

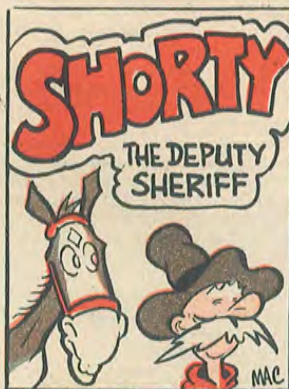
# COMET

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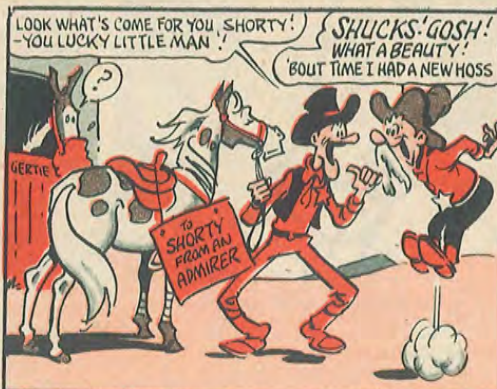
A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC

EVERY OTHER MONDAY

## SCAMP.



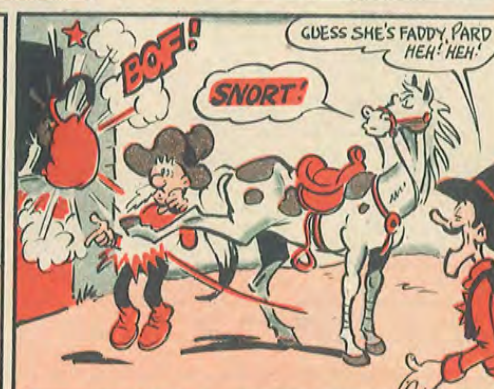
Old Shorty is the handy-man,  
Who does odd jobs for Sheriff Dan.



He felt most joysofeful to find,  
A gift-horse from a fan so kind.



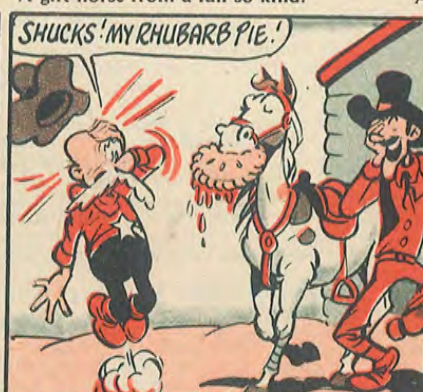
He took the nose-bag from poor Gert,  
And left her feeling sore and hurt.



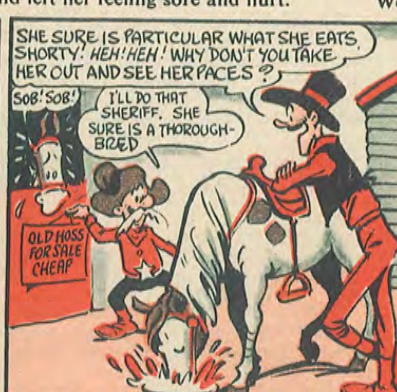
But Shorty's new horse thought that oats  
Were only fit for nags and goats!



Then snooty-horse strolled off to find,  
The sort of food she had in mind.



So Shorty had to say "Good-bye"  
To his best Sunday rhubarb pie!



Then Shorty thought it would be best,  
To put his fine new mare to test.



Away he galloped on his steed,  
At quite a super-swifsome speed!



But at the river, Beauty stopped,  
And Shorty in the drink got dropped.



Poor Shorty tottered out again,  
Running with water like a drain!



Then out upon the desert sand,  
This horse got really out of hand!



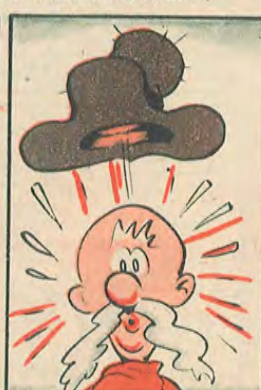
At sight of one small boy at play,  
She threw her boss, and ran away.



The walk back home stretched many miles,  
And killed the last of Shorty's smiles.



When Shorty tottered through his door,  
A really peevish sight he saw!



The cheeky horse had laid its head  
And all four feet, in Shorty's bed!



But Shorty was most comfort-able,  
With dear old Gertie—in the stable!

**Big Business!**  
**ONE** HUNDRED shares at a shilling each will be five pounds," mused Billy Bunter.

The fat junior had invited himself into Study No. 1, and was sitting at the table, busy with pencil and paper.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were watching him. As a rule they did not take very much notice of Bunter's activities, but they were very interested now.

Bunter seemed to be solving some mental problem. He occasionally left off sucking the pencil and jabbed at the paper with it, and the paper was getting covered with ragged figures. To see Billy Bunter working, of his own free will, was enough to make anyone curious!

"One hundred shares," Bunter murmured again.

Frank Nugent tapped his head with his finger.

"Potty," he remarked.

"What are you up to, Bunty?" asked Harry Wharton.

Billy Bunter did not even look up.

"Suppose we start with a capital of five pounds—" murmured the fat junior.

"BUNTER!" roared Wharton.

"Eh? Don't interrupt me please!"

Bunter made another jab at the paper.

"Say three dozen of ginger beer for a start," continued Bunter, "I should be able to get a reduction because it's a large number."

Frank Nugent tried to tempt the fat junior in what he thought was a sure way.

"Would you like something to eat, Billy?"

Even that failed to distract Bunter from his calculations.

"Then there's the pastries, and the cakes—"

Frank Nugent winked at Harry and picked up the large kettle from the grate.

He came up behind Bunter, and raised it as high as he could, and suddenly let it drop just behind the fat junior.

CR—A—SH!

Bunter jumped like a startled frog, slipped off the chair and rolled sideways on the floor.

"Cor!" he shouted. "Wh—what was that?"

Nugent whipped the kettle back into the grate in a second.

"What was that?" asked Harry Wharton innocently.

"Anything the matter?" asked Nugent in surprise.

"You know very well there is," roared Bunter. "You dropped something behind me!"

"You're imagining things," Nugent replied. "First signs of going off your rocker, Fatty."

"Bah!" sulked Bunter. "You've upset all my calculations."

"What calculations?"

"You'll see in time," replied Bunter.

"I've got a new wheeze."

"Go ahead—what is it?"

"You'll know—if you attend the meeting I'm going to call," said Bunter loftily.

"But I can tell you that I'm going to form a company. I shall be the managing director, of course."

"What's the name of this company?" asked Harry.

"Bunter, Limited," replied Billy, and he rolled out of the study, leaving the pals looking blankly at each other.

"SEEN the notice?"

"A football notice?"

"No—a notice by Bunter."

"I wonder what he's up to now?"

That conversation, or one very much like it, took place a dozen times that day at Greyfriars.

There was a notice on the board, written in the sprawling handwriting of Billy Bunter, and it attracted general interest.

When Harry Wharton passed the notice board, after lessons, Bob Cherry was

# BILLY BUNTER LIMITED



William George Bunter landed with a mighty bump on the floor.

standing there with a grin on his face.

"Have a look at this, Harry," he grinned.

Billy Bunter's notice ran as follows:

## NOTICE!

"A most important meeting is to take place in the Remove form-room at seven o'clock this evening, when a most important matter will be talked about. All the Remove are invited to attend. I repeat, the meeting is most important."

(Signed) William G. Bunter."

Harry Wharton roared with laughter.

"We'll have to go," he laughed. "It ought to be interesting."

And that was the opinion of all the Lower Fourth Form.

At five minutes to seven the room was full of juniors, and prompt at seven o'clock Billy Bunter rolled in.

"Ah, I see that you've observed my notice," Billy said in an offhand manner.

"Now, I propose to get right down to business."

He dragged a chair from a corner of the room, heaved his fat body on to it, and stood there waving a sheaf of notes in his hand in an attempt to get silence.

He failed to see Skinner stoop behind the chair and tie a thick piece of string to one of the legs. The rest of the fellows saw the action and chuckled.

"Gentlemen—" began Bunter.

"Hear! Hear!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Bunter!"

The Removites cheered and roared, and clapped their hands. They stamped on the floor, they kicked the forms, and the din was terrific.

Billy Bunter went on speaking, but no one could hear a word. He could not even hear himself! Bunter went as red as a beet-root with the efforts he was making.

After five minutes or so, the Removites slackened their din from sheer want of breath, and there was a lull.

Bunter tried again.

"I have called you together upon a most important occasion—"

"Hurrah! Hip pip! Go it, Fatty!"

The Removites were off again.

"I propose to lay before you a really wonderful wheeze—"

"Hear! Hear! Good old Bunty!"

"Oh really, you chaps, listen. I propose

to lay before you—"

Skinner pulled the string.

The legs of the chair flew up, and William George Bunter landed with a mighty bump on the floor of the Form room.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Remove.

Billy Bunter had kept his word.

He lay before them—grunting and gasping.

"HA, ha, ha! Do it again, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter lay on the floor, gasping and dazed. He blinked at the juniors from over the top of his spectacles, which had slipped down his little fat nose.

He put his spectacles straight, then roared: "Beasts!"

The Removites continued to roar with laughter.

"Somebody shoved that chair over!" roared Bunter.

"Nonsense," said Skinner. "There was nobody near it—it must have slipped."

"Blessed if I can see how it slipped," growled Bunter, as Bulstrode and Stott helped him up. "But I suppose it must have done."

Billy planted the chair upon its legs again and stepped upon it. The Remove gathered round, and Skinner took hold of the string again.

"Gentlemen," said Billy Bunter, waving a fat hand. "Upon this important occasion," Billy referred to his notes. "I wish to lay before you a scheme for saving the Form a lot of money. You have all noticed that the price of jam-tarts, and ginger beer, and other things, are very high. Now, my scheme will enable us to get a steady supply of grub at cost price."

"This is worth listening to," said Ogilvy, obviously interested.

Billy Bunter blinked round with satisfaction. He had succeeded in arousing some interest at last.

Bunter coughed. Not because he wanted to cough, but he had heard the Head do it before making a speech, and it seemed the proper thing to do.

"Ahem! This is the scheme. Suppose we form a company to be known as Bunter, Limited. With a hundred shares of a shilling each we should be able to raise five pounds. With this money, I, as managing director, would be able to deal directly with a wholesale firm. As a matter of fact, I have

an uncle in the business, and he'd let us have the things jolly cheap!"

"Each shareholder would give one shilling, and I guarantee that he would get as much tuck as he'd have for two shillings in the school tuck-shop. Of course, any profit left over would belong to the managing director."

"Well that's fair enough."

"Bravo, Bunter!"

Billy's fat face glowed with pleasure.

"Can I ask a question?" ventured Bob Cherry.

"Certainly," beamed Bunter.

"After you've bought the grub with our money—how do we know you'll hand it over? Generally you scoff anything you can get your hands on!"

"Oh really, Cherry. You know you could rely on my personal honour—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Anyway, let's settle the matter. All those in favour, please raise a hand."

Every fellow in the room raised his hand—some of them even raised two.

"Good!" exclaimed Bunter. "Now I'll come and collect the shillings."

He went to step off the chair, but Skinner pulled the string, and once again it flew from under him. Bunter made a wild jump and a plunge, and landed fairly upon Skinner, clasp him round the neck and bearing him to the ground.

Bunter fell on top.

William George Bunter was no light weight. Skinner crashed down, and Bunter falling on top of him, squeezed every bit of breath out of his body.

"Groo!" gasped Skinner.

"Ow! Help!" roared Bunter.

The Removites howled with merriment. Skinner's joke had backfired!

"Drag h—him off," moaned the unfortunate Skinner. "I—I'm suf—suffocating!"

Wharton dragged the fat junior off, and Bulstrode helped Skinner to rise. Billy Bunter was the first to recover his breath.

"Now, let me see your bobs," he exclaimed.

"Hurrah for Bunter Limited!" roared the juniors.

There was a rush for the door, and Skinner staggered through the doorway after the rest.

In one minute, Bunter was alone in the Form-room.

"Hoy! Come back!" shouted Bunter. "You haven't given me your shillings!"

But they did not come back, and it slowly dawned on Bunter that the Lower Fourth Form had been pulling his leg.

He grunted wrathfully and rolled out of the room.

THE joke on Billy Bunter provided a constant source of laughter for the Removites that evening. Bunter was the only one who could not see anything funny in it. He tried again and again to open the subject, but he was received with roars of laughter whenever he mentioned "Bunter, Limited." Bunter rolled round all the studies in turn, but as most of the chaps were doing their prep, at that time, he met with black looks wherever he went. He finished up by being forcibly removed from Harry Wharton's study. After that, Billy Bunter let the subject drop. He was baffled.

Some time after removing Bunter, Harry Wharton rose from the table in Study No. 1 with a long yawn of relief.

"That's that arithmetic finished," he remarked.

"Me too," replied Nugent. "How about a breath of fresh air?"

In a few moments Harry and Frank were in the Close, still bright in the setting sun.

Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth Form were standing on the steps, talking in raised voices, and the chums stepped over to see what was up.

"We've had a row with P.C. Tozer," growled Fry.

(Continued on opposite page)

## CHUCKLES CORNER





## BILLY BUNTER Ltd.

(Continued from previous page)

"What's old Tozer done?" asked Wharton with interest.

There were many skirmishes between Police-constable Tozer, of Friardale, and the boys of Greyfriars. Tozer had the idea that all young boys, and particularly those at Greyfriars, were little demons, who needed discipline. Therefore, there was a constant war between the juniors and P.C. Tozer.

"We've just met him in the lane," said Temple. "He had the cheek to ask us if we had any cigarettes on us! Us! As though we'd get up to tricks like that!"

"Rotten cheek," said Wharton. Like nearly all the fellows at Greyfriars Harry was strongly against secret smoking—though there were one or two of the bad hats who went in for that sort of thing. Most of the fellows were too keen on keeping fit for football to have any time for cigarettes.

"Anyway," continued Temple, "he said

he was going to see for himself—so we slung some turfs at him, and he hooked it!" "My hat!" whistled Nugent. "You mean to say that you slung turfs at a policeman?"

"Well, he wasn't going to put his paws on me," said Temple. "But I shouldn't wonder if he doesn't complain to the Head."

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent strolled down to the school gates leaving the Upper Fourth Formers still warmly discussing the incident.

"Hallo," exclaimed Nugent as he looked out into the lane. "Here comes trouble!"

P.C. Tozer was coming along the lane! The constable was a fat man, and he more than filled his blue uniform. His face was very red, and he had a way of breathing in short, sharp gasps.

He glanced at the juniors as he puffed through the gates, and the chums solemnly removed their hats.

"Good evening, Mr. Tozer."

The village policeman grunted.

"Caught any stray dogs lately?" asked Harry with interest.

Tozer's face grew a little redder.

"Perhaps you've run across some des-

perate schoolboys?" Nugent suggested innocently.

Tozer grunted wrathfully.

"You young h'imps," growled the constable. "You'll find that it doesn't pay to cheek me in the h'execution of my dooty."

"Cheek?" exclaimed Nugent, in astonishment. "Why, I'd sooner cheek my own great-grandfather!"

Mr. Tozer snorted, and bore down upon the juniors. They retreated, and the burly constable marched through the gateway.

"Coming in to tea?" asked Harry.

"I'm coming h'in to see the 'Ead!" said Tozer, and marched up the drive.

Mr. Tozer mistrusted all schoolboys. He felt quite sure that behind every prank was some deep, sinister motive. If they only threw turfs at him it was to cover up something much worse that they didn't want him to discover.

"They're up to no good!" he told himself darkly, "and I mean to find out what it is!"

And this suspicious frame of mind was to make him prone to see something wrong in every innocent happening and to help him make a chump of himself. In any case,

he felt sore and meant business!

"Phew," murmured Nugent. "There goes trouble."

He was right! But he little guessed that the visit of P.C. Tozer to Greyfriars was destined to get the law mixed up with Billy Bunter's big business. Even Billy did not know that—yet!

Make sure of the next Comet and read how P.C. Tozer gets on the trail of Billy Bunter!

DEAR READERS,

Why not write to me when you get time? I would like to hear from you and to know what you like best in the COMET. All letters enclosing a stamped addressed envelope will be answered. Address your letters to THE EDITOR, COMET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

*The Editor*

## ★ ★ ★ THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS ★ ★ ★



51. PAULETTE GODDARD  
(Columbia)



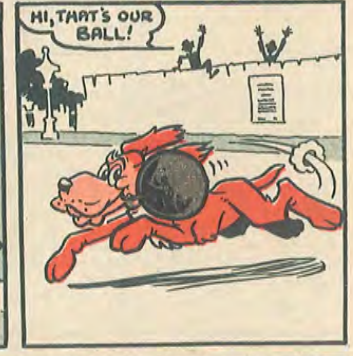
52. SUSAN SHAW  
(Rank Organisation)



53. DANA ANDREWS  
(20th Century-Fox)



54. RICARDO MONTALBAN  
(MGM)





# BUCK JONES

## and the SECRET of RED CANYON

WHEN NAT JORGENS STRUCK GOLD IN RED CANYON HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT A GANG OF OUTLAWS, LED BY PEG-LEG PETE WAS IN THOSE PARTS! . . . . .

GOLD! THE CANYON'S FULL OF IT! AND NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME! I'LL STAKE MY CLAIM!



THINK AGAIN, OLD TIMER! WE'RE GOING TO RUB YOU OUT AND CASH IN ON THIS!

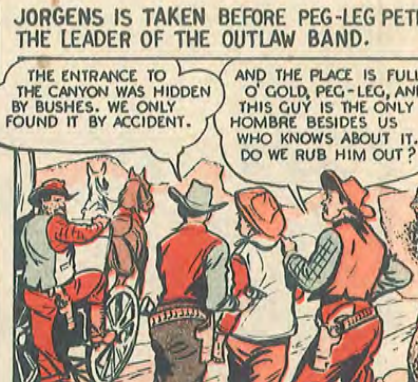
NOPE! DON'T BUMP HIM, JAKE. BETTER TAKE HIM ALONG TO PEG-LEG PETE!



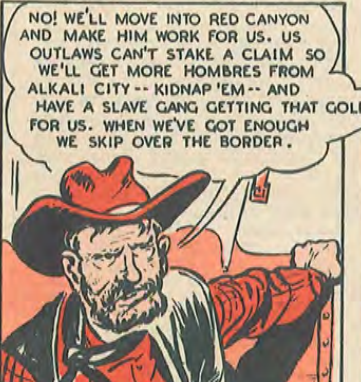
JORGENS IS TAKEN BEFORE PEG-LEG PETE, THE LEADER OF THE OUTLAW BAND.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANYON WAS HIDDEN BY BUSHES. WE ONLY FOUND IT BY ACCIDENT.

AND THE PLACE IS FULL O' GOLD, PEG-LEG, AND THIS GUY IS THE ONLY HOMBRE BESIDES US WHO KNOWS ABOUT IT. DO WE RUB HIM OUT?

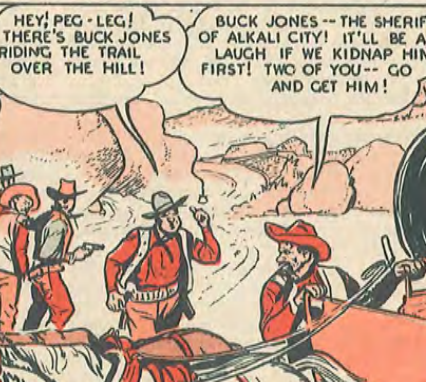


NO! WE'LL MOVE INTO RED CANYON AND MAKE HIM WORK FOR US. US OUTLAWS CAN'T STAKE A CLAIM SO WE'LL GET MORE HOMBRES FROM ALKALI CITY-- KIDNAP 'EM-- AND HAVE A SLAVE GANG GETTING THAT GOLD FOR US. WHEN WE'VE GOT ENOUGH WE SKIP OVER THE BORDER.



HEY! PEG-LEG! THERE'S BUCK JONES RIDING THE TRAIL OVER THE HILL!

BUCK JONES-- THE SHERIFF OF ALKALI CITY! IT'LL BE A LAUGH IF WE KIDNAP HIM FIRST! TWO OF YOU-- GO AND GET HIM!



THUS, BUCK JONES' RIDE IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED.

HECK! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



PEG-LEG'S COMPLIMENTS, BUCK, AND WILL YOU COME AND WORK FOR US?

HAW-HAW! A SHERIFF--WORKING! I'M GOING TO GET A KICK OUTTA THIS!

YOU'LL GET MORE THAN A KICK, YOU RAT!



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! WHAT'S THE GAME, PEG-LEG?

I AIN'T TELLIN' YET, SHERIFF. I'VE GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU. THAT'S ENOUGH FOR THE PRESENT, I GUESS!



YOU AIN'T GOT ME, YET, PEG-LEG!



STOP HIM! PLUG HIM! ONE OF YOU!



SORRY I CAN'T STOP, PEG-LEG. BUT I'LL BE BACK-- WITH A POSSE!

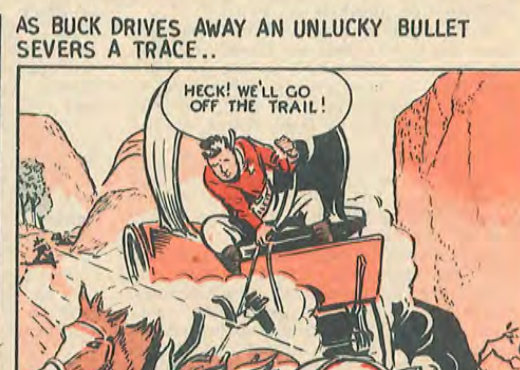


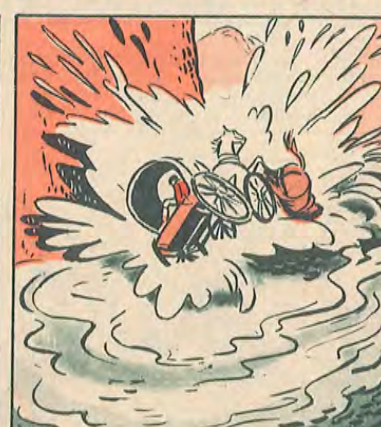
GET HIM! IF HE GETS BACK TO ALKALI IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR US.



AS BUCK DRIVES AWAY AN UNLUCKY BULLET SEVERS A TRACE..

HECK! WE'LL GO OFF THE TRAIL!



WAAL, THAT'S THE END O' BUCK JONES, I GUESS! RECKON WE'D BETTER GIT ALONG TO ALKALI CITY AND KIDNAP OUR SLAVES LIKE WE PLANNED. C'MON.



BUT PEG-LEG AND HIS GANG ARE DUE FOR A SHOCK. DON'T MISS THE THRILLS IN THE NEXT "COMET"



Stump was bowled over like a shot rabbit as Dick whipped up the horses.

THE little clump of trees was the only shade on that long, hot road across the moors. Dick Burton had meant to walk on without stopping until he came to Plymouth Town, but the summer day was stiflingly hot, the dust was choking him, and he had walked hard since before dawn.

But before he plunged into the shade he looked nervously back, making sure that nothing moved on the road, for he was still afraid of seeing Mr. Copping galloping furiously after his runaway apprentice.

Although he dropped gratefully into the shadow of a big tree he couldn't rest. It seemed impossible that only yesterday he had been behind Mr. Copping's counter in the big shop in the old market town, doomed to be a grocer for the rest of his life. But Dick's father was a sailor, and the sea was in the lad's blood, and the tales of the roving seamen who came to the town—tales of tropic islands, wild storms, pirates, and all the excitements of the Spanish Main—were too much for him.

He fought against the call of the sea for as long as he could, trying to interest himself in the shop, but it was no good. Even the merchandise on Mr. Copping's loaded shelves made matters worse—tea from the mysterious East—spices, ginger—all telling of far places that he had never seen, that if he stayed a grocer's boy he never would see.

So at last he had got up in the night, packed a few things into a bundle, left a short letter for the aunt who was his only relative, and had run away.

He took some scraps of bread and meat from his bundle and ate them, and then lay back. He meant only to rest for a few moments, as there was still a long way to go to Plymouth, but the next thing he knew he awoke to hear voices around him.

He realised that he must have slept quite a time, for the sun had dropped low, and it was almost dark under the trees. He was about to scramble up, for he had meant to be in Plymouth, perhaps even safe aboard a ship, by nightfall, but he realised that the voices were close to him, and something about the harsh, cautious tones made him lie still. He realised that these men were up to no good, and he remembered many tales of footpads who lay in wait for travellers on the wild, lonely roads across Dartmoor.

"Stow your gab, Stump," growled a vast, muffled voice. "Never before have I sailed with such a groaning, whining son of a sea-cook. What's wrong with this place? 'Tis the only spot along the road that a man can lie hid."

"Aye, Cap'n Luke," grumbled another

Opening Chapters of a New Stirring Pirate Yarn

# BLACK JEREMY'S TREASURE

By REX HARDINGE

voice, "but why are we lying hid? That's what I want to know. Why've you made me walk my feet off all this way, beyond even smell of the sea?"

Cap'n Luke laughed.

"Because I'm going to make you rich, Stump," Dick was startled to hear him say. "Gold and precious stones, Stump—more'n you ever dreamt of."

"Gold?" exclaimed Stump. "Where?"

"That's what we're here to find out," replied Cap'n Luke. "Draw close and I'll tell you something to make that red hair of yours stand on end."

Dick could lie still no longer. The speaker lowered his voice, making it difficult to hear, so he began to worm his way cautiously over the ground to draw nearer to the men. He reached a fringe of bush and peered through it, and his throat went dry and strange with excitement, for the two men he saw crouching together were just the type he often dreamed about after hearing stories of wild adventure on the sea.

The one called Captain Luke was enormous, with a round face blackened by tropical suns and streaked with a livid scar from eye to chin. He wore an old gold-braided hat and blue coat, and great gold earrings glittered in his ears. But the terrible thing about him was that he only had one eye. Where the other should have been was nothing but a bunched up scar. As he spoke he whittled at a stick with a long, thin knife, which was so sharp that it slipped through the tough wood as though it was soft cheese.

His companion was a little man, shrivelled and twisted and monkey-faced, with a shock of red hair, and with a stump of wood where his left leg should have been. He was squatting on his haunches, listening with a fierce, tense interest to what the Captain was saying.

"I first met up with him in Port o' Spain. He was well nigh out of his mind with fever, and he babbled of gold and jewels—of Black Jeremy's treasure," said Cap'n Luke. "Did you ever hear of Black Jeremy, Stump?"

"Aye, that I did," said Stump. "The lustiest rogue who ever sailed the seas. It was said that he took more prizes in a voyage than most of his kind did in a lifetime. King of the Buccaneers, he liked to be called."

"And he vanished, and his treasure with him," put in the Captain, "and neither have been seen from that day to this. But this Devon man I met in Port o' Spain—this Adam Pennington—babbled in his fever of Black Jeremy leaving a chart that shows the island to which he vanished with all his riches. Adam Pennington had that chart."

Stump gasped. "And you didn't get it off him, Cap'n Luke?" he cried.

"I said he had it," grunted the Captain. "When I saw him he had got rid of it—burnt it, Stump!"

Dick was as excited as Stump, and risked getting even closer, for Cap'n Luke lowered his voice and went on almost in a whisper.

"It seems, Stump, that this Adam Pennington often had fever, and he had babbled about Black Jeremy's treasure before, and some of the gentry of the Coast had got wind of it. They'd cornered him some time, and the only way he could keep the chart from them was to destroy it."

"But don't look so glum, shipmate," went on Cap'n Luke. "That was only a copy of the chart. The original stayed here in Devon when Adam Pennington sailed in search of the treasure, and when he recovered from his fever he sent a message to his brother to bring it to him. But he'd been gone from home for a long time, and his brother was dead, and the old Pennington home sold up."

"Then we're scuppered, Cap'n," groaned Stump.

"Not us, Stump," rasped Cap'n Luke. "I didn't come all the way from Port o' Spain, risking my neck, for there's a price on my head in these parts, to be put off with the news that Adam Pennington's brother was dead. I cruised around seeking what other Penningtons there were, and what did I find, Stump?—I found that the good Adam has a daughter of the name of Anne, and at this very moment the Mistress Anne is travelling to Plymouth to take ship to carry the chart to her father. She left Okehampton by post-cart this morning, and will pass by this very spot before dark."

"So now you know why we're hove-to here, Stump," concluded Cap'n Luke, stropping his vicious knife on the sole of one of his seaboots.

DICK drew back behind the big tree where he had slept. He was staggered by what he had overheard. He realised that if he didn't do something, robbery with violence—perhaps even murder—would be done in this lonely spot, for Cap'n Luke and Stump were obviously men who would stick at nothing.

But what could he do? His only weapon was a short, thick cudgel, and he realised how little use that would be against that vicious knife, or the pistols and cutlass that each man had tucked in his belt.

He wondered for a moment if there was anywhere that he could run for help, but when he crept to the edge of the copse and looked out, he saw nothing but miles of empty moorland. There was not a house in sight. It might take hours to find a farm, and then the farmer would most likely not believe him—would want to know who he was, and when he discovered that he was a runaway apprentice—

Dick's troubled thought broke off, for he saw a cloud of dust away along the road, and soon he could recognise that it was the post-cart lumbering along.

It was too late now to get any help. Only he could do anything to save this Mistress Anne Pennington from the pirates crouched in the bushes.

He thought fast, and it struck him that there was only one thing to do. Like a squirrel he went up a tree, moving so quietly that the men below heard nothing.

But he could hear them. Their voices were used to bellowing in the vast wastes of the sea, and even their whispers were loud.

"Avast there, Stump! Enemy in sight, coming up fast on the weather side," boomed Cap'n Luke. "Stand by to board her!"

"Aye, aye, Cap'n!"

Dick could see the cart clearly now. He knew its kind well, for one was often to be seen passing through the old town outside

the shop. It consisted of what looked like a big box on wheels, with a couple of slits for windows, drawn by two rangy horses. On the box, holding the reins, slumped a figure in a big cloak, obviously more than half asleep, leaving the horses to meander along in their own good time. As the evening was still hot the tired beasts were dawdling at little more than a walk.

"Go for the horses, Stump, take a hold on the reins and bring 'em up sharp," ordered the Captain. "I'll board her and tackle the crew."

"Aye, aye, Cap'n!"

But Dick was not idle. As the cart came level with his tree, he sprang. Neatly he dropped on to the box beside the startled driver, and as he did so, he began to yell.

At the full force of his lungs he shrieked at the horses, and the wild sound was too much for them. With a mad plunge they began to bolt.

"Geeee!—gid-up—gid-up!" yelled Dick, snatching the whip and beginning to crack it.

The driver woke up, took one look around him, and then flung himself from the box, to go tumbling head over heels in the dust.

Dick managed to grab the reins, and now he tried to steer the horses. He was filled with triumph, for he had seen Stump bowled over like a shot rabbit when he tried to snatch at the horses' heads, but he could hear Cap'n Luke roaring somewhere like an injured bull. And now the bark of pistols added to the din, and something like angry bees hummed past his head.

But, although his arms were almost torn from their sockets, he was getting the horses under control, and at last he brought them to a stop far from the scene of the hold-up.

He sank down on the box, gasping for breath, for it had been a wild, mad dash. But he realised there was no time to waste. He must deal with the passenger—this Mistress Pennington—and he braced himself, expecting to meet a frightened, angry woman.

But when he pulled the door open, it was a girl of about his own age who almost tumbled out on top of him.

DICK stared at her.

"Are you Mis—Mistress Anne Pennington?" he gasped.

She nodded her dark curls.

"I am. And who are you, boy?" she demanded. "Where is the driver? Who were those men who fired pistols after us?"

Dick told her; and to his relief, she listened quite quietly and didn't even look frightened.

"Cap'n Luke?" she muttered, when he had finished. "I have heard of him. My father mentions his name in the letter that he sent to Uncle Frank. He is one of the Brethren of the Coast, as the pirates call themselves, who are after Black Jeremy's treasure. He lied in what you heard him tell Stump. He was one of those who forced father to burn the copy of the chart, to keep it from them. But he won't get the original."

"You've got it safely?" asked Dick eagerly.

"Of course. And I have arranged to sail on the *Seaspray* on tonight's tide, so, thanks to you, there's nothing more to worry about."

But Dick didn't agree with her. He was sure that Cap'n Luke would not give up after one defeat. As he pointed out to Anne, it would be easy for him to hurry back to Plymouth and try to attack her again when

(Continued on opposite page)

## SILLY BILLY



WELL, THAT'S HOW DEEP IT WAS WHEN I WAS A BOY!



BUT YOU SAID YOU CROSSED IT ONLY YESTERDAY!

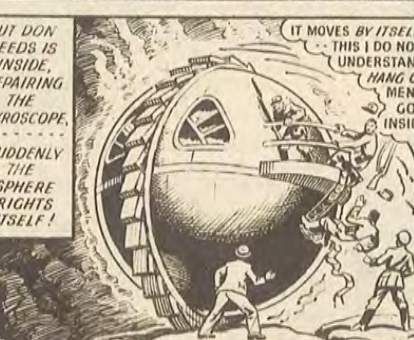
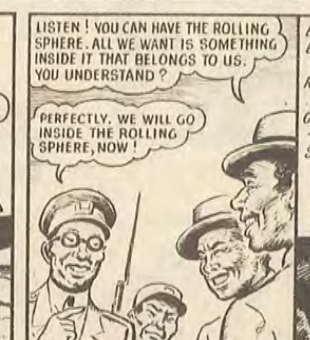
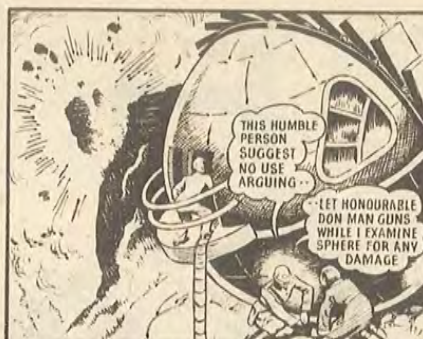


SO I DID ZUR! BUT OI ALWAYS USE THE BRIDGE, HALF A MILE FURTHER ON!



# Don Deeds

Don Deeds is journeying across China to Kwung Chu in the Rolling Sphere, with Hoo Sung and Mai-Mai, when a bomb from a plane sends a boulder crashing down the hillside on top of them.



CAN DON DEEDS RESCUE HOO SUNG AND MAI-MAI? MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT "COMET"

## BLACK JEREMY'S TREASURE

(Continued from previous page)

she boarded the *Seaspray*.

"There are sure to be more of them mixed up in this," he warned anxiously. "They'll all be watching for you. It will be too dangerous for you to go to the *Seaspray*."

Anne frowned; then suddenly she asked--"Why are you going to Plymouth?"

"To go to sea," he told her.

"You think they'll take on a boy like you?"

"Of course. They're always wanting boys--" began Dick; but Anne cut him short. Her eyes were dancing with excitement.

"Then they are as likely to take two boys as one," she cried. "And I'll wager you have a change of clothes in your bundle! Quick, give it to me and I'll go

and change."

"But you can't!" gasped Dick. "Why not?" flashed Anne. "I've often dressed as a boy. I make a good one. And I'm strong and quick, too. You say Anne Pennington will never get to the *Seaspray*, and you're right--the pirates will be looking for her--But they won't be looking for a boy called Dan!"

It was a daring idea, but Dick realised that it was the only thing to do. He soon produced a spare set of clothes from his bundle and Anne vanished with them inside the post-cart, while Dick drove the vehicle further along the road.

Just outside Plymouth he drew rein. Anne emerged from inside, dressed in Dick's clothes. She would pass easily enough as a boy.

They left the post-cart drawn up beside the road. Someone would soon find it there and report to the authorities. They entered Plymouth on foot. Anne Pennington had vanished--while "Dan" and Dick looked for a berth aboard a ship.

Can Anne and Dick trick the pirates? Don't miss their thrills in the next "Comet."

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## THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

BASED ON A POWELL-PRESSBURGER PRODUCTION FOR LONDON FILMS -- FROM A BOOK BY BARONESS JEXY

SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, HAD ARRIVED AT MONT ST MICHEL, OFF THE FRENCH COAST, TO RESCUE REFUGEES FROM THE TERROR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. BUT CHAUVELIN, AGENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT, HAD DISCOVERED HIS IDENTITY AND MEANT TO TRAP HIM --



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL GAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE MEMBERS OF HIS LEAGUE --

MONT ST MICHEL IS CRAMMED WITH REFUGEES, GENTLEMEN. WE SAIL WITH THEM ON THE TIDE TO-NIGHT -- BUT BE READY FOR FIGHTING BEFORE THEN!



WE AWAIT ONLY ONE DISTINGUISHED REFUGEE -- THE COUNT DE TOURNAI, -- WHO IS ON HIS WAY NOW WITH NIGEL SEYMOUR!



SOON A COACH RACED TOWARDS MONT ST MICHEL, WHICH COULD BE APPROACHED FROM THE MAINLAND ONLY AT LOW TIDE.

SIR ANDREW FFOULKES MET THE COACH AT THE POSTERN GATE --



YOU ARE THE COUNT DE TOURNAI? TO-NIGHT YOU SAIL FOR ENGLAND TO JOIN YOUR FAMILY!

MY DEAR BOYS, I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE!

BUT CHAUVELIN, THE CUNNING SPY WAS ALSO ON MONT ST MICHEL. HIS PLANS HAD BEEN LAID TO CATCH THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. DISGUISED AS A PRIEST HE STOOD ON THE RAMPARTS --



THE FOOLS! THEY DO NOT KNOW THEY ARE TRAPPED ON MONT ST MICHEL. TO-DAY I SHALL CAPTURE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! I MUST HURRY TO THE THREE COCKLE SHELLS INN TO WARN THE NATIONAL GUARD!

BUT AS CHAUVELIN HURRIED TO THE 'THREE COCKLE SHELLS,' HE WAS SEEN BY SIR ANDREW -- WHO WAS SEEKING THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



I KNOW THAT MAN! SURELY IT'S CHAUVELIN! I'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT HE'S DOING ON MONT ST MICHEL!



BOLDLY SIR ANDREW STROLLED INTO THE INN --

I'M LOOKING FOR A PRIEST WHO CAME IN HERE A MOMENT AGO!

YOU'LL FIND HIM IN THE BACK ROOM, CITIZEN!



MANY THANKS! HE IS A GREAT FRIEND OF MINE!



BUT ONCE INSIDE THE BACK ROOM --

YOU SEE, SIR ANDREW, YOU HAVE WALKED INTO MY TRAP. ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS -- WHERE IS SIR PERCY BLAKENEY?



THAT I CANNOT TELL YOU!

YOU WILL TALK, YOU CANNOT ESCAPE, MY FRIEND!



I HAVE A DOZEN SOLDIERS WITH ME NOW. TO-NIGHT I SHALL HAVE A THOUSAND. NOT ONE ENEMY OF THE REPUBLIC SHALL ESCAPE!



LADY MARGUERITE BLAKENEY HAD ALSO COME TO MONT ST MICHEL TO WARN HER HUSBAND OF CHAUVELIN'S KNOWLEDGE, AND AS SIR PERCY STROLLED AMONG THE REFUGEES --

OH, PERCY, I CAME TO WARN YOU -- TO DIE WITH YOU IF I AM TOO LATE!



CHAUVELIN KNOWS YOU ARE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! HAVE YOU SEEN MY BROTHER?

ARMAND IS IN PARIS -- BUT HE HAS NOTHING TO FEAR NOW!



CHAUVELIN HASN'T CAUGHT ME YET -- AND I'LL WAGER HE NEVER WILL! I KNOW HE'S HERE, AND I'M GOING TO SEE HIM NOW!

LEAVING HIS WIFE WITH LORD TONY DEWHURST, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL WENT STRAIGHT TO THE THREE COCKLE SHELLS INN.



I AM LOOKING FOR MONSIEUR CHAUVELIN. PERHAPS ONE OF YOU WILL PAUSE LONG ENOUGH IN YOUR DISGUSTING EATING TO TELL ME WHERE HE IS!

WHAT DOES THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL MEAN TO DO? BE SURE NOT TO MISS THE NEXT "COMET"