

COKER'S SPY!

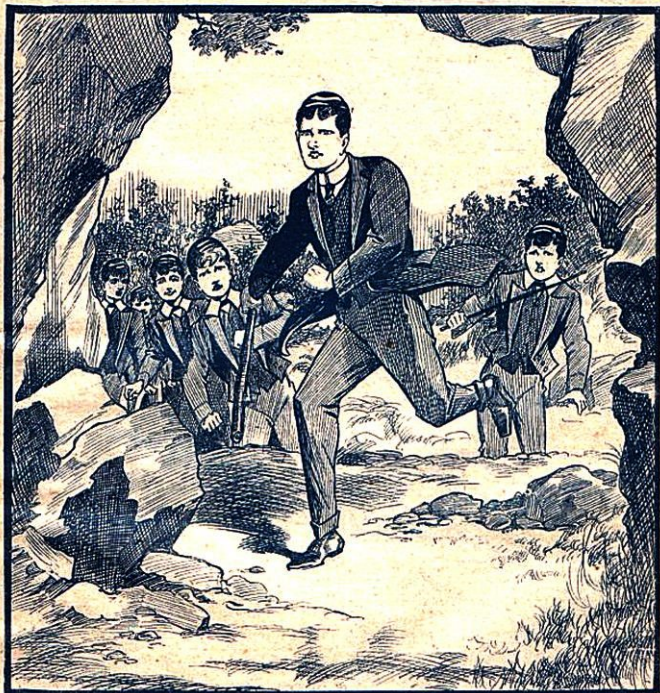
A Magnificent New Long Complete School Tale of the Boys of Greyfriars.



The **Magnet** 1st Library

No. 458. Vol. 10.

NOVEMBER 18th, 1916.



COKER'S COURAGE!

(A Dramatic Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale in this Issue.)

MY READERS' PAGE

OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE BOYS' FRIEND," ed. Every Monday. "THE GEM" LIBRARY, ed. Every Wednesday. "THE BOYS' FRIEND" & COMPLETE LIBRARY, "THE PENNY POPULAR," ed. Every Friday. "CHUCKLES," Price 1s. Every Saturday.

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 for: The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

For Next Monday:

"THE RIVALS OF GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

In the fine story which appears next week, Temple, Dalney, & Co., of the Fourth, who have not appeared very prominently since the yarn in which Ogilvy came unjustly under the School's ban, play a leading part. Temple, to annoy the Removos, fixes up a game with a Highlife team got up by Pomsonby. Now, Pomsonby never has played the game on the footer field, and he does not create a new record on this occasion. The match is a farce as footer, and a disgraceful exhibition from any point of view. Thereof comes heavy trouble, in which Temple is gravely concerned. But to tell more might be to destroy interest in the story. It is enough to say that you will find some of our famous author's very best work in

"THE RIVALS OF GREYFRIARS!"

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE GEM."

Out on Wednesday! Whatever you do, don't miss it! You will regret it if you make this mistake, for it is packed with nothing but the very best from cover to cover. By the way, look out for the cover, which is a real work of art in colours, depicting a dinner scene, with the one and only Arthur Augustus D'Arcy on his hind legs to propose a toast.

A SPECIAL ATTRACTION IN "CHUCKLES" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

All "Magnet" readers ought to get the Special Christmas Number of our bright and cheery companion paper, "Chuckles," too. This comes out next week—the week ending November 25th—and it contains, besides a host of other good things, literary and pictorial, a story of special interest to the ardent followers of the Greyfriars yarns. The title is

"TO THE RESCUE!"

It is a story of Ferrers Locke, the famous detective, who has on several occasions been called in to solve mysteries at Greyfriars; and two very popular "Magnet" characters—

GEORGE WINGATE & HERBERT VERNON-SMITH—appear in it. You will read with interest, I am sure, of the false charge made against Wingate, and of how the Bouncer helped to clear him.

MANNERS!

There are some people who mistake rudeness for candour, and surliness for the manifestation of an independent spirit. They are usually rude and surly people; those with whom they come in contact don't generally make the mistake. I am not going to preach a sermon on manners, though it seems worth while to remark that good manners are worth cultivating, and that they can be cultivated by anyone who is not too selfish to consider others' feelings. But I am moved to these remarks by a letter received from a reader who is evidently resentful at the closing-up for the time being of notices other than those of certain specified kinds.

Thus he writes: "I saw your notice in this week's 'Gem' and 'Magnet' that no advertisement will be accepted, except those sent in by soldiers, and football, till the end of the year, because there are a lot of notices waiting to go in. Well, although you are doing that, I also see that you are putting silly bits in, such as a piece entitled 'Those Conscientious Objectors,' and have read it. What's the good of it? While you are doing that you may just as well put in a few back numbers, or clubs and leagues. Please write reply."

The is about as rude and impudent a letter as I have read for some time. The writer's notice concerning some back numbers he wants to buy has had to wait, like many scores of other notices; and he has the stupid arrogance to tell me how I could have got it in, and to dictate as to what I could have left out to make room for it! As he is not interested in the subject dealt with in one of my chats, he dismisses it as a "silly bit." But it was written for readers of higher intelligence than he appears to possess. We have many such readers, you know, in fact, I should be very sorry to believe that the great majority of our readers could be guilty of such folly and bad manners as this boy's letter.

NOTICES

Correspondence, Leagues, Etc.

R. Brooks, 157, De Beauvoir Road, Dalston, N., is the London representative of the Belfast "Gem" and "Magnet" League, and would be glad to hear from anyone who cares to join. Stamped and addressed envelope, please.

John J. Byrne, 65, Oxford Street, Warrington, is the agent for a "Magnet" Correspondence Club, and will be glad to send full particulars on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

John Wray, 43, Skipton Road, Ilkley, Yorks., wants members for his league, one object of which is the sending copies of the companion papers to soldiers. Stamped and addressed envelope, please.

Frederick Roy, 114, Albert Road, Blackpool, would like to hear from William Chester.

Will phonographic readers send stamped addressed envelope for particulars of a shorthand reading club which enables its members to receive several shorthand monthly magazines within the month of one? Chas. F. Piggott, West Street Cottage, Wellingborough.

The Picturegoers Club, 4, Thonet Street, King's Cross, London, would welcome as members enthusiastic picturegoers in any part of the world. Carried on by correspondence. Monthly journal issued. Please send stamped addressed envelope for particulars.

Back Numbers Wanted

By F. Andre, 25, The Vineyard, Richmond—"Greyfriars Herald," No. 2.

By W. J. Lloyd, 133, Cemetery Road, Trearlaw—"Sports men's All" and "Bob Cherry's Challenge."

By Charles MacNevin, Hibernian Bank, Dundalk, Ireland—Back numbers "Gem" and "Magnet." Please write before sending.

By Jack Brady, 30, Flax Street, Crumlin Road, Belfast—"The Boy Without a Name."

Driver C. Taylor, 5014, 14th H.B. R.G.A., attached 1st Anzac Corps, R.E.F., France, would be glad if some reader would send him the "Gem" and "Magnet" regularly.

Corporal S. Strassman, 121, C Battery, R.F.A., 232nd Brigade, R.E.F., France, would be grateful for back numbers of the "Gem" and "Magnet."

By William McLeod, Gullys Haugh Cottages, Edinburgh Road, by Bathgate, Linthgowshire—"School and Sport" and "The Mailed Fist at Greyfriars."

By E. David Jones, 66, Conway Road, Canton, Cardiff—Clean copy of the supplement to the 1915 Christmas Number.

Driver W. Yeldham, 87315, No. 1 Section, D.A.C., R.F.A., B.E.F., France, would be obliged to any reader who would send him back numbers of the "Magnet."

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. . . .

COKER'S SPY!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Whack, whack, whack, whack! Mr. Froufrou seemed to think that he was beating carpet, and that Coker's back was the carpet. (See Chapter I.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Only Coker!

"COKER!"
"What's happened?"
"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What the merry dickens
— Horace Coker did not heed. He strode on
regardless of the shouts.
Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove were adorning the
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ancient gateway of Greyfriars with their persons when Coker of the Fifth came panting up.

His appearance was surprising.

Coker of the Fifth wasn't a dandified fellow as a rule; indeed, his Form-master had told him more than once that he was slovenly. But in his most slovenly moments Coker of the Fifth had never looked as he looked now.

He was smothered with mud. His boots were caked with it. His trousers reeked with it. His rumpled jacket was buried
November 18th, 1910.

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in it. His cap was gone, and his hair was untidy. His face was flushed crimson and sweated with mud. His necktie hung out by one end over his shoulder; his collar, confined by a single stud, was draped more, or less gracefully over the other shoulder.

Evidently Coker of the Fifth had been in the wars. Horace Coker was popularly supposed to spend most of his leisure time in looking for trouble—and finding it. He had found it this time, with a vengeance!

"What's happened, Coker?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Can't you speak?"

"Where did you bag all that mud?" asked Nugent. "I hope you asked the owner's permission before you walked off with that lot."

Coker made no reply.

He strode on through the dusk towards the School House, with mud squelching out of his boots as he went.

Gosling, the porter, came out to lock the gates, and he linked after Coker.

"Well, my hey!" said Gosling emphatically. "Wot I say is this 'ere, pretty goings on, and no mistake!"

The Famous Five followed Coker. They were interested. Fellows were going towards the House through the dusky quad on all sides, and they all stared at Coker of the Fifth, and asked him questions.

Coker did not reply to a single question. He seemed to be in a terrific hurry. His long legs were going like clockwork.

Potter and Greene, his chums of the Fifth, stood in the doorway, and they almost fell down at the sight of Coker.

"Coker!" said Potter faintly. "Oh, my hat! Where did you collect the mud?"

"Have you been up the Shoulder, after all?" asked Greene. Coker halted for a moment, gasping for breath.

"Yes. I've been through it, you chaps, and no mistake!"

"Taken a tumble?" asked Greene.

"No. Don't stop me. I've got to see Prout!"

"Prout—in that state?"

"Can't stop!"

Coker was striding on, but Potter caught him by the shoulder.

"Coker, old man, you can't see a Form-master in that state. Prout will scarp you—"

"Leggo!"

"Come to the study and have a brush-down first," urged Potter, really concerned for his chums.

"No time to lose," panted Coker. "He may get away!"

Coker jerked himself loose, and strode on to his Form-master's study. Potter and Greene blinked at one another in astonishment.

"Get away!" repeated Greene. "Prout won't get away! What was he driving at?"

"Dotty, I should think," said Potter.

"What's happened to Coker?" asked Wharton, coming in with the Co.

"Blessed if I know!" said the amazed Potter. "He went out to climb the Shoulder this afternoon. He seems to have rolled into a ditch, or something. He's in a hurry to see Prout, because somebody will get away. Goodness knows who!"

"It's come at last!" said Johnny Bull, tapping his forehead significantly.

"Blessed if it don't look like it!" said Potter. "Prouty will be as wild as a Hun if Coker gets squelching mud into his study—I know that!"

"He's gone!" chuckled Nugent.

Coker had tapped at Mr. Prout's door hurriedly, and, without waiting for an invitation to enter, he strode in. He left the door half open. He was in too great a hurry to close it.

Some of the more venturesome fellows went down the passage to the half-open door. It really looked as if Horace Coker had taken leave of his senses—such as they were.

Certainly, Coker of the Fifth was every known kind of an ass. But even Coker ought to have known better than to go squelching and dripping mud upon his Form-master's carpet.

The juniors in the passage chuckled as they looked in. Mr. Prout's face when he saw Coker was worth, as Bob Cherry said afterwards, a guinea a box.

The master of the Fifth seemed transfixed.

Mr. Prout was seated in his armchair, with a rifle across his knees, engaged in cleaning it. Mr. Prout was—or had been in the merry days of his youth—a great sportsman. There were guns and tomahawks on the walls of his study; there was a kangaroo over his mantelpiece. When Mr. Prout wanted to vary his life, he cleaned one of his many guns. Skinner of the Remote declared that he had never killed anything else with them.

Mr. Prout had a grievance. He was too old for military service. At least, the War Office thought he was too old; Mr. Prout didn't. And, owing to the inefficiency of the Navy, Mr. Prout was never likely to see a German till the end of

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the war—excepting the German master at Greyfriars. He longed to get a Hun, and some humorous fellows said they had seen him casting bloodthirsty looks at Herr Gage.

Mr. Prout was thinking of battle, murder, and sudden death as he cleaned his rifle, and making bitter reflections on the incompetence of authorities who left a man like himself out of the fighting-line, when Coker of the Fifth came squelching in, panting, dripping, and gasping.

Mr. Prout forgot his grievance, forgot the Huns, and even forgot his rifle, at the sight of Horace Coker in his extraordinary state. He sprang to his feet, with a face like thunder.

His rifle slipped from his knees, and the butt came with a clump on his foot. There was a corn upon that foot, and, unfortunately, at that moment there was the butt of a rifle on the corn. Mr. Prout uttered a yelp of anguish.

"Yelp! Ow! Ah! Oh!"

"Your telephone, sir!" gasped Coker.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Mr. Prout stood on one foot and clasped the other. For some moments he was too busy with his corn to answer Coker.

The Fifth Former rushed towards the telephone-desk, and caught up the receiver from the hooks.

At the sight of that piece of astounding impertinence even the shooting pains in Mr. Prout's favourite corn could not keep his attention from Coker. He fairly spluttered with wrath.

"Coker!" he thundered.

"Excuse me, sir!" panted Coker. "I've got to 'phone! Fearful hurry—"

"Let that telephone alone!" shrieked Mr. Prout. "Have you gone mad, Coker? Ow, ow! I say, have you gone mad, Coker? Put down that receiver at once!"

Coker didn't put down the receiver. He howled into the transmitter instead:

"Courtfield, double-three!"

Mr. Prout strode towards him. He grabbed Coker by the shoulder, and dragged him away from the telephone. The receiver was jerked out of Coker's hand, and it hung at the end of its cord.

"Coker!"

"Leggo, sir! I—"

"How dare you enter my study in such a condition!" roared Mr. Prout. "How dare you touch my telephone without permission! Are you out of your senses?"

"I must 'phone to Wapshot Camp!"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" thundered Mr. Prout.

"Leave my study! When you have cleaned yourself, Coker, I shall deal with you! I cannot touch anyone in so disgusting a condition. Leave my study!"

"But—"

"Go!" shouted Mr. Prout.

"But I say—"

Mr. Prout's patience was exhausted. Shooting pains in his favourite corn did not improve his temper; and, indeed, Coker's amazing conduct would have exasperated the most equable Form-master. He caught up a cane from the table, and there was a splutter of mud from Coker, and a fendish yell, as the cane came down across his shoulders.

"Yarso!"

"Leave my study!" gasped Mr. Prout.

"But—"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Mr. Prout seemed to think that he was beating carpet, and that Coker's back was the carpet. The unfortunate Horace was fairly driven out of the study. He squelched into the passage, and staggered against the opposite wall, and Mr. Prout's door slammed after him. Mr. Prout went back to his armchair—not to get on with cleaning his rifle, but to nurse his corn! It was some time before that corn was reduced to a state of subordination.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

No Encouragement for Coker!

"YOW, yow, yow, yow, yow!"

Thus Coker.

For some minutes Coker of the Fifth seemed unable to utter any sound but "yow, yow!" which he did with great emphasis.

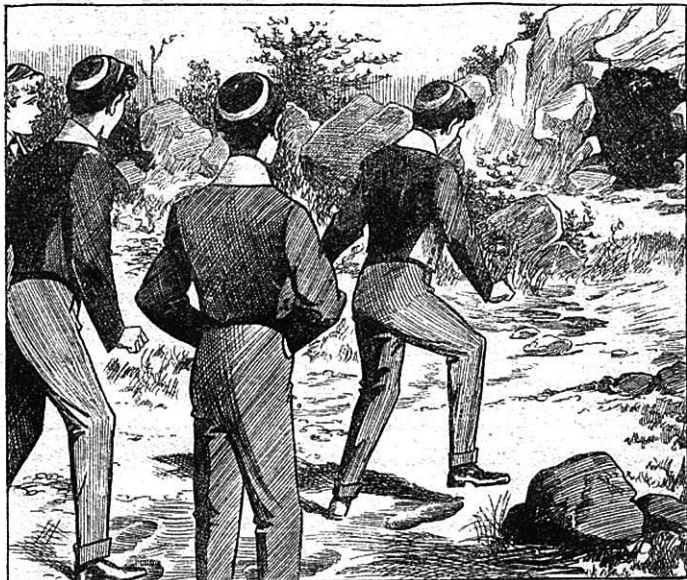
He was surrounded by an amazed crowd, but he did not heed them. When he had recovered his breath a little, he started down the passage.

"Come up to the study," urged Potter. "You really want a bit of a brush-down, you know!"

"No time!" gasped Coker.

"But what's the matter?"

"I've got to telephone, fathead! Prout's gone dotty, I think! I'll ask Quelchy to let me use his 'phone."



Johnny Bull set to work making the tracks across a wide stretch of mud.
(See Chapter 8.)

"You're going to see Mr. Quelch?" gasped Potter.

"Must!"

"Like that!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what's the matter?" shrieked Potter. "What do you want to telephone for?"

"To Wapshot Camp—the commanding officer, you know! The man may get away—"

"What man?"

"The German spy, of course!"

Coker strode on towards Mr. Quelch's study. Potter and Greene made no further attempt to stop him. They couldn't. Coker's last statement had completely overcome them.

There was a wild hoarl of laughter in the passage.

"A German spy!" roared Bob Cherry. "Coker's been after a German spy! Ha, ha, ha!"

"The Cokerfulness is terrific!" gasped Hurrey Jamset Ram Singh. "Coker has discovered an esteemed mare's-nest."

"A German spy!" stuttered Wharton. "Oh, Coker!"

Coker was already knocking at Mr. Quelch's door. Coker was in deadly earnest; that was evident. How Coker had got into that muddy state had been an interesting question; but the discovery that it was the result of an encounter with a German spy took the Greyfriars fellows quite by storm. It was possible—indeed, probable—that there were German spies on the Kentish coast; but that Coker of the Fifth had discovered one of them was highly improbable. It would have been interesting to know what he had discovered, but that it was not a German spy was a very safe conclusion.

Mr. Quelch looked up in natural astonishment as the THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 458.

muddy and excited Fifth-Former entered his study. Coker was still in a tearing hurry, but after his experience with Mr. Prout he deemed it wiser to be a little more explicit—even at the cost of wasting precious minutes, during which the spy might escape.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "What is the matter with you, Coker? That is not a condition in which to enter my study!"

"May I use your telephone, sir?"

"Certainly not, in that state! I am surprised at you! Kindly leave my study at once! You are making the carpet muddy."

"It's awfully important, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

"But, sir, I—I assure you—"

Coker's almost frantic earnestness impressed the Remove-master a little, and he relented.

"If it is a case of illness in your family, Coker, or anything of that kind—"

"More important than that, sir—a matter of national importance!" gasped Coker.

"If you are joking—"

"Oh, no, sir! I've been up the Shoulder this afternoon—you know, the hill that overlooks the sea, sir—a German spy was caught there once—"

"I am aware of that, Coker. But—"

"I found one there, sir!"

"You found what?"

"A German spy, sir!"

Coker expected Mr. Quelch to be very much impressed by

that dramatic announcement. But Mr. Quetch wasn't. He only sniffed.

"Fish?"

"It's a fact, sir! I had a struggle with him——"

"Tush!"

"I had a fearful fight with him, sir, and he pitched me into a ditch, and scooted——"

"You have been fighting with someone you took for a German spy?" exclaimed the Form-master, scarcely able to credit his ears.

"No mistake about it, sir! He was lurking among the rocks——"

"Probably some tourist or seaside tripper——"

"Oh, no, sir—a spy!" said Coker resolutely. "I'm not the sort of fellow to make a mistake. I want to telephone to Waphot Camp, to give them the information, sir, so that they can send the soldiers at once!"

"Bless my soul!"

Coker stepped towards the telephone. He thought that he had sufficiently explained the awful importance of the matter to Mr. Quetch. But the Remorse-master started to his feet angrily.

"Coker, do not touch that telephone!"

"What?"

"The officer at Waphot would undoubtedly be annoyed by any such nonsense, and would probably complain to the Head!" said Mr. Quetch severely.

"But—but it isn't nonsense, sir——"

"You are mistaken, Coker! It is utter nonsense! You appear to have attacked some person whom, with incredible stupidity, you have taken for a German spy——"

"Oh!"

"If I were your Form-master I should punish you severely for your folly, Coker. I shall certainly not allow you to telephone any such nonsense to Waphot. You will not be allowed to bring ridicule upon this school——"

"But—but——"

"Kindly leave my study at once!"

"But, sir, I tell you——"

"Leave my study!" thundered Mr. Quetch, catching up a case.

Coker had had enough of that sort of thing from Mr. Prout. He had no desire to test Mr. Quetch's powers as a carpet-beater. He executed a strategic retreat from the study with great promptness. Mr. Quetch, with an impatient exclamation, sat down again.

"Well, have you telephoned?" grinned Nugent, as Coker came out with a black brow.

Coker snorted.

"No—I haven't! Quetchy's as big an ass as Prout! I shall have to ask the Head to let me use his telephone!"

"The Head! Oh, my hat!"

Coker was striding away, when Potter and Greene grasped him, regardless of the mud.

"You shan't go!" said Potter determinedly. "It means a flogging if you play the fool with the Head."

"For goodness' sake, stop him!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Well, let him lend a hand."

"Leggo!" roared Coker, struggling. "I tell you there's a German spy escaping at this blessed minute——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It isn't a laughing matter——"

"Your mistake; it is," chuckled Bob.

"The rotter's getting away all the time——"

"Well, let him rip!"

"Will you let me go?" roared Coker, struggling with the six or seven pairs of hands that had been laid on him.

"Not to the Head," said Potter. "That's good enough. You're not going to be flogged, old scout, while we can stop you!"

"Hold the silly ass!"

"Hold the howling duffer!"

"The holdfastness is terrific!"

"Lemme go!" bellowed Coker furiously.

"No fear!"

All the fellows were determined on that. For Coker's own sake, he had to be stopped from invading the Head as he had invaded Mr. Prout and Mr. Quetch. They felt that Coker himself would thank them for it afterwards.

"I—I—won't go to the Head," said Coker, finding that he could not escape. "I'll cut down to the village and use the post-office telephone."

"No harm in that," chuckled Wharton. "We'll see you off."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Quite a little army marched out with Coker. He dragged out his bicycle, and, muddily as he was, mounted, and peddled off to the village. A howl of laughter followed him. Considering that Coker was engaged upon work of national importance, this was rather hard.

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But Coker did not heed. He knew that patriots very often were not encouraged by the unthinking mob.

He peddled down to Friarale in record time. He jumped off at the post-office and rushed in.

It was simply maddening, as Coker told Potter and Greene afterwards, to find that the only telephone-box in the little post-office was engaged. Somebody was telephoning; and Coker had to cool his heels for a good five minutes while he waited his turn.

The post-office was also a grocery, and customers were coming in and out, and they all stared at Coker and grinned. His appearance was really rather remarkable. But Coker was oblivious of stares and grins.

He was only thinking of the German spy who was escaping all this time. Certainly, if that spy knew his business at all, there would not be much chance of catching him after all this delay.

Coker got his number at last; there was some delay in getting the number, which made Coker fume. The post-mistress was as calm and unconcerned as if German spies had never been heard of; indeed, as if there were no war at all, and Germany was on another planet. But Coker was thorough at last. And he almost gasped with relief when a gruff voice came through from Waphot Camp.

"That Waphot!"

"Yes."

"Is that the commanding officer?"

"No, it ain't!"

"I must speak to the commanding officer."

"Who's speaking?"

"I'm Coker."

"No coke wanted 'ere, that I know of, and this ain't the place to 'phone about tradesmen's goods, either."

"Not coke—Coker! That's my name."

"Er! It ain't a name."

"It's my name," said Coker, breathing fury. "I'm Coker!"

"Oh, you're Coker, are you? Well, what do you want, Coker?"

"I want to speak to the commanding officer."

"Who are you?"

"Coker!" shrieked the Fifth-Former into the telephone.

"Well, who's Coker?"

"I belong to Greyfriars."

"Grev what?"

"Grevfriars."

"Wat's that?"

"A school."

"Hey! Wat? You're a schoolboy?"

"Yes—a senior."

"Well, none of your little jokes, master schoolboy!"

"I say—are you there?" bellowed Coker.

Nobody was there. The man at Waphot Camp had rung off. Probably he was too busy to pay much attention to a schoolboy who wanted to speak to his commanding officer—even if the schoolboy was named Coker.

Coker fairly raved in the telephone-box. He came raging out, and demanded his number again. After about five minutes he got it.

"Hallo!" came on the wires.

"Waphot Camp? Yes! I want to speak to the commanding officer."

"You can't! I'm on the telephone. What's wanted?"

"Who are you?"

"Sergeant Brick. Wat's wanted?"

"There's a German spy on the Shoulder——"

"Wat's that about a German spy's shoulder?"

"The Shoulder. That's a cliff near here, overlooking the sea. I've found a German spy there——"

"Oh, it's you again, master schoolboy, is it?"

"Yes, yes! I have important information to give!"

"Well, go ahead!"

"I found a German spy on the Shoulder. I collared him, and he resisted, and chucked me into a ditch. I'm prepared to meet a party and guide them——"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Coker could scarcely believe his ears. But the sound was quite distinct on the wires. The man at the other end was chuckling.

Chuckling! It was inconceivable—incredible! Here was Coker of the Fifth giving valuable information about a German spy; and there was the sergeant chuckling, instead of taking instant measures to act upon Coker's information.

"What are you chuckling about?" hissed Coker. "I tell you, there's a German spy——"

"Well, my advice to you is, look for him again——"

"Yes!"

"And when you find him——"

"Yes, yes!"

"Cook him and eat him!"

And the man at Wapshot Camp rang off. Coker stood transfixed in the telephone-box. It dawned upon his powerful brain after some minutes that the sergeant took the telephone-call for a schoolboy joke, instead of the matter of tremendous national importance that it really was.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Coker, at last. He had to give it up. He left the telephone-cabinet simpering with fury. But there was evidently nothing doing.

Coker rode back to Greyfriars, shedding mud as he rode, with contracted brows. His first step when he arrived was to bath and change his clothes. He really needed that. Then he sought his study, to take counsel with Potter and Greene. Something had to be done, that was evident; it was impossible to let the matter rest. But Potter and Greene had had their tea and gone out.

Coker of the Fifth sat down to a solitary tea in a somewhat bitter and cynical mood. If this kind of thing was what an active patriot had to expect, it was enough to make a chap chuck up patriotism and let things slide—it was, really. Coker was strongly tempted to let it slide, and let the British Empire get on the best it could, in this crisis of its history, without his assistance.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Coker's Tale of Peril!

"MY esteemed chums—" "Hullo, hullo, hullo!" "I have a suggestive remark to make." Harry Wharton & Co. stared at Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of

Blanipur. "You have a which?" asked Johnny Bull.

"A suggestive remark—" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "This is what comes of learning English under the best native masters in Blanipur. I wonder if he means a suggestion?"

"And a remark!" grinned Nugent. "A suggestion made in the form of a remark is surely a suggestive remark," said the nabob gently. "However, as I was observably remarking, my esteemed chums, I have a remark to make of which the suggestiveness is terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I do not see the whyfulness of the laughter, as I have not yet explained the topical joke," said the nabob, in surprise. "My dear old ink pal, you perpetrate terrific jokes without knowing it," Bob Cherry explained. "The jokefulness is great, but the usefulness on your esteemed part is not terrific. Savvy? But what's the joke?"

"The esteemed Coker—" "Ha, ha, ha!" "There was another roar in No. 1 Study. The mere mention of Coker of the Fifth was enough to set any study in a roar.

"The respected and ridiculous Coker has come in," said the nabob. "It would be interesting and instructive to hear his story of the terrific encounter with the German spy. If we listen to the august Coker with the respectful patience, he will spin the terrific yarn, and we can find the harmless and necessary amusement in pulling his ludicrous leg. Also, we can writefully take down the yarn for the 'Greyfriars Herald,' which will provide a considerable amount of laughfulness for all Greyfriars."

"Not a bad idea," said Bob Cherry. "I know Potter and Greene have cleared off. I heard Potter tell Greene that Coker would want them to go spy-hunting if he found them when he came in."

"Good eggs!" said Harry Wharton. "Coker's yarn would be worth hearing. I should think. I should like to know how he came to take a seaside tripper for a German spy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" As tea was over, and there seemed nothing more entertaining on hand than pulling Horace Coker's leg, the Famous Five adopted Ink's suggestion, and made their way to the Fifth Form passage.

Harry Wharton tapped discreetly at the door. It was necessary to be very circumspect with Coker. The great Horace had what he called a short way with facts. Either Coker had to be taken with awful seriousness, or else there would be a row with Coker. The chums of the Remove were not looking for a row with Coker, for once, as they were going to be circumspect.

"Come in!" snapped Coker. Coker was not in a good temper.

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NEXT MONDAY—

"THE RIVALS OF GREYFRIARS!"

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Harry Wharton opened the study door, and the five juniors filed in, looking as if butter would not melt in their mouths.

Coker stared at them. He felt neither pleased nor honoured by this visit from the leading lights of the Lower Fourth.

"What the dickens do you want?" he ejaculated, blinking at them over the tea-table. He had not finished tea yet.

"Please excuse us," said Wharton, with a deep humility which would have aroused anybody's suspicion but Coker's. "We know it's an awful cheek to come into your study, Coker—"

"You're right; it is," said Coker, but his expression relaxed a little. The soft answer had its proverbial effect in turning away wrath. "What do you want?"

"We want to hear about the German spy."

It was greatly to the credit of the Famous Five that they did not grin at the mention of Coker's spy. It required great facial control to keep their countenances serious.

"No business of yours?" snapped Coker. "I don't generally take fags into my confidence."

Wharton coughed. He wondered for a moment whether it would be wiser to bump Coker on his own study carpet and shove his own jam and pickles down his neck instead of gently pulling his leg. Coker was asking for it. But the captain of the Remove nobly restrained his feelings.

"But we're awfully interested!" he pleaded. "There isn't any other fellow at Greyfriars, Coker, who does these things—only you. Won't you tell us about it? We might be able—ahem!—to help to secure the spy!"

Coker sniffed. "Fat lot of use a gang of fags would be!" he said.

"Ahem! I—I mean, of course, under your leadership, Coker. Of course, without you to guide us we should be quite—quite helpless!"

"The helplessness would be terrific, honoured Coker!"

"Coker duce, et aspice Coker," murmured Nugent, paraphrasing Q. Horatius Flaccus.

"Oh, you wouldn't be any use!" said Coker. "But I don't mind telling you what happened."

As a matter of fact, Coker was bursting to narrate his thrilling adventure to someone, and Potter and Greene were not available.

"Thanks awfully, Coker! You don't know how honoured we feel!"

"The honourfulness is—"

"Terrific!" said Bob Cherry gravely.

"Well, it was like this," said Coker, quite graciously. "I went up the Shoulder this afternoon—it's a goodish climb to the top, but I did it. I dare say you've heard that a German spy was nabbed there last year. It's a jolly good place, you know, for flashing signals out to sea—jolly difficult for the coastguards to get at. Naturally, I was thinking about that spy when I sat down on the top. Then I spotted the spy—"

"The same spy?" asked Nugent demurely.

"No, you young ass! The one who was caught there went to chokes last year. This was another spy."

"He told you he was a spy!"

"Of course he didn't! What a young ass you are! I spotted him. I'll tell you how I knew him. He was lurking among the rocks—"

"You noticed that he was lurking?"

"Well, he was hanging about—lurking, in fact," said Coker. "He was a big chap—six feet or so—dressed roughly, like one of the longshoremen at Peggs—"

"He wasn't one of the longshoremen of Peggs?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Of course he wasn't!" said Coker irritably. "How could he be, when he was a German spy?"

"Oh, I see!"

Coker was evidently convinced that the man on the cliff was a German spy. No other theory was admissible to Coker.

"And you knew that he was a German spy because he looked like a British longshoreman?" said Wharton, in great admiration.

"Not exactly," said Coker, coughing a little. "There was other evidence. He was lurking—distinctly lurking. When I spotted him he jumped out of sight among the rocks at once—fairly ran."

Bob Cherry was on the point of asking whether the man had seen Coker's face, which would have accounted for his sudden flight. But he restrained himself.

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

"I was rather startled," went on Coker, warming to his yarn. "As I said, I was thinking about German spies at that very minute. I meant to know what that chap was lurking about for, and what he was buzzing off like that for, so I chased him."

"That was awfully plucky of you, Coker!"

"Pluck's a thing I've never been in want of," said Coker modestly. "I can say that. Well, this chap dodged me among the rocks, and dropped a lantern as he went. That lantern put the lid on. Of course, that was what he was going to make signals with after dark. If he was innocent, what should he want a lantern for?"

"Might have been coming down after dark," suggested Bob. "In that case he would want a lantern—"

"If you're going to interrupt me with sheer stupidity, Cherry—"

"Ahem! Excuse me! Go on, please, Coker," said Bob demurely.

"I'm sorry now I didn't stop to bag the lantern. But, of course, I was keen on bagging the spy, and I rushed on without stopping. I ran him down at last, and jumped on him. Beastly-looking ruffian he was—four days' beard on his chin at least, and smelling of spirits," said Coker. "Well, I collared him!"

"By Jove! What did he say?"

"He never said a word. He grabbed me, and clucked me away from him as if I had been a bag of potatoes," said Coker, breathing hard. "He was a strong beast—awfully strong—stronger than me! I pitched right into a sort of ditch—a dashed hole where there was no end of mud and rain-water."

"Horrid!"

"When I scrambled out he was gone. I hurried back to Greysfries as fast as I could leg it; you bet, to telephone the news to Wapshot Camp. And old Prout wouldn't understand, and Quetch cut up rusty, and those silly asses kept me from going to the Head's telephone—fearful waste of time, you know, when every minute was precious. But I telephoned from the village—"

"And they're going after the spy!" asked Wharton.

"Hence the Coker's collected."

"No fear! The sergeant thought it was a practical joke as soon as he found it was a schoolboy telephoning. They're doing nothing—actually nothing! What do you think of that?" said Coker.

The clumps of the Remove were not really surprised to hear it. Coker's fervid imagination seemed to have supplied most of the evidence that the unknown ruffian on the cliff was a spy. The idea of the soldiers starting out from Wapshot Camp to look for that spy almost overcame the gravity of the Removees. Their impression was that Coker had had a scrap with some tipsy longshoreman.

"Awful!" said Wharton. "Talk about Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, and Cabinet Ministers gassing while the Huns are blazing away—why, they're simply not in it! But you won't let it drop, Coker?"

"No fear! As the military authorities decline to take the matter up," said Coker, with dignity, "I shall take it up myself. Perhaps that sergeant at Wapshot Camp will look rather green when I march the spy in with my hand on his shoulder."

"Oh! Perhaps?"

"The perphfulness is terrific!" murmured the nabob. "Of course, I shall want help," said Coker. "I don't mind admitting he's to march for me—a six-footer, you know! But I shall nail him. No doubt about that. I'm not the kind of chap to be done by a rotten German!"

"Won't you let us help!" urged Bob Cherry, with a wink at his comrades.

The cherry Bob foresaw a good deal of fun in helping Coker look for the German spy. Any amount of startling evidence of the spy's nefarious work could be provided for Coker's benefit if the Removees helped him in the search.

"No, I can't be bothered with facts," he said. "You will only be in the way. I shall take some seniors with me, and perhaps a master or two."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

They had not meant to laugh—they were determined not to. But the idea of a Greysfries master or two accompanying Horace Coker on his wild-goose chase was a little too much for them. They yelled.

Coker started to his feet, frowning darkly.

"You cheeky young rotters, what—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take the Head!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Take old Prout and his battery of rifles! Oh, my hat! Don't leave the Head out!"

"Look here—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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Horace Coker caught up a stump, and came round the table to the juniors. It dawned upon him at last that the young rascals were taking his thrilling adventure in a humorous spirit. Coker was wrathful.

Bob received the stump first, and he roared.

"Yarrah! Hold him!"

"You cheeky young sweepers, you— Oh! Ah— Yeep!"

Five pairs of hands were laid upon the truculent Coker, and he descended on his study carpet. Bob Cherry snatched the milk-jug from the table, and emptied it on Coker's head. Then the juniors hurried out of the study before Coker could get to work with the stump again. They left Coker of the Fifth making remarks that were only worthy of a Hun.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Sixth Are Not Taking Any!

THE next day Coker of the Fifth was observed to be wearing a thoughtful frown.

Coker did not generally do much thinking. It was not in his line. But just now he was thinking hard.

Morning lessons came as a worry to Coker. Mr. Prout, the master of the fifth, never found Coker a very apt pupil. That morning he found him worse than ever, and Coker earned two hundred lines before lessons were over.

The lines made Coker sniff. This was the kind of thing he had to expect when he was devoting himself to work of national importance. It was sickening—there was no other word for it—it was simply sickening!

All the same, Coker went on thinking out his problem. A German spy was at work in the neighbourhood—at least, Coker was satisfied that he was. Something had to be done.

And whatever was done had to be done by Coker, that was clear. He did not think of telephoning to Wapshot Camp again. That was useless. He thought of calling on Police-constable Tozer in Friarale, but that was still more useless, in Coker's opinion. Mr. Tozer was hardly up to the form of a German spy, and he was certainly too fat to climb to the top of the towering Shoulder. Coker had a premonition that Mr. Tozer would pooh-pooh the whole story; indeed, that he would suppose that Coker was trying to pull his official leg.

Neither the military nor the police seemed to be available for the hunting down of Coker's spy; but to leave the villain at large was evidently out of the question.

Coker was not inescapable, either, to the glory of capturing the spy off his own bat, so to speak.

It would be a crushing answer to some fellows who regarded him as an ass, and it would make the Wapshot sergeant turn green and yellow when Coker marched the man in.

But there were difficulties in the way. Coker was a powerful fellow, but the spy had handled him like an infant. Coker feared no foe; but it was clearly useless to run the spy down only to be pitched neck-and-crop into another ditch. He must have assistance.

The offer of assistance from the Remove he had declined without thanks. Such an important matter was work for older hands and older heads. Coker thought it out during morning lessons, much to the detriment of his lessons. After lessons, having decided what to do, he sought Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greysfries.

George Wingate was chatting in the quad with Courtney and Valence when Horace Coker bore down on him. The Sixth-Formers were talking football, but Coker interrupted them without ceremony. They smiled at the sight of Coker. The story of the spy was all over the school now, though only Coker believed that the mysterious lurker on the cliff was a spy.

"You've heard about that spy, Wingate?" Coker began.

"Yes," said Wingate, grinning. "Unlucky you didn't have some salt with you yesterday, Coker."

"Salt!" repeated Coker, puzzled.

"Yes. You can catch a bird by putting salt on its tail, you know."

Coker frowned.

"I don't want any rotten jokes!" he remarked. "I want help in capturing the spy."

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ANSWERS

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"Surrender!" shouted Mr. Prout. "Stop, you scoundrel!" roared Coker. But the ruffian dashed on.
(See Chapter 12.)

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's a rather serious matter," said Coker. "That spy will most likely hang round here, you know, making signals to German submarines off the coast, and flashing lights to Zeppelins, and all that. We may get bombs on the school some night if that awful rotter isn't laid by the heels."

"Why not call out the soldiers?" asked Valence.

"They won't take any notice of me."

"Go on!"

"They thought my telephone-call was a schoolboy joke, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to cackle at, that I can see! I want help in running that rascal down. I'm going to start after lessons to-day. Will you come?"

"I?" ejaculated Wingate.

"Yes. He's a big chap—too much for me," said Coker. "But I think two or three of the Sixth could handle him all right. You and Valence and Courtney. What do you say?"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Of course, you would have to follow my lead," said Coker hastily. "I couldn't have any interference with my arrangements. I should expect all my orders to be obeyed implicitly. I should not allow any argument."

"You wouldn't?" grinned Wingate.

"Not at all. That's got to be understood at the start. Of course, it's your duty to back me up. You see that?"

"No, I don't quite see it," said Wingate. "I think you're a bit of a mare's-neck, and that your spy is some tip-top longshoreman. I think you're the biggest ass in Greyfriars or out of it! Good-bye!"

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"Does that mean that you won't come?" asked Coker, his brows darkening.

"Yes, rather!"

"Do you call that patriotic?"

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Wingate.

"No," roared Coker; "it isn't a conundrum! I expect to be backed up in collaring a German spy! You're unpatriotic, Wingate! You're an ass, too!"

"Thanks!"

"If you're funky of meeting a German spy, you'd better say so!" said Coker, with withering contempt.

"Looking for a thick ear?" asked Wingate pleasantly.

"I'd like to see anybody give me a thick ear!" replied Coker truculently. "Head of the Sixth—you! Funky of a German spy! Pah! If you don't back me up, Wingate, I can jolly well tell you that I shall show you up to all Greyfriars in your true colours—Yah! Leggo, you rotters! Yoop!"

The high and mighty Sixth Form of Greyfriars were not to be checked, even by so great and important a personage as Coker of the Fifth. To Coker's surprise and indignation, Wingate collared him and bumped him down on the ground. Valence and Courtney lent a hand, and Horace Coker was bumped thrice, with great emphasis. The Sixth-Formers walked away then, leaving him sitting on the ground, feeling as if an earthquake had risen up and smitten him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Can I help you up, Coker?" called out Bob Cherry.

"Groooh!"

"Taking a rest?" asked Bob.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Coker staggered breathlessly in his feet.
 "Well, my hat!" he gasped. "What will Greyfriars think of that, I wonder? The captain of the school funking going after a German spy! Grooogh!"
 "Ha, ha, ha."
 "You cheeky little beast, if you cackle at me——"
 Bob Cherry dodged.
 "Keep your wool on, Coker! You'd better let us help you, after all. We're nuts on German spies!"
 "Br-r-r!"

Coker stamped away without accepting Bob's offer. It was evident that he had no aid to expect from the Sixth; but he had not come down to the Remove yet.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. A Sudden Disappearance!

"O H, rot!" said Potter, uneasily.
 "Oh, booh!" said Greene.
 Potter and Greene were exasperated. Coker had tackled them after dinner. He pointed out to them that he expected his own chums to back him up. As the Sixth were funky of the German spy, Coker explained, it was up to the Fifth. Potter and Greene were to form the nucleus of the spy-hunting force. Fitzgerald and Smith major could help. That would make five, and five Fifth-Formers of Greyfriars were fully equal to handling a German spy.

Potter and Greene had no great objection to handling a German spy, but they had very strong objections to entering upon a wild-goose chase and sharing the ridicule Coker seemed bent upon attracting unto himself.

As a rule, Potter and Greene were very diplomatic with Coker. They seldom ventured to dispute his opinions, hardly ever to contradict him. Coker had a four-point-seven punch which was not to be argued with. But the worm will turn; and when it came to spy-hunting, with Coker as leader, Potter and Greene felt that it was time to go on strike.

"I rely on you," said Coker. "Now, we'll lay our plans. I'm open to hear suggestions, you know."

"Well, I suggest football practice," said Potter.
 "Good idea!" said Greene heartily. "We can play footer, and we can't catch German spies, especially when there ain't any to be caught. Let's get some footer practice. After all, you need it, Coker."

"I'm going after the spy after lessons," said Coker calmly.
 "I expect you to back me up."

"But look here——"

"Think of the glory of running down a spy and bagging him!" said Coker. "Haven't you got any patriotism?"

"Lots," said Potter. "There's no end of patriotism going, but there ain't any German spies, you see."

"I tell you I collared him once!"

"Oh, that wasn't a spy!"

Coker began to glare.

"If that man on the cliff wasn't a spy, George Potter, perhaps you can explain what he was doing, lurking there!"

"Well, you were lurking there yourself, if you come to that," argued Potter.

"I wasn't lurking, you see!"

"Well, how do you know he was lurking? Did he tell you he was lurking?"

"Of course he didn't, you chump! He never said a word. He just bolted. Why should he bolt if he wasn't a spy?" demanded Coker.

"Well, if he caught sight of your features suddenly——"

Coker pushed back his cuffs.

"I-I mean, I dare say he was a spy," said Potter hastily.

"In fact, I think, of course, he was a spy—a regular spying beast. But—but after you so nearly captured him, I fancy he's gone home to—to Berlin, or somewhere, and we should have our trouble for nothing."

"That's it," said Greene. "It stands to reason that he's bolted. You see, a spy wouldn't sit there on the cliff waiting to be captured after lessons. Spies ain't so jolly obliging as all that!"

"My idea," explained Coker, "is that the man has work to do in these parts. He can't clear off, you see. He's got his instructions; all spies have. There was a spy caught there once. Well, this chap has been run in his place. I've no doubt he flashes lights to submarines, and so on, at night. Very likely he's got a wireless, too, and sends off information about the defences, so that the Zepps can keep out of the way of the coast batteries. I don't suppose he's going for good. Anyway, I'm not leaving it to chance. If he's still there, he's going to be run down, and we're going to run him down!"

"But what about the footer?"

"Blow footer!"

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"That's all very well for you!" said Potter tartly. "You're not in the First Eleven; I am!"

"That's only Wingate's stupidity, anyway, Potter. You acknowledge that. Besides, what's footer at a time like this?"

"A time like what?"

"This!" roared Coker. "Have you forgotten that we're at war with Germany? It's up to us. I may as well mention that if any chap refuses to back me up as I expect, I shall ask him to step into the gym! After lessons I expect you to be ready. I'm going to speak to Fitzgerald and Smith now!"

Coker stalked away.

"Of all the thumping asses——" growled Greene.

"Of all the howling idiots!" said Potter.

Horace Coker found Fitzgerald and Smith major of the Fifth in their study. To his surprise and annoyance, they burst into a simultaneous cackle when they heard of the planned expedition.

"Sure, we'd be glad to come," said Fitzgerald pacifically, as Coker looked warlike. "But there's the footer!"

"Capturing German spies is more important than footer!"

"M'yes! But hunting for a tipsy longshoreman isn't!" remarked Smith major.

"Where will you have it?" asked Coker.

"Now, look here——" said Smith major, backing round the table.

He was not looking for a fight with Coker.

"Are you coming or not?"

"But there isn't any spy!" roared Smith major. "You're a silly ass, Coker! Can't you see that all Greyfriars is cackling at you already?"

"Let 'em cackle!" said Coker disdainfully. "I'm used to that."

"Well, you ought to be by this time, bedad!" grinned Fitzgerald.

"They'll cackle on the other side of their mouths when I bag the German spy!" said Coker. "You fellows will share in the glory if you help!"

"We'll have it all to you, Coker!"

"Well, you won't!" said Coker. "May I trouble you to put up your hands, Fitz? I'm sorry to have to whop a pal, but there's such a thing as patriotism!"

"Hold on!" said Fitzgerald, as if struck by a sudden thought. "When are you starting, Coker?"

"Immediately after lessons."

"What about tea?"

"We can take some sandwiches. We shall have to buck up to get in before dark, as the evenings are drawing in!"

"Can you rely on the German spy to let himself be captured in time for calling-over?" asked Fitzgerald seriously.

"Well, I don't know about that, of course," said Coker unrepentantly. "We'll do our best. If we're late, the Head will excuse us if we bring the spy home with us!"

"Ahem! I—I suppose so. Well, we'll be ready to leave Greyfriars at five. Will that do?"

"Look here——" began Smith major.

"Shut up, Smithy, and leave it to me!"

"Before five," said Coker. "Say ten to five. Every minute's precious. It's simply sickening to have to go in to lessons at all at a time like this; but what's a fellow to do?"

"Exactly," assented Fitzgerald. "We'll be ready to go."

"Good!" said Coker; and he left the study feeling satisfied.

Smith major did not seem so satisfied. He glared at the Irish Fifth-Former.

"You howling ass!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by it? We're not going to make frabjous asses of ourselves to please Coker!"

"Leave it to me," said Fitzgerald soothingly. "I said we'd be ready to leave Greyfriars before five. No harm in doing that. Why shouldn't we walk down to Courtfield and have tea at the luncheon?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Smith major.

Before afternoon lessons Fitzgerald exchanged views with Potter and Greene, and those two youths grinned over what he told them; and they assured Coker, in their turn, that they would leave Greyfriars immediately after lessons. They did not add that their destination would be the same as Coker's. Coker took that for granted. Coker often took things for granted.

During afternoon lessons Coker added a hundred lines to his collection. His Form-master seemed to have no sympathy whatever for a fellow whose thoughts were running on patriotic duties. But Coker did not care for lines.

Lessons were over at last, and Coker went to his study to make his preparations for the spy-hunt. He required a lantern, in case the party should be delayed on the cliffs.

after dark, and a rope for binding the German spy when caught. He also provided himself with a stout cudgel, which would be necessary in dealing with the Hun ruffian. Coker meant to have no mercy upon him.

While Coker was making his preparations, Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald and Smith major were sauntering down the road to Courtfield to have tea at the bushshop there.

When he was ready to start, Coker looked for his devoted followers. He looked in vain!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. The Remove Called In!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
The Famous Five were at tea in No. 1 Study when the door was thrown open quite suddenly. Coker of the Fifth strode in.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at him.
"Didn't they ever knock at a door in the slum you were brought up in, Coker?" Bob Cherry asked politely.

"The stumfliness of the esteemed Coker is terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh.

Coker did not heed. He had no politeness to waste on fags.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Ready to chuck you out?" asked Johnny Bull. "Quite!"

"The readiness is great!"

"Certainly!" said Wharton.

"None of your fag larks!" said Coker, frowning. "I'm going to take you with me, after all! Those coppers have sneaked off! You'd hardly believe it, but they have! I'm getting no support either in the Sixth or the Fifth!"

"So you're without any visible means of support?" asked Frank Nugent sympathetically.

"Don't be funny, you cheeky fag! I'd got it all arranged for some of the Fifth to come, and they've gone out instead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't know where they've gone, or I'd be after them jolly sharp!" said Coker, breathing hard through his nose. "The other chaps have gone down to footer, and they won't come—actually won't come! And Wingers said that if I had the cheek to bother them at footer practice he'd pitch me off the field—me, you know! Upon the whole, I've decided to take you fags!"

"The cheeky fags grinned. Coker's way of requesting a favour was really remarkable. But the Famous Five did not object him from the study on his neck. They forewent more entertainment in helping him to hunt for the German spy.

"I say, that's awfully good of you, Coker!" said Bob.

"The goodness is terrific!"

"Of course, you won't be much use," said Coker disparagingly. "Rather a come-down, too, to go out with a gang of fags! But what's a fellow to do?"

"But the nice way you put it makes us awfully keen!" said Harry Wharton. "We're ready—what-ho!"

"The honour of following the esteemed Coker is a never-to-be-forgotten glory for our humble selves!"

"Command us, and we obey!" said Bob Cherry gravely.

"Issue the marching orders, and we're simply on the hop!" said Nugent. "What are the orders, sir? I suppose you'd better call you 'sir' while we're under your command!"

"Your worship would sound better!" said Johnny Bull thoughtfully.

"Or your Highness!" suggested the nabob.

"Don't jaw so much!" said Coker.

"Oh!"

"I don't allow a lot of jaw from fags! I'm going to take you! There's enough of you to help me handle the beast if we run him down—I mean, when we run him down! You had better bring some cudgels with you. There may be a fight. He's a rather desperate beast. He'll be shot when we've caught him, and, of course, he won't like that. He's bound to resist!"

"Sure to, I should think," said Wharton gravely. "What about borrowing some of old Proust's gun?"

"First-rate!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We are entitled to shoot a German spy just like a mad dog. If we shoot Coker by mistake, it can't be helped. Accidents will happen, and Coker is keen to die for his country—ain't you, Coker?"

"And the Fifth would stand us something handsome, I should think," remarked Nugent.

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"I've told you not to jaw," said Coker. "Now, come on!"

"Can't we finish our tea?"

"No! There's no time to waste in guzzling. Follow me!"

"To hear is to obey," said Wharton meekly.

"The heartfulness in the obedience, honoured-Coker."

"Shut up, and come on!" growled Coker.

It was evident that the great leader was ashamed of his army. Setting forth to hunt down a spy with a gang of Lower Fourth fags was humiliating. But, as Coker justly said, what was a fellow to do? The Senior Forms declined to enter into the spy-hunt at any price. It was the juniors or nothing. And though these juniors were cheeky fags, they had plenty of pluck for a scrap. Coker of the Fifth knew that by his own experience. Upon the whole, the chums of the Remove were better than nothing. But Coker did not conceal his disparaging opinion of them and their aid; and it did not dawn upon him for a moment that the juniors' only motive in following his egregious lead was to pull his leg.

There was a stare from Remove-fellows in the passage as the Famous Five marched out of the study after Coker.

"What's on?" called out Peter Todd.

"We are," said Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, is it a feed?" asked Billy Bunter eagerly. "I say, I don't mind coming. Is it in Coker's study?"

"You'd better come, Bunter," said Bob Cherry.

"Right-ho! I'll come."

The Owl of the Remove joined the party at once, and marched downstairs with them. Vernon-Smith met them on the stairs, and stared.

"What's the little game?" he asked.

"Coker," said Wharton, as the army marched on. They marched out into the quadrangle, the lurchy Coker striding ahead with dignified demeanour. Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth was lounging elegantly on the steps.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Cecil Reginald.

"What's the joke?"

"Coker."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, as they started across the quadrangle. "Isn't the feed going to be in Coker's study?"

"Ask Coker."

"I say, Coker, old man—"

"What's that fat little idiot doing here?" snapped Coker.

"Clear off, Bunter! You're not wanted!"

"Oh, really, Coker—"

"Shut up!"

Billy Bunter did not clear off. He toddled on with the party, his little fat legs going like machinery. They marched out of the gates.

"I say, you fellows, where's the feed?" asked Bunter plaintively. "It's a bit cold for picnicking out of doors, you know."

"Feed?" repeated Bob Cherry. "What feed?"

"Isn't it a feed?"

"Certainly not!"

"Why, you silly ass," howled Bunter, "you said it was a feed!"

"My dear chap, I didn't. I said you'd better come," said Bob. "So you had. It will do you good. We're going to climb the cliffs."

"C-e-c-climb the cliffs?" gasped Bunter.

"Yes."

"And—and picnic there?"

"Oh, no!"

"You—you howling duffer!" yelled Bunter. "Do you think I'm going to climb any dashed cliffs? What are you going to do there?"

"Coker."

"Eh?"

"We're going to do Coker," explained Bob.

"But what's Coker going to do?" howled Bunter.

"Oh, Coker's going to hunt for the German spy. You come along, Bunk. It will bring down your fat, you know. And if we capture the Hun, you can sit on him. That will finish him off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave the merry Removites a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. Then, with a snort of disgust, he

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Mr. Proctor was not taking chances, and as the villain did not come forth, he pulled the trigger. Bang! (See Chapter 12)

rolled back to Greyfriars. Cliff-climbing was not in Hunter's line.

Coker looked round, frowning.

"Not so much cackling!" he snapped out.

"No, sir," said the juniors meekly.

"Back up, and follow me."

"Yes, sir."

"And don't jaw!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And with great gravity—as much gravity as they could muster—the army marched on after the lefty Coker.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Spy-Hunters!

"GOOD AFTERNOON, Mr. Tozer!"

Half-way to the cliffs the army met Mr. Tozer, the fat police-constable of Priardale. Mr. Tozer was seated upon a grassy bank, with his helmet pushed back on his head, showing a fine exposure of bald forehead. He was mopping his manly brow with a red handkerchief.

Coker gave the village policeman a short nod, and marched on. He had no time to waste upon the constabulary. But Harry Wharton & Co. halted to exchange a friendly word or two. They were rather surprised to find Mr. Tozer so far from the village, on the steep path. Mr. Tozer was not, as a rule, given to exerting himself if he could help it.

"Afternoon!" said Mr. Tozer, eyeing the juniors rather suspiciously. They were very polite; but Mr. Tozer knew them of old.

"Are you hunting for the spy?" asked Harry Wharton. Mr. Tozer blinked.

"Spy? What spy?" he asked.

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"Don't you know there's a German spy knocking about?" said Wharton. "Coker's seen him. Nobody ever sees these things but Coker. But Coker does."

"Don't you try to pull my leg, Master Wharton! Maybe you young gent's are seen Pete Coker hanging round," said Mr. Tozer. "Pete Hooker! Who on earth's that!"

"A longshoreman of Peggs," said Mr. Tozer. "an a desprit character! When I comes on him, I shall use my truncheon, I fancy. You ain't seen 'im!"

"Don't know him from Adam," said Bob Cherry. "What's he done?"

"Hawful row the other night at the Anchor," said Mr. Tozer. "Pete blacked the landlord's eye, and knocked over a fisherman with a stool, an' smashed the windows. He's wanted bail, and it's six months' and for him when I get 'old of him. He ain't been seen for two days now."

"If we see him we'll let you know," grinned Bob. "What's he like?"

"Big feller, over six feet," said Mr. Tozer. "Beard like a broom, and mighty big fists. Awful desprit character! I shall 'ave to use my truncheon."

"Nice kind of man to run into," said Nugent.

"You want to keep out of his way, young gent's. He's a desprit character, and when he's had something to drink he's awful. The magistrates 'ave been down on him for some time, and this time they're going to make an example of him, I fancy. It might be a twelve months' stretch. If you see him, don't let him see you doing of it, or he might go for you."

"We'll keep an eye open for him," said Harry.

Coker looked round from the distance. He had just discovered that his army was not at his heels.

"Come on there," he roared. "What are you slacking about?"

"Coming, sir," called back Bob Cherry.

The army hurried on. Bob Cherry was chuckling spasmodically. The policeman's remarks had put a new idea into his head.

"What's the joke?" asked Johnny Bull, looking at him.

"His, ha! You heard what Tozer said!"

"What about it?"

"There's a longshoreman missing. Keeping out of the way of the police," grinned Bob. "I rather think that lets in some light on Coker's spy."

The juniors burst into a roar.

They had wondered a little who the rough character whom Coker had encountered might be. Mr. Tozer's remarks certainly had shed some light on the subject.

"Pete Hooker!" ejaculated Wharton, with breathless merriment. "Of course, Coker's spy is Pete Hooker!"

"His, ha, ha!"

"And he's wanted for blacking the eye of the landlord of the Anchor!" chuckled Nugent. "Not for being a German spy!"

"His, ha, ha!"

"Now, then, stop that cackling!" exclaimed Coker automatically, as the juniors drew near. "This isn't a laughing matter, I can tell you!"

"That's all you know," murmured Bob Cherry.

"Eh? What do you say, Cherry?"

"Look on, Macdell!" said Bob.

Coker stared at him. "What the thunder are you calling me Macdell for, when my name's Coker, and you know it!" he demanded.

"Ha, ha! That's how Shakespeare puts it, dear boy!"

"Don't start quoting Shakespeare when we're not in time for such rig," said Coker. "Come on, and keep quiet! I can't go round with a gang of giggling fags."

The juniors excused themselves to go much gravely as possible, and followed the great Horace, who stalked on ahead. Horace was evidently trying to look as if he did not belong to the party at all. He was very sensitive about being seen out with a gang of the Lower Fourth. People might have supposed that he was accustomed to taking walks with fags—a terrible humiliation for the great man of the Fifth. It did not occur to Coker that people were not likely to trouble their heads about him at all. There were a good many things that never occurred to Coker.

Harry Wharton & Co. had no intention of enlightening Coker as to the discovery they had made.

In the first place, Coker wouldn't have been convinced that his spy was nothing more nor less than a tipsy longshoreman who was dodging Police-constable Tores. He would not have believed that for a single instant. Moreover, if he had believed it, he would certainly have cut up very rusty at being robbed, as it were, of his spy. Besides, the Removites did not want the spy-hunting to end so suddenly. They anticipated a good deal of entertainment while Coker's expedition lasted.

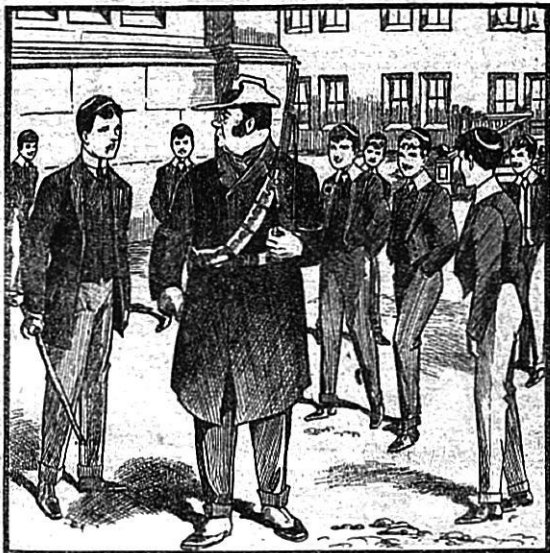
Coker's thanklessness for the aid they were rendering, and his evident desire not to appear to belong to them when they passed anyone, added to their keen desire to pull his egregious leg. Coker was not really going quite the right way to work to make his followers devoted and enthusiastic.

As they came up the cliff-path the party met Mr. Prout. The Fifth Form master was taking a walk in the cool autumn evening. He glanced at the "army," and appeared a little surprised. The juniors raised their caps very respectfully, and Coker turned quite red as he saluted his Form-master. It was simply awful for Mr. Prout to suppose that he was out walking with the Lower Fourth.

"Ah! You are taking the juniors for a walk, Coker?" said Mr. Prout benevolently.

"Ahem! We—we're going on the cliffs, sir!" stammered Coker.

He did not explain the object of the expedition. Mr. Prout might or might not have believed in the German spy; but if he believed in him, he would probably have forbidden Coker to look for him. For if there really was a German spy, it would be a dangerous business to hunt him down, and the Form-master would doubtless have considered that it was not for boys to undertake it.



"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Prout, as he caught sight of the chums of the Remove.
"What are you juniors doing up so early?" (See Chapter 11.)

"Very good!" said Mr. Prout. "I am glad to see you expending your time, Coker, in providing a harmless and healthy pleasure for the juniors. I hope you little fellows are enjoying yourselves!"

The Removites gazed at Mr. Prout. They were not such little fellows as all that.

"Oh, ripping, sir!" gasped Bob Cherry. "It's always an enjoyment to be with Coker, sir!"

"It's very kind indeed of Coker to chum with us like this, sir, isn't it?" said Nugent demurely.

"Very kind indeed!" said Mr. Prout.

"Some Fifth-Formers wouldn't," said Wharton. "Some of the Fifth are rather uppish about being seniors. Nothing of that kind about old Coker."

"Just like one of ourselves!" said Johnny Bull heartily. Coker looked at his followers as if he would eat them.

Their remarks were confirming Mr. Prout's unfortunate impression that he was cut for a walk with fags. But it couldn't be helped; he couldn't explain what he was really there for.

"Come on!" gasped Coker.

"Yes, Horace, old chap!" said Nugent.

The "Horace, old chap!" almost caused a case of assault and battery on the spot. Only Mr. Prout's presence prevented it.

"We're coming, Horace!" said Johnny Bull, delighted at the expression on Horace's face.

The juniors raised their caps to Mr. Prout, and marched on after the fuming Coker.

When the Form-master was out of sight Coker turned furiously upon his army.

"You cheeky young rotters!" he roared.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter now?"

"If you call me Horace I'll lay into you with this stick!"
 "By Jove!"
 "You've made Prout think we're out walking together!"
 howled Coker.
 "Well, so have we!" said Wharton, in surprise.
 "We're not riding, or cycling, or flying, or swimming—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Follow me, and keep your distance!" snorted Coker.
 "When anybody passes, don't speak to me. I don't allow familiarity from fags!"

Coker stalked on majestically. Any observer would have been surprised at Harry Wharton & Co. standing so much cheek from Coker. But Coker wasn't surprised. He took the humble meekness of the Removites as his due. They were simply treating him with proper respect, that was all, as Coker looked at it. But the juniors intended to indemnify themselves for Coker's cheek before the expedition was over. They were climbing the Shoulder now. It was a stiff climb, but the hardy and active Removites tackled it easily enough. They came out at last on the high cliff, from which a wide view of the North Sea could be obtained. The shadows were falling now, and there was deep dusk in the crevices and gulches of the great cliff.

Having arrived on the scene of action, the army waited for orders. Exactly how Coker was going to find the spy was best known to himself. Perhaps he had expected to find him sitting on a rock on top of the cliff, or engaged in making signals to Zeppelins or submarines. But he was not there—at all events, he was not to be seen.

Coker seemed a little at a loss. Perhaps he had not mapped out his plans very precisely. However, he was on the spot now, and it only remained to set to work.

"You kids have done some scouting, I believe?" he condescended to remark.

"Yes, sir," said Bob respectfully.
 "I don't suppose your knowledge amounts to much," said Coker. "Still, you may as well hunt for tracks and—and things. I think it's most likely the villain is lurking about here somewhere. He was lurking when I saw him yesterday evening. There's a lot of mud about here, owing to the rain, and I dare say he's left a lot of footprints and things. If you find any, call me."

"Right-ho, sir!"
 And the army set to work.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

On the Track!

"COKER took us so suddenly," remarked Bob Cherry, when they were out of hearing of their great leader. "He didn't give us time to make all the preparations we needed. Still, I think we've brought enough to satisfy Coker."

"I think so," grinned Wharton.
 "The thoughtfulness is terrific," agreed the nabob. "I will keep an esteemed eye open for Coker while my worthy chums go ahead."

"Call out if he comes this way, Inky."
 "You bet!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh watched for Coker, who was pursuing his investigations on the other side of a big rock. The Famous Five had stopped in a deep, narrow gully shut in by rocks. Recent rain had left pools in the gully, and there were patches of mud admirably adapted for retaining footprints if the German spy passed that way. At present there weren't any footprints to be seen. But that deficiency was very soon to be supplied.

"Go ahead, Johnny!" said Bob. "You've got the biggest feet—"

"Not so jolly big as yours, anyway!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Now, look here—"
 "Pathhead!"

"Slush!" said Wharton. "Don't waste time, or we sha'n't have any tracks ready for Coker. Tramp through this mud, Johnny, there's a good chap, and tread twice in the same place each time, and shove your boot along. The tracks will have to be a good size."

The juniors chuckled as Johnny Bull set to work making the tracks.

It was not difficult. He stamped his boot in the mud, and then stamped it again about four inches in advance, so that the length of the boot-track was increased by four inches. That was quite big enough for the biggest German spy, the juniors considered.

Johnny Bull implanted those tracks across a wide stretch of mud, and the juniors trod in his tracks after him to deepen them; and Wharton, who came last, plastered the mud a little with his hand to wipe out any tell-tale heel-marks in the middle of the footprints.

When they had finished it looked as if a man with tremendous feet had tramped across the gully to the deep crevice in the rocky wall which the Removites had now reached.

In that crevice they halted. Owing to the suddenness with which Coker had called upon their services that afternoon, they had had time to make but few preparations. But they had caught up a few things that might be useful. As Coker firmly believed that the German spy spent most of his time in lurking on the Shoulder, he would naturally expect to find traces of camping there. And in the deep crevice there were soon traces enough of camping. Several crusts, a small tin of blaster-paste, and a few biscuits were carelessly dropped, and Wharton struck a dozen matches in succession and dropped them on the ground. Best of all, a thick, black beard—the property of the Remove Dramatic Society—was hooked on a corner of the rock, as if placed there in readiness by someone who was in the habit of disguising himself.

"By Jove!" said Nugent. "If I came on this suddenly I should really think there was something in Coker's spy."

"Good enough for Coker, anyway!" grinned Bob.

"Ha, ha! Yes, rather!"

"Now we'd better lead Coker gently here," chuckled Johnny Bull.

Wharton shook his head.

"No fear! Coker's got to discover this on his own. He's not likely to smell a rat, even if we led him here; but we're not taking chances."

"But suppose he doesn't find it after all?"

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"We'll see that he does, without leading him here. Come on!"

The juniors left the crevice, taking care to depart by scrambling over hard rock that left no trace of their footsteps. They rejoined Hurren Jamset Ram Singh outside the gully.

"Where's Coker?" asked Bob.

"The esteemed fathead has gone round the rocks," said the nabob.

"We're ready for him."

The Famous Five hurried round the rocks, and came on Coker. He was carefully scanning the ground, apparently in search of footprints. He looked up as the juniors arrived.

"Found anything?" he asked.

"Well, not exactly found anything," said Wharton. "But there's a deep gully at the back of these rocks that ought to be looked in. Just the place for a German spy to hide."

"Well, go and look into it."

"Ahem! Suppose he's there?"

"Call me if he's there."

"But suppose he's got a revolver?" demurred Wharton.

Coker snorted with contempt.

"Are you afraid of a Hun?" he sneered. "Fat lot of good bringing you kids here if you're afraid of a Hun's revolver!"

"Well, not exactly afraid," said Wharton. "But we should feel ever so much more confidence if you were at our head, Coker. We'll follow you anywhere!"

"Well, perhaps you're right," said Coker, rising to his feet. "It doesn't seem to be finding any tracks here. I'll lead you. Come on!"

Coker stalked off, and the juniors followed him. As soon as they arrived at the opening of the deep gully in the rocks, Coker nodded approvingly.

"Well, you've got a bit of sense," he remarked. "That is just the place for the scoundrel to be hiding in. I shouldn't wonder if he's there at this very minute."

"You're going in?" asked Bob, with great admiration.

"Of course I'm going in! Do you think I'm afraid of a Hun?" snorted Coker.

"Suppose he's got a revolver?"

"Blow his revolver! I've got a cudgel. You kids keep behind me, and be ready to collar him if he bolts. That's your bizny. Now, don't jaw—we don't want to give the alarm."

"Right-ho!"

"Shut up, I tell you!"

Coker led the way into the rocky gully. Considering that Coker was quite prepared to encounter a desperate Hun with

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a loaded revolver, he was showing plenty of pluck. Certainly he did not look fussy.

He marched into the gully, his cudgel held firmly in his good right hand. The juniors followed him in silence, as they had been bidden. As they had been all over the gully ten minutes before, they did not feel very nervous about entering it. The great Coker was unaware of that, however.

"Great pip!" ejaculated Coker suddenly.

"Seen him?" exclaimed Bob, with great eagerness.

"No; but there are tracks here!"

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do. Keep your eyes open while I examine the tracks!" said Coker, breathing hard with excitement.

He stooped on the edge of the muddy patch, breathlessly scanning the tracks. There they were, as large as life—in fact, larger than life. Coker's eyes blazed with excitement. The tracks were large, not to say enormous—evidently made by a very big man; at all events, that appeared self-evident to Coker. And the man he had encountered the previous evening was a six-footer. Coker of the Fifth was on the track at last.

He rose again, and looked back at the juniors, who composed their faces just in time as Coker's gleaming eyes fell upon them.

"You see that?" breathed Coker.

"The seedfulness is terrific."

"He's crossed that patch to that crevice yonder in the rocks," said Coker, in hushed tones. "You see, there are no return tracks."

"By Jove!"

"That means," said Coker, in thrilling tones, "that he's there now!"

The juniors gasped aloud. They felt that the time had come to gasp.

"We've got him!" said Coker.

"Where have you got him?" asked Nugent.

"Young ast! I mean we've got him as soon as we've collared him! He can't get away. He may be asleep—he doesn't seem to have heard us."

Coker breathed hard. "Now, I'm going to tackle him, and chance his revolver. If you kids feel nervous—"

"Oh, we'll follow you!" said Wharton heroically. "You sha'n't go into that awful danger alone, Coker."

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"The followfulness will be terrific. If the esteemed Hun shoots you dead, Coker, we will take the sad news to Greyfriars."

"Yes, we'll do that," said Bob Cherry. "Is there any special message you'd like to send to your Aunt Judy, Coker?"

"Or anything you have a fancy for to be planted on your grave?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Don't jaw!" said Coker angrily. "I never saw such fags for jelling! Pull yourselves together, and follow me."

"Well, we're waiting."

Coker blinked across the muddy patch at the crevice in the rocks. As there were no returning footprints, it seemed certain that the Hun was hiding there. Coker seemed to hesitate. At the eleventh hour it occurred to him that a cudgel was not much use against a revolver at a distance. The German might pot him half a dozen times before he got across to the crevice.

The Famous Five grinned at one another. They were waiting to see Coker charge, and for once the intrepid Horace was not in a hurry to charge.

"Buck up, Coker!" said Wharton. "He may wake up and begin to shoot!"

"He may be awake now," muttered Coker uneasily. "He may have an eye on us—"

"With his finger on the trigger," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Very likely the revlver's pointed at Coker at this very minute," said Nugent thoughtfully. "We may hear a shot any second now."

Coker shuddered a little.

"Perhaps Coker had better go and bring the soldiers here," said Bob. "It would be safer. Of course, they'd come at once—perhaps!"

"And suppose the spy got away?" said Johnny Bull warmly. "No, Coker's going to collar him now—ain't you, Coker?"

"Go ahead, Coker! We're waiting!"

Coker drew a deep breath. It was up to him. He simply could not back down under the eyes of the Removites whom he had led upon the spy-hunt.

"Follow me!" he gasped at last.

And, taking his courage in both hands, as it were, Horace Coker charged across the gully, and the Removites charged after him.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Very Strange Evidence!

COKER rushed forward at top speed. He would not have been surprised at any moment to hear a revolver-shot ring out from the crevice across the little gully. It was really very plucky of Coker. Still, the Removites showed equal determination. They charged after Coker in great spirits.

It took Coker about half a minute to get across the gully. It was the longest thirty seconds he had ever known.

Fortunately, there were no revolver-shots. Coker arrived at the crevice in the abrupt rock to which the muddy tracks led. It was a couple of feet wide, but widened further in into a sort of cave. It was very dusky inside, and really it required a good deal of nerve to rush in when it was possible that a desperate spy was lurking there, revolver in hand. But Coker was fairly in for it now. He gripped his cudgel hard, and rushed in. A loud howl rang out, but it was only due to Coker knocking his head against the overhanging rock.

He peered hastily and anxiously round him. Anxious as he was to secure the German spy, perhaps Coker was a little relieved to find that the crevice was empty.

"Not here!" he panted.

"Not there, Coker?"

"No!" gasped Coker.

"But the footprints lead towards the opening," said Wharton. "He must be there. Look again."

"I tell you he's not here!" growled Coker. "But, my hat, he's left some of his props behind him! Look here!"

Coker's eyes blazed with excitement.

In the rough, rocky ground there were burnt match-sticks galore, several crusts and some crumbs, a tin of bloater-paste, and, most striking discovery of all, a false beard was hanging on the rock.

More proof than that could scarcely have been required by Police-constable Tozer himself.

Coker's breath came thick and fast. Others had doubted the existence of his spy; but Coker had never doubted. Now his firm faith had received startling confirmation—confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ, as Shakespeare would have remarked.

"You see those things?" gasped Coker. "Don't come in; you may disturb something. Just look!"

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The Famous Five stood round the opening of the crevice and looked in. They saw the tell-tale evidence of the spy's presence—the evidence they had so carefully prepared a quarter of an hour before—and they looked properly impressed.

"By Jove!" said Wharton, in awestricken tones. "What's that hanging on the rock, Coker?"

"That's a false beard!" said Coker triumphantly.

"Great Scott!"

"Looks as if somebody's been here," said Bob Cherry sagely.

"Of course he's been here!" said Coker scornfully. "Haven't you any sense, young Cherry? Look at that tin of bloater-paste! That's some of his grub!"

"Do German spies live on bloater-paste?" asked Bob innocently.

"Of course they do, among other things! I dare say he camps up here at times, when he's got to make signals and things."

Coker was almost breathless with triumph and satisfaction. He had hoped, but he had hardly dared to expect, to find such overwhelming evidence of the spy's presence. "It's certain that he camps in this cave—just the place a measly spy would hide." Unluckily, he isn't here now; otherwise, we should have him. Don't touch those things!"

"I suppose you'll take those things to Wapshot, and show them to the commanding officer?" asked Bob.

Coker shook his head.

"No fear! Don't touch a thing! I'm not going to let the spy know I've discovered his hiding-place. I'm going to catch him here another time—see?"

The juniors regarded Coker in great admiration.

"No need to let him know that anybody's looking for him," smiled Coker. "My idea is to catch him napping."

"Splendid! That's just like you, Coker!"

"Yes; I flatter myself that I think of things," assented Coker. "A rotten Hun would have to get up jolly early in the morning to fool me, I can tell you. Clear off now, and don't leave any footmarks!"

"We've left rather a lot," grinned Nugent, looking at the patch of mud the army had charged across.

Coker looked anxious for a moment.

"That will put him on his guard, perhaps," said Bob, with owl-like solemnity.

"This is what comes of bringing a gang of fags here!" said Coker irritably. "You kids haven't been any use at all—only a bother!"

"Oh!"

"I've found everything that's been found, and all you've done is to make a lot of footprints that may spoil the whole thing!" said Coker crossly. "I was an ass to bring you! I shall have to stir up all that mud now!"

"Awfully clever of you to think of that, Coker!"

Coker emerged from the crevice in the rocks.

He had laid his plans.

Not a thing in the little cave was to be disturbed. When the spy returned there, he was not to know that his den had been unearthed. The juniors went back the way they had come, nobly struggling with their merriment. The serious way in which Coker took his wonderful discoveries was almost too much for them. The hero of the Fifth followed them, carefully stirring up the muddy tracks with his cudgel, and oblitterating the traces.

His face was very thoughtful as he came out of the gully. The sun was sinking, and it was certain that the party would be late for calling-over at Greyfriars. And the elusive spy had not, after all, been captured, although so much evidence had been unearthed as to his lurking-place.

"Better be getting back, I suppose?" said Coker reluctantly. "Not much good staying up here in the dark. Still, now I know for certain that the rascal lurks up here, I can get after him to-morrow and bag him."

"We're coming up again to-morrow?" asked Bob demurely.

"You're not!" said Coker decidedly. "You're no use! If we'd met him, you might have been useful, perhaps; but as it is, you've only been a worry! You haven't done any good!"

This was rather thankless of Coker, considering that the juniors had supplied all the evidence he had found of the spy's presence. But the great Horace, of course, was quite unaware of that.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another. Many times they had been on the point of spoiling the jape by collaring Coker and bumping him. They had never been nearer to it than at that moment.

But they restrained themselves.

"I suppose you'll bring Tozer?" asked Wharton meekly.

"That fat old bluffer wouldn't be any use," said Coker.

"I ought to have a party of soldiers from Wapshot, but I don't suppose they'd come if I asked them."

"Ahem! Possibly not."

"Now, look here, you kids!" said Coker impressively. "You're to keep this dark. I've got to think out my plans for to-morrow; but if this is blabbed all over the school it may get out. German spies are awfully deep, and this sounder may get wind of it. You're not to say a word about the discoveries we've made—I mean, about the discoveries I've made."

"Not a word!" agreed Wharton.

"Not till the whole matter comes out," said Coker.

"Not till the whole matter comes out," agreed Wharton solemnly.

"Mind, if you do get blabbing, I shall jolly well kick you!" said Coker warningly.

"Oh, all right!"

"A jolly good kicking all round if you say a word! What are you cracking at, Cherry?"

"Ahem! Was I cackling?"

"Yes, you were. Shut up!"

And Coker led his army down the cliffs, and they marched home to Greyfriars—all of them completely satisfied. Coker had the happiest anticipations of the morrow; he regarded the German spy as being as good as caught. The juniors were also anticipating the morrow with satisfaction, wondering what use Coker would make of the discovery in the gully. They were prepared to let him run on to any extent. Coker was deeply thoughtful, evidently laying great plans. With so much conclusive evidence of the spy's presence, surely he would be able to convince the doubting Thomases of the Fifth, and lead a large part of seniors to run down the spy. In that case, he would not want the help of the Removites any more, and there was no need to waste politeness on them. And Coker did not waste any.

Harry Wharton & Co. received fifty lines each for being late for call-over, but they did not mind very much. They felt that the aid they had rendered the great Coker was worth it.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Chance of a Lifetime!

"UTTER nonsense!" growled Mr. Prout.

The Fifth Form master was in his study, smoking a big pipe, and reflecting dismally on the unreasonableness of the military authorities, who left so first-class a fighting-man on the beach, as it were. Whenever Mr. Prout reflected on that subject it made him angry and sardonic. It was true that Mr. Prout's girth had become somewhat extensive as his years ripened, and that the largest suit of kiki would have been in danger of bursting if buttoned round his ample waist. It was true that a walk of a mile made Mr. Prout gasp, and that even with his big glasses he could not see a target at twenty-five yards clearly enough to hit it. But, as often happens, middle age had crept unnoticed upon Mr. Prout, leaving his soul as youthful and ardent as ever, while it increased the bulk of his figure, and played the other objectionable tricks that middle age does play.

Mr. Prout was still at heart the mighty huntsman who had shot grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains, and he was simply burning with warlike impetuosity. To pot a Hun was Mr. Prout's own ambition; and he often gazed sadly at his collection of rifles, dismally reflecting that, with all those deadly weapons at hand, he would never, never have the supreme satisfaction of putting a Hun!

In his dreams, Mr. Prout saw himself striding the stricken field—striding with merciless heart and gleaming eye among fallen Huns, with his trusty rifle in his hands. But it was only in his dreams. The glorious reality could never come to pass, owing to the confounded age-limit! The talk about raising the age-limit brought no comfort to Mr. Prout. It would have had to be raised so very considerably to give him a chance.

"Utter nonsense!" he snapped again. "Utter nonsense! What they want is a man like me—a man of experience, of active figure and quick, keen eye! That is what they want, if they only knew it. Pah!"

There was a tap at the door, and Mr. Prout rapped out irritably:

"Come in!"

Horace Coker came in.

His Form-master did not seem delighted to see him. There were still some twinges in his corn, which reminded him of his previous interview with Coker.

"Well?" rapped out Mr. Prout.

Coker closed the door.

"I hope you can spare me a few minutes, sir," he said. "It's a rather important matter—in fact, a matter of national importance."

"Nonsense!"

"Eh?"

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NEXT

MONDAY—

"THE RIVALS OF GREYFRIARS!"

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ONE
PENNY.

"You must not come into my study and talk nonsense, Coker!"

"I'm in earnest, sir. I have discovered that there is a German spy in this district!"

"Rubbish!"

"I have proof, sir!"

Coker's manner was very earnest. Mr. Prout blinked at him over his glasses, and unbent a little.

"If you have any grounds for your statement, Coker, you may tell me," he said, a little more graciously.

After all, why shouldn't there be a German spy in the district? There were plenty of German spies in the country. Why not one near Greyfriars? Was it possible that the war-like Form-master was to have a chance of using his famous rifle after all—of proving to a sceptical War Office that even at his age he was quite capable of rendering yeoman service to the country? That thought came into Mr. Prout's mind, and he blinked quite kindly at Coker.

Horace Coker explained how he had encountered the spy on the Shoulder on Wednesday afternoon; and Mr. Prout only said "Pish!"

The evidence did not seem conclusive to him, though he would have given a good deal to believe it.

"Nonsense, Coker!" he said. "There appears to be no ground whatever for supposing that the man was a spy, or a German at all."

"But I've found proof since, sir."

"Indeed! And what is it?"

Mr. Coker related that afternoon's adventure.

Mr. Prout listened very attentively.

His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought; but certainly it seemed to Mr. Prout that there was something in this.

"Kindly be very careful in your statements, Coker," he said. "You tell me that you found certain signs—"

"Clear proof that the man had been camping there, sir," said Coker, delighted at having made an impression. "Bleater-paste, and bread-crusts, and burnt matches, and things. But the false beard was a clincher."

"Of course, anyone might have camped there—"

"Not in that little dark hole, sir, unless he was trying to keep out of sight."

"Yes, yes; that is reasonable. You are certain of the false beard?"

"Quite certain, sir!"

Mr. Prout rose to his feet. Excitement was rising in his warlike breast.

"Bless my soul! It really looks, Coker, as if you have discovered something of importance!" he exclaimed. "The other traces may have been left by anyone; but a false beard—that points to disguise—"

"Just what I thought, sir. Nobody but a spy would want a false beard—especially in such a lonely place as the top of the Shoulder, miles from anywhere."

"Quite so—quite so. You are absolutely certain, Coker, that—ahem!—that you have not allowed your imagination—ahem!"

"I wasn't alone, sir. There were five juniors with me, and they all saw it."

"The juniors I saw with you this afternoon!"

"Yes, sir."

"You were, then, looking for this spy when I met you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You should not have gone upon such an errand, and, above all, you should not have taken juniors," said Mr. Prout, frowning.

"The seniors wouldn't back me up," said Coker bitterly. "There isn't much patriotism in this school, I'm afraid. And I couldn't get any help from Wapshot. And the German was too big for me to tackle alone. Even now, sir, though I've told Potter and Greene about the evidence, they won't come. I've had a row with them—ahem!—I mean we've been arguing, but they don't see it. Then I thought of you, sir. I thought you might be willing—"

Mr. Prout rubbed his plump hands.

"You did quite right, Coker, to come to me. You should have come to me in the first place. However, without the evidence you have discovered, probably I should have refused to credit— But the false beard certainly looks very suspicious—very suspicious indeed. At least the matter must be investigated."

Coker brightened up.

"Then you're willing, sir—"

"I am willing—indeed, eager—to look into the matter," said Mr. Prout. "You shall take me to the spot, Coker, the moment it is sufficiently light in the morning. I will take my rifle. It may be needed. If, indeed, a spy is to be found, no doubt he will resist!" Mr. Prout's eyes gleamed with

the light of battle. He fervently hoped that the spy would roast when he was found. It was the chance of a lifetime for potting a Hun.

"Oh, yes!" said Coker, in great delight. "I'd have tackled him alone, sir, but I tried that, and he was too much for me. But with you, sir—"

"However, I will question the juniors, in order that there may be no mistake about the matter," said Mr. Prout. "I will see them at once. Kindly wait for me here, Coker."

"Certainly, sir!"

Mr. Prout hustled out of the study. He made his way to No. 5 Study in the Remove passage. Prep was finished, and the Famous Five had gathered there to discuss baked chestnuts—and Coker's campaign. They jumped up in surprise as the Fifth Form master pushed open the door and entered.

They wondered what Mr. Prout could want with them. But the Fifth Form master soon explained.

"Coker has made a statement to me, Wharton," he said. "It appears that you juniors went with him this afternoon to look for a supposed spy?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, with a gasp.

He fancied for a moment that the Fifth Form master had spotted the joke on Coker, and was wrathful about it. But he soon saw that that was not the case.

"Coker appears to have made some discoveries," said Mr. Prout.

"He told us not to tell anybody about them, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"However, Coker has now confided the matter to me," said Mr. Prout. "Is it a fact that there were signs of camping out on the spot?"

"Ye-es, sir,"

"Did you see the false beard Coker has mentioned to me?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"You are certain, Wharton?"

"Oh, yes, sir! It—it was there," stammered Wharton. He did not dare to tell Mr. Prout who had placed it there.

"Very good," said Mr. Prout genially. "I wished to be satisfied that Coker was not mistaken on that point. Thank you, Wharton!"

The Fifth Form master quitted the study.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another blankly.

"What on earth does that mean?" asked Nugent. "Is Prouty taking Coker's rot seriously?"

"Looks like it!" grinned Bob.

"I—I wonder if we'd better tell him that it was a jape on Coker?" said Harry Wharton uneasily.

"No fear! Might be down on us; and it would spoil the jape, anyway. Form-masters don't have much of a sense of humour, you know."

"I suppose Prouty isn't going on the war-path with Coker?" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove roared at the idea. They little dreamed how near to the truth Johnny's suggestion was.

For that, as a matter of fact, was precisely what the Fifth Form master intended, and that evening, in Mr. Prout's study, the plans were laid.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

On the War-Path!

HORACE COKER was in high feather that evening. He had taken a firm buckler at last; and no less a person than his Form-master.

True, the Fifth Form's opinion of Mr. Prout was that he was an ass. Still, he was a Form-master, and he was backing up Coker.

Coker's voice had hitherto been like unto a voice crying in the wilderness. He had told his tale to unbelieving ears. Nobody had believed in his spy. But he had found a believer at last—a firm believer. Probably Mr. Prout's keen desire to pot a Hun had something to do with his credence of Coker's thrilling yarn. Unconsciously, perhaps, the wish was father to the thought. Be that as it might, Mr. Prout believed in the spy, and was going to capture him, with Coker's assistance—and the assistance of his trusty rifle. Mr. Prout had said, with quite a bloodthirsty look, that if the dog resisted, he would shoot him like a dog. Coker, to be quite accurate, had some doubts about Mr. Prout's rifle; and he was determined to walk behind Mr. Prout when they marched on the enemy. Otherwise, it might not be the Hun who would get potted. Mr. Prout had, somewhat unreasonably, declined to lend Coker any firearms for the expedition. Perhaps Mr. Prout, too, was anxious not to let the wrong party be potted by mistake. The potting was strictly reserved for the benefit of the Hun.

Coker was fairly swanking when he came back to his study. Fitzgerald was there, with Potter and Greene, and they all

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looked rather sourly at Coker. There had been warm arguments in the study, and Potter's nose looked a little swollen. Greene had a shade round his eye. Naturally, the desertion of the afternoon had caused trouble. Coker was not a fellow to be trifled with.

But the great Horace was in high good-humour now. He was quite prepared to forgive his erring chums.

"I shan't want you, after all," he remarked.

"All the same if you did!" growled Potter. "Are you going to take an army of fags from the Second Form? I dare say Nugent minor would come."

Coker laughed good-humouredly.

"I'm taking Prout!" he said, with studied carelessness.

The three Fifth-Formers jumped.

"Prout!" yelled Greene.

"Prout, bedad!" gasped Fitzgerald.

"Yes, Mr. Prout is coming with me first thing in the morning," said Coker. "We shall be down before rising-bell."

"You mean to say that Prout is going to play the giddy or along with you, Coker?" ejaculated Potter.

"Mr. Prout is going to help me hunt down the spy and seize him," said Coker, with dignity.

"And—and he believes the yarn?"

"Of course he does! Prout's got common-sense!"

"Uncommon sense, I should say, if he sees anything in that yarn!" grinned Fitzgerald. "Faith, I must go and tell the fellows this! This is better than 'Chuckles'!"

"Hold on, Fitz! I don't want it jawed about the House —"

But Fitzgerald was gone.

Within ten minutes the Fifth Form of Greysfriars were chuckling themselves husky over the intended expedition.

Mr. Prout's warlike longings were well known; indeed, Blundell of the Fifth had said at Herr Gans, the German master.

The youthful adour in Mr. Prout's middle-aged breast had evidently led him to put his faith in Coker's thrilling tale, and the Fifth-Formers yelled over it. The news spread to the Sixth, and Wingate and the rest howled in chorus. Tubb of the Third heard it in Loder's study, and carried the news to the fags, who howled also, and from the Third it reached the Fourth, and Temple, Dabney, & Co. echininated till the Fourth Form passage echoed.

Mr. Prout was getting his firearms ready in his study, and he little dreamed that all Greysfriars knew how he was occupied, and was howling itself husky about it.

The Remove had gone up to their dormitory when they heard the news. Billy Bunter was late in, and he came in chuckling. Billy Bunter, indeed, was chuckling so much that he seemed in danger of a fit of apoplexy.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Has your postal-order come?"

"He, he, he!" spluttered Bunter.

"What's the joke?" asked Wharton, in surprise.

"He, he, he!" Bunter gasped. "Coker— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what's Coker's latest?" grinned Squiff. "Has he caught his spy?"

"He, he, he! I've just heard it from Temple!" gasped Bunter. "Old Prout—he, he, he!—they're going together—he, he, he!—Prouty and Coker, at dawn—he, he, he!—looking for the—he, he, he!—spy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove dormitory was in a roar at once.

"Now, then, bed!" said Wingate, looking in. "What's all that cackling about? Sharp's the word!"

Wingate could guess what the cackling was about; he himself was grinning. The Removes turned in, still cackling, and Wingate put the light out. Cackling followed him from the dormitory.

"Prout on the war-path!" howled Billy Bunter. "He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dash it all, it's too bad!" said Bob Cherry. "Somebody ought to give Prout a tip that it's all moonshine!"

"But who's going to do it?" said Nugent. "Prouty would cut up awfully rusty if he knew the facts now. I dare say he's as keen on the spy as Coker is."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"After all, no harm's done," remarked Wharton. "A walk in the morning won't hurt Prouty—may do him good. And he won't shoot anybody, unless it's Coker."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five had not intended the Fifth Form master to be a victim to their little joke on Coker. But it couldn't be helped now. Nobody felt inclined to go and tell Mr. Prout upon what extremely uncertain evidence he was making his warlike preparations.

"We must be on in this scene," said Bob Cherry. "I shall

be up at dawn. We've a right to be in at the death, as we proved all the evidence about the spy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And there won't be any danger, unless Prouty loads his rifle."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors chuckled themselves to sleep. When the earliest rays of dawn were creeping in at the dormitory windows, the Famous Five were up, and Squiff and Tom Brown and Delaney and Vernon-Smith joined them. They were keen to follow the warlike Fern-master on the war-path.

They dressed hurriedly, and came down. Mr. Prout was already out, and Coker of the Fifth was with him. Mr. Prout was in shooting clothes, with a slouch hat, a bandolier across his manly chest, and a rifle on his shoulder. He certainly looked very warlike. He frowned a little as the early risers of the Remove came out of the School House.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Prout. "What are you juniors doing up so early?"

"Clear off!" growled Coker.

"Please, we should like to come, sir," said Harry Wharton meekly. "We should like to see the spy captured, sir."

"H'm! H'm! I am afraid I cannot allow you boys to go into danger," said Mr. Prout, shaking his head.

"We'll keep out of danger, sir."

"We'll be very careful, sir."

"The carefulness will be terrific, honoured sahib."

Mr. Prout hesitated. He was not unwilling to have spectators when he forced the obnoxious Hun to surrender at the muzzle of his rifle.

"Well, you may follow at a distance," he said. "I must insist upon your keeping a good distance, as there may be firing."

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Mr. Prout and Coker of the Fifth marched off together. The chums of the Remove followed at a respectful distance.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Glorious Capture!

"B LESS my soul!" gasped Mr. Prout.

The climb up the steep Shoulder had told upon the master of the Fifth. He realized only too clearly that he was not so young as he once had been. In his mind's eye Mr. Prout could see himself charging the foe on the fields of Flanders, and in his mind's eye he never got short of breath. Unfortunately, in actuality, he got very short of breath. He puffed and panted apologetically as he came out on the summit of the cliff.

"This way, sir!" said Coker.

"One moment—groo!—just a moment—yurrrg! I am somewhat—groo!—out of—gerrg!—breath! One moment!" gasped Mr. Prout.

Mr. Prout's moment lasted ten minutes. Then he followed Coker towards the deep gully amid the towering rocks.

"I shouldn't wonder if he's there now, sir," said Coker confidently. "He may camp at night in that cave, sir. Very likely he was making signals last night. We may catch him napping."

"Very probable," said Mr. Prout. "Kindly lead the way, Coker. I see no path here."

Coker looked at Mr. Prout's rifle, which he was now carrying in the hollow of his arm. However, he went on, pointing out the way among the rocks. He gave a sudden jump.

"Yow! What's that poking my back?" he ejaculated.

"It's nothing, Coker—merely the muzzle of my rifle—"

Coker gave a jump as if he had been electrified.

"I—I say, sir, you can see the way now!" he stammered, backing round Mr. Prout. "There's the place, sir!"

"Very good!" said Mr. Prout.

With his rifle at the ready, Mr. Prout marched boldly into the gully. Coker brought up the rear. He wasn't afraid of the Hun, but he wanted Mr. Prout to go ahead. The muzzle of a rifle poking him in the back was not good enough.

Mr. Prout, with intrepid courage, marched boldly across the gully, and arrived at the crevice. It was still very early morning, and the crevice was quite dark. Mr. Prout pushed the end of his rifle into the opening, and stood with his finger on the trigger.

From a respectful distance Harry Wharton & Co. were watching.

"Bang goes our dramatic society's beard!" said Bob Cherry regretfully. "We shall have to pay for it if Prouty pots it."

The juniors chuckled, and watched Mr. Prout with keen interest.

The Fifth Form master blinked under the rifle.

"Come forth!" he roared.

There was no reply from the cave.

"Teuton dog!" roared Mr. Prout. "If you are there, come forth! I order you to surrender in the name of the law! I am a special constable, and entitled to effect your arrest. Come forth, or I fire!"

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NEXT MONDAY—**"THE RIVALS OF GREYFRIARS!"**

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

"Perhaps he ain't there, sir," murmured Coker.

"If he is not there, Coker, we must look further for him. But if he is there, he shall not escape. I shall fire unless he comes forth!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I am satisfied, as a special constable, to shoot a German spy if he refuses to surrender," said Mr. Prout, with quite a Hunnish look. "I will have no mercy on him. For the last time, dog of a Prussian, come forth!"

Still nobody came forth. Either the spy was not there, or he was lying very low. Probably he was not there.

But Mr. Prout was not taking chances. He had given the villain ample time to come forth, and the villain had not chosen to come forth. Mr. Prout pulled the trigger.

Bang!

There was a clattering of fragments of rock in the crevice. But there was no other sound.

Grasping his smoking rifle, prepared to use the butt-end in case of need, Mr. Prout strode victoriously into the opening in the rock.

"Ahem! He is not here!" he said, glancing round.

There was a sudden yell from Coker.

Mr. Prout bounded out of the crevice.

"What? What?"

"Look!" yelled Coker.

The report of the rifle had filled the rocky gully with deafening echoes. As the sound rolled far and wide a man's head rose into view from a little distance, and a rugged, unshaven face glared at the spy-hunters.

"That's the man, sir!" gasped Coker.

"You are sure—"

"That's the man I tackled on Wednesday—the spy—"

"Good! Follow me!"

Mr. Prout, heedless of shortness of breath, dashed over the rough ground towards the startled stranger, with Coker of the Fifth at his heels.

Evidently the rifle-shot had startled the rascal, who was camping out in the gully, and he had risen into sight and fairly given himself away.

He stood scowling and blinking savagely at the two as they rushed on him, and clenched a pair of big and dirty fists. But he did not stay for the combat. He turned and bounded away among the rocks, heading for the open cliff.

"After him!" panted Mr. Prout.

If Mr. Prout had had any doubts—which he hadn't—they would have been gone now. For, unless the man was the spy he deemed, why should he bolt? Mr. Prout had never heard of Pete Hooker of Pegre.

"Surrender!" shouted Mr. Prout.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" roared Coker.

The ruffian dashed on.

Unfortunately for him, he was heading towards the Remove, whom he had not yet seen.

"Shall we stop him?" murmured Bob Cherry. "May as well have the merry glory of bagging the spy—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop him!" yelled Coker.

"Stop, or I fire!" roared Mr. Prout, forgetting that his rifle was discharged. "Rascal, surrender, or I will shoot you like a dog!"

"Collar him!" said Wharton. "Prouty will get into trouble if he starts potting the chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors rushed to intercept the fugitive.

The unshaven, rugged ruffian halted at the sight of them, breathing hard.

"Ands off!" he snarled, not at all in a German accent. "Ands off, or—"

"Surrender!"

Mr. Prout put on a spurt and came panting up. The muzzle of his rifle poked the ruffian between the shoulders, and he spun round with a gasp.

The rifle was at Mr. Prout's shoulder, and his finger was on the trigger. Fortunately, the ruffian did not know that it was unloaded.

"Surrender, or take the consequence!" commanded Mr. Prout.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor—"

"Do you surrender?" demanded Mr. Prout.

"Yus!" mumbled the ruffian.

"Advance, Coker, and bind his hands!" directed the Fifth Form master. "Remember, you Prussian dog, that if you resist I will shoot you down without compunction!"

"Oo are you calling a Prussian, you old idjit?"

"Silence! Secure him, Coker!"

"Certainly, sir," chirruped Coker. "Put up your hands, you scoundrel!"

"Hands up!" chorled Bob Cherry.

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

The ruffian raised his hands, scowling ferociously. The triumphant Coker slipped the rope round them—the rope he had all ready. Coker's face was beaming as he tied the knots very securely.

"Get him, sir!" he announced.
"You have made him quite secure, Coker?"
"Yes, sir—quite."

Mr. Prout lowered his rifle. As a matter of fact, the weapon was making his middle-aged arms ache as he held it at a level.

"Bring him along!" he said. "We will take him to the station at once. This is a splendid morning's work!"

"Look 'ere, guv'nor—"
"Ha! You speak English!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. The man blinked at him.
"Wot did you expect me to speak, blimey?" he ejaculated. Mr. Prout laughed, a laugh full of triumphant satisfaction. "Quite so, quite so. I did not expect you to speak German, you scoundrel!" he said. "Doubtless you would like to deceive me, if you could, by denying that you are a German and a spy!"

"M-m-me a German!" stammered the prisoner dazedly.
"You may-as well own up, you rotten Hun!" said Coker. "We've got you now. Come on! You can jaw at the police-station."

"Look 'ere—"
"Oh, come on! You kids keep round him in case he tries to bolt," said Coker. "One of you fetch that false beard out of the cave, it may be wanted as evidence!"

"Certainly!" grinned Bob.
The prisoner was marched down the cliff.
Coker kept hold of a loose end of the rope that secured his hands, and Mr. Prout walked behind with his rifle. The juniors marched along with them, with cheery faces. They anticipated that a surprise awaited the spy-catchers at the police-station. But for the present all was calm and bright.

"Would you really have shot him, sir, if he hadn't surrendered?" asked Bob Cherry in awestricken tones.

"Certainly," said Mr. Prout. "Like a mad dog! Indeed, I was tempted to shoot him in any case—a rascally German spy! There is nothing to laugh at, Nugent—"

"N-n-no, sir."
"This is a serious matter—a very serious matter. The man will doubtless be shot. Certainly, I would have blown his brains out if—"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Prout, suddenly. "I had quite forgotten that my rifle is not loaded! Dear me!"

The juniors suppressed their giggles with manifold efforts. As they came down off the cliff into the lower road the prisoner blinked back at Mr. Prout.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor," he said, "don't be 'ard on a cove. I wouldn't 'ave done it only that I'd 'ad a drop o' drink—"

"What! Do you mean to say that drinking habits led to your taking up the vile work of a spy?" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"O-o's a spy?" roared the prisoner. "You old idjit—"
"Silence! You may use your stick, Coker, if he does not proceed at once!" said Mr. Prout, very much ruffled.

The prisoner proceeded at once.
Some of the earlier labourers were astir in Friarfield, and they stared in wonder at the procession as it marched to the little police-station.

At the police-station Mr. Tozer had just arrived. He was busy with a broom when the Greyfriars party marched in with their prisoner.

Police-constable Tozer dropped the broom in his astonishment.

"My heye!" he ejaculated.
Mr. Prout allowed the butt of his rifle to clump on the floor. He leaned upon the rifle in a majestic attitude.

"Officer," he said, in deep tones, "I hand this man over to you. I've captured him!"

"My heye!" repeated Mr. Tozer.
"See that he is secured. I have reason to believe that he is a very desperate character."

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Tozer. "Despit he is, an' no mistake!" He blacked the landlord's boy at the Hauncher, he did—

"What!"
"And nearly brained Bill 'iggins with a stool, and broke 'arf the winders—"
"Eh?"

"And jolly glad I am to get 'im into the cells," said Mr. Tozer, with great satisfaction. "I been lookin' for 'im ever since Toxday—"

"I—I—I do not understand! You knew that there was a German spy in this neighbourhood, then?"

"A—a wot!" ejaculated Mr. Tozer.

"This German—"

"German!" repeated Mr. Tozer, in wonder. "Pete 'Ooker ain't a German, that I knows on. My heye!"

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Mr. Prout started.

"You—you know this man, constable?"

"Well, yes, I should say so!" grinned Mr. Tozer.

"Who—who is he?"

"Pete 'Ooker, sir, of Peary."

"Waa-a-a!" murmured Mr. Prout faintly.

"A longshoreman, sir, and he's wanted for assault and battery and destruction of property, sir. He's been dodgin' me nearly a week now. And I'm truly thankful to you, sir, for bringing of 'im 'ere," said Mr. Tozer.

Harry Wharton & Co. backed out into the street. The expression on Mr. Prout's face was too much for them. Coker's face, too, was an interesting study.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I must yell or burst a button! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They were still yelling when Mr. Prout, with a very red face, came out of the police-station, followed by Coker, who looked quite limp.

Certainly, the spy-hunters had performed a public service in arresting a dangerous hooligan. But that was not exactly the service they had set out to perform. The German spy had turned out to be a boozey longshoreman, who was dodging the police and six months' hard labour! It was a bitter pill. They left Mr. Tozer grinning, and even Pete Hooker himself was grinning over the extraordinary mistake.

Mr. Prout was not grinning. Neither was Coker.

The Fifth Form master glared at the juniors, who vainly strove to compose their faces to gravity as his eye fell on them.

"There is no occasion for merriment!" said Mr. Prout acidly.

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Bob.

"A mistake seems to have been made, owing to the—the crass and almost incredible stupidity of this boy," said Mr. Prout, glaring at the unhappy Coker. "I was foolish enough to listen to his story, forgetting that he was the dullest and densest dunce at Greyfriars! Or perhaps, sir," snorted Mr. Prout—"perhaps you were playing a joke on me, Coker?"

"I—I wasn't!" gasped Coker. "I—I swear I wasn't, sir! I—I thought the rotter was a spy. Oh, crumbs! I did, really! Oh, dear!"

"I cannot believe you, Coker. You must have placed that false beard deliberately there to deceive me!"

"Oh, my hat! I—I—I—"

"If you please, sir," said Harry Wharton meekly, "we did that, sir! It was a joke on Coker, sir, as—as he's such a silly ass, sir. We—we never thought that he would be idiot enough to tell you—"

"Oh!" gasped Coker.

The great Hovey understood at last why the merry Removites had been so keen to assist him, and what kind of assistance they had rendered.

"Oh!" said Mr. Prout. "I understand—I have been the victim of a practical joke. I am not surprised, Coker, that the juniors play practical jokes upon you, considering that you are so incredibly stupid—so half-witted, indeed, I think I may say! In all my experience I have never come upon such an example of inconceivable obtuseness! You will take a thousand lines, Coker! If anything of this kind occurs again, I shall request the Head to flog you! Pah!"

Mr. Prout strode away snorting wrath.

Coker of the Fifth stood rooted to the ground for some moments. His spy had gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream. He was the richer by a thousand lines—that was the reward of his patriotism! And he fairly shuddered as he foresaw what a yell of laughter would go up from all Greyfriars when the story was told.

He made a sudden charge at the Removites. The juniors, yelling with laughter, scattered, and led Coker a merry chase back to Greyfriars. There Coker succeeded in catching them—only to be collared and bumped in the quadrangle. Harry Wharton & Co. went in to breakfast in great spirits.

There was one howl of laughter in Greyfriars when the adventure was related. Poor Mr. Prout was very pink when he came in to take the Fifth that morning, and at the slightest sound of a giggle in the class lines fell like leaves in Vallombrosa.

Coker came in for a very special share of his Form-master's attention that morning, and he was quite in a state of perspiration when the class was dismissed.

For days and days the school chuckled over the spy-hunt, and it really seemed to the unfortunate hero of the Fifth that the last would never be heard of Coker's Spy.

THE END.

(Don't miss "THE RIVALS OF GREYFRIARS!"—next Monday's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

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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 HARRY GRANVILLE, the popular captain of the school. The other is a junior—JOHNNY GOGGS, who looks soft, but is by no means as soft as he looks. Goggs chums up with three other members of the Fourth—BLOUNT, TRICKETT, and WATERS—and shares their study. Goggs is quite an exceptionally good all-round athlete for a boy of his age, but he does not blow his own trumpet; and though his chums know that he can run and jump, and that he has made a heavy entry for the school sports, it is quite by chance that his ability as a footballer is discovered. He and his chums plan a trick upon one AMINADAB JARKER, a cross-grained old caddy. Meanwhile, Cardenden has had a row with Granville, the result of which is that Cardenden is transferred to another House, and loses all chance of becoming a prefect. The four Fourth-Formers devise a plot to set Jarker and P.-e. BUSWELL in rivalry for the hand of Jane Green, cook at Grayson's House. Sports Day comes. House rivalry is keen. A shield is held by the House scoring most points—open events counting five points for first place, four for second, three for third, while junior events count three, two, and one. Goggs wins the junior hundred, and Bags ties with a fellow from another House for second place. Cardenden throws the cricket-ball farthest, and scores for his new House, Granville being second. PARKER, by getting third place in the senior high jump, puts Grayson's in the lead. In the open 100 yards Goggs is placed second to Cardenden, with Granville third. TRICKS and ALLARDYCE, of Hayter's House, have a very tough contest in the junior high jump.

(Now read on.)

A Tough Tussle.

The band struck up. Something in the plucky heart of Tricks responded to the shout of his chum, the familiar House yell, the strains of "British Grenadiers."

He made a mighty effort, and just managed it, touching the bar indeed, but so slightly that it did not fall. Granville slapped him on the back. Allardyce was first to congratulate him in words.

"All the same, wish I'd had the band," he added, which was very like Allardyce. A good sportsman when you get down to bed-rock, but apt to make excuses.

Grayson's now led by five points. But the next event brought the rival houses level.

It was the senior long jump. Bartram took first place for Hayter's, and the second and third men were from Waymark's.

This was the first event in which Grayson's had failed to THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 458.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE RIVALS OF GREYFRIARS!"

score, and as the long-drawn yell of "Make-make-make Hay-Hay-Hay-Hayter's!" came from some seventy throats, and the red flag went up on the staff, with two black-and-magenta pennons below it, some of the Graysonites felt rather despondent.

"It's beastly rot the senior jumps not being open!" said Bags. "Our Johnny could have beaten either of those Waymark chaps, and I guess he would have had a chance even with Bartram."

"Why isn't he a senior?" asked Vera. "He seems clever enough."

"I don't think he looks at all clever," put in Alice Trickett, sister to Tricks.

"I didn't say 'looks,' Lal; I said 'seems.' Different thing, isn't it, B.? Why isn't he?"

"Oh, don't give me the horrors, V.! I can't bear to think of our den without Goggles!"

Now the four chums all departed. The junior hurdles was the next event, and the only one in which they all figured.

Allardyce was in this again, of course, and Bliss, and Champneys of the long legs. But the fellow who was thought likeliest to trouble Goggs was Evans, of the Head's House.

He failed to do so. Goggs was ahead at the second hurdle, and drew further ahead with each succeeding one. There was no need for him to spurt in the last few yards, and he didn't spurt.

Allardyce caught his foot and sprawled early in the race. Bags came a cropper a little later. Neither was hurt. Tricks and Bliss collided, and put each other out of the running, whereupon followed a heated argument.

Champneys, Evans, and Wagtail fought out the issue for second and third places. Evans, taking the last hurdle better than the other two, shot ahead. Wagtail just managed to beat Champneys on the post, a most unexpected score for his House.

Black-and-white, green-and-silver, black-and-white again—four points to Grayson's, two to the Head's House, Hayter's out of it!

And the fellows of the Head's House did not forget to cheer. Evans was a hero for the time being, and everyone said that this must prove the turn of their luck.

It seemed as if it had, too. They barged first and third places in the senior hurdles, Granville running second. Cardenden might perhaps have won by taking the last hurdle carelessly, and looking round to see how near those behind him were. He had led up to then, but the others were nearer than he had imagined, and in that second's pause, due to cocksureness, Witherington, Granville, and Bays all shot past him.

He must have been placed at least but for that, and those of Hayter's who saw it felt very wrathful with him.

"I'm awfully sorry, old man," he told Tilson, with whom

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

it was his policy to keep on terms; "but I'll do my level best to make up for it later on."

"No good grousing," answered Tilson, a genial philosopher. "But those beggars are eight points ahead now, and that will take some making up."

Putting the weight followed. There was no junior event of this kind, and it was not an open one.

Tilson was first, Bayes second, and Pennell scored for Grayson's by taking third place.

Grayson's now led by six points only, and the Head's House, with fourteen in the last three events, had come into the picture, though scarcely threatening danger.

Goggs was second in throwing the cricket-ball, junior section, Allardyce beating him by full five yards, while Bliss was only a yard under him. Hayter's deficit was reduced to four points.

Now came the senior mile. Word went round that Cardenden was not turning out. He said he had strained himself slightly in the hurdles, and was being massaged. But Bags and his chums were certain that he was simply saving himself up for the quarter, knowing that to do so would give him a big advantage over Granville.

"Knows he can't win both, and thinks Gran will be done up by the mile," said Bags. "There's Tilson, too. Oh, he's wide enough, that chap Cardenden!"

Pennell and Granville were the Grayson's men in the mile. It is seldom a very popular race, and only eight took the mark for it, Bultitude's and Waymark's being unrepresented.

Granville went off with a rush. Tilson seemed doubtful as to the policy of letting him get too long a lead, and followed hard after him, though that was by no means the method Tilson preferred for a long-distance race. Pennell, Witherington, and Grant, of Hayter's, running all together in a bunch, allowed themselves to drop pretty far behind in the first lap.

In the second they quickened up somewhat, overhauled the three between them and the two leaders, and drew nearer to Tilson and Granville.

Then, while still leading, Granville swerved aside and ran out.

For a moment Tilson looked bewildered. He had not expected this. His pace slackened. But he looked over his shoulder, and saw behind him black-and-white, green-and-

silver, with the red of his own House a little to the rear of them. And he lammed on the pace again.

But that early burst had taken it out of him. Pennell and Witherington drew up to him in the third lap, with still three hundred yards to go. He struggled gamely on abreast of them for fifty yards or more; but when they spurred he could not, though he tried hard.

Pennell and the fellow from the Head's House fought out a fine finish, while the two in red plodded on behind them.

Pennell won by a yard. Without a word to him, Granville had trusted the fortunes of the House in his hands. He knew that to tell Pennell he meant to make the running for him would only lead to argument, even if it would be quite the game. To sacrifice his own chance without saying anything was certainly the game, according to his view.

Tilson slackened fifty yards from home, and let Grant run in third ahead of him. It counted to the House just the same, and Grant was not in any other event.

"It wasn't cricket!" said Cardenden to Tilson. "I'm beastly sorry you let yourself be taken in by Granville. A put-up job, of course!"

"I don't think so," answered Hayter's senior prefect. "That's hardly Granville's line of country, though I'm not sure that there would be any harm in it. I had my choice of what to do, and took it. Do you begin to feel fit for the quarter?"

"Oh, I shall be all right!" Cardenden answered. No spirit of prophecy was needed, for there was nothing the matter with him. But he wished Granville had gone on and finished the mile. The quarter is a race that calls for all one has in one, and there were times when Cardenden wasn't quite sure that he had as much in him as Harry Granville.

In the junior long jump Goggs scored for his House. Nobody who knew that he was capable of clearing the brook down in the meadows had doubted that he would. Allardyce, who was second, fell two feet short of his jump. Evans, of the Head's House, was third.

Grayson's failed to take a point in the hammer-throwing. Hayter's men filled second and third places, scoring even points.

This brought the two rival Houses level, with forty-two and a half points each. The Head's House, taking first place in the event, had now scored twenty-four. Waymark's and Bultitude's had lost all hope.

Goggs was on his way to line up for the junior mile, together with Bags, when Granville's hand fell on his shoulder.

"Do you mind very much if you don't run in this, Goggs?" asked the captain.

"I do not mind at all, if you wish me not to," answered Johnny at once.

"I do! You see, there's the open quarter. I believe you can score for us in that, but not if you run in the mile. It's too much to ask of any man."

"And there's the junior quarter, too," put in Bags.

"Yes, there's that, too," replied the skipper.

Goggs went quietly and cheerfully back to his chums and their friends.

"But you could have won this!" cried Vera.

"That is not certain, Miss Blount. And it is thought best that I should not run, so it is of no consequence."

Tricks looked up at his father.

"That's the sort of chap our Johnny is," he said, too low for Goggs to hear.

A Foul!

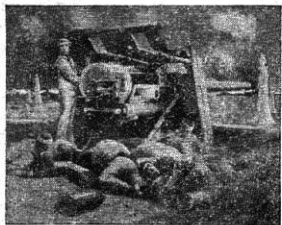
It is likely enough that Goggs might have won the junior mile. But he would not have won it easily, for both Hayter's and the Head's House had entered competitors who were not in other events, and these two took first and second places respectively. Bags getting third.

Rather a dull race! The red and the green-and-silver were in the lead throughout, and the only touch of excitement was given by Bags, who, after being quite last half way, struggled gamely on, passed half-a-dozen who seemed to have gained a commanding lead of him, saw Evans, full twenty yards ahead, reel and stagger out when less than a hundred yards from home, and contested every inch of that last hundred yards with Bliss.

"Really, I am quite sure that a mile is much too long for boys of your age to run, Bertram!" said Mrs. Blount, when her son returned to the family group. "And that poor boy with the dark face—the one in green-and-silver, I mean—"

"What, the welsher, mater? Jolly good luck he crooked up as he did, or I wouldn't have had an earthly! He's all serene by this time. See, there he goes! And I'm as right as ninepence!"

(Continued on page iv of cover.)



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THE FOURTH FORM AT FRANKLINHAM.

(Continued from page 20.)

Nevertheless, Bags was glad that his labours for the day had ended.

"Don't you ever get tired?" asked Vera of Goggs.

She was a little lit shy with him still, because he was so different from the rest.

"Not very often, Miss Blount," he replied gravely. "I think it may be because I really have so little to carry. If, for instance, I was developed in front to the extent that Binswell is, I fancy I should soon tire."

"Yes, Binswell had just passed, with a grim scowl on his red face."

The cause of that scowl was apparent next moment, when Cook and Mr. Aminadab Jarker hove in sight. Cook's right hand, in a large lavender kid glove, split half-way up the back, lay on Jarker's left arm.

The cubman looked triumphant, but a little bit awkward. Cook was evidently enjoying herself.

"Do you think he has proposed?" asked Vera.

"Oh, I think not!" answered Goggs. "I do not imagine that Jarker would act with such undue precipitation. There will be inquiries on both sides. Aminadab will desire to know what Jane has saved, and Jane will ask whether the cab and horse are really Aminadab's own, whether there is a mortgage on his house, and when the horse will be superannuated and a four-legged animal will reign in its stead. All that having been put through, I think that a dramatic rounding-off of the situation would be for Binswell to summon up courage, strike in, and capture the prize."

He said it all with such extreme seriousness that the girl could not understand him. The mischief of her brother and Tricks and Wagtail was easy to comprehend. She had her own share of that sort of thing. But Johnny Goggs was so solemn; in him it did not seem like mischief at all.

"Did you really write the letter?" she asked.

"I did, Miss Blount!"

"But why?"

"The plan, proposed by your brother, struck us as humorous."

"Do you not ever laugh?"

"Oh, yes! At times. But I can enjoy things without laughing."

Vera could not fathom him! But she decided that she liked him nevertheless.

He still had before him perhaps the hardest two tasks of a very strenuous afternoon.

The quarter-mile is a difficult race. It demands a sprinter's speed and a long-distance runner's stamina.

And Goggs had two quarter-miles left, and they came a deal too close together to be pleasant. He was glad that the senior one came first. Because of what Granville had said, and of the extra points involved, he was very keen indeed on making a good show in that.

The entrants mustered strongly at the line-up. But, as in the senior hundred, Goggs was the only junior among them all. Allardyce and one or two more had entered, but they thought it best to save themselves up for the junior event.

In entering they had overrated their endurance, as they realised now. Had Goggs overrated his?

No one could tell by the look of him. He showed no sign of fatigue as he stood up for Bags to rub his legs.

He was next to Tilson this time, with Granville and Cardenden a little to his right.

"Making the running for Granville, young 'un?" asked Tilson.

"No. I propose to run entirely on my own account," replied Goggs.

"With some regard for the House's interests, I suppose?"

Goggs looked up at him, and Tilson met, instead of the weird goggles, the steady gaze of as bright a pair of blue eyes as he had ever seen. The new boy had slipped off his spectacles a moment before, and had handed them to Bags.

In no other way had he given any sign that he regarded his task this time as one of no ordinary difficulty.

He did not answer the big fellow by words. But that look was enough. Tilson, as keen on his own House as any fellow could be, understood. They were off!

Excitement grew high. On this race practically depended the House sports championship. Hayter's, with their two points' lead, would make their position practically secure by getting two men in the first three places, and they possessed quite a chance of doing this.

Bags and Tricks had hustled their people out of their seats to a very uncomfortable and cramped place near the tape. No one grumbled. Mrs. Blount and Vera, Tricks' father and mother and sisters—all were keen on seeing the finish.

Cardenden had got away well, and seemed full of running. He had an excellent style, and the dark, handsome face above

the red shirt drew many eyes to him, though some who admired him at a first glance noted at a second that the face was less pleasant than handsome.

He led in the first hundred yards, with two in the green-and-silver close behind him, and behind them two in the black-and-magenta of Waymark's, another red, Tilson, and a red-and-green.

Where were the magpie colours?

In the rear! Goggs and Granville ran side by side, and behind them—a forlorn hope, and he knew it—Parker.

But now Granville forged ahead, and hard on his heels came his lag.

The rack were passed, one by one. They were drawing up to the leaders.

Tilson was overhauled. The two Waymark's men were passed. In front of the Graysonites now were only Cardenden and the pair from the Head's House.

Then Granville went forward, passed the two in green-and-silver, and drew up to his detested cousin.

But Goggs—had Goggs shot his bolt? He was fifth now, and seemed unable to go higher.

The air rang to the House-yells.

"Gray-Gray-Gray-Gray-Grayson's!"

"Make-make-make-Hay-Hay-Hay-Hayter's!"

"House! House! House!"

Within fifty yards of the tape there came a change. Tilson had spurred again, labouring heavily, his face drawn. And Goggs had shown that he was not done. He and Tilson were running together, and now they joined the two in green-and-silver, with Granville and Cardenden a few yards ahead.

The four made a big effort together, and drew right up to the leaders, who were apparently taken by surprise.

And in the moment when all six were closely bunched, when through the general clamour individual voices sorted themselves out to some ears, when Goggs heard Bags yelling to him frenziedly, Granville felt the sharp stab of a spike right upon his instep, and fell back, limping, all his chance gone.

And he knew who had done it, if none other there had seen, and he knew that it was no accident. If it had been anyone else but Cardenden he would have believed it so; no other there was capable of a foul like that. But it was impossible even to doubt. He had seen his cousin's face, as full of malice as the face of a fiend; and he knew.

"It's on—on—Goggs!" he gasped.

And then he knew that his lag had seen, too. And somehow he was sure that Cardenden would not win.

"Oh, well run, Goggles! Oh, come on, Johnny, old man!"

reared Bags, dancing up and down in his excitement.

Tricks took it differently. He could not shout. His heart beat ever so fast, and something throbbed in his ears, and he saw the runners as though in a mist, and did not feel Wagtail's nervous clutch on his arm, though it left marks that stayed for hours afterwards.

The little crowd of runners was breaking up. Granville had dropped right back. The rest strung out. Red—green-and-silver—red again—black-and-white—green-and-silver again; and now red—green-and-silver—black-and-white, with Tilson and one man from the Head's House left behind; and now red—black-and-white—green-and-silver—Cardenden, Goggs, Witherington!

It seemed that so they must finish. But on a sudden there was a change. The slim figure in the magpie colours shot to the front, and some there heard Cardenden groan as if in rage, and saw him falter in his stride. And Witherington went past him, too, and challenged Goggs, but was beaten by inches, with Cardenden third.

"Gray-Gray-Gray-Gray-Grayson's!" came the chant as the black-and-white flag fluttered bravely out, with the green-and-silver beneath it, and red below that again.

Yet even now the result of the shield competition hung in doubt. It was level-pegging again for Hayter's and Grayson's, because of Cardenden's third place.

The only race left was the junior quarter-mile, and people began to wonder why the interval between it and the last was so long.

There was a kind of council in the pavilion of the masters, acting as stewards of the course, Tilson and Granville being also present.

"We are all to blame," said Mr. Hayter, "for we all agreed to the arrangement of the events, never supposing that a junior would play a distinguished part in the last but one. Now, if the last race is run at once, Goggs will surely have a chance. I don't want that, though I want to see the shield in my House. I'll own it!"

"And I don't want it, either," spoke up Tilson manfully.

"Anyway, I reckon young Allardyce would have a chance against Goggs after all the new kid has been through; but if the race isn't held over a little while Goggs' cake is dough, I don't think you've anyone else likely to pull it off—have you, Granville?"

(There will be another grand instalment of this exciting story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY. Order your copy in advance.)