

"Beast!" he hissed.

And Bunter rolled back into the devil-house.

It was not a pleasant spot, and Bunter was anxious to get clear of it. But so long as Koo-koo stood watchful, spear in hand, Billy Bunter was a fixture in the house of O-O-loluo!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Messenger From Bunter!

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

"Look out!"

Harry Wharton grasped the rifle.

In the burning afternoon, the Greyfriars castaways were gathered by the stockade. They were on their guard at once, at the sight of a brown man emerging from the palms.

It had been an anxious day to the castaways. No sign had been found of Bunter, and they could no longer doubt that he had fallen into the hands of the savages.

Now they were consulting about what was to be done—and whether anything could be done. The fact that the fat Owl's fatuous folly had landed him in that terrible peril made no difference—they were ready to face any risk to help him out.

But they knew, only too well, that they were helpless. It was only by almost miraculous good fortune that they had driven off the savages, and saved themselves from the cooking-pots of the island cannibals. They could not have held the stockade against a determined attack in large numbers. Had the enemy been aware that there was only a single fire-arm in the party, and only one cartridge left for it, the attack would have come, and it would have been overwhelming.

To make an attack, in their turn, was impossible; it was simply asking for instant destruction, without helping the hapless Owl. They could not even have reached the village of the savages, wherever it was—once in the bush-paths they would have fallen to thrusting spears.

Hopeless as the idea was, the juniors were thinking of it, and discussing possibilities—or rather, impossibilities; when the sudden sight of a native gave the alarm.

"They're coming!" muttered Nugent.

In expectation of seeing a crowd of savages rush from the palms, the juniors backed at once into the stockade, and barred the gate. They lined the stockade, ready for the expected attack.

But only one islander appeared in sight. He came out of the palms, holding empty hands in the air, in sign of peace.

But the juniors had not forgotten the treachery of Koo-koo, and they were not likely to trust him.

Nothing was to be seen, however, of other savages, and the man was unarmed. He came on slowly, making signs of peace, the juniors watching him over the stockade fence.

When he was about fifteen feet away,

Harry Wharton made him a sign to stop. He stopped at once.

If he came as a messenger from the savages who had captured Bunter, the juniors were only too eager to hear what he had to say. Any news of the fat Owl would have been welcome to them.

"This feller Totototo friend along you, sar!" called out the native.

"What name you come along this place?" asked Harry.

"Come along this place, sar, along fat feller white master say come along this place?" answered Totototo.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Oh gum!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

The juniors fairly blinked at Totototo. The "fat feller white master" could only be Bunter! But that one of the islanders was obeying orders given by Bunter, was not only amazing, but incredible.

Wharton eyed the savage keenly and suspiciously.

"What place that white master stop?" he asked.

"He stop along house belong O-O-loluo," answered Totototo.

"O-O-loluo?" repeated Harry. He knew that the chief of the tribe was named Koo-koo. "No savvy O-O-loluo! Who O-O-loluo?"

"Him big-feller-all-too-much, all samee Quat!" explained Totototo.

The juniors had heard of "Quat" among the natives on Kalua. It was one of the varying names of an invisible deity believed in by the Kanakas.

"Does he mean a native god?" asked Bob.

"I suppose so—an idol, perhaps!" said Harry. "What name feller white master stop along house belong O-O-loluo?" he asked.

"He stop along that house, sar, along old feller Tomongo feed um, makee plenty fat, along makee long-pig kai-kai."

"Oh!" gasped Harry.

The juniors hardly needed telling the probable fate of a prisoner in the hands of the island savages. But that calm statement from Totototo made them shiver, though it was no news to them.

"No makee kai-kai!" added Totototo, in further explanation. "That white feller big-feller along Kanaka feller, along big-feller-too-much O-O-loluo likee that feller too much altogether."

This was so much Greek to the Greyfriars fellows. They could only stare at Totototo.

"O-O-loluo speak along this feller," the savage further explained. "He speakee along mouth belong him, big-feller mouth all samee shark. Him say 'bey order along that white master, all samee feller chief belong me.'"

"If that means anything, what does it mean?" asked Bob.

"Goodness knows!" answered Harry, utterly perplexed.

From the brown man's description the juniors could gather that O-O-loluo was some sort of a native god, or idol, carved in the form of a shark. But his statement that such an object had spoken to him was mystifying.

"Him say, s'pose this feller Totototo good-feller along that white master, him makee this feller rich feller, along yam, along turtle, along shell-money, along piecee gold-money," continued Totototo. "This feller likee too much."

Totototo grinned cheerfully as he spoke. Evidently he was looking forward, with great anticipation, to the reward promised by the shark-god.

"Me likee too much," he repeated. "Me do all thing that white master say! Him say come along friend belong him. Me comey."

"Well, this beats Banagher!" said Johnny Bull.

"The beatfulness of esteemed Banagher is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, shaking his dusky head.

"Oh, begad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer. He gave a sudden chuckle. "Good old Bunter!"

The Famous Five stared at him. "Can you make head or tail of that rigmorole, Mauly?" asked Wharton.

"Yaas," grinned his lordship. "What the dickens does it mean, then?" demanded Bob.

Mauly chuckled. "Bunter's in the idol's house, and the jolly old idol has been talking," he answered. "Easy enough for an idol to talk with a ventriloquist around—what?"

"Oh!" gasped the juniors. They realised now how the matter stood. The Greyfriars ventriloquist had made the shark-god talk, as he had made the stone image talk on Kalua.

"That's it!" said Bob. "That must be it!"

"That looks as if he's safe, then," said Harry. "If they think he is protected by their god he must be safe. This man is carrying messages for him, anyhow."

He turned to Totototo again. "What thing fat feller white master say mouth belong him?" he asked.

"Him say takee paper he talk along friend belong him," answered Totototo. And he groped in his fuzzy hair and produced a crumpled paper.

Wharton made him a sign to approach the stockade fence, and he handed up the paper and stepped back again.

It was a leaf torn from a small pocket notebook, and it was written on in pencil. It was written in Billy Bunter's scrawling hand, which was recognisable at a glance, and in his own special spelling, which was still more easily recognisable.

"Dear Wharton,—I'm in an awfull phix. These savidge beests have got me here and I can't get away. I've made them beleve that their beestly idle has spoken, and toled them to treet me decently, but that fowl broot Koo-koo is stikking outside with a speer, to stikk throo me if I get out of this awfull plaice. So long as I stikk hear I am all rite, but I want to get away, so if you can help me I think you mite remember all I've dun for you. I think the uther beests would be all rite if it wasn't for that fowl broot Koo-koo, who is pheerfully savidge because of his bandey legg. You were a phool to shoot him in the leg instead of the hedd, as it ternes out. Praps you can get at the broot and shoot him throo the hedd! Then it wil be all rite. Deo anything you kann, because I am in a phearful phix among these pherocious broots.

W. G. BUNTER."

Totototo watched the juniors as they gathered eagerly to read that missive from the cannibals' captive. "Paper he talk" was a great mystery to the untutored mind of the savage.

"Well," said Bob, with a deep breath, "that shows that the fat old bean is safe, for the present, anyhow."

There was great relief and satisfaction in the faces of the castaways.

"Thank goodness for that!" said Harry.

"The thankfulness is terrific!" "We can send him back a message by this chap," said Harry.

And he scribbled a note on a leaf from his pocket-book and handed it down to Totototo, who bestowed it in his hair—the Kanaka's usual place for carrying small articles.

Then the islander went back to the palms and disappeared from sight. He

left the Greyfriars castaways in an immensely relieved frame of mind.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter's Big Idea!

"**B**EAST!" hissed Billy Bunter. He was addressing Koo-koo, though that savage chief was out of hearing.

Blinking forth from the latticed doorway of the devil-house, Bunter's eyes, and spectacles, fixed inimically on the island chief.

Koo-koo was seated in the shade of a palm-leaf wall, his damaged leg, in its bandages, stretched out before him.

His spear was by his side, ready to grasp, and his eyes seldom left the doorway of the devil-house.

What he was going to do if Bunter emerged was clear. In the presence of that fearsome deity, O-O-loluo, and within sound of its voice, the chief dared not lift his hand against the white master. But as soon as the prisoner emerged from the building his number was up. Koo-koo evidently knew that Bunter would get away if he could—that was an easy one to guess! And he was not letting him escape—not if he knew it.

"Beast!" groaned Bunter. The fat Owl had been in luck—he admitted that! His weird ventriloquial gift had stood him in good stead. Tomongo was almost feeding from his fat hand. Totototo had gone across the island in obedience to his order. Even the ferocious Koo-koo dared not harm him in the devil-house. So long as he remained under the protection of the speaking idol he was safe.

But he did not want to remain. He wanted to get away! He was prepared even to exchange the luscious turtle-meat and baked yams for his former diet of coconuts and bananas if he could only get clear of the cannibals and clear of the horrors of the devil-house. Every glimpse of the head that turned in the smoke of the wood-fire made his fat flesh creep.

But Koo-koo stood, or, rather, sat like a lion in the path! Bunter was eager to go—and no hand was raised to stop him! But it was death to leave his refuge, and he stayed where he was, and glared at the island chief with a glare almost as ferocious as Koo-koo's own! Indeed, if looks could have slain, Koo-koo's hours would have been numbered!

Bunter's hope now was in the result of his message to the castaways across the island. He knew that they would help him if they could—though how they were to help him he did not know. Obviously they could not approach the savage village without being immediately attacked by the islanders—they were not, like Bunter, under the protection of O-O-loluo!

Shooting Koo-koo through the head, no doubt, might have saved the situation, but it was hardly practical politics.

Still, Bunter hoped that they could do something! It was, at least, up to them, after all he had done for them!

Watching the natives from the latticed doorway, Bunter had no doubt that it was only Koo-koo that he had to fear. Others of the natives saw his fat face peering out, but gave him no hostile looks. Those who had brought in food to him treated him with marked respect, as one whom O-O-loluo "likee too much." Only the chief remained obdurate.

No doubt Koo-koo was disgruntled by the pain in his damaged leg, and by the fact that he was disabled. The savage

chief of a savage tribe could not, in fact, afford to be disabled. A cannibal who was not able to defend himself was in danger of the cooking-pots from the others.

Billy Bunter could see that the other natives in his view were not treating Koo-koo with much respect. Some of them, in passing, cast mocking glances at his crippled leg. Once, when Koo-koo, in rising to his feet, stumbled and sat down again, there was a cackle of laughter from a crowd of natives.

Koo-koo in his palmy days had been dreaded and obeyed; chiefly because he was the most hefty fighting man of his tribe.

Now that he was disabled he was not dreaded, and respect and obedience were falling away. It was quite likely that some lesser chief would get the idea into his fuzzy head of making Koo-koo "go finish" and becoming head chief in his place. In which case, Koo-koo would be booked for the fate he had destined for Billy Bunter.

"Beast!" said Billy Bunter for the third time.

It was a relief to Bunter, at last, to see Totototo coming up among the irregular huts that formed the village.

Koo-koo scowled at the man as he passed; and it was probably only the fact that he had only one leg to stand on that prevented him from giving Totototo a lunge from his spear.

Totototo gave him a mocking look in passing. The previous day he had argued with Koo-koo for the possession of the prisoner, which he would never have ventured to do, but for the chief's dilapidated condition. Now he was still less respectful.

They exchanged a scowl, and a jeering grin, and Totototo came on to the devil-house. Totototo's manner became very respectful at once, however, as he saw Bunter.

He took a crumpled paper from his fuzzy hair, and presented it to the fat white master.

"White feller send paper he talk, sar!" said Totototo.

Bunter uncrumpled the paper eagerly. It was something, in his situation, to get word from his friends.

But he grunted as he read it.

"Dear Old Fat Bean,—I'm jolly glad you're safe! Keep your pecker up! We'll do anything we can.—

"H. WHARTON."

"Beast!" breathed Bunter. This was not much use to him. There was no doubt that the castaways would do anything they could; but what they could do was rather a mystery. Harry Wharton could hardly walk into the savage village, and spend the last cartridge on Koo-koo's fuzzy head! And nothing else could help Bunter.

The fat junior rolled back dismally into the devil-house. He squatted on his mat in dismal spirits.

Tomongo eyed him evilly with his beady eyes. Bunter sat and blinked at the hideous effigy of O-O-loluo. The shark-god had served his turn, but ventriloquial trickery did not seem useful to help him any further.

But Billy Bunter's brain was working at full pressure now.

His friends could not help him. He had to help himself—somehow! The question was—how. He wondered whether a command from the shark-god—easy enough for the Greyfriars ventriloquist to produce—would cause the natives to turn on Koo-koo. From what he had seen, the chief's power was already rather a frail reed. A cannibal

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tribe had little more use for a "lame duck" than a pack of wolves.

The fat junior caught his breath as he thought of it.

It was likely—it was very likely—that such a command would make Totototo run his spear through the chief, as easily as it had made him carry a message across the island to the castaways.

Bunter shuddered. The ferocious, scowling savage was waiting for a chance to spit him on his spear—indeed, he might, sooner or later, pluck up his courage to enter the devil-house and do so, for all Bunter knew. But the fat junior shuddered at the thought of using his power to such a dreadful extent. But anything short of that—

Tomongo was performing his superstitious rites again. With a fresh basket of fruit, the old devil-doctor crawled towards the shark-god. Bunter heard him mumbling as he crawled, as on the previous occasion; some sort of invocation in his own tongue, in which the name of "O-O-loluo" was constantly repeated.

Bunter made up his mind.

As the devil-doctor reached the idol, and deposited the basket of fruit under the gaping jaws, a voice proceeded from those jaws, and the devil-doctor dropped trembling on his stomach.

"You feller Tomongo!" came the voice. "Wantee speak along Totototo."

Tomongo gasped a reply in his own tongue, and crawled away. He did not look at Bunter; but the fat junior watched him eagerly.

The devil-doctor went to the latticed door and called. Almost immediately Totototo entered. Tomongo mumbled in his own language, and Totototo's eyes turned in fear and dread on the idol. Slowly, very slowly, he approached the shark-god, his bare brown knees knocking together. He did not even glance at Bunter. His fearful gaze was fixed on O-O-loluo!

"You feller Totototo!" came the voice from the idol. "You hear me, ear belong you."

"Me hear, ear belong me!" breathed Totototo.

"Me no likee chief along bad-feller leg he stop! Me no likee Koo-koo, too much altogether. Kanaka feller makee that fellow chief stop along canoe, along sea, along he no comee back along this place. You hear, ear belong you?"

"Me hear!" faltered Totototo.

"S'pose that feller chief Koo-koo stop along this place, big-feller fire burn up all Kanaka feller, close-up!" boomed the idol. "You makee new feller chief along Kanaka feller. You hear, ear belong you?"

"Me hear!" said Totototo.

"You no kill-dead that feller chief! You makee that feller stop along canoe, along big-feller water. S'pose he comee back along this place, all Kanaka feller burn up along big-feller fire! You savvy?"

"Me savvy!" mumbled Totototo, his eyes on the gaping jaws from which, as he fully believed, the voice proceeded.

"You do all thing me say?"

"Me do all thing you say!" answered Totototo.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"You makee new feller chief! You makee white feller chief along Kanaka feller! You savvy?"

"Me savvy!" said Totototo.

"S'pose you makee that feller white master chief along you, you plenty rich feller. Big feller ship he comee along this place, along plenty too much gold-money he stop! All Kanaka feller rich feller."

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"Me hear, ear belong me!" said Totototo. "Me do all thing you say."

"You do that thing close-up!"

Billy Bunter could hardly believe in his good luck, as Totototo backed away from the idol, turned, and left the devil-house. Tomongo still lay on his stomach. Billy Bunter rolled across to the latticed doorway to watch through the lattice what was to follow.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Big Chief Bunter!

"OH crikey!" breathed Billy Bunter.

There was a hubbub of voices from a thickening crowd of natives in the open space in front of the devil-house.

Totototo was speaking in the native language; and, though the fat Owl could not understand a syllable of what he said, he could see that the brown man was passing on the command he had received from the shark-god.

Koo-koo could hear, and he could understand, if Bunter could not. The fat junior saw him drag himself to his feet, with the aid of the stick, and grasp his spear, his black eyes dilated with fear and savage ferocity. In a few minutes the mob of savages were swarming round the chief; and the hubbub of voices increased.

Bunter watched, with beating heart.

Koo-koo, in rage and wild excitement, brandished his spear. A dozen other spears rose in the air around him. The whole mob were shrieking at him in derision. Then Totototo, with his own weapon, struck the spear from the chief's hand, and it clattered on the earth.

Five or six pairs of brawny hands grasped the chief and dragged him away towards the beach.

Billy Bunter gasped.

There was no doubt about it now! He emerged from the devil-house, and, standing on the coral platform, fastened his eyes, and his spectacles, on the wild scene.

Koo-koo, yelling and struggling, was dragged roughly down the beach by half a dozen of the natives. Others ran a canoe down to the water.

It seemed to Billy Bunter almost too good to be true. He watched with his fat heart thumping.

The chief of the island tribe was stripped of his decorations, and then pitched into the canoe as carelessly as a sack of copra.

He sprawled there, howling, and Totototo flung in a paddle after him. Then there was a derisive shout from the whole mob as the canoe was given a push, sending it rocking out into the lagoon.

Koo-koo sat up, screaming with rage. Derisive howls answered him from the natives on the beach. The canoe came to a standstill. The lagoon was still as glass, like the ocean outside the reef; the Pacific locked in a dead calm. The chief left the paddle lying where it had fallen. But some of the natives stooped and gathered sharp stones from the beach, and a shower of missiles rained on him in the canoe.

"Oh crikey!" murmured Bunter.

The enraged chief at last grasped the paddle, and paddled away across the lagoon. The volleying stones followed him until he was out of range. Canoe and chief disappeared from Billy Bunter's sight, across the shining water.

The fat junior grinned. He was done with Koo-koo now! And he realised more clearly than ever, the power that was in his fat hands. There was not the

slightest doubt that the savages would have speared Koo-koo as they would have speared mullet in the sea, had the shark-god given the command. They had driven him off the island, and he was not likely to return. Billy Bunter was glad to have done with him.

A few minutes later there was a fresh hubbub of voices outside the devil-house. The mob of savages were streaming back from the beach.

Billy Bunter blinked at them, not quite without uneasiness. But it was very soon clear that he had nothing to fear.

Totototo stepped on the coral platform. The rest stood watching. Totototo had in one hand the clock-case that had adorned Koo-koo's hair, in the other the teapot handle that had decorated his nose. Over his bare brown arm lay the duck trousers that had hung round the hapless chief's neck. These remarkable articles were evidently the insignia of royalty.

With great respect Totototo draped the trousers round Bunter's fat neck.

"I—I say—" gasped Bunter.

"You big-feller chief, sar, along Kanaka feller, all samee O-O-loluo he say!" said Totototo. "Big-feller chief along us feller, sar! All thing belong chief stop along you, sar."

"Oh crikey!"

Totototo lifted the hat from the fat junior's head, to dispose the clock-case in his hair. Billy Bunter's short crop, however, was not so useful for that purpose as the thick mop of the savage chief. Totototo seemed puzzled for a moment or two; but a bright idea occurred to him.

"Makee stop along feller hat!" he said.

"Oh crumbs!"

The shining clock-case was fixed to the crown of the hat, which was replaced on Bunter's fat head. There it gleamed in the sunshine, as it had been wont to gleam from the dark mop of Koo-koo-kooloo-kululo.

So far Billy Bunter had no great objection to the proceedings. But the next item on the programme was rather alarming.

Totototo signed to Tomongo, who approached from the doorway of the devil-house, with his shark's-tooth knife in his skinny claw.

"I—I say—" gasped Bunter.

"You no 'fraid, sar!" said Totototo reassuringly. "Makee stop along nose belong you, sar."

"Wha-a-at?" stammered Bunter.

"Makee stop along nose, sar, all samee stop along nose belong Koo-koo," said Totototo, holding up the teapot handle.

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Bunter.

Bunter had not bargained for that. Koo-koo's broad nose had been pierced for that decoration—that was the only way of hanging it on a nose. But Billy Bunter had a strong objection to his fat little nose being pierced by the shark's-tooth knife.

He backed away promptly.

"Here, you chuck it!" he gasped, in great alarm.

"No wantee, sar, along nose belong you?" asked Totototo, puzzled.

"No fear!" stammered Bunter.

"What name you no wantee, along nose belong you?" demanded Totototo.

"Stick it on your own nose!" gasped Bunter. "Oh crumbs! No wantee along nose belong me. Keep that beast away!"

Tomongo seemed rather keen to handle the shark's-tooth knife on the new chief. His dingy old face wrinkled in a grin as he approached Bunter. The



"Here, you chuck it!" gasped Bunter. The fat junior had a strong objection to his fat little nose being pierced by a shark's-tooth knife, and he backed away promptly. Tomongo seemed rather keen to handle the knife, however, and his dingy old face wrinkled in a grin as he approached Bunter.

fat junior, in sheer desperation, hit out with a fat fist, catching the devil-doctor in one of his beady eyes. Tomongo yelled and went over backwards, dropping on the coral like a bag of bones.

There was a cackle from the crowd of natives. Tomongo sat up with his hand to his eye; the other glittering at Bunter like a snake's.

"You no likee, sar?" asked Totototo. Bunter collected his fat wits.

"Me likee plenty too much," he said. "But O-O-loluo no likee along nose belong me! He likee along nose belong you."

"Me likee too much 'altogether!" grinned Totototo, and he immediately removed a couple of cartridge-clips from his nose and replaced them with the teapot handle. Many envious glances were turned on him as he did so. Billy Bunter was the only person present who did not place a high value upon that chic ornament.

Billy Bunter blinked round at the crowd of natives. His big idea had been a success. He had got away with it. Twenty-four hours ago he had been a prisoner, destined for "kai-kai"; now he was chief of Koo-koo's tribe, and as he realised that the whole mob of benighted savages were ready to carry out his orders he swelled with satisfaction and importance.

He pointed to Tomongo.

"No likee that feller Tomongo!" he said. "No likee that feller stop along this place."

"Yessar! Makee kai-kai along that feller Tomongo!" said Totototo cheerfully.

The old devil-doctor, with a howl of terror, leaped to his feet. Five or six hands grasped him at once.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "No! You hear me, ear belong you! You no

makee kai-kai along that feller Tomongo—he makee you plenty too sick, along inside belong you! You kick that feller along bush, foot belong you—you kick him plenty too much, along he no stop along this place."

Tomongo, howling, was dragged off the coral platform. He disappeared in a crowd of cackling, howling natives. Billy Bunter grinned after him as he went. There was no doubt that he had got away with it. The shark-god had spoken, and his voice was law to the benighted cannibals—and Billy Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove was monarch of all he surveyed.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter In All His Glory!

BOB CHERRY gave a yell.

"Oh crumbs! Look!"

The other fellows looked—stared—and almost fell down. They rubbed their eyes and stared again.

Another day had dawned on the lonely island—a day of dead calm and breathless heat. Harry Wharton & Co. were discussing the possibility—or otherwise—of helping Billy Bunter out of the hands of the savages; but what they could do, or whether they could do anything at all, was a problem.

It was late in the morning that a stirring figures were observed among the palms, and the castaways retreated into the stockade, on their guard for trouble.

But it was not trouble that was coming. It was Bunter! Bob spotted him first, then the other fellows saw him—and they fairly gaped at the sight.

They had hoped that the fat Owl might succeed in getting away and re-

joining them. They had hoped that they might find some means of helping him to get away. But they had never dreamed of anything like this. Bunter was coming—and he was coming in state!

From under the nodding palms emerged a crowd of brown-skinned natives, with Bunter in their midst. Not one of the natives was armed, which showed that no idea of hostility was in their minds.

But the eyes of the castaways fixed on Bunter.

The natives were all on foot. Bunter was not! Walking, especially in tropic heat, had never appealed to Bunter; and now that he was a "big-feller chief," he was, so to speak, getting the game as well as the name.

The fat junior was seated in a sort of sedan-chair. The seat of the chair was slung on tapa cords to two long palm poles, which were borne on the shoulders of four brown men, one at each end of each pole.

Between the poles sat Bunter.

The chair was carved in palm-wood, and covered with thick cushions of tapa, stuffed with feathers. It was quite an easy and comfortable seat, and swung with a gentle motion between the horizontal poles.

Ahead walked Totototo, with the teapot handle shining in his nose. Then came Bunter with his bearers. Behind walked five or six more natives. One of them had a large pandanus-leaf in his hand, with which he was fanning Bunter from time to time, keeping the flies off.

Bunter's aspect was a little remarkable, with the shining clock-case catching the sunshine on top of his hat, and the duck trousers hanging down the

back of his neck. The juniors recognised the adornments of the late chief of the island tribe.

Bunter's fat face wore a grin of fat and fatuous satisfaction. It was plain at a glance that he was immensely pleased with himself.

Slowly the procession came down the beach towards the stockade. The juniors gazed at it with bulging eyes.

"What the thump—" breathed Harry Wharton.

"It—it—it's Bunter!" stuttered Johnny Bull. "It—it's jolly old Bunter! But—but what—"

"What on earth does it mean?" asked Nugent.

"Goodness knows!"

"Bunter's in clover, anyhow!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "They seem to be making a fearful fuss of him."

"The fussfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But what is the meaningfulness?"

"Beats me hollow!" gasped Bob.

The juniors gazed—or, rather, gaped. They were glad to see Bunter—glad and relieved to see him safe. But never had they been so astonished.

The procession came on to the stockade, and the fat Owl blinked up at the astounded faces lining the fence as they stared down and grinned cheerily.

"I say, you fellows—" he squeaked.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" gasped Bob.

"I thought I'd give you fellows a look-in!" said the fat Owl. "You needn't worry about sticking in that stockade now! I'm going to take you under my protection!"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"My protection!" said Bunter calmly. "I'm boss of the show now, you know! You can come out of that! It's all right! I'm going to protect you!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"We won't worry you to protect us, old fat bean!" he said. "We'll try to manage that for ourselves!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"But what's the name of this game?" exclaimed Bob. "Have you been pinching Koo-koo's dressy outfit?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Well, here you are, anyhow," said Harry. "Nip into the stockade, Bunter, while you've got the chance!"

Billy Bunter blinked at him disdainfully. The amount of contempt and disdain that Bunter packed into that blink was extraordinary.

"Don't be a fool, Wharton!" he said crushingly.

"Wha-at?"

"Think I'm going to stick in that rotten den!" sneered Bunter. "I've got the biggest house in the village—the only big one, in fact! I'm waited on hand and foot! Catch me skulking in that funk-hole like you fellows! Yah!"

The Famous Five gazed at him.

This was rather a new Bunter!

His remarks were hardly in keeping with the message he had sent by Totototo the previous day. Evidently something had happened to inflate the fat Owl with an extraordinary sense of his own importance.

"You fat chump!" gasped Harry.

"Don't be cheeky!"

"What?" roared the captain of the Remove.

"Cheeky!" said Bunter firmly. "I'm not standing any cheek from anybody, white or black, on my island!"

"Your island?" stuttered Harry.

"Yes, just that!"

"Oh, great Christopher Columbus!"

"The sooner you fellows get it into your heads that you're nobodies the better!" said Bunter severely. "I'm going to protect you and treat you well. But I don't want any cheek! That's got to be understood right at the start! No cheek!"

"Fan me!" murmured Bob.

Billy Bunter blinked round at his bearers.

"Put me down here and get out!" he said. "I mean, makee this feller chair stop along this place, along you stop along palm!"

"Yessar!"

The chair was set down, the poles laid on either side of it. The natives obediently retired to the palms at a distance. Harry Wharton & Co. watched, in sheer wonder. Bunter, evidently, was now in the position of

one having authority, saying "Do this!" and he doeth it!

The fat junior rose from the chair of state. He grinned cheerfully up at the staring, astonished faces over the stockade.

"I say, you fellows, you can come out!" he said. "For goodness' sake, don't skulk there as if there was something to be afraid of, when I'm here to protect you!"

"You cheeky, podgy, pie-faced porpoise—" growled Johnny Bull.

"That will do, Bull!"

"Why, I—I—I'll—" gasped Johnny.

"I've told you that will do!" said Bunter sternly. "No more cheek! You talk too much, Bull! You always did! I never liked it!"

Johnny Bull gazed at him, dumb. Only too clearly there had been some extraordinary happening unknown to the Famous Five, and this was a very new Bunter.

"Come out of it!" repeated Bunter. "I keep on telling you there's no danger, and no need to skulk behind that fence! Come on!"

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

Harry Wharton unbarred the gate, and the garrison came out of the stockade. They realised that there was no danger from the natives, who stood, unarmed, at a distance, with grinning, good-tempered faces. At the same time, they remained on their guard, being quite well aware how swiftly the mood of a savage may change—one minute resembling a playful infant, and the next a bloodthirsty wild beast. They were not likely to bank very much on the "protection" of the ineffable fat Owl.

However, they came out. Bunter sat down in his chair of state again, with a grin of complacent self-satisfaction on his podgy features. The juniors gathered round him, gazing at him.

"And now," said Harry Wharton, "tell us what this means, you fat chump!"

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Some Chief!

BILLY BUNTER grinned serenely. Bunter was enjoying this.

Bunter was a good-natured chap. He was going to be very kind to these fellows who were now under his protection. He was going to treat them well and feed them on the fat of the land. But he was going to be treated with the respect that was his due. Bunter was very particular about that. Bunter was the "goods" now; and the fact that he was the goods was going to be fully acknowledged, or Bunter was going to know the reason why.

He grinned; he fairly smirked with satisfaction.

"I don't mind telling you!" he said. He gave a blink round to ascertain that the natives were out of hearing. Many of them understood English, though they spoke only the "beche-de-mer" variety of it. "The fact is, you fellows, the niggers have made me their chief!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Gammon!"

"Blessed if it doesn't look like it, though!" said Frank Nugent, in wonder. "They seem to be taking orders from the fat frump!"

"I've got them feeding from my hand!" grinned Bunter. "They'd jolly well kai-kai anybody if I told them to."

"Then how did it happen?" howled Bob.

"Simple enough!" answered Bunter airily. "I've got a way with the natives,

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you know; they recognise a pukka sahib when they see one! I've told you that before. Look how that Tonga boy, Popoo, was devoted to me on Kalua—my faithful nigger, you know! You fellows never had any faithful niggers, and—

"Can it!" said Johnny Bull. "Cut out the gas, and tell the truth—if there's any truth in you, you fat Ananias!"

"I've said that I don't want any cheek!" roared Bunter. "Do you want me to order Totototo to give you six with a lawyer-cane, Bull?"

Johnny Bull made a step towards Big Chief Bunter. Bob Cherry hastily pushed him back.

"I'm going to kick him!" hooted Johnny.

"Chuck it, old bean! Carry on, Bunter!"

"I don't want any cheek——"

"We've had that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And don't cackle!" snorted Bunter.

"I don't like it! I'm taking you fellows under my protection. I consider that that's up to me. But the sooner you know your place the better! You may be a little tin god in the Remove at Greyfriars, Wharton; but what are you here? Nothing, and nobody! Got that?"

"Yes, thanks!" said Harry, laughing. "Carry on!"

"I'm going to treat you well," said Bunter. "I'm not the fellow to let fellows down, I hope. Kindest friend and noblest foe, and all that—that was always my style. But you'd better get it into your heads right away that I'm somebody, and you're nobody!"

"We've got that!" agreed Harry. "Now tell us how it happened."

"They picked me out," explained Bunter. "As soon as I was among them, they jumped to it at once that I was the man they wanted! Born to command, you know, if you know what I mean! Well, they made me chief! I've got them feeding from my hand—the whole mob! You can see that."

"And what's become of Koo-koo?" asked Harry.

"I've sent him into exile!" said Bunter loftily. "They'd have speared him at a word from me. Of course, I couldn't stand for that. I made them send him away in a canoe."

"Oh crumbs!"

"I dare say he will get to another island," said Bunter. "I don't care what he does so long as he doesn't come back here. I shall certainly never allow him to set foot on my island again!"

"Phew!"

"And I've made them kick that old beast Tomongo into the bush."

"Who's Tomongo?"

"A putrid old devil-doctor. Foul old brute!" said Bunter. "He's kicked out. I'm going to keep the devil-house for my residence. You see, I want to keep O-O-loluo on hand!" Bunter winked—a fat wink. "He may have to talk again any time—see?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. He began to understand now. "You've been spoofing them with your ventriloquism——"

"Oh, no! Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Bunter hastily. "They picked me out as their chief entirely on my merits—entirely! If you fellows think I made that putrid shark-god tell them to, you're quite mistaken!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've said I don't want any cackle!" hooted Bunter.

"Well, my only hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Are even those benighted cannibals benighted enough to have their silly legs pulled like that?"

"He, he, he! They took it down like milk!" grinned Bunter. "Just lapped it up."

"Then that was how it happened?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no; nothing of the kind! The fact is, I never did any ventriloquism," said Bunter hastily. "They made me chief because they recognised me at once as the man for the job. They would, you know!"

"I don't think!" grinned Bob.

"Look here, Cherry——"

"Well, there's such a thing as fool's luck, and no mistake!" said Frank. "Fancy a howling ass like Bunter getting away with a trick like that!"

"You couldn't have done it!" sneered Bunter. "Not that I did it, you know. There was no ventriloquism in the matter at all. A chap like me was bound to come to the top. That's how it was."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors quite saw how the matter stood now. They had been aware already that the fat Owl's ventriloquial trickery had imposed on the obtuse savages, and caused them to believe that their idol had spoken in his favour. Now, clearly, the artful fat Owl had carried the same trickery farther—to an amazing extent.

"Well, that's how it was," said Bunter airily. "They picked me out as chief, and I can tell you, I'm some chief! I give orders right and left; they just jump to it. They'd come and mop you fellows up if I told them to."

"Fathead!"

"Well, they jolly well would!" said Bunter darkly. "Not that I shall tell them to, of course. Still, you'd better mind your p's and q's. I don't want any cheek. You'd better understand that to begin with."

"Isn't he nice?" murmured Bob.

"The niceness is terrific!"

"Now, you fellows, pack up your things and get going," said Bunter. "I'm taking you back to my village with me."

"Are you?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes. I say, you fellows, the grub's splendid!" said Bunter, his eyes glistening behind his spectacles. "What do you think of turtle to eat?"

"Fine!" grinned Bob.

"Lots and lots, too," said Bunter. "And they cook it a treat; I don't know exactly how they cook it—I'm going into that——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I can tell you, it's ripping after feeding for days and days on beastly coconuts! Baked yams, too. I can tell you, the yams are corking the way they cook them. They make a sort of stuff out of taro, too, that's not at all bad. And——"

"Gorgeous!"

"That's the word!" agreed Bunter. "Shark's fins, too. I haven't tried them yet, but I'm going to. And no end of all sorts of fish. Pork, too. And the way they cook a pig is a treat!"

"Oh, my hat! Have you sampled the lot already?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, do stop cackling!" yapped Bunter. "I've told you I don't like it. Now, get a move on! I want to get back before it's too jolly hot. If you're coming, you're coming at once."

"That's all right, old mat man!" said Harry, laughing. "We're not coming."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Frightfully kind of you to offer us your protection, old fat bean!" chuckled Bob. "But we'll try to carry on without it."

"Look here——" roared Bunter.

"You look here, you fat ass!" said

Harry. "You've been in luck, but those savages are uncertain animals, and now you're here you'd better stick here."

"Stick here?" repeated Bunter.

"Yes, stick where you're safe, fat-head!"

"You silly idiot! You blithering ass! You—you fathead!" gasped Bunter. "Catch me sticking on that funk-hole and living on coconuts! Gone mad?"

"You're safe here, you howling ass!" said Nugent.

"Don't be a silly fool, if you can help it, Nugent! Why, they're cooking my dinner now at my village!" snorted Bunter. "Turtle——"

"Suppose they change their minds and scoff you instead of the turtle?" asked Bob.

"Don't be a cheeky fool, Cherry!"

"My esteemed fat Bunter——"

"You can shut up, Inky! Now, look here, the lot of you!" roared Bunter. "I've offered you my protection and the fat of the land to live on. Take it or leave it."

"We'll leave it!" said Harry, laughing.

"Declined with thanks!" said Bob. "But do have a little sense, Bunter, and stick here along with us while you've got the chance!"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter turned his back on the ungrateful castaways, and waved a fat hand to the waiting Kanakas. The natives approached at once.

The fat junior sat in his chair of state again, and the poles were lifted on the shoulders of the bearers.

He blinked at the juniors with offended disdain.

"Last time of asking!" he snapped. "Coming or not?"

"Not!"

"Suit yourselves!" snapped Bunter. "You're an ungrateful lot, but I shall give orders to my subjects to leave you alone. You needn't skulk in your funk-hole any more. My subjects will obey my orders. I shall protect you. If you change your minds you can come along to my village; but bear this in mind—if you do, I shall expect you to be civil."

"You howling ass——"

"That will do. I can't waste any more time on you fellows. I shall only be back in time for dinner, as it is. You feller boy, you go plenty too quick along house belong me."

"Yessar!" said Totototo.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood in a group, watching Big Chief Bunter as he departed in state. The procession disappeared into the palms.

"Well," said Bob, with a deep breath, "this beats it!"

"The ass!"

"The fathead!"

"The chump!"

"The blithering idiot!"

The castaways were relieved of their fears for Bunter now. Their chief feeling, indeed, was a desire to boot him. Still, they were glad that the fat and fatuous Owl was safe. Though understanding the changeable moods of the savage mind much better than Bunter did, they did not feel so assured as Bunter that it would last.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Biting On The Bullet!

LORD MAULEVERER smiled faintly.

It was two or three days later, and during those two or three days the castaways had seen nothing of THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,595.

Billy Bunter, now Big Teller Chief of the island tribe.

But they had seen something of his subjects. Now that peace was established—by order of Big Chief Bunter—some of the natives came over to the castaways' side of the island in quite friendly fashion. Sometimes they brought yams and turtle meat, and other such things, to trade, the juniors handing over, in exchange, trinkets that were delightful to the simple mind of the savage. A "lucky" penny, brightly polished, that could be worn on a string round a brawny brown neck, was a great prize; a metal matchbox was still more coveted; a bright half-crown was almost priceless.

The establishment of friendly relations with the natives was a great change for the better, and the juniors had to admit that they owed it to Bunter.

They did not, however, trust the natives too far, and the stockade was always kept carefully guarded. At the moment the Kanakas were all friendliness and smiling cheerfulness, looking utterly unlike the savage mob that had once tried to rush the stockade. But that the merest whim might change them back into the howling savages the juniors remembered only too well.

However, for the present all was calm and bright, and the juniors had no doubt that Bunter was having the time of his life amid unlimited food supplies of the very best.

But it could not last, and even if it could the juniors wanted to get away from the lonely island. Now that they were friendly with the natives there was a chance; what had once been a faint and remote hope was a reality. That was what Harry Wharton was thinking over, standing with a knitted brow, watching the tall column of smoke that rose from the signal-fire, and Lord Mauleverer, glancing at him, smiled.

"Bite on the bullet, old bean!" said Mauly, at last.

Wharton started and looked round.

"What—" he began.

"Guessed your thoughts, old thing!" said Mauly. "It's fearfully annoyin' to have to think of bein' under anythin' like an obligation to that fat, frabjous, foozlin' fathead; but the sooner we chow on it and get it down, the better."

"Well, yes, that's what I was thinking of!" admitted the captain of the Remove. "It's queer enough, and idiotic enough; but the fact is, that Bunter is in a position to get us what we want for getting away from this island. With a good canoe and a good stock of provisions, we should be a good deal better off than we were on the raft—and we can't stay here for ever—if we can help it. But—"

"Wash out the butts!" said Mauleverer. "That blighter Ysabel Dick was going to maroon us on a lonely island. We're just playin' his game for him, if we stick here."

"Yes; but—"

Mauleverer made a gesture towards the sea—still as a lake in the burning sunshine. For long, long days a dead calm had lain on the Pacific.

"We're keepin' the signal goin'," he said. "But so long as this calm lasts there's not a chance of a ship comin' along—even if ships ever do come along this way, which I rather doubt."

"A steamer—"

"How many steamers in these seas, do you think? Precious few wind-jammers," said Mauly. "We've got to realise it, old man! If we don't get off

this island, we may be here for years."

"I know! But—"

"But you don't like eatin' humble pie to that fat ass?" grinned Mauly.

"I'd rather kick him."

"Yaas! But kickin' him won't get us off the island—or him, either! If you can't put your pride in your pocket on your own account, there's Bunter to think of!" said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "I know he's a silly, fat-headed, annoyin' ass! But he was all that when we were feelin' so fearfully anxious about him a few days ago—it didn't make any difference then, and it mustn't now! That howlin' ass is still in danger, though he doesn't understand it."

"Well, yes! But—"

"It's all serene just at the moment, old bean—but the Kanakas may get another bee in their bonnet any minute! We're all right—we can protect ourselves here. Bunter isn't—they'll kai-kai him like a shot, if they change their minds."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Just like you, Mauly, to be thinking about that fat chump!" he said. "But you're right—we've got to get away and get Bunter away."

"Yaas! And the sooner we bite on the bullet, and make up our minds to it, the better!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Go while the goin's good, what?"

Harry Wharton paused a moment. It went against the grain—sorely against the grain—to make any concession to Billy Bunter's fatuous swank. On his own account he would not have done so; he rather lacked Mauly's placid tolerance.

But he realised that the fat Owl had to be saved from himself, as it were. Bunter, for the moment, was the "goods"; but if some treacherous whim seized on the islanders and they turned on him, his fat life was worth nothing. Harry Wharton & Co. could defend themselves in the stockade as they had done before—but Bunter was at the mercy of the savages if his trickery failed to keep them in restraint.

"It's a go, Mauly!" he said. "We'd better make up our minds to it."

And the Co. were called into council. Johnny Bull contributed an angry grunt.

"If that fat ass checks me, I shall boot him!" he announced.

"My dear chap, there's a time for all things!" said Bob Cherry. "We can boot Bunter along the Remove passage when we get back to Greyfriars! Can't boot a big chief on his own jolly old island."

"Br-r-r-r!" snorted Johnny.

"Look here, what is it to be?" asked Harry. "As the matter stands, Bunter can work the oracle. It won't last—it can't! If we keep our backs up we can stick here as long as we like—but Bunter, sooner or later, will be chewed up by those putrid cannibals. Is that what you want, Johnny?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Well, then are we going over to the other side, to see Bunter?"

"Ye-e-es!" grunted Johnny.

And that was settled. The stockade had to be left. Bob Cherry barred the gate within and clambered out over the fence. Harry Wharton tucked the rifle under his arm and the party started—not, perhaps, in the best of tempers. However, they had made up their minds to it; and they started.

The way was easy enough to find, with so many of the natives coming and going during the past few days. From the palm grove, they entered the

runway in the bush, tramping on through steaming heat.

Once or twice, a brown tattooed face was seen looking from the bush; but there was no sign of hostility. For which the juniors were duly thankful; for in the narrow, winding, dusky bush-path, they were quite at the mercy of thrusting spears had the natives been in an aggressive mood.

They were glad enough to get out of the steaming bush, to the beach on the eastern side of the island.

As they approached the native village, they were observed, and a brown-skinned crowd gathered to stare at them; but every brown face was friendly. It was difficult to believe that these cheerful, smiling Kanakas were the howling savages who had attacked the stockade. Totototo, who was loafing by the coral platform on which the devil-house stood, greeted them with a grin that showed a magnificent set of teeth.

"What place big feller chief he stop?" asked Harry.

Totototo made a gesture towards the devil-house.

"Stop along house belong O-O-loluo!" he answered. "Him eatce big-feller dinner, go sleep along mat belong him. Him no likee wakee."

"Tell him we've come to see him!" said Harry. He had to repress the desire to push into the devil-house, and wake the big chief with the toe of his boot.

"S'pose him sleepce, no cap!" answered Totototo. "Him no likee wakee along him sleepce. Mo see, eye belong me."

And the juniors, with rather deep feelings, waited, while Totototo pushed aside the lattice at the doorway, and went into the building, to ascertain whether it pleased Big Chief Bunter to see the visitors.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

No Cheek For Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER grinned.

Bunter was in high feather. He had just finished disposing of an extensive dinner, when he heard the voices of the Greyfriars fellows outside the devil-house. Having just about enough room for one more orange, he was disposing of the same, before stretching himself on his mat for a nap, which was to last all through the hot afternoon. He was, naturally, not willing to postpone that nap on account of the fellows who had, at length, made up their minds to toe the line! Not Bunter!

Bunter's chiefship of the island tribe had, so far, gone like clockwork! There had not been a hitch! Several times, the fat ventriloquist had made O-O-loluo speak again, to the awe and terror of the natives. Everything, in fact, that Bunter wanted done came in the form of a command from O-O-loluo. The devil-house had a very different aspect now. O-O-loluo had commanded the wood fire to be put out and swept away: all the ghastly heads to be removed to the native huts. The shark-god's commands were obeyed without the slightest hesitation. Tomongo would hardly have known his devil-house, if he had seen it now. Billy Bunter found himself very

(Continued on page 28.)

Join Up for Another Happy Hike Along the Highway with—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE



(1)

Now here's a cottage, ivy-clad,
With honeysuckle and clematis;
The garden, too, is not so bad,
With big fat marrows and pertaties!
(Slight pause, while the Ed., who has
a stern taste in rhyme and grammar, is
brought round with the aid of smelling-
salts.)
But though the place is passing fair,
Abandon hope all ye who enter!
For lo, a dismal cell is there,
Well known to every sad frequenter.



REMOVE STUDIES IN RHYME

- No. 1.—Only two men to report on,
Nugent and our skipper,
Wharton.
No. 2.—Three men here are always
seen,
Bulstrode, Brown and Hazel-
dene.
No. 3.—Here are men of might and
muscle,
Donald Ogilvy and Russell.
No. 4.—Here's a lavish study with
Redwing and H. Vernon-
Smith.
No. 5.—Here you'll get some conjur-
ing tips,
Not from Hilary, but Kipps.
No. 6.—Here are four who take the
cake,
Desmond, Morgan, Wibley,
Rake.
No. 7.—These three chaps are rather
odd,
Bunter, Dutton, Peter Todd.
No. 8.—Number Eight has no top-
liner,
Merely Elliot and Smith
minor.
No. 9.—Four chaps here (one rather
clever),
Penfold, Newland, Treluce,
Trevor.
No. 10.—Two chaps here, so look them
over,
Small Dupont and big
Bolsover.
No. 11.—Here you'll find a shady lot,
Harold Skinner, Snoop and
Stott.
No. 12.—Three chaps (one in blank
oblivion),
Mauly, Delarey and Vivian.
No. 13.—Here's a friendly gathering,
Cherry, Wun Lung, Linley,
Singh.
No. 14.—Our last study's pretty full,
Fish, Field and Johnny Bull.

ALL ROUND GREYFRIARS— Friardale (2) The County Constabulary

(2)

This is, in fact, the Cop Bazaar—
(The Ed. doesn't seem to like that,
so we'll call it the County Constabulary
Station.)
Where P.-c. Tozer rules supremely;
How terrible his footprints are
When you behave yourselves un-
seemly!
The majesty of British Law
Invests his rotund form with
splendour,
And there are gasps of fear and awe
When he "knocks off" a first
offender!

(3)

His boots are of astounding size,
They tell us that a pair of barges
Are fitted out with hooks and eyes
To make those massive boots of
Gargo's!
To see him digging cabbage roots,
He's just a fat old bottle-noser!
But in his uniform and boots
He's then his Majesty, George Tozer!
(Final collapse of the Ed., who is not
expected to recover for some time.)

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

TROTTER, the Greyfriars Page-boy.

T is for TROTTER, the page,
Who seems to be stricken with age.
Whenever he's sent on a job,
The mention of work makes him sob.
He's often seen speeding about
As fast as a snail with the gout;
He moves like a miniature rock,



And cannot be timed by the clock.
A calendar's needed to show
Just how many days he is slow!
In literature, Trotter shows sense,
His library's simply immense,
"The Clue of the Bloodspattered
Beak!"
"The Hangman of Carrion Creek!"
And similar works of delight—
I'll borrow a volume to-night!

ANSWER to PUZZLE

ANTELOPE, ELEPHANT, PHEA-
SANT, PANTHER, PELICAN, POLE-
CAT and LEOPARD.

A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

Russell asked Quelchy, in class one
day, what the ancient Britons used to
do with their money. He was rather
puzzled, because Fishy wasn't born at
the time.

Coker wonders if Prout would regard
it as a cheek if he grew a beard. Well,
not barefaced cheek, anyway.

An impending law-suit is at present
holding the attention of the Remove.
The facts are these: Peter Todd, our
pet lawyer, has set up in business as a
solicitor, and has enrolled Lord Maule-

PUZZLE PAR

The following jumbles re-
arranged will make the names of
birds and beasts:

E A P N T E O L
E A P N T E H L
E A P N T S H A
E A P N T H R
E A P N L I C
E A P T L O C
E A P D L O R

Answer at foot of col. 2.

verer as a client. When Fishy kept
pestering Mauly to buy a "HOLIDAY
ANNUAL" for 4s., Mauly told him if
he didn't chuck it he would put the
matter in the hands of his solicitor. So
the next time Fishy started talking,
Mauly sent for Toddy, who is quite
keen to deal with the case. What the
result will be nobody knows.

STOP PRESS. SENSATIONAL
LAW SUIT ENDED. Fishy sold
Toddy the "HOLIDAY ANNUAL"
for 4s. Everyone (except Toddy) satis-
fied.

RANDOM RIDDLES

To what man do you always raise your
hat?—Your hairdresser.

How does water get into watercress?—
The seeds are planted in the spring.

Why is a sovereign won at cards as
good as a guinea?—Because it is one
pound won.

comfortable there: and he would not have exchanged it for the stockade at any price.

Totototo entered, with deep respect. Billy Bunter gave him an inquiring blink—though as he had heard the juniors' voices outside, he knew what was coming.

"White feller come see big feller chief?" said Totototo. "Big chief likee see white feller?"

"Tell them to wait!" said Bunter, calmly. "I mean you tell that feller stop, along this feller big chief sleepce. Me see that feller along sun he stop along sea."

"Yessar!"

"You fat chump!" came a roar from outside, which indicated that the big chief's words had been heard. It was Johnny Bull's roar, and it sounded angry.

"You tell that white feller no makee big feller noise, mouth belong him," said Bunter. "Me no likee big feller noise along me wantee sleepce."

"Yessar!" said the obedient Totototo.

There was a tramp of feet on the coral platform: and before Totototo could convey that message from the big chief, the Famous Five looked in, shoving aside the cane lattice at the doorway.

Billy Bunter gave them an irritated blink.

"I say, you fellows, what the dickens do you mean by barging in like this?" he exclaimed. "Get out of it!"

"You fat idiot!"

"Oh, really, Wharton?"

"You cheeky piffing porpoise!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Look here, Bunter, you ass!"

Billy Bunter raised a fat hand.

"Get out!" he said. "Do you fellows fancy that you're in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, or what? Do you think you can disturb me when I'm just going to have a nap! Blessed if I ever heard of such cheek! Get out!"

"We've come over to speak to you, Bunter—" said Harry Wharton, as patiently as he could.

"Later!" said Bunter. "I'll find time later! Wait till I'm ready to see you, and then I'll send you word! Now get out!"

The Famous Five looked at Bunter. Evidently, being a big chief had got into the fat Owl's fat head! Lord

Mauleverer smiled! The Famous Five glared.

"I've told you," went on Bunter, "that I don't want any cheek! You're checking me now! Well, stop it! I don't like it! See?"

Harry Wharton breathed hard.

"Listen to me, you fat fool!" he said. "This can't last, but so long as it does last, we've got a chance of getting away from the island. We—"

"I'm afraid I can't attend to you now, Wharton!" said Bunter calmly. "Later I may find time—"

"You blithering Owl, listen to me! We—"

"That's enough!"

"Will you listen?" shrieked Wharton.

"No!" answered Bunter. "I won't! I'll send you word later! Now get out."

"I'm going to kick him!" gasped Johnny Bull. "I—"

"You feller Totototo!" roared Bunter. "Yessar!"

"What name you let white feller

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comey along this place, along me say no comey!" roared Bunter. "Turn those fellows out! You hear me, ear belong you? You makee that feller go too quick!"

"Yessar!"

"My dear chaps—" murmured Lord Mauleverer from the doorway.

"I'm going to kick him!" yelled Johnny Bull. "I'm going—hands off, you coffee-coloured sweep!"

"You no stop along this place, along big feller chief no wantee!" said Totototo, pushing Johnny Bull back towards the doorway. "You hear what thing big-feller chief say, mouth belong him. You go 'way too quick!"

"Bunter, you ass!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Yah!"

"You fat fool!" roared Nugent.

"Beast!"

"My esteemed, idiotic Bunter—"

"Get out!" roared Bunter. He rose to his feet, his fat face crimson with wrath and indignation. "Get out! By Jove, I'll have the lot of you whopped

with a lawyer-cane, if you give me any more lip! Turn them out, Totototo!"

"Yessar!"

The big, brawny Kanaka shoved the juniors towards the doorway with the butt of his spear. Johnny Bull gave him a savage shove back—and in an instant, Totototo reversed the spear, and lifted the point.

"Look out!" gasped Bob.

The juniors backed to the doorway. Totototo, spear in hand, stood between them and Big Chief Bunter! Evidently Billy Bunter was not, at present, kickable! Never had he so much deserved a kicking, and never had the Famous Five yearned so deeply to kick him; but it was only too clear that he was not to be kicked!

He waved a fat hand.

"Get out!" he said. "I may find time to see you later! I'll think about it. Just now, get out! Don't say anything more! Another word of cheek, and I'll call a dozen niggers to collar you, and give you a spot of lawyer-cane! Now clear!"

Breathing hard, the Famous Five got out. There was nothing else to be done. Amazing as it was, exasperating as it was, it was in the power of the fat and fatuous Owl to do exactly as he threatened. With deep, deep feelings, the Famous Five backed through the lattice and joined Lord Mauleverer: and Totototo, grinning, followed them out.

Billy Bunter grinned, too! Bunter was the fellow to let them know exactly where they got off! Later on, Bunter was going to see them and hear what they had to say—if they put it civilly: not otherwise! In the meantime, Billy Bunter rolled to his mat, stretched himself thereon, and went to sleep!

Snore!

That cheerful sound reached the Famous Five, as they stood in angry indecision outside.

Snore!

The Big Chief was sleeping! And the Greyfriars castaways could only make the best of it, and leave Big Chief Bunter to sleep and snore!

THE END.

(Billy Bunter's trickery has undoubtedly come in useful. But the Greyfriars adventurers are still in danger! Look out for "THE CAST-AWAYS OF CANNIBAL ISLAND!" the next exciting yarn in this super holiday series.)

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THE SLACKER OF ST. SAM'S!

Opening Instalment of a Spanking Fine New Serial, Starring Jack Jolly & Co.

By DICKY NUGENT

"Seen Yawnington?" Doctor Alfred Birch-
emall, the revered and majestic headmaster of St. Sam's, poked his ostrich-like neck out of his study window and asked that question.

Jack Jolly & Co. pawed in their game of punting a footer about the quad and doffed their caps respectively. "Yawnington, sir? Yes, rather!" grinned Fearless. "I saw him half an hour ago—having a snooze on the settee in his study!"

A mournful look came over the Head's face.

"That's a very grave statement to make, Fearless," he said. "But I'm afraid there's a good deal of truth in it—and it's going to make things dashed difficult for me before long if he duzzent alter!"

"Shall we fetch him along, sir?"

"Yes, if you would!" "Leave it to us, sir!" grinned Jack Jolly. And the kapiti of the Fourth and his merry men abandoned their game and made for the School House at the dubble.

When they reached the Fourth Form pass-
edge, they found the slacker of St. Sam's stretched out on his settee, snoring away as if for a wager.

"Wake up, Yawny, you lazy beggar!"

bawled Jack Jolly & Co.

SNORE!

"The Head wants you, you fathead!" howled Frank Fearless.

SNORE!

"Old Yawny really is hoapless when it comes to waking up!" declared Jolly, with a shake of his head.

"There's only one thing for it, you fellows. We told the Head we'd fetch him along, and we've got to do it. If Yawny won't wake up, we shall have to take him along while he's still asleep!"

"Let's run him along on the settee," grinned Merry. "It will be a lot easier than frogs-marching him!"

"Ha, ha! Yes, rather!"

Merry's idea was carried out—and so was Yawnington!

Even the bumpy journey down the stairs did not wake the slacker of St. Sam's, and he was still snoring away merrily when they ran the settee into Doctor Birchemall's study.

"Here he is, sir!" cried Jolly cheerfully.

Bump!

The settee stopped, and it was the Head who stopped it! The old fogey happened to be standing in the middle of the room, and the

nington along like we said we would, sir," grinned Jolly. "As we couldn't wake him up, we brought him as he was!"

The Head's shifty eyes gleamed.

"I fancy I know one way of waking him up," he growled, grabbing up a birch-rod.

"We will see if it works!"

"You are in your headmaster's study, Yawnington," said Doctor Birchemall sternly.

"Oh, gad!" yawned Yawnington. "Awfully sorry, sir, an' all that!"

"You are going to be sorrier, Yawnington, before long—unless there is an improvement in you!" rapped out the Head.

"It is in regard to your present slack habits, in fact, that I summoned you here to-day. Your grate-grate-grandfather, Sir Frederick Funguss, has just telly-foned me to say he will be calling this afternoon with a fizzical culture expert to test your fizzical fitness."

"Oh, help!" gasped Yawnington, faintly.

"Unless you are found to be in first-class condition, Yawnington, I am to take you in hand and make you fit within a month. I am afraid you will find that process extremely uncomfortable," said the Head dryly.

"I am, however, going to do my level best to help you to pass to-day's test with flying cullers. I have thought out two ripping wheezes which may achieve the desired result. The first is—"

"Anybody at home, bai Jove?" inquired an aristocratic voice from the doorway at that

No. 309.

EDITED BY FISHER T. FISH.

September 10th, 1938.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Doctor Birchemall's experiment was remarkably successful. Yawnington woke up with a feendish howl and bounded out of the settee like a jack-in-a-box.

"Yooooop! Ow-ow! Where am I?" he yelled.

"Doin' a little movin', Birchemall?" he asked hawtily.

"N u n n o, S i r Frederick!" gasped the Head. "It's your yung relative Yawnington up to his tricks again. He carried this settee down here from his study as easy as winking! The boy simply duzzent know his own strength!"

Jack Jolly & Co. blinked at that statement; but Sir Frederick simply beamed.

"Bai Jove! If that's so, I am very glad to hear it!" he cried. "I have brought the fizzical culture expert, Majah Mussel, to test the yungster, as arranged. If convenient, Birchemall, we will get bizzzy at once. Trot in, majah!"

In response to Sir Frederick's invitation, a tall, powerfully built gentleman entered and boughed. Jack Jolly & Co. discreetly hopped back to the passage, to watch the fun through the open doorway.

No sooner had they quitted the Head's study than Doctor Birchemall rolled across the floor a small dumb-bell weighing not more than a couple of pounds.

"Gentlemen!" he cried. "Let me say at once that in my opinion Yawnington is a perfect specimen of fizzical fitness. Just to prove how strong he is, I will ask him to lift this colossal weight above his head. Do your best, Yawnington!"

Yawnington looked at the dumb-bell and sighed wearily. Then he went down on one knee and lifted up the dumb-bell. But, small as it was, it was too much for Yawny! He dropped it as though

it weighed a ton!

"Sok-y, sir!" he murmured with another languid sigh. "I'm afraid it's more than I can manage!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Major Mussel. And Jack Jolly & Co. in the doorway chuckled.

The Head turned the culler "a beetroot."

"A n! Perhaps it was a little too much to expect of Yawnington," he said apologetically.

"After all, he is only a meer strpling. But I can soon prove my point, all the same, gentlemen. If you would like to see him box, I will match him against a grate, hulking lout of a boy, and you will see Yawnington nock him all round the room! Shall I send for the towering grate specimen I have in mind?"

"Bai Jove! With plezzure!"

"Delited, I'm sure!" said Major Mussel.

The Head grinned and rang the bell for the page.

"Fetch Midgett minor!" he ordered, when Binding appeared. And the listeners in the doorway simply gasped.

Midgett minor was the smallest fellow in the school—a meer babe in arms! Even a slacker like Yawnington would be able to slawter such a puny opponent as Midgett minor!

In spite of appearances, however, the Head's fond hopes were doomed to disappointment again.

Although Midgett minor hardly came up to Yawnington's belt, he made short work of the slacker at St. Sam's. Rushing forward, he dealt him a light tap on the chest—and Yawnington collapsed in a heap at once and fell fast asleep on the floor!

Sir Frederick's rage, as he gazed down on his grate, grile, grandson, was terrific!

"The test is off, bai Jove!" he cried. "I have seen enuff already. Birchemall, to convince me that Yawnington is the feeblest fizzical specimen I have ever seen!"

"I'm sorry, Sir Frederick—"

"Sorry is not sufficient, Birchemall. I demand action! Unless you promptly take him in hand, I shall put my foot down! One month from to-day I shall call again with Majah Mussel. Unless by that time Yawnington has attained a high degree of fizzical fitness, it will be the worse for him—and for you!"

With these words, Sir Frederick stamped out of the study, followed by the fizzical fitness expert.

Doctor Birchemall was left looking awfully upset at the way things had panned out.

Then, through the doorway, he caught sight of Jack Jolly & Co., "Boys," he said, "what about you assisting me to make Yawnington fit? Think you can help?"

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"Then come to the tuckshop and we'll discuss matters."

Accordingly they adjourned to the tuckshop. Judging by the larfs and chuckles that proceeded from their table, the discussion was a very hoapful one—for everybody except the slacker of St. Sam's!

(Look out for high jinks in next week's laughable instalment!)

UNCENSORED LETTERS

No. 12—From WILLIAM GOSLING

Dere Dr. Locke, Sir,

What I says is this here: it gives me great pleasure to rite these few lines to report on things as have arisen since you went on your holidays.

Which I am glad to report, Sir, as everythink has gone very smooth. There has been no fires, burglaries or suchlike during the vacation and no disturbances of any kind whatsoever, except that once or twice I

seen the school building wobbling slightly. I have noticed this last happening several times after I have come back from visiting friends in the village, and what I says is this here: I don't like it. But nobody else seems to have noticed it, so I have not reported it to the builders till you get back.

The painters and decorators made a nice job of the School House interior and very spick

and span it all looks. What I says is this here: some of the boys' studies look a sight too spick and span for them as will be living in them—begging your pardon, Sir, if I seem to speak out of my place.

I have made arrangements for the car to collect your luggage, as requested, and wish you "bong voyage" on your journey home.

Hoping respectfully that this finds you as it leaves me. Which I keep fairly well, but my rheumatiacks is something chronic.

Your obedient servant, WILLIAM GOSLING.

WHEN DONE UP, WE'RE DONE DOWN!

Says FISHER T. FISH.

Jevver see house-painters at work in this country of yours? I seen some painting up the School House during the vacation. I'll say those guys opened up my eyes!

Just to give you an idea, I happened to mention the word "work" to one of the bunch. The guy swooned on the spot!

I watched those guys painting studies all one morning. When they stopped for dinner, I walked up to look over their morning's work. I surely would like to tell you what they did. But I guess I can't. I forgot to bring my microscope with me—that's why.

I chieved on this all dinner-time. I said to myself: "Listen, Fisher! You're the only guy hereabouts keeping tabs on this bunch. How about giving them the works? Tell 'em to snap into it or

may be, but he'll surely see I've saved the school some iron and show his gratitude in the right and proper way—with green backs!"

Well, after dinner, I hit the studies and let those guys have it.

"Howdy, boys!" I barked. "Any of you feel like a change?"

The guys looked down from steps and planks and grinned. "I can do with a change myself," one of them slobbered. "What about you, mates?" And his mates agreed.

"Okay, then, saps!" I fired at them. "Have a complete change and do a little work—and see if you can't put some pep into it at the same time!"

I guess you ought to have



shut up, kid, while you're safe!"

Mo shut up! Can you imagine? I showed that guy

FISHER T. FISH SPILLS A BIBFUL!

Howya, bozos! Fisher T. Fish yawping some more—the 100 Per-Cent Go-Getter Editor! Sit back, buddies, and hear me holler!

Since I took over this job from Wharton, this little old paper has gone zipping upwards with every number. Everything is hunky-dory with the "Greyfriars Herald" since F. T. F. walked in, I'll tell a man!

I allow, folks, that I get kinda proud when I picture my countless readers all over the world, revelling in my literary work. All the same, to a guy like me who's business from the word "go," the job don't satisfy like it oughta.

I'll tell you why.

The critical business guy puts up this test question regarding any proposition: WHAT'S IT WORTH IN DUROCKS?

The answer in the case of the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" is "NIX!"

Jevver hear of a job like that, pals? I sweat and strive to turn out the snappiest juvenile journal over, and all I get for it is nix! Do I feel sore about it? I'll say!

Since I took over from Wharton, I've been trying to put all this right. Last week, the old cabeza thought out a nifty stunt to do it.

WHY NOT SELL SPACE? WHY NOT OFFER MY COLUMNS TO ADVERTISERS?

I got on to it pronto, I'll tell the world! I called on Mrs. Mimble, Uncle Clegg, the Courtfield bunshop, Chunky's Stores, and a whole heap besides and offered to sell them space.

What do you think I got, pals?

One thing, and one thing only—THE AIR!

Not one galoot among the lot of 'em even asked me how much. They just wouldn't wear me at any price! And that's all about it!

Aw, carry me home to Jane, this sleepy old island surely does give a guy the heebie-jeebies, and then some. I give up!

So long, pals!

FISHER T. FISH.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

"HUMORIST": "A friend of mine who has a lisp says that all you write is a lot of 'bally wot.'"

The guy surely means "ballyhoo."!

Hot from the Press.

LATEST NEWS FLASHES FROM OUR LIVE-WIRE SOCCER CORRESPONDENT

—H. VERNON-SMITH.

Although it is a little early to weigh up footer prospects for the forthcoming term, I have secured sufficient information to feel confident that Greyfriars generally will at least reach last year's high standard again.

Wingate and North and one or two other First Eleven players have taken advantage during the vac. to put in a little practice with a well-known amateur team, and we can look forward hopefully to seeing fireworks when they get going against some of their old rivals! Readers who are

mostly concerned about the juniors will be glad to learn that Redwing and I have had the same good fortune as Wingate and his pals. We put in nearly all of last week at the headquarters of a famous team whose name I am not at liberty to mention; and playing with footballers of a higher class, has, I am sure, smartened us up considerably.

Wharton and his crowd will hardly be at their best for a week or two, I suppose, after their trip to the tropics; but you can take it from me they will soon get back to normal again—

and normal in their case is something pretty good

News from St. Jim's, Rookwood, St. Jude's, Abbotsford and Highcliffe is that the standard will be pretty much as last year. So it seems that the school that puts just that little extra bit of care into their training will come out on top.

We did it at cricket during the summer, with the odds against us in the early part of the term, and I see no reason why history should not repeat itself when we begin the good old winter game. Here's hoping!