

# FISHY'S LATEST!

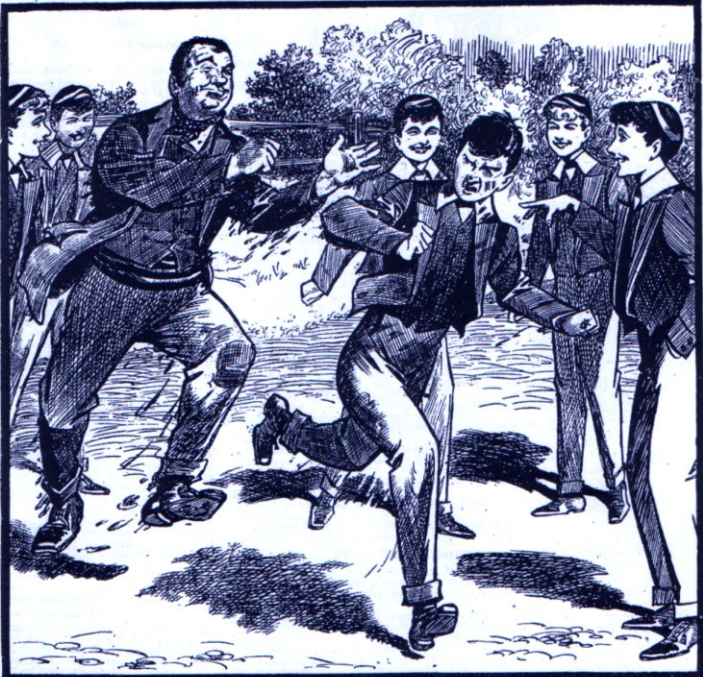
A Magnificent New Long Complete School Tale of the Boys of Greyfriars.



## The Magnet Library

No. 454. Vol. 10.

OCTOBER 21st, 1916.



## FISH IN A FIX!

(An Extraordinary Scene in the Splendid Long Complete Tale of School Life in this Issue.)

# MY READERS' PAGE

OUR  
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The Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums, at home or abroad, and is only too willing to give his best advice to them if they are in difficulty or in trouble. . . . Whom to write to: Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For Next Monday:

## "UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

By Frank Richards.

Bunter gets the upper-hand in the fine yarn which appears next week, and gets it to such an extent that he forces Harry Wharton to put him into the footer team against Highcliffe! By what means this is brought about it would spoil the interest of the story to tell here. Let it be enough to say that it is no secret of Wharton's own that Bunter keeps and uses as a means of blackmail, and that Wharton was justified in what he did to prevent unpleasantness of a very serious kind. Whether Bunter plays or not the story will tell, too, as it will tell how, through the astuteness of the Bounder, the Famous Five are got free from under their galling position.

## "UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

## THOSE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Several more letters have reached me on the conscientious objector subject, which, frankly, I consider rather a nauseous one. Someone who signs himself "Fairplay" would put all ministers of religion—who, he says, "crawled round to the back doors of Parliament to secure exemption for their own class and cloth"—in a front trench. I do not doubt that trench would be far more manfully defended than would be the case if conscientious objectors lined it! He adds that thirty-seven conscientious objectors were sentenced to death in France for "remaining true to their consciences"—in other words, for refusing to obey orders, a military offence of the highest gravity. I never heard that they were shot, however. I suppose I must not say that I regret not having heard it; but I certainly do not believe that they expected martyrdom. "In future," says "Fairplay," after daring me to insert his letter, "all 'Magnets' are barred from my household!" I trust we shall survive this calamity.

"A Liverpool Reader" writes in quite another strain. He says: "To my mind this war has brought to light more worms than any earth-turning machine ever did. But they are worms of the human species. I wonder how they can pass our maimed heroes from the front without a blush! I wonder upon whom the Almighty looks down with a smile—the shrinking, cowardly conscientious objector, or the still form, with face upturned, on the battlefield—the man who has given his all, even to his life, in the cause of right? I have three brothers serving, and one has been wounded. I am seventeen, and hope to do my share if the war lasts long enough."

## FOOTER NOTICES. Matches Wanted By:

CLIFFDEN F.C. want home and away matches with junior teams, and would also be glad to recruit a few players.—Hon. Sec., W. G. Hatcher, 75, East Avenue, Manor Park, E. AVENUE F.C. (15)—3-mile r. Clapham Common, S.W. LONDON, 6, Broxarth Rd., West Side, Clapham Common, S.W. ALL SAINTS' JUNIOR F.C. (16)—10-mile r. Wimbledon.—Wm. Hardcastle, 105, Nelson Rd., Wimbledon, S.W. GREENFIELD JUNIOR A.F.C. (15)—J. Curry, 5, Tyrrell Terr., Bensham, Gateshead-on-Tyne. HACKNEY ROVERS F.C.—2-mile r. Cambridge Heath.—Alfred Hart, 450, Hackney Rd., N.E. WEST BROMWICH GOOD SHEPHERD (15-16)—Maurice Chatwin, 53, St. Alban Rd., Smethwick. VICTORIA ATHLETIC F.C. (15-16)—E. C. Collender, 26, Streetfield St., Burdett Rd., Limehouse, E. PARK VILLA F.C. (week); also require two or three good players to strengthen team.—F. Brooks, 34, Burnfoot Avenue, Fulham, S.W. ADELDALE RAMBLERS F.C. (17)—8-mile r.—Hon. Sec., 52, Clarence St., Southall, Middlesex. GRANGE JUNIORS A.F.C.—6-mile r. Cardiff—Arthur Beynon, 37, Grange Gardens, Grangetown, Cardiff.

KENMUIR F.C. (15-16).

—S. Michael, 40, Fisher St., Glasgow, or J. Sutherland, 116a, Rotten Row, Glasgow.

GROVE HILL F.C.—14-mile r.—W. H. Simpson, 8, Oakwell Terr., Grove Hill, Middlesbrough.

MANNINGHAM JUNIORS F.C. (12)—4-mile r.—R. Johnson, 32, Conduit St., Manningham, Bradford.

TRINITY BOTS A.F.C. (14-15)—4-mile r.—G. W. Reuss, 2, Fairfield Terr., West Park St., Dewsbury.

EVERTON A.F.C. (15)—4-mile r. Longsight.—H. Marshall, 312, Stockport Rd., C.-on-M., Manchester.

ROCHELLE F.C. (14-15)—Shoreditch neighbourhood.—Lewis W. Goodman, 161, 7, Bethnal Green Rd., E.

MERVILLE SECOND F.C. (17)—6-mile r.—Jack Law, Longwood Crescent, Whitehouse, Belfast.

BROOKMOUNT STAR F.C. (13-14)—3-mile r.—B. McMullan, 208, Ainsworth Avenue, Belfast.

ELMWOOD F.C. (15)—4-mile r.—G. Hall, 103, Barcombe Avenue, Stratford, S.W.

SLEBY EXCELSIOR F.C. (16)—8-mile r.—S. Trasler, 78, Seagrave Rd., Sibley, near Loughborough.

ST. LUKE'S F.C. (16)—L. C. Eames, 35, Lemon Rd., Chelsea, S.W.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD F.C. (17, weak)—private ground.—Hon. Sec., 176, Queen's Rd., Walthamstow.

HEATHFIELD JUNIORS F.C. (16)—Liverpool district.—V. T. Woolston, 35, Ashdale Rd., Mossley Hill, Liverpool.

DESPARD UNITED (16)—3-mile r.—A. Haynes, 16, Penryn St., Crowndale Rd., London.

ST. GEORGE'S F.C. (15)—6-mile r. Mircham Lane.—E. Greenland, 15, Westcote Rd., Streatham, S.W.

ATKIN KYNELL F.C. (17)—6-mile r.—Victor Dolman, The Bell, Yutton Kennell, Chippham.

ST. MATTHEW'S F.C. (15, weak)—6-mile r. Stepney.—W. Richardson, 3, Barnes St., Stepney, E.

CLAREMONT F.C. (14)—3-mile r. Highgate.—L. H. Lyndoc, 158, Stroud Green Rd., Crouch Hill, N.

OVERTON F.C. (17)—W. Hughes, 56, Cardwell St., Liverpool.

BURBANK UNITED F.C. (14)—within cycling distance West Hartlepool—would be glad to join a league if one near—R. L. Allard, 44, Rydal St., West Hartlepool.

VALE ATHLETIC F.C. (17-18)—6-mile r.—Hon. Sec., 6, Grilleton Rd., Paddington, W.

POST OFFICE MESSENGERS F.C. (16)—E. G. Phillips, 16, Pymont Grove, West Norwood, S.E.

SHELDON BOYS' LEAGUE (16)—3-mile r.—F. Taylor, 9, Alexandra Rd., South Norwood, S.E.

## Other Footer Notices.

W. Brundell, 23, Biggerstaffe Rd., Stratford, E., would be glad to hear of players (about 14 years of age), living within a mile or so of him, who would like to join the club he is forming.

Two right-wingers (16) want to join club within 6 miles of Holloway. Please write, E. L. Marx, 32, Fairmead Rd., Holloway, N.

W. James, jun., 68, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, E., would be glad to hear from readers (15-16) in his neighbourhood who want to join a footer club.

A. R. Webb St. Schools, Tower Bridge Rd., E.C., would like to join club in S.E. district (age 15). Any position, but prefers outside-left.

Peckham Park F.C. (14-16) want players. Apply personally between 7 and 8 any evening except Thursday, or by letter, enclosing stamped and addressed envelope, to Frank Heaton, 1, Central Buildings, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.

G. E. Mellor, 215, Park Rd., Oldham, would like to hear from other junior footer club captains.

Your Editor

A Complete School-  
Story Book, attrac-  
tive to all readers.

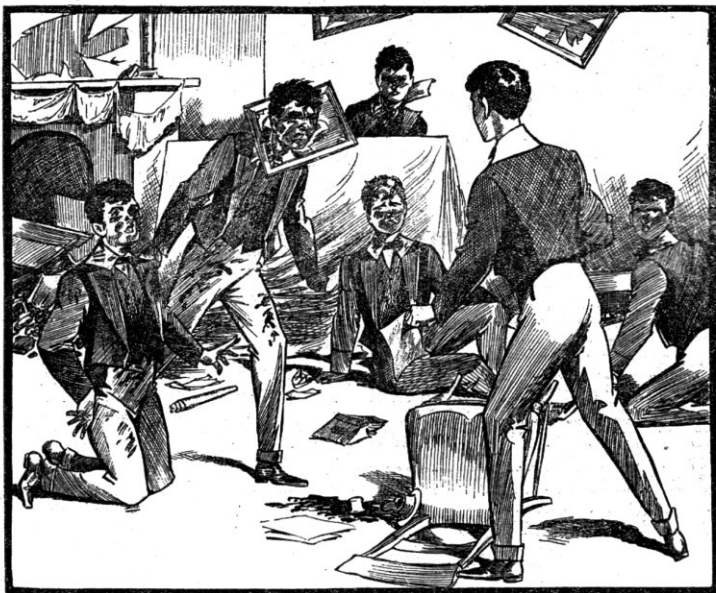


The Editor will be  
obliged if you will  
hand this book,  
when finished with,  
to a friend. . . .

# FISHY'S LATEST!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of  
Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



The Famous Five had only just risen from their painful positions as Squiff entered.  
(See Chapter 7.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Bob Cherry Speaks Out!

"LOOK out what you're doing with the tea, you burbler!"  
Bob Cherry's voice was suddenly raised in warning.  
"Now it's all gone down my neck, you chump!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter paused outside the door of No. 1 Study, his  
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hand on the door-knob, as the sounds of clinking crockery and merry voices floated out to him.

Bunter had come along the corridor originally to raise a loan on the postal-order that he was expecting—so he said—from his "titled relations" on the morrow.

Harry Wharton & Co. understood quite as well as Bunter that the "titled relations" existed only in the mind of the Owl of the Remove, and there was as much chance of getting postal-orders from them as there was that the Kaiser would send one.

Bunter took his hand off the door-knob.

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October 21st, 1916.

"I don't want to interrupt them at an awkward moment," he muttered magnanimously. "I'll just see whether it is quite convenient for me to go in."

And Bunter bent down and applied his ear to the keyhole. If it was from consideration for the occupants of No. 1 Study that Bunter did that, it was the first time in his life that that rare virtue had shown itself. For Bunter was the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars, and the sum total of the knowledge that he had acquired at keyholes was considerable.

"Now, Bob," Bunter heard the voice of Harry Wharton say at that moment, "we're all ears! What's the mystery? Speak, O King!"

Bunter, interested at once, fixed his ear closer to the keyhole, and his fat body thrilled a little as he heard Bob Cherry answer, in a voice which was, for him, rather grave:

"You chaps know that I went snaphotting yesterday with that camera, don't you? Well, I went out really to get some pretty views of the country round, so that my cousin, who sent it me, could see what a ripping spot this is."

"And when you got back you found there wasn't a film in it!"

"No, I didn't!" said Bob rather crossly. "I developed the film last night, and discovered that, somehow or other, I was so interested in one of the pictures that I had taken some figures in the field, too, without noticing them!"

Bob fumbled in his pocket for a moment, finally bringing out a small photograph.

"Here's the picture," he said. "Now, you chaps, have a look at it, and see what you think."

There was silence in the room for a moment. Then Bunter heard Wharton give vent to a sudden exclamation.

"Great Scott! It's some of our chaps, and they're smoking!"

"Again!" said Nugent. "Who are they, Harry? Let's have a squint!"

"Let's rag the beggars!" cried Johnny Bull, with a warlike flourish.

"Half a mo'!" interposed Bob. "I haven't finished. You can't make out the faces very well there, but you can with this little magnifying-glass. Have a look, Harry!"

Bunter thrust out the door. He had acquired the cigarette-habit when he was in funds owing to his father's success on the Stock Exchange, and although he secretly felt far more glad when he got to the end of a cigarette than he did at the start, he still liked people to believe that he was "man" enough to smoke. And as Bunter had been holding a little smoking-party himself only the day before, he knew that it was quite probable that his face was on the photograph.

"By Jove, I see them!" said Harry Wharton suddenly. "There's Skinner, Snoop, Stott, and Bunter. Aren't they a rotten crowd?"

"Let's rag them!" repeated Johnny Bull emphatically.

"The bumpfiness should be terrific!" declared Hurree Jamsie Ram Singh.

"Wipe the floor with them!" suggested Nugent.

"Give 'em a lesson that will last, this time!" said Sampson Quincey Ilfrey Field, the Australian junior, usually known as Squiff.

"M-my word!" Bunter groaned from his "strategic position." "I'm glad I didn't go in to those cads to change my postal-order. They—they're rotten enough to do anything! I expect they—they would have stolen it!" he added, inspired, quite losing sight of the fact that there was no postal-order to steal.

And he shivered violently, catching hold of the door-knob to steady himself.

Bunter's heart was palpitating badly, and his nerves, now that he had heard of the photograph, were quite in rags. His fingers, gripping the knob, gave a slight turn, and his whole weight resting against it, the door flew suddenly inward.

Bunter fell full length across the threshold of No. 1 Study, and the door, banging against the wall, swung back and caught him on the side of the head.

"Grooooooh!" he roared. "Ooooo-er! Stoppit, you cads!"

Harry Wharton grinned. It was evident to all the chums, knowing Bunter as they did, that he had been doing a little ear-dropping, and that something had gone wrong.

"Come in, Charlie Chaplin!" Harry cried sarcastically. "Don't stand knocking at the door. Always pleased to see you whenever you care to drop in!"

"Ow, my head!" said Bunter, rising slowly to his feet.

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

Harry Wharton waved his hand genially.

"Don't mench, Charlie!" he said. "Try and do it back—"

"Oh, really, Wharton," said Bunter, "I wish you wouldn't be so funny! It—it was an accident, really. I—I was just passing the door, and it flew open, and I fell in. Really, that

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is the truth, and you ought not to have such a rotten door. I shall complain to Quelch—"

"You were listening outside the door, Bunter," said Wharton sternly; "and it just served you right!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"But there's a proverb about listeners never hearing any good of themselves."

"Oh, really, I never heard anything about the photograph that Bob Cherry— I mean, I was just passing, and I happened to touch the door, and—"

"Good old Ananias!" laughed Bob.

"Really, Bob—"

"Who?"

"Really, Cherry," said Bunter, correcting himself. "Honest Injun, I didn't hear you say that my photo was there— I mean, it was all the fault of the door!"

"You were spying," said Harry Wharton. "What do you mean by it, you fat lubber?"

"Oh, really, Wharton," persisted Bunter, "I don't know anything about the photo and the smoking at all, and—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" said Bob, exchanging a wink with his chums. "It's pretty evident that you know all about what we've been saying, in spite of some of our remarks."

"You've a lesson—and one you've had before. Then, if there's any more smoking, remember that we have the photograph in our possession, and Quelch knows how to make his arm ache!" And he winked again.

Bunter trembled at the threat.

"I tell you I don't know anything about what you said about me smoking—" he started again.

Bob suddenly caught hold of the Owl of the Remove by the shoulders, and, stooping down, snatched up an old slipper.

"Yank him over this chair, you chaps!" he cried.

"Rather!" came the response; and Bunter was seized by five more pairs of hands and yanked over the chair.

"We'll let him off with twenty-five!" grinned Harry Wharton. "That will be enough for a lesson!"

"Lemme go, you beasts!" roared Bunter. "Lemme—"

Wow! Yaroooooh! Ooooo-er! I say, stoppit! Yaroooooh! It hurts!"

Twenty-five of the best fell on Bunter's bent form, in spite of his protests and entreaties; and then the Owl, blinking and ruffled, was raised to his feet.

"Now, understand this!" said Harry Wharton. "We're down on smoking, and we're going to make ourselves perfect every time we discover any smoking. Savvy? Also, we've got that photo! Now clear!"

Bunter cleared rapidly, and the door swung shut behind him.

Bob turned to Harry Wharton as soon as the fat junior had got right away from the door, knowing well enough that he was much too sore at that moment to do any more eaves-dropping.

"What do you think of that?" he grinned. "That fat lubber would come round in time to hear all about it!"

Wharton laughed.

"Of course, he'll spread it about," he said, "and the others will be on their guard. But we'll get them some time. And, besides, I think they'll be low a bit when they hear of the photo from Bunter. By the way, Bob, what are you going to do with it?"

"Burn it, of course," said Bob. "It was an accident, and we could never be cads enough to use it against a chap, whatever he did! We'll do the avenging trick all right!"

With which comment he dismissed the subject, and the Famous Five and Squiff resumed their interrupted feed.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Skinner Has a Shock!

"I SAY, Skinny," panted Bunter, "you're going to be expelled!"

"Eh?"

"You're going to get the sack, Skinny!" repeated Bunter.

Skinner pulled up, and regarded the panting junior thoughtfully.

"Feeling all right?" he asked sympathetically. "What's the trouble?"

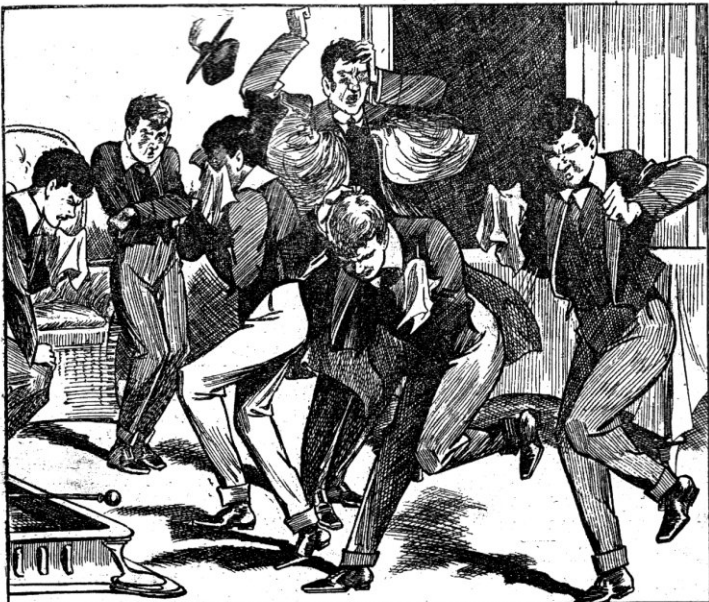
"I say," Bunter said indignantly, "that you're going to be expelled!"

Bunter had been known to say wild things before. Skinner waited to see whether this was some new scheme for getting money, or what it was that was in the wind.

Billy Bunter seemed a little disappointed at the effect that he had had. He proceeded to explain.

"You know when we had a smoke yesterday? Well, that





"Dear me!" said the Form-master. "I shall have to— Hishrashooooo!" Mr. Quelch came out with a roar that seemed to shake the floor of the study. (See Chapter 8.)

cad Cherry followed us there, and took a photograph of us, and he's either going to the Head or he's going to blackmail us about it!"

Harold Skinner regarded Bunter for an instant.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"Because that beast Cherry asked me just now how much money I'd give him to keep quiet about it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In spite of himself, Skinner laughed. Coming down the corridor he had heard sounds which rather seemed to indicate that the boot had been on the other foot, and it was Cherry who had been giving Bunter something. Moreover, whatever his feelings were for Bob Cherry, Skinner would have required some proof before he could have thought him guilty of such a despicable action as blackmail.

"I don't see anything to laugh at!" said Bunter indignantly.

"I don't suppose you did either when you were kicking up all that hullabaloo just now!" said Skinner sarcastically. "Keep to facts, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter blinked still more indignantly behind his specs.

"I'm only warning you for your own good" he said. "You had the fags, you know, and it was you who led me into temptation!"

"Eh?" said Skinner, clenching his fists, and advancing threateningly on Bunter. "Say that again!"

Bunter smiled feebly.

"I was only joking," he said lamely. "Really, Skinner, I didn't mean anything!"

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

"Well, what's this about the photograph?" demanded Skinner. "Do you mean to tell me that it's the truth that Cherry followed us yesterday and took a photo of us smoking?"

"Yes," said Bunter eagerly.

Harold Skinner's face clouded. If such a thing had happened, it could only have been done with some design; and though Skinner could not believe that Cherry would ever be cad enough to blackmail for money, the incident looked suspicious.

"Tell me exactly what happened," he said.

The Owl of the Remove blinked through his round glasses, and covertly rubbed his smarting person.

"I—I happened to hear—"

"Through a keyhole?" interrupted Skinner, grinning.

"Oh, really, Skinner!" protested Bunter. "You know I am above doing such a thing! I—er—overheard them talking about the photograph, and saying how they would make you sit up by threatening to go to Quelch about it and show you up! And then I went in and told them what cads they were, and that I was ashamed of them!"

"You mean, they found you at the door, I suppose?" Skinner said heartlessly. "What happened then?"

"Really, Skinner," said Bunter indignantly. "If you will keep insinuating that I tell falsehoods, I shall refuse to say any more, and then you will be expelled when the Head sees the photo! I was going to tell you how I defied them to do their worst, and how, after knocking three of them down, they overpowered me by sheer brute force. Then they bullied me!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"There's no need for you to tell me that part," said Skinner, gazing absently at the floor. "Too much strain on the imagination isn't good for anyone. Is it a fact about the photo?"

"Of course it is!" said Bunter spitefully. "And it will be a jolly good thing if you are expelled, too!" Skinner looked the Owl of the Remorse in the eyes. "Don't forget you're on the photo as well," he said. "Drop crammers, and tell me the truth about it. Remember, it's as much to your interest as it is mine to have the photo destroyed. I can't do anything if you keep on telling whoppers about the thing. Do you really mean that those cads threatened to blackmail with the photo?"

Bunter frowned. "I've said so once," he said, raising his voice. "You needn't believe it unless you like! Hallo! Here comes Stott!"

Bunter felt somehow that support would be found in the person of Stott; but what Stott had to say was soon out.

"I say, Skinny," he said, hurrying up, "I've been looking for you everywhere! I think Wharton & Co. have got some move on. I heard them ragging someone as I came past!"

"It was me," said Bunter ungrammatically. "After I had defied them, and they had reduced me to submission, and I could fight no longer—"

"I heard them saying something about us, too, when I passed just now. They were saying that they would have to round up Skinner, Snoop, and Stott."

"What's that?" demanded Skinner. "Look here, Stott, is there anything on hand? This fat loafer—"

"Oh, really, Skinny—"

"Has been pitching me a yarn about a photo which Bob Cherry took of us smoking, and which he's going to use to blackmail us. Is it all a fairy tale?"

Stott eyed his crony for a second.

"My hat, no!" he exclaimed. "I stopped outside the door when I first passed, and heard them say something like, 'Remember, we've got the photograph in our possession, and Quelch knows how to make his arm ache!'"

Skinner whistled.

"Did you hear them say that?" he queried.

"Yes," said Stott; "and just then someone came along, and I had to move off. It was when I passed by the door just now that I heard them talking about rounding us up."

Skinner's face went white with rage.

"I'm going to see about this!" he turned, and strode rapidly off in the direction of No. 1 Study.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Skinner's Little Bluff!

"COME in!" said Harry Wharton, as, ten minutes after the exit of Billy Bunter, the pale face of Skinner appeared round the edge of the door.

"Walk right in, and mind the mat!"

"Getting all the notoriety to-night," grinned Bob Cherry. "Wonder whether old Charlie Peace will roll up with the Kaiser?"

Skinner, frowning heavily, stepped into the room, and shut the door behind him.

"The severe-lookfulness on the esteemed Skinner's face is terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh, with a grin.

Harold Skinner gazed coolly round the study. Then, in an ominously quiet voice, he addressed Bob Cherry, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Give me that film, and all the prints!"

Bob looked at Skinner.

"What film?" he queried innocently.

"You know!"

"U No?" asked Bob innocently. "Is it a German submarine?"

"Don't fool!" said Skinner shortly. "Hand up the film, you cad!"

The grin left Bob Cherry's face. He stood up and looked at Skinner.

"Better get outside that door again!" he said quietly. Skinner stood his ground.

"I'm not going to be bullied by a swindling cad like you!" he said hotly. "I've come here to demand that film. I'm not going to be blackmailed by you, and you needn't think it! Give me that negative now!"

Bob Cherry strode round the table, his hands in his pockets, but a too utterly calm look on his face for anyone to think that he had not been roused by the other's words.

"Let's have that again!" he said.

Skinner scowled.

"You followed Bunter, Snoop, Stott, and me yesterday,

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and took a photograph of us smoking," said Skinner. "I want that negative. Do you hear that? It's plain English. Fortunately, I've found out your scheme in time!"

Bob Cherry whipped a fat from his pocket; but Harry Wharton stepped in between the two.

"Just a moment," he said, addressing Skinner. "Let's be fair. Do you think that Cherry followed you yesterday specially to take a photo of you cads smoking?"

"Yes, I do!"

"I suppose you've been listening to one of Bunter's yarns?"

"I have other evidence."

"And you think that we should be such cads as to do such a thing as that?"

"I want that negative!"

"You think that we should be such unscrupulous cads as to use such a photo against a chap?"

"Why did you take it, if you don't want to do so?"

"I say," repeated Harry Wharton, with flashing eyes, "do you think we should be such cads as to use that photo against you?"

Skinner shrugged. He saw that he had overreached himself a bit; but, for all that, his determination to "have it out" was not changed.

"I'm not going to say what I think," he said. "Anyway, Wharton, no one spoke to you. I was speaking to Cherry!"

Wharton's fists clenched.

"Sit down, old man," said Bob Cherry quietly. "This is my affair."

The atmosphere was almost electric in its tenseness.

"Now," said Bob Cherry, "say exactly what you've got to say!"

"I want that photo!"

"You think that I deliberately took the photo of you fellows smoking?"

"Yes."

"And you think that I shall try to use it to get you the flogging that you deserve?"

"Unless I get it back—yes!"

"Then take that!"

Bob Cherry's fist suddenly shot out, and it caught the cad full on the chest. Skinner staggered back against the wall, his eyes blazing furiously. Bob waited for him to come again.

"You cad!" Skinner grated, as, recovering himself, he rushed at the fellow who had struck him. "You shall pay for that!"

He aimed a vicious blow at Bob's head, which that worthy dodged, returning one which got home on Skinner's ear.

The cad staggered to one side, and, before anything else could happen, Harry Wharton had gripped him and was hustling him towards the door.

"We don't want a riot here in the study!" he said sharply.

"Heave him out, you fellows! We won't have our study wrecked by him!"

Skinner struggled, but numbers were against him, and before he had so much as struck one blow at Bob he went flying out into the corridor, and the door slammed behind him.

Harry Wharton, with his back to it, faced the furious Bob Cherry.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded his chum.

"Stand aside, and let me have it out!"

"Keep your wool on, Bob, old man!" said Wharton.

"That cad isn't worth fighting. What's that?"

From outside the door came a furious bellow.

"You just wait!" said the voice of Skinner. "I'll have that negative, you cads!"

"Are you positive?" returned Harry Wharton sweetly through the keyhole. But Skinner was gone.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Fisher T. Fish Guesses He Has a Stunt!

FISHER T. FISH was tasting real poverty.

"Popper" Fish, in New York City, had apparently failed to corner anything for some time, and failed so badly that he had also been unable to send any cash to his enterprising son at Greyfriars.

When the remittance finally failed Fish blamed his unfortunate popper pretty mercilessly for not being more cute in his dealings. But a little reflection showed the Yankee junior that, as every one of his own business schemes up to date had gone wrong, there might be some excuse for popper failing occasionally. In fact, it rather pleased Fish to think that he was as human as his popper—or his popper as human as he—and that a mistake might rob the cleverest man living of a fortune.

Even this, though, was poor comfort. Fish wanted money,

and wanted it badly. There were a dozen schemes in his head for raising it, but all of them needed capital; and, in addition, there was not much likelihood that Greyfriars would take kindly to them.

Fisher Tarleton Fish had established a reputation in the school which was rather prejudicial to any scheme which he might propound. For what Fish termed "business" most of the fellows considered "sharp practice." There was usually some catch in all his schemes, by means of which the astute Yankee junior hoped to fill his pockets with his companions' money. So Fish schemes were, as a rule, taboo.

Some new departure was needed, and Fish was trying to find it.

He was going down the corridor towards his study, which he shared with Johnny Bull and Squiff, still thinking, when the sound of voices floating through his own door checked him. As a rule, Fish did not specialise in eavesdropping, although he considered everything fair in business; but the first words that he heard caused him to pull up and listen for the next.

They were spoken in the voice of Bob Cherry:

"What shall we do?"

Difficulties and queries always suggested possibilities of making money to the Yankee junior, and without scruple he pulled up and listened to what was being said.

The meeting in the study had apparently been called to discuss the business of the photograph. Fish had heard nothing of this as yet, but it was not long before he had grasped the chief facts of the case. Apparently, from what Bob Cherry was saying, Study No. 1 had just been considerably disturbed by some gentleman unknown who had been searching for something.

"Of course, it's that cad Skinner!" said Bob Cherry finally. "He wouldn't say anything one way or the other; just 'Find out!' We can't prove anything against him, but we'll have to be on the look-out; and, as he's determined to get the photo, I know jolly well he shall get nothing of the sort."

"Aren't you going to destroy the photo now, Bob?" said Wharton.

"No, jolly fear! I meant to do so yesterday; but after the way that cad spoke, and now the study's been ransacked. I'm hanged if I will! If he thinks I should be such a cad as to use the photo he can jolly well go on thinking so! I'll hang on to the photo for a bit, and see what happens. I'm not going to be bossed by that cad!"

Footsteps sounded down the passage, and, not wishing to be seen listening outside the door, Fish walked into the room. The Famous Five, seeing who the visitor was, promptly closed off.

"Come along to No. 1, you chaps," said Harry Wharton. "No need for you, though, Fish!" he added, in a loud aside to the Yankee.

"I guess I'll talk to you galoots when I want to hear your voices!" snapped Fish.

"And I guess you'll talk to us galoots when you want to nab some more of our money!" returned Harry Wharton. "But all of mine you'll get you're welcome to keep! Come along, you fellows!"

Fisher T. Fish scowled after the retreating juniors, and, as the door slammed after them, flung himself into a chair.

"I guess I can do without those galoots!" he muttered. "There looks to be something in this photograph business if it's properly handled. And that's where Fisher Tarleton Fish comes in, I reckon!"

He sat for some minutes thinking deeply. Finally he rose to his feet, with a grin on his face, and went in search of Skinner.

"That worthy was not in his study, but someone said he had been seen in the Close. Fish found Skinner there. There was just time before tea for him to make the proposal that he had in mind.

"Hallo, Skinny!" he hailed. "I guess—"

"You guess wrong, then," said Skinner tartly. "Pop off!"

"I reckon—"

"Wrong again!" snapped Skinner.

"I kinder calc'late—"

"Buzz off, you beastly Yank! I tell you I haven't any money! Isn't that enough?"

Fish waved a bony hand deprecatingly.

"Say, you galoot," he explained, "I guess I'm not out for any money at all. I'm out to do you a kind turn, Skinny."

Skinner pretended to faint.

"Well, don't do it again!" he protested faintly. "Good people are scarce in this world, and you don't want to see me go off from shock!"

"I guess I'm out for no fooling," Fish returned. "I kinder think you know something about a photograph those galoots in No. 1 have taken."

"What?"

"I guess you know what I mean," pursued the Yankee schoolboy, "and I guess you'll be interested to hear my

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scheme. You want to get the negative from those fellows, and when you came to me you hit the Great Main Squeeze, sure!"

"But I've never come to you," said Skinny. "I don't—" "No matter! Say, Skinny, come along to my study right now and listen to what I've got to say! I guess you'll say it's the goods!"

Fisher T. Fish turned back towards the school, and Skinner followed, mainly to see what it was that Fish had been talking about, how much he knew about the photograph, and then to give him a couple of black eyes, and promise him a considerable number more if he didn't keep his mouth shut.

Fortunately, Fish did not understand the reason why Skinner came, however, or he might have been a little less pressing in his invitation.

To the Yankee junior's relief, his study was still empty, and, beckoning Skinner in, he shut the door and propped up a chair beneath the handle.

"Sit down!" he invited, waving his bony hand again. "I reckon you're quite welcome!"

Skinner gazed across the room at Fish. His look was rather grim. Fish noted it, with vague disquiet.

"Now, how much do you know about the photograph? And how did you hear of it?" the cad of the Remove demanded.

"And what did you mean by your proposal just now?"

"Everything, you bet," returned the American junior airily. "I guess I've a proposal to make, too, which you will be pleased to hear."

Skinner looked at him hard.

"Out with it!" he said at length.

"I guess I will. Look hyer, have you ever heard of a 'Get-It-Done Bureau'?"

"Nope," answered Skinner, in the American's own language.

"Waal, I've formed one, same as we have in Amurrica. I reckon. The Fish 'Get-It-Done Bureau' is open to take any commission and see it through."

"I should trust them to take the commission all right!" sneered Skinner.

"You silly jay!" howled Fish. "I mean, my bureau is open to take on any job, and to see it done. Bet your bottom dollar you're safe. I guess you'll be interested in my stunt."

"Well, for goodness' sake let's hear what it's all about, then!" returned Harold Skinner.

Fisher T. Fish glared.

"I guess I'll come straight to the point. I know—never mind how—that you guys have been smoking, and Cherry has snaphotted you. I reckon you want to get hold of that photograph right now. Waal, put it in the hands of my bureau, and you have the photo in your hands slick as greased lightning, sure!"

So this was the game! Skinner regarded Fish for a few moments while the stunt soaked into his brain. It seemed a good one, except for the fact that it was being worked by Fish.

"And how much do you expect to make?" he queried.

Fish dismissed such a matter with a wave of his bony hand.

"I reckon I want to establish the business, and I'm willing to meet you half-way, Skinny," he said. "Say a fee of five shillings, payable now—"

"The stunt is off," said Skinner promptly.

"Why, you galoot, what's five shillings compared with the value of that photograph?" demanded Fish. "The whole thing carried out with no worry to you, and the photograph handed to you intact."

"We know your schemes, Fishy!" sneered Skinner. "I hand you over the five bob, and that's the last of it!"

Fish glared.

"I reckon you're a silly jay, Skinner!" he snorted.

"However, I guess I want to establish the bureau and make a reputation for it. It's a top-hole, slick-as-grease stunt. With me as managing-director, the bureau will do anything it contracts for. And if we don't get the photograph, I reckon we return your money in full, less actual working expenses."

"Working expenses, five bob," murmured Skinner, with the air of one who sees into the future.

"Nope, you silly jay!" snapped Fish. "Hyar, to meet you again, I reckon I'll only charge the five bob for the photograph, and pay all working expenses myself. The bureau will commence work now, and the photo will be in your hand within a day, I guess. Cash returned in full if unsuccessful."

Skinner thought for a moment. He had received a postal-order that morning which had made him rather flush, and, mean as he was, he would not regret the five shillings, even to a shark like Fish, if he could recover the photo. More-

over, he had made a pretty thorough search in No. 1 Study.

and had nearly been caught, and, somehow, he did not like the idea of taking any further part in attempting to secure the photo.

He had urged Stodd, Snoop, and Bunter to do something, but that slack crowd, as long as Cherry kept quiet, did not feel like stirring themselves and knocking up against the chump of the Remove.

Moreover, Skinner saw that there was the guarantee of money back if the photo was not forthcoming. On the whole, it did not look a bad proposition.

He drew five shillings from his pocket.

"Make out an agreement, and here you are," he said.

Fish's thin, long face twisted into a smile.

"I guess you're fixed up immediately," he returned; and, sitting down, wrote out the agreement with Skinner.

Before he parted with the five shillings for what was, he thought, the quite impossible task that the Yankee-schoolboy had undertaken, Skinner read through the agreement very carefully. But, although he digested every word of the poorly script, he saw nothing there which he thought the American would be able to say meant that he had to forfeit his five shillings.

Fisher T. Fish, he knew, was a champion at the art of "diding" people, and Skinner had already learned caution. But everything seemed above board here. He thrust the agreement into his pocket and handed over the cash.

"Not a word," he said. "You keep absolutely mum, remember!"

"I guess I do," said Fish, rocketing the money. "I guess that if those gabcoets don't hand over the negative, the Fish 'Get-It-Done Bureau' will make them sit up."

"How are you going to do it?" queried Skinner, interested.

"The bureau will demand the photograph," said Fish. "And I guess that if those gabcoets choose to sit tight to it we shall set the machinery in motion. They'll hand up the photo pretty slick just to get the machinery stopped, I guess."

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Intimidating Bob!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Typewritten letter for me. Wonder whom it is from!"

He tore open the flap and scanned the contents, and as he did so a curious expression came over his face. Harry Wharton noted it, and came over to his side.

"What's the matter, Bob?" he said. "Bad news?"

Bob stared for another minute at the letter, and then suddenly looked up and faced Harry Wharton. His chum noted his flushed face and blazing eyes. If Bob Cherry had ever looked indignant, he looked it now.

"What's up?" asked Wharton again.

Bob thrust the letter forward.

"Read that!" he said, in a choking voice.

Wharton glanced at the sheet of paper. It was typewritten, and was unheaded and unsigned. And this is what he read:

"Dear Sir.—For reasons of my own, I wish for the photograph which you have of some Greysfriars boys smoking. You may take my assurance that I do not wish to use it against them in any way.

"I want you to put the negative, together with any prints you have of it, in a sealed envelope, and leave it behind the milestone one mile from Friardale. You have my assurance that the matter will drop there and then.

"If you do not comply with my wishes, I shall be compelled to set the machinery in motion for bounding you until you comply with my request. This will shortly bring you to agree with my terms, but at first I do not wish you to suffer any inconvenience, and am thus giving you this opportunity of avoiding a brush with me."

"My hat!" Wharton gasped. "What infernal cheek! Who—who on earth had the nerve to send such a thing, Bob, do you think?"

"Skinner!" Bob grated. "He's the only chap that it could possibly be. Let's have the letter, Harry. I'm going to see about it!"

He took the typewritten sheet out of Wharton's hand, and dashed off. Wharton stared after his chum for a moment, debating in his mind whether it was the right thing to do. Then he set off in the same direction.

Bob Cherry reached Skinner's study to find that, fortunately, Skinner was the only one there, and he had scarcely shut the door behind him than Harry Wharton arrived and came in. Wharton politely shut the door to, and to make quite certain that the draught should not open it and annoy Skinner, placed a chair against it.

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"Good-morning!" said Skinner icily. "I am more than fortunate to receive this pleasant visit from two fellows whom I esteem so much!"

Bob Cherry held the typewritten sheet that he had received towards the cad of the Remove.

"Don't rot!" he said shortly. "Read that. I want an explanation."

Skinner leisurely took the piece of paper and read the letter. As he did so he smiled, then grinned broadly. He read the letter through twice, and then set it down on the table.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob eyed the laughing Skinner with a glitter in his eye that suddenly caused that worthy's mirth to shut up like a knife.

"It's a very funny letter, Cherry," he said, "and I'm pleased to see that someone else thinks as I do. I shall have no further cause to worry. I suppose that is why you brought it round for me to see?"

Bob eyed the cad of the Remove steadily.

"Do you mean that you didn't write that letter?"

"Of course I didn't!" returned Skinner, with a sneer.

"Do you mean that you've never seen that piece of paper before?" Bob asked incredulously.

"No."

"You deny then, that this is your work at all?"

"Absolutely!" Skinner grinned smugly. "Is there anything else you'd like to ask?" he said.

Bob Cherry gasped.

"Look here, Harry Wharton said in turn. "This is ridiculous! Who could have written that letter if you didn't?"

"That's for you to discover. Personally, I should go and sit on that milestone, if I were you, and find out. I know that I didn't write it; and if you come round here making charges that you can't back up you'll find you're looking for trouble!"

Wharton was plainly nonplussed.

"But it's ridiculous—"

"It's ridiculous for you two cads to come round here trying to trump up charges against me over a letter which you probably wrote yourselves, and posted in Friardale! You'd better get out of here without any further gas. I should have thought that blackmailing would have satisfied you for the time being—"

"Look here, Skinner," interrupted Bob Cherry furiously, "you'd better dry up if you want to keep a sound hide! We're not bound to believe you, anyway, and we know that we didn't write the letter. If it wasn't you, who was it?"

"Better take it to Quelch," suggested Skinner. "Tell him that I've written you a threatening letter, and give him the proofs, so that you can get me expelled!"

Bob Cherry's fists clenched, and he was on the brink of making an attack on the cad of the Remove there and then. But Harry Wharton took Bob firmly by the arm and led him to the door.

"He's not worth troubling about," he said. "Come on, Bob, old man, and leave the rotter alone!"

Skinner watched them out of the room, and then dropped into a chair and laughed heartily.

"That's mystified them a bit," he said to himself. "By Jove, old Fish's started quickly, and no mistake! I wonder what his machinery will consist of?"

Sorely puzzled, Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry made their way back to No. 1 Study.

"I'm positive that Skinner wrote it, after all," Bob said.

"Who else could it have been?"

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"Goodness only knows! But I don't think that Skinner wrote that letter, all the same. He absolutely denied it, and that's more than he would do about turning the study upside-down yesterday. He could have given an evasive answer if he had liked, but he didn't."

"Then who was it?" persisted Bob.

But Wharton could only shrug his shoulders.

By the last post that night, however, when no further light had been shed on the mystery, and Bob and Harry were still sorely puzzled, another letter, addressed to R. Cherry, Esq., came. It was typewritten, and evidently done on the same machine as the previous epistle.

Bob tore it open quickly, and scanned the contents. He handed the letter over to Wharton without a word.

"Dear sir,—We note that you have not availed yourself of the opportunity of surrendering to us the worthless piece of film in your possession.

"The machinery will now be set in motion, and will continue to work until you accede to our previous demand."

"Well, I'm blowed!" Wharton said.

Bob Cherry laughed.



"You're going to get the sack, Skinny!" repeated Bunter. Skinner pulled up.  
(See Chapter 2.)

"All he can do, apparently, is write intimidating notes," he said. "Doesn't seem very dangerous at present. Let him set his jolly old machinery in motion—whatever it means!"

Wharton grinned as well.

"Yes, let him," he said.

And Fisher T. Fish, who had been standing where he could watch the effect of his note, declared, with some emphasis—to himself—that he would.

#### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Fish Starts Work!

"WELL, I'm blessed!"

"If that isn't the absolute limit," gasped Temple of the Fourth.

"These Remove kids never know when they've gone far enough," remarked Hobson of the Shell indignantly.

"My hat!" came from a dozen other voices.

Quite a crowd was seething round the little piece of paper which had evidently only very recently been pinned on the notice-board.

"My sainted aunt!" Coker gasped a few seconds after he joined the group. "What—what a nerve!"

"What is it?" said a voice at the back.

"Read it out!"

"What's it all about?" came from several.

Coker cleared his throat.

"Listen to this, kids!" he cried.

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

#### "THE PRINCELY FIVE."

"Whereas we have lately been able to prove to the school at large our great prowess at all games, we hereby issue a challenge to any member of the school below the Sixth to meet us at any sport whatever, and we will supply a member who will guarantee to lick the challenger.

H. WHARTON,

R. CHERRY,

F. NUGENT,

H. JAMSET RAM SINGH,

J. BULL."

There was a gasp of amazement as Coker finished reading.

"Cheek!"

"What howling outsiders!"

"Mob the cads!"

"Every Form below the Sixth!" yelled Temple of the Fourth, who considered the insult of not even naming the Fourth too great for anything.

"Fourth on the war-path! We'll teach the bounders to challenge the whole school! We'll give them beans and challenges! Come along, Fourth!"

"Mob them, Shell!" roared Hobson, who considered the Shell personally slighted.

"Give the cads what for!" cried a dozen other voices.

"I'll put the kybosh on the Princely Five!" Coker said grimly. "I'll make them look princely!"

Half the fellows who had formed the crowd had already broken away and were making in the direction of Study No. 1, and the remainder were not slow in following them,

"UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



to see some of the fun if they did not take any part in the raging themselves.

"Come along to the Coronation of the Princely Five!" yelled Temple, catching sight of Dabney and Fry as he tossed along with the crowd. "It's the new name Wharton & Co. have found for themselves. I'll tell you all about it."

The outraged juniors swept along as one man on Study No. 1. They were quite fifty strong by the time they reached their goal. Hobson, who was in the van, caught hold of the handle of the door and threw it roughly open. Half a dozen fellows streamed into the room.

Harry Wharton sprang to his feet. "Half a mo', you fellows!" he cried. "What's up?" "We've come to talk to the Princely Five!" yelled Bolsover, who had just managed to squeeze in through the door. "Whop the bouncers!"

"Have you all gone mad—?" Before Johnny Bull could get further than that a couple of fellows jumped right on top of him, and the remainder of the Famous Five found themselves hotly engaged with the furious juniors who had come to take out their vengeance for the notice on the board.

Bang! Crash! Wallop! With four hefty juniors on top of him, Harry Wharton went down on the floor with a crash, and a moment later the table, with Frank Nugent and three others who had sprung up after him on top, turned over on to them.

"Good old Princely Five!" yelled Bolsover. "Good old—Whoosh!"

The latter remark came just as Hurree Jamset Ram Singh planted his fist on Bolsover's nose, and he sat down heavily on the floor, as three other stalwarts rushed the dusky junior.

The Famous Five had put up a plucky fight, considering the manner in which they were surprised, but with such terrific odds they could not hope to hold out for a couple of minutes. There were several smarting faces, however, before they each of them found themselves placed hors de combat in the hands of the avengers.

Temple, who had taken a considerable share in the fray, and received a very thick ear and a nasty jab in the right eye, surveyed the five chagrined juniors with triumph as they lay on the floor, helpless, each with something thrust in his mouth to prevent his making any noise.

"Finish the Coronation, you chaps!" he cried. "They want to be crowned princes, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Just a little ink and a few ornaments will do them down to the ground!" the captain of the Fourth grinned. "Come on, you fellows!"

There was a roar of anticipation. Everyone in the study had his own idea of crowning the Five who had dared to put up such a notice on the board. There was a good many Removites who were feeling sore that the Famous Five should have so disgraced themselves.

Someone caught up a picture-frame that had had glass and picture knocked out in the scramble, and thrust it over Harry Wharton's face, while another youth found a bottle of ink and a fountain-pen-filler in the cupboard, and proceeded to squirt them all.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Look at the rotters now!"

"Good old Princely Five!"

Scouts of laughter went up at the sight of the unhappy Removites after the avengers had done their work. They were a sorry-looking crowd.

"D'ye like Coronations?" sneered Bolsover, at Hurree Singh, feeling at his damaged nose. "Teach you to put up another notice like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five lay and wriggled, unable to rise, and wondering, through their discomfort, what was the meaning of this mobbing. But they were powerless to do anything, so they lay and waited.

Temple looked them over again and grinned.

"I think they've had enough for a bit, you fellows," he said. "We'll leave the rotters!"

"Yee, let's," grinned Dabney; "in case they want to fight us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Laughing at the success of their vengeance, the crowd streamed slowly out of the room and down the passage, the fellows who had been holding Harry Wharton & Co. down remaining till last, and then making a quick dive for the door.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Machinery in Motion!

"YOU rotters—"

Sampson Quincy Ilfrey Field—a small piece of white paper in his hand—stormed into No. 1 study, and slammed the door behind him.

The Famous Five had only just risen from their painful positions as Squiff entered, and they were still in their "Coronation" decorations.

The Australian junior gazed at them for a few seconds in amazement, then laughed shortly.

"Serves you rotters right!" he began. "It serves—Yoop! Stoppit, you silly bouncers! Yaroooooh!"

"Sit on him!" the Famous Five roared, with one voice.

They were feeling very sore after their rough treatment at the hands of the enraged juniors, and the sudden appearance of Squiff, apparently seized with the same species of madness, was too much for them.

"Grook! Here, come off, you lunatics!" roared Squiff, in alarm.

Bump!

"Yaroooooh!"

The Famous Five retreated from their clum, leaving him sitting gasping on the floor.

Squiff got slowly to his feet.

"My word!" he said. "You ascs must have gone off your rockers— Here, steady on!"

He retreated hastily in the direction of the door as Bob made a movement which seemed to indicate there was going to be another attack.

A few more little compliments!" suggested Bob sweetly.

Squiff eyed the inky figures uneasily. Five to one in their present frame of mind was altogether too much.

"N-no, thank you!" said Squiff. "If you fellows suddenly feel so backed up about your 'Princeliness' and 'Provess at games,' you can get on with it; only you're jolly well asking for what you get!"

Wharton stared at the Australian junior in astonishment.

"Princeliness," "Provess at games?" he repeated.

"What on earth are you talking about? Don't talk in riddles!"

Sampson Quincy Ilfrey Field stared.

"Then you deny any knowledge of this?" he demanded, suddenly extending to Wharton the screwed-up piece of white paper he had brought into the room.

Harry Wharton took the piece of paper and straightened it out. He read it carefully, and the look of inquiry on his face turned to one of blank astonishment.

"My hat!" he gasped. "Oh, my sainted aunt! Bob, look here!"

He silently handed the sheet of paper to Bob Cherry, and the other three chums looked over his shoulder at the notice which, a few minutes before, had been on the notice-board, and had brought such a storm on the unfortunate inmates of No. 1 Study.

"What the dickens—" began Bob, with a frown of perplexity; and then he suddenly saw daylight. "Where did you get this, Squiff?" he demanded of the Australian junior.

"Off the notice-board. Didn't you fellows put it there?" Bob snorted.

"Of course we didn't, you silly idiot!"

"Never seen the thing before!" added Frank Nugent.

"You must have been off your rocker to have believed it!" added Johnny Bull emphatically.

Then it's a swindle!" muttered Squiff dazedly.

"The swindlefulness is—" "Terrific!" finished Wharton. "Yes, Squiff, my boy, you've been diddled, and so have all the school. That accounts for the 'Coronation.'"

Bob Cherry faced round with blazing eyes.

"My hat!" he said. "What a caddish trick! Who on earth did it, do you think, Harry?"

Wharton shook his head.

"Couldn't say," he muttered. "Unless— By Jove, I've got it! The chap who wants that film, and is setting the machinery in motion."

The others drew in their breath quickly.

"Great Scott, yes!" said Nugent. "And it's first blood to him! He succeeded very well. Look! It's typed on the same machine that those two threatening letters were done on!"

Have You Had Your Copy of

# ANSWERS

The Popular Penny Weekly

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DELICIOUS TUCK-HAMPERS ARE GIVEN AWAY TO READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND," 14

Wharton nodded. He looked rather grim.  
"That's a fact," he agreed. "We shall have to be jolly careful. See how that study was swallowed by the fellows—and it wasn't even signed!"

Bob nodded, and shook his fist wrathfully.  
"Any good trying Skinner again, d'ye think?" he asked. Wharton shook his head.  
"Don't think so. What do you think, Franky?"  
"He denied it before, and he'd deny it again," Nugent said. "We must wait till we can prove something before we tackle him."

Squiff gazed round the wrecked study thoughtfully.  
"Well, so far he's succeeded very well in making things unpleasant," he said. "We'll have to watch Skinner very closely, and catch him in the act, or things are going to be a bit rocky."

"I don't believe Skinner is taking an active part in it at all," Wharton said. "I think he has got someone else to act for him so far. I don't think he was telling fibs when we tackled him the other day. Of course, he is really at the bottom of this. Bunter & Co. haven't enough brains between 'em to think of such a thing as this."

"Well, anyway, I'm going to keep a watchful eye on Skinner," Bob Cherry said. "Meanwhile, have you fellows any objection to washing and getting the study into order again?" he inquired, with a grin.

Five minutes later the bedraggled five had repaired to the lavatory, and were doing their best to take off the ink and dirt with which the indignant juniors had smothered them.

When they returned to the study Squiff had already done a fair amount of straightening up, and within a half-hour things were looking much the same as usual. Several ornaments and pictures had gone, but there was no serious damage as a result of the "Coronation."

"Well, the next thing to do—" Wharton was beginning, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" Harry called.  
Trotter, the page, entered with a letter in his hand.

"For Master Cherry," he said. "Gentleman outside the gate asked me to give it to you, sir."

Bob took the letter and looked at it. Then he gave a howl of wrath.

"Another letter from the photo merchant!" he shouted. "How long ago did you get this?" he demanded of Trotter.

"Bout ten minutes, sir," said the page.  
"Thanks!" said Bob, and the page went.

"Too late to catch the beggar," Nugent said. "Going to see what he has to say, Bob?"

"No; I'm hanged if I will!" Bob said angrily. "I don't care for him and his rotten old notes! I don't want to see what he says!"

He caught hold of the envelope and ripped it across. A thin, grey cloud of something that had been inside came out into the room.

"Atishoooo!"  
Bob suddenly let out a gigantic sneeze.

Harry Wharton gave a shout:  
"Look out, you fellows! It's electric snuff! Atishoooo!"

Wharton ended up in a gigantic bellow, in which the other four joined. Bob led them in another:

"Rashoooo!"  
"Atishoooo!"

Before they realised what had happened, the irritating snuff was all round them. The six chums started sneezing in good form, but the electric snuff which had been scattered in the room was of a powerful order, and as they sneezed they only warmed to their work.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh soon took the record in point of volume, but Bob, who had received the worst dose, easily passed him in speed. Harry Wharton, plugging along manfully behind them, led the chorus of backers-up.

"M-my word—" Atishooooo!"  
It was useless trying to say anything. They wandered away from the spot where Bob had torn up the envelope, but the stuff was already well scattered, and the chums had inhaled deeply of it.

Hurree Singh, after a bit, lost some of the strength of his broadsides, and Johnny Bull, who was just getting into his swing, filled the breach. He sneezed short sneezes and long ones, slow ones and quick ones. For sheer variety, he was as good as a dozen stage turns.

Nugent developed a peculiar little sneeze of his own which improved with practice until, after a minute, he passed Bob in point of speed, and gave an excellent imitation of a maxim. When he tired of this he went on to a pom-pom, and from that gave a selection which seemed to embrace every kind of sneeze under the sun.

And in the middle of it all the door opened, and Mr. Quelch walked into the room!

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## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Unanswered Questions!

"WHARTON— Why, good heavens, what is the matter?"

Wharton, red-faced and watery-eyed, turned and gazed at the Remove Form-master owlishly.

"Atishooooo!" he said.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Cherry," he said, "what is the matter with you?"

Bob looked up at his Form-master, but for the life of him he could not stop sneezing.

"I'm— Chooo, chooo, chooo, chooo, rashooooo!" he explained.

Mr. Quelch frowned again.

"Bull, are you able to speak sufficiently to answer me?"

Johnny Bull sniffed.

"We—hishoo, 'hishoo!—we—rasher, rasher!—we—atishooooo!" he began. "That is, we—rasher, rasher, atishoooo!"

"We—atishooooo!"

"Dear me!" said the Form-master. "I shall have to—"

Hishrashooooo!"

Some of the electric snuff had evidently spotted him at last, and decided to let him try the fun. Mr. Quelch came out with a roar that seemed to shake the floor of the study, and he followed it up with three more of the same quality.

Mr. Quelch had not been long in falling a victim to the irritating snuff, but he seemed determined to make up for lost time. He opened his mouth, and gave forth five gigantic sneezes in quick succession, and by that time he had lost all control of himself, and was in as bad a condition as any of the Removites.

"Rashoooo!"

Starting with a noise like that of a cork coming out of a bottle, Mr. Quelch worked the thing up till he was going off like a young cannon, and the tears were streaming out of his eyes. When he tired of the cannon effect he altered the programme a little, and gave what appeared to be an imitation of an Eskimo sneezing. From this he went on to a Basuto, then to a Hottentot, and after that he gave a display which might have been the fruits of a life-study at the Zoo.

The Remove chums found themselves quite out of it beside Mr. Quelch's seeming zeal and enthusiasm. Whether they went fast or slow, long or short, quietly or noisily, Mr. Quelch, with his wonderful variety, had them beaten on points every time; and soon a little crowd collected outside the open door to watch the performance.

Harry Wharton, nearly exhausted by the fine show he had put up, found himself suddenly by the window, and, seizing it, he flung it wide open. A gust of wind blew in and swept a lot of the snuff out to the crowd in the passage; but the study cleared of it, and presently they all eased up till Mr. Quelch was the only one left strongly in the running. His eyes were shut and his face was red, and the only object he seemed to have in life was to sneeze. Bob, with very real sympathy, took hold of his arm and propped him against the window, where, before long, he slowed down till he could nearly speak again.

"Never knew such a disgraceful—hishrashoooo!"—he was able to say at length—"such a disgraceful affair in my— Atishoooo!"

"We're very—rashoooo!" began Wharton—"very sorry, sir—rashoo—"

"I shall inquire further into this—atishoooo!" Mr. Quelch said, in a feeble attempt at sternness which was a complete failure. "Shall inquire—'tishoo!—dear me, I shall inquire—'tishoo!—into this affair further. Atishoooo!"

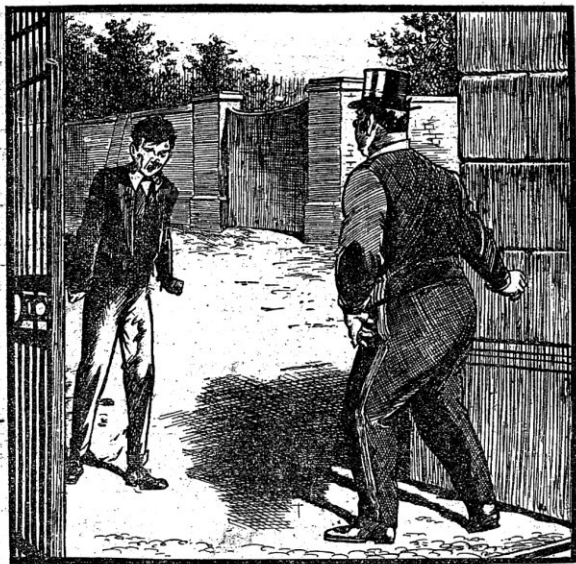
Not trying to say anything further, Mr. Quelch left the room; and stalked indignantly down the passage, his progress punctuated by little staccato sneezes and snivels.

Wharton looked round at his chums, but the ludicrous figure that the Form-master had cut had been completely lost on them. They had had a pretty severe dose all round, and at that moment all they were feeling fit for was a good rest to get over the effects of the snuff envelope. Following Harry's example, they all dropped into chairs, and when their sneezing had come to an end they wiped their eyes and looked blankly at each other.

"M-my hat!" gasped Bob at length. "Who would have expected that to happen when I tore that envelope open? Great Scott! Wasn't it awfully strong stuff, too?"

Nugent nodded grimly. "His sides were aching with the strain of so much sneezing, and his throat was sore."

"That's the second point they've scored," he said. "Looks as though that wretched photo of yours is going to cost us dearly, Bob!"



"Mr. Quelch wants to see you, Master Fish." Fisher T. Fish, plentifully bedecked with the slime that he had gathered from the tramp, turned to see Gosling standing at the side of the gate. (See Chapter 15.)

"Yes; and it's going to cost someone else a good lot, too!" Bob returned quickly. "They've only started, but there's a pretty large account for us to settle with them already. They'd better look out that they don't get caught in the wheels of some of the precious machinery they're so fond of gassing about!"

"The bumpfulness will be terrific when the esteemed rotters are securely captured!" added, Hurree Singh.

"But talking won't do any good!" said Squiff practically. "Personally, I've had my whack of this, and I'm going along to see Skinner again! We'll get something out of him this time."

He paused, however, as there was a sound of footsteps outside in the corridor, and the door opened, to allow Tom Dutton, the deaf boy of Greyfriars, to enter. He bestowed a gracious smile on the chums of the Remove.

"It's awfully good of you fellows to invite me to tea," he said; "but I see you're not quite ready for me. However, I'll wait."

Wharton exchanged glances with the others.

"But—but we didn't invite you. We're not entertaining to-night."

Dutton looked at them. He was too deaf to do anything more than guess what they said; and, as usual, his guess went wide of the mark.

"You hope I shall be remaining the night?" he smiled. "I think—"

"We didn't invite you, Dutton!" cried Wharton desperately.

"Eh? Will I have beef or mutton? Beef, please, if you don't mind."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders in despair. Nugent tried his hand.

"Buzz off!" he advised, coming straight to the point.

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"We're not going to have any tea to-night."

"You hope that there won't be a fight?" Dutton queried innocently, seizing on the last two words, and trying to make sense out of what he thought he heard. "Yes; I hope there won't."

"Don't be a silly duffer!" roared Nugent.

"It certainly would be rougher—"

"I tell you to clear off as fast as you're able!" shouted Frank.

Dutton smiled. He felt he had been misunderstanding something, but he was sure he caught it all then.

"Clear all the things off the table?" he said. "Certainly!"

He was just starting, when Bob Cherry, in absolute desperation of ever making the deaf boy understand, got up and caught him by the arm.

"Run away!" he shouted.

"Eh?"

"Clear off!"

"But I was clearing the things off—"

"Look here, Dutton!" Bob shouted. "We didn't invite you to tea, and you can't stay!"

"Aunt May!"

"Can't stay!"

"Aunt May can't stay? Ah, I've got you now!" smiled Dutton.

Bob gave him a furious look, and went back to his chair. Dutton started clearing the table again.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, thinking, perhaps, that his fine English would be more intelligible than his chums', approached Dutton.

"You were not invitely called to come," he said. "The esteemed Dutton must quickly depart."

"Get some jam-tarts!"

"The speediness of the departure of the esteemed Dutton must be terrific!"

"Your greediness for tarts and mutton is terrific!" the deaf boy said.

Hurree Singh sighed and gazed at the floor. He gave it up as a bad job.

Johnny Bull, however, had a brain-wave. He wrote on a piece of paper a few words which Dutton could not fail to understand, and passed them to the deaf boy.

Dutton's face suddenly changed in expression as he read the note. The next instant he brought out from his own pocket a small piece of white paper, and handed it to Bob Cherry.

"Then why did you send this?" he asked angrily.

Bob saw that it was a typewritten note. He read it out to his chums:

"Dear Dutton.—Come along and have tea this afternoon. We are celebrating a birthday.—BOB CHERRY."

There was an instant's pause. Dutton seized it to stamp indignantly to the door, give the juniors one withering look, and slam out.

"M-my sainted aunt!" said Harry Wharton at length.

"That's the third trick to them. It's fairly getting on my nerves. We must do something!"

## THE 9th CHAPTER.

## A Rift in the Lute!

Harold Skinner looked round the empty study.

He had come along to see Fisher T. Fish, who shared it with Johnny Bull and Squiff, the Australian junior; but, finding it empty, a sudden idea had suggested itself to him.

And Skinner grinned.

He had been a bit worried, after a second stormy visit from Bob Cherry and the Famous Co., over the "Get - It - Done" Bureau. Several fellows had lately seen him talking with Fish, and, this being rather unusual, they were likely to remember it. Skinner feared, in fact, that, after his own denials of any knowledge of the outrages on No. 1 Study, they would naturally conclude, that Fisher T. Fish knew more about the affair than he seemed to.

But Skinner's stunt would save all that!

Why not wreck the study, devoting most of his energies to Fish's belongings?

Skinner grinned again. He had no regard whatever for the Yankee schoolboy, whom he was merely using as his tool in the affair. But he saw that another attack on two members of the Famous Co., in which Fish was involved as well, would certainly serve to throw any suspicion from the Yankee schoolboy, and make the mystery deeper.

A quarter of an hour later Skinner slipped stealthily out of the study and down the corridor, well satisfied with his work. In the short time he had been there he had made hay of everything, and he had specially devoted himself to the belongings of Fisher T. Fish.

He was just trying to imagine the feelings of that worthy as soon as he discovered the damage, when he turned the corner and ran right into him.

"Hallo!" beamed the Yankee junior. "I guess that little stunt of mine has those galoots beaten to a frazzle!"

Skinner grinned.

"We're doing very well," he said.

Fisher T. Fish snorted.

"I guess I don't see what you have done to include yourself in the 'we,'" he said.

"No; but you soon will!" Skinner grinned.

"Say," Fisher T. Fish went on confidentially, ignoring the other's remark, "I guess I've got a real, top-hole, double-barrelled stunt to work on 'em next. Come along to my study. I guess you'll be surprised!"

"Not so much as you will!" murmured Skinner.

Fish smiled blandly, still suspecting no deep meaning in Skinner's words.

"There air no flies on Fisher T. Fish!" he remarked wily. "Nothing surprises me, I guess!"

"That's a good thing!" Skinner remarked, accompanying the Yankee junior back in the direction of his study.

"If you don't go up in the air over this stunt, may I be frazzled!" Fish continued. "It's some stunt, the Great Main

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Smack! Skinner's open palm caught Johnny Bull full on the cheek. "Take that!" he panted. (See Chapter 10.)

Squeeze! You always watch Fisher T. Fish for something new!"

Skinner laughed.

"I guess I'll watch you!" he grinned. "I guess I'll see something new!"

The American took the remark, couched in his own language, for a compliment.

"I guess we're going to get on fine together," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you laughing at, you silly jay?" demanded Fish.

Skinner smiled serenely.

"Merely a little stunt that I've got up my sleeve, which is going to make you go up into the air with delight," he replied.

Fisher T. Fish nodded indifferently.

"There air no flies on Fisher T. Fish," he repeated, his hand on the door-knob of the study. "I guess you never see me with my tonsils in an uproar— Jumping snakes, look what's happened!"

All the calm had deserted the Yankee junior as he opened the study door, to find the room and its contents looking as though a couple of mad bulls had been having a game there.

For a moment the American junior paused. Then he jumped into the room, his thin face furious as he saw the damage that had been done to his own property. Skinner followed him in, laughing up his sleeve.

"Jeerusalem crickets!" Fish roared. "What god-darned son of a ragtime cowboy has been here? Christopher Columbus, what a mess! And all my things, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish turned furiously on Skinner.

"I guess I can't see anything to laugh at!" he howled.

"UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT  
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"Can't you see, you silly jay, that my things are all ruined?"

"That's what I'm laughing at!" Skinner said. "This is the little stunt I had up my sleeve to spring on you!"

Fisher T. Fish stared. For a moment words absolutely failed him, as he gasped what Skinner had just said.

"Y-y-you!" he gasped at length. "Y-you did this?" he spluttered.

Skinner leant back against the wall and roared in the Yankee junior's face at his own joke.

"Course I did it," he said. "It's the biggest stunt in the whole scheme, and you'll see—"

"I guess I'll see you frizzled first!" Fish cut in furiously, clenching his fists and taking a step forward. "I guess you're the biggest dog-gone, slab-sided galoot east of New York City! I guess your brains could be put inside a kid's thimble, and then they'd rattle!"

He shook his fist furiously under Skinner's nose, and the grin went from that worthy's face.

"You'd better keep your temper, Fishy," he warned. "Of course, I know there air no flies on Fisher T. Fish, and you never get your tonsils in an uproar, but—"

"I guess you're a top-sided, crock-eyed, double-barrelled lump of flaboddee!" Fish howled, deciding, however, not to make an attack on the other. "I reckon you might improve your brain power at Harvard, eh! I guess you're a slab-sided, syncopated son of a magwump! I guess you ought to be boiled in oil!"

Harold Skinner grinned.

"Go it," he said, encouragingly. "And then I'll explain my stunt to you. You see, I thought things out this way. The fellows know that I've got no direct connection with the work of the 'Get-It-Done' Bureau. But I thought they might suspect you, so I thought of wrecking the study, and giving your clobber the best of it, so that they could have some proof that they were innocent. See?"

Fisher T. Fish's eyes goggled. Skinner seized the opportunity to go on.

"Now the fellows will never dream that you have had anything to do with the business of the notes, and they won't be able to hit on us at all," he explained. "I think it's a top-hole stunt!"

The Yankee junior snorted.

"I think you're a ring-tailed son of a Polynesian bungle-chump!" he howled. "Look at what you've done! Look what it will cost me! I guess if you hadn't interfered with me and what I was doing—"

He broke off and stared at the doorway, where Johnny Bull and Squiff were standing, interested spectators.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Trouble!

"Go on," urged Johnny Bull quietly. "Sorry we interrupted you."

Fisher T. Fish suddenly robbed of all his fury, felt himself getting hot and cold all over. He could not guess exactly how much his two study-mates had heard. But he knew that if they guessed all, he would not, after the hoaxes he had worked, have a very enjoyable time at the hands of the Famous Five.

"I guess I've said enough," he said, with more truth than he really guessed. "I guess this is private business, and I guess I know when to discuss private matters with a friend, and when I want outsiders' company!"

Squiff walked into the room, with Johnny Bull close behind him.

"But, since someone has been wrecking our study, and you seem to think Skinner knows something about it," Johnny said quietly, "I don't see that it is very private."

Harold Skinner looked contemptuously across the study.

"Eavesdroppers usually get hold of the wrong end of the stick!" he sneered.

Johnny Bull's eyes blazed and his fists clenched.

"We were not eavesdropping, you cad!" he retorted. "The door was open, and we could not help hearing what you two were shouting at each other as we came along. You'd better be careful what you say."

"And what are you doing in this study at all, Skinner?" demanded Squiff.

"That is my business," Skinner returned coolly. "I came along to see Fish. Didn't I, Fish?"

"You—yes," muttered the Yankee schoolboy.

"Then what did you mean when you said: 'Look what Skinner had done'?" demanded Squiff.

"Fish was silent. He was torn between two inclinations. He was feeling sore enough to give Skinner away, but he realised in the same moment what the consequence would be to himself. He said nothing.

"Before you go out of this study you've got to give an explanation of yourself," Skinner," said Johnny Bull grimly. "We come in here and find the study wrecked and you here. You've got to clear yourself before you go through this door!"

Skinner gazed boldly across the room.

"I'm not answerable to you cads for what I do," he sneered. "I've finished my business with Fish, and I'm going out. You cads won't stop me!"

Johnny Bull planted his back against the door.

"You bet we will!" he grunted.

Skinner strode across the room. The tight corner that he found himself in had warmed his courage.

"Are you going to open that door?" he grated.

"No!"

Smack!

Skinner's open palm caught Johnny Bull full on the cheek.

"Take that!" he panted. "Now, perhaps—"

Johnny Bull's answer was short and sharp. His fist flew out, and he returned the blow with interest.

The next moment the two of them were at it hammer-and-tongs. Johnny Bull felt that he was at last getting an opportunity of paying back some of the long score that he owed to someone—Skinner, he believed—for the persecution contained in the typewritten letters.

Thud! Smack! Crash!

Skinner was fighting tooth and nail, but in Johnny Bull in his present mood he had more than his match. Once the cad of the Remove went to the floor. He got to his feet to receive a blow in the eye which caused him to see more stars than he cared to count.

A nasty punch on the nose, which tapped his claret, finally roused all the fighting blood in Johnny. He sailed in on Skinner, and, after a few more seconds' furious fighting, Skinner sprawled in a corner and lay there.

"Come on!" Johnny Bull invited. "Come and finish!"

But Skinner had already finished. He had had enough to go on with. He lay sulkily on the floor.

"Get up, then!" Johnny Bull said shortly. "And now perhaps you'll give an explanation of what you were doing in here!"

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Skinner rose from the floor, and his eyes flashed vindictively. But he did not attempt to renew hostilities. "I came along to see Fish," he said stubbornly. "Did you have any hand in wrecking this study?" demanded Johnny.

Skinner was silent. Johnny Bull repeated his question. "Ask Fish!" Skinner grunted. "He has had most damage done to his things. You heard something of what our business was. Ask him!" Johnny turned on Fish. "You heard that," he said. "Tell me, did Skinner wreck the study?"

The American junior saw that it was a case of saving his own skin to take the part of Skinner.

"No, of course not," he lied. "I guess he came to see me on—a little matter of business."

"You mean that?" "I guess I do," drawled Fish. "Sure!" Skinner, breathing heavily, and dusty and dishevelled, turned to Bull.

"Are you going to let me pass now?" he demanded. Johnny Bull paused.

"Yes," he said. "It's good riddance to bad rubbish. You've got something of what you deserve this time; but don't forget, when we catch you out in your tricks, this isn't even a sample of the time you will have!"

"What do you mean?" bluffed the cad of the Remove. "You know very well what I mean," Bull said. "I mean the business about setting the machinery in motion. And when you find yourself caught in the wheels you have made you won't find it so pleasant."

Skinner sneered. "Don't talk in riddles!" he said. "And let me pass!" Johnny Bull stood to one side, and Skinner walked out and made for his own study. In the passage, however, he pulled up for a parting shot.

"When you can prove your charges," he sneered. "I hope you will go to Quelch and get him to expel me! So long!" Johnny Bull shut the door with a bang.

"Smells sweeter in here now he's gone," he said, turning to Squiff. "What are we going to do now?" Squiff smiled grimly.

"Clear up the study, I suppose," he said. "I guess you still don't happen to have any theories as to who could have made hay of the study like this, Fishy?" he asked.

"How should I?" hooted Fish, who was just going through the extremely disagreeable and painful task of seeing how many things of his had been smashed by his agreeable ally.

"You don't think it was the typewriter gentleman?" Squiff said softly. A sudden suspicion had entered his mind. He wanted to test it.

"Of course it wasn't!" snapped Fish, taken off his guard. "Of course—er—I mean, I don't know what you're talking about," he ended lamely.

"Oh!" said Squiff. "Then you can't shed any light?" he added.

He smiled to himself. "Can't you, though?" he muttered. "I'll see about that!"

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Knight of the Road!

"I GUESS I'm flummoxed here!" It was Saturday afternoon, and Fisher T. Fish was strolling along deep in thought. There was no denying the fact that he was flummoxed, as he expressed it. He had come out for a walk in which to clear up several points which had been troubling him, but so far he had not been able to think of a single thing which would help him at present.

It was evident to Fisher T. Fish that the Famous Five suspected that he was at the bottom of all the outrages. The shrewd American had thought over what he had let slip in the study to Johnny Bull, and he realised that, whatever Johnny Bull had said, the fact that he had given himself away—and badly, too—could not be got over.

What he must do now was execute some master stroke which would get the photo into his hands without further delay.

For the time being he had decided that it would be unwise for him to send any more bogus invitations, parcels of snuff, or the like, because the fact had already filtered into his head that in Harry Wharton & Co. he was dealing with fellows who would never be intimidated into giving up a photo in such a manner as he had tried to get it from them.

He realised that, now that their fighting blood was roused, they would hang on to that photo like grim death, and he was not surprised that the village paper-boy, whom he had employed at a guerdon of twopenny per day to look behind the milestone three times daily, had made no report after he had launched his bombshells against the chums of the Remove.

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NEXT MONDAY—

"UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

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But if he was to set the "Get-It-Done" Bureau on its feet as a paying concern in Greyfriars—and Fish was convinced that he was capable of executing any commission that any of the fellows might give him—he must score an early triumph.

But how? That was the question which was worrying Fisher T. Fish as he strode along with his hands in his pockets in the direction of Friardale.

"Kin yer sparc a pore man a few bob?"

The Yankee junior started suddenly out of his reverie as a harsh voice from behind the hedge hailed him. He stopped to see the "pore man" who wanted the few bob, and saw that a burly-looking tramp, whose appearance suggested that a little more soap and a deal more good hard work would be good for him, was coming through the hedge to meet him.

"Nope!" Fisher T. Fish replied curtly. "I guess I can't afford to support lary loboes!"

With surprising agility the tramp suddenly swarmed over into the road, and, with a spring, caught Fish's wrist before that youth had time to escape.

"Kind sir, I'm sure you ain't going to see a pore man starve!" he said, tightening his grip on the youngster's arm, and edging his other hand nearer to one of the American junior's pockets. "I'm sure you ain't going ter let a pore man starve!"

Fisher T. Fish looked round in desperation. But there was no help near.

"I suppose I ain't," he muttered. "Anyway, if I refuse you'll help yourself, which amounts to the same thing, I guess."

The tramp had his hand in the Yankee junior's pocket. Fish suddenly let out a wild yell, and struggled furiously. But the tramp held him as easily as he might have held a baby.

"I knoo as 'ow you was going to 'elp me," he said. "I ses to meself, when I sees you coming along, I ses, 'Ere is a young man with a 'art of gold, I ses. 'I knoo's e won't let me starve.' He was fingerin' Fish's watch. 'An 'art of gold, I ses, ses I,' he continued, calmly helping himself all the while to the wretched junior's belongings.

Fisher T. Fish looked wildly round again, and the seriousness of his position suddenly helped his brain to put on a spurt.

"Look here!" he cried. "Let me go, and I'll put you on to something really worth knowing. There's a lot of money in it for you, and there's scarcely anything on me at present. I guess you'd better listen."

"What is it?" muttered the tramp, transferring the sum of 1s. 9d. to his own pocket from where it had reposed in Fish's trousers.

"A friend of mine—at least, he's an acquaintance—will be coming down here to-night about six o'clock, and he will have any amount of cash on him, in addition to something which I want. Now, are you willing to take on a bargain?"

The tramp looked Fisher T. Fish in the eyes. "I'm only a pore man," he whined. "I like to earn a honest crust when I gets the chance."

"Waal, look here!" Fish started to explain desperately, for the tramp had not yet paused from clearing out his pockets, and if Fish did not come to some agreement with him soon he would have nothing left. "This fellow will have a little piece of camera-film and some photos on him. You can hold him up the same as you're doing with me, and go through his pockets. He'll have plenty of spondoniks on him, I guess, and I am willing to buy that piece of film with the photos from you for five bob if you can get it."

The tramp paused and surveyed Fish thoughtfully. "Eh?" he said.

Fisher T. Fish went through his suggestion again, this time more elaborately, and when the tramp said "Eh?" again, he repeated it for the third time. But finally, by some means or other, Fish managed to drive his point home, and the tramp grinned and said he was game.

"Now, look here, that's a deal!" Fisher T. Fish said. He was feeling very shaky now that he had entered into a bargain with such a fellow as this; but, having taken the step, he saw there was nothing but to carry the business through.

"It's a deal, pard," the tramp said. "I'm going to 'ide in the edge behind the milestone and jump on the first feller wot sits on it. I goes through 'is pockets and gets the fouteen-grafts, and you pays me five bob fer 'em. Yus, guv'nor, that's orl right. I likes to earn a honest living sometimes. Good-afternoon, sir!"

He turned and shuffled off, and Fisher T. Fish, after a moment's thought, walked briskly away in the direction of Friardale.

"I wonder whether I shall get it this time?" he muttered. "By Jove, though, if I can get Cherry to come down

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here, and then that hobo sets on him, he'll soon have the photo away from him."

He turned the matter over in his mind, and plunged his hands into his pockets. The next moment he gave an exclamation of wrath:

"Jerusalem crickets!" he muttered. "That blighter's cleaned me right out—not left me a red cent! Gee, but this is a costly business! I guess I'll have to make Skinner pay through the nose before he gets that photo!"

Reaching Friardale, he walked straight on till he came to a little shop at the end of the street, and in there he turned.

"I want another letter typed, ma'am," he said. "Is your son still staying with you?"

"Ay, that he be," she said. "He'll be only too pleased to run you off another letter."

"Thanks! I guess I'm going to be a good customer to you, ma'am, after the way you've treated me this journey!"

The Yankee junior sprawled across the counter and took a pencil and paper from his pocket. He wrote for several minutes.

"That is what I want, ma'am," he said. "If your son will type it I guess I shall be awfully obliged."

But if Fish could have peeped into the future it is doubtful if he would have looked as cheerful as he did just then.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Mr. Quelch Asks Questions!

"I SAY, Wharton—"

The fat, round face of Billy Bunter looked round the door of No. 1 Study.

"If you're expecting a postal-order," Wharton remarked, "I'm out."

"Oh, really, Wharton," Bunter wheezed, "I didn't come along on that account at all! Mr. Quelch wants you."

Harry Wharton sprang up.

"That alters things," he said. "All right, Bunter; coming!"

The Owl of the Remove blinked.

"Of course, Wharton," he said. "I am expecting a postal-order to-day—an absolute cert it is—cos my pater is bringing off a big deal on the Stock Exchange to-day. He's bound to send me a postal-order out of what he makes."

Wharton laughed as he came out into the passage, and shut the study door behind him.

"Sorry, Bunter, but I'll wait till the order comes," he said. "The postal service is so rotten that it will probably get delayed for two or three centuries. See you later!"

He went on down the passage. What, he wondered, did Mr. Quelch want him for?

He had noticed a curious strainedness in the Form-master's attitude to all of the Famous Five since the episode of the electric snuff, but Mr. Quelch had not said anything further on the subject. Harry had, however, a sort of presentiment now that it was about the matter which Mr. Quelch wanted him, and the Form-master's first words as he came up before his table told him that his guess was right.

"Er—Wharton," Mr. Quelch began, "I have sent for you because I want to get to the bottom of that disgraceful scene in your study the other afternoon, of which I was a victim."

"Yes, sir," Wharton said respectfully.

Mr. Quelch cleared his throat.

"I have not spoken of it before for several reasons which I need not explain to you. But that such an affair should have occurred angers me exceedingly. I consider, in the first place, Wharton, that you are directly to blame for what happened. I have thought the matter very carefully over, and I want a complete explanation. I shall then determine what punishment is to be given you for the inconvenience you put me to."

Wharton shifted and looked at the floor. He was not quite sure where to begin, or just how much he could say without dragging in the whole business of the photograph; and that, of course, was out of the question.

"We're very sorry, sir, for what happened," he began. "We intended to apologise to you before, sir, only we hardly liked to raise the subject again, sir."

"That is not the point," Mr. Quelch returned testily. "I asked you a definite question. I want a definite answer!"

Harry paused.

"The fact is, sir," he said, "there was some electric snuff in the air."

The Form-master frowned.

"I do not want you to be facetious, Wharton," he snapped. "I want to know how that—that—irritant matter was in the air. You know that I dislike such chemicals extremely. Which of you was it who imported such a large quantity of this detestable stuff and started—ahem!—joking with it?"

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DELICIOUS TUCK-HAMPERS ARE GIVEN AWAY TO READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND," 1D.

Wharton shifted again. He was thinking how he could best clear the Famous Five without giving away the secret.

"I do not quite know, sir," he started.

Mr. Quelch frowned heavily.

"I did not think, Wharton," he said curtly, "that you or any of your chums would resort to such exceedingly poor and mistaken jokes as scattering irritant snuff about rooms. I see that I have been mistaken in you. I am realising that you must be a brainless set of fellows, not worthy of the confidence I reposed in you!"

Harry Wharton flushed. Mr. Quelch's temper was rising at the thought of what he had gone through over the snuff affair, and he was probably saying things he did not quite mean in his heart; but the captain of the Remove did not see this.

"You are doing us an injustice, sir," he said quickly. "As a matter of fact, the snuff was not brought into the study by any of us."

The next moment he saw that he had put his foot into it, for Mr. Quelch seized on the point at once.

"I want a complete explanation, Wharton," he said coldly. "I came along to your study, and found you all sneezing; presumably, some misguided humorist of the party had been scattering this objectionable snuff in the air, and had overdone the thing. Through his extreme folly and carelessness I fell a victim myself to the stuff. You now deny that you had any hand in the affair. Unless you are telling me a falsehood, Wharton, you will be able to explain to me who the culprit is."

Wharton looked at the angry master quietly.

"I am sorry I cannot, sir."

"Why?" Mr. Quelch snapped.

Wharton thought. He saw that to mention the receipt of the envelope would bring to light the whole story of the photograph and the fellows smoking.

"Because it would involve a secret which I could not reveal to you, sir, without breaking a confidence."

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"That is no answer, boy!" he snapped. "Nor is it any justification of your conduct. There is no reason why you should not be able to explain the presence of that—ahem!—irritant snuff in your study, unless you were playing foolish jokes with it!"

Wharton was silent. Mr. Quelch's temper was still rising. But the captain of the Remove felt rather sore at the disbelief which the master had cast upon his statements, and he did not speak.

"Very well!" Mr. Quelch snapped. "I see that you are determined not to answer me, Wharton. I am sorry that things have come to such a pass. I was prepared to excuse a certain amount of foolish joking on your part if you had confessed frankly to me the whole business. But now that you refuse to speak I can form only one conclusion, and that is that you have had some hand in the affair. Taking into consideration the manner in which I was made a victim, I should at least have thought that you were gentleman enough to clear up everything, and apologise to me!"

Wharton had flushed under the scathing words of the Form-master. He looked up now with flashing eyes.

"I am sorry, sir," he said slowly and very clearly, "that you have to doubt my word. I have assured you once, sir, that we are very sorry that the affair occurred, and that you should have suffered as you did. I assure you again that it was through no fault of ours."

"The whole matter is very unsatisfactory, Wharton!" Mr. Quelch snapped. "You refuse to speak after you have virtually insulted me. I shall be compelled to punish you all—"

He stopped, and looked towards the door, outside of which a sudden commotion had occurred, and at the same moment the handle turned, and Mr. Prout entered the room, red-faced and flushed, holding Billy Bunter firmly by the ear.

"An eavesdropper for you, Quelch!" he said.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Puts His Foot In It!

"BUNTER!"

"Yow! You're pinching my ear, sir! Leggo!"

Fairly caught, and in some considerable pain, Bunter was led into the room in front of the already angry master.

"Bunter!" Mr. Quelch thundered. "Remember where you are, and to whom you are talking!"

Mr. Prout released his grip on the unfortunate junior, and walked back towards the door.

"I found him outside, listening with all his ears to what was being said, Quelch," he explained. "Will you deal with him?"

"Yes, I will deal with him!" Mr. Quelch said grimly. The door shut, and Bunter put up a fat hand to rub his tingling ear.

"Put your hand down, Bunter, and then explain, please, what you were doing outside my door when Mr. Prout caught you?"

Bunter looked at the floor. He had been caught red-handed, and he realized it. But, if falsehoods could save him, he was not going to be punished without a very good attempt to get out of it.

"Please, sir, I was tying up my bootlace," he said. "I was just passing your door, and I heard—I mean, my bootlace broke—and I stooped down to tie it up just as Mr. Prout came along, sir."

The Remove Form-master smiled sceptically.

"I have heard you tell that story before, Bunter," he said. "And I do not believe that Mr. Prout would be mistaken in what you were doing. You do not explain your motive for being outside my door at all. What were you doing there?"

"I was tying up my bootlace," Bunter repeated weakly. "Silence, my boy!" thundered the Form-master. "I do not believe you! I believe that you came to overhear what I had to say to Wharton! Now I come to think of it, was it not you I sent to fetch Wharton?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Bunter.

He looked up at the Remove Form-master as a sudden idea came to him.

"I did happen just to put my ear to the door unconsciously, sir," he admitted. "But I didn't hear anything."

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"Then you have told Quelchby—I mean, Mr. Quelch—all about the photo, you cad!" he howled.

"Silence!" thundered the Form-master. "Bunter, keep your tongue still until I address you! I never heard such impertinence, boy! Now, tell me why you came eavesdropping here?"

Bunter gazed wildly about him. Matters were moving altogether too rapidly for his dull brain to keep pace with them. There were few things that interested Bunter, and few things that he could understand. Outside tuck and money—wherewith to purchase tuck—he was usually rather at a loss, and on this occasion he quite forgot what he had said, and exactly how much Mr. Quelch knew.

"I knew Wharton would come and tell you all about the photo, sir," he explained desperately. "I knew when Skinner said to Fish that he would never get the photograph from Bob Cherry that if I didn't do something myself they would sneak to you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

The inclusion of the fresh names was more bewildering than ever. What Skinner & Co. had to do with the photo Mr. Quelch could only guess. And what the photo was he could not even guess.

"What was this photo?" he demanded.

"Oh—er—nothing, sir!" Bunter said. "Nothing at all,

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sir, because I did not try to, sir. I never believe in eavesdropping, sir, I assure you! It is a low thing to do, sir!"

Mr. Quelch smiled grimly.

"It is!" he said emphatically. "But, how am I to believe you?"

"I tell you, sir," Bunter went on desperately, "I didn't hear a thing! I didn't hear what you said to Wharton about the electric snuff, sir—I swear I didn't!"

Mr. Quelch smiled grimly.

"Then why did you stop after you had tied up your bootlace, listening?" he asked.

"I didn't stop, sir," Bunter said. "Why should I? I didn't come to hear if Wharton would let anything out about the photograph, sir, I assure you!"

"Why did you think Wharton would say anything to me about the photo?" he asked, not having the vaguest idea, of course, what photo it was that Bunter was speaking of.

The Owl got into a worse tangle than ever.

"Skinny—I mean, Skinner, sir—happened to say something the other day which I accidentally overheard, sir," he explained, "and it made me anxious, sir. But—but I don't know what photo you're talking about, sir," he ended brilliantly.

He had suddenly noticed that Mr. Quelch was getting on the track of the real matter he had come eavesdropping about, and, quite unconscious of the slips he had made himself, he thought his answer quite smart.

"Oh, I know all about the photograph!" Mr. Quelch returned.

Bunter returned furiously on Wharton.

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NEXT MONDAY—

"UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

sir! I never smoke, sir, nor do Skinner, or Snoot, or Stott! The photograph wasn't—wasn't—er—really anything, sir!"

Mr. Quelch saw daylight through Bunter's rambling falsehood.

"You mean that Cherry or Wharton holds a photograph of you four boys smoking, and you feared Wharton had come down to tell me about it?" he asked.

Bunter's eyes goggled, and he turned again on Wharton.

"Oh, you rotter!" he exclaimed. "I knew you would sneak as soon as you got the chance, you cad! I—I—"

"Enough!" Mr. Quelch interrupted sternly. "Bunter, this is a very unpleasant surprise for me! I hoped that you had given up smoking for good and all! To hear that there are four of you misguided boys smoking really grieves me! However, I shall take steps which I think will be efficacious in stopping your trying to ape the man any further! But what has Fish to do with all this?"

Bunter blinked feebly round the room. He saw that everything had come out—though, unless Wharton had told, he could not fathom how—and he still faintly hoped for a chance of saving his own skin. He decided to turn King's Evidence and tell all he knew.

"If you please, sir," he said, "I'm not sure, but I think Fish has been trying to get the film from Cherry, sir, for Skinner. I accidentally heard them talking the other day, and it seemed like that, sir!"

Wharton, thoroughly sick at the whole recital, and feeling as though he could kick the stupid Bunter black and blue, listened while this last item came out, and saw Mr. Quelch's face grow very thoughtful.

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Suddenly, however, his face lit up, and he turned to Wharton.

"Wharton, I believe that I see daylight through all this! Answer me now! It is evident that you held a photo of these four wretched fellows smoking, and it is equally evident that they wanted to get it back from you. Were you subjected to persecution from outside to force you to give it up?"

Wharton was silent. Mr. Quelch eyed him steadily for a few moments.

"There is no need for you to keep silence any longer, Wharton," he said. "I believe that I can see through every thing now. You are trying to shield boys who are not worthy of it. I presume that the affair of the snuff—upon which you would not say anything—was an outside attack to make you give up the photograph?"

"It looks quite possible, sir," Wharton said non-committally.

Mr. Quelch's brows puckered in thought.

"I will make further inquiries, which should bring everything to light. Meanwhile, Wharton, I shall not punish you. I shall lay the culprit by the heels, and he will suffer. That will do!"

Wharton looked up.

"Thank you, sir!" he said.

He walked across to the door, and Bunter turned to accompany him.

"Not so fast, Bunter!" rasped Mr. Quelch. "I want to have an interview with you first. There are several more questions I want to ask!"

Wharton passed out, and made his way back to his study, feeling, however, that the whole affair of the photograph would soon be an open secret to Mr. Quelch. He did not believe that Bunter would be able to keep back anything else that he knew, and he knew that the Owl of the Remove, through his eavesdropping, had learned quite enough to get all the culprits into pretty hot trouble.

Arriving at No. 1 Study, the captain of the Remove was surprised to find it empty; but on the table a small note was lying, and, crossing, Harry picked it up. It was typed on the machine which all the letters which Fish had sent had been.

Wharton read it through quickly, fearing some fresh scheme to discomfort the chums.

"Dear Sir,"—it ran—"In order that we may meet and, for the first time, have a straight talk about the photo which I have demanded from you, will you please meet me to-night at six on the milestone outside Friardale? As I do not know you, I should be obliged if you will be sitting on the milestone. I think if you will meet me we can come to some definite arrangement, and a face-to-face talk is better than working in the dark. Please bring the film, so that we can come to a definite arrangement."

Wharton stared at the note in amazement.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "What a thing! Why, we know now that Fish is at the bottom of everything, and it's all a rotten trick! I wonder what he's got up his sleeve?"

He caught up his cap, and darted downstairs, intending to follow Bob into Friardale to see what was happening, and to be there if there was any trickery. In the Close he ran on Nugent, Johnny Bull, Squiff, and Hurree Singh.

"Seen anything of Bob?" he asked.

"Yes," Johnny Bull said. "He went out about a quarter of an hour ago. Said he had an urgent appointment in Friardale, and was awfully mysterious! Why?"

Harry Wharton produced the note he had found, which Bob had evidently absently thrown on the table.

"Read that!" he said.

The Famous Five read the note together.

"I expect he's taken the film with him," said Wharton. "I think it looks rather too fishy for my liking. I've just made pretty sure that it is Fishy who's at the bottom of everything. I'll explain later. But I'm going along to see what happens at the milestone, you chaps! Are you on?"

"Rather!" came the reply in a chorus.

Wharton pulled out his watch.

"We'll not get there by six, anyway," he said. "But if we buck up we shan't be very late!"

The chums set out at a trot for the milestone.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Little Error!

FISHER T. FISH was congratulating himself on the way in which he had done his work. He had sent the typewritten letter by hand to the school, and he believed that it would draw Bob Cherry to the milestone where the tramp was going to await him.

But if he could have known that, at the same moment that THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 454.

he was killing time in the village, two other events of great moment were taking place, his elation would have been considerably dashed.

The first event has already been told. Bunter was stumbling over his involuntary confession to Mr. Quelch, revealing the fact to the Form-master that the doings of Fisher T. Fish would bear some investigation.

The second event was taking place in the Cross Keys, the disreputable little public-house just outside Friardale, where the enterprising and intelligent gentleman with whom Fish had made his agreement for the capture and search of Bob Cherry was busy drinking the health of everyone he could think of, and a good many others as well.

Several little jobs which he had done on the high-road that day had paid well, and, with the prospect of more money to come, the tramp was indulging heavily. Long before the appointed time he was in a pretty bad way, and when six o'clock came he still soaked on.

At about five past six, however, Mr. Cobb, the scoundrelly landlord of the Cross Keys, came to the conclusion that the tramp had drunk as much as was good for him, as he had no money to pay for more. He accordingly summoned the barman and the billiard-marker, and, with their help, forcibly ejected the gentleman.

Finding himself in the road, and penniless again, something recalled to the tramp's memory the bargain which he had made that afternoon with the youngster he had held up.

"Boko goes ter be on the milestone," he muttered to himself. "I 'its 'im on the 'ead, and gets footygrafs, and sells 'em fer five quid."

The state of his mind was distinctly vague. He had a hazy idea of the bargain he had made, and that was all. He also had a hazy idea of where he would find the milestone, and, after running round three times in the centre of the road, presumably to get his balance, he set off down the road at a drunken lurch to fulfil his part of the bargain.

Meanwhile, Bob Cherry was at the milestone, awaiting the mysterious scribe.

Bob had been more than surprised to receive the epistle which Fish had sent that afternoon with the object of drawing him into his trap, and he had suspected something fishy about it at the time. He believed, after what Johnny Bull had told him, that Fish was at the bottom of the persecutions; but at the same time he saw that it must have some object, and he was determined to see what that object was.

As the minutes slipped on past the appointed hour, however, he began to fear that the note was only a trick to get him away from the school, for still no one showed up to keep the appointment. At a quarter past the hour, however, just when five juniors were creeping along behind the hedge in front of which Bob was waiting, there came a sudden sound of voices from far down the road. Bob instantly recognised the high-pitched tones of Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior, and, though he could not hear the words which were spoken, it was evident that Fish was having a row with somebody.

"I wonder what the matter is!" he murmured. "Fish, I reckon, is the chap I really want to see. I wonder what he is doing here now, having rows with people? Beastly disgrace to the school, too!"

He stopped then, and listened. There had suddenly come a frightened shout in the tones of Fisher T. Fish, and a roar from some deep-voiced person with him. The next moment footsteps sounded down the road, and into sight round the corner, two running figures swung into view.

The first could be recognised without difficulty as Fisher T. Fish. The second was plainly a tramp. Fish was running as though for his life, and the man behind was coming along at a pace which showed that had he not been intoxicated would soon have overhauled the Yankee junior.

Wharton & Co. broke from the cover of the hedge, and Bob turned round in amazement to see them.

"Hallo!" he greeted. "Where have you fellows sprung from?"

Harry explained briefly.

"But look there!" he cried.

Fish was quite near them now, and suddenly his pursuer let out a yell, which he followed up by a whole series of breathless commands and entreaties.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Where's my five quid fer dotting the bloke on the boko? Hey, I've got the footygrafs!—last-wise, I soon will have when I gets that five quid fer dotting the bloke on the boko!"

Fish ran on.

"Hey, you!" the tramp continued. "I wants my five quid fer dotting the bloke on the milestone on the 'ead! Where's my five quid? Stop and pay up! I give you the footygrafs! I tell you I did! And if you've lost them it's yore fault! Hey! Where's my five quid?"

Fish was pelting along his hardest. He espied the juniors, and ran towards them.

"Help, help!" he gasped, stretching among them. "He'll kill me if I don't get away from him!"

The tramp dashed up, and Fish darted away again. The tramp tried to follow, but Johnny Bull, thrusting out a leg, neatly tripped him up. The tramp rolled down into the ditch under the hedge.

"Groooooooh!" came from the ditch. "Groooooh!"

A green, slimy figure started climbing the bank again, and Fisher T. Fish, who had paused in his flight, darted over to the other side of the road.

"Hey, you!" the tramp spluttered, spotting him. "Come 'ere, and I'll dot you on the boko fer that five quid!"

He lumbered across the road, and Fish dodged. The man followed him, and, being fairly safe in the presence of the Removites, Fish continued to dodge. The tramp followed, breathing out threats all the time.

The Removites were now enlightened as to the whole of Fish's plot, and the figures that the two of them cut in the road soon had everybody in roars of laughter. When finally the tramp caught Fish, and gave him a hearty hug in his slimy embrace before the Famous Five could separate them, the limit of their mirth was reached.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Separate them!" Harry Wharton said. "Oh, look at Fish! Ha, ha, ha!"

The tramp was too drunk to do the American junior any real damage, and Fish too frightened to put up a proper resistance. The Famous Five tore the pair apart, and then laughed, and laughed again as they watched Fish running round in circles, caught in his own trap, trying to escape from the fearsome, slime-coated tramp.

"You slab-sided galoot!" Fish howled, as he passed the laughing Removites. "Can't you see he'll kill me! Help, you flannel-headed roosters! I guess you'll be sorry if you see me killed before your eyes! You'll have my death at your door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish had just about reached the last stage of exhaustion, and the chums of the Removite were seriously thinking that he had had enough punishment, when the energetic tramp tripped up on a big stone and fell on to the grass by the side of the road. Fish performed nearly another circle before he realised that the chase was ended, for the tramp was either too drunk or too fatigued to get up again. Fish gazed for a few moments at the prostrate figure on the grass. Then, without a word of thanks, he turned suddenly from the grinning Removites and rushed off in the direction of the school.

He realised that his whole scheme had been exposed to his victims, and he was too flabbergasted for words.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The End of the "Get-it-Done" Bureau!

"M R. QUELCH wants to see you, Master Fish."

Fisher T. Fish, plentifully bedecked with the slime that he had gathered from the tramp, turned to see Gosling standing at the side of the gate, where he had evidently been awaiting the junior's return.

"And 'e don't seem best pleased about something, neither," Gosling added off his own bat—for there was little love lost between him and the Yankee junior.

"I guess I'll ask for your comments when I want them!" Fish snapped.

Before going to Mr. Quelch he went up to his study, and tried to wipe away some of the traces of his afternoon adventures. He was feeling horribly upset at what had occurred.

He had, in the first place, been robbed of everything he had worth possessing, and, after making an unscrupulous bargain with the thief, had been exposed to the Famous Five.

And now, on top of it all, there came the summons to Mr. Quelch. Had the story leaked out to the Form-master? Fish feared, from Gosling's remarks, that something certainly was amiss. Nor was he mistaken; for when he opened the door it was to see that Mr. Quelch, with a brow like thunder, had four juniors lined up before him—Bunter, Snoop, Stott, and Skinner—and that he was obviously awaiting the coming of a fifth before starting proceedings.

"Fish!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Stand beside Skinner there!"

Mr. Quelch cleared his throat ominously.

"I have summoned you five boys because of very grave matters which have come to my knowledge this afternoon. First, there has been smoking again. You know that I strongly disapprove of smoking by boys. Apparently, my words of counsel have had no effect on you. Therefore, I am going to try other measures! I trust you will not add falsehoods to your other mistakes. I want you to tell me quite candidly now about the smoking and the photo episode."

He paused. Fish glanced despairingly round the room.

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NEXT

MONDAY—

## "UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

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"I guess I've not been smoking, sir!" he said. "I reckon—"

"Silence!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "I want you here on another matter, Fish. Skinner, are you ready to confess everything?"

Skinner saw that there was no escape. He knew that the talkative Bunter had already been with Mr. Quelch for some time, and he did not think that any more remained to be said which would enlighten Mr. Quelch on the matter. He decided that making a clean breast of the affair was his best chance.

"Yes, sir," he said.

And he told briefly of the smoking episode, and of the photograph which Cherry had secured.

"Cherry said it was an accident, sir," he continued; "but I wanted to get the photo back, so I entered, as you seem to know, into an arrangement with Fish—"

"Here, I guess I didn't—" interrupted Fish tremulously.

Mr. Quelch cut him short.

"Quiet, boy!" he thundered. "I am talking to Skinner!"

Harold Skinner looked sneeringly at Fish. He was determined that, whether Mr. Quelch had already heard about Fish's part in the enterprise or not, he was going to hear it now. Fish had had five shillings of his, and Fish had failed. Nor was he—Skinner—likely to see that money back again, as per the guarantee. So he decided that Fish was going through the mill with him.

"Fish, as you will know," he continued, speaking carefully and with apparent ignorance of what Mr. Quelch might be expected to have found out from Bunter, "agreed to get the photo back for me, sir. That is all."

Mr. Quelch turned on Fish.

"Now, what have you to say?"

Fisher T. Fish saw that the game was up. There was no more chivalry in him than there was in Harold Skinner, and now that the story was out he determined to make a confession on his part which would inculpate Skinner as much as possible.

By the time he had finished Mr. Quelch knew everything that had happened. He understood the episode of the electric snuff. He knew why he had been made to suffer—an innocent victim of the enterprising Yankee.

He got up silently and crossed to his cupboard. He selected a couple of canes from inside with particular care.

"Now!" he said.

It was half an hour later that Harry Wharton & Co. entered Mr. Quelch's study, in response to a message from Gosling at the gate.

Mr. Quelch was feeling very satisfied on the whole.

"Cherry," he said, "you have in your possession a photo of some juniors smoking. I want you to give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir," Bob replied. "I burnt it this afternoon, sir."

Mr. Quelch nodded abruptly.

"Very well, Cherry," he said.

Then he turned to Wharton.

"I have seen Fish, Wharton, and he has been able to give me an explanation of the disgraceful scene which I recently came upon in your study. It seems that I quite misjudged you this afternoon, Wharton, and I am very glad that the truth had come to light. Fish, it seems, has been anonymously persecuting you to get possession of a photograph which Cherry held of four boys in the disgraceful act of smoking. I can quite understand how, acting from a mistaken sense of honour, you refused to speak this afternoon when I questioned you. But you may rest assured now that the culprits have been punished, and the matter is ended. Cherry, I am glad you have saved me the trouble of destroying that photo. That is all."

The Famous Five fled out of the study, and made their way to No. 1. On the way they passed Fisher T. Fish, looking as though he had just been through the nine labours of Hercules. He was doubled up, and alternately wringing his hands and tenderly rubbing his person, seemingly trying to work out the problem as to which was the least painful—to remain standing or to sit down.

Bob Cherry grinned as he passed him.

"Jever get left?" he murmured.

Fisher T. Fish looked daggers at the Removites, but he did not say anything.

He had got left, and left badly, too. For he had to add to his numerous commercial failures one other speculation which had "gone West"—the Fish "Get-it-Done" Bureau.

THE END.

(Don't miss "UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"—next Monday's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



## The Opening Chapters of Our Great New School Serial.

# THE FOURTH FORM AT FRANKLINGHAM.

By Richard Randolph.

### THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS TOLD HOW

two new boys appeared at Franklingham School on the same day. One is a senior—CONRAD HARDING CARDENDEN—the cousin and enemy of the school's popular captain, HARRY GRANVILLE. The other is JOHNNY GOGGS, a junior, who looks a great deal softer than he is. Goggs plays a trick on AMINADAB JARKER, a rude and morose old cabman, and causes Jarker to fall foul of POLICE-CONSTABLE BUSWELL, who is no friend of the Franklingham boys. The fun is witnessed by three other members of the Fourth Form besides Goggs—BLOUNT, known as Bags; TRICKETT, otherwise Tricks; and WATERS, called Wagtail. The first two rather take to Goggs from the outset; but Waters is longer in coming round, and has to be taught a lesson or two before he becomes civil. Goggs, a ventriloquist and an expert at ju-jitsu, is quite capable of teaching these lessons. It turns out that he is capable in other directions also, and Mr. GRAYSON, the Housemaster, after seeing him run, expresses his opinion that he has a very good chance of carrying off the junior quarter at the sports. Goggs goes to make his entries for the sports events to PARKER, a senior, who is secretary of games.

(Now read on.)

### Ambitious New Fellows.

"A little," was the modest reply. Bags said nothing. He did not intend to spoil a good thing by letting it out too soon.

"Here's a list of the events. You can cast your eagle eye over them, and then let me know which you want to enter for."

Goggs took the list and sat down. This was not etiquette according to the Franklingham code. He should not have taken a seat unless Parker had told him to.

But Parker said nothing. The new boy produced a pencil, and began to make neat and careful ticks on the paper given him.

While he was still at it Cardenden lounged in. He and Parker had already met, it appeared.

"Going to enter for a race or two?" asked the games secretary.

"I think so. By the way, would it be too much if I asked to see a list of those who have entered for the senior events?"

"No harm in it, of course," replied Parker. "But it won't help you much, as you can't know the other fellows' form. Here it is."

Cardenden did not answer. He turned, with the list in his right hand, saw that Goggs occupied the only chair besides that on which Parker sat, put his foot on the edge of it, and, without a word, proceeded to lever the junior off.

Or rather to attempt the operation. \*  
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Any other junior would have vacated the seat at once. It did not pay to contest such matters with seniors.

But Goggs, dropping his pencil, held on with both hands, and refused to be levered off.

Cardenden lifted his foot an inch or two, and then brought it down on Goggs' fingers.

Parker frowned. Bullying was not the fashion at Franklingham, and bullying in his study was decidedly off.

Bags felt a hot rush of rage that surprised him. He could not have felt more indignant had the victim been Tricks, though Tricks would have known too much to let himself in for that sort of thing.

Goggs did not cry out. He just said, mildly but firmly:

"Perhaps you do not realise that that hurts?"  
"And perhaps you do!" snapped Cardenden. "Get up, you Chinese image!"

"You are a very rude person!" answered Goggs. "I will not get up because you order me, for I do not recognise your right to do so."

He turned his head so as to meet Parker's gaze. Parker was frowning still.

"Is it your wish that I should get up?" he asked.

"I think you'd better," replied Parker.

Cardenden lifted his foot. Goggs rose at once. His knuckles were barked and bleeding, but he did not even glance at them. He turned to Parker's own special table, and finished his work there.

"I say, that's rather a large order!" said the games secretary, when Goggs had finished and handed over his paper. "The junior hundred, junior quarter, junior mile! School hundred and quarter! Junior hurdles, long jump, and high jump! Throwing the cricket-ball, junior section! Well, I can't refuse your cash; it's your funeral. But it seems a bit ambitious. Ever got through a programme of this sort before?"

"I believe in the saying of Emerson, that one should hitch one's wagon to a star," Goggs answered.

Parker stared. Bags grinned. Cardenden sneered in contempt.

"Do you read Emerson?"

"At times. I do not understand it all. But perhaps wider comprehension will come with the growing years."

"You're a knock-out!" said Parker. "Nine entries at half-a-crown each makes one-two-six. No good asking Blount to lend you the cash, because he's hard up. And I can't give credit."

"I do not ask it," Goggs answered; and, producing his money-bag, he counted out the sum mentioned.

"All right," Parker said. "Win them all if you can! You belong to our House, so it will be all to the good. But don't bank on winning them all!"

"I can but do my best," replied Goggs. "I thank you for your courtesy."

He bowed politely, and withdrew.

"Is that specimen mad?" asked Cardenden.

"I don't think so," Parker answered. "He is undoubtedly eccentric. By the way, you were a bit rough on him."  
 "Oh, I believe in keeping these kids in their places. Here you are! I haven't entered for nine—only for five. What's the damage?"

"Three-and-six for each, in the case of a senior."  
 Cardenden flung down half-a-sovereign and three half-crowns, and went.

He left Parker feeling distinctly relieved at his departure. "Can't do with that chap at any price," murmured Parker. Then he thought of Goggs, and smiled. Goggs didn't realise it, perhaps, but he had made quite a good impression upon Parker.

Granville came in. He and Parker had always been good friends, and now they had a special reason for being chummy. During the last year or so Grayson's House had experienced an awful slump. Of the fellows who had helped to keep it well to the front among the five Houses at Frankingham Parker alone was left, and the new seniors were a terribly scratch crew.

Mr. Grayson had talked matters over with the Head, and the result had been the transference of Granville from the Head's House to Grayson's.

The captain did not grumble. To leave the cock House for that which held the wooden spoon was not a pleasant thing for him. It did not make it more pleasant that it also meant leaving a House where discipline was first-class for one which had of late become notorious for rowdiness.

But Granville had a wide enough view to put the school before the House, and the readiness with which Parker had stepped down into second place had tightened the bond of friendship between them.

They would need to pull together if they were to lift the Head out of the swamp into which it had floundered.

"The new chap just been in, Gran," said Parker. "That fellow Cardenden and a junior named Goggs—the most curious object you ever saw in your life, but with points. He'll make you smile, old man."

"I've seen him," answered Granville. "By the way, where's the flag-list? I can't do with young Benton. He's slovenly. Is there anyone else not fagging?"

"You'd better take the thing," Parker said. "It's your business now. There's only this new specimen. Cardenden's got Taylor minor; but he's another Benton."

"Yes, I'll take Goggs. May be a bit off his head, but he looks clean, anyway. Benton can't see the back of his own neck, and thinks other people can't, and to judge from the state of his nails, has not yet learned that the blade of a pen-knife is a useful aid to the toilet."

Granville put the list in his pocket. It was part of the head prefect's business to deal with that sort of thing in each House, though, as a rule, it settled itself to a large extent without reference to him.

"The spectacle Goggs is an ambitious youth," said Parker, grinning. "He has put down his illustrious name for nine events—only nine, old man!"

"Doesn't look like an athlete, either."

"He does not." He reads Emerson, and is exceedingly polite. You'll have quite the latest thing in fags, Gran!"

"What about the other fellow? Is he ambitious?"

Parker failed to notice a touch of constraint in his chum's tone.

"He's entered for five events—a pretty good whack," he replied.

"What are they?"

Parker looked at the list.

"Mile, quarter, hundred, hurdles, and throwing the cricket-ball," he said.

And Harry Granville knew at once that the opposition he had expected from this cousin of his had begun. For these were the events for which he had entered, and he felt sure that Cardenden's one object was to beat him!

#### A Lesson for Wagtail.

"You are a giddy goat, Goggles!" said Bags, when they were outside Parker's door. "You'll spoil all your chances, you know. You won't have an earthly. No chap could do all that in one afternoon. And it's simply chucking away tin like dirt!"

"I do not think so, Bags."

"Why, all that would be enough to kill a fellow!"

"I am not in the habit of getting tired," Goggs answered.

And Bags was to find out later how true this was. Goggs might look a mere lath, but he wasn't. He might have been made of steel and whipcord, if one judged by his tirelessness.

There was nothing remarkable about his conduct in class. He did not make any attempt to outshine the rest, although Bags had a shrewd suspicion that his brains were quite equal to that if he had cared to try it.

But perhaps his studies in ventriloquism had stood in the way of any special devotion to Latin, Greek, or mathematics.

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#### "UNDER BUNTER'S THUMB!"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

Term was a fortnight old that day, and, of course, the supplies of tuck brought back had all disappeared, while pocket-money was rather a scarce commodity.

Goggs' tuck-box came in very conveniently. They had had a peep into it before classes. When the time approached he unpacked it, and they found their expectations of corn in Egypt were not to be disappointed.

It was just the sort of tuck-box that a fellow with sense would have chosen for himself. There was plenty of perishable matter, such as pastry; but there was also plenty of tinned stuff—potted meats, and other things—that could be made to last out.

"I beg that you will help yourselves, all of you," said Goggs.

"No," answered Trickett; "we won't have any of that! We know too jolly well what it means. Tea comes round once in every twenty-four hours, and tea in Hall is no catch. Bread-and-scraps, milk-and-water slightly flavoured with tea. You can get the stuff down if you're peckish, but you don't feel keen on it."

"Chap named Goggs wanted by Granville!" proclaimed a sulky voice at the door.

The voice was that of Benton, who was no favourite with Study No. 11. He was a sneak, and he wasn't clean.

"What for?" asked Bags.

"I didn't speak to you, did I?"

"No. But you'd better, when I ask you a question!"

"To fag for Granville, then," replied Benton sullenly.

"I thought you were his fag," said Trickett.

"Oh, I've chuckled it—struck, you know!"

"If there was any striking, Granville did it, I'll bet!" said Wagtail.

"Cut off, Goggles! You needn't hurry back! We'll attend to the grub!"

Considering that Waters had lost no opportunity of being offensive to the new fellow, this was pretty good. But Goggs said nothing; he merely looked at Bags, and Bags understood that the interests of the absent were entrusted to his hands.

"Where is Granville's study?" asked the new boy in the corridor.

"Find it for yourself!" replied Benton.

"You are not at all polite."

"Yah! You're a mollycoddle and a moke!" retorted Granville's ex-fag, and put out his tongue.

Goggs promptly chuckled him under the chin. There is no more effective method of dealing with anyone who resorts to this kind of rudeness.

"Ow! You made me bite my tongue!"

"Yes. I intended to," Goggs answered.

He seized Benton by the collar.

"Lead on to Granville's study!" he said.

Benton wriggled, but was forced to obey. The grasp of the supposed mollycoddle was a grasp of steel.

"This is it," said Benton. "Now let go, will you?"

Goggs let go, and contemplated his knuckles.

"I ought to wash my hands," he said. "Granville no doubt prefers his tea prepared by clean hands."

Now, the main reason for Benton's being sacked, as has already been indicated, was lack of cleanliness. He supposed that the new boy must have heard this, and he grew furious.

"Take that!" he roared, and punched at Goggs' spectacles.

Goggs took it—on his arm. Next moment Benton was on the floor—he did not quite know how he had come there—and Goggs was sitting on him.

A study door opened. Granville's face appeared.

"Hallo!" said Granville.

"I am coming in a minute," answered Goggs politely.

"I regret the delay, but I assure you it is not my fault."

"All serene!" replied Granville. "When you've finished."

He went in and shut the door. Goggs thought it decent of him.

"You can get up," he said to Benton, arising from his seat upon that sweet youth's waistcoat.

Benton scrambled up, and bolted. A leg shot out, and a foot took him fairly and squarely in the rear. Goggs had not neglected footer.

Then the new boy walked calmly and quite without flurry into the captain's den.

"Shall I make toast for you?" he asked.

"If you can lower your great mind to so small a matter," answered Granville, smiling.

Goggs could, it appeared. He made the toast—crisp and golden-brown. He made the tea, neither too strong nor too weak. He set the table quickly but neatly.

"Ever done this sort of thing before?" asked the Frank-lingham skipper.

"I have occasionally assisted my grandmother in our little home," answered Goggs meekly.

Like Bags, Granville suspected that grandmother to be a

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Waters and Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT MONDAY—

myth. She was a part of Goggs' pretended humility and inoffensiveness, he fancied. The new boy would like it to be supposed that he had not been at school before; but Granville knew better.

"Well, you're pretty handy, anyway," the captain said. "I am obliged to you for your good opinion."

"Oh, get out! Don't talk that stuff to me! You can cut now. If you'll look in after prep I'll tell you what I want doing. You won't find me too beastly exacting."

Goggs departed happily. Perhaps he would have preferred not to fag for anyone. But if he must fag, he would rather have to do it for Granville than another.

Meanwhile, those left behind in No. 11 had fallen into argument.

"We might have that cake out and a couple of tins of sardines," said Bags.

"No; only one," corrected Tricks. "Wagtail wots more than you or me, and naturally he isn't going to eat any of this stuff."

"Oh, I say, don't talk rot! Why won't I eat any of it, you idiot?"

"You can't, with any sort of decency, after you've bullied ragged our dear Johnny at every chance. If it was me, I should be ashamed to—shouldn't you, Bag?"

"I certainly should," answered Blount solemnly.

"Well, I'm not," replied Wagtail. "I mean to have my share. I can't help him being such an utter ass. Nobody can look at him without grinning. What you fellows see in the object I can't for the life of me make out!"

The discussion was still proceeding, and had become rather heated, when Goggs returned.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Waters does not appear to be in the best of tempers."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Wagtail.

"Question is whether he shall share in the grub, after slapping you up hill and down dale, both to your face and behind your back," said Tricks.

"Rats to that! You can't keep me out of it. Are you going to back those rotters up, you Goggles chap?"

"I do not consider that they are rotters. Quite the contrary, indeed: I can fully understand their feeling in the matter. If you had a nice mind, Waters, you would not feel comfortable about partaking of my hospitality."

"That be hanged! It's share and share alike, I suppose. I reckon you're a measly idiot! But when my hamper comes along on my birthday—it's only a fortnight off—I shan't grudge you a share."

"Nor do I grudge you anything," said Goggs gravely.

"Then what do you mean by all that silly gas about feeling uncomfortable?"

"I am afraid that you have not a spirit capable of—"

"I've as much spirit as you have, anyway, you worm! Take that!"

He slapped Goggs' face, and then made a bolt for the door, remembering too late his earlier downfall.

"I say, that's too thick!" cried Tricks indignantly.

Bags said nothing, but he got to the door first, and put his back up against it.

And now all three gasped in amazement.

The goggles had fallen off, and they saw that the new boy had the brightest of blue eyes, gleaming with fun and merriment.

He was plain enough otherwise, it is true. But no one of the three was an Adonis, or wanted to be. And without the goggles there was really nothing to laugh at in the face of Johnny Goggs.

"He picked up the things in all haste and replaced them."

"My dear grandmother says that I must be very careful about my eyes," he said, in his most precise manner.

"You bound!" I don't believe there's any more the matter with your eyes than there is with mine! I don't believe you're got a grandmother!" cried Bags.

"It's a silly, low trick!" said Wagtail, and put up his fists, seeing that he was in for it now.

Goggs closed without using his fists at all, and inside five seconds Wagtail was lying bleeding on the floor.

"Now I know!" cried Tricks. "That's ju-jitsu! I've seen it done at a music-hall!"

Goggs made no denial. Wagtail scrambled up.

"Ju-ju or no ju-ju, here's at him!" he roared.

This time—how it was done the two could not see—Wagtail was lifted off his feet, and went flying over his opponent's head on to the table.

"Dear me! I hope he has not smashed all the crockery!" said Goggs mildly.

He had not smashed it all. The teapot was left and two cups. The rest were on the floor in fragments.

Wagtail sat up, looked around him in a vacant fashion, and then slid off the table. He brought one of the remaining

cups with him, but Goggs caught it neatly before it reached the ground.

The other two were not certain that Wagtail did not intend another assault.

But if he intended it he never made it.

"Do not let us brawl, Waters," said Goggs, holding out his hand. "I am willing to be friends, if you are."

One moment Wagtail hesitated; then he said:

"Oh, all serene! I say, I wish you'd teach me that ju-ju, or whatever it is. I should like to be able to come to over old Bags."

"But I should, as a matter of course, also teach Bags and Tricks," answered Goggs.

"Never mind. There are plenty of other chaps about. I say, Goggles, I'm sorry I was so beastly. It shan't happen again."

And it did not. From that hour the four were all the best of chums; and though Goggs might have more surprises in store for the other three, it was not likely any such surprise would disturb their friendly relations.

### Showing Their Colours!

"Hi, you fellow!" shouted Cardenden down the corridor. Goggs turned.

"Do you mean me?" he asked innocently.

"Do you mean you?" mimicked the new senior. "Of course I mean you, you heathen idol! Come here!"

Goggs went. He saw no use in refusing.

"You're going to fag for me," said Cardenden.

"I think you are mistaken," answered the junior mildly. "I understand that Granville is quite satisfied with me, and I believe that it is not the custom here for anyone to fag for two seniors."

"Oh, you're fagging for Granville, are you?"

"Yes. Did you not know?"

"How should I know, you young idiot?"

Cardenden caught Goggs by the ear and led him towards the captain's study. Goggs went meekly. To have resisted might have been painful to his ear. But probably that was not the only reason why he did not resist.

The new senior pushed open the door without ceremony. Granville looked up, and his face flushed as he saw who his visitors were.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I want this fellow to fag for me," replied Cardenden.

"He says you've annexed him."

"That's quite correct."

"I suppose you've no objection to give him up?"

"I don't in the least intend to do anything of the sort!"

Granville answered sharply.

"Don't see why you're so gone on him."

"I didn't say that I was. But, as a matter of fact, he's a first-class fag. Don't you think you'd better let go of his ear?"

Cardenden did so. It rather surprised Goggs that he should. Already he knew that these two cousins—their relationship was known to nobody at Frankingham except them and himself, apart from the masters—were not on friendly terms. And Goggs shrewdly suspected that Cardenden had no other object in this move but to make trouble.

"I can't do with that little sweep Taylor!" cried Cardenden.

"That's unlucky, because the only other fag available is Benton; and, having tried him, I can't recommend him as being superior to Taylor minor in any respect."

"There are other juniors, surely?"

"Several. But, having been two terms in the Fourth, they have passed out of the fagging stage."

Goggs understood now what he had wondered at before—why Bags, Tricks, and Wagtail had no fagging to do.

"It's a confoundedly stupid rule!" replied the new senior.

"I didn't make it," returned the captain.

"Surely one of them would fag for you readily enough! You seem to be no end of a popular character!" his cousin sneered.

"I don't propose to make any departure from the rules for your benefit."

"Oh, of course not! Last thing you'd think of, no doubt!"

"Very nearly."

There was enmity in the tones of both, but it was of a different kind, Goggs noticed.

Cardenden's was spiteful, nagging, malicious. He wanted to give Granville trouble.

Granville's was free from any trace of spite, but none the less keen. He wanted to have as little to do with Cardenden as might be.

He could not avoid him altogether. They were fellow-seniors in the same House, and it was already said that

(Continued on page iv of cover.)



W. H. SKYTE,  
Worsley, Manchester.



CYRIL BRIGHTEN,  
Gravesend.



E. BRADLEY,  
Stratford.



REGGIE HALL,  
New Barking.



H. GOULD,  
Leeds.



HERBERT LANT,  
Sheffield.



A FAITHFUL READER,  
Southfields.



LEWIS MITCHELL,  
Huddersfield.



MUNITION WORKER,  
Birmingham.



WILLIAM McLEOD,  
Bathgate.



CYRIL CLYNE,  
Westcliff-on-Sea.



A STAUNCH JEWISH  
SUPPORTER.



L. JOHNSON,  
Birmingham.



M. SILVERSTEIN,  
Stepney Green.



WILLIAM SHORT,  
H.M.S. Impregnable.



HERBERT A.,  
Newport.



L.-CPL. G. E. HATYER,  
Bournemouth.



A LOYAL SOLDIER  
READER.



ANOTHER SOLDIER  
READER.



R. H.,  
Romsey.



A LOYAL  
SUPPORTER.



A LOYAL  
READER.



PTE. A. GRIMSHAW,  
Manchester Regt.



A KEEN READER,  
Liverpool



R. THORPE,  
Suffolk.



A LOYAL READER,  
Foliar.



JACK CHARLES,  
Gloucest.



A TRUE  
READER.

## THE FOURTH FORM AT FRANKLINHAM.

(Continued from page 20.)

Cardenden was to be given the vacant prefectship, no other Sixth-Formers being available in Grayson's to fill it. Granville had no say in that matter. It was the Head's affair. But even if he could have vetoed the appointment he might have been too proud to do so.

"You can go, Goggs," said the captain. Goggs would rather have stayed. He found this interesting. But he had no choice. He went.

"It's a small thing to ask," said Cardenden, when the door had closed.

"So small that I wonder why you ask it," answered Granville.

"That cub has been impudent to me, and I mean to make him smart for it!"

"In other words, you want to fag Goggs in order to bully him. Is that it?"

"You can have it that way, if you like. You always do put the worst possible construction on anything I do!"

"Is that unnatural, Cardenden? Remember that you've done your best to ruin me."

"I deny that I had anything to do with that! I've told you so over and over again!"

"If you told me a thousand times I shouldn't believe. You were deep enough to keep your share in it dark. Even if I'd had actual proof, I shouldn't have cared to go to Uncle Raymond and say, 'See here, you're convinced now that I didn't do this thing. But do you know how it was made to appear that I did?' My cousin worked that, because—"

"Well, because of what?" snapped Cardenden, as Granville paused.

"Do you want it straight? Take it, then! 'Because he's an envious cur, who can't bear to share with anyone, who is afraid of a contrast between himself and any average decent fellow, and fears that if I'm not kicked out he probably will be.'"

Cardenden had it straight, and it was very obvious that he did not like it. He bit his lips and clenched his hands. But he did not attack Granville.

"It's all a lie!" he said furiously. "It's your own insane jealousy that makes you suspect me!"

"And it was my insane jealousy that brought you here to see what you could do in the way of rivaling me, I suppose? For you won't get me to believe that it was anyone's plan but your own that you should come here. You won Uncle Raymond over to it, of course. But he didn't suggest it—that I'm jolly sure!"

"Rival you? Yes, I'll rival you! I'll show Frankingham that you're not the mighty man you're held here! But it's the first I've said of it. And now you know my intention!"

"Easy guessing!" struck in Granville. "It was hardly by a mere coincidence that the sports events you've entered for are just those that my name's down for, I'm sure."

"Oh, you've noticed that, have you?"

"Yes. But you're not quite as wide as you fancy. For any win you may bring off will count to the House; and I tell you straight, I'm keener on having the House do well than on personal triumph. Of course, I'd sooner the points were scored by a fellow with clean hands. But that's another matter. They count, all the same."

"Tell that to the Marines! As if anyone would put this dog-kennel of a House, which is a byword to the whole school, ahead of himself!"

"You wouldn't. I know! Oh, I'm not trying to make myself out a superior person! I only feel what scores of other fellows feel—that their House's credit matters. You can run, I'm aware. If you can run faster than I can you'll beat me. Never mind; it scores for Grayson's!"

Cardenden had grown more furious than ever. It had suited his book to enter the same House as his cousin. That he should select to beat Granville on Sports Day was natural to his jealous and malicious nature.

But to think that in beating his cousin he would yet score for him—would help to restore the credit of the House to which Granville had been sent with that very end in view—it almost maddened him!

Granville's quiet smile put the finishing touch to his anger. He sprang forward, snatched a heavy ruler from the table, and dealt a blow at the captain's head.

Granville dodged it, though it fell upon his shoulder. He was on his feet in an instant, and sent a weighty fist crashing against Cardenden's jaw.

"You've a-kerd for it!" he said. "Now take it!"

The enmity of full five years blazed hot in each. They had first met as small boys, these two, and had fought on the day of their meeting. Since then, until to-day, they had never actually come to blows.

Cardenden struck another savage blow with the ruler Granville closed with him, and pushed him towards the door. It opened at that moment, and Parker appeared.

"I say, you fellows!" protested Parker.

"Hold the door open, old man, will you?" cried Granville, forcing Cardenden backwards.

"I say, there's Grayson!"

But it was too late. Cardenden spun heavily round, and brought up against Mr. Grayson.

"Granville! Really, I'm surprised!"

"I don't think it's my fault, sir. I was attacked. The fellow holds the ruler he used in his hand now. It wasn't to be expected that I should sit quiet under it, I think."

"Scarcely! Go to your study, Cardenden. I will inquire further into this!"

### Cardenden is Defiant.

Parker cleared out, seeing that he was not wanted just then.

"This is a serious matter, Granville," said Mr. Grayson.

"Yes, sir; I see that. I'm sorry it should have happened, and still more sorry that you saw it."

"I understand from the Head that you and Cardenden are related."

"That's so, sir. We are cousins—both adopted by an uncle. But we never could get on together, and when he turned up here, quite unexpectedly to me, we agreed to sink the relationship and behave as strangers."

"I'm! It seems to me that he has soon broken that agreement—within three days."

"Well, a row between myself and a stranger might have happened, you know, sir. His wanting to whack me on the head with a ruler isn't any proof of kinship."

"Of or kindness, Granville, eh? I won't inquire further into that. I have confidence in you, and I will keep your secret, though I am not sure that concealment is entirely wise."

"Thank you!" said Granville gravely. He did not seek to argue the matter. Mr. Grayson noted.

"Have you any objection to telling me how the trouble arose?"

"On the first place, it was because he demanded Goggs as a fag, and I didn't quite see it. Goggs is fagging for me, and I don't choose to let him go."

"Goggs? Oh, yes, the new boy! That youngster can run, Granville."

"Can he, sir? Do you mean he's good enough to have any chance of licking young Allardyce in the quarter?" asked the captain eagerly.

"If I'm any judge, he can beat Allardyce, good as the lad is, at any distance."

"Oh, that's great! He has been entering wholesale for the sports, but I rather think I'd give him a hint to concentrate on one or two events."

"Do you know, Granville, I don't think I'd do that. There is something about Goggs that causes me to think him more than usually long-headed, in spite of his rather—er—foolish appearance. Let him have his own way."

"You think he won't bite off more than he can chew, sir?"

"Something of that sort," answered the Housemaster, smiling. "But enough of Goggs, though I am glad to hear he is fagging for you. About Cardenden, now. After what has happened I shall protest strongly against his appointment as a prefect."

For a moment Granville was silent. He did not like to say what was in his mind. But the master's keen eyes were upon his face, and he saw that he had better speak.

"I don't think he'd make a good prefect, sir, at best," he said.

That was all. Mr. Grayson, though he felt curious, admired the self-restraint and sense of fairness which kept back the story that he felt sure lay behind those words.

He had taken a seat, while Granville stood. Now he rose.

"I am going to see Cardenden," he said.

His interview with the new senior was not a long one.

"I shall ask the Head to transfer you to some other House, Cardenden," he said.

"Very well, sir. I don't mind, I assure you," was the sullen reply.

"You do not ask my reason."

"Oh, I don't doubt Granville has told you the tale!" answered the tall, dark fellow recklessly.

"Don't be impertinent! You imply that I might favour Granville. I favour no one; but I have known Granville for years, and I know nothing but good of him. He has told me no more than that there were words between you, and that you attacked him with a ruler. Have you anything to add? Or do you deny this?"

"I don't deny it, and I've nothing to add that concerns you!" came the insolent reply.

(There will be another grand instalment of this exciting story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET Library. Order your copy in advance.)