

Harry Wharton & Co. ^{The Chums of} Greyfriars.

The
Magnet 1st
Library

NO. 108
VOL. 4.

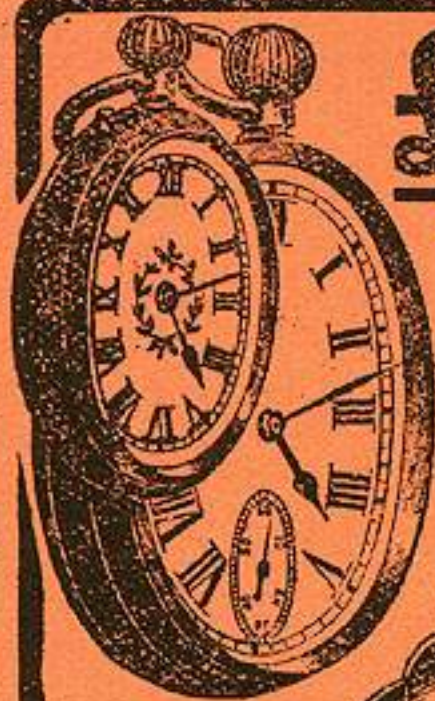
WINGATE'S SECRET.

An Extra Long, Complete
School Tale.



THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE'S SURPRISE!

"Don't go, Bunter! D'you hear?" exclaimed the captain of Greyfriars, as the fat junior backed away from the window in alarm.



£760 CASH PRIZES FREE

EVERY DAY 40 READERS OF THIS PAPER RECEIVE £1.
SEND NOW! IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.
SEND NO MONEY.

1st PRIZE.

CONSOLATION PRIZES.—To every person after the first 40 we will send a handsome 18-ct. Gold-finished Brooch set with lovely gems, or a very handsome Fountain Pen. The only condition we make is that if you win a First Prize you must purchase goods from our Special Bargain List to the value of 4/9 or upwards, or if you win a consolation prize you must give away three of our Lists to your friends. We are also giving away quite free 12 Ladies' and Gents' High-Grade Bicycles, particulars of which will be sent with price list. Our object in giving away these Prizes is to induce people to mention us to their friends and so obtain a large number of new customers quickly.

REMEMBER! You are sure to win a cash or consolation prize in return for 1d. expended in postage. Should any dispute arise, our decision must be accepted as final. Anyone sending more than one application will be disqualified. Bargains from 1s. to £20.

CASH
PRIZES.
WRITE
NOW.



THE WELLINGTON WHOLESALE SUPPLY CO., LTD.
(Dept. 9), 9, Linden Arcade,
High Road, Chiswick, London, W.



We
Supply

ACCORDEONS, 6/3
WATCHES, 4/9
SILVER WATCHES, 7/6
PHONOGRAPHS, 7/3
GOLD RINGS, 4/9
FUR SETS, 11/6
TEAPOTS, 8/6
ROLLER SKATES, 9/6
BOOTS, 8/6
WEDDING RINGS, 8/3
CRUETS, 2/8
FIELD GLASSES, 7/9
TROUSERS, 6/6
UMBRELLAS, 6/6
CINEMATOGRAPHS, 6/9
etc., etc., etc.

Cut Out &
Send this

PRIZE COUPON

or send a
postcard

TO THE WELLINGTON WHOLESALE SUPPLY CO., LTD.
(Dept. 9), 9, Linden Arcade, High Road, Chiswick, London, W.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me your wonderful Bargain List in accordance with your Special Offer mentioned above.

Name.....

Address.....

FRETWORK

Send us three penny stamps, and we will, as an advertisement, send you a SHILLING PARCEL of our novel Art Fretwork Designs, including a 6d. book of 13 dainty small designs, and two 3d. sheets of large designs. Address: Secretary, NATIONAL FRETWORKERS' ASSOCIATION, 63, Farringdon Street, London.

6d. DEPOSIT

This Handsome Phonograph, with large Flower Horn and Two Records, complete, will be sent to any address on receipt of 6d. DEPOSIT and upon payment of the last of 18 weekly instalments of 6d. Two 1/- Records are given free. Send for Price List of Latest Models.—The British Mfg. Co., P 24, Great Yarmouth.

Send 4/6 for the world-famed "ROBEY-PHONE," with 24 selections and massive 17-inch horn, sumptuously hand-painted, powerful steel motor, 10-inch disc, and loud-tone sound-box, which I sell at HALF shop prices.

I control the largest stock in the world of GRAMOPHONE, ZONO-PHONE, EDISON, COLUMBIA, ODEON, PATHE, RENA, EUFON (hornless), CLARION, and EXCELSIOR Phonographs, and offer you over 350 magnificent models to select from.

Thousands of the very latest records of all the well-known makes always in stock.

Write for List 10.

Robey
The World's Premier Gramophone.

DELIVERED ON PAYMENT OF 4/6 DEPOSIT

I GIVE CREDIT

BLUSHING.

FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to Mr. D. TEMPLE (Specialist), 8, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, London, W.

IF YOU WANT Good Cheap Photographic Material or Cameras, send postcard for Samples and Catalogue **FREE.**—Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.



DON'T READ THIS

unless you want to win a real simulation GOLD WATCH (guaranteed five years). All sending us the correct number of squares in this puzzle (count all squares, whether lines cross or not) will receive **FREE** a genuine Watch, as above, provided the condition which we send is complied with, and that a stamp be enclosed with answer for result. We require the Watch to be shown to friends to advertise our goods.—THE PREMIER WATCH CO., Dept. II, 37, Cheapside, London

ROYAL AJAX

FOR GOOD VALUE.

From 6/- PER MONTH.
CARRIAGE PAID.

From £4 10s. upwards, or
6s. to 20s. per Month.



Write for
Art Catalogue, 3/-
Post Free.

BRITISH CYCLE MFG. CO. (1901), LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 1 and 3, Berry Street, Liverpool.

ROLLER SKATES 6d. DEPOSIT.

For a short time only we will send, as an advertisement, a limited number of our Celebrated Olympic Ball-Bearing Skates to any address, carriage paid, on receipt of 6d. deposit and upon payment of the last of 30 weekly instalments of 6d. A handsome present is given free. When ordering, state size of boots. Price list of latest models sent free.—OLYMPIC SKATE CO., MORLEY, YORKS.

I CURE PIMPLES

Blackheads, Blisters, Sores, Eruptions, Spots, &c. which make you ashamed of your face & injure your prospects in life. Dr. ROSE'S FACE PERLES do this. Send 6d. p.o. for Health Guide & Trial Gift Box



Free

Dr. B. ROSE 433 King's Rd Chelsea

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"The Remove to the Rescue!"

A Splendid Complete
School Tale of Greyfriars.



A Complete School-Story Book, attractive to All Readers.

The Editor will be obliged if you will hand this book, when finished with, to a friend.



Wingate's Secret

A Grand, Long, Complete

School Tale of

Harry Wharton & Co.

BY

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Brings News.

BILLY BUNTER came dashing along the Remove passage at Greyfriars as fast as his little fat legs would carry him. When the fattest junior at Greyfriars once started running, his own weight gave him an impetus, and he found it difficult to slacken. He came down the Remove passage like a whirlwind, and dashed in at the open door of No. 1 Study; and then, unable to halt in time, he dashed right into the table, round which three juniors were sitting busy at their prep.

**ONE
MORE READER
WANTED!**

*Please get your friend
to become a sub-
scriber to "The
Magnet."*

"Oh!"
"Hallo!"

The table flew. So did the juniors who were sitting at it—they flew at Billy Bunter. Table and books and papers and chairs rolled on the floor in hopeless confusion, and three pairs of hands grasped the fat junior who was the cause of all the trouble.

Harry Wharton gripped him by one shoulder and Frank Nugent by another, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh clasped him round the waist in quite an affectionate manner.

In the twinkling of an eye Billy Bunter was whirled to the door and sent rolling down the passage.

He rolled six yards at least before he could stop himself. Then he sat up, put his big spectacles straight, and blinked dazedly. The study door closed with a bang.

"Oh, really, you fellows——" gasped Billy Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry, of the Remove, came along the passage, and very nearly fell over Bunter. He stopped just in time.

"Ow!"

Bob Cherry stared down at the fat junior.

"What on earth are you doing there, Bunter?"

"Ow!"

"Taking a rest?"

"Grooh!"

"Better go and lie down in the dormitory," advised Bob. "It's dangerous going to sleep in the middle of a passage. You might get trodden on."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"I'll help you along, if that's all you want," said Bob Cherry. And he applied the toe of his boot to the junior's fat form.

"Ow, ow!"

"Isn't that what you want?"

"Ow! Yow! No!"

"Sorry, then. You should have said so before!"

Billy Bunter staggered to his feet. He blinked at Bob Cherry wrathfully.

"Ow! I've been treated brutally. I ran up here to take the news to the chaps in my study, and they chucked me out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!"

"What's the news? Have you had a postal-order, or has there been an earthquake, or what?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"I'm expecting a postal-order by every post now," said Billy Bunter, blinking at him. "I'm rather short of cash at the present moment, too."

"Go on!"

"If you like to cash the order in advance, it will be for ten shillings."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can give me nine, and take the whole of the postal-order when it comes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, I think that's a fair offer. You can give me eight shillings, and take the whole of the ten-shilling postal-order. You score all the time."

"You're too generous, Bunter," said Bob Cherry, shaking his head. "I'm not going to take advantage of it. It wouldn't be cricket."

"Oh, really, you know, the postal-order is certain to come to-morrow morning—perhaps to-night! If you give me seven shillings now, and take the whole——"

"Ha, ha! Seven!"

"Yes; that's what I said, I think," said Bunter, blinking at him. "Now, look here, Cherry, I want to treat you well in this matter; and, besides, I need ready money, as I may have some expenses to meet to-day. Suppose you give me six shillings now, as I suggested, and take the whole——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you hand me five shillings, and take the whole of the postal-order——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see, by giving me four shillings now—— I say, Cherry! I—I—— Well, of all the beasts, to walk away like that while a fellow is talking to him!"

And Billy Bunter blinked indignantly after the disappearing form of Bob Cherry.

The fat junior trotted on to the door of No. 1 Study again, and he opened it cautiously. He did not enter in so great a hurry this time.

"I say, you fellows——"

Three separate and ferocious glares were turned upon the fat junior.

"You clumsy ass!"

"You frabjous duffer!"

"You silly chump!"

"Oh, really, you know——"

"Get out!"

"But, I say——"

"Outside!"

"Look here, I'm jolly well not going to be turned out of my own study!" said Billy Bunter warmly. "Besides, I've got news for you!"

"Rats!"

"It's jolly interesting news, I can tell you. That's why I rushed in in such a hurry, so as to tell you first," said Bunter, in an injured tone. "I think you might have treated me a little more decently, under the circumstances."

"Oh, bosh!" said Harry Wharton, who was sorting out his papers. "We know your kind of news! Bosh, of course!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST The New Complete
OUT! Story-Book.

"Or gossip about somebody," said Nugent.

"Or esteemed and terrific whoppers," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, really, you fellows——"

"Go into the next study and tell Bulstrode the news," said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, all right! If you don't want to know about Wingate——"

Wharton looked at him quickly.

"Eh? What's that about Wingate?"

Wingate of the Sixth was captain of Greyfriars, and the most popular senior in the school. Anything the matter with Wingate was certain to excite widespread interest.

Billy Bunter grinned.

"Oh, I thought you didn't want to know the news!" he said.

"Look here, is there anything the matter with Wingate?" exclaimed Harry abruptly. "I have noticed that he's looked a bit seedy lately."

"So have I the last day or two," said Nugent. "He cut the Sixth-Form footer yesterday. I heard North say so."

"Well, I know something," said Bunter.

"What do you know?"

"That's telling."

Wharton sniffed contemptuously.

"Oh, I suppose it's only some of your precious gossip, with nothing in it!" he exclaimed. "You can keep it to yourself. There never was such a gossip and Paul Pry and scandal-mongering worm in any school before, I believe."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Oh, scat!"

"Look here——"

"Do get out of the study, and let's get on with our prep.!" said Nugent impatiently.

"It's jolly serious about Wingate!"

"Well, what is it, then?"

"I'd tell you like a shot, but I'm feeling so faint now," said Billy Bunter pathetically. "I think I could talk better if I had a snack. Suppose you fellows stroll down to the tuckshop with me. I had a very small tea, and you know how delicate I am. I have to keep up my strength with constant nourishment."

"Rats!"

"You can go to the tuckshop, Billy, but we're not coming," said Wharton. "I don't believe you've got any news at all."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"I don't want to hear it, anyway. Get out!" And the captain of the Remove dipped his pen into the ink.

"Oh, I'll tell you here, if you like!" said Bunter. "It's jolly interesting news. I always suspected there was something wrong about Wingate——"

Wharton jumped.

"What! You suspected what?"

"That there was something wrong about Wingate."

"You young ass!"

"Well, you'll think so when I tell you the news; but I feel so faint——"

Wharton rose to his feet.

"You'll tell the news, whatever it is, now," he said quietly and sternly. "I give you two minutes to get it out, or I'll larrup you with a cricket-stump."

Bunter backed away.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"You'd better buck up," said Harry, placing himself between the fat junior and the door. "It looks to me as if you're starting a scandal of some kind, and, if so, it's got to be nipped in the bud. But go on. What's wrong with Wingate?"

"Oh, I say——"

"One minute gone!"

"I—I'll tell you as quick as I can," stuttered Bunter. "I always suspected there was something fishy about him."

"That's a lie, for a start! You didn't!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Oh, get on!"

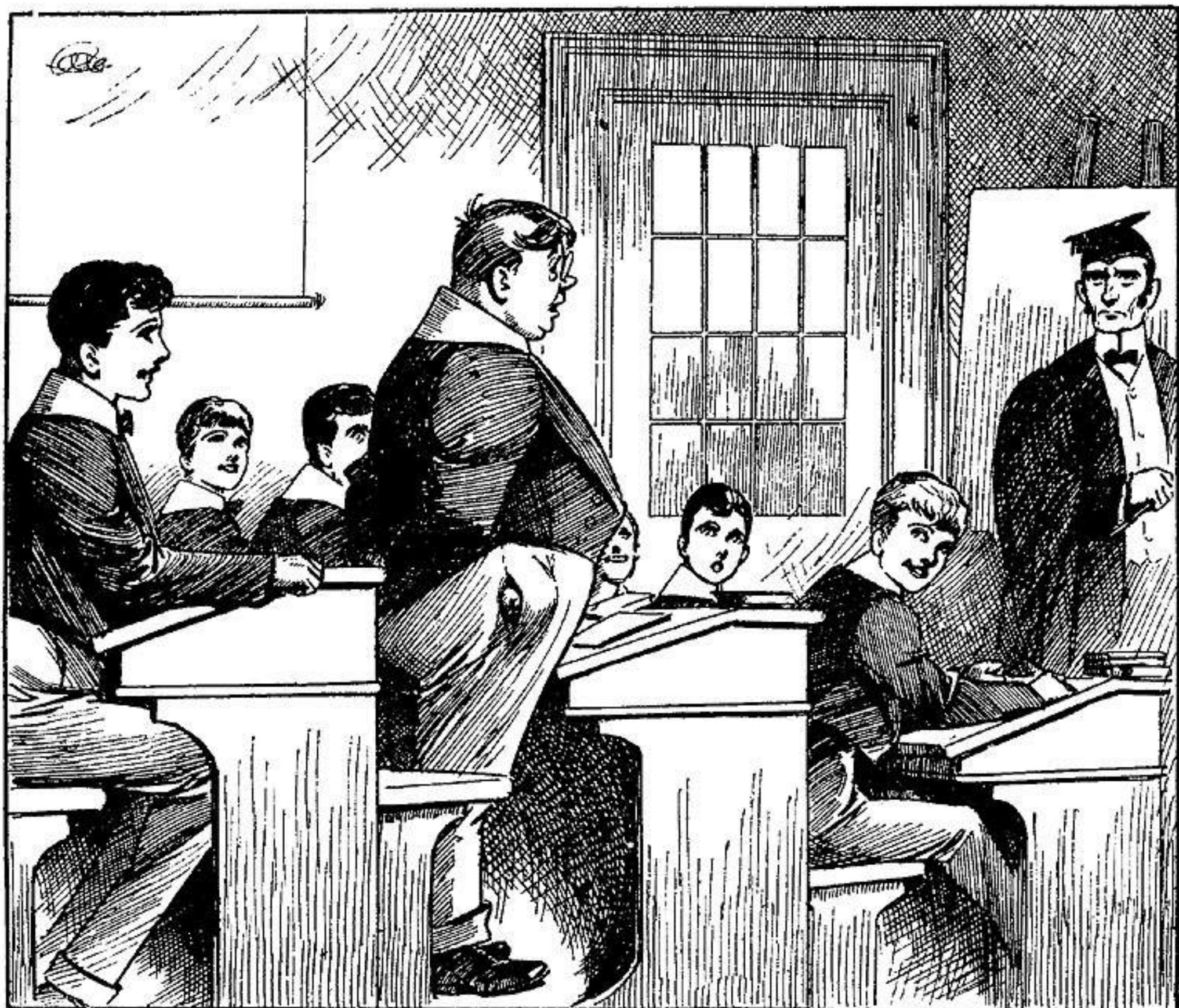
"Well, he had a letter just now——"

"Nothing unusual in that."

"There was something jolly unusual about the way he received it," said Bunter, with emphasis. "I was standing in the hall waiting for the postman," said Billy Bunter obstinately. "It struck me afterwards that Wingate was doing the same. Well, my postal-order didn't come, somehow; but there was a letter for Wingate. He took it, and opened it on the spot. He changed colour when he saw the address——"

"Rats!"

"Now, you know what a keen chap I am, Wharton. I've often thought that I ought to be a detective, because I'm so



"I—I'm sincerely sorry if you don't like it; but I should have eight apples, sir," faltered Billy Bunter, looking greatly surprised at Mr. Quelch's anger.

keen. I'll swear that he changed colour as soon as he saw the writing—he went a sort of tallow colour. He stepped back into a corner and opened the letter at once. I watched him—"

"You young cad! What did you watch him for?"

"Well, I was curious, you know."

"You worm! Go on!"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Go on, I tell you!"

"Wingate read the letter, and his face looked like chalk," said Bunter. "I could see he had had an awful shock. He muttered to himself, and I heard the words plainly. I'll swear I did. 'Then I'm ruined!' Those were his very words!"

"And you heard them, you worm?"

"Well, I couldn't help hearing them, you know, as I was listening. Now, I knew there was some awful news in that letter, of course. I'm not an inquisitive chap, but I like to know all about things. I thought I'd like to read that letter—"

"Beast!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Worm!"

"Oh, really—"

"The beastfulness and wormfulness of the esteemed Bunter are terrific," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur. "I think that the ragfulness of the honourable rotter would be the proper caper—"

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"Blessed if I know how we stand that chap in the study!" said Nugent.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

"Well, I thought you chaps would like to hear the news," said Bunter. "Wingate has done something, and he's afraid of being found out, you see, and ruined. I was thinking of taking the matter up as an amateur detective—"

"As an amateur Peeping Tom and sneaking cad, I suppose you mean," said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really—"

"I don't believe a word you say, either," said Wharton, frowning. "You're as big a liar as you are a spying worm, and—"

"I can prove it."

"How?"

"I've got the letter!" said Billy Bunter triumphantly.

The chums of the Remove stared at him blankly.

"You've got the letter!" gasped Wharton. "Wingate's letter!"

"Yes, rather. Here it is!"

And the fat junior flourished the letter triumphantly in the air.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Lesson for Bunter.

HARRY WHARTON and his chums stared at Billy Bunter, and at the letter he was flourishing with such triumphant satisfaction, dumbfounded for the moment.

They were accustomed to almost every sort of meanness from the Owl of the Remove; but they had never expected even Billy Bunter to purloin another fellow's letter and bring it to them.

The idea of being offered somebody else's letter to read,

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

without the permission or knowledge of the party most concerned, made the chums angrier than Billy Bunter had ever made them before—which is saying a good deal.

Harry Wharton made a stride towards the fat junior.

"That is Wingate's letter?"

"Yes," said Bunter, who was too shortsighted to fully see the expression upon the face of the captain of the Remove. "He was so upset by reading it that he didn't really know what he was doing, I think. He shoved it into his pocket, as he thought, and instead of that it went down to the floor, and there it was when he walked away. Awfully lucky for me, wasn't it?"

"You—you—"

"I picked it up at once, and scuttled off with it, of course."

"Have you read it?"

"I haven't had time. I rushed off here at once with it," explained Bunter. "Of course, Wingate is bound to miss the letter, and look for it, and I shall have to drop it somewhere where he can find it, or there will be a row."

"I think there will be a row, anyway," said Wharton ominously.

"Oh, no!" said Billy Bunter confidently. "You see, he hasn't the faintest idea that I have the letter. I thought you fellows would be interested. My idea is to take up the case as an amateur detective. You see, we can make a copy of the letter—"

"You worm!"

"Eh?"

"You are not going to make a copy of that letter. You are not going even to read it," said Harry Wharton sternly. Bunter blinked at him indignantly.

"I suppose I can do as I like, Wharton. You needn't look at it if you don't want to, but I'm jolly well going to."

"You're not!"

"Look here—"

"Give me that letter!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Give it me, I say—"

"Oh, really—"

Wharton strode towards the fat junior. Billy Bunter tried to dodge round him and get to the door, but the strong grasp of the sturdy junior on his collar swung him back.

Billy Bunter gasped, and reeled back into the middle of the study, crashing against the table for the second time that evening.

"Ow!" he roared. "Leggo!"

Wharton snapped his teeth.

"Give me that letter!"

"Ow! You can have it! Leggo!"

Wharton took the letter, and with a swing of his arm sent Bunter bumping into the armchair. The fat junior flopped there, gasping like a fish out of water.

Wharton took an envelope from the drawer of the table, slipped the letter into it, and carefully stuck down the flap. The letter was safe now from any accidental glance that might partly discover the contents.

Wharton laid it on the table, and turned to Billy Bunter.

"I am going to take this letter back to Wingate," he said sternly. "No one is going to see it—especially you."

"You've no right to take my letter away," spluttered Bunter. "You're a beast. I—"

"And first," went on Wharton, unheeding, "I'm going to give you a lesson not to disgrace this study by being such a cowardly, spying, little beast. Collar him!"

"Ow! Ow! Leggo!"

"The collarfulness is terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh seized the fat junior and jerked him out of the armchair.

He was dragged to the table, and bent over it face downwards, pinned there by the sinewy arms of the two Removites. His little fat legs kicked out wildly behind.

Harry Wharton selected a cricket-stump from the cupboard. Bunter saw him out of the corner of his eye, and he yelled in anticipation.

"Ow! Don't! Help! Murder!"

"Why, the cowardly beast's not touched yet!" growled Nugent, in disgust. "Give him an extra one for every yell, Harry!"

"Ow! Ow! Leggo! Murder!"

Wharton grasped the stump.

"I'm going to give you six, Billy, for the honour of the study," he said. "You may as well make up your mind to it."

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Now then—"

"Yow! Yah! Yaroorh!"

"You're not touched yet!"

"Ow! Help! Yaroorh!"

Swipe!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST OUT! The New Complete Story-Book.

The stump came down, and the dust rose from Billy Bunter's garments. Billy yelled, but he could not yell any louder than he had been yelling already.

Six times the cricket-stump rose and fell, to the accompaniment of wild yells from Bunter, and several fellows looked into the study to see what was the matter.

They grinned at what they saw.

No one showed the slightest disposition to help Billy Bunter out of his fix. The general belief of the Greyfriars Remove was that Bunter did not get lickings enough, and they were glad to see justice done in No. 1 Study in this way.

"Go it!" said Bulstrode. "Make it a couple of dozen. The fat little beast deserves them."

"Make it three dozen," suggested Hazeldene. "When you're tired, Wharton, I don't mind lending a hand myself."

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"I've got a leather belt here," remarked Ogilvy. "You might try it for a change. It will tickle him better than that stump!"

"Yah! Yaroorh!"

The sixth swipe was delivered, and Harry Wharton threw down the stump.

Billy Bunter squirmed out of the grasp of the juniors who were holding him, and rolled into the armchair.

He was not really very much hurt, but he was whooping as if he had been cut almost to pieces.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"My only hat!" said Nugent. "What a row!"

"Yow! Yow!"

"The rowfulness is terrific!"

Wharton picked up the letter from the table.

"I'm going to take this to Wingate," he said. "If you ever play a trick like that again, Bunter, you'll get really hurt!"

"Ow!"

Harry Wharton left the study.

He descended the stairs, and in the hall he caught sight of the stalwart form of Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars.

The big Sixth-Former was looking about the hall with a furrow in his brow, and it was easy for Harry to guess what he was looking for.

Wingate glanced at him.

"I suppose you haven't seen a letter knocking about anywhere, Wharton?" he asked. "I've dropped one somewhere."

"It's here," said Harry.

He held out the sealed envelope.

Wingate took it with an expression of great astonishment, and turned it over in his hands.

"My letter! It's in this envelope?"

"Yes."

"How did it come in it?"

"I put it there."

Wingate tore open the envelope, and looked at the letter within. Then he slipped it into his pocket, and looked curiously at the Removite.

"Did you find my letter, Wharton?"

"No. Somebody else found it. I took it from him."

"Oh, I see."

"I put it in the envelope for safety."

"Good!" said Wingate. The wrinkle in his brow deepened. "Do you know whether the chap who found it—I won't ask who he was—but do you know whether he read it?"

"He didn't."

"Good! Thank you for bringing it back, Wharton."

And Wingate, with a nod, walked away. Harry returned to his study, unable to avoid feeling a little curious

SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

Just published, a new book showing how Sandow won Health and Fame, beautifully illustrated, and explaining how every man and woman can obtain robust health and perfect development by exercise.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To every reader who writes at once a copy of this book will be sent free.

Address: No. 18, SANDOW HALL, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE "EMPIRE" LIBRARY. PRICE: ONE HALFPENNY.

about the matter. Wingate's relief at discovering the letter, and ascertaining that it had not been read, was evident. Yet what could it be that caused the captain of Greyfriars so much anxiety?

Wharton was quite sure that Wingate could have no secret that would not bear the light. Yet what else could it be?

The junior was distinctly puzzled.

But he reflected that it was no business of his, and he dismissed the matter from his mind, and returned to Study No. 1 to finish his prep. If Wingate was in any kind of trouble, Harry would have been glad enough to help him in any way; but he was not the kind of fellow to trouble his head unasked about the affairs of another.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Quite Correct.

HARRY WHARTON had dismissed the affair of Wingate from his mind; but William George Bunter was very far from being so. Bunter was as curious as a monkey, and his latest idea was that he was destined to shine as an amateur detective. Wingate's secret, whatever it was, deeply interested Bunter, as he was always interested in any matter that did not concern him at all. He gave it a great deal of thought—thought which would have been much better expended upon his work. He turned over the pros and cons of the case that evening instead of doing his prep., with the result that there was a painful explanation with Mr. Quelch, the Form-master, in the morning. After that explanation, Billy Bunter returned to his seat beside Harry Wharton, rubbing his hands carefully, and with a greatly injured expression upon his fat face.

"Beast!" he muttered.

Harry glanced at him.

"Who's a beast?"

"Quelch! I'm hurt."

"Well, I suppose you know you would be caned if you left your prep.?"

"I was busy on a more important matter. I suppose the honour of Greyfriars comes before preparing rotten lessons?"

"Eh?"

"You heard what I said!" grunted Bunter.

"What on earth have you got to do with the honour of Greyfriars?" demanded Wharton. "You wouldn't bring much honour on a dog's kennel."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Well, don't be an ass!"

"I was referring to that affair of Wingate. I've thought it out. It's perfectly clear that Wingate has something on his conscience."

"Don't be an ass."

"What did he want to say he was ruined for, then, when he received the letter?"

"Oh, mind your own business!"

"You know what a jolly good detective I am—"

"Bosh!"

"I think I ought to look into the matter."

"Ass!"

Mr. Quelch turned his head.

"Silence in class!"

Bunter relapsed into silence. He seemed to be getting only discouragement all round. He blinked indignantly at Wharton, but Harry did not glance at him.

"I've a good mind to work off some ventriloquism on Quelch, and give him a time," he muttered.

"Well, go ahead; but I warn you not to."

"Well, he's such a keen beast," said Bunter disconsolately.

"He would be bound to spot me."

"Bunter!"

"Yes, sir."

"You are talking."

"Talking, sir?"

"Yes."

"Oh, sir."

Mr. Quelch came towards Bunter. He had had his eyes fixed upon Billy Bunter, but the short-sighted junior had not noticed it. He never noticed anything that was a yard or so from his fat little nose.

"Bunter, you have not only neglected your own work, but you persist in interrupting the work of others by your ceaseless chatter in class."

"Oh, really, sir!"

"You were talking, Bunter."

"Oh, no, sir."

"I saw you, Bunter!" exclaimed the Form-master angrily.

"Oh, no, sir. My lips may have moved, sir. I—I sometimes move my lips unconsciously when I'm in deep thought, sir, that's all."

Mr. Quelch smiled sarcastically.

"I am glad to hear that you were in deep thought, Bunter, at all events. It must be an entirely new experience for you."

And the Remove duly giggled, as in duty bound at all their Form-master's little jokes. Those who did not see that a joke

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

was intended from the words were made aware of it by the expression of Mr. Quelch's face, so the whole class giggled in unison at the right moment.

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You are the laziest and slackest boy in the Remove, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch severely. "You are unable to deal with work that is done by boys in the Second and Third Form."

"Oh, sir."

"You are so idle and inattentive that the simplest question is a puzzle to you. Now," went on Mr. Quelch, "answer me quickly, without taking time to reflect. If I were to give you an apple—"

"I should be very glad of it, sir," said Bunter eagerly. "I had hardly enough to eat at brekker, and an apple—"

"I did not say I was going to give you an apple, Bunter. I said if I were to give you an apple."

"Yes, sir; but—"

"If I were to give you an apple, Bunter, and your father were to give you two apples, and your uncle were to give you four apples, how many apples would you have?"

"Eight, sir."

Mr. Quelch gave a jump.

He had propounded a problem suitable for the intellect of the youngest infant in the lowest Form at Greyfriars, and he had propounded it in a sarcastic mood, with the idea of making Billy Bunter ashamed of his slowness and laziness.

He had certainly not expected Billy to return an incorrect answer to so simple a question.

There was an irresistible giggle from the Remove, more at the expression upon Mr. Quelch's face than at the absurd answer given by Bunter.

The fat junior sat stolidly, apparently not aware that the Form-master was gazing at him with an astounded expression.

Mr. Quelch found his voice at last.

"Bunter."

"Yes, sir."

"Are you jesting?"

"Oh, really, sir!"

"Is it possible, Bunter, that you have the colossal impudence to jest with your Form-master within the precincts of the Form-room in the hours devoted to study?" demanded Mr. Quelch, in his most majestic tone.

"Oh, sir. No, sir."

"Then what do you mean by your absurd reply?"

Billy Bunter blinked in surprise at the Form-master.

"Absurd, sir?"

"Certainly. You have given an incorrect reply, Bunter, to a simple question that could have been answered by the youngest and stupidest boy at Greyfriars."

Bunter looked dismayed.

"But—but it was correct, sir."

"Correct!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

"I will repeat my question," said the Form-master, in measured tones. "If I gave you an apple, and your father gave you two apples, and your uncle gave you four apples, how many apples would you have, Bunter?"

"Eight, sir."

"Eight!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bunter!"

"Ye-e-es, sir," faltered Billy, shrinking away from the Form-master as far as he could. "Ye-e-e-es, sir."

"You are either jesting, or you are inconceivably stupid," said Mr. Quelch. "If I gave you an apple, that would be one."

"Yes, sir."

"If your father added two apples, that would make three."

"Yes, sir, of course, sir."

"If your uncle added four apples, that would make seven."

"Yes, sir."

"Then what do you mean by saying that you would have eight apples?"

"So I should, sir."

"What?"

"I—I should have eight, sir."

"Bunter!"

"I—I'm sincerely sorry, sir, if you don't like it; but—but I should have eight, sir," faltered Billy, looking greatly surprised at Mr. Quelch's anger.

"Now, Bunter, once more," said Mr. Quelch. "One and two are three, and four added makes seven. You would have seven. Seven."

"Yes, sir."

"Yet you would have eight, according to yourself. Will you kindly explain to me, and to the class, by what wonderful

and original modes of arithmetic you arrive at that result?" asked Mr. Quelch, with elaborate sarcasm.

"I—I should have eight, sir, I—I think."

"You admit that the total of apples presented to you would amount to seven, yet you declare that you would have eight."

"Yes, sir."

"How do you make that out, Bunter?"

"I—I've one in my pocket already, sir," stammered Bunter.

There was a dead silence in the Form-room for some moments.

Mr. Quelch stared blankly at Bunter, and the Remove stared at Mr. Quelch. Then the silence was broken by a sudden roar of laughter. The juniors could not help it. They could not have avoided that roar of laughter if their lives had depended upon it.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch frowned for a moment, but the infection of the merriment caught him. He smiled, then he laughed, and his laugh became a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter sat with an expression of amazement upon his face.

He could not see anything at all to laugh at.

"Blessed if I know what all the cackling is about!" he growled. "I know jolly well that I should have eight apples, if they gave me seven as well as the one I have in my pocket."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was some minutes before the laughter died away. Mr. Quelch did not ask Bunter any more problems.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

On the Trail.

"BLESSED if I can see what you fellows were cackling about," Billy Bunter remarked, when the Remove came out of the Form-room after lessons. "I think Quelch is an absolute idiot."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's surprising that a chap who can't count up eight should be allowed to be a Form-master at a public school."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You'll be the death of me yet, Bunter."

Billy Bunter blinked at him.

"I don't see anything funny in it, Cherry. It seems to me simply an exhibition of sheer stupidity."

"Ha, ha! so it was."

"The wasfulness is terrific!" grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

And the chums of the Remove were still chuckling when they went into dinner.

After dinner, Harry Wharton took his way to Wingate, who was going to his study when he left the dining-hall. The captain of Greyfriars glanced down at the junior.

"When will you be ready?" asked Harry.

Wingate started.

"Ready for what?"

Harry looked at him in surprise.

"You remember you were going to give us some time over our Rugger practice, before you played in the Sixth-Form match. Of course, it's all right if you're busy; we'll put it off to another time."

Wingate looked troubled.

"I—I'm sorry, I'd forgotten," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm not playing in the Sixth Form match either this afternoon. I'm called away on business—something important. I'll find you another time, Wharton."

"Right-ho!"

"I hope it won't put you out a lot," said Wingate, with the consideration which made all the fellows at Greyfriars like him. "It was rotten of me to forget, and not warn you before, but—but I've had a lot to think about lately."

"It's all right," said Harry brightly. "We don't mind a bit. We'll put in the time at Soccer practice as usual."

"Right you are. I think I can manage it on Saturday."

"Any time," said Wharton.

Wingate nodded, and went on. A few minutes later he came out of the house with his cap on, and walked down to the gates. Meanwhile, Billy Bunter had hooked himself upon Harry Wharton's arm.

The fat junior had overheard all that passed between Wharton and the captain of Greyfriars, and his little round eyes were burning with excitement and inquisitiveness.

"I say, Wharton."

"Well, what is it?" said Harry shortly.

"What do you think now? Looks as if Wingate had something on his mind, doesn't it?" grinned Bunter.

Harry Wharton gave him one savage look, and then a violent push which made the fat junior sit down suddenly on the linoleum.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST OUT! The New Complete Story-Book.

THE "EMPIRE" LIBRARY.

PRICE, ONE HALFPENNY.

Bunter sat gasping, and Harry walked away. He met his chums in the doorway.

"Wingate's got an engagement," he said. "We'll let the Rugger stand over, and go in for the usual practice."

"Right you are!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

The juniors went down to the football-field. It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and the weather was splendid for footer. There was a Sixth Form match on, in which Wingate was to have captained the home side; but he had left the place to Raleigh of the Sixth.

The seniors were a good deal puzzled, for Wingate was never known to cut a senior match; but he had vouchsafed them no explanation, except that he had an important engagement.

The first eleven from Redclyffe School was visiting the Greyfriars fellows, but they had not yet arrived when Wingate walked out at the gates.

Billy Bunter blinked after the Removites, and then blinked after Wingate. After blinking for some moments, the amateur detective of Greyfriars made up his mind. Once before he had tried his powers as an amateur detective, and had "tracked" Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior; but he could not count that case as a great success. He was inwardly determined that the present case, however, should display his wonderful abilities as a detective to an unbelieving Form.

He rolled down to the gates, and looked for Wingate again. The sturdy form of the captain of Greyfriars was visible, striding down the lane.

Wingate was deep in thought; his head was bent a little, and he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but strode right on.

It should not have been a difficult matter to trail him, for he was utterly unsuspecting of any attempt of the sort.

Bunter grinned with satisfaction, and trotted out of the gates on the track of the Greyfriars captain.

Wingate was going at a great pace towards the village, and Billy Bunter was hard put to it to keep up with him.

He came to the cross roads a minute after Wingate had turned out of the lane, and he blinked round in search of the captain.

But Wingate was not to be seen.

The road ran straight, and even the short-sighted Owl of the Remove could see along it for a considerable distance; but the stalwart form of Wingate was no longer to be seen.

Where was he gone?

It did not take Bunter long to guess that Wingate had taken one of the footpaths leading from the road through the wood.

But which footpath—on which side of the road? It was a difficult question to answer. Billy Bunter could not answer it. His trail seemed to have come to a sudden end.

"Buntree!"

Billy Bunter started, as his name was called in a well-known voice, and with the peculiar accent that could only belong to Wun Lung, the Chinese junior at Greyfriars.

The fat junior blinked round in search of the little Chinese. The thought occurred to him at once that Wun Lung must have seen the captain of the school pass, and would be able to give him information.

"Where are you?" called out Bunter.

"Me hele."

The fat junior caught sight of him at last. Wun Lung was reposing in a bank of fern beside the road, with his arms behind his head, taking his ease in the sunshine with great enjoyment.

Billy Bunter hastened towards him. Wun Lung looked up at him with a sleepy grin.

"You lookee for someone?" he asked.

"How do you know that?"

"Me savvy," grinned the little Celestial. "Me see Buntree blinkie loud about."

"Oh, well, I am looking for somebody, as a matter of fact," said Bunter. "Have you seen Wingate pass?"

The Chinese nodded.

"Me see."

"Which way did he go?"

"Buntree no savvy?"

"No. I want you to tell me—sharp, or he'll be gone."

"Why Buntree follow Wingate?"

"That's my business. I'm tracking him down," said Bunter. "Just you tell me which way he went, and that's enough. Perhaps I'll tell you all about it another time."

Wun Lung rose to his feet.

"Me guidee Buntree."

"Good! Buck up!"

Wun Lung led the way up the lane to where a deep ditch at the side was crossed by a single plank. He pointed to the plank. It gave admittance to a footpath leading away through the woods towards the sea.



Like hounds clinging to a bear, the juniors rolled over and over, and they had the fellow down at last.

"Buntsee clossee plank."
"Did Wingate go this way?"
"Buntsee clossee."
"Oh, all right! I dare say I shall find his tracks there," said Bunter. "I'm a regular dab at picking up tracks. I'll get over."

And the fat junior ventured upon the plank. Wun Lung solemnly put out his foot and stamped on it, and there was a yell from Billy Bunter. As the plank rocked his foot slipped, and he rolled into the deep ditch with a tremendous splash.

The water shot up, and Wun Lung backed away hastily. Billy Bunter yelled with fright, and beat the water frantically with his hands.

"Ow! Help! Help! I'm drowning!"

The little Chinese chuckled gleefully.

"No luckee for Buntsee!"

"Ow! Ow! Help!"

"Buntsee clawl out. What you tinkee?"

Billy Bunter had succeeded in getting a grasp upon the reeds. He dragged himself slowly and painfully from the muddy ditch. He presented a pitiful sight as he emerged into the sunshine, and the little Chinese doubled up with mirth.

"He, he, he! Buntsee velly funny!"

"You heathen beast!" roared Billy Bunter. "You did that on purpose."

"He, he, he!"

"I'll—I'll—"

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter glared wrathfully at the grinning Chinese. But he did not feel quite fit to make reprisals. He snorted angrily, and turned away, and took the homeward path to Greyfriars. The trailing by the amateur detective was ended for the present, at all events.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Explorers!

"JUST an hour and a half to tea-time!" Bob Cherry remarked. "What are we going to do?"

The football practice was over.

The chums of the Remove had changed, and as nothing particular had been arranged for the remainder of the afternoon, they were looking out for something to do.

The Soccer practice was over early, owing to Wingate's not having "come up to time" earlier in the afternoon.

The chums of the Lower Fourth stood in a group at the doorway of the School House to discuss further proceedings.

There was a lowering of clouds in the sky, which looked as if the fine afternoon would be followed by rain. Dark ridges of cloud had rolled up over the Shoulder from the North Sea.

"Might have a run down to the village," said Frank Nugent.

Bob pointed to the sky.

"Looks like rain."

"I've got an idea," said Harry Wharton. "We've been going to explore the underground passage to the old priory for a long time. Suppose we do it now—it will fill up the time to tea, anyway."

"Good egg!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look there!"

A strange figure was approaching across the Close.

The juniors stared at it in amazement.

It was Billy Bunter.

He was covered with mud and green ooze, and his clothes were dripping with water and sticking to his limbs.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Wharton. "What on earth's the matter, Billy?"

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"It's that heathen beast, Wun Lung," spluttered Bunter. "He pretended to be showing me the way Wingate went, and he tipped me into the ditch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!"

"Never mind; we can," chuckled Bob Cherry. "If you have been spying, as usual, it serves you jolly well right."

"I was tracking Wingate down——"

"Oh-h-h! If you weren't looking like a drowned rat already, I'd shove your head into the fountain," said Bob Cherry, in disgust.

Billy Bunter backed away hastily.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Bah! Cut off!"

Bunter grunted discontentedly, and went into the house to change his clothes.

"I'll get my bike lantern," said Harry. "You fellows start. I'll catch you up."

He went up to the study and fetched down the bicycle lantern. It had long been the intention of the Remove chums to explore the subterranean passage. It ran from the crypt under the ruined chapel to the old priory in the wood, a considerable distance, and it had once been traversed by Bulstrode, when he was shut up in the crypt by the Chinese junior.

A subterranean passage naturally appealed to a boyish imagination, and the legend of a buried treasure at Greyfriars gave it an additional interest. Wharton filled the lamp, and hastened after his chums, and overtook them as they reached the ruined chapel. They descended the stone steps to the crypt, and plunged into the gloom of the shadowy vaults. A cold chill of air struck them as they entered. Bob Cherry shivered.

"My hat! It's like a blessed graveyard!" he said.

"Yes; we might have found a more cheerful place," Nugent remarked. "But—look!"

He pointed back towards the door of the crypt. Outside big drops of rain were beginning to fall, and dash on the stone steps.

"Rain!"

"Better here than outside," remarked Wharton.

And the Nabob of Bhanipur replied that:

"The betterfulness was terrific."

Harry Wharton led the way with the lantern across the gloomy vaults to the spot where the underground passage opened in the stone walls.

Dark and gloomy it looked as Harry flashed the lantern-light into it.

"Come on!"

Wharton led the way into the passage.

The air grew more dank and chilly as they advanced. There were doubtless outlets for ventilation, though they were invisible to the juniors, and no stray beam of daylight gained admittance to the place.

The darkness was intense, save where it was cut by the rays of the lantern.

The juniors advanced in silence.

In spite of their naturally cheerful spirits, the cold and gloom and loneliness of the place had an eerie effect upon them.

Even Bob Cherry was subdued.

The passage ran almost straight—the ground damp and clammy beneath their feet, and the walls of glimmering stone slimy to the touch.

No passage or opening of any kind branched off to right or left. It was impossible to lose one's way in the tunnel, and that, as Bob Cherry remarked, was one comfort.

Suddenly Harry uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Look!"

From the dead darkness ahead of the juniors appeared a point of light.

They stared at it in amazement.

"There's somebody else down here," said Nugent at last.

"And coming from the direction of the priory!" said Bob, in astonishment. "Who on earth can have——"

"It's some other chap exploring the passage."

"I suppose so, but——"

"The light's gone!" exclaimed Wharton.

The gleam ahead had disappeared.

The juniors stood still, waiting for it to reappear, but it did not. Blackness reigned in the tunnel, save where the light from their own lantern fell.

"What on earth does that mean?" exclaimed Nugent. "It can't be one of our own fellows returning after exploring the passage, or——"

"Or he wouldn't put the light out."

"Exactly."

"The exactfulness is terrific."

"He caught sight of our light, of course, whoever he was," said Wharton, with a puzzled brow. "Is it somebody who doesn't want to be seen?"

"Somebody looking for the Greyfriars treasure, perhaps."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST OUT! The New Complete Story-Book.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, we're going on," said Harry.

"Oh, rather!" And the juniors pressed on their way.

The incident of the light in the tunnel was curious enough, but there was no reason why they should allow it to interrupt their exploration of the passage.

They quickened their pace, keeping eyes and ears open for the other explorers of the tunnel, but there was nothing to be seen or heard.

They reached the spot where Wharton judged that the individual holding the light must have been standing, but there was no one there.

He had turned back, evidently.

Why he, whoever he was, should turn back on catching sight of the juniors' lantern, was a puzzle.

The Greyfriars chums advanced. They were drawing nearer to the old priory now, as the freshness of the air in the tunnel testified.

Wharton halted at last.

The lantern-light gleamed upon a wall of stone that barred the path. It was a sliding door of stone, and as Wharton knew the secret of it, there was no difficulty—or should have been none—in getting through.

The captain of the Remove placed his hand upon a depression in the stone, and pushed hard, expecting the huge mass to turn upon the pivot, as it had done on previous occasions. Harry had been on the outside of the stone door when he had discovered its secret, but he had tried it from within, and, once knowing how it worked, it had been easy to open it.

But the stone did not move now. Instead of swinging round slowly, as he expected, it remained quite fast in its place.

Harry pressed harder. The stone remained fast.

"That's curious," said Nugent. "Has it got jammed somehow?"

"I don't see how it could. It might be wedged from the other side, but——"

"Let's all shove."

"Good!"

The lantern was placed on the ground, and the juniors formed up to shove with their whole strength upon the revolving stone.

"It's going!" exclaimed Harry.

The stone shifted a little. Then it held fast again.

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"It's not jammed, kids—it can't get jammed."

"Then what's holding it?"

"Somebody's holding it from the other side!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Mystery.

WHARTON uttered the words in a tone of conviction. The partial yielding of the stone, and then its holding fast again, had convinced him of it. Somebody on the outer side of the stone door had his foot against it, and was bracing himself to resist the pressure from within.

"My only hat!" said Bob Cherry. "The cheek of it!"

"Some giddy japer, having a little fun with us," said Nugent. "The nerve!"

Wharton smiled grimly.

"Well, we'll see who's the stronger," he said. "We're jolly well going to have this door open, or burst something."

"What-ho!"

"You fellows get behind me and shove!"

"Good! All together!"

Wharton placed his hands on the stone, and Nugent stood behind him and placed his hands upon it over Harry's shoulders. Then Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh placed their hands on the others' backs. By this means the whole force of the four was brought to bear upon the stone.

"Now, then, shove!"

"All together!"

"The altogetherfulness is terrific."

And the Greyfriars chums exerted themselves hard.

The stone began to move.

"Hurrah! It's going!"

"Bravo!"

"Shove away! My hat, this is like the scream!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Go it!"

Harder and harder they shoved.

The door was rolling open now. There was no gleam of daylight from beyond, for the stone door opened into the vault under the old priory, but there was a yellowish flicker of light from a lantern.

The door was half-open now, and Wharton could see a lantern on the stone flags beyond, and he could also see the leg of the individual who was holding the door.

It was a check trouser-leg, and evidently belonged to a

man, and not to a boy. It was not a fellow of Greyfriars who was playing this trick upon the juniors.

Bob Cherry gave a sudden chuckle. He released one hand, and drew a pin from his coat. Leaning forward, he jabbed the pin into the leg beyond the door.

There was a sudden wild howl, and the resistance of the door ceased. The stone flew open, and the juniors tumbled through the doorway, and almost fell over a man who had been knocked flying by the sudden opening of the door.

He was a little man, dressed in check clothes, with a cloth cap, and a red face—the red hue perhaps caused by the exertions he had made in keeping the door shut.

The juniors had never seen him before, to their knowledge, and it was quite plain that he was not an inhabitant of Friar-dale village, or Pegg.

He had the unmistakable air of a townsman.

He was rolling helplessly on the stone flags on his back, and was not so swift to regain his feet as the juniors were.

The boys were up in a few seconds, and they stared at the man on the flags, and burst into a shout of laughter.

After his attempt to keep them shut in the underground passage, his sudden and absurd downfall seemed comical enough, and his evident rage added to the effect.

He sat up, gasping for breath.

"You young hounds!" he roared.

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"What were you trying to keep the door shut for?" demanded Harry. "You had no right to try and keep us shut up there."

"What are you doing here, anyway?" said Nugent.

"You're a blessed trespasser, as a matter of fact."

"The matter-of-factfulness is terrific."

The stranger staggered to his feet.

He had evidently been hurt by his sudden fall, and was equally evidently in a raging temper. He turned to the juniors and poured out a volley of abuse, his language growing more lurid as he proceeded.

Harry Wharton's brow darkened with anger.

"Shut up!" he exclaimed imperiously. "Do you hear? Shut up!"

"Or we'll jolly soon shut you up!" said Bob Cherry.

The man raved on.

Harry exchanged a look with his comrades, and they surrounded the stranger in a second, and laid hands upon him.

In a moment he was whirled over, and bumped on the ground.

"Now, then," said Harry. "Are you going to shut up?"

"You—you—you—"

"Hold your tongue!"

The man struggled desperately. He was short—not much taller than the juniors—but he was thickset and powerful. He was a tough customer, even for the four sturdy juniors, and they rolled over on the floor as he fought.

But they would not let go.

Like hounds clinging to a bear, they rolled over and over, and they had the fellow down again at last, and Bob Cherry sat on his chest.

All of them were panting now, and out of breath.

"Got him!" said Bob.

"Now, are you going to shut up?" demanded Harry.

The man glared at him furiously.

"You young hound!"

Harry shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I don't mind that, but I bar swearing! That's what you've got to understand. It would serve you right if we gave you a jolly good licking!"

"Let me get up!"

"Not unless you are going to behave yourself."

The stranger gasped for breath.

"It's all right—it's all right. I—I'm sorry I lost my temper."

"That's better."

The juniors released him, Bob rather reluctantly getting off his chest. The man rose to his feet. All the juniors were looking at him curiously, wondering who he was and how he came there. He was evidently in as great a rage as ever, but he had sense enough to know that it was useless to give expression to it.

"Why were you holding the door shut?" asked Harry.

"It—it was a joke."

Wharton's clear eyes looked him up and down.

"I don't believe you!" he said bluntly. "I don't see why you should do it, but you weren't doing it for a joke, that's jolly certain."

"The certainfulness is terrific."

"It looks to me as if the rotter's here for no good," remarked Bob Cherry. "What were you doing in the underground passage, my man?"

"I was not in it."

"Lie number two," said Bob cheerfully. "You were in it—and you backed out when you saw our light, and then tried to keep us shut up. It looks to me as if there's some little game on. Where do you come from?"

"Mind your own business!"

"What are you doing here?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Exploring the place," said the stranger, after a moment's hesitation. "It's a—a curious old place, and I was looking into it."

"And you brought a lantern with you on purpose," said Bob. "You came all the way from town with a lantern to explore this old place? You're a jolly fishy customer, that's all! I— Why— My hat!"

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Look at that lantern!"

Bob was staring at the stranger's lantern in astonishment. It was standing on the flagstones, where the man had evidently placed it when he held the door fast. The chums of Greyfriars followed Bob's glance, and looked equally astonished, for they knew the lantern. It was one of a rather uncommon make, and they had seen it frequently enough on Wingate's bicycle. Bob bent closer to it to make sure. There, sure enough, were the initials "R. W."—Wingate's initials—scratched on the metal.

"Wingate's lantern!" exclaimed Harry in astonishment.

"Yes, rather!"

The stranger gave a start.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "That lantern is mine!"

"Liar!" said Bob politely. "That lantern belongs to Wingate, the captain of our school, and we're jolly well going to take it back to him, too!"

And he picked up the lantern.

The man looked at him in alarm.

"You are not going to take my lantern?" he exclaimed.

"I'm jolly well going to take Wingate's lantern!" said Bob. "You've stolen it, and it would serve you right to march you off to Friardale and give you in charge for it, too!"

The man turned deadly pale.

"You are mistaken," he exclaimed hoarsely. "I did not steal the lantern."

"How did you come by it, then?"

"It—it was given to me."

The juniors laughed scornfully.

"Do you mean to say that you know Wingate—the captain of Greyfriars—a rotten worm like you, who swears like a trooper?" exclaimed Nugent.

"That lantern was lent to me."

"Rats!"

"We may as well be getting back," said Harry. "We sha'n't be in too soon for tea, as it is. Come on!"

"I'd better bring the lantern, Harry?"

"Oh, yes, rather!"

The stranger made a step forward. The juniors faced him grimly, not at all loth to wipe up the floor with a man they regarded as a thief.

The man thought better of it. He had no chance of regaining the lantern—no chance of getting anything but a licking if he tackled the four. He drew back with an oath.

The chums re-entered the passage.

Wharton closed the stone door behind him, and they slowly retraced their steps towards Greyfriars. They had explored the subterranean passage, and had found nothing of great interest in it, but certainly there had been a most curious adventure at the end of it. The juniors discussed it as they made their way back, but there were several points about the affair that they could not explain to their satisfaction.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Keeping It Dark.

"COME in!" called out Wingate.

The captain of Greyfriars was in his study, changing his clothes. He had been drenched in the rain, and his jacket, which he had thrown off, was dripping with water. He was half-clad in dry clothes when the tap came at the door.

Harry Wharton entered the study.

"Wet?" he said.

Wingate laughed.

"Looks like it, doesn't it? I was a good distance from Greyfriars when the rain came on, and I was caught in it."

He broke off suddenly.

Harry had the bicycle lantern in his hand, and Wingate's eyes had fallen upon it. The captain of Greyfriars turned pale.

"What's that—my lantern?"

Wharton nodded.

"Yes. We've found it for you. Had you missed it?"

"Missed it?"

"Yes. I came here to bring it back," said Harry. "It had been stolen."

"Stolen!"

"Yes. I don't think you'll ever guess where we found it."

Wingate stared at him blankly. Harry could not help noticing the strange agitation of the Sixth-Former. He wondered what was the matter with Wingate. Surely the discovery that his lantern had been stolen should not upset him so much.

"You—you've found my lantern!" said Wingate huskily. "In heaven's name where did you find it?"

"In the old priory."

"The old priory?"

"Yes, Wingate."

"You—you've been there?"

"Yes. We've been exploring the tunnel from the crypt here to the old priory," Harry explained. "There was a chap in the priory—"

"My heavens! You've seen him?"

Harry started.

"Wingate, do you know him—did you know he was there?"

Wingate did not reply. Harry gazed at his pale face, upon which the perspiration was gathering, in blank wonder.

"He tried to keep us from opening the stone door," said Harry awkwardly. "We shoved it open, though. He was a blackguard of a chap—swore horribly at us, and we made him shut up. Then Bob Cherry spotted your lantern. Of course, we thought he must have stolen it, and we brought it back."

"Ye-e-es, I see!"

Wingate muttered the words hoarsely.

"He said it had been lent to him," said Harry. "Of course, we didn't believe a word of it."

Wingate nodded.

"I hope we've done right," said Harry anxiously. "I suppose you don't know the man?"

"Shut the door!" said Wingate.

Harry Wharton closed the door. The big Sixth-Former wiped his forehead—it was wet.

He opened his lips to speak several times, but no words came. Harry Wharton waited, with a curious feeling of uneasiness. He did not understand Wingate at all. The usually frank and open senior seemed to be strangely mysterious, and to be labouring under some emotion that Harry could not comprehend.

Wingate seemed to make up his mind suddenly.

"Look here, Wharton," he said abruptly. "I—I shall have to tell you something. I know I can trust you to keep your mouth shut."

"Certainly."

"That—that man—the fellow who had the lantern—I—I lent it to him," said Wingate in a sinking voice. "I—I know the chap, you see."

Wharton nodded. That Wingate should know, and be on friendly terms with such a man was amazing enough. But it was no business of his, after all, and at that moment he was only feeling sorry for Wingate's evident distress.

"I lent him the lantern," said Wingate. "Never mind why. You did quite right to bring it back—you couldn't know."

"I am sorry!"

"It's all right—you couldn't know—you did quite right. I—I can't explain, Wharton. It's—it's impossible, but—but—"

Wingate's voice trailed away.

"It's all right," said Harry quickly. "No need to explain. I don't want any explanation. You know I'm a chap who can mind his own business, Wingate."

Wingate looked relieved.

"Good! You haven't told anybody about meeting this—this man, Wharton?"

"No."

"Was—was anybody with you at the time?"

"Yes—Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Inky."

"I suppose they can hold their tongues?"

"Of course!" said Harry wonderingly. "We'll keep the whole thing dark if you like. I don't suppose they've said anything yet, and I'll go and warn them."

"I—I'll be grateful if you keep it dark, Wharton. I can't explain—now, anyway—but it means a lot—an awful lot to me."

"That's enough, Wingate. You can rely on us."

"Thank you, Wharton! Leave the lantern here."

Harry nodded, and leaving the lantern on the table he quitted the study. He was amazed, and he could not understand the strange affair in the least. What Wingate's connection with the man of the priory could be, was a mystery.

Harry hurried away to the Remove passage.

The incident of the priory had, of course, a certain amount of interest as an anecdote, and some one or other of the juniors was certain to relate it if not stopped in time.

As Harry reached the top of the stairs he heard Bob Cherry's voice. Bob was talking in the passage to Tom Brown of the Remove.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST The New Complete
OUT! Story-Book.

"You see, we had just got to the end of the passage, and were trying to open the stone door, when—"

Harry ran along the passage.

He ran right into Bob Cherry and sent him flying. Bob rolled on the linoleum, and Harry rolled over him.

Tom Brown burst into a roar.

"You ass!" yelled Bob Cherry, sitting up and rubbing his head dazedly. "You frabjous ass! Can't you see where you're running?"

"Sorry!" gasped Harry. "But—"

"Oh, you dummy!"

"You see—"

"You've biffed all the breath out of me!" spluttered Bob.

"Oh, you ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And now you're cackling!" roared Bob wrathfully. "I'll give you cackle!"

And he clasped Harry affectionately round the neck and waltzed round the passage with him, punching away cheerfully.

Harry returned his grasp, and whirled the sturdy junior into the open doorway of No. 1 Study, and they crashed upon the table and rolled on the floor again.

"What on earth—" began Nugent.

Tom Brown walked away laughing. Harry dragged himself loose, and shut the door. Bob Cherry staggered up dazedly.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"I'm sorry!" said Harry, laughing. "But I had to interrupt you in the passage, Bob. I've just seen Wingate, and he wants us to keep it dark about meeting that chap in the priory."

"You—you ass! You ran into me on purpose!" gasped Bob.

"Yes, it was the only way."

"You frabjous duffer!"

"We've got to keep the whole story dark. Wingate wants us to."

"What for?"

"I don't know."

"It's jolly curious!"

"I know it is; but there you are! We're to keep it dark."

Bob Cherry grunted.

"Oh, all right! But the next time you want to interrupt me, ass, you can find a gentler method, duffer, or you'll jolly well get your head punched, fathead!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter is Mysterious.

"WHAT'S the matter with Bunter?"

"Bunter?"

"Yes. Something's up!"

It was the day after the adventure in the tunnel. Morning school was over, and the chums of the Remove had come out into the Close, bright and cheery now in the spring sunshine.

Bob Cherry had caught sight of the Owl of the Remove. Billy Bunter did not see them. He did not seem to see anything.

He was walking to and fro under the trees, with his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

To and fro he paced slowly and thoughtfully. At intervals a grin spread over his face, and he broke into a soft chuckle.

The juniors stared at him in amazement.

It was pretty certain that Bunter had something in his mind that afforded him great satisfaction, but they could not guess what it was. It could hardly be the result of his experiences as an amateur detective.

"Some new wheeze," said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "Perhaps a new scheme for getting rich quick, you know. Hallo, hallo, hallo, Bunter!"

Bunter did not look round.

He was so absorbed in his reflections that he did not hear, or did not heed, Bob Cherry's powerful hail.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob.

"He must be composing poetry," said Nugent. "It's a case of being in the throes of composition, and lost to the world."

"The threefulness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur. "Look!"

Billy Bunter had ceased his pacing, and taken a newspaper from his pocket.

He blinked over it through his spectacles, and opened it at a place which was evidently marked.

He blinked at the marked portion, reading it through carefully, and then broke into a series of soft, fat chuckles.



"Bunter crawl out. What you tinkee? He, he, he! Buntree velly funny!" laughed the Chinese junior, as Billy Bunter dragged himself slowly and painfully from the muddy ditch.

"It's something in the paper, then," said Harry Wharton, his astonishment increasing. "What on earth can it be?"

"Let's see."

"Good!"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked over towards the fat junior. Billy was too short-sighted, and too preoccupied, to see them coming. Bob Cherry announced his arrival by a powerful slap on the shoulder, which sent the fat junior staggering. Billy Bunter gave a howl. His spectacles slid down his nose, and the newspaper fell to the ground. Bunter caught at one of the old elms for support.

"Ow! You ass, Ogilvy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, it was you, Cherry! You silly ass! I'm hurt!"

"You wanted waking up," grinned Bob. "It's all right."

"Is it?" howled Bunter. "I tell you it isn't!" He put his spectacles straight, and glared at the sturdy junior. "Where's my paper?"

"Here it is," said Nugent, picking up the newspaper.

"Here—"

Bunter snatched it suddenly from his hand.

"Well, what's that for, pig?" asked Nugent warmly.

"It's mine!"

"Well, do you think I want to keep it?"

"It's mine!" said Bunter. "Look here—"

"What were you reading in it?" asked Bob Cherry.

Bunter turned red. He slipped the newspaper, folded, into the inside pocket of his jacket, evidently determined that the chums of the Remove should not see it.

"N-n-nothing in particular," he stammered.

"Stuff!" said Harry. "You were reading some para-

graph that was awfully interesting to you. What are you making a mystery about it for?"

"I—I—"

"Oh, he's off his rocker!" said Bob Cherry. "Hand over the paper, Bunter!"

"I—I won't!"

"Why not, ass?"

"It's—it's mine!"

"Well, we don't want to eat it," said Nugent. "Why can't you show us what you were reading, and stop playing the giddy ox?"

"I won't!"

"You young ass!"

"I might be willing to take you fellows in on shares," said Bunter meditatively. "It's according to how much you would put up. Say, a company, on the basis of pound shares. Each of you fellows to subscribe a pound—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, Bob Cherry?"

"It's another scheme for getting rich, is it?"

"Well, you see—"

"Then you needn't tell us anything. We know enough."

"But, I say—"

"Rats!"

And the chums of the Remove walked away laughing. Billy Bunter was full of schemes, and no one ever wanted to hear the details of them. Bunter's plans were innumerable for raising money, and they had only one drawback—that they never worked. He could point out to fellows unfailing ways of raising the wind; but if he induced anybody to listen to him, the invariable result was that the fellow handed money to Bunter, and never had any handed back.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE"

Bunter glowered after the juniors.

"Well, they're missing a jolly good thing, anyway," he remarked. "Perhaps, upon the whole, it's better to keep it to myself, as I intended."

And he took the paper out of his pocket again and scanned it, and chuckled over the paragraph that interested him so much.

"Buntsee leadee somfin velly funnee?" asked a soft voice.

Bunter jammed the paper into his inside pocket as Wun Lung, the Chinese glided up.

"No," he said hastily.

"Buntsee laughee velly plenty."

"Oh, yes! You see— But it's nothing."

The little Chinese looked at him curiously.

"Buntsee comee to tuckshop?" he asked suddenly.

Bunter hesitated.

"Well, I had some business on hand," he remarked.

"Still, I don't mind putting it off for the sake of going anywhere with a fellow I like."

"Buntsee comee?"

"Certainly!"

They walked towards the tuckshop. Dinner was nearly due; but Bunter could always eat two meals in succession—or half a dozen for that matter. The little Chinese grinned his curious grin.

"Buntsee not mindee comee tuckshop?" he asked.

"Not at all. Are you in funds?" asked Billy. "Mrs. Mimble has a new lot of really ripping cream puffs in to-day, and if I use my influence I think I can get fourteen a shilling."

"Velly good!"

"You're in funds, then?"

Wun Lung shook his head.

"No. Me havee no money."

Bunter stopped dead.

"Then what on earth's the good of going to the tuckshop?" he demanded. "Mrs. Mimble won't give credit."

"Buntsee standee tleatee?"

"What?"

"Buntsee standee tleatee. What you tinkee?"

"You—you heathen ass!"

"No savvy."

"You asked me to come to the tuckshop!" said Bunter wrathfully. "Of course, I understood that you were going to stand treat, you silly heathen!"

"No savvy."

"Look here, are you going to stand cream puffs, or are you not going to stand cream puffs?" roared Bunter.

"No savvy."

The fat junior gave him a glare, and walked away in high dudgeon. Wun Lung smiled softly. It was a perpetual amusement to him to pull the leg of the fat junior. Billy Bunter growled to himself as he walked away. The paper crumpled in his pocket, and it recalled the great scheme to his mind, and he smiled again.

"Never mind," he murmured, "I'll jolly soon have plenty of money. A hundred pounds is not to be sneezed at. Some of the fellows will change their tune when they see me rolling in money."

He made his way towards the ruined chapel. Harry Wharton & Co. saw him go from a distance, and Bob Cherry indulged in a chuckle.

"Bunter's on the track of the treasure again," he remarked—"the Greyfriars treasure! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the others laughed too.

Billy Bunter's search for the supposed treasure in the old crypt had become a standing joke at Greyfriars.

But it was not the treasure that Billy Bunter was looking for now. He had given up that scheme.

He entered the ruins, and descended the stone steps to the old crypt.

The oaken door at the bottom of the steps was shut. It was a rule for it to be kept locked, as the juniors were only supposed to enter the crypt by permission. But, as a matter of fact, it was always easy to obtain the key from Gosling, the porter, and the door was more often left unlocked than fastened. That it had been unfastened the day before Bunter knew. But it was locked now.

The fat junior tried the door, and gave a snort of discontent.

"Oh, blow!" he murmured. "Now I shall have to fag all the way to the porter's lodge. It's beastly!"

But there was no help for it. Bunter particularly desired to enter the old crypt, apparently in connection with his scheme for getting rich. He made his way to the porter's lodge, and found Gosling attending to his geraniums outside. The porter glanced at him, not with a cordial expression. He never received a tip from Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST OUT! The New Complete Story-Book.

"I say, Gosling, I want you to lend me the key of the crypt," said Billy.

Gosling grunted.

"Agin horders," he said.

"Yes, I know; but you often do lend it to chaps," said Bunter. "I particularly want to go into the crypt, Gosling."

"Well, you can't go," said Gosling.

"Look here," said Bunter, "I'm expecting a postal-order to-night, Gosling, and you shall have a bob out of it when it comes. Give me the key."

Gosling sniffed.

"Where's the key, Gosling?"

"I ain't got it," said Gosling. "If I 'ad I wouldn't 'and it to you, Master Bunter. It's agin horders."

Billy Bunter fumbled in his trousers-pocket, and, with a sigh, produced a sixpence, and extended it towards the porter with a fat finger and thumb.

"There you are, Gosling. Now give me the key."

Gosling only snorted, and went on with his geraniums.

Bunter blinked at him, and blinked at the sixpence. Then he extracted a threepenny piece and three pennies from his waistcoat-pocket, and added them to the sixpence.

"There, Gosling!"

Gosling looked at the money, now amounting to a whole shilling, and his face softened. A shilling was considered a decent tip by the Greyfriars school porter. But he did not take it.

"I'd oblige you if I could, Master Bunter," he said.

"But I haven't the key."

"But it's always on your bunch," said Billy. "I mean when some chap hasn't left it in the door of the crypt."

"I haven't got it now."

"But—"

"Look 'ere," said Gosling, "this is 'ow it is. Master Wingate he comes to me last night, and he says, says he, them juniors have been in the crypt, which shows that the door hasn't been kept locked. So he says, says he, he'll lock the door and keep the key hisself in future. And he took the key, and he's got it."

Billy Bunter looked startled.

"Wingate!"

"Yes, Master Wingate hisself. If you want the key you 'ad better go and ask 'im for it," said Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere, that I'd oblige you if I could; and it's a thirsty sort of day, Master Bunter."

But the hint was lost on Billy Bunter. He slipped the sixpence, the threepenny piece, and the three pennies back into his pocket.

"Oh, all right!" he said.

He walked away. Gosling snorted more expressively than ever. Billy Bunter was deep in reflection, so deep that he did not hear the bell for dinner. Why was Wingate so careful all of a sudden about keeping the juniors out of the crypt?

Bunter was startled out of his meditations by a slap on the back.

"Dinner, you young ass," said Bob Cherry.

"Ow! All right!"

And all other matters were dismissed for the time from Billy Bunter's mind, as he devoted himself to the all-important one of dinner. But when dinner was over Billy Bunter withdrew into a quiet corner, and studied the marked paragraph in the paper, and chuckled over it softly. Already in his mind's eye he saw himself counting out a hundred golden sovereigns on the study table.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

More Trouble for Bunter.

M R. QUELCH looked at Billy Bunter, and looked at him again. The Remove were in their Form-room for afternoon lessons; but afternoon lessons occupied at that moment the least possible part of the attention of William George Bunter. The Form-master had turned his back to make some mysterious inscriptions in chalk on a blackboard, and Bunter had taken advantage of it to draw the folded paper from his pocket, and recommence studying the marked paragraph.

"Short in stature, clean-shaven, with dark eyes," murmured Billy Bunter. "Good! I shall know the chap all right."

Bunter's thoughts were far away from the Form-room. He was not in the least aware that Mr. Quelch had turned from the blackboard, and was regarding him with a steady stare.

Bunter looked at the paper, and Mr. Quelch looked at Bunter, and most of the Removites looked at one or the other, and waited for earthquakes.

"Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch rapped out the name at last, in a voice of thunder. Billy Bunter jumped almost clear of his seat.

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

He jammed the paper out of sight, in his haste jamming it into the neck of his waistcoat instead of into his pocket.

Then he faced the Form-master, blinking and flushing, in a great state of perturbation. Mr. Quelch looked at him sternly.

"Bunter! You were reading a newspaper—reading it in class!"

"If you please, sir——"

"I have more than once passed over your stupidity," said Mr. Quelch. "But this——"

"You see, sir——"

"Stand out here."

"I—I——"

"At once, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter came slowly and reluctantly out before the class. He blinked apprehensively at the pointer Mr. Quelch had taken in his hand.

"What were you reading, Bunter?"

"A-a-a paper, sir!" stammered Billy.

"Hand it to me."

Bunter hesitated.

"Do you hear me, Bunter?"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"Then hand me the paper at once."

Bunter looked at Mr. Quelch's gleaming eye, and fumbled for the paper. He jerked it out, and reluctantly handed it to Mr. Quelch.

"A newspaper!" said Mr. Quelch. "And what were you reading in this paper, Bunter, that was so absorbing that you could not find time to spare for your lessons?"

"I—I wasn't reading the marked paragraph, sir," said Billy Bunter anxiously.

"What!"

"I—I wasn't—er——"

"Don't utter falsehoods, Bunter!"

"Oh, sir!"

Mr. Quelch glanced at the paper. His brow darkened.

"You were reading this marked paragraph, Bunter, and this paragraph refers to a case of theft, and gives a description of the missing criminal. What do you mean by reading such stuff?"

"If you please, sir——"

"Newspapers are not the best reading for boys, at any time," said Mr. Quelch. "But any boy ought to know well enough to avoid reading criminal reports. I am afraid that you have a very low and depraved taste, Bunter."

Mr. Quelch twisted the paper in his hands, and threw it into the wastepaper basket beside his desk; a proceeding that Bunter witnessed with great dismay.

"May—mayn't I have the paper, sir?" he ventured.

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "I disapprove of your reading such things as criminal reports, and I am disgusted with you. You certainly shall not have the paper again. You will take a hundred lines for reading it here. Go back to your place."

"But, sir——"

"Another word, and I will cane you!"

Bunter did not utter the other word. He rolled back to his place.

But he was very worried and absentminded during the remainder of afternoon lessons, and he kept one eye at least continually blinking at the wastepaper basket; with the result that he earned another hundred lines, as well as a rap on the knuckles with the pointer. When the Remove were dismissed, Billy Bunter hung about the passage near the door. Harry Wharton stopped to speak to him.

"Hard cheese, Billy. Come and have some tarts."

But even that invitation did not draw the fat junior from the spot.

"Sorry, Wharton; I'd like to come, awfully, but I'm waiting for Mr. Quelch to get out of the Form-room," he said.

"What for?"

"I want to get my newspaper."

"Oh, rats! What's the good of it?"

"It may mean a hundred pounds to me."

Wharton stared.

"What on earth are you driving at, Billy? How could it possibly mean a hundred pounds to you?" he demanded.

"Are you off your rocker?"

"No, I'm not. You'll see in good time. I've got to have that paper."

"Oh, all right. Quelch is settling down to write. He may not be out for half an hour yet," said Harry. "So-long!"

"Hold on a minute, Wharton. You were going to slap me some tarts."

"Well, come to the tuckshop, then."

"I can't just now. But—but how many tarts were you going to stand?"

"Oh, two or three," said Harry.

"Say three, then."

"Well, three," said Harry, laughing.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 103.

NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

EVERY
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Penny or twopenny ones?"

"I really hadn't thought about it."

"Well, I suppose they would be twopenny ones. The penny ones are so jolly small, and the twopenny ones are better in every way."

"Well, twopenny ones, then. But what does it matter, as you can't come?"

"Why, you see, three twopenny tarts would be sixpence," explained Bunter. "I can't come to Mrs. Mimble's, but—but I'll have the sixpence!"

Wharton looked at him silently for some seconds, then he drew a sixpence from his pocket, placed it in the fat palm of Billy Bunter, and walked away without a word. Bunter slipped the coin into his pocket, and resumed his watch upon the door of the class-room.

It was twenty minutes before Mr. Quelch came out.

When he heard the Form-master coming, Billy Bunter became suddenly absorbed in a picture on the wall, and did not look towards Mr. Quelch.

The Form-master glanced at him sharply in passing, however.

As soon as he was gone, Billy Bunter nipped into the Form-room, and ran to the wastepaper basket under the desk. There was his precious newspaper, twisted up, but otherwise not damaged.

Bunter, with a grunt of relief, jerked it out, and jammed it into his pocket. He ran out of the Form-room hastily—fairly into the arms of Mr. Quelch.

Bunter gave a gasp of terror as he was stopped by an iron hand on his collar.

"Where have you been, Bunter?"

"Oh, sir!"

"I suspected that you were staying here for the purpose of recovering the paper I told you you were not to have," said Mr. Quelch sternly.

"Oh, sir!"

"Have you taken that paper, Bunter?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I think I had better look into the wastepaper basket," said Mr. Quelch, making a motion to enter the Form-room.

"I am sorry to say that I cannot take your word, Bunter."

"Er—I—I mean yes, sir!"

"I thought so. You have the paper?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Follow me, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter dejectedly followed the Form-master to his study. Mr. Quelch selected a cane, and bade the fat junior hold out his hand.

"You have disobeyed me, Bunter," he said. "I shall have to cane you. Lay the paper on the table, and hold out your hand."

"If you please, sir——"

"Bunter!"

The paper was thrown on the table, and the fat palm held out. Bunter received three cuts, and squirmed painfully as he made his way out of the study. Mr. Quelch picked up the paper and threw it into the fire, where it was speedily reduced to nothingness.

Billy Bunter made his way down the passage with his hands tucked away under his arms, and wriggling like an eel.

"Beast!" he murmured. Never mind! I can get another copy in the village, and I jolly well will, and then we'll see!"

And Billy Bunter licked his hands, and rubbed them, and grumbled; and went off to the tuckshop to gain comfort by expending Wharton's sixpence in tarts.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape.

"WHERE'S Bunter?"

It was tea-time in No. 1 Study. Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Harroo Janset Ram Singh had just come in; but there were no signs of tea in the study. The fire was out, and the table was unspread, and Billy Bunter was not to be seen. It was Bunter's privilege to get tea; and his duty also, as he was supposed to undertake that task instead of contributing to the study funds—a thing he never did. But it was evident that Billy Bunter was neglecting his duty this evening.

"Where's Bunter?"

"Disappeared!" said Nugent. "Never mind; we'll manage without him, and bolt the tommy before he comes in. That will be a joke he will appreciate."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton lighted the fire, and Nugent filled the kettle. Harroo Singh scraped out the frying-pan. Eggs

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS

were soon poaching away merrily, and the smell of hot toast filled the study. Still the fat junior did not appear.

Harry Wharton was puzzled.

It was so remarkable a thing for Bunter to miss a meal that he could not help taking notice of it. Bunter would miss an appointment, or miss lessons, but he never missed meals unless something was decidedly wrong.

"It's that blessed amateur detective business again!" said Nugent. "Bunter's on the track of somebody or something!"

Wharton's brow darkened.

"If he begins spying on Wingate again, he'll get into trouble!" he remarked.

"He seems to have a new case on. You heard what Quelch said in the class-room. There's some robbery or other, and that's what Billy was poring over in the paper," said Nugent, with a chuckle. "I suppose he's going to hunt down the criminal."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If he's gone out for that purpose, he'll miss his tea, anyway," said Nugent. "These eggs are finished!"

"The toast is also honourably completed!" said Hurree Singh.

"Good!"

And the three juniors sat down to a cheerful tea-table. Bob Cherry put his head in at the door, and grinned.

"Toast and poached eggs!" he exclaimed. "How lucky I looked in! Linley has gone to tea with one of the Sixth, and Wun Lung is grubbing with Russell and Lacy. Nobody in No. 13, so I've come to see you. I looked in specially at tea-time. That's a broad hint!"

"Good!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Come in! We've plenty, especially as Bunter isn't here."

"Jolly good!"

And Bob Cherry came in. Although Bob's quarters had been changed to No. 13 Study, he was generally quite at home in No. 1, as of old. The four juniors began their tea, and the loss of Billy Bunter's company did not seem to be severely felt.

They were about half through with the meal when the door opened, and the Owl of the Remove came in.

He had a newspaper bulging out of his jacket-pocket, and looked very tired and dusty. He sank into the armchair with a grunt.

"I'm tired!" he remarked.

"Go hon!" said Nugent. "Pass the toast!"

"I've had a long walk," said Bunter resentfully.

"Hope you enjoyed it. Another cup of tea, Cherry?"

"Certainly!"

"I've been all the way to the village and back."

"Good!"

"I had to go there and get a fresh copy of the paper, because that beast Quelch took mine away!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! I'm tired and hungry! I jolly well want my tea! You fellows might wait on me a bit when I'm tired!"

"Yes; I can see us doing it—I don't think!" remarked Nugent.

"I think you're selfish beasts!" remarked Bunter. "You might hand a fellow a bit of toast, I think!"

Nugent impaled a fragment of toast on the end of a fork, and held it across to the fat junior. Bunter blinked at it.

"What's that?"

"A bit of toast," said Nugent innocently.

"Oh, don't be funny! I'm hungry!"

"Well, you're late for tea, and there isn't much left, but there's always bread-and-butter!" said Wharton. "After all, that's something to be thankful for!"

Bunter grunted. He did not look very thankful. He found he was not too tired to rise from the chair and make a raid on what was left of the provisions. He sat up at the table and started on everything within his reach, and by his speed he bade fair to catch up with the early starters, and perhaps to pass them.

Not a word did Billy Bunter speak till he had demolished most of what was on the table.

There was evidently something on his mind, but he did not refer to it till he had fully attended to the more

important matter of satisfying the imperious demands of his inner Bunter.

Bob Cherry leaned back in his chair and watched him.

"Blessed if I know what people pay money to see the animals feed at the Zoo for!" he remarked, in a thoughtful way. "Bunter's always ready to eat free of charge, and it's much more amusing, and it lasts longer, too!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Don't leave off, Bunter!" said Nugent. "There's half a loaf and a scrap of butter left!"

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"There's a currant on the cake dish, too!"

Billy pushed back his chair, and rose.

"I'm finished!" he remarked.

"My only hat!"

"Look here, you chaps," said Billy Bunter, sinking into the armchair, "I'm tired; but I've got something to tell you!"

"Don't trouble if you're tired!" said Wharton kindly. "We shall be tired, too, if you begin to jaw, and it's no use all of us being tired!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"We've got our prep. to do, too," said Nugent. "Upon the whole, you'd better take a rest, Bunter, and not jaw at all!"

"I say, you fellows, it's an important matter, you know! I've been down to the village specially, and I'm fagged, and I had a narrow escape——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's happened?"

"I had a narrow escape——"

"Any accidents?"

"No."

"Then what did you have a narrow escape from?"

"I had a narrow escape of missing my tea——"

"Oh!"

"But I've brought the paper back with me."

"The paper! What paper?"

"The newspaper!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Nugent politely.

Billy Bunter drew a crumpled and folded newspaper from his pocket.

"It's another copy of the paper that beast Quelch took away!" he explained. "I've had to go down to Friardale for it!"

"What's the good of it?"

"That's what I'm going to explain. Look here, I'm going to take you fellows into my confidence!" said Bunter. "I was thinking of keeping the whole thing to myself, but that would be selfish; and, besides, I need a little capital to start with! You fellows can subscribe the capital! See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! This may mean a hundred pounds to be divided in this study!"

"A hundred rats!"

"A hundred pounds, Cherry! I'm willing to let you into the matter, though you don't belong to this study now, if you keep it dark, and subscribe the same amount as the rest."

"Rats!"

"A hundred pounds!" said Nugent. "What are you babbling about now, Bunter?"

"I'm not babbling; I'm talking business!"

And Bunter unfolded the paper with an air of importance, while the chums of the Remove stared at him in blank amazement.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery.

BILLY BUNTER blinked over the newspaper, looking for the paragraph he desired to read out, and the juniors stared at him. They did not for a moment imagine that there was anything at all in Bunter's scheme for getting a hundred pounds, of course; but they were curious to know what he was driving at. It was evidently something new, and he had succeeded in interesting them at last.

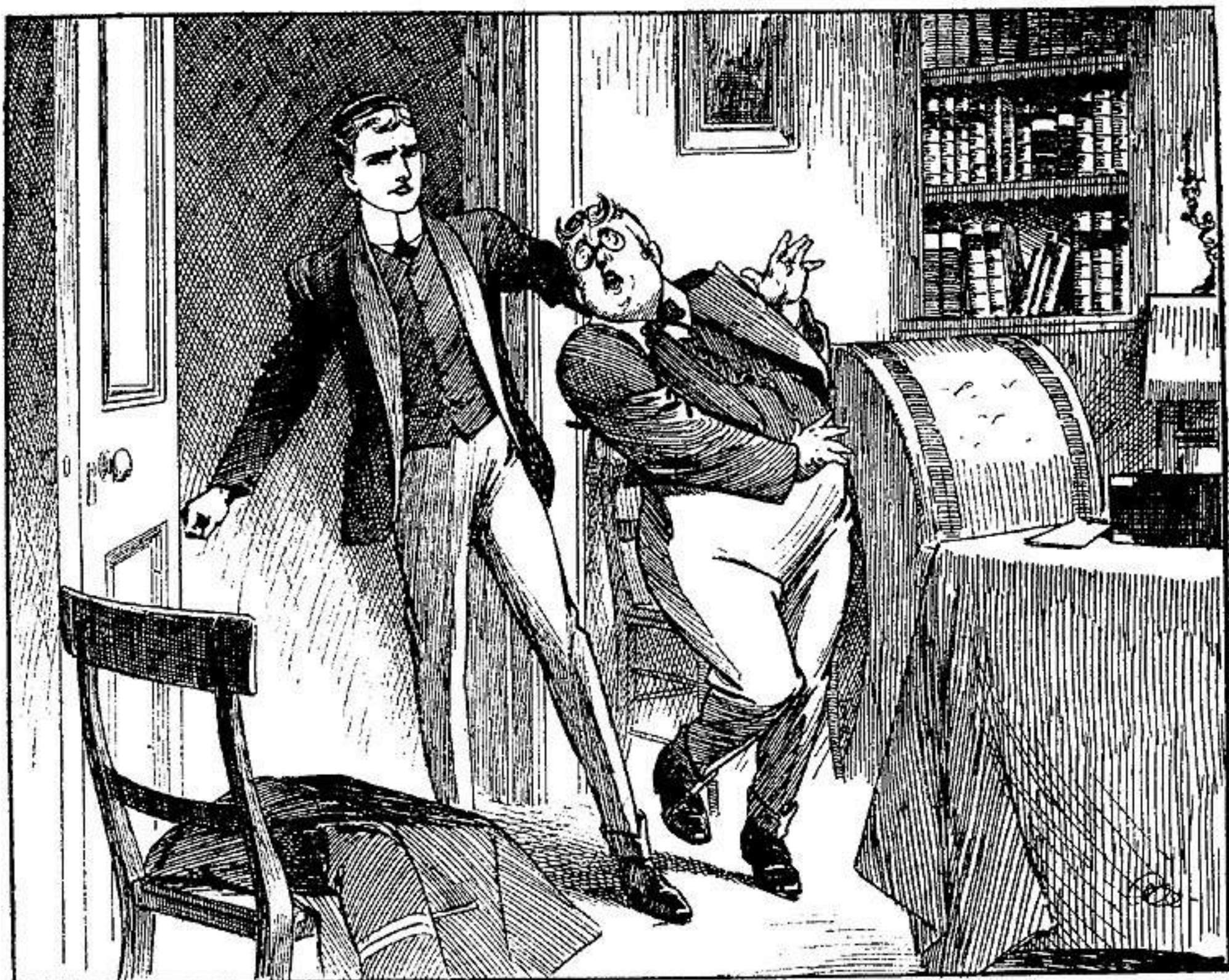
"Well, go ahead!" said Wharton.

"I haven't found the paragraph yet!"

JUST OUT!

THE "EMPIRE" LIBRARY.

Price One Halfpenny.



"I—I didn't come in for any grub!" howled Billy Bunter. "I—I came to b-b-borrow a classical dictionary. I—I—I—I'm doing some extra study!"

"Is it the one that was marked in the paper Mr. Quelch took away—the one about the robbery and the missing criminal?" asked Nugent.

"Yes."

"You young ass—"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"I knew it!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "It's the amateur detective business once more! I knew that it was something asinine!"

"You won't say it's asinine when you see me rolling in a hundred pounds!" said Bunter. "Hallo, here's the paragraph! Now, shut up, you fellows, and I'll read it out to you! There isn't very much of it."

"Well, let's be thankful for small mercies, then! Go ahead!"

Bunter grunted to clear his throat, and began:

"There is no clue to the whereabouts of James Stainforth, the cashier of the London and Suburban Bank, who absconded on Thursday last with banknotes value £1,000 belonging to the bank. Further examination of the books shows a series of defalcations extending over a period of more than two years."

"Stainforth absconded just in time to escape arrest, as his rascality had been discovered. He is supposed to have made for the coast in the neighbourhood of the fishing village of Pegg, the police having tracked him as far as Friardale, but there all trace of him has been lost. It is presumably his intention to cross to the Continent in some vessel there. His arrest is hourly expected. The following is his description:

"Age, 35 years. Short in stature, dark in complexion, with a clean-shaven face, and light and very keen eyes. Hair of a light brown colour, somewhat thin. When last seen, was dressed in dark clothes, with a bowler hat, and elastic-sided boots."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 103.

Billy Bunter stopped and looked at the juniors.

"There's his photograph here, too," he said. "Now, what do you think of that?"

"Bosh!" said Wharton. "What on earth has it got to do with us?"

Bunter blinked at him.

"Oh, really, Wharton, you're awfully dense, you know! There's a hundred pounds reward offered by the London and Suburban Bank for information leading to his arrest!"

"Oh, I see!"

"Why shouldn't we rope in that hundred?"

"We!"

"Yes," said Bunter. "You know what I can do as an amateur detective—"

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"Well, suppose we track him down," said Bunter. "That's my idea. We should be doing a service to justice and law, and so on, and making a bit for ourselves. A hundred pounds is not to be sneezed at, I can tell you. I shall take seventy-five per cent., as the originator of the scheme, and shall stand a series of extensive feeds for the rest of the term!"

"Go hon!"

"You chaps will make a decent bit, too. We shall be all rolling in wealth, if we can get hold of the hundred quid," said Bunter eagerly. "You fellows can help me and back me up. Of course, I shall have to be the guiding spirit—the directing mind, you know. That chap Stainforth has come down here somewhere, to try to get across the North Sea in some shore craft. The police will be watching the coast pretty keenly, and my idea is that the chap will be hiding in some corner about here somewhere."

"Very likely!"

"Now, there isn't a more likely spot than the old priory

in the wood," said Bunter. "It occurred to me all at once that he might hide there."

"Quite possible!"

"I made up my mind to look for him there," said Bunter. "That's really why I want you fellows to help me. It occurred to me that if I found the criminal there, he wouldn't give in quietly. He might go for me."

The juniors burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's very likely."

"Well, it might be serious for me, you know, if a blessed desperate criminal went for me, when I was alone," said Bunter, blinking at them. "He might have a revolver, too, and then I might get hurt."

"Quite likely. Ha, ha!"

"But if you chaps came with me, and we found him, we could collar him, you see. I should stand in the rear and give orders, and you chaps would rush on him and seize him."

"Yes; I can see us doing it," remarked Nugent.

"I don't think!" observed Bob Cherry.

"I suppose you're not going to let an opportunity like this slip," said Bunter aggressively. "You're not funky, I suppose. I was going alone to-day to look for traces of the villain, but—"

"But you thought better of it. Ha, ha!"

"No, I didn't—it was Wingate!"

"Wingate!" said Harry, in surprise.

"Yes. He's had the door of the crypt locked up, and taken the key. So it won't be possible to go to the old priory by way of the subterranean passage again," said Bunter. "Jolly officious of Wingate, I call it!"

A cloud came over Wharton's face. Bunter's words caused strange thoughts to rise in his mind. He remembered the stranger in the priory, and Wingate's strange interest in him.

"Did you say you had the picture of the missing man there?" he asked.

"Yes, here it is; it's reproduced from his latest photograph, they say," said Billy Bunter. "Look at it! He's not a nice-looking chap, either."

"Hand it over!"

"Here you are."

Billy Bunter tossed over the paper, and Harry looked at the roughly-reproduced photograph which followed the description of the absconding cashier.

The others looked at it over his shoulder.

Wharton changed colour.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

There was no mistaking the features.

The juniors knew the face at a glance.

It was that of the man they had encountered in the old priory.

The man of the priory was James Stainforth, the absconding cashier.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Strange Situation.

HARRY WHARTON and his chums stared blankly at the photograph.

It was that of the refugee of the priory—of the man in whom Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, took so deep and so inexplicable an interest.

What did it all mean?

The chums of the Remove could lay their finger upon the missing man for whom the police were seeking up and down the east coast—for whom they were watching the ports from London to Hull.

A hundred pounds!

A word from No. 1 Study at Greyfriars, and the bank-robber was arrested, and the juniors would indubitably be entitled to the reward.

But they did not think or care for that.

It was too much in the nature of blood-money for the juniors to have cared to touch it, even if they had been free to do so.

But they were not free.

The man of the priory was a criminal wanted by the police—but their promise to Wingate, or, rather, Wharton's promise for them, held good.

Criminal or not, the man was safe from them.

They had undertaken to keep their adventure a secret—to say nothing about the presence of the mysterious man in the priory.

And they would keep their word.

Billy Bunter blinked at the chums of the Remove with eager satisfaction. He knew nothing of the thoughts that were passing in their minds, and he felt that he had made a great impression at last. As a rule, his wheezes were received with silence or rude interruptions. Every scheme he propounded for raising the wind was hailed with scorn.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 103.

JUST OUT! The New Complete Story-Book.

and confusely. But there was evidently a change at last. The chums of Study No. 1 were beginning to believe in the genius of the Remove.

"Well?" said Bunter at last.

Wharton started.

"Here, you take a little run, Bunter!" he exclaimed.

"Eh! What?"

"Buzz off!"

Bunter gazed at him, almost speechless with indignation. To be told to buzz off, after just broaching a scheme for making the whole study rich, was a little bit too much.

"I—I say, Wharton!" he stuttered.

"Run away and play, do!"

"You—you ass!"

Wharton made an impatient gesture. It was necessary to discuss the matter, but he did not feel inclined to do so before Billy Bunter. The Owl of the Remove was not to know a word of the discovery they had made, of course.

Wharton felt in his pockets, and produced a shilling.

"Would you like some tarts, Bunter?" he asked.

Billy's expression changed.

"Well, I'm still a little peckish," he remarked. "You fellows started tea before me, and you didn't leave me much."

"Here you are, then."

Bunter caught the coin as Wharton tossed it to him.

"Is this off my postal-order?" he asked. "I expect it to-night, or by the first post to-morrow morning at the latest."

"Yes, yes!"

"Or you might prefer me to put it down on the account," suggested Bunter.

"Yes, yes!"

"Now, look here, Wharton, I can't do both," said Bunter. "Do be businesslike. I wish I could get you fellows into businesslike ways. If I put it down to the account, I shan't settle it out of my postal-order to-night."

"All right."

"But if I settle it to-night—"

"Buzz off!" roared Wharton.

"But I want to have the matter definitely settled," urged Bunter. "Short accounts make long friends, you know, and a chap ought to be businesslike. The matter might get overlooked, and then I might not be able to pay you back at all."

"That would be awfully surprising," said Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Get out of the study, Bunter!"

"But am I to put this down to the account, or—"

"Outside!"

"Yes. But—ow—wow!"

Harry, losing patience, caught the fat junior by the shoulder, and swung him to the door. He opened the door with one hand, and hurled Bunter forth with the other.

Bunter went wildly running down the passage, unable to stop himself, and Wharton slammed the door.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Exit, Bunter! Now, about this affair."

Wharton's brows contracted.

"I don't know what to say," he said. "The man we found in the old priory is this chap, sure enough."

"Yes, that's certain."

"The certainfulness is terrific."

"But what is Wingate helping him for?" exclaimed Harry abruptly. "Wingate lent him the lantern, you know."

"It's awfully rum!"

"And you remember we found the chap coming along the tunnel towards Greyfriars. Now, we know all about that tunnel, but a stranger wouldn't. Wingate must have shown it to him."

"Looks like it."

"It must have been Wingate's idea to help him to hide in the crypt here," said Harry. "The police might search the old priory any day, as they know he's in this neighbourhood. But they don't know anything about the revolving stone door, and they wouldn't dream of searching within the walls of Greyfriars. The chap would be quite safe in the crypt."

"Yes, rather!"

"And that's why Wingate has started being so awfully careful about keeping the door locked."

"Of course."

"I'm blessed if I know what we ought to do," said Wharton, after a pause. "The chap's a thief, and ought to be arrested. He seems to have some of the stolen money actually with him, too, so it's not only a question of punishing a guilty chap, but of recovering stolen goods. I don't know what we ought to do. The rascal ought to be given up to the police!"

"We don't want the reward."
"Oh, no! I was thinking of a fellow's duty to the public. Only we've promised Wingate to keep it dark."
"And that promise is binding, under any circumstances," said Bob.

"I suppose so."
"But Wingate can't know what an awful rotter the chap is," said Nugent. "He wouldn't stand by a fellow who was a thief, if he knew."

Wharton shook his head.
"I can't get on to it at all. Wingate can't know—yet, he knows that the fellow is in hiding. Perhaps he believes him innocent; he may have known him somewhere."

"Innocent!" said Nugent. "Not much! Of course, fellows have been suspected and sent to prison for nothing. But think of that chap. You remember the language he used; no decent chap would have used it. He was a rascal."

"I certainly should have taken him for one."
"He was, right enough. It looks to me as if he's a cunning beast, and is taking in Wingate in some way."

"It might be a good idea to warn Wingate of the kind of rotter he's helping," said Harry. "We're not going to say anything—but it might all come out, especially if the police should track the rascal to Greyfriars, and then Wingate would be done for. He couldn't stay at Greyfriars after a show-up like that."

"Impossible!"
"I think I'll speak to him—"

The study door opened, and the fat face of William George Bunter reappeared. The junior blinked in uneasily, and then came in, with a bag of tarts in his hand.

"I thought I'd bring 'em here, and we could discuss the scheme while I'm eating them," he remarked, sitting down in the armchair. "What do you fellows say to the idea of tracking down the criminal and collaring the hundred pounds reward?"

"Rot!" said Nugent.
"Oh, really, you know, it will be a splendid thing for this study! Lots of cash, to say nothing of the kudos. Look here, I shall require some preliminary expenses, and you fellows could subscribe a pound each, the same to be deducted from the reward before it is divided."

"Ass!"
"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"We're not going to take up any scheme of the sort," said Harry. "And you're not, either. Do you understand?"

Bunter blinked at him.
"I suppose I can do as I like!" he exclaimed. "You can let a good thing go if you like, but I'm jolly well not going to."

"You'd better. There will be trouble if you begin any more amateur detective dodges, so I warn you," said Harry.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"Rats! Let the matter drop."
"I jolly well sha'n't! Give me my paper!"

Wharton thrust it into his pocket.
"I want it for the present. You can have it later."

"Oh, really—"
Harry Wharton left the study, and the rest of Billy Bunter's expostulations were wasted on the desert air. Harry went to the Sixth Form passage to look for Wingate.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Troubles of a Detective.

WINGATE was not to be found.
He was not in his study, and not in the senior common-room. Harry looked into the gym, but he was not there. It was pretty clear that the captain of Greyfriars had gone out, and it occurred to Wharton that he could guess where Wingate was gone. The report of the meeting in the old priory had alarmed Wingate, and he had gone to see the man he was so strangely and mysteriously befriending. Harry Wharton had little doubt upon the subject. He gave up the quest, feeling very puzzled and worried. He liked Wingate very much, and the trouble that had come upon the frank, genial captain of Greyfriars extended its shadow upon him.

While Wharton was feeling a friendly concern for the captain of Greyfriars, Billy Bunter was feeling concerned for himself.

His scheme for making a hundred pounds had met with no favour among his study-mates, but Bunter was far from giving it up.

Wharton's warning had fallen upon heedless ears. Billy Bunter was on the track of the hundred pounds, and he was not likely to get off it.

The fat junior wore a thoughtful and somewhat injured expression for the rest of the evening. He felt that he had been hardly used—that his cleverness had not been received with its proper tribute.

"Let 'em wait!" murmured Bunter more than once. "I'll jolly well show 'em! Let 'em wait! After all, I don't want

them to help me. When I've tracked down the blessed criminal I can wire to the police to come and collar him—I can make the Head wire. I shall manage all right without them, and then they sha'n't have a bob out of the hundred pounds."

And the thought of having that hundred pounds all to himself consoled the fat junior for the disappointment he had experienced.

Bunter as an amateur detective was generally decidedly comic, but, as it happened, he had thought of something very near the facts for once. The old priory was indeed a likely place for a hunted criminal to hide in, and, as a matter of fact, the bank robber was hiding there.

Bunter, the detective, was really on the track.
He had been brought to a sudden stop in his tracking by the locking of the door of the old crypt and Wingate's taking charge of the key.

So far he had not thought of connecting Wingate with the missing bank robber. His tracking of Wingate was over now—the new case, with its promised reward, absorbed all his attention.

He was determined to obtain possession of the key of the crypt, in order to get along the tunnel and examine the old priory for traces of the criminal.

From the tunnel it should be easy and safe, while if he approached the priory above ground and the man was there, he was very likely to run into him, and the thought of running into a criminal who might have a revolver about him gave Billy Bunter a cold chill down his spine.

Besides, it was necessary to break bounds to get to the old priory by the road, while if he could slip into the crypt he could get there without attracting any attention and exciting curiosity which might lead to suspicion.

But how to obtain the key of the crypt.
It was a huge and rusty key, and Billy Bunter did not think for a moment that Wingate would carry it about with him.

It must be in his study somewhere.
Bunter watched Wingate go out before he returned to No. 1 Study, and he had been prepared to suggest a raid on the captain's study if the Removites had taken up his scheme at all. As they did not, he was left to make the raid himself.

Wharton had looked into the study, and found that Wingate was not there. Five minutes after he left it Billy Bunter was looking in.

Bunter looked in very cautiously, blinking round on all sides to make sure that Wingate wasn't there before he entered.

Then he was about to step in, when he felt a grasp laid on his collar from behind, and he was jerked round.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.
"What are you doing in here, you young rascal?"

It was North of the Sixth.
"Oh, really, North—"

"What do you want here?"
"I—I came to see Wingate," stammered Bunter.

North grunted unbelievably.
"More likely to see what was in the cupboard," he said.

"Wingate's out. Get along."

"Oh, all right!"
Bunter was only too glad to get along. North kindly helped him along the passage with his boot, and Billy Bunter vanished with a howl.

He did not stop till he was in the lower hall, and there he waited for a full quarter of an hour before he ventured to repeat his attempt.

He blinked about him very cautiously when he entered the Sixth Form passage again.

There was no one there, and he reached the door of Wingate's study with a beating heart. He opened the door softly and went in, closing it quickly and softly behind him.

He knew that Wingate had not come in, for he had been in the hall all the time, and it did not occur to him that there might be anybody else in the study.

But immediately he had closed the door he became aware of the fact that Wingate's room was not unoccupied as he supposed.

Courtney of the Sixth was seated in the armchair, with his feet on the table, reading. He had looked up from his paper, and was watching Bunter with an amazed expression.

Billy Bunter caught sight of him and met his eyes, and gasped.

He was fairly caught now.
Courtney, who was waiting in the study for his chum's return, laid down his paper. Billy Bunter's manner was too surreptitious to escape suspicion.

"Well?" said Courtney grimly.
"W-w-well?" stammered Bunter.
"What do you want?"

"N-n-nothing!"
 "Do you usually come into a senior's study without knocking?" asked Courtney.
 "I—I—I— You see, I—I didn't know anybody was here."
 "Then what did you come for if you thought no one was here?"

Bunter was fairly caught. He had no excuse ready, and he could only stare at the grim face of the Sixth-Former and gasp like a fish out of water.

Courtney rose to his feet.
 "I suppose you've come here to raid the cupboard," he remarked. "I heard about your raiding Ionides's grub the other day."

"Oh, no! I—I—I—"
 "What did you come for, then?"
 "You see, I—I—I—"
 "You young sweep! Come here!"
 Courtney picked up a cane from the table. Bunter eyed him in dismay.

"I—I came to b-b-borrow a classical dictionary," he stammered. "I—I—I'm doing some extra study."

Courtney laughed. It was the first yarn that came into Billy Bunter's mind, but it was the most unlikely one he could have told. The last thing Bunter was likely to have come to the study for was a dictionary.

"Hold your paw out, Bunter!"
 "I—I—I—I—"
 "Oh, all right! Your back will do!"
 Swish, swish, swish!

Bunter made a wild rush for the passage as the cane lashed about his shoulders. He escaped, and slammed the door behind him, and fled at top speed, and Courtney burst into a laugh, and sat down in the armchair again.

Bunter bolted along the passage in wild excitement, and bolted right into Ionides of the Sixth, who was coming out of his study. The Greek senior gave him a box on the ear that sent him reeling.

"Ow!"
 Ionides reached out with his boot and Bunter fled again. He did not stop till he was in No. 1 Study, with the door locked. Then he sank into the armchair and gasped.

The lines of Detective Bunter were not falling in pleasant places.

He gasped and gasped for a quarter of an hour, and then a hammering at the door made him sit bolt upright.

"I—I won't open it!" he howled. "Yah!"
 "Who's locked this door?" roared Nugent's voice.

"Oh, it's you, Nugent! I thought it was that beast Ionides, or that other beast Courtney!"

And Bunter unlocked the door.
 Frank Nugent stared at him as he came in.

"What on earth have you got the door locked for?" he demanded.

"There was a beast after me——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" growled Billy Bunter. "Did you see Ionides or Courtney in the passage?"

"No. Ionides is in the gym. now, and Courtney just went down to the gates."

Bunter started eagerly.
 "Courtney's gone out?"

"Yes," said Nugent, in wonder. "What does it matter to you what Courtney does?"

"Oh, nothing!"

Bunter left the study without another word. Nugent shrugged his shoulders, and sat down to his prep. Billy Bunter, however, knew what he was about. If Courtney had gone down to the school gates the study was unoccupied, and there was a chance for the amateur detective of Greyfriars to obtain possession of the key of the crypt. In two minutes Billy Bunter was blinking into Wingate's study again.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Caught!

BUNTER blinked to the right and blinked to the left, but there was no one in the study. The fat junior stepped quickly in and closed the door. His heart was beating hard. At last his chance had come!

Wingate's study was not too tidy. A pair of football boots lay on the hearthrug, and those football boots showed plain traces of a muddy ground. A football was on the shelf along with books and papers and a blotting-pad and a jar of marmalade. There was no key in sight, and Bunter looked among Wingate's various possessions for it. He was likely to have a long task before him.

The fat junior had hoped to find the key hanging on a nail, but it was not to be seen; and Bunter, in momentary terror of hearing footsteps at the door, began to look for it. He

looked through the chest of drawers, and then the drawer in the table, and then opened Wingate's writing-case.

Not a thought of the meanness he was guilty of seemed to cross his mind.

He pursued his search diligently, as if he were engaged in the most honourable occupation in the world.

The writing-case yielded nothing except some letters, which Bunter would certainly have read if he had not been in so great a hurry.

But there was no time to lose, even to gratify his curiosity. He turned next to a box in one corner of the room and searched that.

But there was no key to be found.
 Billy's heart sank.

Was it possible that Wingate after all carried the key about with him?

It must be extremely inconvenient to the Greyfriars captain to carry about a key seven or eight inches long and weighing a great deal, but it really looked as if it were the case. Billy Bunter gave a last blink round the study, and caught sight of something lying on a little ledge over the cupboard door.

He was upon it in a moment.
 It was a large, rusty key.

Bunter's eyes gleamed with delight through his big spectacles. There was no doubt that this was the key of the door of the crypt.

"Well, this is luck!" muttered Bunter. "I——"

He paused suddenly.

His fat fingers drew back from the key they were about to seize, for footsteps had stopped in the passage at the door of the study.

Billy Bunter was petrified for a second.

If Wingate discovered him in the study, especially if Courtney should be with the captain, as was very probable, the consequences would be serious.

Fear sharpened Bunter's wits.
 He left the key where it was, and made a sudden dive under the table.

The cover reached down to within a foot of the floor, and it concealed the fat junior for the most part, but if anyone glanced down in that direction his feet could hardly fail to be revealed.

But it was Bunter's only chance.

He crouched there, breathing like a startled rabbit in the fern with the dogs close at hand, trying to still the wild throbbing of his heart, as the door of the study swung open.

There were footsteps and voices—Wingate's and Courtney's.

"I waited for you some time," Courtney was saying. "I understood you to say that you would be in your study."

"Yes, but—but I was called away," said Wingate. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, never mind. I suppose you forgot?"
 "Well, as a matter of fact, I did."

Courtney looked curiously at the captain of Greyfriars.

"Look here, Wingate," he said abruptly, "we're pretty old friends, aren't we?"

"Yes," said Wingate.
 "Well, then, I'm going to speak out."

The Greyfriars captain looked troubled and harassed.

"I—I don't know what you mean," he said slowly.

"You've been looking sick for the past two or three days," said Courtney bluntly. "What's the matter?"

"The—the matter?"
 "Yes. There's something wrong with you—anyone could see that with half an eye. Is it anything you could tell me?"

Wingate hesitated.
 "Well, you see——"

"Don't tell me if you'd rather not," said Courtney; "but I might be able to help you out, you know. A lot of the fellows have remarked that you've got something on your mind."

Wingate smiled faintly.

"I didn't know I was showing it so plainly," he said. "As a matter of fact, I've got a bit of a worry. It's—it's nothing really to do with me personally, but—but—it concerns a connection of mine—a relation."

"Oh, family troubles," said Courtney. "I understand. I'm sorry."

"It's a chap in trouble, and I—I'm helping him in a way," said Wingate. "That's all. It's a dickens of a trouble while it lasts."

"It's rotten, old chap! It's making you look quite seedy."

Wingate glanced in the glass. He started a little. He had not noticed it before in the preoccupation of his mind, but certainly the worry on his mind was making a difference in his looks. The old frank, careless look seemed to be gone, and there was a harassed wrinkle in his brow.

"Blessed if I don't feel inclined to tell somebody all about it, and get some advice," he said restlessly. "I'll tell you the whole yarn, Courtney—if it won't bore you."

"It won't bore me," said Courtney quietly. "Only tell

me what you choose—I want to help you if I can, but not to pry into any of your secrets. By the way, there was a chap prying in here some time back—Bunter of the Lower Fourth."

"Bunter?"

"Yes. You know what an inquisitive beast he is—always poking his nose into other people's affairs. If you've got anything like a secret you need to keep an eye on Bunter. I was here waiting for you when he came in. I kicked him out."

"The young cad!" said Wingate wrathfully. "Perhaps he was only after the grub, though."

"Possibly."

Wingate crossed quickly to the ledge whereon lay the key of the crypt. It was still there.

"Sit down, old chap," he said. "It will be a relief to me to get it off my mind, and no one can hear us here."

Courtney sat down on the chair near the table and stretched out his legs. Then he gave a startled exclamation.

His feet had come into contact with something soft under the table, and there was a distinct grunt.

Courtney looked astounded.

"There's somebody under the table!" he exclaimed.

"Under the table?"

"Yes."

Courtney drew back his foot and let it drive hard against the hidden form under the table.

The kick took effect in Billy Bunter's ribs, and the fat junior gave a howl of agony and rolled out from under the table.

Wingate sprang to his feet.

His face was dark with anger as he looked at Billy Bunter squirming on the carpet, groaning and gasping for breath.

"Bunter!"

"Ow!"

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed Wingate angrily.

"Ow!"

"Why were you hiding under the table?"

"Ow!"

Wingate snatched a stick out of the corner of the room. Bunter saw the action, and he jumped to his feet and made for the door.

Swish, swish! Crack, crack!

"Ow, ow, ow!"

Bunter ran out of the study under a shower of blows.

Wingate slammed the door violently after him, and threw the stick into a corner. He broke into a laugh.

"I don't think that young scoundrel will come spying here again in a hurry," he remarked.

Courtney chuckled.

"I don't think so," he said.

Billy Bunter, as a matter of fact, was cured of his curiosity for the time being. The two seniors sat down and talked in low tones, but Billy Bunter would not have listened if he had had an opportunity. He had no inclination to listen to anything then but the sound of his own groans. He felt as if he had a separate ache in every bone of his body, and until some of those aches departed Billy Bunter was not likely to play the amateur detective again.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

In the Dead of Night.

"CAN I speak to you for a minute, Wingate?"

Harry Wharton stopped the captain of Greyfriars in the passage an hour or two later. Wingate nodded cordially.

"Yes. What is it, Wharton?"

"I thought I ought to show you this."

Harry held out the copy of the newspaper, folded down at the description of the missing bank cashier.

Wingate glanced at it, and his face grew pale.

The reproduced photograph of the bank cashier stared out from the paper, and it struck the Sixth-Former's eye at once.

"How did you get this paper, Wharton?"

"It belongs to Bunter."

"You've seen the original of that picture, haven't you?" said Wingate, speaking slowly, with dry lips.

"Yes," said Wharton frankly. "That's why I showed it to you. I thought you ought to know. That is the face of the man we met in the priory."

"I know it."

"You knew he was—was Stainforth, the bank robber?"

"I—I knew who he was. I can't explain, Wharton. I'm in a kind of fix, but—" Wingate broke off abruptly.

"I thought he might be imposing upon you with some tale of injured innocence or something of that sort," said Harry quietly. "I don't think it could be true, Wingate. The man is a rascal."

"How do you know?"

"When we found him he was alarmed, and he flew into a savage temper, and used language that no decent man would use."

"I—I don't know whether he's innocent or guilty," said THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Wingate. "He swore to me that it was all a mistake, and he only wanted to gain time."

"To get clear of the country?"

"No; to clear himself."

"And you believed him?"

"I don't know what to believe."

"Of course it's your business, Wingate, and I don't want to interfere, but I thought you ought to see that paper. It's a serious matter helping a man who's hunted by the police, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know that."

"But I suppose you have your reasons," said Harry.

"That's all."

"Do you want this paper?"

"It belongs to Bunter. If it is destroyed he will get another copy—that has happened once already."

"What is Bunter's interest in the matter?"

Wharton smiled involuntarily.

"He's playing amateur detective, that's all, and he thinks he can get hold of the hundred pounds reward, and have a huge feed with it."

Wingate laughed, and handed the paper back to Wharton.

"There it is. Of course, you've said nothing about this to anyone?"

"Only my own chums know."

"Thank you!"

Wingate walked moodily away. Harry put the paper in his pocket, and a few minutes later he was accosted by Billy Bunter.

"Got my paper, Wharton?"

"Here it is. Look here, Billy, you had better burn it."

"No fear!" said Bunter promptly. "I shall want that photograph to identify the criminal when I have tracked him down."

"You young ass!"

"You needn't help me if you don't want to," said Bunter loftily. "I can get help when I need it, and I shall jolly well keep the reward myself, too!"

"Ass!"

"When I've tracked down the villain I shall make the prefects help me to capture him or else call in the police," said Bunter. "I suppose Wingate and the rest would lend a hand if I told them where the man was?"

Wharton started.

"Wingate?"

"Yes. It would be his duty to help to capture an escaped criminal."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" muttered Bunter, looking very puzzled, as Harry Wharton walked away laughing. "I'll jolly well rope in that hundred pounds, anyway, and then some of them will look pretty sick."

Billy Bunter cast longing glances more than once that evening in the direction of Wingate's study, but he did not venture into it.

His late experiences there had been too painful for that.

But he was still thinking of the key of the crypt, and he had a scheme in his mind for obtaining possession of it.

The Remove went up to bed at half-past nine, Wingate seeing lights out. After the usual buzz of talk, the juniors settled down to sleep.

Billy Bunter did not sleep.

He was usually the sleepest of all, but this night he was making heroic efforts to keep awake.

Several times he nodded off, and awoke with a jerk, and presently he sat up in bed to make sure that he would not fall asleep.

There was a glimmer of moonlight in the dormitory, and Bob Cherry, in the next bed, caught sight of the fat junior sitting up.

"Anything the matter, Bunter?" he called out sleepily.

"N-n-n-no, Cherry, thank you!"

"What are you sitting up for, then?"

"Er—sitting up?"

"Yes, ass! What are you sitting up in bed for?"

"I—I've got a touch of the tooth-ache."

"You said there was nothing the matter."

"Well, it's not so very bad, you know," stammered Bunter.

"You young ass! Go to sleep!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Br-r-r-r!

Bob Cherry soon fell asleep. Bunter remained sitting up

ANSWERS

19

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

in bed, and several times his head drooped upon his knees, and he nodded. But he could not very well sleep in such a position, and each time that he nodded off, he jerked into wakefulness again.

The school clock boomed out the hour of eleven.

Billy Bunter blinked up and down the long, silent dormitory. It looked very ghostly in the glimmer of moonlight from the high windows.

"You fellows asleep?"

The echo of Bunter's words answered him, but there was no other reply. The Greyfriars Remove were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

"Are you chaps asleep?"

Still silence.

Bunter was satisfied. He squirmed out of bed, and began to dress himself. That task was soon completed, and he drew on a pair of rubber-soled shoes. The shoes belonged to Frank Nugent, but that was a trifle that did not trouble the Owl of the Remove.

He stepped silently towards the door.

A minute more, and he was out of the passage, with the door closed behind him.

There he paused, shivering a little.

The great building was dark and silent, and there was no glimmer of light, no sound of life from any quarter.

Bunter was not exactly afraid of the dark, but he was not brave, and he half wished that he had not left his warm bed in the dormitory.

But a surreptitious visit by night to Wingate's study was the only possible means of obtaining possession of the key.

After a few minutes of hesitation, during which his heart went pit-a-pat at the slightest sound, the fat junior crept downstairs.

He reached the Sixth-Form passage, and felt his way along in the deep gloom to Wingate's door. The door opened softly to his touch.

Bunter went quietly in and closed it.

Then he stood trembling.

The slightest sound might awaken Wingate. The captain of Greyfriars was certain to be in bed, of course—otherwise, there would have been a light in the room. He was a sound sleeper, as a rule—but if he awakened!

Bunter stood listening.

There was a bar of moonlight from the window across the floor, but the bed was in an alcove beyond it, and wrapped in deep shadow.

To reach the ledge upon which he had seen the key, Bunter had to cross that broad bar of white light, and then he would stand revealed for a moment if there were a wakeful eye looking from the bed.

He stood hesitating and trembling.

He strained his ears to catch a sound of breathing from the bed, but nothing reached his ears in the dead stillness.

The cold wind fanned his brow, and for some moments he did not notice it, so much was he perturbed; but presently it occurred to him as curious—and that broad bar of moonlight, too, uninterrupted by the window curtains!

He blinked towards the window.

It was open.

Billy Bunter gazed at it in astonishment.

The lower sash was pushed up to its fullest extent. The night breeze wandered in, and the moonlight streamed through.

Wingate was in the habit of having the top of his window down of a night, and in any weather he never had it shut. But the lower sash should have been closed. Bunter blinked at it with a strange uneasiness. The bottom of the window being open seemed to hint of burglars.

He listened again.

There was no sound in the room.

He made up his mind at last. Taking his courage in both hands, so to speak, he stepped across the bar of moonlight, and groped his way towards the ledge over the cupboard where he had seen the key of the crypt.

His hand was on the ledge—he groped for the key. Still there was no sound from the bed—Wingate, evidently, was not awake. Bunter groped and groped, but the key was not there to his hand. His groping fingers struck against something in the darkness; he realised that it was a jar of some sort, and he clutched at it to save it—too late!

It fell to the floor with a crash.

In the silence of the night it sounded like thunder to the junior's startled ears. Billy Bunter gave a gasp of terror. Wingate could not fail to awake now—that crash in the stillness would have awakened the Seven Sleepers.

Bunter trembled for a moment, gasping for breath, and then, giving up the idea of getting the key at all, and thinking only of escape, he made a rush for the door.

He stumbled blindly into a chair, and fell over, rolling on the carpet with a yell of pain, the chair crashing over at the same time.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST OUT! The New Complete Story-Book.

THE "EMPIRE" LIBRARY. PRICE, ONE HALFPENNY.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Generous Offer Declined.

BILLY BUNTER sat up, dazedly, and groped for his spectacles, which had fallen off in the shock. He found them, and adjusted them on his little fat nose, and blinked round him. He was sitting in the midst of the broad bar of moonlight, in full view of anybody in the bed; and the soundest sleeper must have been awakened by the noise. Bunter staggered to his feet.

"I—I say, Wingate, I—I'm sincerely sorry——"

There was no voice from the bed.

Billy Bunter's voice trailed away into silence. Was it possible that Wingate had not been awakened after all?

If he were awake, surely he would speak.

"Wingate!" breathed Bunter.

There was no reply.

"Wingate!"

Bunter uttered the name in louder tones. But the silence that followed was unbroken. The junior's courage rose. Wingate was asleep.

Yet it was curious. How could he have slept through that din? And then, the open window! The truth rushed suddenly upon Bunter's mind. The captain of Greyfriars was not in bed at all—the study was empty—all his terrors had been for nothing.

Billy Bunter groped in his pocket, and drew a match out. He struck it cautiously, and in the flicker he peered towards the bed in the alcove.

It was unoccupied.

It had been turned back, as usual, ready for an occupant, but evidently it had not yet been slept in. Wingate had not gone to bed. Bunter breathed a sigh of relief. Wingate was gone out probably, or he might be with the Head. In any case, Bunter was safe to take the key and decamp.

He struck another match, and blinked along the ledge for the key. It was not there. Bunter gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, and blinked round him, but the key was not to be seen.

"The beast!" murmured the fat junior. "I suppose he got suspicious through finding me in the study this evening, and—but—what's the window open for?"

Bunter crossed to the window, and stared out into the moonlit Close.

In the distance, through the elm-trees, he could have caught a glimpse of the ruined chapel if it had been daylight. In the uncertain glimmer of the moon, he could see nothing but vague, dim forms.

Where was Wingate?

It was pretty certain that he had left the house secretly, by the window, and taken the key of the crypt with him.

Billy Bunter stood at the window, staring blankly out into the moonlight, with a puzzled expression upon his face.

Why had Wingate gone to the crypt?

The only explanation that could occur to Bunter's somewhat obtuse mind was that Wingate was also in search of the £100 reward. Bunter had seen Wharton showing the Greyfriars captain the newspaper.

Billy Bunter's fat face became pink with wrath as he thought of it.

Wingate was his secret rival for the hundred pounds, then, and he was setting to work in this surreptitious manner. It was too bad of him, and too bad of Wharton to let him into the secret like this.

Bunter was so deeply occupied in thought that he did not observe that the ivy below the window was sagging and rustling strangely.

It was not until a face rose to view in the moonlight that the fat junior realised that someone was climbing the ivy, and had nearly reached the window.

He started back in alarm.

But it was too late—he had been seen.

"Bunter!" exclaimed a suppressed voice.

Billy Bunter backed away from the window. It was Wingate, and he had recognised him. It was useless to fly, as he had been seen.

"Don't go, Bunter! You hear?"

Bunter stood rooted to the floor.

Wingate clambered in at the window. He closed the window, and struck a match and lighted the gas. The room was flooded with light. Billy Bunter cast a longing glance towards the door, but he dared not move.

The Greyfriars captain looked grimly at the amateur detective.

"Well, Bunter, what are you doing here?"

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Bunter.

"Spying, as usual, I suppose."

"N-n-n-no!"

"Then why are you out of your dormitory?"

Bunter backed away.

"I—I had a—a bit of a toothache, and I—I came down to find something for it," he stammered.

"In my study?" asked Wingate sarcastically.

"Well, you see—"

"Yes, I see the meanest, rottenest little lying cad in Greyfriars," said Wingate sternly. "That's what I see."

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"Now, tell me the truth—quick! I give you one minute."

"I—I came down to track the bank-robber," faltered Bunter. "Wharton showed you the photograph in the paper, you know, and I know jolly well that that's what you've been out for, too."

Wingate started.

"That is very keen of you," he remarked, with a sarcasm that was wholly lost upon the obtuse wits of the Owl of the Remove.

"Well, you see, I'm a pretty keen chap," Bunter remarked, with some satisfaction. "A fellow would have to get up very early in the morning to pull the wool over my eyes, you know. I guessed at once that you were going to take up the same case, for the sake of the hundred pounds; and look here, I'll make you an offer. Suppose we go into it together?"

Wingate looked at him silently.

"You see," went on Bunter eagerly, "in that case we should be bound to succeed. With my experience as an amateur detective, we should track the chap down as sure as a gun, and then you could collar him, you know. Then we'd share the reward. I'd take three-quarters, as it was my scheme, and you could take a quarter. What do you say?"

"I don't quite know what to say," said Wingate. "I don't think words will meet the case. The only suitable thing is a licking."

"Eh!"

"You'll come to my study to-morrow morning," said Wingate. "I shall give you some instruction on the subject of spying into another fellow's affairs, and sneaking into his room at night. Now you can get back to your dormitory."

"But—but what about my offer?"

"Oh, go to bed!"

A spiteful look came over Bunter's fat face.

"Oh, I suppose you think you're going into the thing alone!" he said. "You want all the reward—Ow! Yow! Leggo my ear!"

Wingate helped Bunter out of the study with a firm grip on his ear.

"Now go to bed!" he said sternly. "In the morning I shall cane you for being out of your dormitory after lights out. As for the nonsense you have been talking, if I hear any more of it I shall cane you for that too. Go!"

Bunter blinked at him, and went.

He rubbed his ear as he turned into bed in the Remove dormitory. It hurt him considerably.

He grunted discontentedly. It was borne in upon his mind that the life of an amateur detective, like that of the policeman in the song, is not a happy one. Certainly Bunter's experiences had not been encouraging so far.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Expedition.

THE Greyfriars captain did not forget his promise to Bunter. When the Remove came down in the morning, Wingate signed to Billy Bunter to step into his study. Bunter groaned audibly, and attracted several glances towards himself.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the matter with you, Bunter? What does Wingate want you for?"

"He's a beast!"

"Rats! What's the row?"

"He's a beast, that's all!"

And Bunter went into the captain's study. He came out twisting himself into mysterious attitudes, and apparently trying to tie his fat figure into knots.

"Licked?" asked Nugent.

"Ow! Yow! Do you think I'm doing this for nothing?" groaned Bunter.

"But what have you been licked for?"

"Because I've got more sense than the rest of the Remove put together," grunted Bunter. "Because I've got a jolly good dodge for getting a hundred pounds, and Wingate is jealous. That's why."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle if you like, but that's how it is. I made Wingate a jolly good offer, and this is my reward. Catch me being generous again. That's how it always is; a chap who has a generous nature is always made to suffer for it."

"Well, your sufferings won't be very extensive, I should think," said Harry Wharton. "But what do you mean by making Wingate an offer? What did you offer him?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 103.

NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"I offered to go shares with him in looking for the bank robber chap, and getting the hundred pounds reward."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't see anything to cackle at. I know jolly well we could have collared the chap between us, and netted the money."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove walked away laughing almost hysterically. Under the circumstances, Bunter's offer to Wingate was decidedly funny; but the fat junior, of course, could not see the joke.

Billy Bunter could be very obstinate when he liked. He was slow in his wits, but when he did get an idea into his head, it remained fixed there. He was determined to keep on with the scheme for gaining a hundred pounds by giving up a criminal to justice; and Wingate's actions the night before confirmed him in his belief that the fugitive was really in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars, for, as Bunter reasoned it out, it was clear that Wingate thought so too.

During morning lessons Billy Bunter gave the matter a great deal of thought, somewhat to the detriment of his morning's work. The reward for the discovery of James Stainforth was running in his mind all the time, and he surprised Mr. Quelch by some of the information he gave him that morning. The Form-master did not know what Bunter was thinking about, but he could see that the fat junior was not paying attention to his work; and that was enough to make Mr. Quelch devote a little more time than usual to Bunter. Mr. Quelch believed that there was a time for work and a time for play, and that in the time for work attention should be devoted wholly to that work—a theory which never had found favour in the eyes of Billy Bunter.

And when Mr. Quelch asked what Robert Bruce gained by the victory of Bannockburn, and Billy Bunter replied, "A hundred pounds!" it was natural that the Form-master should pour out the vials of his wrath upon the fat junior. Which he accordingly did.

Billy Bunter was given a hundred lines to keep company with those he already had; but even that did not impress him very much.

"I shall expect your lines at tea-time, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch significantly, as the Remove were dismissed.

"Eh? Oh, yes, sir; certainly!"

"It will be better for you not to forget them, Bunter."

"Certainly, sir!"

Billy Bunter passed out of the class-room. It was Saturday, and a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Bunter already had that afternoon mapped out, and doing lines for Mr. Quelch did not form part of the programme.

After dinner, he repaired to No. 1 Study, and he was filling Wharton's bicycle lantern from Nugent's oil-can when Nugent came in.

"Hallo, going out biking?" he asked.

"N-n-no."

"What do you want with a bike-lamp, then?"

"Oh, I'm just filling it, you know."

Nugent grinned.

"Going to look for the Greyfriars treasure, perhaps?"

Bunter blinked at him.

"Certainly not, Nugent. I don't believe in that treasure now."

"Ha, ha! Then what's the game?"

"Oh, I'm going out for a walk."

"With a lantern, on a fine afternoon!"

"Well, you see—"

"You young ass!" said Nugent contemptuously. "Do you think I can't see through you? You've got an idea of exploring the vaults again—looking for a blessed bank robber, I suppose."

"You'll jolly well be ready to share the reward, I expect," said Bunter.

Nugent sniffed.

"I wouldn't touch it if I could. But don't you know that Wingate keeps the crypt locked up now? You can't get into it; he has the key."

"Blow Wingate!"

Nugent sniffed again, and, taking his football, he left the study. Bunter finished filling the lamp, and put a box of matches in his pocket. Then he prepared to leave the study; but at the door he hesitated. To be seen going out in the early afternoon with a lantern in his hand was certain to attract attention. Bunter did not want to be questioned just then, and he was particularly anxious for Wingate to pass him unnoticed.

However, he had to run the gauntlet. He thrust the lantern under his jacket, to keep it out of sight, and went down the passage. He hoped he would meet nobody; but, as generally happens at such a time, he met nearly everybody he knew.

Several fellows glanced at him curiously as he walked with his right hand under his jacket, the lantern bulging the jacket out.

"What on earth have you got there?" asked Tom Brown.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Been raiding somebody's grub?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well, what is it, then?" exclaimed Skinner, jerking the fat junior's jacket up by the flap. "My hat! A bike lantern!"

"Oh, really, Skinner——"

"He's short-sighted, and he's going out with a lantern in the daytime," said Skinner, in a tone of explanation to the other Removites. "What you really need, Bunter, is a stick and a little dog."

"Look here——"

"That's Wharton's bike lantern," said Bulstrode. "I suppose Bunter's borrowed it without mentioning the fact to Wharton."

"That's why he's hiding it."

"He's going to pawn it in Friardale," said Ogilvy. "I know him!"

"Oh, really, Ogilvy——"

"Better give Wharton the ticket, Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the grinning juniors, and tramped on. It was useless to keep the lantern under his jacket now. He left the House, and in the Close caught sight of Wingate chatting with Courtney. He jammed the lantern into his pocket hurriedly to get it out of sight, and walked past the captain of Greyfriars with as unconscious an air as he could command. Wingate did not even glance at him.

Bunter reached the gates, and was congratulating himself on getting clear, when a hand tapped him on the shoulder, and he blinked round.

"Oh, really, Linley——"

Mark Linley pointed to the pocket in which the lantern reposed.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed. "You're soaking your jacket with oil."

Bunter gazed at it in dismay. The lantern had not been firmly screwed, and it was pouring out oil as it lay on its side in his pocket.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Bunter. "You might have pointed that out before, I think, really, Linley."

"But I've only just seen it," said Mark.

Bunter grunted.

He drew the lantern out of his pocket. Half the oil was soaking through his jacket, and running in a stream down his trousers.

"What on earth are you carrying a lantern about in the daytime for?" exclaimed Mark, looking at it in astonishment.

"Don't ask questions, and I won't tell you any lies," said Bunter surlily.

And he marched out of the gates, carrying the lantern in his hand, and with the oil still dripping from him.

The fat junior took the road towards the village, intending to turn off in the wood by the footpath to the priory.

As he could not enter the vaults by the subterranean passage from the Greyfriars end, he had determined to visit the priory, and commence his explorations there.

Mark Linley strolled in the Close, and met Harry Wharton and Nugent, who were making for the football-ground, the latter with a football under his arm.

"Playing footer?" asked Nugent.

"Yes, rather! By the way, is anything wrong with Bunter?"

"Bunter!"

"Yes. I just met him at the gates, and he had a bicycle lantern in his pocket, and his jacket was soaked with oil. Where is he going with a bicycle lantern in the daytime?"

Harry Wharton gave a start.

"The young ass! He's up to his tricks again! I think I'll leave the footer a bit, kids, and go and look for him."

"He'll be all right," said Nugent.

"He may cause a lot of trouble."

"The troublesome young animal!" exclaimed Nugent, exasperated. "We want you in the footer practice, Harry."

"I'll join you later."

"Oh, rats! I'll come with you. Take this footer down to the ground, Linley, will you? Tell the chaps we'll be along later."

"Certainly," said Mark.

Harry Wharton and Nugent walked towards the gates. The same thought was in both their minds; Bunter had gone to explore the priory, and he was almost certain to meet the bank robber hiding there. At any cost the discovery of the fugitive by the fat junior had to be prevented.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST OUT! The New Complete Story-Book.

THE "EMPIRE" LIBRARY.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTE.

Tracked Down.

"B R-R-R-R! I'm jolly tired!"

Billy Bunter grunted out the words as he entered the old priory in the wood.

It was a warm spring day, and Bunter was feeling quite hot and perspiring after his walk. He was not much accustomed to physical exercise, and it told upon him. When he had to exert himself, he paid the penalty for his greediness, and the huge amounts of pastry he consumed rose up in judgment against him.

The fat junior sat down on a block of masonry to rest.

The sun was shining upon the ruins, and on the green trees growing amid the shattered wall, and the creepers that trailed over the broken casements.

The ruins were very silent.

They were seldom visited, save sometimes by picnic parties from the village, and at present there were no picnickers.

Billy Bunter rested for a few minutes, and then he carefully lighted the lantern. It was still half-full of oil, and would probably last quite as long as he needed it.

He made his way towards the entrance to the vaults, and descended into the darkness below.

There he looked about him nervously.

He knew that he was running a risk by entering the place at all, for if the bank robber was there, he might run into him at any moment. For that reason he would have preferred to have the chums of the Remove with him.

But Bunter was cunning, if nothing else. If he came upon the fugitive, he did not intend to give a sign of recognition, although from the photograph he was certain that he would recognise him at once.

If the man saw him, he would doubtless assume him to be merely a schoolboy exploring the ruins from motives of curiosity, and would not take the alarm. He would not dream for a moment that Bunter knew him.

So Billy reasoned it out.

He entered the vaults, and flashed the light of the lantern to and fro.

The vaults were very dark and silent.

There was no sign of any lurking fugitive there, but Billy Bunter knew that it would take hours to explore the place thoroughly, without counting the secret passage under the wood to the chapel at Greyfriars.

Suddenly the fat junior gave a start.

On the dry stone floor of the vault was a very plain imprint of muddy boots. There had been rain off and on for the past two or three days, but the rain, of course, never reached the recesses under the old priory.

But anyone entering there had naturally brought muddy footsteps with him. And the muddy tracks were very plain when Bunter turned the lantern light upon them.

The fat junior's heart beat faster.

It was no fancy of his. He was really on the track at last.

The muddy steps were thick on the stone flags, and all of them were close to the revolving stone which gave admittance to the secret passage to the chapel at Greyfriars.

Bunter stopped and examined the stone.

Was it possible that the fugitive knew of its existence, or had discovered it? If so, the secret passage, or the vaults under the Greyfriars chapel, would make a safer hiding-place than the priory.

Bunter pushed on the stone, and it swung on the pivot.

The fat junior threw the lantern light into the opening, and peered in through his big spectacles.

All was dark and silent.

After a short hesitation, he stepped in, and closed the revolving stone behind him. As he did so, he heard a call from the distance.

"Bunter!"

He started.

It was Wharton's voice, and it came from above. The chums of the Remove had followed him to the old priory, then!

Bunter snapped his teeth. He did not think for a moment that Harry Wharton & Co. had followed him to help him. It was far more likely their intention to make him give up the quest, and force him to return to Greyfriars.

"Bunter! Bunter!"

Billy did not reply. He pushed the revolving stone shut, and then turned and walked along the tunnel as fast as he could.

At all events he would explore that as far as Greyfriars before he could be interrupted by the Removites.

The passage lay dark and silent before him. Bunter extinguished his lantern. He knew that the light would be a guide to Wharton if he followed him into the passage. And he did not need it, for he knew that the subterranean

tunnel ran straight, without any branch passage, into the vaults under the old chapel at Greyfriars.

In the darkness the fat junior tramped quickly on.

He heard a sound in the distance behind him, which seemed like an echo of a voice, but he paid it no attention, save by quickening his pace. If Harry Wharton & Co. were following him along the tunnel, they would have to follow him as far as the school.

Suddenly, however, the fat junior stopped.

His heart was in his mouth.

Ahead of him a light had gleamed in the darkness.

It was only a point of light, but it burned there, clearly and steadily, and Bunter knew that it proceeded from a candle or lamp burning in the vaults at the end of the tunnel.

His heart throbbed hard.

Who was there, burning a light in that secret recess? Who but the man he was in search of—the absconding bank cashier.

Strange as it was, the amateur detective of Greyfriars was really on the right track for once in his life.

The fat junior hesitated a few moments, and then crept on. His heart beat hard; but the thought of Harry Wharton not far away added to his courage. And so long as he kept quiet he was not likely to be discovered by the mysterious occupant of the vaults.

The light grew larger as he advanced.

He saw the radius of the light it cast, as he reached the end of the tunnel and gazed into the vault.

There he halted, blinking at a strange scene before him.

In the vault the lamp burned upon a ledge, casting a clear light upon the scene—one of the strangest.

There were blankets and rugs on the stone floor, showing that someone had slept there, and a large bag, half open, showed a quantity of food, while the remains of a meal lay on the floor.

Seated upon a campstool was a man, whose back was turned towards Bunter.

But he was short and thick-set in figure, and was dressed in dark clothes, and that was quite sufficient for the fat junior.

Billy Bunter did not need to see his face; he was quite certain of the man's identity. But he was to see his face, all the same.

Perhaps he made some slight sound, for suddenly the man turned, and swept the vault with his piercing eyes.

Bunter shrank back in terror.

He forgot for the moment that he was standing in the darkness of the tunnel, and that the man could not possibly see him.

He stood with his heart thumping; but the piercing glance passed over him, and the man seemed to be satisfied.

He settled down in the camp stool again; but Bunter had seen his face, and could still see it in the light of the lamp on the ledge.

It was the face of the photograph in the newspaper.

The man was Stainforth, the bank robber.

Billy Bunter almost turned giddy with the feeling of triumph, mingled with terror, that surged up within him.

He had succeeded!

The absconding cashier of the London and Suburban Bank was before him, and he had only to get the police to the spot to win the hundred pounds reward.

What would the fellows say?

What a triumph for the Owl of the Remove, whose amateur detective essays had been the cause of never-ending chuckles.

But what was the man doing? As he sat there, he was turning over some papers in his hands, and in the dead silence of the vault Billy Bunter could hear a soft crisp rustle. It was the unmistakable rustle of bank notes.

The thief was counting over his loot. Bunter remembered that the newspaper had stated that Stainforth was supposed to have taken a thousand pounds' worth of bank notes with him in his flight.

It was time to go. Billy Bunter had seen enough. He made a movement to retreat. At the same moment there came an echoing call along the tunnel from the direction of the old priory.

"Bunter!"

Bunter started, and shivered. The sound reached the ears of the bank robber. He sprang to his feet, his eyes gleaming.

"Who—what—who is there?" he cried.

Bunter gave a gasp, and fled along the tunnel.

In a moment the man was springing after him. His grasp closed upon the fat junior, and he dragged him into the vault, and held him there, and searched his face in the light of the lamp.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

EVERY
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

GORDON GAY—

*The
Schoolboy
Actor.*

"Empire"
Library.

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Wingate's Secret.

"WHO are you?"
The man ground out the words between his teeth.

Bunter gasped for breath.

"I—I—"

"Who are you?"

"I—I'm a Greyfriars chap," mumbled Billy. "I—I don't mean any harm. I—I was just exploring the vaults, you know; we often do on half-holidays. I—I wasn't looking for anybody in particular."

The man's grip tightened upon him.

As he spoke, Bunter's glance had involuntarily fixed upon the banknotes, which the man had dropped in springing up so suddenly to seize the intruder.

The notes were scattered on the floor, dozens of them; and even Billy Bunter could read the denominations of most of them—five pounds, ten pounds, twenty pounds. Nearly all were for small amounts, and there were a great number of them.

The bank robber followed Bunter's glance, and his look grew haggard and savage.

"You are not one of those who came the other day?" he muttered, searching Bunter's face attentively.

"I—I haven't been here before. I—I didn't know anybody had."

"You young fool! You should not have come here!"

"I—I don't know who you are," gasped Bunter, "and I—I haven't seen the banknotes."

Stainforth shook him roughly.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Ye-es, yes, yes!" gasped Bunter. "I won't say a word about your being here. I swear I won't! I—"

"You must stay here now," said Stainforth, calming down a little. "There is someone coming soon who may be able to answer for you. We shall see."

"Who—who is it?"

"That is no concern of yours! I—"

The bank robber broke off.

The forms of Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent had suddenly appeared at the end of the tunnel, and they were staring into the vault.

Billy Bunter caught sight of them at the same moment, and he began to struggle in the grasp of Stainforth.

"Help! Rescue, Remove!" he yelled.

"Fool!" hissed the bank robber. "Keep still!"

"Rescue, Remove!"

Wharton and Nugent ran into the vault.

"Let him go!" exclaimed Wharton.

Stainforth gave him a savage look.

"You again!" he exclaimed.

"Come on, you fellows!" yelled Bunter. "Help me to collar him! He's the bank robber you know! There's a hundred pounds reward! Look at the banknotes on the floor!"

Stainforth uttered a fearful oath.

"So you know? By heavens, you shall never leave this vault to tell others!"

"Help, Wharton!"

The bank robber's grasp, half unconsciously, had closed savagely upon Bunter's throat.

Wharton and Nugent ran forward, and in a moment their grasp was upon Stainforth.

"Let him go!"

Stainforth gritted his teeth.

He did not relax his grip, and Wharton and Nugent closed with him at once. His grasp was forced from Bunter, and he was hurled back. Wharton and Nugent, panting, stood between him and the fat junior. Bunter reeled away, gasping, and frightened almost out of his wits. Wharton gave him a push.

"Run, Billy! Scoot! Quick!"

Billy Bunter needed no second bidding.

He tore along the tunnel as fast as his fat, little legs would carry him. He had forgotten the reward and everything else but his personal safety. Wharton and Nugent might be in danger, but it did not even occur to Bunter to help them. He was thinking only of himself. His pattering feet died away down the tunnel.

The bank robber made a movement as if to follow, but Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were in his path.

"No, you don't!" said Harry grimly.

"You—you confounded brat—"

"Enough of that!" said Harry quietly. "Look here, you are known, James Stainforth, and in a short time that fellow who is gone will be spreading the news everywhere. You have got to get out."

"Hang you!"

"I have sent him away on purpose, so that you can go,"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

JUST OUT! The New Complete Story-Book.

said Wharton. "I am not thinking of you, but of the chap whose kindness you're imposing upon. For his sake, I offer you a chance to get clear!"

Wharton started as a sound came from the direction of the door of the crypt. It was the sound of a key grating in a rusty lock.

The juniors exchanged glances. It must be Wingate coming—no one else had a key to the door of the crypt.

It was indeed the captain of Greyfriars. He came towards the light of the lamp, the key still in his hand. He gave an almost convulsive start as he caught sight of Wharton and his chum standing facing the bank robber.

"Wharton! Nugent! What are you doing here?"

"We had to come," said Wharton quietly. "Bunter came to the old priory, and we followed him, to stop him from coming here, but we were too late. He had come, and he has seen the fellow here, and recognised him."

"Good heavens!"

"The game's up!" said Stainforth, with a bitter look at Wharton.

"Bunter is gone," said Harry. "He will talk, of course. Wingate, look at that money on the floor—stolen banknotes! You can see now with your own eyes that this man is a thief!"

Wingate glanced at the banknotes, which Stainforth made a hasty movement to gather up, and his face went white.

"Then you lied to me!" he muttered huskily.

Stainforth did not speak.

"You told me it was all a mistake," said Wingate. "You swore that you were innocent, and suspected for the crime of someone else. In the letter you wrote me, telling me you were coming to this place to hide, and demanding my help—in that letter you said that you were innocent, and I believed it—I tried to! And now—"

The misery was keen in Wingate's face. Stainforth was still silent. Harry Wharton looked compassionately at the captain of Greyfriars. What was his interest in this scoundrel?

Wharton understood now what must have been in the letter which Billy Bunter had found Wingate reading, and which had made him utter the exclamation which had first put the fat junior on the track.

No wonder Wingate had thought that he was ruined when he learned that a bank robber, hunted by the police, was claiming his aid in the very precincts of the school of which he was captain, yet why should he extend the aid that was so claimed?

"You see that he is guilty," said Wharton. "He ought to be given up to justice, Wingate."

Wingate groaned.

"But I can't give him up."

"Why not?"

"Because he's my cousin!"

"Oh!"

Wharton understood. That was the explanation; it was a near relative of Wingate's who had claimed his aid, and received it. The junior was silent. There was nothing he could say—nothing he could do to help in a situation like this.

"You must go now, James!" said Wingate, breaking a miserable silence. "The police will be here as soon as Bunter can fetch them. You are lost if you stay!"

Stainforth nodded.

"I understand that. I will go."

He stooped to gather up the banknotes. The captain of Greyfriars stepped forward with a stern brow.

"Let that money alone!" he exclaimed.

"What!"

"You cannot take it!"

"Cannot take it!" exclaimed Stainforth fiercely. "Do you think I am going out into the world a beggar, then, as well as a fugitive? Are you mad?"

Wingate's face set grimly.

"You will not take a shilling of stolen money with you," he said—"not a penny! I am helping you to escape the penalty of your crimes—I will not help you to steal! You will hand over every banknote there, to be left for the police, or I will hand you over to them! You can take your choice!"

Stainforth took one look at his face, and read there his grimly fixed resolution. He muttered an oath.

"As you like! I am in your hands!"

"Go, then!"

The bank robber gave him one last look, in which there was little of regard or gratitude, and strode sullenly away into the tunnel. His footsteps died away.

Wingate looked at the juniors.

"You know my secret now!" he said. "You know that that man—that scoundrel—is my cousin. I learned first of his rascality from the newspapers, and you can guess what a horrible shock it gave me; but I hoped and tried to believe that he was innocent. Then I had his letter, then he

came here. What could I do but help him? If I had known that he had stolen money about him, it would have been different. But he swore that he was the victim of a mistake, and I—I wanted to believe it!"

"It was rotten for you," said Wharton. "Of course you know that we sha'n't say a word."

"Of course not!" said Nugent.

"Bunter knows nothing of your connection with the man," said Harry. "What he knows he will tell to everybody who will listen, but he knows nothing to hurt you. You know you can rely on us, Wingate."

"Thank you!" said the captain of Greyfriars.

The news was, indeed, very quickly spread by Billy Bunter, and the police visited the vaults in search of the bank robber. But they were hours too late. Stainforth was gone, and all the police found, as proof of his late presence there, was a bundle of banknotes lying on the stone floor. By the numbers the notes were ascertained to be those which had been carried

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

off by the rascal in his flight, and it is probable that the directors of the London and Suburban Bank were more pleased by their recovery than they would have been by the arrest of the fugitive.

Wingate breathed more easily as the days passed on and there was no news of the arrest of Stainforth. The man had got clear, and, rascal as he was, blood was thicker than water, and Wingate was glad that he had escaped.

Not a word of the matter ever passed the lips of the chums of the Remove. No one was likely to learn from them a word of Wingate's secret.

THE END.

(Next Tuesday: "The Remove to the Rescue," by Frank Richards. Please order your copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance. Price One Penny.)

The First Chapters of a New Serial.



STANLEY DARE

The Boy Detective

INTRODUCTION.

Stanley Dare, the boy detective, on his way back to England from India goes ashore at Port Said, and is met on the quay by the British Consul. "Just the man of all men I most want to see!" exclaims Matthews (the Consul). "A King's messenger, carrying important despatches, disappeared mysteriously only a few hours ago. He was on board a liner which had lain-to in a gale a little way up the Suez Canal. He appears to have completely disappeared!" The young detective immediately takes up the case, and proceeds to the spot where the boat had stopped. A search is made, and in dragging the canal in the vicinity, the body of the King's messenger is brought to view. Strangely enough there are no marks of violence; but an iron hand firmly clutches the unfortunate man's wrist. Dare follows up a clue, and visits a rich Greek, named Kalatides, whom he suspects of having caused the death of the King's

messenger. Kalatides bluffs matters through very clumsily, and Stanley Dare finds it necessary to visit one of the Greek's associates—a moneylender.

The Dervish Again—Kalatides in a Fresh Character—Terrible News.

Stanley Dare, disguised as a Maltese, approached the moneylender, and, after exchanging the customary salutations, stated that he was in need of a temporary loan to enable him to carry on his business.

The methods of the moneylending fraternity are much the same the world over, and there is no need to enter into details of the transaction here. Of course, it was all "make-believe" on Dare's side, but the securities which he had to offer were so good that Michalis decided he had a good thing on, and mentally resolved that the supposed Maltese should not easily escape from his clutches when once he had got him in the toils.

"Bring the securities with you to-morrow," said he, in the "trade" dialect which served all nations in the bazaars, "and you shall have the money."

"It will help me to extend my business," replied Dare, in his character of the Maltese. "And although it is not often that men bless moneylenders I am told, yet if I prosper I shall certainly bless you."

"I am ever ready to aid those who are in need of help," returned Michalis.

He spoke in smooth and oily tones, but as he sat there, rubbing his hands together, lean, withered, and keen-eyed, with his head craned forward, and his beak-like nose protruding, he forcibly reminded Stanley Dare of a bird of prey.

Dare nodded with the pleased air of a man who has successfully negotiated a loan of money, and has not yet started to count the ultimate cost of the loan.

He beckoned to a vendor of coffee, and politely asked the Greek to partake of a cup. Michalis was quite ready to accept anything for which he had not to pay himself, and he was fond of coffee, that staple beverage of the East.

He would not have been so ready to drink it had he noticed the tiny grey tabloid which Dare, with the dexterity of a conjurer, slipped into the cup. The young detective held his attention while he enlarged upon the beauties of Malta—his supposed home—and the business which he would succeed to on the death of his father—an imaginary story which possessed great interest for the moneylender, who pictured

future profits for himself if he could keep his clutch upon this young Maltese.

Then all at once, in the middle of the recital, the Greek fell back among the cushions which were piled up behind him, his eyes closed, and he sank into a deep sleep, which would last for nearly an hour, but from which nothing could arouse him until the brief effect of the drug had passed off.

"I am afraid, my crafty friend," murmured Dare, as he tossed the dregs of the coffee away and washed out the cup, "that you have not got quite so good a thing on hand as you suppose, and that you have seen the last of the Maltese lace-seller whom you hoped to get into your clutches."

There were two living-rooms at the back of the shop, and Dare, slipping through the curtains at the back, made a rapid but systematic search of these apartments.

It did not take long, but he made a "find" of some importance. To a casual observer, it would have looked merely like a blank sheet of thin notepaper, but Dare saw that the impression of some words, that must have been written on a similar sheet of paper which had been laid over this one, remained upon it.

"It is nearly always the case when a man writes in pencil," he said to himself. "He presses so much harder than when writing with a pen that the impression in five cases out of six is clearly received on any paper that is lying underneath."

Holding the sheet of paper up to the light, he read the words without difficulty. The note was in the Greek language and character, with which he was familiar, for the ancient Greek which he had been taught at school was of service to him in mastering the modern language.

"I will join you at Luxor on Friday," the note ran. "The youth has left Cairo, and gone, I hear, to Alexandria. The Consul remains."

Dare carefully replaced the sheet of paper where he had found it, and, stepping out past the sleeping moneylender, emerged into the street.

"There can be no doubt that that note has been sent to Kalatides," mused Dare, "presumably by a messenger, and my friend the moneylender is to join him at Luxor on Friday."

On Wednesday evening Michalis left Cairo by boat for Luxor, cursing the Maltese who had not turned up for the

NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

money he wished to borrow, and whom he strongly suspected of having tricked him in some way, although, as he had missed nothing, he did not know how he had been tricked.

Little did he dream that the pretended Maltese was on the quay watching his departure, disguised this time as a sandy-haired German tourist, with big blue spectacles of a sort that many tourists delight in.

An hour later Stanley Dare, once more himself—and glad enough he was to get rid of his disguise in that hot climate—was relating his adventures to Egerton Matthews over a *recherche* dinner at a quiet and select hotel.

It was decided that Matthews and Nouredin should accompany him to Luxor, to which place they were to start on the following morning in a *dahabiyeh*. (An ordinary Nile passenger-boat.)

Disguises had to be assumed again, for the keen-eyed Greek would certainly be on the alert. This time they assumed the role of French officials from the Suez Canal offices at Ismailia going up the Nile for a short holiday.

"How you do, *sare*? Won't you buy something to-day, *messieurs*? I am the best antiquity-dealer in Luxor. Scarabs and beads and armour from the Soudan. Or ancient jewellery, taken from the tombs. I got plenty, *messieurs*, I can show you, if you let me come on board."

The *dahabiyeh* in which Dare and the Consul were passengers had arrived at Luxor, and was moored alongside the river-bank. The two were seated on the poop, having their lunch, and on glancing over the side Dare saw the moneylender, posing now as a curiosity-dealer; and with a case containing his wares at his feet, was asking permission, in the usual cringing way of these "merchants," to come aboard and show what he had to sell.

"Non, non; *ve not buy*!" exclaimed Dare. "Name of a pig! is it thus we are to be disturbed! Take away your jewels. In Paris there are many such to be had more cheaply than here!"

"Ah, the gentlemen are from Paris!" pursued the Greek. "Only last week, *sare*, I sold a mummy to a gentleman from that city—"

"Don't bring any of your confounded mummies on board here!" began Matthews angrily, forgetting for the moment the part that he was playing, and that a French tourist would not be likely to come out with such vigorous English as that.

Dare gave him a warning kick, and, realising the mistake he had made, Matthews promptly became silent.

"I shall not bring them on board, *sare*," pursued Michalis; "but I can show them to you in the tomb."

"*Parbleu*! That will be different!" cried Dare. "We will accompany you, *monsieur* the mummy-dealer, after lunch. Come back in half an hour—"

With many assurances that they should see something original, Michalis took his departure. Had Dare seen the gleam of malignant triumph in the old villain's eyes as he turned his back on them, he might have decided that it would be better not to play the part of the tourist with such absolute fidelity to life.

"That fellow is Michalis, the moneylender," said Dare to the Consul.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Matthews. "What is the reason that he is posing as a curiosity-dealer, here in Luxor, then?"

"Acting the spy for Kalatides," replied Dare. "You may be sure that that prince of scoundrels is not resting from his career of villainy because of his enforced absence from Cairo. He is playing some deep game, in which the robbing of tourists may not be an unimportant part."

"And you hope to get on his track by putting yourself under the guidance of Michalis this afternoon—to view the mummies?"

"I am already on his track," said Dare. "But if all goes well, I hope to discover his exact hiding-place. My case is nearly complete, but I must regain possession of the iron hand before I can transfer my responsibility to the chief of the Cairo police. That hand is most important evidence."

"Our helmsman informed me this morning," continued Matthews, "that a band of Arab robbers have for some time past been committing a number of daring outrages in the vicinity of Luxor. Their leader is a veritable fiend in human form, according to all reports; but there is a mystery about him, too, for there is a rumour that he is a European—"

"A Greek, for instance?" interposed Dare.

Matthews stared at him.

"Do you mean to say you believe that Kalatides is their mysterious leader?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied Dare. "He is reputed to be a wealthy man. Where and how do you suppose he gets his money?"

"I've never thought of it," admitted Matthews.

"But I have," said Dare. "I heard of this band of robbers, with its mysterious leader, when I was living in the bazaars at Cairo. Then, when I discovered that the moneylender was coming to Luxor, it struck me that Kala-

tides was a man most eminently suited to lead and organise a gang of marauders. Cruel, bloodthirsty, vengeful, a master villain himself, he was a man of all others to captain such a band, and exact implicit obedience from them. But as he spent much of his time in Cairo, posing as a wealthy Greek gentleman, no suspicion ever fell on him. But he will only return to Cairo, Matthews, as a prisoner in the hands of the police. The net is closing round him, and he shall not escape!"

There was a stern, determined look on his face such as was only seen there at the time of a great crisis or a great danger. He rose to his feet, and pointed across the sandy strip which lay between the river-bank and some ancient ruins in the neighbourhood. Michalis was returning.

"Tell Nouredin to remain on the alert, but not to show himself," said Dare. "They know him."

Michalis was allowed to come on board the *dahabiyeh*, where the young detective engaged him in close conversation for a few minutes on such matters as would naturally be of interest to a tourist. Matthews wondered why he should waste this time, but he was to learn later on that it was not by any means wasted.

By the time the Consul's patience had nearly evaporated, they made a start for the tombs, under the guidance of Michalis. They were not the ancient tombs usually shown to tourists, but were reached by a walk of nearly a mile beyond the ruins of ancient Luxor.

Here they came upon a few columns projecting from the sand—all that remained of some great building, either a temple or a palace. There was nothing, however, to indicate that they were in close proximity to a tomb or tombs.

The Greek quickly solved that part of the mystery by pushing against a square slab of stone at the base of one of the pillars, causing it to swing round on a central pivot. An incline of polished marble was revealed, going down at an angle of about thirty degrees. Michalis pointed into the cavity.

"That is the way down to the tombs," he said. "I regret there are no steps, but the descent by this means will be easier, and the depth is not great."

Dare smiled, and motioned for the Greek to go first.

"After you, my friend. *Ventrebien*! It is you who are acquainted with the road, while we are not."

Matthews expressed the same opinion in French, as he would not trust himself to speak broken English.

The Greek also smiled. At least he made an effort to do so, but he only succeeded in twisting his mouth into an ugly grin.

"As you please," he said.

Then, lying full length on his back on the incline, he let himself go, and shot down out of sight. Matthews followed, and Dare brought up the rear.

The descent was easy and pleasant enough, and on reaching the bottom they found themselves in a small square chamber, about twenty feet below the surface. Leading away from it was a long passage, built of huge slabs of stone, and lit about half-way down its length by a swinging lamp of beaten brass. The Greek was carrying an ordinary lantern, which he had picked up from the floor of the chamber.

"They have made every preparation for our reception," thought Dare, as he loosened his revolver in his pocket, which was hardly big enough to hold it. The passage was about sixty yards in length, and terminated in an immense oblong chamber, with a long line of stone sarcophagi down one side. These coffins were, however, for the most part empty, although in one or two were still to be seen the swathed-up forms of mummies.

As Dare was passing by one of the tenanted coffins he was startled to see the eyes of the mummy, who was supposed to have been dead for at least two thousand years, slowly unclose. Being without a grain of superstition or fear in his composition, Stanley Dare came to a halt, determined to investigate so strange a phenomenon. Michalis and the Consul, who were a little distance ahead of him, not noticing that he had stopped, proceeded on their way.

The mummy seemed to be slowly quickening into life. Suddenly it sat bolt upright, and Dare had some difficulty in restraining the exclamation which rose to his lips.

"You are brave, *effendi*," observed the corpse. "Many men would have cried aloud in terror at seeing a mummy come to life."

"I dare say," replied Dare coolly. "But I am not afraid of dead men. However, you seem to be very much alive. Who are you?"

The mummy glanced along the passage. Michalis and the Consul were not in sight.

"I am the dervish that you rescued," was the amazing reply.

The mummy-cloth, really a garment cunningly contrived so as to imitate the linen bandages with which these figures are swathed, flew from his body, and he leaped out of the coffin on to the ground.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed Dare. "I rather pride myself on my ability to assume various disguises, but you have gone one better than ever I did. To make up and act the part of a mummy has, so far, been outside my experience."

The conversation had been carried on in a mixture of Arabic and English, which Dare's previous experience told him would be sufficiently intelligible to the dervish, but it would not be possible to reproduce it here.

"I am here to try and rescue my niece, Emina," the dervish replied. "That dog of a Greek has succeeded in carrying her off!"

"This, then, is the hiding-place of Kalatides?" said Dare.

"It is," was the answer. "I marvel that you have been led here, unless with the purpose of taking your life. This accursed Greek is known here in this place as the leader of a band of Arab robbers. He wears the dress of an Arab. But you, effendi—are you still seeking him?"

"Yes; and it seems that I have run him to earth at last. Are any of his men down here with him?"

"There are eight," said the dervish. "The others have ridden into the desert to attack a caravan."

"So much the better for us. Will you aid me to capture this villain?"

"Readily will I give my aid, effendi, to capture or to kill him. But my niece—"

"Shall be rescued. Have no fear. But I don't want to kill the Greek if I can help it. I prefer that the hangman should do that. Have you a weapon?"

The dervish produced a knife from the folds of his garment.

"This will serve," he said.

"Come, then. We must follow the others."

They hurried, with swift and noiseless steps, to the end of expected fashion. The passage was blocked by what looked like a solid wall of masonry. But what had become of Michalis and the Consul? Dare turned inquiringly to the dervish.

"These tombs are blocked like that at certain intervals," he explained. One of the great stones of the wall can be opened like a door by those who know the secret. I know it not. But I have learnt much during the two days and nights I have passed in that coffin among the forgotten dead. There is another entrance from above. Follow me."

They retraced their steps and ascended once more to the light of day. The dervish moved swiftly in and out among the columns, and then stopped suddenly with a sharp exclamation. A man was standing before him, bleeding from a wound in the shoulder. It was Nouredin Ali. A second man, an Arab, lay dead at his feet.

"Master!" cried Nouredin. "It is you! Allah be praised!"

"What has happened?" asked Dare quickly.

"I followed you at a distance, as you directed," replied Nouredin. "Then I kept watch amid these columns. Two men came out of the earth, and, seeing me, they cried, 'We have just killed his master. Let us now kill this fool who serves him!' They wounded me, but they found I am not so easy to kill. Instead, I slew one of them. The other ran, and escaped."

"Matthews dead!" exclaimed Dare, in horror. "It cannot be! It is not ten minutes since I parted from him. The villains surely have not murdered him? He was on the alert, and would have made a fight of it. We should have heard—"

"No, effendi," interrupted the dervish. "When the stone door is closed no sound can come from the tombs. But, see, the way is open for us."

The column nearest to them was hollow, and an opening near the base showed where the two men with whom Nouredin had fought had come up.

A clever mechanical contrivance, such as is often met with in the buildings of ancient Egypt, enabled the section of carved stone, which would fill the aperture, to be easily swung back again into its place.

"There is one less to contend with," said the dervish; "and one more to aid us. The effendi, who is now in the tombs, may still be alive. If they have killed him, we will surely avenge his death!"

A Snap Shot—The Weird Light—The Fight in the Tomb—An Explanation.

"There are still eight of them," said Dare. "As two have been practically disposed of, there must have been ten left behind in the first instance."

"It is as the effendi says," replied the dervish.

They had descended to the tombs by way of the hollow column, and were on the very threshold of the hiding-place and general rendezvous of the gang of robbers captained by Kalatides.

That enterprising scoundrel was reclining in a deck-chair, which seemed strangely out of place down in that gloomy burial cave smoking a cigarette. Michalis was standing by his side, and half a dozen wild-looking men, two of them the Soudanese that Dare had encountered before, were

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 108.

NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

grouped about a bound figure who was lying helpless in an empty sarcophagus.

Dare, Nouredin, and the dervish were standing in an arched opening at the end of the great tomb farthest away from the robbers. As the immense vaulted chamber was lit only by two lanterns, which were placed close together on an upended coffin near where Kalatides was seated, Dare and his companions were shrouded in such gloom that there was little risk of their presence being discovered.

The light from the lanterns shone full on the upturned face of the bound figure in the coffin. It was the Consul.

"Thank Heaven, he is still alive!" murmured Dare.

But Matthews was very near to death. At an order from Kalatides one of the Soudanese drew a long, ugly-looking knife from a sheath and approached their helpless victim.

"Strike!" ordered the Greek. "See that the blow goes well home. We have no time now for t. ure. Let death be instantaneous."

The Soudanese raised his arm and the blade of the weapon gleamed in the lantern light. There was a moment of breathless suspense. The blow was about to descend when the sharp report of a revolver echoed and re-echoed through the tombs.

The knife flew from the hand of the would-be murderer, striking the floor with a clatter. With a queer little choking cry the Soudanese made one step forward with his right arm still extended. Then he dropped dead across the stone coffin in which Egerton Matthews lay.

A wild scene of confusion followed.

Kalatides leaped to his feet, a revolver in his hand. He fired at the arched opening where Dare and his companions were standing, but as he could not have seen them very distinctly, if at all, the bullet only flattened harmlessly against the stones.

Again and again he fired. The third shot wounded Nouredin slightly.

"Lie down!" ordered Dare. "I can take sure aim from here."

But his words passed unheeded, for at that moment a shrill scream rose above the shouts, cries, and curses of the robbers.

"It is my niece Emina!" cried the dervish.

With a howl of rage he dashed forward, with the Arab servant, Nouredin, close at his heels. The latter had armed himself with a heavy, iron-headed club which he had picked up, and, swinging it round his head like a flail, he charged at the robbers like a mad bull.

The miscreants gave back before the onrush.

Dare realised that any attempt at scientific fighting was out of the question. Hand to hand the matter would have to be

£10 TO EVERYONE WHO SOLVES THIS PROBLEM £10
NO DIVIDING OF PRIZE-MONEY.

The following sixteen words each have dashes where some of the letters should appear. Fill in the proper letters in these spaces, and make the complete words we have selected. Can you do it? Example: No. 1.—"Something children are fond of." In this case the omitted letters are A and Y, which, when properly inserted, make the word CANDY. £10 in gold if you send in full list correct. £5 to everybody who sends in at least 12 correct answers. If you win, you are paid in full—no dividing with others. The cash is all yours—absolutely. In addition, everyone who sends at least six correct answers receives gift of unique Fortune-telling Chart worth framing, so nobody need be without a prize.

HERE ARE THE WORD-PUZZLES—CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

1. C — ND — Something children are fond of.
2. — E — LTH What all want.
3. DRE — What many women like to do.
4. — I — E Something many happily married men are fond of.
5. CHA — — Used by those who carry a watch.
6. — — EEL Forms part of every bicycle.
7. SO — — Washerwomen know its use.
8. W — — — ING Something that cannot be done without water.
9. M — — T — R Something found in a brick school-house.
10. B — — TON A British town.
11. — A — — AGE A form of medical treatment.
12. AL — — E A girl's name.
13. — USTARD Something to eat.
14. A — A — — A The name of a flower.
15. CA — — — S A well-known place on the French coast.
16. — AIN An unpleasant thing.

This great Contest is organised to introduce EVERYONE'S MAGAZINE, our new monthly for home and family, young and old. The only condition for free entry is that you send with your solution 1/6 P.O. for one year's subscription to the Magazine, which you will receive post free each month. If you win a prize, you accept it as our reward to you for showing EVERYONE'S MAGAZINE to your friends. No other condition whatever. We guarantee this straightforward contest of brains and work, and the selected list of complete words is in our Bankers' safe. The puzzles should be answered at once, as the Contest is only open for a short time, and this notice may not appear again. Result, prizes, and No. 1 of the Magazine sent not later than April 30. Remember, we promise £10 in one sum if you solve all the Puzzles properly, and £5 if you only succeed in 12, as per our decision, which is final and binding on all. So test your cleverness to-day, and address: "EVERYONE'S MAGAZINE," 13, LANGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.

fought out, and, to give the robbers their due, that style of fighting suited them better than any other.

The young detective was at the side of his native comrades ere the first blows were exchanged. He was glowing with a wild feeling of exultation.

He did not waste a shot. The dervish was like a madman, and his knife was dyed crimson with the blood of his enemies. That wild onrush of the devoted trio carried all before it. Kalatides had fallen, struck to the ground with a smashed shoulder by a single blow of Noureddin's terrible club. Michalis had hidden when the fight commenced, and was afterwards found in a stone coffin half dead with fright.

In the wild melee the lamps were broken, and the whole place plunged into the blackest darkness. Then all at once a lurid flame leaped up, that in a few seconds burned so fiercely that light was thrown into the remotest corners of the tombs.

Dare uttered an exclamation of horror. A pile of mummies that had been taken from their coffins had been ignited by some means, possibly by one of the overturned lamps. They burnt furiously; but it was a weird and awful light in which to finish that last stirring act of the drama.

The few Arab robbers who were unhurt, or had only received slight wounds, turned and fled. The fight was over. Noureddin had cut the thongs by which his master was bound, and was leading him towards the entrance. The dervish came from an inner chamber with his niece, Emina. The poor girl was trembling from head to foot, and her beautiful dark eyes were wide with terror.

Stanley Dare moved the wounded to a place of safety. The dead he left where they had fallen. What more suitable place could be found for them, for were they not already in a tomb?

Kalatides was unconscious. The young detective picked him up in his strong arms and carried him to the upper world. The iron hand, still secured to his wrist, swung like a pendulum as the right arm hung down limply.

His career of crime was ended, for at last the young detective had rendered escape impossible.

Three days later Egerton Matthews bade good-bye to Stanley Dare on the deck of the P. and O. steamer *Osiris* in Alexandria Harbour. He was going home to England via Brindisi.

"I knew that there was something I wished to ask you before we parted," said the Consul. "It has always been a puzzle to me how Kalatides, whom we know now as poor Wargrave's murderer, managed to commit the crime. To drag a man overboard from the deck of a P. and O. steamer without attracting attention would almost seem an impossible task. Have you solved the mystery?"

"Had I not solved it I should not have considered my case complete," replied Dare, "even though Kalatides had confessed to the murder. I found out that he had booked a deck passage from Port Said to Suez. He was disguised then as the Arab horse-dealer. There were not many passengers on board the *Himalaya*, and just before reaching Kantara they were all down in the saloon at dinner except Wargrave, who had been suffering all day from a neuralgic headache. The officers and crew were getting the hawsers ready for mooring the ship, and were fully occupied. Wargrave was leaning over the port quarter when the Greek stole up behind him and clapped a pad over his mouth, soaked with a powerful but odourless drug. Its effect is instantaneous, but only lasts a short time. Kalatides staked everything on this one chance. He lifted his victim in his arms and quietly dropped overboard with him. Wargrave must have partially revived on going into the water, and clutched convulsively at whatever was within his reach. It was the iron hand. Kalatides was unable to release that death-grip, and no alternative was left him but to disconnect the hand from his wrist, or he would have drowned with his victim."

"Ah! One grip on the throat with that iron hand, and the man so held had no hope of escape. No wonder he did not want to lose it. The miscreants who did his will believed that

the hand had been fashioned and given to him by a magician. They still have those queer beliefs in this country, and it will take centuries of European occupation before they are eradicated. Well, good-bye, Dare! The captain is on the bridge, so I must get on shore."

They shook hands and parted; but Dare, Matthews, and Noureddin Ali were fated to go through another adventure within a few months, more terrible and perilous than any they had hitherto encountered in their stirring and adventurous lives.

It remains now only to state that Kalatides, the Greek, was tried, convicted, and suffered the extreme penalty of death for his many crimes.

Stanley Dare, hurrying along the Embankment in the direction of Essex Street, where he had chambers, pulled his coat-collar up, and congratulated himself on the fact that he had not much further to go.

"A beastly night, having become somewhat climatized to the Mediterranean air," he muttered; "raw and foggy as a typical November night! A cheerful fire and a good supper will compensate for a lot of discomfort, though, and I'm jolly glad to be back in dear old England again."

The boy detective had landed at Tilbury some three hours previous, after an enjoyable voyage on the *Osiris*, and he had quite recovered from the strain which the clearing up of the case of the King's Messenger had entailed.

And now, as he passed under Charing Cross railway-bridge, Big Ben of Westminster tolled out the hour of midnight. The echoes of the last hour of twelve had barely died away when a faint cry, which seemed to come from about the centre of Hungerford foot-bridge, caught his ears.

The cry would hardly, perhaps, have arrested his attention had it not been almost immediately followed by a heavy splash in the river. Stanley Dare came to a halt at once, and, leaning over the parapet of the Embankment, stared through the fog in an endeavour to discern the man or woman that he knew must be struggling for life in the swiftly flowing water—if life and consciousness still remained in him or her. The cry and the splash taken together meant a possible tragedy. There must have been foul play, an attempt on somebody's life. A would-be suicide would not cry out before taking the leap.

But the young detective was unable to penetrate the veil of fog beyond a radius of half a dozen yards, which, in this case, did not represent more than a tenth part of the distance from the shore to the part of the river where he had heard the splash.

Being so late, and such a wretched night, there was no one about. Dare ran along the Embankment for a short distance until he came level with a boat which was fast to a small mooring buoy a short distance out in the stream.

He paused again to listen. From about the centre of the river came the sound of a faint splashing, such as might be made by a person who was drowning, and was in the last throes of his feeble struggle for life.

"I must do my best to save him, whoever it is!" exclaimed Stanley Dare, as, pulling off his boots and overcoat, and flinging them down on the pavement, he, without a moment's hesitation, jumped on to the parapet and plunged into the chilly river.

He was a good swimmer, and although his clothes impeded him considerably, he nevertheless made good progress.

As it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead of him, he frequently shouted out to try and attract the attention of the drowning man. But he received no reply. Either he had gone under for the last time, or else he was too weak to call out.

But Dare swam on, determined not to give up until every possible hope of being of service had vanished.

(Another instalment of this grand serial next Tuesday. Please order in advance. Price One Penny.)

For Next Week



"THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE!"

is the title of next Tuesday's Double-length School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. are well to the fore, of course, and you will like when it's the Remove Form to the Rescue, and I know you will enjoy reading the story.

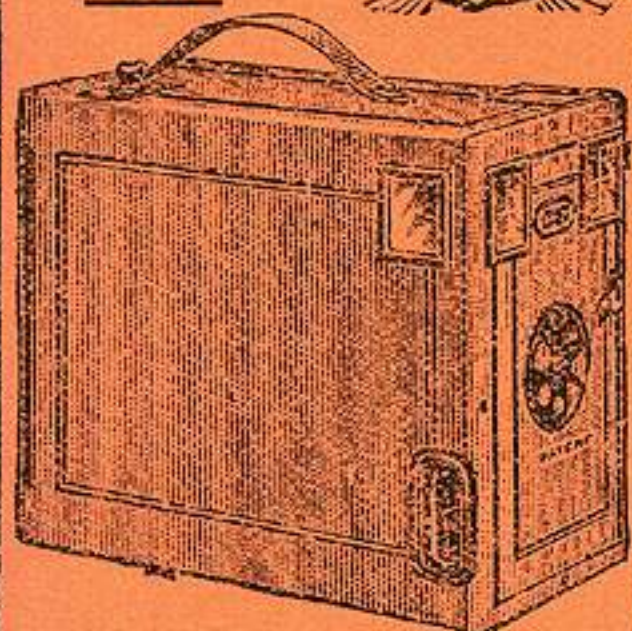
Please order your copy of "The MAGNET" Library in advance. Price One Penny.

The Editor

FREE FREE FOR SELLING 12 PACKETS OF KEW 12 SEEDS at 1d. per Packet SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.



WHY
NOT WRITE
NOW?



To further advertise our FAMOUS KEW SEEDS, which we have reduced to 1d. per packet, we give every reader of this paper a handsome present simply for selling or using twelve packets of KEW SEEDS at 1d. each. Our special 1910 Prize List contains hundreds of new **Free** gifts to choose from, including Ladies' and Gents' Hall-marked Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Rings, Purses, Dolls, Cinematographs, Brooches and Pins, Air Guns, Phonographs, Accordians, Cameras, Steam Engines, Skates, &c., &c.

All you need do is to send us your name and full address (a postcard will do), and we will send you a selection of KEW SEEDS in Pictorial Packets to sell or use at 1d. each. When sold send us the money obtained, and we will immediately forward Gift chosen, according to the **GRAND LIST WE SEND YOU**. The Collection contains Sweet Peas in all the latest variety, Mignonette, Sweet Williams, Asters, Stocks, Nasturtiums, &c.; or Radishes, Onions, Mustard and Cress, Lettuce, and numerous other popular saleable seeds.

Every packet fully guaranteed.

DON'T DELAY! START EARLY. Send a postcard with your name and address to—

THE
KEW SEED CO., LTD.,
(Dept. A), Kew Gardens, London, W.



**SIMPLY
SEND YOUR
NAME AND
ADDRESS**



FREE FOR SELLING 24 POSTCARDS SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.

As an advertisement for our magnificent new range of Lovely Postcards we give every reader of this paper **ABSOLUTELY FREE A REAL DIAMOND** Ring (Ladies' or Gents'), a Lady's Brilliant 5-stone Orient **DIAMOND** Ring (both exactly as illustrated), a beautiful Necklet with Pendant, a Bracelet or Long Guard, for selling 24 Cards (Comic, Actresses, Views, &c.) at 1d. each.

Our Special Free Prize List also comprises Ladies' and Gents' Watches, Roller Skates, Cinematographs, Sewing Machines, Dolls, Boy Scout Outfits, Phonographs, Clocks, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, etc., etc.

All you need do is to send us your name and address, and we will send you per return an assortment of postcards to sell or use at 1d. each. When sold, send us the money obtained, and we will immediately forward you the gift chosen according to the list we send you.

Need not
cost you a
Penny of
your own
money.



**SEND
NOW**

(a postcard will do)

ROYAL CARD CO.

(Dept. 70), Royal Parade, Kew, London.

A STAMP ALBUM FREE!

Handsomely bound, profusely illustrated. We also Give You Free the "Zoological" Packet of Colonial and Foreign Stamps, including French Guiana (anteater), Orange River Colony (antelope and bison), Travancore (serpent), Malay States (tiger), Germany scarce Official Unused and Obsolete, Mexico (vulture), Western Australia (swan), etc., etc. Don't miss this chance. Send 2d. for postage and packing, and receive the Free Album and Packet by Return of Post. The "Stamp Collector's Handbook" (usual price 6d.) also sent Gratis to each applicant.—**RONALD STONE & CO., WHITSTABLE.**

VENTRILLOQUISM. Anyone can learn this Art in two weeks with our new book, containing nearly 50 pages of easy instructions and amusing dialogues. Post free, 6d.; gift-book included free. Thousands delighted. "Mentecism," 1s.—**G. WILKES & CO., PRINTERS, STOCKTON, RUGBY.**

Applications with regard to advertisement spaces in this paper should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pluck" Series, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

SUITS

ON
EASY
TERMS

For the small sum of 5/- monthly we will supply you with a good suit of clothes. Our Suits and Overcoats are cut to your own measurements, guaranteed good fit, good style, every bit good, good lining, buttons, and finish—Suits and Overcoats which make you feel comfortable and well dressed. Prices 34/6, etc., or 5/- monthly. Patterns, fashion plate, and self-measure form free. Write to-day.

Boots, 13/6; Tan Willow, 17/6; or 2/6 monthly. Boot Booklet FREE.

MASTERS', Ltd., 5, Hope Stores, RYE.

TATTOOING—NO PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE REQUIRED.

Complete Tattooing Outfit, including Ink, Colours, Solutions, Needles, Transferable Designs, &c., and Instructions, price 3/6. "Modern Tattooing," 12 chapter book, fully explaining Tattooing by Hand and Machine and Tattoo Removing, price 1/3. Packet of perfectly drawn Designs, 3d. Send stamp for Price List of Machines, Colours, &c.—"NOVELTIES," C3 Dept., 67, BRITANNIA ROAD, NORWICH.

Just as an Advertisement
A

£2-10 Suit

FOR

20/-

Send us your name and address, and we will forward you FREE Patterns of Cloth, inch tape, and fashion plates. You will be delighted with what we send, and you need not return the samples, even if you do not order a suit.

CRAIG, CRAIG & CO.,
Head Office (Dept. 5),
81, Dunlop St., GLASGOW.

Sent Post
Paid to
your Door



7/-
Per Week

7/6 BOOTS
Lady's & Gent's
11/- Per Week
Send size.

OUT THIS WEEK!

THE **BEST** LIBRARY

No 112 The **BOY EDITOR**
A GRAND TALE OF A YOUNG JOURNALIST

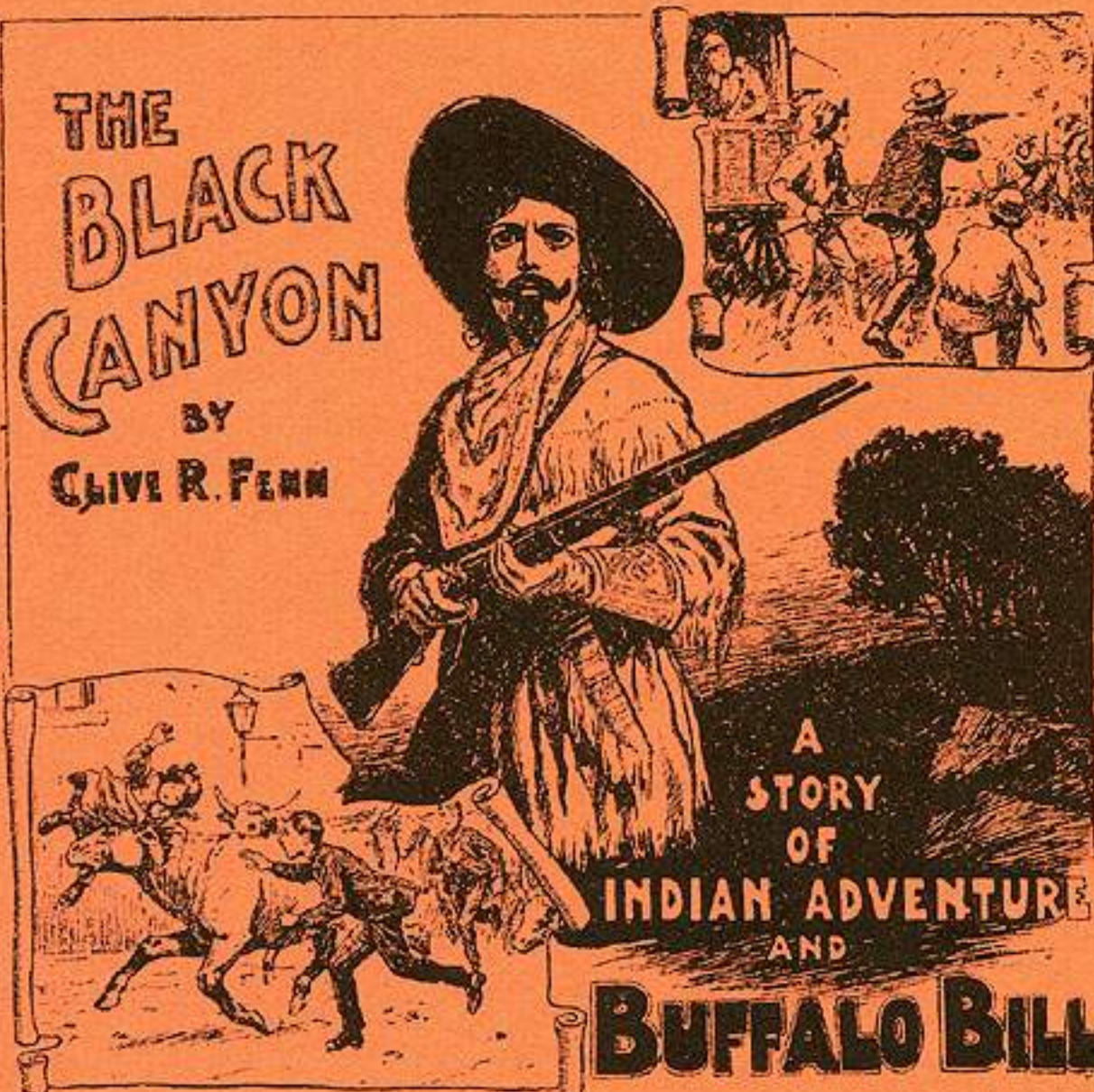
No 113 **SAHIB and SEPOY**
A THRILLING NEW TALE OF THE INDIAN
MUTINY

No 114 The **WAR of the MILLS**
a story of Lancashire Life
By David Goodwin

THE **'BOYS' FRIEND**
COMPLETE **3** LIBRARY

THE
**BLACK
CANYON**

BY
CLIVE R. FENN



A Stirring New Serial of

BUFFALO BILL

Commences this week in

The

**BOYS'
FRIEND**

ONE PENNY.

Written by Clive R. Fenn,
youngest son of the late
Mr. George Manville Fenn.