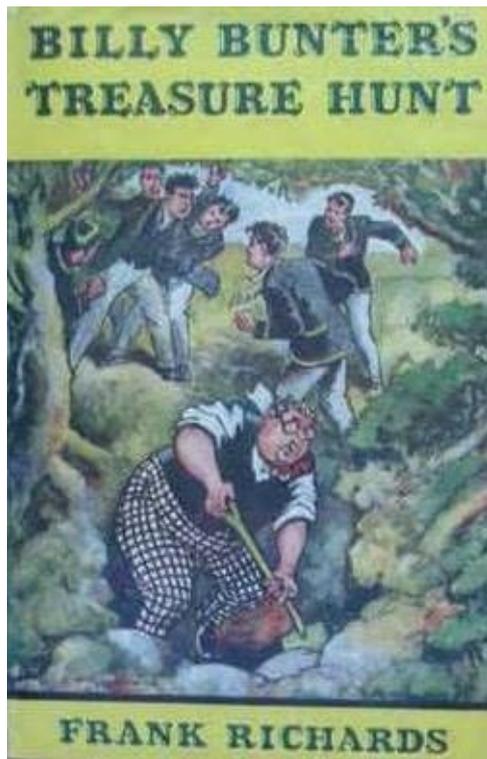


BILLY BUNTER'S  
TREASURE-HUNT

By  
FRANK RICHARDS

Illustrated by  
C.H. CHAPMAN

CASELL AND COMPANY LTD  
LONDON



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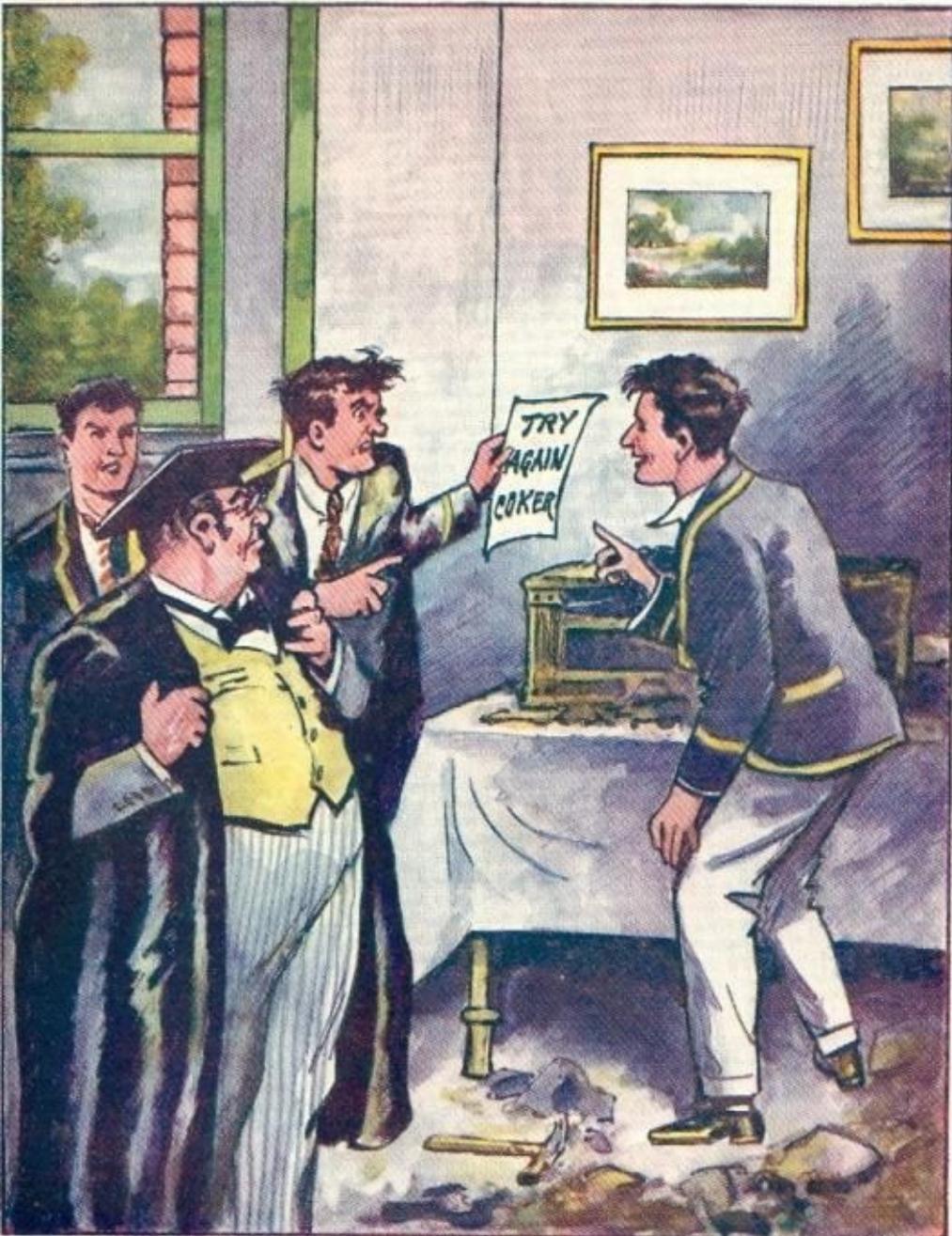
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**ONLY THREE WORDS WERE WRITTEN ON THE CARD**

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# CHAPTER 1

## NOT BUNTER'S POSTAL-ORDER

'HALLO, hallo, hallo!'

'What--?'

'Somebody's lost a postal-order! Look!'

'Bag it!'

It was windy in the old quad at Greyfriars.

The morning was bright and sunny. But a strong wind came off the sea, rustling the branches of the old elms, and causing fellows to clutch at their caps.

Harry Wharton and Co. of the Remove rather enjoyed the sea-breeze, gusty as it was, as they trotted in the quad in morning break. It was fresh and invigorating, after the form-room, and Quelch, and

the imperishable verse of Virgil!

Leaves were blowing about on the wind. Something larger than a leaf blew past Bob Cherry's nose,

and landed on the earth a few yards away.

It was a slip of paper, somewhat crumpled. Bob's eyes were on it only for a moment before it blew

away again. But in that moment he recognized that it was a postal-order, and spotted the figures

'40/ -'. The next moment it was sailing away on a gust of wind.

'After it!' exclaimed Harry Wharton.

'It's a two-quidder!' said Bob. 'Somebody's in luck--'

'Not if it blows away! Come on.' Five fellows made a rush.

Somebody, evidently, had lost that postal-order. It was up to any fellow, if he could, to recapture it, and restore it to the owner. And the Famous Five of the Remove were all good-natured fellows,

willing to render such a little service to the person concerned, whoever he was. So

they all rushed after that slip of paper, as it sailed away on the wind.

But it was not easy to capture so light an article in a gusty breeze. Twice they nearly had it, but it flew off again before it could be caught. Then, as it landed once more, Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull jumped together, to plant a foot on it before it could fly off.

Johnny was first by a split second. His foot landed on the postal-order, pinning it down. The next second Bob's foot landed-on Johnny's. An almost frantic yell from Johnny Bull woke the echoes of

Greyfriars.

'Oh! Ow! My toes! Ow!'

'Oh! Sorry--!' gasped Bob.

'Ow! You clumsy ass! Wow!'

Johnny Bull hopped on one foot. He seemed to have a pain in the other. And the playful wind caught that slip of paper again and whirled it away. Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Jamset Ram

Singh, all made a clutch at it-too late! Away it went on the wind.

'Come on-after it!' panted Bob.

'Blow it!' grunted Johnny Bull. Four fellows resumed the chase, while Johnny concentrated on the

foot on which Bob had inadvertently stamped. He seemed to have lost interest in the postal-order,

and to be interested wholly and solely in that foot!

High on a gust sailed that elusive slip of paper, with the juniors in pursuit. It landed again, at a distance, almost at the feet of a fat junior who was clutching a cap to keep it on a fat head. Bob Cherry gave a yell: 'Look out, Bunter! Bag it.'

Billy Bunter blinked round through his big spectacles.

He blinked in surprise at four juniors charging towards him breathlessly.

'Eh! Bag what?' he squeaked.

'Fathead!' roared Bob. 'That postal-order-it's right under your silly nose-bag it-quick!'

'Oh!' ejaculated Bunter.

Another gust was just lifting the fluttering slip, when Bunter grabbed. A fat and grubby hand

clutched it just in time. Fat and grubby fingers closed on it. In a moment more it would have been gone, before the breathless pursuers could reach it. But it was caught now: safe in the plumpest and grubbiest fingers at Greyfriars School.

'Got it!' gasped Bob. 'Good!'

'Silly ass, to drop your postal-order about!' said Bunter.

'It isn't mine, fathead.'

'Eh! Whose is it, then?'

'Haven't the foggiest! Somebody's dropped it, or let it blow away.'

'Oh! ' Billy Bunter's rejoinder was quite prompt. 'I expect I did.'

'You!'

'There's a hole in my pocket--'

'You fat spoofer,' said Bob Cherry, 'there may be a hole in your pocket, but there wasn't a two-

quidder postal-order in it.'

'Oh, really, Cherry--'

'We'll ask the fellows who's lost it,' said Nugent.

'That's all very well,' said Billy Bunter, 'but I can jolly well tell you that there are unscrupulous fellows about, who would make out that it was theirs when it wasn't--'

'There's one, at least,' agreed Bob. 'His name's Bunter.'

'I say, you fellows, I jolly well told you I was expecting a postal-order!' exclaimed Bunter. 'You jolly well know I did. I'm pretty certain that this postal-order is mine.'

'Two mistakes! ' said Bob.

'Eh! Wharrer you mean?'

'You're not pretty, and you're not certain.'

'Ha, ha, ha!'

'If we can't find the owner, we'll take it to Quelch,' said Harry Wharton. 'Hand it over,

Bunter.'

Billy Bunter did not hand it over. His fat fingers closed on it more firmly.

'You're jolly well not taking my postal-order to Quelch!' he exclaimed. 'Why, he mightn't believe it was mine--'

'The mightfulness is terrific,' grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

'It isn't yours!' roared Bob.

'It jolly well is! I had a letter from my pater yesterday, and I-I must have shoved it into my pocket without noticing it. Then it's slipped out of the hole in my pocket--'

'Is there a hole in your pocket, you fat fraud?'

'Look!' retorted Bunter.

With the postal-order clutched in one fat hand, Billy Bunter turned out the lining of a pocket with the other.

Undoubtedly, there was a hole in that lining: quite a gash, in fact.

Billy Bunter's garments were not infrequently in need of repair. He had only to take that jacket to the House dame for the necessary stitches. Between laziness and forgetfulness, he hadn't. So there was the hole in the pocket, through which almost anything might have slipped. The fat Owl had

forgotten it: but he remembered it now.

Bunter really had no doubts. He had indubitably been expecting a postal-order, for quite a long time.

It was improbable, perhaps, that if that long-expected postal-order had arrived, he would have

shoved it into his pocket and forgotten it. Still, he might have: and he was quite prepared to believe that he actually had! Billy Bunter had quite a wonderful gift for believing what he wanted to believe.

If he had had doubts, the quantity of tuck that could be obtained for two pounds would have carried conviction!

'See that?' said Bunter, triumphantly. 'That's where it must have slipped out! I'd forgotten that I had it--'

'Sort of thing you would forget!' snorted Bob.

'I'm not always thinking about money, like some fellows I could name,' said Bunter, loftily. 'I simply didn't happen to notice it at the time. You fellows needn't worry about it-it's mine all right.'

Johnny Bull came up and rejoined his friends. He was limping a little, from the effect of the impact of one of the largest feet in the Remove.

'Got it?' he asked.

'Bunter's got it,' answered Bob. 'He fancies it's his, because he wants to roll off to the tuck-shop, and blow it on tuck.'

'Oh, really, Cherry--'

'Well, that's easily settled,' said Johnny. 'It must have been sent to some Greyfriars chap, as it was blowing about the school: and whoever sent it, would fill it in first, so his name will be on it.' Johnny Bull was a practical youth: and that consideration occurred to his practical mind at once. 'If Bunter's name's on it, it's Bunter's. Let's look!'

'Show up, Bunter!' chuckled Bob.

'I-I say, you fellows--'

'Show up!' roared Bob.

And as Billy Bunter seemed reluctant, for some reason, to 'show up', Bob grasped a fat paw, and

hooked the postal-order out from his fat fingers. There was a howl of indignation from Bunter.

'Beast! Gimme my postal-order!'

'If it's yours--' grinned Bob.

'Haven't I told you it's mine? It slipped through that pole in the hocket-I mean that hole in the

pocket--'

'Let's see!' said Harry Wharton, laughing.

'It's mine!' roared Bunter.

'Okay, if it's yours,' said Bob. 'Why, you fat villain, is your name Coker?'

'Eh!'

Bob Cherry held up the postal-order for inspection. The name of the payee had been filled in, as

Johnny had suggested: and that name certainly was not William George Bunter. It was Horace Coker.

The handwriting was somewhat crabbed and tremulous: but it was legible. Evidently, to the Famous

Five, that postal-order was the property of Horace Coker, of the Greyfriars Fifth Form: no doubt one of the many remittances which that fortunate youth received from his Aunt Judy.

'Coker's!' said Harry Wharton, with a nod.

'The esteemed and idiotic Coker's!' said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

'I-I say, you fellows--'

'Look at it, you fat ass!' Bob Cherry held the postal-order under a little fat nose, 'Look! Does C-O-K-E-R spell Bunter?'

Billy Bunter blinked at it. He concentrated his little round eyes and his big round spectacles on it.

Five grinning fellows watched his fat face. Billy Bunter was extremely reluctant to part with that postal-order, Certainly, even Bunter would not have claimed it if it was not his. But having made up his fat mind that it was his, he was very unwilling to abandon that belief.

'I-I say, you fellows-I-I can't make out that scrawl,' he said. 'Might be anything-I-I fancy it's mine--'

'Oh, my hat!' said Bob. 'He still fancies it's his, with Coker's name on it! Bump him!'

'I say, you fellows-ow! Leggo!' roared Bunter.

Bump!

'Yarooooh! '

'Still fancy it's yours?' asked Bob.

'Ow! Beast! Yes--'

'Give him another.'

Bump!

'Ow! Wow! Leggo! Tain't mine!' roared Bunter. 'Leggo, will you? Wow!'

'Ha, ha, ha!'

'Well, if you're quite sure it's not yours, I'll take it to Coker,' said Bob Cherry. 'Sure you're sure? We don't mind bumping you till you're quite sure about it!'

'Beast!'

Two bumps on the hard, unsympathetic earth, had apparently convinced Bunter that that postal-

order was not his. So Bob Cherry walked off with it, in search of Coker of the Fifth: leaving four fellows laughing, and one sitting on the earth, gasping for breath, and glaring at them with a glare that might almost have cracked his spectacles.

## CHAPTER 2

### COKER KNOWS BEST

'POPPER'S Island--?'

'Yes.'

'But--'

'Jolly spot for a picnic,' said Horace Coker. 'And jolly weather too-a bit windy, but that won't hurt us.'

'Oh! No! But--'

'We'll run out the boat after tiffin, and pull up to the island,' went on Coker, regardless of

interruptions from Potter and Greene. 'Picnic under that old oak there, what? I'll see about the

grub--'

'But-- !' said Potter and Greene, together.

'I've just had a tip from my Aunt Judy. It's on the table there-a postal-order for two quid,' said Coker.

'I'm going to blow the lot on the picnic. All right, what?'

'Right as rain! But--'

'Topping! But--'

'For goodness sake,' said Coker, testily, 'don't keep on butting like a pair of billy-goats. What are you butting about, I'd like to know?'

Coker of the Fifth had no use for 'buts'. It was Coker's custom to lay down the law: and when Coker laid it down, it was not for common mortals to 'but'. His friends, Potter and Greene, generally gave Horace his head. But on this occasion they persisted in butting.

'You see, old chap---!' began Potter.

'I don't!' contradicted Coker.

'Popper's Island is a jolly spot for a picnic,' said Greene. 'But--'

'There you go again! But-but-but--' mimicked Coker. 'Any billy-goats in your family, Greeney?'

'But it's out of bounds,' hooted Potter. 'You jolly well know that the Head put it out of bounds, after Sir Hilton Popper kicked up a fuss about Greyfriars fellows landing there.'

'Tell me something I don't know!' suggested Coker. 'Well, we don't want a row,' said Greene. 'Lots of other spots along the Sark for a picnic, Coker! Give Popper's Island a miss.'

'Did I say Popper's Island, or not?' inquired Coker.

'Yes: but--'

'When I say a thing, I mean it,' explained Coker. 'We're picnicking on Popper's Island this afternoon.'

Who's old Popper? Tain't his island really-everybody knows it's common land-whatever he says

about it.'

'But--'

'If you'd give a fellow a chance to speak, instead of keeping on butting in, I'd mention that I've heard that old Popper is away in London now. So he can't be barging in on that island this afternoon.'

'His keepers haven't gone to London with him, have they?'

'I don't care whether they have or not. If you're funky of a keeper--'

'Look here, Coker--'

'Oh, don't jaw so much, old chap,' said Coker. 'That's the worst of you fellows-you're all jaw, like a sheep's head. You don't let a fellow get in a word edgewise. Pack it up, and I'll cut down to the tuckshop with that postal-order. Mrs. Mible will change it for me.' Coker heaved his long limbs out of the study armchair. 'Look here, if you're afraid of a keeper, I'll ask some other chaps-if you don't want to come--'

'Somewhere else--'

'I said Popper's Island. Coming or not? If you mean no, say no.'

Potter and Greene did not say 'no'. Horace Coker was an open-handed fellow, with the generous tips he received so often from his affectionate Aunt Judy. A picnic on which he was going to expend the noble sum of two pounds was really too good to miss.

Potter and Greene wanted to join in that

picnic. They would have preferred to join in it at some other spot, to which no risk was attached. But argument rolled off Horace Coker, like water off a duck. In fact only a hint of opposition was needed, to make Coker firm as a rock. What he had said, he had said!

'Oh, we'll come,' said Potter. 'But--'

'But--!' murmured Greene.

'That's that, then,' said Coker. 'Now I'll cut down to the tuck-shop with that postal-order -why-what-where is it?'

He stared over the study table. Several books lay there. But nothing was to be seen of a postal-

order. Potter and Greene joined him in staring over the table. But they too stared in vain. There was not so much as the ghost of a postal-order to be seen.

Coker gave an irritated snort.

'Where the dickens is it?' he exclaimed. 'Have you fellows shifted that postal-order I left on the table? I wish you wouldn't always be shifting things the minute a fellow lays them down. A fellow

can't find a thing, when some silly ass shifts it--'

'I haven't shifted it!' snapped Potter.

'Haven't even seen it!' yapped Greene.

'Then where is it?' demanded Coker.

'Did you put it in your pocket?'

'Don't be an ass, George Potter, if you can help it. I laid it on the table, while I sat down in the armchair to read my aunt's letter. Now it's gone. Where's it gone?'

'Must have blown off the table, if you left it there--'

Another snort from Coker.

'Yes that's it: blew away when you fellows came in, I suppose-there was no end of a draught from

the passage when you opened the door. You wouldn't notice that it was a windy day, and that a

draught from the passage might blow a postal-order off the table!' added Coker, sarcastically.

'We never knew it was there, did we?'

'Well, you know now! Look round the study for it, can't you? What's the good of standing there like stuffed dummies, when that postal-order's lying about on the floor somewhere? We've got to find it, if we're going to picnic on Popper's Island this afternoon.'

Coker bent his lengthy form double, scanning the floor.

Potter and Greene also bent and scanned. They looked under the table, under the armchair, and into the corners. But they failed to spot the missing postal-order. That postal-order seemed to have

taken unto itself wings and flown away.

'Where the dickens is it?' exclaimed Coker. 'It's in the study somewhere-can't you fellows see it, or are you as blind as bats?'

'Can you see it?' hooted Potter.

'Don't jaw, old chap-just find that postal-order.'

'What about the window?' asked Greene.

'Eh! What do you mean, about the window?' snapped Coker, irritably.

'I mean, it's wide open--'

'I can see it's wide open. I'm not as blind as you fellows seem to be. Why shouldn't it be wide open?'

'I mean, the postal-order may have blown out of it!' shrieked Greene.

'Rot!' said Coker.

'Well, it looks like it,' said Potter. 'The draught must have blown it away, and it doesn't seem to be here-might have blown right out of the window--'

'Rot!' repeated Coker. 'I don't suppose for a moment that it blew out of the window. If it did, it's gone for good, in this wind. For goodness sake, don't fancy that it blew out of the window, because you're too jolly lazy to look for it! Are you going to help me find that postal-order or not?'

Coker resumed the search. Potter and Greene exchanged a glance, breathing rather hard. To both of

them, it seemed probable, if not certain, that that vanished postal-order had blown out of the

window, and might be anywhere by that time, in the high wind. In which case, it was obviously

useless to expend morning break in rooting about the study after it. Coker had no use for that

suggestion, not because it was improbable, but because he had not thought of it himself. That

postal-order was still in the study, because Coker had said that it was! Coker always knew best!

'Looked under the table, you fellows?' asked Coker.

'I've looked--!' said Potter.

'Well, I expect you'd miss it if it was there. I'd better look.' Coker pushed his head under the table to look.

Crack!

'Oh! ' roared Coker.

'What's the matter--?'

'Wow! Banged my head on the leg of the table-wow!' Coker withdrew that head from under the

table, and rubbed it. 'Ow! Wow! Why, what are you grinning at, you dummies? What is there to grin

at?'

'Oh! Nothing,' said Potter, hastily. 'Have you found it?'

'No, I haven't found it-I've banged my head! Wow! You look under the table, if you haven't got to

stand there grinning like a Cheshire cheese-I mean cat-wow!'

Coker rubbed his head, while Potter looked under the table. There was a step in the passage, and a cheery face, surmounted by a mop of flaxen hair, looked in.

'Hallo, hallo, hallo! You here, Coker?' asked Bob Cherry. 'I've been looking for you. Damaged your nut?' added Bob, as he came into the study.

Coker ceased to rub his head, and gave him a glare. Already exasperated by the vanishing of his 40/--

postal-order, with a crack on the nut added, Coker was in no mood to be bothered by Lower boys.

Why that Remove junior had come to his study Coker did not know, and did not want to know. He

made a stride at him.

'Get out!' he roared.

'Keep your wool on, old scout! I only came to-oh, my hat! Hands off, you mad ass!' yelled Bob, as the irate Horace grasped him. But it was not a case of 'hands off' -it was 'hands on', hard! Coker, in fact, was in sore need of some object on which to wreak his wrath, and Bob had arrived opportunely.

Coker, as he frequently declared, had a short way with fags. His way with Bob was very short indeed.

Bob Cherry was a very sturdy junior: but he was nowhere in the hefty Horace's mighty grasp. He

struggled in that mighty grasp, and a crumpled postal-order in his hand dropped to the floor,

unnoticed and unheeded. But the struggle was brief. The hapless Bob went whirling through the

doorway, tottering across the passage.

He brought up against the opposite wall, gasping: Coker glaring at him from the doorway.

'Now cut!' roared Coker.

'You silly ass!' gasped Bob. 'I tell you I came---' He had no time for more. Coker made a stride out of the doorway: and Bob cut down the passage just in time to escape a lunging foot. In such

circumstances, he was not likely to give much more thought to the postal-order he had dropped in

the study. The obstreperous Horace could find it there or not, just as he liked. Coker, still happily ignorant why that Remove junior had called, tramped back into the study, and slammed the door.

'Cheeky young swob, butting in,' he growled.

Might have asked him what he came for--' said Potter.

'I don't care what he came for.'

'Might be a message or something--' said Greene.

'Rot!' said Coker. 'If it was a message, he could have said so, I suppose.'

'You didn't give him much time.'

'I've no time to waste on cheeky fags, Billy Greene, if you have. If you've got time on your hands, you might look for that postal-order, instead of standing there talking rot. It's in the study somewhere.'

'Must have blown out of the window,' said Potter.

'I've told you it didn't.'

'Must have, as it's not here,' said Greene.

'It's here somewhere, as it never blew out of the window. Look under that table, Potter.'

'I've looked, I tell you,' yapped Potter.

'Oh, leave it to me,' said Coker. 'You wouldn't see it, if it was a yard long. Fat lot of use you fellows are! I've got to find it, if it's going to be found at all, I can see that.'

Once more Coker bent to look under the table, this time taking a little more care that the thickest head in the Greyfriars Fifth did not contact the table-leg.

'Why, there it is!' he roared.

'What?' ejaculated Potter and Greene, together.

There it was-a crumpled postal-order for 40/-, lying on the carpet just under the edge of the table.

That Bob Cherry had dropped it there, when he was grasped, Coker naturally did not know. He held

it up, glaring accusingly at his study-mates.

'Is that a postal-order, or isn't it?' he demanded. 'Did I tell you it was still in the study, or didn't I?

Look at it. Have I found it or not?'

Potter and Greene looked at it. They had to admit that it was a postal-order, and that Coker had

found it.

'Well, I looked under the table--!' said Potter.

With your eyes shut, I suppose?' jeered Coker.

'It wasn't there when I looked--'

'Oh, no! I daresay it was somewhere else, and just walked there after you'd looked,' said Coker,

sarcastically. 'Seems likely, doesn't it? Don't talk rot, old chap. I jolly well knew it would never be found unless I found it. Well, now I've found it, I'll cut down to the tuck-shop--not much time left before we have to go in to old Pompous.'

Coker marched out of the study with his postal-order: leaving Potter and Greene puzzled. Coker was not puzzled at all. He had said that the missing postal-order was still in the study. It had been found in the study! So there was nothing to be puzzled about, so far as Coker could see. Quite satisfied that he had been, as usual, right all along the line, Horace Coker marched off to the school shop to

expend Aunt Judy's tip on almost a mountain of tuck, to be consumed under the shady branches of

the ancient oak on Popper's Island that afternoon, loftily regardless of the fact that that island in the Sark was out of bounds.