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EVERY MONDAY—PRICE ONE SHILLING

HEAD-HUNTERS FROM THE NAGA HILLS

SEE PAGE 7

CONTINUING . . . ANOTHER ORIGINAL ADVENTURE OF THE BOYS OF GREYFRIARS—by FRANK RICHARDS

BILLY BUNTER'S TEMPTATION!

When Muccolini's Circus visits the district, the juniors are hard-up. It is agreed that the first one to receive a remittance pays for all the tickets. Bunter willingly agrees, not expecting any money from home. But his father sends a postal order for a pound. Bunter is furious, thinking of all the tuck he could buy! Later he meets Marco, the lion tamer who takes him to the circus where he meets Caesar the lion. Caesar is quite tame, and Bunter learns how to give him orders—which the lion obeys! Full of his prowess as a lion tamer, Bunter returns to the school.

Bunter watched the Removites as they rolled Temple in the quad. A piece of cardboard fell from Temple's pocket. Bunter gasped. It was a circus ticket!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER
Bob Loses a Bet!

"I SAY, you fellows——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, it's true, every word!" howled Bunter. "I walked into the lion's cage as cool as an iceberg——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The lion roared like—like—anything! Absolutely fierce!" said Bunter. "I looked right in his eyes! Always look an animal—any animal—straight in the eyes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! I'd like to see you do it, anyhow!" hooted Bunter. "I'd like to see you face a fierce, ferocious lion in a cage——"

"Well, I'd like to see you do it!" remarked Peter Todd. "Not a fearfully likely thing to happen, though."

"If you don't believe me——"

"Believe you!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat! Not quite!"

"The believefulness is not terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did you book that box while you were at the circus?" grinned Bob.

"Oh! No! I—I was going to, but I—I forgot—being so busy in the lion's cage, you know!" said Bunter. "I've still got the money."

"Gammon!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"You fat ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, laughing. "We jolly well knew you were dodging us, to blow that quid on tuck."

"I haven't!" yelled Bunter.

"Rats!"

"I say, you fellows, if you can't take a chap's word——" hooted Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've still got that quid——"

"Well, if you've got it, let's see it," grinned Bob. "Bet you two to one, in doughnuts, that you can't show it up."

"Done!" said Bunter at once.

He groped in his pocket. A fat hand came out into view. There was a slip of paper in it.

Bunter held it up.

"Oh, crikey!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob.

It was a pound note.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton blankly. "He's still got the quid. Wonders will never cease."

"Oh, really, Wharton! Didn't I agree to book a box at the circus with this quid?" demanded Bunter. "Ain't I a fellow of my word? You owe me two doughnuts, Bob Cherry."

"Fan me!" murmured Bob.

Bob had lost his bet—there was no doubt about that.

"Now perhaps you believe me," said Bunter scornfully. "That lion-tamer chap admired my pluck so much, he would have been jolly glad to take me on as his assistant in the lion-taming act——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! You fellows would have been scared stiff by that lion. I never turned a hair."

"I'll bet you'd turn a corner if you saw a lion a mile off!" remarked Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, for once in his fat career, was telling the truth, or as near the truth as Bunter could possibly get. But to no effect. Not a fellow believed a word of it. Indeed, Skinner remarked that Bunter the Lion-Tamer was the best joke of the term; and the other fellows agreed that it was.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER
Going—Going—GONE!

BILLY BUNTER hesitated.

It was break the following morning.

Bunter, as soon as the Remove were dismissed from their Formroom, made a straight cut for the school shop and tuck!

Many fellows liked a snack in break. Billy Bunter liked a large snack. If Bunter's funds ran to it, Bunter's snack was likely to be as large as any other fellow's square meal.

Bunter was in funds now. A whole pound note reposed in his pocket. And he was, of course, hungry.

It is well said that he who hesitates is lost. Thus it was with Bunter. He hesitated—almost a whole minute. Then the tuckshop drew him like a magnet.

That pound had had a series of narrow escapes the day before. But its vicissitudes were over now. It passed over Mrs. Mimble's counter.

Break that morning was a happy time for Bunter—happy, and rather sticky. And it cost him fourteen shillings.

The Famous Five grinned at the fat junior as the Remove went in. The sticky state of Bunter's fat countenance told its own tale. They could guess that the pound, after its miraculous escape the previous day, was gone.

"I—I say, you fellows!" said Bunter, blinking at the chums of the Remove rather uneasily through his big spectacles. "I—I don't think much of the boxes at the circus, you know. They call 'em boxes; but it's all rot, really—only swank. My idea is that a fellow would see much better on the benches in the bob seats. I've kept six shillings out of the pound—I mean, I haven't changed the pound."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove went into their Formroom for the third lesson, many of them thinking more of Muccolini's Circus than of Mr. Quelch's valuable instruction. Quite a crowd of the Remove were going to the circus that afternoon.

Among them were the Famous Five; for the letter-rack that morning had turned up trumps. There had been a letter for Frank Nugent, with a ten-shilling note enclosed from a thoughtful aunt, so the difficult question of finance was happily settled.

Billy Bunter, unaware of that circumstance, had a thoughtful expression on his fat brow as the lesson drew to an end.

Most fellows, having parked fourteen shillings' worth of refreshments in break, would have been content to wait till dinner for further sustenance.

But Billy Bunter could not help thinking of the delightful things that could be purchased for the sum of six shillings.

When the Remove were dismissed again, the fat junior wandered away to the school shop across the quad. The remaining six shillings was doomed as well!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER
And Bessie!

"OH lor'!" gasped Billy Bunter a little later.

He was reading his father's letter that had arrived the day before, with the postal order enclosed in it.

Hitherto, Bunter had not read that letter. He had been more interested in the postal order than in the letter. Still, the letter had to be read, some time or other; and now Bunter was reading it, sitting on one of the old oaken benches in the quad, after dinner.

"Your sister Bessie has written that there is a circus at Courtfield, to which she desires to go. No doubt you would like to go also. You may, therefore, take Bessie to the circus on the next half-holiday—Wednesday, I think. Bessie informs me that a box may be booked for the sum of one pound. I enclose a postal order for £1 for you to use for this purpose."

Billy Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his spectacles at that startling paragraph in his pater's letter.

Really, he wished he had read that letter earlier, as a dutiful son certainly ought to have done. William Bunter breathed heavily.

That pound was not a sudden burst of exuberant generosity on the part of Bunter senior. It had been sent for a specific purpose.

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

The pound was gone! And any minute now Bessie might blow in to join up for the excursion. She must have expected Billy to call for her at Cliff House School. But if he did not she would call for him at Greyfriars!

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Bunter.

The fat Owl blinked round the quad and spotted Harry Wharton & Co. coming out of the House. He rolled over to them.

"I say, you fellows!" he squeaked hurriedly. "I—I'm sorry it's all off, about the circus! I—I've got to get out this afternoon, to see my pater."

"Well, that's a strange coincidence," said Bob Cherry. "Because your sister Bessie is here to see you!"

"Wha-a-t?"

Billy Bunter spun round.

Bessie having spotted the group by the House, was coming directly towards them. Her unhappy brother met her face to face.

"Oh lor'!" groaned Bunter. "I—I say, Bessie, old dear, I—I'm jolly glad to see you! I—I wasn't just going out, Bessie."

Miss Bunter blinked at him.

"I should think not!" she said. "Have you got that box?"

"Oh! No! Yes!"

"Why didn't you call for me at Cliff House? I've been expecting you ever since dinner! Marjorie and Clara have been waiting, too. I'm taking them to the circus. There will be room for four in the box."

"Oh crikey!"

"They've gone on, and they're going to wait at the stile," said Bessie. "Are you ready to start?"

"Oh! Yes! I—I'll just cut in and have a wash and—and I'll be after you like—like a shot!" groaned Bunter.

"Well, none of your dawdling," said Bessie, and she turned and walked away to the gates, to follow on the way Marjorie and Clara had gone.

Billy Bunter was left rooted in the quad, blinking helplessly, at the end of his resources.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER
Bunter's Windfall!

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE of the Upper Fourth Form grinned. His friends, Dabney and Fry, grinned also.

Billy Bunter was the object of their mirth.

"Here he is!" said Temple.

"The jolly old lion-tamer!" grinned Fry.

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

Temple & Co. were going to the circus. But they were in no hurry to start, like commoner mortals. Cecil Reginald did these things in style. He had a ticket for the Royal Box in his waistcoat pocket, which had cost him a whole pound. And he was going to phone up a taxi to take himself and friends to Muccolini's Magnificent Circus and Menagerie.

"Tell us about it, old fat freak!" said Cecil Reginald banteringly. "I hear you've been daring to be a Daniel, what?"

Billy Bunter blinked morosely at the grinning Fourth Formers. He was in no mood for badinage.

"I'd like to see you do what I did!" he snapped.

"Easy enough," grinned Temple, "as it was nothing at all! Why, you'd jump out of your skin if you heard even a dog growl!"

Gurrrggggh! came a sudden, hideous, and snarling growl, almost under Temple's feet, behind him.

Temple of the Fourth, no doubt, had heard that Bunter of the Remove was a ventriloquist. But he was not thinking it just then, and he was taken quite off his guard.

At that horrible growl just behind him, Temple gave a gasp and a sudden bound, which lifted him a good foot from the quad.

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "I don't know how you'd get on with a lion—you're scared if you hear a dog growl!"

Temple glared—and grabbed! There was a howl from Bunter, as the dandy of the Fourth got him by one fat ear.

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Whoooop!"

"You cheeky fat slug!" hooted Temple. "I'll jolly well teach you to play your silly ventriloquist tricks on a Fourth Form man!"

"Yow-ow!" roared Bunter. "Leggo, you beast! I say, you fellows, rescue!"

Five or six Remove fellows came speeding up.

Bunter's fat ear, considered merely as Bunter's ear, was of no great consequence; but Bunter was a Remove man, and Remove ears were not to be pulled by the Fourth—not with impunity.

Vernon-Smith came up with a rush. He barged into Temple and sent him spinning.

Bunter's ear was released as the dandy of the Upper Fourth went over. He rubbed it tenderly.

Dabney and Fry promptly grabbed Vernon-Smith. Redwing and Peter Todd and Squiff, Tom Brown and Ogilvy of the Remove, were on the spot in another moment. Dabney and Fry were strewn in the quad.

Temple jumped up, redder than ever, and wrathier than ever. He hurled himself at Smithy.

Smithy grinned and grappled with him. They rolled over together in the quad.

Dabney and Fry fled for their lives, with three or four Removites whooping after them. Temple was not so fortunate. He had grasped Smithy, to give him what he deserved—only to make the annoying discovery that Smithy's grip was about twice as strong as his own!

Smithy rolled him along the ground, with ruinous results to Temple's elegant clothes. Temple gasped and spluttered as he rolled; but he had to roll, and he went rolling on and on, followed by the Remove fellows, roaring with laughter. His hat fell off—his handkerchief dropped from his pocket—and he rolled on, spluttering, leaving them behind.

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter.

He stood blinking after the juniors as they went, rolling Temple along the quad.

Then suddenly Bunter's eyes and spectacles fell on an oblong piece of cardboard that lay almost at his feet. It was a ticket for the Royal Box at Muccolini's Circus!

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter.

A moment more, and that ticket was in Bunter's waistcoat pocket.

If Temple did not want that ticket, Bunter did! And if Temple wanted it, he shouldn't have started pulling Bunter's ear, and got into a ragging!

Bunter felt that, in the circumstances, he was entitled to bag that ticket! Bunter generally felt, in any circumstances, that he was entitled to bag anything he wanted, if he could get his fat paws on it.

The fat Owl walked out of the gates, with Temple's ticket in his waistcoat pocket.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD
(From page 9)

ACROSS: 1. Diver; 4. Chapter; 8. Uplands; 9. Kapok; 10. Liang; 11. Iceland; 12. Throne; 14. Moated; 18. Settler; 20. Liken; 22. Alert; 23. Granada; 24. Kitchen; 25. Sheik.
DOWN: 1. Doublet; 2. Villa; 3. Röntgen; 4. Cosmic; 5. Ankle; 6. Topmast; 7. Raked; 13. Retreat; 15. Orleans; 16. Denmark; 17. Dragon; 18. Shack; 19. Latch; 21. Knave.