

# FOUL PLAY!

A Grand Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.



## The Magnet 1<sup>st</sup> Library

No. 463. Vol. 19.

December 23rd, 1918.



### BUNTER HAS HEARD TOO MUCH!

(A Dramatic Scene in the Grand Long Complete Story in this issue.)

# MY READERS' PAGE

OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE BOYS' FRIEND," id., Every Monday, "THE GEM" LIBRARY, id., Every Wednesday, "THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d., COMPLETE LIBRARY, "THE PENNY POPULAR," id., Every Friday, "CHUCKLES," Price id., 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 to: Editor, "The Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For Next Monday:

## "VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"

By Frank Richards.

The fine story which will appear next week deals with Bunter—and with footer. Lest mistakes should arise, it may as well be stated at once that it does not deal with Bunter as a footballer, however. He is in a much more frequent role—that of sponger. But then he suddenly becomes wealthy! How that happens you must wait until next week to learn. Part of his newly-acquired wealth is employed, at the instigation of Skimmer, to an enterprise of the wrong sort—a plot against Harry Wharton & Co., who have gone to play a match against a military team in a remote village. Thither Bunter, Skinner, Bolsover, Fish, Snoot, and Stott follow them. And what happens after that the story will tell, as it will explain why, in the long run, the Famous Five and their comrades might be regarded as both

## "VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"

### A CANADIAN APPRECIATION.

You will all remember that capital story, "Run to Earth," I am sure. A Canadian reader has been kind enough to send me a cutting from the "Scout" column of the "Winnipeg Telegram," which, he says, is the leading paper of the great Grain City. This is what that paper says:

"A most unique and enjoyable story, dealing with the adventure of five typical British Boy Scouts, in pursuit of a tricky German spy, who lurked about somewhere on the East Coast of England, came to our notice lately in a recent issue of the 'Magnet' Library. Because of the special interest the story has in scouting realms, no Canadian Boy Scout should miss the tale, 'Run to Earth.' The editor certainly enjoyed it. How the five Scouts, when the efforts of the soldiers to unearth the spy proved futile, applied their scoutcraft at a time of need, and discovered the hiding-place of the German spy in the remains of a ruined monastery, the entrance to which lay under a lake, and how they finally ran the fugitive to earth in true Scout style, to perform a great service to their country, is related in graphic style by one of the most popular boys' writers of the day. Winnipeg Boy Scouts should read this fine scouting tale to-day."

Quite nice, isn't it? Of course, Mr. Richards is one of the most popular boys' writers of the day! The other is Mr. Clifford—also of course!

### PLEASE DON'T!

Will readers please abstain from ringing me up on the telephone to ask questions about notices, back numbers, and that sort of thing? I know they do not mean to be a nuisance; but we have to work hard every week to get the papers out, the way having taken away so many of our best men, and these calls have become a serious interruption to work on some days. I have said again and again that I am doing all I can to catch up with the notices, and the back-number business is quite outside my department.

### OUR NEW SERIAL.

"The Fourth Form at Frankingham" is drawing to its end, and in the first number of the new volume I hope to begin a splendid story of African adventure by

MR. BEVERLEY KENT.

"Cornstalk Bob," this very popular author's last serial, which came to an end only a few weeks ago in the "Gem," added to the laurels he had already won with such ripping yarns as "Officer and Trooper." Mr. Kent himself thinks his latest story is the best he has ever written, and I am inclined to agree with him. The heroes are well contrasted

—a typical English lad and a typical Irish one—and from start to finish the story is crammed with excitement of the healthiest sort. The title is not yet decided upon; but, contrary to our usual practice with serials, I am having this yarn illustrated—by a tip-top artist, too. There are so many thrills in it that it really seems to call for at least one illustration per week. After it has run its course we shall probably have another school serial.



### THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

I want you to write and tell me how you like this new feature. I have not much doubt that you will like it; but it is just as well to be quite sure, you know. No good wasting a page every week over an unpopular series!

### ONLY TWO WEEKS' MORE!

In a fortnight's time, my chums, Harry Wharton & Co. will make their appearance in our companion paper, the "Penny Popular," and, as I have told you before, the title of the first story is

### "THE MAKING OF HARRY WHARTON!"

This issue of the "Penny Popular" will, without doubt, be the finest issue of that paper ever put on the market, for, besides the grand, long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., I am presenting free with every issue.

### A MAGNIFICENT PRESENTATION PLATE

of the Greyfriars chums.

Now, I expect every one of you to back me up right royally in this departure, and do your utmost to make it a success. And, as there is bound to be a greatly increased demand for this particular issue, I want you all to order your copies

### WELL IN ADVANCE.

Unless you place your order with your newsgast at least a week before the actual day of publication, your chances of securing a copy are slender ones. Tell all your chums about this forthcoming attraction, and persuade them, also, to take the necessary precaution.

### FOOTBALL NOTICES.

#### Matches Wanted By:

LONG EATON UNITED RES. F.C. (16-17)—7 mile r.—J. Liquorish, 27, Nelson St., Long Eaton, near Nottingham.

GRANT HORTON OLD BOYS F.C. (13-14)—5 mile r.—T. Barker, 4, Harlow Rd., Lidget Green, Bradford.

FRANCIS STREET F.C. (11-14)—2 mile r. Battersea Park—W. Maloney, 6, Francis St., Stone Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.

CITY F.C.—14 mile r.—C. H. Bignell, 5, Manor Lane, Sutton, Surrey.

HAMILTON ATHLETIC F.C. (16)—5 mile r.—J. Baggott, 83, Parnell Rd., Bow, E.

WOODTHORPE ROYS F.C. (16)—4 mile r.—A. Young, 934, City Rd., Sheffield.

PARKMOUNT 2ND F.C.—away matches for Christmas week, 10 mile r.—M. F. Sempey, 41, Meadow St., Belfast.

LYDDALE F.C. (16-17)—5 mile r.—R. E. Howell, 73, Silvermore Rd., Catford, S.E.

MARSH UNITED F.C. (14-17)—B. Mould, 7, Nisbet St., Homerton, N.E.

LIGHTHOUSE ATHLETIC F.C. (15-16)—5 mile r.—A. Crook, 147, Queen's Rd., Walthamstow.

Your Editor

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

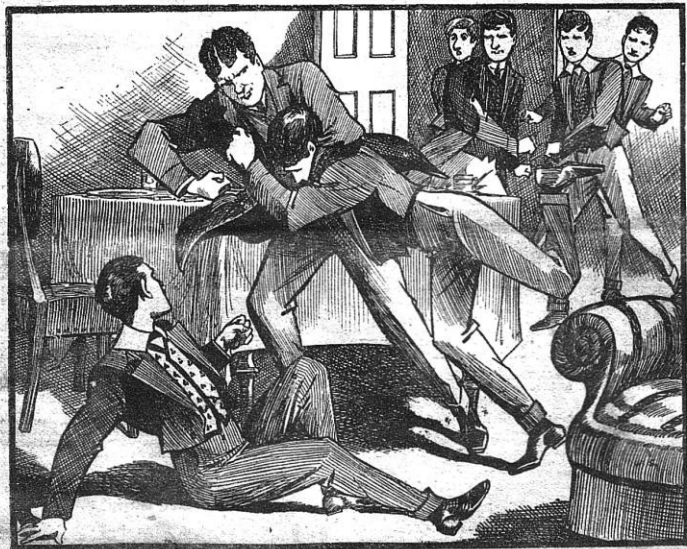


The Editor will be  
obliged if you will  
hand this book,  
when finished with,  
to a friend. . . .

# FOUL PLAY!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.



The Removites swarmed into the doorway. The sight of Coker struggling with two Removites was enough for them. Bolsover major led a rush. (See Chapter 8.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Very Important Indeed!

"SEEN Coker?"  
Billy Bunter asked that question in a low, cautious tone.  
He addressed the Famous Five of the Remove, who were lounging in the doorway of the School House, holding a discussion upon the important subject of football. The Greyfriars Remove had recently played Highcliffe Juniors, and the match had ended in a draw. All the

Removes were convinced that they ought to have beaten Highcliffe, and they fully intended to beat Highcliffe when the match was replayed.

Why they hadn't beaten Highcliffe was a very deep and important problem; and naturally Harry Wharton & Co. had no attention to bestow upon Billy Bunter.

"Hazel was a bit rocky in goal," remarked Bob Cherry. "Might have been better to put in Bulstrode."

"I say, you fellows!"

"Bob Cherry was a bit rocky at half," suggested Hazel.

dene, who was on the steps outside. "It might have been better to put in Rake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you ass——" began Bob warmly.

"I say, you fellows, have you seen Carne?"

"Blow Carne!" rapped out Bob.

"But, I say, you know, I want to know," said Bunter. "Never mind that blessed footer match; it's played and done with now. Have you seen Carne?"

"Haven't seen him, and don't want to," growled Bob.

"Buzz off!"

"I want to know whether he's in his study," said Bunter mysteriously.

"Well, can't you go to his study and see?" demanded Harry Wharton.

Bunter chuckled.

"No; that wouldn't do. I want to know whether he's gone out, you know. It's awfully important."

"Blessed if I see the importance," yawned Johnny Bull.

"Didn't you see him in the tuckshop?" said Bunter, his eyes glistening behind his spectacles. "Carne's having some of the Sixth to tea, I think. Anyway, he's been laying in supplies. There was a whacking cake——"

"Oh, buzz off!"

"And a lot of biscuits, and cream puffs, and——"

"Cheese it!"

"Carne's a beastly bully," went on Bunter, unheeding. "He's the worst bully in the Sixth, excepting Loder. Of course, I don't care anything about his grub——"

"Ha, ha!"

"But I think his feed ought to be raided, as—as a punishment for being a bully," explained Bunter. "Besides, it was simply ripping cake!"

"You fat duffer!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "If you raid a Sixth-Former's study you'll get pulverised. Let Carne's grub alone."

"It isn't really his grub, you know," said Bunter; "that's only a detail. But Carne's a rotter, and ought to be punished. You know he tried to get the captaincy away from old Wingate once!"

"Lot you care whether he did or not!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, of course, I back up old Wingate," said Bunter. "Carne's a beast, too. His fag says he smokes in his study!"

"Botter not let him hear you saying so, you fathead!"

"Well, he can't hear me," said Bunter. "Not that I'm afraid of Carne. You may be."

"Why, you——"

"And he's thick with the Highcliffe seniors, and you know what a shady lot they are," said Bunter. "If I were Wingate I wouldn't play a match with Highcliffe seniors—I should disdain to. And Carne's such a slacker that he can't get into the team. I despise slackers."

"Beginning with W. G. Bunter?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! Look here——"

"What the dickens are you running Carne down for?" demanded Harry Wharton. "Of course, we all know he's a rotter!"

"That's it, exactly," said Bunter eagerly. "He's such a rotter that he ought to have his feed raided as a punishment!"

"Oh, I see!"

"My idea is that I should keep watch in the passage while you dodge into his study, Wharton."

"No fear!" said Wharton promptly.

"While you dodge into his study, Bob!"

"Ha, ha! Count me out."

"While you dodge into his study, Nugent!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I'm not doing any study-dodging at present."

"While you dodge into his study, Bull!"

"Go and eat cake!" growled Johnny Bull.

"While you dodge into his study, Inky!"

Hurree Jameet Ram Singh, familiarly known as Inky on account of his beautiful complexion, smiled an expansive smile.

"In my case, my esteemed Bunter, the dodgefulness will not be terrific," he remarked.

"I say, Hazel," Billy Bunter turned to Hazeldene, "as a last resource, 'You've got more pluck than these fellows.'"

"Thanks!" grinned Hazeldene.

"My idea is that I should keep watch in the passage while you dodge into Carne's study——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And collar the cake!" said Bunter eagerly. "I'll go halves with you, Hazel!"

"Go and chop chips!" said Hazel.

"Well, of all the blessed funks!" said Billy Bunter, in disgust. "You know the sort of fellow Carne of the Sixth

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

is—beastly bully and smoky slacker, a regular black sheep, and always down on the Remove—and you won't lend a hand raiding him! I'm disgusted at you!"

"If Balstrode had been in goal!" remarked Bob Cherry thoughtfully.

"If Dickie Rake had been at half!" said Hazeldene, also in a thoughtful sort of way.

"Look here, Hazel, you ass!"

"Look here, Cherry, you goat!"

"You might tell me where Carne is, anyway," snapped Bunter. "If you funk going into his study, I'll set you an example. I'm not a funk!"

"Blow Carne, and blow his cake!" exclaimed Bob, exasperated.

"Well, where is Carne?" persisted Bunter. "I don't think he's in his study; but I can't go there and see, under the circumstances."

Nugent nodded in the direction of the quadrangle.

"There's Carne, talking to Valence," he said.

Billy Bunter blinked out into the quadrangle through his big glasses.

"Sure?" he asked.

"Yes, you owl!"

"Then it's all serene," said Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "There's that cad from Highcliffe. What price bumping him?"

Cecil Ponsonby, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe, had walked in at the gates. The dandy of Highcliffe sauntered across the quad as if it belonged to him. The fact that he was on the worst of terms with most of the Greyfriars fellows did not seem to affect Ponsonby in the least.

He stopped to speak to Carne of the Sixth, and Valence strolled away. Valence belonged to the Sixth, and did not care about chatting with fags in the quadrangle. But Carne had his own reasons for being civil to the cad of Highcliffe, junior as he was.

"Like that fellow's cheek to come here!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Well, he hasn't come to see us," said Wharton; "and we go to Highcliffe to see Courtenay and the Caterpillar, you know. Better keep the peace."

Bob Cherry burst into a chuckle.

"If Carne stays jawing to Ponsonby long there won't be much of his cake left for tea," he remarked.

The juniors laughed. Billy Bunter had vanished, and it was not difficult to guess where he was. Whether in order to punish the bully of the Sixth or not, Bunter certainly had Hunnish designs on the cake.

"They're coming in," said Johnny Bull.

Carne came up the steps of the School House with the Highcliffe junior. Ponsonby bestowed his most supercilious smile upon the Famous Five as he passed, feeling quite secure in company with a Sixth-Former. They went on to the Sixth Form passage. Bob Cherry whistled softly.

"I say, that fat duffer is in Carne's study," he muttered. "Carne will skin him if he finds him raiding the cupboard."

"Serve him jolly well right!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Why can't he let a fellow's grub alone? He had my saveloys yesterday!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The skinfulness of the esteemed fat Bunter will be terrific," remarked Hurree Singh. "Perhaps it will be valuable lessonally. It is time to go in to our esteemed tea!"

The Famous Five went in to tea. To their surprise, there was no sound of woe from the Sixth Form corridor. They wondered how the study raider was getting on; but evidently he was not yet in the hands of the Amalekites.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. An Astounding Discovery!

"O H, crickey!"

Billy Bunter uttered an ejaculation of dismay as footsteps came along the Sixth Form corridor.

The Owl of the Remove was in Carne's study.

He was standing at the cupboard, and his fat hands were busy. There were good things in the cupboard, and an ample supply of them. Billy Bunter had just begun to enjoy himself, when the footsteps came along to the study door.

Bunter spun round from the cupboard in dismay. Suppose it was Carne?

Bunter realised only too well what would happen if the bully of the Sixth found him raiding his study.

He blinked round wildly through his spectacles in search of a way of escape.

He had desperate thoughts of the window; but the window was closed, and there was no time to open it.

He plunged across the room towards the bed alcove.

COMING SHORTLY! HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN "THE PENNY POPULAR." PRICE 1d.



The Sixth Form rooms at Greyfriars were bed-rooms and studies combined, as the high and mighty Sixth did not sleep in a dormitory like the Lower Forms.

Carnie's bed was in a deep alcove, and shut off from the study by a curtain.

Billy Bunter made a headlong plunge under the bed.

If the footsteps were those of Arthur Carnie coming back to his quarters, Bunter hoped that he would not stay there long. It was hardly tea-time yet.

The footsteps stopped.

Bunter's heart thumped as he heard the study door open. Evidently it was Carnie, as he had feared.

The fat junior scarcely dared to breathe as he lay hidden under the bed.

Through the opening of the curtained alcove he caught sight of a pair of feet, and then, to his dismay, of another pair. Carnie was not alone.

"Oh, crums!" murmured Bunter inaudibly. "If the beast's going to stay here—oh, dear! All Wharton's fault!"

"Shut the door." It was Carnie's voice. "Well, what is it, Ponsonby? What the dickens have you got to say to me that you oughtn't say in the quadrangle?"

Bunter heard Ponsonby laugh.

It was Cecil Ponsonby, the dandy of Highcliffe, who had come in with Carnie. The Owl of the Remove wondered. It was uncommon enough for a Sixth-Former to be on such familiar terms with a fag of the Fourth, especially a Fourth-Former of another school. True, there was something in common between the two. Both of them were black sheep. But it was curious, all the same.

Billy Bunter began to feel inquisitive, and he was not sorry that he was hidden in Carnie's room after all. Bunter had an endless interest in all matters that did not concern him, and he had no scruples whatever about listening. Indeed, he did not think about that at all.

"By gad! It wouldn't do to talk in the quad, dear boy," drawled Ponsonby. "Too many ears about."

"But I don't see—"

"Have a smoke?"

Ponsonby extracted a case from his pocket, and extended it to the senior. Carnie hesitated, but he accepted a cigarette and lighted it.

"Well, got to business," he said. "I've got some fellows coming in to tea soon—Valence and Walker and Smith major."

"It won't take me long. It's about the match next Saturday."

"Nothing to do with me," said Carnie, knitting his brows. "Wingate has left me out of the eleven. Hang the match!"

"Like his cheek!" said Ponsonby. "It would be a good deal better if you were in the Greyfriars First Eleven."

Carnie stared.

"I don't see what you're driving at. Greyfriars will beat Highcliffe, anyway—as easily as the juniors beat the Highcliffe junior team, or easier."

"You think so?"

"Of course. Your team is nowhere near our form."

Ponsonby nodded coolly.

"I agree with you," he said. "We don't work at footer at Highcliffe. I hardly think Langley believes he has much of a chance, as a matter of fact. My pals and I have tried to book some bets on Greyfriars, but nobody at Highcliffe will back Highcliffe."

"Shows their sense," said Carnie. "If you're looking for a bet, I'll lay five to one on Greyfriars in quids."

"I can get plenty of offers of that kind," said Ponsonby, laughing. "If I chose to back Highcliffe, I could book any number of bets. But as Highcliffe haven't an earthly, I'm kept off the grass for the present. That's what I'm going to talk to you about. We can't be heard here, of course."

"Of course not! What are you driving at?" said Carnie impatiently.

"Suppose Greyfriars were to lose—"

"Greyfriars can't lose. They could play a Highcliffe twenty-two, and beat them hands down."

"I shouldn't wonder—if they got fair play."

Carnie started.

"Do you mean to say they're not going to get fair play? Langley's rather an ass, but he's as straight as a die, I believe."

"Straight as a string," said Ponsonby. "Highcliffe First are all right. Duffy footballers, but quite straight. But somebody might chip in and improve their chances of a win—what?"

"I don't see how."

"Just picture it," said Ponsonby. "I—and you, too—can lay any amount of money on Greyfriars. There'd be no end of takers. That's so, isn't it?"

"Certainly. I know a dozen chaps who'd give me two to one on Greyfriars, at least. They know Greyfriars will win on Saturday."

"And if Greyfriars didn't win after all—"

"But they will."

"Suppose they don't? A rare bag for us—what?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 465.

NEXT MONDAY—**"VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"**

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

Carnie's eyes glistened with greed for a moment as he thought of the bag he could make under such circumstances. But he shook his head impatiently.

"You're talking out of your hat!" he said. "Greyfriars must win! Highcliffe haven't a look-in at all!"

"I've got an idea."

"For making Greyfriars lose?" asked Carnie bluntly.

"Yes."

"My hat!"

"You needn't mind," went on Ponsonby. "Wingate's left you out of the eleven. He doesn't think you're good enough."

"Confound his cheek!" muttered Carnie.

"It would be rather a joke if he lost the match after all, from your point of view."

"I shouldn't be sorry to see him licked, of course," said Carnie. "I'm as good a man as he's got in the team. He's left me out. I should cackle if Highcliffe beat him after all! Serve him right! But—"

"And you'd lend a hand?"

"How?"

"You could do it," said Ponsonby quietly. "Any Greyfriars chap could manage it, according to my little scheme. Suppose on the day of the match the Greyfriars players, or most of them, were right off their form? Highcliffe would win easily enough then."

"I suppose so. But they won't be."

"They will if you take my advice."

Carnie paused, and threw the cigarette into the grate. The baseness of the proposition did not seem to anger him. He was bitter and resentful at being left out of the match, and he would have rejoiced in Wingate's defeat. But he was taken aback by the cad of Highcliffe's suggestion, and he was a little scared.

"You'd better explain," he muttered at last.

"Right! It's a little game I've tried before," said Ponsonby calmly. "I tried it when we used to play the Remove. And it was a failure. I admit—at least, it didn't work out as I expected. I couldn't get a reliable chap here to do the bizney. But if you choose to come into the game, it will be as easy as fallin' off a form. Look at the matter. Knowin' Greyfriars is going to lose, you can back Highcliffe to any tune you like to call. You might bag fifty quid on the match by takin' on all the bets you can get."

"That's right enough. But how—"

"You know Gaddy, of my form at Highcliffe?"

"I don't know every dashed fag at Highcliffe!" growled Carnie. "What about Gaddy? What's he got to do with it?"

"Lots. Gaddy's cousin is a chemist—a poor devil of a poor relation, you know, who sucks up to Gaddy no end. He'd do anything for Gaddy, on the off chance of bein' asked down to his place," Ponsonby sneered. "I can make use of him—in fact, I've arranged it with him already. He's given me some chemist's stuff—"

"What?"

"Only a harmless drug," said Ponsonby hastily. "Nothin' at all damagin' in it. It's got hashish in it, I think—that muck they have in the East. Not at all harmful. Chap who takes a dose feels done up for some time after—say twenty-four hours. Heavy and headachy, you know, and quite out of sorts. Next day he pulls round and is as right as a trivet, an' never knows what was the matter with him. Fancy a chap in that state playin' a keen game of footer—what? Of course, he'd fumble like a baby."

"You awful young scoundrel!" ejaculated Carnie.

Ponsonby started back a little.

"Hallo! Are you jokin'?" he asked.

"You want me to hocus the Greyfriars First Eleven on the day of the match?" exclaimed Carnie.

"That's the little game."

"You confounded young rascal."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Ponsonby calmly. "If you don't like the idea, you've only got to say 'No.' Then it's all off."

"Well, I don't like the idea, and I say 'No!'" growled the Greyfriars senior.

Ponsonby shrugged his shoulders.

"All serene! If you want to lose a chance of winnin' fifty quid and to see Wingate gloatin' over a victory after leavin' you out of the eleven—"

Carnie's expression changed. The cunning Highcliffe junior had touched the right chord.

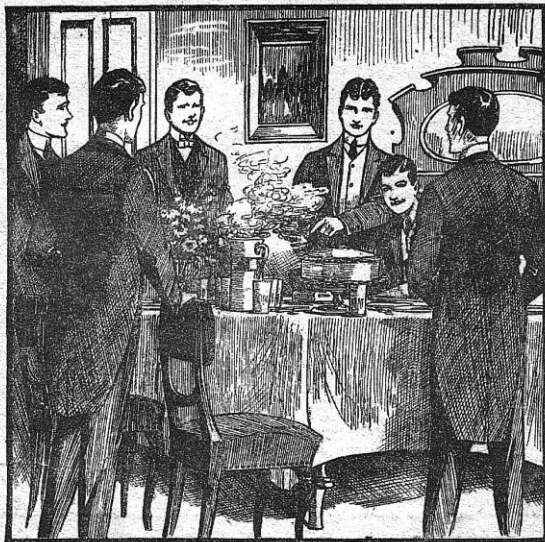
"It wouldn't be safe, anyway," said Carnie more doubtfully.

"Safe as houses."

"How could I give them the stuff, you young ass?"

"Easy enough. Have a supper-party here the night before

A Grand Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS. 3



"Come in!" Carne's manner was very cheery. The study was looking quite festive, and the fellows crowded in. (See Chapter 13.)

the match, and let 'em have it in their tea or lemonade. It doesn't taste."

"How do you know?"

"I've tried it."

"And suppose it turned out to be dangerous?" growled Carne.

"It can't; Gaddy's cousin says so. He's sold the same stuff to a bookie for nobbling a horse."

"Precious scoundrel Gaddy's cousin is, then!" snapped Carne. "He'll finish up in prison one of these days."

"I shouldn't wonder. That doesn't matter to me or to you," said Ponsoby coolly. "I'm makin' use of him because it serves my turn. As for the stuff bein' dangerous, that's all rot; but you can satisfy yourself about it. Give some of it to a dog, an' watch the results."

"Well, I could do that."

"An' you could have your fag to tea and try it on him. Try it on one of the Remove cads, an' watch him play footer the next day."

Carne laughed.

"Well, suppose it really is safe," he said. "Still, I couldn't do such a rotten thing."

"Better think it over. You owe Cobb some fin, I think, and he'll get rusty if you don't shell out pretty soon. You've had bad luck on the races. This is a chance for gettin' ahead again."

"But—but—"

"Wingate's left you out of the team. Let him take the consequences."

"It would serve him right," said Carne sullenly.

"Serve him jolly well right!" said Ponsoby. "Safe and secret, and as much money as you like to make. If you agree, I'll begin bookin' bets, and that's where I come in. Look here, suppose I bring the stuff over to-morrow, and you can think it out before then an' decide."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

"But I'm jolly well not goin' to play such a dirty trick."

"Think it over," said Ponsoby; "that's all. I'll see you to-morrow, then, an' bring the stuff with me, in case you decide on it. Tasta!"

Ponsoby threw away his cigarette and left the study. He was grinning as he went down the corridor. He had agreed to Carne's thinking it over, but he knew very well what the rascally senior's decision would be. Carne had had bad luck lately in his turf speculations, and he was in desperate need of money. Between his desire to make easy money and his rancour against Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, there was not much doubt as to what he would decide upon.

Carne remained alone in the study. With his hands driven deep into his pockets, he paced to and fro, thinking. His face was pale, and there was a struggle in his mind. But even while he hesitated and doubted he knew, at the back of his mind, that he was going to yield to the insidious temptation.

After all, it was safe and secret, he told himself. Secret? He did not dream that a pair of greedy ears had drunk in every word that was uttered in the study; that under the bed Billy Bunter was palpitating with terror, scared almost out of his fat wits by his unforeseen

discovery of Carne's rascality. What would happen to him if Carne found that he knew, Bunter dared not think.

He lay in terror and dismay, hoping fervently that Carne would quit the study and give him a chance to escape.

But Carne did not go. He paced to a fro in deep thought, till there was a knock at the door, and Valence and Walker and Smith major came in to tea.

"Hallo! Didn't you expect us?" asked Smith major.

Carne started, and strove to assume his ordinary expression.

"Yes; I— Is it tea-time?" he stammered.

"Past," said Valence.

"Well, here you are. I'll call my fag." And Carne, to hide his confusion, stepped to the doorway and shouted: "Fag! Fag!"

Under the bed, Billy Bunter squirmed in dismay. The seniors were there to tea, and the meal would be no brief one. The Owl of the Remove was not in an enviable situation.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Rescuing Bunter!

"SEEN Bunter?" Peter Todd looked into No. 1 Study and asked the question. Five had just finished tea. They had been discussing the forthcoming senior match between Greyfriars and Highcliffe, and had forgotten all about Bunter.

"Bunter!" repeated Wharton. "Hasn't he turned up yet?"

"I can't find him anywhere," said Toddy. "The fat bouncer seems to have vanished. He's wide enough to be seen, too."

COMING SHORTLY! HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN "THE PENNY POPULAR." PRICE 1d.

"My hat! He must be in Carne's study still," chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Eh? What's he doing in Carne's study?" asked Peter. "He doesn't fag for Carne."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

"What's the cackle about, you duffers?" demanded Peter. "Look here, I want Bunter. I've got a rabbit for tea, and I want the fat bounder to cook it. That's the one thing he can do—cook."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look for him in Carne's study," grinned Johnny Bull. "He went there to pinch Carne's cake. If he hasn't turned up, he's still there."

"But Carne's got a tea-party on," said Peter.

The chums of the Remove roared again.

"Bunter must have been there when Carne went in," said Wharton. "Carne was only a few minutes behind him. Depend on it, he dodged out of sight. Carne would have skinned him if he'd found him burgling his cake. Bunter couldn't have got out of the study without Carne spotting him, and he'd have turned up howling, in that case. He's still there."

"The fat duffer!" exclaimed Peter wrathfully. "You think he's hiding in Carne's study while the tea-party's on?" "I'm sure of it. We should have heard him yelling if Carne had found him. And we know he was there."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's under the table, or under the bed, or up the chimney," chuckled Bob Cherry. "They may keep him there half the evening before he gets a chance of scooting."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd grinned.

"Well, it serves the fat bounder right!" he said. "But I want him to cook my rabbit. Hang him!"

Peter Todd quitted the study, leaving the Famous Five chuckling. If their surmise was correct, Billy Bunter was paying dear for his surreptitious designs upon Arthur Carne's cake. They could imagine the fat junior crouching under the table, waiting in anguish for the tea-party to go.

Tea being over, the Famous Five sauntered downstairs. They found Peter Todd still looking for Bunter; but he looked in vain. Billy Bunter was nowhere to be found, and it was clear that he must be hidden somewhere in Carne's quarters. Peter was a little concerned about him. He knew something of Carne's little ways, and he had no doubt that tea in Carne's study would be followed by cigarettes. And if Bunter was discovered there while that kind of thing was going on the blades of the Sixth were certain to make matters very warm for him.

"He must be there," said Toddy, meeting the Famous Five in the passage. "The silly ass has got himself into a fix. They will scalp him if they tumble on him. Can't we dig him out somehow?"

"He will only get what he deserves," granted Johnny Bull. "Well, suppose we all got what we deserved; that would mean a thumping lot of lickings all round," remarked Peter philosophically. "Look here, it's up to us to get Bunter out of his fix!"

"Any old thing," said Wharton. "He mayn't get a chance to get away before bed-time. But what can we do?" Peter Todd reflected.

"You've got your mouth-organ, Bull?"

"It's in my study. Why?" asked Johnny Bull, in surprise.

"Suppose you go and play it under Carne's window—"

"Eh? What for? Carne doesn't like music."

"I'm not speaking of music; I'm speaking of your mouth-organ—"

"Why, you silly ass—" began Johnny Bull wrathfully, while his chums chuckled. Johnny Bull had a conviction that the weird sounds he produced on that mouth-organ were music. He had that conviction quite to himself.

"You see, they'd be ratty, and would most likely come out and scold you," explained Peter. "That would give Bunter a chance."

"You burbling ass—"

"Well, suppose you go and slang Carne at his window. Wharton? Tell him what you think of him. He would be bound to come out to you."

"Catch me!" said Wharton, laughing.

"Dash it all! Something's got to be done," said Peter.

"There's my rabbit. I want it cooked for tea, not for supper. Think how hungry Bunter must be! Doesn't that touch your heart?"

"Not a bit!"

"The touchfulness is not terrific," grinned Harree Singh.

"But I will make a suggestive remark—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suggest that the esteemed Peter goes and talks slang-fully to the esteemed and bullying Carne."

"Silly ass!" said Peter. "I don't want a licking. Never mind. I've got it!"

Peter started for the Sixth Form passage.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 463.

NEXT MONDAY—

"VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY.

ONE PENNY.

"What has he got in his noddle now?" said Bob Cherry.

"Give it up."

The Famous Five followed Peter, curious to see what wheeze had come into Toddy's fertile brain.

Peter Todd tapped very respectfully at Carne's door.

"Come in!" called out Carne.

The four seniors had finished their tea, and Carne had taken out a box of cigarettes; but he slid it back into the drawer as the knock came at the door of the study.

Peter Todd opened the door and looked in.

"What do you want?" snapped Carne. He did not like the cheerful and cheery Remove.

"Nothing, thanks," said Peter. "I haven't come to tea, Carne, thanks!"

"You cheeky young rascal—"

Carne rose to his feet, and Peter eyed him warily.

"Keep your wool on!" he said. "I came here to do you a good turn, Carne. Did you drop a sovereign in the prefects' room?"

"Eh?" Carne felt in his pockets. "I don't know." "Well, Wingate didn't, and Conings didn't, and Leder didn't," said Peter. "If you didn't, and these chaps didn't—"

"You can hand it over to me," said Walker. "I'll take charge of it, as a prefect, till the owner claims it. I may have dropped it myself, in fact."

"I haven't got it," said Peter. "I don't pick up money that doesn't belong to me. But if it doesn't belong to any of you chaps—"

"By gad, I believe I did drop a sovereign!" said Carne. "Excuse me a minute, you chaps, while I step into the prefects' room."

Carne left the study hurriedly. Walker and Valence and Smith major exchanged a peculiar glance, and they followed Carne quickly. A sovereign on the floor in the prefects' room, without an owner, might belong to anybody; and Carne's friends did not see why he should have it.

Peter Todd grinned as the four seniors hurried down the passage. Peter knew Carne and his friends well—very well indeed! They were more likely to dispute over who should keep the sovereign than to exert themselves very hard to find the original owner.

As soon as they were clear Peter stepped quickly into the study.

"Bunter!" he rapped out. "Are you here, you fat owl?"

A fat, anguished face was projected from under the bed in the alcove, and Billy Bunter blinked at Peter.

"Ow! Are they gone? Ow!"

"Ha, ha! Yes; and you'd better clear before they get back!"

"Ow-ow! I'm half suffocated, and—I've got pins and needles!" groaned Bunter. "Oh, dear!"

He crawled out from under the bed, and followed Peter from the study. They hurried out of the Sixth Form corridor. Peter did not want to be there when Carne & Co. returned.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You've rescued the oyster!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, I've had an awful time!" groaned Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Peter, where's that sovereign?"

"Eh? What sovereign?"

"The one you found in the prefects' room. It's mine."

"Yours?" ejaculated Peter Todd.

"Yes; I dropped it there."

"You dropped it there?" roared Peter.

"Yes, I—I remember now distinctly. I went in to—to speak to Wingate, you know," said Bunter. "The sovereign rolled out of my pocket—Yarsooh! Wharrer you up to, Toddy, you beast? Yoooop!"

Peter Todd took the Owl by the collar, and proceeded methodically to knock his head against the wall. Bunter roared.

"You fat villain!" said Peter, in measured tones. "You didn't drop a sovereign in the prefects' room!"

"Yow-ow! I did! Yoop! Leggo! You're not going to have it, you beast! Yow!"

"There isn't a sovereign in the prefects' room at all, you fat rascal!"

"Yow! You told Carne there was, you beast!"

"I didn't tell Carne anything of the sort. I asked him if he had dropped a sovereign there, which is quite a different thing," said Peter. "No harm in asking Carne that. He seems to have concluded that there was a sovereign there; but that's his own look-out, not mine."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I see, you spoofing beast!"

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

Now I come to think of it, I—I didn't drop a sovereign there."

"So that's how you got Carne out of the study?" said Wharton, laughing.

Peter nodded.

"Yes, I thought they'd go and pick up that sovereign—if it was there. I didn't say it was there. People do jump to conclusions, you know. Now I've rescued you, you fat argler, you can come and cook my rabbit."

Billy Bunter brightened up.

"Certainly, Toddy, old man!" he said, quite affectionately. "I'd do anything for an old pal. I say, though, Carne is an awful villain—"

"Because he didn't let you have his cake?"

"No, you ass! He's going to muck up the football match on Saturday, and let Highcliffe win," said Bunter, in a thrilling whisper. "I heard him fixing it up with Ponsenby while I was under the bed. What do you think of that?"

The juniors stared blankly at Bunter.

"What?" gasped Peter.

"I heard every word. He's going to drug the First Eleven, and then— Yaroooh! Wharrer you up to?" shrieked Bunter.

There was really no need to ask that question. Peter Todd was grasping him by the collar again, and rushing him into No. 7 Study. There he picked up a cricket-stump.

"I say, you fellows, keep him off!" roared Bunter, dodging around the table in great alarm.

"Come here!" roared Peter wrathfully. "I can't help your being a Prussian, you fat villain, but you've got to have a hint."

"It's true!" yelled Bunter. "I tell you I heard 'em—"

"Shove him over the table, you fellows!" said Peter. "I'll give him a dozen for a lie that size!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop it, you silly ass!" shrieked Bunter. "It's true, I tell you! Wharton, you fathead, keep him off! It's true, I tell you!"

Peter Todd flourished the stump. But Harry Wharton interposed.

"Hold on, Toddy!"

"Fathead! I'm going to teach him not to be a Prussian," said Peter. "No liar allowed in this study."

"It may be the truth!"

"Rot!"

"It is the truth!" yelled Bunter.

"Give him a chance to speak," said Harry. "If he's lying, we'll give him a lesson he won't forget. But give him a chance."

Peter Todd reluctantly put down the stump.

"Of course, it's all lies!" he said. "Bunter simply can't help lying. He's born with a Prussian kink in him."

"The hufness is terrific."

"Well, it sounds a bit too steep," said Wharton. "But let the fat boulder spin his yarn, and then we'll jump on him all together."

And, with that happy prospect in store, Billy Bunter hastily spun his yarn, fervently hoping that for once he would find believers.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Reward!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. listened with growing surprise as Billy Bunter related what he had heard in Carne's study.

The fat junior repeated—with ample details—almost every word that had passed between the Highcliffe junior and the Greyfriars senior.

The chums of the Remove listened without interrupting him.

He came to the end at last, and blinked at the Removites.

"What do you think of that?" he demanded. "Precious pair, ain't they?"

"Ripping!" said Bob Cherry. "How do you do it, Bunter?"

"Eh? How do I do what?"

"How do you make up whoppers like that? It's well done—ripping, in fact! But how the dickens do you think of 'em?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "It's true, every word!"

"Oh, don't be funny, you know!"

Peter Todd picked up the stump again.

"That's all, is it?" he asked.

"Ye-es, that's all!" stammered Bunter, eyeing the stump in dismay.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

"You are sure that Carne wasn't plotting with Ponsenby to blow up Greyfriars?" asked Peter.

"Eh? Of course he wasn't!"

"Or to carry the school off in a Zeppelin, and hand it over to the Germans?"

"You fathead—"

"Or to poison the First Eleven with prussic acid or Prussian gas?" asked Peter.

"Look here—"

"Well, if you've finished lying, this is where I come in with the stump," said Toddy. "Shove him on the table!"

"I say, you fellows, keep him off! You believe me, don't you?"

"Of course not!" said Bob Cherry, in surprise. "You didn't expect us to believe you, did you?"

"Fairy tales are interesting, but people don't believe them," said Nugent. "You ought to be a war correspondent, Bunter, or a Hun journalist. You're wasted here."

"I say, Inky, you—"

"The Hufness of the disgusting Bunter is terrific," said the nabob, shaking his dusky head. "I do not believe one esteemed word."

"Not a syllable," said Johnny Bull. "Ponsenby is rascal enough for anything, and Carne isn't any too good, but we're not likely to believe anything of that kind of a Greyfriars chap. You'd better think out something better."

"Wharton—"

The captain of the Remove shook his head.

"You don't believe me?" gasped Bunter.

"Can't be done," said Harry. "It's too steep. Besides, you've got such a ripping reputation, you know. You'd rather be than cat."

"You're here, you rotters—"

"You've put the yarn together awfully well," said Harry. "Ponsenby was with Carne in the study. I dare say they were talking about bets on the match."

"Yes, that much may be true," agreed Bob.

"Possibly," said Peter Todd.

"Well, as Bunter says so, the chances are against it," remarked Nugent. "Anyway, the rest is piffle!"

"I—I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter protested in vain.

His Prussian proclivities were too well known. Bunter simply could not keep to the truth, and nobody ever dreamed of taking his word without corroboration.

And the story was astounding in itself.

Of Ponsenby, certainly, the juniors had the lowest opinion; they knew him to be an unscrupulous young rascal. Carne they did not think much of; but they did not think him so bad as all that.

That such a scheme could have been concocted between Carne and the cad of Highcliffe was a staggering story; and the juniors would have believed there was some mistake, even if they had heard it from a reliable source.

But William George Bunter was anything but reliable. He was, in fact, a dog with a bad name.

Wharton had been willing to give him a hearing, but he did not believe one word of his statement. And the others laughed it to scorn.

Billy Bunter blinked at the juniors in great dismay. He had expected to make a deep impression with that thrilling yarn.

He had only impressed the juniors with the belief that he was even a more reckless fabricator than they had supposed.

"Aro you ready, Bunter?" asked Peter ominously.

"Oh, really, Peter—"

"You see, I know you can't help lying," said Peter. "But you've got to have a limit. This kind of lying is slander, and if it got out, you'd be called up before the Head and flogged."

"Ow!"

"You can spin all the yarns you like about your postal-orders and your titled relations, you know. There's no harm in that. But slander is a rather more serious thing. Collar him!"

"I—I say—"

Billy Bunter dodged desperately round the table.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I swear—"

"If you swear in this study you'll get an extra dozen!"

"I—I don't mean that, you ass—I mean, I swear it's true."

"Collar him!"

"Yaroor! Help!"

"It's for your own good, Bunter," said Bob. "You might get flogged for telling lies like that! Lucky you only told us, and we know how to keep our mouths shut!"

"It's true, you idiot!"

"Go ahead, Peter!"

The fat junior was swung across the table, then Peter Todd commenced operations with the stump.

Whack, whack, whack!

COMING SHORTLY! HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN "THE PENNY POPULAR." PRICE 1d.

"Yow-ow-ow!"  
"That's for sneaking into Carne's study after his cake!" said Peter.

Whack, whack, whack!  
"Help!"  
"That's for listening to a private conversation like an eavesdropping cad!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Oh, dear! Beast!"  
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!  
"That's for making up lies!"  
"Xah! Oh! Ah! Yooop! Help! Murder! Fire!"  
"And now," said Peter, lowering the stump—"now you're going to confess that it's all lies, or you'll get another dozen!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"  
"Do you hear?" roared Peter, flourishing the stump.  
"Yaropoh! I—I—I confess!" shrieked Bunter. He would have confessed anything at that moment.  
"You confess that you're a lying Prussian worm?"  
"Yow-ow! Yes!" groaned Bunter.

"And there isn't a word of truth in your yarn?"  
"Yes—I mean no!"  
"Right! Don't let me hear any more of it, or you'll get the stump again!" said Peter Todd.

Billy Bunter rolled off the table and blinked furiously at the grinning Removites. He had been licked for his own good, but he was not grateful.

"Xah! Rotters! Beasts!"  
The Famous Five quitted the study, grinning. Billy Bunter squirmed and groaned.

"Oh, Todd, you beast!"  
"It's for your own sake, Bunt," said Todd. "You might get yourself expelled from the school with lies like that."

"It's true—"  
"What?" yelled Peter, making a dive for the stump.  
"I—I mean it isn't true!" yelled Bunter.

"That's better!"  
And Billy Bunter, simmering with fury, had to let the subject drop. And though Bunter found an exceeding difficulty in holding his tongue, he did not venture to repeat the story outside No. 7 Study. If the Co., who were very much up against Carne, refused to believe a word of it, it was pretty certain that nobody else would believe it. And Bunter realised that, even if he found believers, Carne would deny it all if it came out—with the inevitable result that Bunter would be called up before the Head to be dealt with on the accusation of spreading a wicked slander against a member of the Sixth Form. Billy Bunter was in the position of possessing a thrilling item of news which he could not venture to impart to anybody—a very uncomfortable position for the chatterbox of Greyfriars.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Suspicion!

"GOOD old Wingate!"  
It was the following day, Wednesday, and a half-holiday. The Remove had played the Fourth that afternoon, and when the match was over a good many of them strolled over to Big Side to watch the First Eleven.

Of course, in junior eyes, the junior matches loomed larger than senior fixtures. Still, the Greyfriars First was the Greyfriars First, and every fellow took a pride in the exploits of the First Eleven.

The First Eleven of Greyfriars was a splendid team. George Wingate, the skipper, was as good a captain as could have been found, and he was immensely popular. Courtney and Gwynne and Stewart, Blundell and Bland and Fitzgerald, were first-class players, and Potter and Greene and Smith major were quite good. The eleven was selected from the Sixth and the Fifth. Nobody at Greyfriars had the least doubt that Greyfriars First would walk all over the seniors of Highcliffe when they met on Saturday.

But Wingate, though he expected an easy victory over Langley's team, was not a fellow to leave anything to chance. He kept his men well up to the mark. Just now the First Eleven was playing a scratch team picked from the Fifth and Sixth, captained by Loder of the Sixth.

Loder's team was putting up a good game, but the First Eleven easily outclassed them, Wingate especially being in great form. And Harry Wharton & Co. joined heartily in the cheering as the captain of Greyfriars bagged his third goal.

"Looks like a win for us next Saturday," remarked Bob Cherry. Bob referred to Greyfriars generally in saying "us," of course.

"The winfulness will be terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh. "Highcliffe will not have an esteemed look-in."

Harry Wharton nodded assent.  
"The fact is, Highcliffe seniors aren't much good at footer," he said. "Courtenay has bucked up junior football there, but senior footer is as rotten as it ever was. Langley's a good man, but most of his men are rotters."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 453.

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Anybody want to be a dough-nut on Highcliffe?" grinned Bob Cherry. "I'll put a whole tuckshop on Greyfriars for the match."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"If Ponsonby has been backing the home team, he will get a lesson on the subject of gambling on footer," said Nugent.

"More likely to bet on Greyfriars, if he bets at all," said Harry. "But I don't suppose he will find any backers. All Highcliffe knows they haven't an earthly against Wingate's lot. In fact, I'd undertake to beat Highcliffe First with the Remove Eleven."

"Hear, hear!" said the Removites cordially.  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob suddenly.  
A new-comer had strolled on to the football ground. It was Ponsonby of Highcliffe.

The Remove fellows glanced at him, and at one another.  
According to Bunter's discredited yarn, Ponsonby was to pay Carne another visit that day, to ascertain what he had decided upon.

The chums did not believe a word of Bunter's yarn. But it was certainly a curious coincidence that Ponsonby should have arrived at the time stated.

The dandy of Highcliffe took no notice of them. He stood with his hands in his pockets watching the game. Vernon-Smith of the Remove joined him there, and they chatted for some time, at a distance from the Famous Five.  
"Jolly odd, the cad dropping in like this," said Johnny Bull. "I wonder if he's come to see Carne!"

"Carne's in Loder's team," remarked Harry. "Pon's waiting for somebody. He doesn't care to watch a game."

"It's jolly odd!"  
The senior game finished, Wingate's team winning by four goals to one, and the players came off. As Arthur Carne threw on his coat, and walked back to the School House, he was joined by Ponsonby.

Evidently it was Carne whom the dandy of Highcliffe had come to see. They went into the House together.

Vernon-Smith sauntered over to where the Famous Five were standing. There was a peculiar expression on the face of the Bounder of Greyfriars.

"You fellows noticed Pon?" he asked.  
"Yes," said Harry rather shortly.  
"Think he looks as if he's gone potty?"

"Eh! No."  
"But he must have," said the Bounder. "What do you think he's done?"

"Can't guess."  
"He's offered to take me on with even money over Saturday's match; actually offered to put a quid on Highcliffe!"

"What?"  
"Pon isn't much of a player," continued the Bounder. "But he knows the game well enough. He knows Highcliffe haven't an earthly in the match. What the dickens is he offering to back them with ready money for, if he's not potty?"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged startled glances. The Bounder's statement took them completely aback.

Ponsonby, it was true, was a rotten footballer. But he knew enough of the game to know that all the chances were in Wingate's favour on Saturday. Schoolboy patriotism might lead some enthusiastic Highcliffians to back their own team; but Ponsonby was not a fellow of that sort. Pon did a good deal of betting, and he did it all with an eye to making money.

If Pon offered to bet a quid on Highcliffe, it was because he had good reason to suppose that Highcliffe had the best chance of winning the match.

The same thought came into the minds of all the Co. at once. Was it possible—barely possible—that there was something in Bunter's yarn, after all?

True or false, certainly it had received a startling confirmation.

"Can you make it out?" asked the Bounder. "Pon's no fool; he knows Highcliffe can't win on their form."

"He must know that," said Nugent.

"Then why is he ready to back them? There can't be any game on, surely," said the Bounder, wrinkling his brows.

"They couldn't get at our team any way, could they?"

That thought had come into the Bounder's keen mind at once. So far as he could see, it was the only explanation of Cecil Ponsonby's offer.

The chums were silent.

The Bounder's remark gave added force to the new and vague suspicions that were forming in their minds.

"Have you taken the bet?" asked Johnny Bull, breaking the silence at last.

NEXT  
MONDAY—

"VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"

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



The Bounder laughed.

"You know I don't bet now," he said. "I've referred Pon to Skinner and Snop and Bokover major; they'll take him in fast enough, if he wants to back a losing team. But if I were keen on betting I shouldn't take him on."

"It would be what you call a dead cert, wouldn't it?"

"Not quite. If Pon's willing to back a losing team, it's because he's got secret information of some sort, or thinks he has; and he thinks the losing team may somehow turn out the winning team," said Vernon-Smith. "I don't trust dear old Pon very far. I don't see how there could be any trickery in the match, but I shouldn't put my money on the chance."

The Bounder strolled away, whistling.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another. The same thought was in every mind.

"It's not possible," said Bob at last. "Carne couldn't be such an awful cad!"

"I can't believe so," said Harry uneasily. "But—but his does make it look as if—as if—"

"You know what he's about," said Johnny Bell. "He wasn't offering to chuck his money away. But—"

"The business is terrible!"

The chums of the Remove were in a very thoughtful and disturbed mood.

They had to admit now the bare possibility, at least, that there was something in the amazing story Bunter had told.

Yet that a Greyfriars senior could lead himself to such baseness was almost incredible.

Harry Wharton thought the matter over. The mere possibility that trickery was intended was disturbing. If such a plot had indeed been laid, the juniors could not leave Wingate to fall a helpless victim to it.

Yet to interfere was scarcely feasible.

To tell such a story to Wingate was to ask for a licking. That was a certainty. He would no more believe it than they had believed it when related by Bunter.

Was it true?

The chums of the Remove had plenty of food for thought now.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Pon's Pleasant Prospects!

PONSONBY lighted a cigarette as the door of Carne's study closed. He eyed the Sixth-Former inquiringly.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well?" growled Carne.

"I've got it here," said the High-life junior, tapping his pocket. "But it's just as you like. Don't let me urge you; it's all one to me."

Carne made a restless movement. He had reflected on the matter, and so far as he could see, it was perfectly safe; safe as houses, as Ponsonby had said. The prospect of picking up a large sum in bets on the match excited his greed; and the defeat of Wingate's team would not be displeasing by any means. Yet he seemed to hesitate. Bully and blackguard as he was, Carne was not quite so thorough-paced a rascal as Cecil Ponsonby.

There was a mocking gleam in Ponsonby's eyes as he watched him. He had no doubt whatever that Carne intended to come into line.

"Let's see the stuff," said the senior, at last.

Ponsonby extracted a small phial from an inner pocket, and handed it to the Sixth-Former.

Carne's hand shook a little as he took it.

The phial contained a liquid that was almost colorless. Carne removed the cork, and the faintest of faint odors was perceptible.

"Does it taste?" he stammered.

"Not an all. Taste it an' see."

"I—d rather not."

Ponsonby laughed.

"I will! Look here!"

He poured a little of the liquid upon the palm of his hand, and took it upon his tongue. Carne watched him silently.

"I—suppose it's safe," said Carne at last. "Anyway, I can try it on an animal first."

"Of course you can! It won't hurt the beast; only make him seedy for about twenty-four hours."

"And—afterwards—"

"Afterwards he will be the same as ever. Don't be an ass, Carne! You don't think I'd have a hand in anything serious, do you? I don't want to change Highcliffe School for a reformatory!" Ponsonby grinned. "I've tried it on a dog at Highcliffe."

"Great Scott!"

"It was young Benson. The dog was awfully flattered at THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

being asked to tea in my study!" grinned Ponsonby. "He was shocked! seedy the next day, and couldn't go down to footer practice—headaches, an' all that."

"And—and now?"

"Now he's as right as rain."

Carne corked the bottle, and slipped it into his pocket. It was pretty evident that his mind was made up.

"A teaspoonful or so each," said Ponsonby. "A little more wouldn't hurt, but a little less might be too little. It won't taste in tea or cocoa or lemonade, or even in pure water. Suppose you have a tea-party, an' a big jug of home-made lemonade on the table, hot? Fellows would like that. You needn't taste it yourself, an' there you are!"

"Easy enough!" muttered Carne.

"As easy as fallin' off a form!"

"I—I'll think about it," said Carne. "I'll try it on a dog, anyway, and—and then, if it's all right, I'll see the effect on a fag. And then—"

"You'll want some time to book your bets," said Ponsonby.

"I shouldn't leave that till the last day."

Carne nodded.

"Yes, that's so. I can get some money on with Jarvis in Cardifield. He's open to bet on football matches. In fact, he's mentioned this match to me."

"Stick him for a favor, if you can."

"He's offered five to two on Greyfriars."

"Take him!" grinned Ponsonby.

"Dashed if I don't!" said Carne. "After all, it's the chance of a lifetime, and I'm rotten stumped for money! I owe Jarvis three pounds now, and this will more than square him. And—and nobody will be hurt."

"Not in the least."

"But—but, for goodness' sake, keep your mouth shut!" said Carne, with a scared look. "Have you told anybody at Highcliffe?"

"Do you think I'm a fool?" said Ponsonby. "Gaddy's in it. He got the stuff from his cousin; nobody else. Besides, it wouldn't pay to talk about it. I'm goin' to book bets on all sides."

"Among your pals, do you mean?" said Carne, with a stare.

Ponsonby shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he said calmly. "Monson an' Drury an' Vavasour an' the rest are ready to back Greyfriars. I'm takin' up the position of a fellow willin' to risk his money out of patriotism, backin' up my own school, you know, like a real sportsman."

"I see! I can't take up that line, as I'm going to back Highcliffe. Still, a good many fellows will be ready to take me on at odds."

"Seize your chance while you can. I'm gettin' the odds, too. I stand to win fifteen or sixteen of the best when I've booked up the bets, an' I hope to fix up some more here at Greyfriars."

"It's a go!" said Carne resolutely.

"Good! You won't regret it."

Ponsonby strolled cheerily out of the study, and made his way to the Remove quarters. Having finally fixed the matter with Carne, Ponsonby was ready to proceed to business, which consisted in booking bets with the goody members of the Lower School at Greyfriars.

He looked into Vernon-Smith's study, where the Bounder was at tea with Skinner, and nodded to them affably.

"What about that quid, Smitty?" he asked.

"Nothing doing!" said the Bounder tersely.

"What about you, Skinny? You used to be a sportin' chap. What are you going to put on Saturday's match?"

Skinner grinned.

"Anything you like on Greyfriars," he said.

"You don't feel inclined to back Highcliffe?"

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Well, I'm backin' up my own school," said Ponsonby slyly. "I'll take you on. I've been watchin' Langley's lot at practice, an' I rather fancy their chance."

"I've seen 'em," said Skinner. "They play footer like a set of moultin' fowls! They won't have an earthly on Saturday."

"Money talks," said Ponsonby. "Will you back up your opinion?"

"Yes, rather," said Skinner emphatically. "If you choose to put up the money with a stakeholder here, I'll lay you two to one against Highcliffe."

"Quids?" asked Ponsonby.

"Ahem! I would, only I haven't any quids," said Skinner.

"Will you lend me a couple of quids, Smitty?"

"Ask me another!" said the Bounder.

"You know it's a dead cert," said Skinner eagerly.

"Box-wow!"

COMING SHORTLY! HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN "THE PENNY POPULAR." PRICE 1d.

"Well, I've got one say," said Skinner. "I'll lay that if you'll put up ten bob against it, Smithy to hold the stakes."

"Done!"

Ponsonby went on his way, elated. He dropped in to see Snoop and Stott in their study, and booked a bet with each of those sporting youths, who were glad of the chance. They wondered at Pon's crazy stupidity in offering to back the slack Highcliffe team against Greyfriars First, but they jumped at the chance. They regarded Pon's money as already safe in their own pockets.

Bolover major was a ready victim also, and, as he had more money than the other sports, Ponsonby booked a bet with him in quids. Then he called on Temple of the Fourth. Cecil Reginald Temple was not a betting fellow, but the temptation was too much for him. He took Ponsonby on, as he explained afterwards to Dabney and Fry, just to teach the betting cad a lesson. Cecil Reginald was a wealthy fellow, and he put down a five against two pounds from Ponsonby, Dabney holding the stakes.

Cecil Ponsonby sauntered away from Greyfriars in a cheery mood. If Highcliffe beat Greyfriars on Saturday, he stood to win about nine pounds from Greyfriars fellows alone, and he was going home now to rook his schoolfellows in the same way. And that Highcliffe would win was a foregone conclusion, if Arthur Carme carried out his part of the scheme, as Ponsonby had not the slightest doubt that he would.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Tea at Highcliffe!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's Pon again!"

The Famous Five were wheeling out their bicycles, to ride over to Highcliffe, when Ponsonby came out of the gates. He, too, was wheeling a bike, which he had left at the porter's lodge while visiting Carme.

Ponsonby glanced at the chums of Greyfriars, but rode away without a word to them. The Co. mounted, and they rode a little more slowly than usual. They did not want Cecil Ponsonby's company on the road to Highcliffe.

Harry Wharton & Co. were going over to tea at Highcliffe with Courtenay of the Fourth, the Highcliffe junior captain. Since Frank Courtenay had come there they often dropped in at the school to see him and his friends, though they were on as bad terms as ever with Ponsonby & Co.

Ponsonby rode through Courtfield, following the main road, and the Greyfriars juniors turned off by the short—and somewhat bumpy—cut across the common. They arrived at Highcliffe well ahead of Ponsonby. He was not, in fact, in sight on the Highcliffe road when they arrived at the school gates.

They found Frank Courtenay in his study—No. 3. His chum, the Caterpillar, was with him.

"I'm afraid we're a bit late," said Harry. "We stayed to see our First Eleven play a match out. How are your men getting on?"

"Toppin'!" said the Caterpillar. "There's jolly, nearly mutiny in the Sixth. Old Langley has a wild idea of beatin' Greyfriars, and he's keepin' our seniors up to practice. They'll be scalpin' him soon!"

The juniors laughed. The Highcliffe senior captain's attempt to form a winning team among the slackers was uphill work.

"Don't think Highcliffe's got a chance?" asked Bob.

"Not a merry earthly!"

"I hardly think so," said Frank Courtenay, with a shake of the head. "Langley is doing his best, but his backing isn't very keen. I'm afraid Highcliffe seniors won't keep their end up on Saturday."

"Not like Highcliffe juniors!" grinned the Caterpillar. "We're goin' great guns, since Franky came here—an' infused into us some of the tremendous energy he picked up among the energetic workin' classes."

The juniors sat down to tea—a very handsome spread. Harry Wharton was looking thoughtful.

Courtenay's opinion as to the chances of the Highcliffe senior team was a reliable one. He knew.

What, then, was Ponsonby's motive in offering the Bouncer a bet in support of Highcliffe? Was it merely swank—Ponsonby knowing that Vernon-Smith had given up that kind of amusement? Or—was there something in Bunter's yarn?

It was a troublesome thought.

"About that match on Saturday," said Harry, after a pause. "I've got a reason for askin' Courtenay. Is the general opinion here that a Highcliffe win is likely?"

Courtenay shook his head.

"I think not. Langley hopes to pull it off, of course. He would like to see Highcliffe shape a bit better at sports. But the seniors are pretty slack. Precious few of them have any idea of beating Greyfriars, I fancy. They grumble

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

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

a good bit at the way Langley is keeping them up to the mark."

"Why should Ponsonby think Highcliffe are likely to win, then?"

"Does he?" said Courtenay, in surprise.

"It seems so."

"He does," chuckled the Caterpillar. "It's been puzzlin' me."

"How do you know, Caterpillar?" asked Courtenay.

"Because Pon's been offerin' bets," said De Courcy. "I'm expectin' another visit from him; I told him I'd think it over. He asked me to think it over, an' I said I would. No harm in thinkin' it over."

Courtenay smiled.

"Well, it beats me!" he said. "Of course I'd like to say I believe in our own First Eleven; but facts are facts, and I don't!"

There was a tap at the door a few minutes later, and Cecil Ponsonby looked in. He gave the whole study a genial nod.

"Hope I'm not interruptin'?" he remarked.

"Not at all, dear boy. Trot in!"

The Caterpillar was quite urbane. "He had a most cordial dislike for Ponsonby; but he would have been urbane to a Hun."

Ponsonby lounged in.

"Been thinkin' it over, Caterpillar?"

"Yass!"

"Well, are you havin' a bet on?"

"No."

"Now, look here, Caterpillar—"

"I said I'd think it over, an' I will," said De Courcy placidly. "But I don't make bets, since the time I fell under Franky's high moral influence. I'll go on thinkin' it over, if you like. That's the best I can do for you, Pon."

"You silly ass!" ejaculated Ponsonby.

"Thanks, awfully!" said the Caterpillar, unmoved.

Ponsonby turned to the Greyfriars juniors, who were stalling.

"That's your opinion of Greyfriars' chances on Saturday, Wharton?" he asked.

"First-rate!" said Harry.

"You think Wingate's lot will beat us?"

"Yes."

"Feel inclined to back your opinion?"

"That depends. Not with bets, if that's what you mean."

"I believe in Highcliffe," said Ponsonby. "I'm backin' my own school, anyway. That's what I call sportin'."

"Blessed if I knew you were such a sportin' chap, Pon!" said the Caterpillar, eying him very seriously.

Ponsonby did not heed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You fellows believe in your own show. Well, I'll lay you two to one against Greyfriars."

"I'd jump at that, if betting were in my line," said Harry. "But it isn't."

"You mean you're afraid to back your opinion?" said Ponsonby, with a sneer.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. He did not want to quarrel with a Highcliffe fellow in Courtenay's study; but a taunt was not likely to induce him to enter into a transaction that he knew to be wrong.

"That will do, Ponsonby!" said Courtenay, knitting his brows. "If you can't be civil to my guests, there's the door!"

The dandy of Highcliffe shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the study. He closed the door with a slam.

"By gad!" said the Caterpillar. "Pon surprises me more and more. He knows that Highcliffe haven't an earthly, and he's offerin' two to one on us. Anybody got a clue to the giddy mystery?"

The Greyfriars juniors were silent. They began to feel that they had a clue to it—in the story Billy Bunter had told them.

"Nothin' happened to your First Eleven?" asked De Courcy. "Not so far."

"Not an outbreak of influenza, or measles, or anythin'?"

"Ha, ha! No."

"Then it beats me! Pon's bent on chuckin' his money away and that's not like him at all. I should recommend any sportin' gent to be jolly careful how he books bets on that match. If I were a bettin' chap, I should back Highcliffe now."

"You would?" said Bob.

"Yass. Pon's got somethin' up his sleeve—information straight from the horse's mouth, or somethin' of that kind. Somethin's up with your First Eleven, an' Pon has spotted



"It's a lie!" panted Carne. "I—I'll drink it if you like." "You will, anyway," said Wingate. "Here's your glass." (See Chapter 13.)

it. Awfully keen beggar, Pon. He's out to make hay while the merry sun is shining."

And the Caterpillar nodded his head very sagely. Harry Wharton & Co. rode home later to Greyfriars in a thoughtful mood. In spite of themselves, they felt that there was something in the story they had agreed upon discrediting. Ponsonby's action had only one explanation—that he had some reason for believing a Highlife victory on Saturday probable, if not certain. He was not willing to risk his money simply to back up his own school.

But what reason could he have for looking on Langley's team as the probable victors? If the juniors had never heard Bunter's story, they would simply have been puzzled; but Bunter's story let in a sinister light on the matter.

"It seems too rotten to believe!" said Harry Wharton, as they discussed the matter on their ride homeward. "But it begins to look as if Bunter was telling the truth for once. And—and if there's any scheme on like that, we've got to chip in and stop it. And we can prove it, one way or the other, by keeping an eye on Carne, and seeing what he does. No good saying anything at present."

And the Co. agreed.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Coker on the Warpath!

COKER of the Fifth was furious. He was what Potter and Greene, his study-mates, called "on the ramp."

Coker was generally an easy-going fellow, if you were tactful with him. So long as he was allowed to have his own way Coker was a genial chap; but when Coker was wrathful his wrathfulness was what Hurree Jamset Ram Singh described as terrific.

When Coker came into his study Potter and Greene saw

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

that a storm was at hand. Coker's brows were knitted, and his eyes were quite fierce.

"Dear me!" said Potter, soft as the coming dove. "Doesn't Wingate want you in the First Eleven for Saturday, Coker? Has he declined?"

"Wingate's an ass!" said Greene solemnly.

But it was not his rejected claim to a cap for the First Eleven that was troubling Horace Coker now.

"Blow the First Eleven!" he exclaimed.

"Blow it as hard as you like!" agreed Potter. "What about tea?"

"Hang tea!"

"Ahem!"

"It's about my dog!" roared Coker.

"Your what?"

"Dog! Don't you know what a dog is?"

"Oh, yes, I remember!" said Potter, with a yawn. "You've got a dog. What's the matter with him? Distemper, or off his feed, or has somebody stolen him to turn into German sausages?"

"Somebody's been doing something to him!" roared Coker. "He's ill—frightfully ill!"

"Dear me!"

"Lots of the fags have threatened to poison him," said Coker, "just because the old chap yaps at them sometimes. Why can't they keep away from him? Now he looks as if he's at death's door. Somebody's been giving him something. I want to know who did it!"

"Not guilty, my lord!"

"One of the Remove, perhaps," said Greene. "Skinner was threatening to go for him with a poleaxe. He snapped at Skinner."

"He doesn't like Skinner's face," said Coker. "Any self-respecting dog would snap at Skinner. I dare say it's Skinner who's been trying to poison him. I'll go and see Skinner. I'll scalp him! I'll—"

"I say, better make sure it's Skinner before you slaughter him!"

"Oh, rot! He's a cheeky little beast, anyway!"

Horace Coker strode from the study, leaving his chums grinning. If Coker went to the Remove quarters to slaughter Harold Skinner on bare suspicion, Coker was likely to find plenty of trouble. Potter and Greene wisely decided to let him go and find it on his own.

Carne of the Sixth met Coker as the latter ramped away down the passage. He stopped the Fifth-Former.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Somebody's been poisoning my dog!" panted Coker.

Carne started violently.

"Poisoning him!" he ejaculated.

"Well, giving him something," said Coker. "I've just been to the kennel. Poor old Prince is lying there hardly able to move."

"What a rotten trick!" said Carne. "Let me know how he gets on. Coker, will you? I'm rather fond of that dog of yours."

"Certainly," said Coker, both surprised and gratified by the Sixth-Former's interest in his dog. "I suppose, you couldn't guess who did it, Carne?"

"Haven't the faintest idea. One of the fags, most likely."

"I'll make him sorry for it!" snorted Coker.

The great man of the Fifth strode away to the Remove passage. He had very little doubt that the delinquent was Skinner. Skinner had been snapped at by Prince, and Skinner had been heard to say that he would be the death of the brute. That was evidence enough for Coker, who felt a keen desire to punish somebody, and was therefore satisfied with very little evidence.

Vernon-Smith and Skinner were at tea when Coker kicked open the study door and strode in.

The two Removites stared at him. Without a word, Coker grasped Skinner by the collar, and dragged him backwards over his chair.

"Yaroh!" roared Skinner. "What the thunder—"

"You young villain—"

"Hallo!" exclaimed the Bounder. "What's that game?"

Thump, thump, thump!

Skinner struggled wildly in Coker's powerful grip, as the heavy thumps rained upon him.

"Yow-ow! He's mad! Help!" yelled Skinner. "Rescue!"

The Bounder rushed to the door.

"Rescue, Remove!" he roared.

Then he rushed into the fray.

Coker had to leave off thumping Skinner as the athletic Bounder tackled him.

"Keep off, you cheeky young rascal!" shouted Coker.

"Hands off, I tell you!"

"Yow! Rescue!"

"Rescue, Remove!"

At that cry every Remove fellow who was within hearing turned out. There was a rush of a crowd along the passage, and Removites swarmed into the doorway.

The sight of Coker struggling with two Removites was enough for them.

Bolsover major led a rush, followed fast by Rake and Tom Brown and Squiff, and they piled on Horace Coker. Tom Brown hooked his leg in Coker's, and the great Horace came down with a crash on the carpet.

Skinner struggled away, gasping and yelling. He was hurt.

So was Coker.

The great Horace had come

there to inflict severe

chastisement upon

Skinner. But it looked

as if the lion's share of the

chastisement would

fall to Coker's lot.

He was grasped by a

myriad of hands, rolled

over, bumped, and sat

upon. He gave in at

last, squashed by the

weight of a dozen fellows,

who sat on him and

pinned him down. Only

his flushed and furious

face could be seen emerg-

ing from the heap.

"Yow!" gasped Coker.

"Cheeky little beast!"

Yowl! Lemme gerup!

Groooh!"

"Now, what's the

rumpus about?" asked

Squiff.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Blessed if I know,"

said the Bounder.

"Coker rushed in here

like a mad Hun and

collared Skinner, and

began to thump him—"

"He's poisoned my

dog!" roared Coker.

"Hold on!" said

Squiff. "If Skinner's

done, that we'll scrag

him. Have you

Skinner?"

"No, I haven't!"

howled Skinner. "I

don't know anything

about his silly dog.

Yaroh!"

"How do you know,

Coker?"

"Mind your own busi-

ness! I do know."

"Is that what you call

evidence?" grinned Tom

Brown.

"Lemme gerup!"

"Gentlemen," said

Squiff, "Coker's quite

EVERY  
MONDAY:

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

right to be worried about his dog, if the poor beast is poisoned. But a certain amount of evidence is required before you find a chap guilty. Skinner is discharged from this court without a stain upon him, except the cigarette stains on his fingers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Coker is found guilty of thumping a member of the Remove, and he is sentenced to be bumped, rolled along the passage, and pitched down the stairs!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Leggo!" howled Coker. "I'll— Yaroh! I say— Yoo! I tell you— Yoooooooo!"

Horace Coker's objections were not heeded. Squiff's sentence was carried out on the spot.

By the time Horace Coker arrived on the lower landing he had had enough of the Remove, and did not feel inclined to come back for any more.

He limped away to his study, dusty and dishevelled and gasping for breath, and Potter and Greene only greeted him with heartless grins. And the Removites returned to their tea in great spirits, feeling that they had well vindicated the dignity of the Remove and the inviolability of the Remove passage.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### A Treat for Skinner!

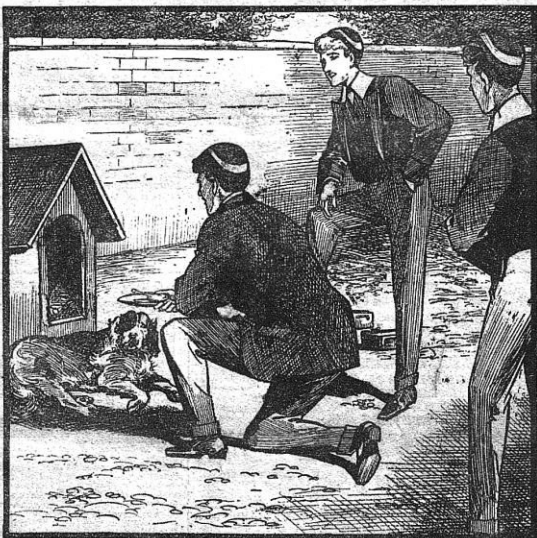
"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter greeted the Famous Five as they wheeled in their bicycles in the winter dusk.

"Scat!" said Bob Cherry.

"I say, I've got something to tell you—"

"Go and bury it!"



"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's wrong?" asked Bob Cherry. Coker gave the juniors a sour look. "Some cad's been poisoning my dog!" he growled. "I believe it was Skinner!" (See Chapter 9.)

"Coker's dog's ill!"

"What?"

"Coker's been making an awful fuss about it," said Bunter. "He's worried for Skinner because he thought Skinner had done it. It wasn't Skinner. I know jolly well what's happened to Coker's dog. Perhaps you'll believe that I was telling the truth, now," added Bunter, with a great deal of dignity. "You know I told you Carne was going to try that stuff on a dog—"

"Bow-wow!" said Bob Cherry.

The chums of the Remove wheeled their machines on, leaving the Owl blinking angrily after them. But when they had put up the bikes they took their way at once to the kennels. Coker was there, kneeling before the kennel where Prince was kept, and almost weeping.

Prince certainly was in a bad way. He was lying on his side with half-closed eyes, and he refused a tempting morsel of chicken the fond Horace had brought for him. As Prince was a ravenous mongrel who would generally eat anything he was given, this was an indubitable proof that he was very ill.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's wrong?" asked Bob.

Coker gave the juniors a sour look. He was still feeling the effect of his visit to the Remove passage.

"Some cad's been poisoning my dog!" he growled. "I believe it was Skinner!"

"He doesn't look as if he'd been poisoned," said Harry, scanning the dog closely. "Looks half-asleep, more than anything else."

"He won't eat," said Coker. "He's eaten nothing to-day."

"When did it come on?" asked Harry.

"He has all right last night when I fed him," said Coker. "He seemed rather queer this morning, and he's been getting worse all day. I'm going to have the vet to him."

The chums of the Remove left Coker still looking after his dog. They could not help feeling startled. In the Remove passage they found the juniors still discussing, with many shrines, Coker's visit to their quarters.

Peter Todd followed them into No. 1 Study.

There was a curious expression upon Peter's face.

"You chaps know what's happened about Coker's dog?" he asked.

"Yes; we've just seen him."

"Bunter's been jawing to me about it—"

"And to us!" said Harry.

Peter knitted his brows.

"It's jolly odd," he said. "Bunter's yarn was that Carne was going to try the stuff on a dog. Bunter says it's a proof of his yarn. I didn't give him the stimp this time—I'm blessed if it doesn't look almost as if something was in it."

"So you think so, too?" said Bob.

"Does that mean that you think so?"

"Well, yes."

"We've just been over to Highcliffe," said Harry. "Ponsonby is laying bets on Highcliffe First for Saturday's match."

Peter Todd whistled.

"It seemingly appears to me that you were a little too previous with the esteemed stimp, my worthy Todd," remarked the nabob. "Oncetfully and remarkably the esteemed Bunter was telling the truth."

"But it's too thick," said Peter, with a deep breath.

"There couldn't be such an awful rascal at Greyfriars as Carne, if it's true."

"I thought the same," said Harry. "But it's no good blinking facts. We set down Bunter's yarn as a romance, and we were right to do that. I still think so. But when proofs come along, we're bound to believe even Bunter. Look at the evidence! Bunter certainly was in Carne's study that time, and heard what he said to Ponsonby. His yarn was that Ponsonby would come the following evening to see Carne. Well, Ponsonby came. That's the first point."

"Right!" agreed Peter.

"His yarn was that Ponsonby was going to book bets against Greyfriars, because Highcliffe was to win by foul play. Well, we've found that Ponsonby is booking all the bets he can on Highcliffe. He even asked us."

"By gum!"

"Bunter's yarn was that Carne was getting some drug stuff from Ponsonby, and was going to try it on a dog. Coker's dog falls suddenly ill without any cause—a queer kind of complaint that's jolly unusual in a dog."

"Right again!" said Peter.

"Next point," said Wharton. "Bunter said Carne was to have a bag of tea, and try the stuff on him. He would have found out from the experiment on the dog that it wasn't dangerous. Well, if Carne has a bag of tea to-morrow, and that bag is seedy afterwards—"

"By Jove!"

"I think we can take it as a proof—what?"

"Proof positive," said Peter. "Rather rough on the bag concerned, though."

"Yes, rather; but we can't chip in. We've got no proof now; and, as a matter of fact, I'm in doubt still. All that's happened is to hear out Bunter's yarn may be a string of coincidences."

"Possibly. But if Carne has a guest who's laid up afterwards, that settles it," said Peter. "We shall have to take back that stumping we gave Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And then we shall have to warn Wingate," said Harry quietly. "Goodness knows how he'll take it; but we can't leave him in the dark, to be hounded by that scoundrel the night before the match!"

"No jolly fear! But I'm afraid old Wingate will cut up rusty at the bare suggestion," said Todd. "He couldn't believe it of Carne any more than we could."

"We shall have proofs by that time," said Harry.

"I don't know whether they'll convince Wingate. But it's certain we can't leave him in the dark, if we satisfy ourselves it's true."

That was agreed upon, and the chums of the Remove could only decide to wait till complete proof was in their hands.

The next morning Harry Wharton made it a point to inquire of Coker of the Fifth about his dog. He found Horace Coker in a relieved frame of mind. He informed the captain of the Remove that the vet had seen the dog, and seemed puzzled by his state; but Prince had quite pulled round that morning.

After morning lessons that day Wharton went round to the kennels to see the dog. He found Prince as lively as ever, and Coker there in great spirits.

"All serene now?" asked Harry.

**FREE** Catalogue Post Free (with 300 Rings) Big Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Toys, etc. See these examples—

Gold Shell Gilt KING, 12 (Gold or Silver), send illustration and hole in card for or to Silver Time in Dark, Oxydized 5/11, Nickel 7/6. Ladies and Gents' WEIST WATER, Oxydized or Nickel 7/11, Silver 9/6, or to Silver Time in Dark, Oxydized or Nickel 8/11, Silver 11/6. All Grand Values. 48 Post Free.

**GUARANTEED CORRECT**

**4 1/2 TIME-KEEPERS.** SEE TIME ON IN DARK

**6 1/2**

**SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK.**

**80 MAGIC TRICKS.** Illusions, etc., with illustrations and instructions. Also 40 Tricks with Cards. The lot post free 1/-.

**W. HARRISON 235, Fentonsville Rd., London, E.**



Electric Pocket LAMP, 1/8, post free.

**PAIN'S** Presenta House, Dept. 332, HASTINGS.

## ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Mr. May 3 inches; Miss Davies 2 inches; Mr. Lane 2 inches; Mr. Hesk 3 inches; Miss Ledell 4 inches. My system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances necessary. Send the money stamps for particulars and my £100 Guarantee.—ARTHUR GIBBY, Specialist in the Increase of Height, Dept. A.M.F., 10, Strand Green Rd., London, S.



## THE "TITAN" AIR PISTOL.

A Magnificent Little Weapon. BRITISH MADE FROM START TO FINISH.

Guaranteed to be the strongest shooting and most accurate Air Pistol on the market. Will shoot any kind of No. 1 Pellets, Darts, or Round Shot. Just the thing for indoor or outdoor practice. 1,000 charges may be fired with "Titanic" force at a cost of 1/- only. Trains the eye and cultivates the judgment. Packed in strong box, with supply of Slings and Darts, price 12/6 each; postage 6d. extra. May be obtained from any Gunsmith or Ironmonger, or direct from the maker—FRANK CLARKE, Gun Manufacturer, 6, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.

**FUN FOR SIXPENCE.** Satisfying Pinner how about sets every-thing pressing. One large sample packet and two other wonderful and laughable novelties, including Ventriloquist's Voice Instrument, lot 6d. (P.O.). Postage 2d. extra.—Ideal Novelties Dept., Clevedon.

**IF YOU WANT** Good Cheap Photographic Material, or Cameras, and postcard for Samples and Catalogue FREE.—Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

Be sure to mention this paper when communicating with advertisers.



"Right as rain!" said Coker, booming. "He couldn't have been poisoned, after all. I suppose I was wrong about Skinner. 'Prince' must have eaten something that didn't agree with him, I suppose."

"Or drunk something?" suggested Harry. "Something may have got in his water-dish."

"Yes, possibly. I don't see what, either. But he's all serene now," said Coker.

During afternoon lessons Wharton was thinking about the matter a good deal. After the day's lessons were over the chums of the Remove proceeded to ascertain whether anybody was going to tea with Carne that afternoon.

It was not difficult to make the discovery. Carne's bag had orders to get tea at five, and to get in a jug of Mrs. Mimble's home-made lemonade. A guest was coming, and the guest was Skinner of the Remove.

Skinner of the Remove was on better terms with Carne than most of the juniors. He performed little services for him, such as smuggling cigarettes into the school. It was not uncommon for him to be asked into Carne's study when the Sixth-Former happened to want to make use of him.

"Might be nothing in it," said Bob Cherry, as the chums talked over the matter. "Skinner had tea with Carne last week."

"Nothing we can go upon," agreed Peter Todd. "But if Skinner is seedy after his tea with Carne, that will be something to go upon, with a vengeance."

"Yes, rather."

The juniors could only wait. They had no proof; they did not even quite believe the story themselves yet. A warning to Skinner was impossible. Skinner certainly would have laughed at it, and gone all the same. But they were very uneasy in their minds. Conviction was creeping upon them; yet, in spite of accumulating evidence, they could not quite believe. The evidence might be, after all, merely a series of coincidences. To make so terrible an accusation against a Greyfriars Sixth-Former without absolute proof was not to be dreamed of.

Skinner went quite cheerily to tea with Carne.

When he came away the Famous Five and Peter Todd met him in the passage.

Skinner looked quite jaunty.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Had a ripping spread?" asked Bob Cherry.

Skinner gave him a patronising look. Skinner regarded it as a feather in his cap to have tea with a Sixth-Former.

"Topping!" he said. "Don't you wish you had?"

And Skinner strutted on airily.

"Well, he looks all right," said Peter Todd. "Jolly lucky we never said anything! Blessed if I don't think it's a mare's-nest after all, and Bunter was romancing, as we thought at first. Br-r-r-r!"

And the Famous Five, greatly relieved in their minds, agreed with Peter.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Harry Wharton Makes Up His Mind!

"BETTER get on with your prep."

It was the Bounder who made the remark, looking curiously at Harold Skinner as he did so.

The Bounder had finished his evening's work, but his study-mate had not started. Skinner was dozing in the armchair.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Vernon-Smith. "You've been fat-headed all the evening! Too many smokes?"

Skinner blinked at him.

"I feel jolly seedy," he said. "Blessed if I know what's the matter!"

"You over-did it, feeding with Carne," grinned the Bounder.

"Well, I did pile in," admitted Skinner. "It was a ripping spread. But I felt all right then. I've got a dashed headache, and a dizzy sort of feeling. Must be something in the weather. I'm not going to do my prep."

"There'll be a row with Quelch in the morning."

"Can't help it. I simply can't work. My head feels rotten!"

"Let the smokes alone for a bit," advised the Bounder.

"Oh, rats!"

When Vernon-Smith went downstairs he left Skinner in

**MR. A. DANES**, World's Champion and British Athlete, wishes to announce for the benefit of those who have not availed themselves of his vested offer, that the offer will be kept open only until the remaining few strength developers have been distributed. The five-club strength developer will be given entirely without cost to all boys of British nationality who send 28s. for Mr. Danes' widely known Half-Guinea Course of Lessons, and who promise to practice regularly. Send 28s. and 4s. for postage and the magnificent Developer will be included free absolutely free. Address, J. extra. **A. DANES** (Type) 30, Grosvenor Rd., Alexandra Park, London, N.

EVERY  
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

the study, dull and heavy-eyed, in the armchair. Billy Bunter blinked into the study a little later.

"Feeling seedy, Skinner?" he asked.

"Eh? Yes, rotten!" mumbled Skinner.

"He, he, he!"

Skinner started up, and grabbed a cushion, and Bunter finished his chuckle in the passage. The fat junior scudded along to No. 1 Study, and burst into that famous apartment in a very excited state.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off!" said Wharton.

"But, I say, Skinner's seedy!" gasped Bunter. "I told you so, you know. Carne's given him some of that stuff of Ponsbury's."

Wharton sat up suddenly.

"What? How do you know he's seedy?"

"I've just seen him. Just peep into his study," grinned Bunter. "I told you so, and you wouldn't believe me. Perhaps you'll believe me next time. Yah!"

And with that parting shot Bunter rolled away.

Wharton and Nugent exchanged a glance.

"So Skinner's seedy!" muttered Nugent.

"We shall see him in the dorm."

There were six juniors who were keenly interested in Harold Skinner's state when the Remove went up to the dormitory.

And there was no doubt that Skinner was queer.

He seemed in a lethargic state, complained of a headache, and was in a peevish, irritable temper. He went to bed with half his clothes on, as if he had lost all energy.

The chums of the Remove turned in in a troubled frame of mind.

It might be, after all, only a passing indisposition. Skinner was not a healthy fellow. He smoked a good deal, and he was a slacker, and never took any exercise if he could help it. He was quite liable to be seedy at any time.

The juniors could only wait for the next day.

When the Remove turned out at the clang of the rising-bell on Friday morning, Harold Skinner turned out with the rest.

But he was evidently seedy.

He ate very little at breakfast, and when Bob Cherry proposed a run round the quad before lessons Skinner visibly shuddered at the idea.

In the Form-room, Mr. Quelch soon discovered that Skinner had done no preparation the previous evening. But the junior was so evidently in a wretched state that the vials of the Remove-master's wrath were not poured out on him. In fact, later in the morning Skinner was excused from lessons, and told to go into the open air.

When the Remove came out of their Form-room, Carne of the Sixth was in the passage. He glanced over the crowd of the Lower Fourth in search of somebody.

"Isn't Skinner here?" he asked.

"He's seedy," said Harry Wharton shortly. "Mr. Quelch sent him out of the Form-room."

"Seedy?" repeated Carne. "He was all right yesterday."

"Yes; it came on last evening, after he had tea with you," said Harry, watching the senior's face.

Carne started a little, and gave Wharton a quick look. He walked away, however, without another word.

"He wanted to see how Skinner was," murmured Johnny Bull. "It's pretty clear now, you fellows!"

"The clearness is terrific!"

At afternoon lessons Skinner was in the same dull, head-achy state, and Mr. Quelch told him to go down to Friarade to see the school doctor. Skinner was glad to get out of the Form-room.

He came back when the Remove were dismissed, and the Famous Five met him in the quadrangle, mooching about with his hands in his pockets, in a very dull and dispirited state.

"Not feeling any better?" asked Wharton.

"No!" snapped Skinner.

"A sharp bike-ride might buck you up," suggested Bob Cherry. "I'll get your bike out, if you like!"

"Oh, rot! I'm fagged out!" growled Skinner. "Blessed if I know what's come over me! Must be the change in the weather, I suppose. I've never felt so utterly rotten in my life before. I feel as if I were getting over an awfully bad drunk."

"Oh, my hat! I suppose you've had that kind of thing among your experiences!" grinned Bob. "Who wouldn't be a merry blade?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Come down to the footer, Skinner?" said Nugent.

"Fathead! I couldn't kick a footer to save my life!" Skinner mooched on dispiritedly. The chums of the



Ponsonby's face was a study as Wingate sent the leather in. "Goal!" roared Bob Cherry. "How's that, Ponsonby?" "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 13.)

Remove left him. There was no doubt in their minds now. Certainly this was no ordinary indisposition, due to smoking and slacking. Skinner had been dosed in Carne's study. A little later they saw Carne talking to Skinner in the quadrangle. The senior was interested in his state, also. At tea-time Skinner bucked up a little, and he was much brighter when he went in to tea with Vernon-Smith. The effects of the dose were passing off at last.

"There's no doubt about it now," said Harry Wharton, in a low voice, to his chums. "Bunter really did hear what he told us in Carne's study on Tuesday."

"No doubt about that!"

"The question is, what's going to be done? Carne's done everything that Bunter told us he'd arranged to do, and the next step is to have the First Eleven to supper to-night, and dose them as he's dosed Skinner. It won't hurt them. They'll be seedy on Saturday, and all right again on Sunday. Carne's made certain of that. But they'll be walked over by the Highcliffe team, if we don't stop it!"

"We've got to stop it!" growled Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"We've got to do it," he said. "Wingate will have to listen! We can't let on, that's certain!"

"Jolly lucky Bunter was there, as it turns out!" remarked Peter Todd. "But for that they would have played their game without a hitch."

"Yes; I don't see how anything could have been suspected. But we know the game now, and Wingate's got to know. I'm going to him," said Harry. "We can't do more than tell him, and let him do as he thinks best."

"Right-ho!"

It was agreed that there was nothing else to be done, though the juniors were very doubtful how the Greyfriars captain would receive such a story. They could not help remembering how they had received it from Billy Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

But the path of duty was clear enough, and Harry Wharton had made up his mind. He made his way to Wingate's study, where the captain of Greyfriars was at tea.

"Come in!" called out Wingate cheerily, as the junior tapped at the door.

Harry Wharton entered.

## THE 11th CHAPTER.

### Wharton's Warning!

Wingate looked curiously at the junior.

The captain of Greyfriars was alone. He had just finished his tea, and was about to call his fag to clear away when Wharton came in.

"Hallo!" said the Sixth-Former good-naturedly. "You're looking down in the mouth, kid. Anything the matter?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's an awfully serious thing, Wingate. I want you to listen to me patiently, without getting ratty," said the junior.

Wingate smiled.

"What awful crime have you committed?" he asked. "Was it you who put the glue in Lord's boots?"

Wharton laughed.

"No; it's more serious than that."

"Well, go ahead," said Wingate, with a yawn. "I can give you a few minutes. Make a clean breast of it."

"It's about the match with Highcliffe to-morrow."

"Eh? Are you going to offer your services for the First Eleven?" asked Wingate, laughing. "I've had a very flattering offer from Coker, too."

"There's foul play intended, Wingate!"

The Greyfriars captain became grave all at once.

"What's that?" he said sharply.

"Foul play!" said Harry quietly. "We've discovered it by chance, and we've got proof. You're bound to listen to me, Wingate, though I know it will be a shock to you. It was a shock to us. Unless you're on your guard, you'll lose the match!"

"Not much chance of that!" said Wingate drily. "Look here, Wharton, I don't like talk of this sort, but I'll hear what you've got to say. Out it short!"

"There's a scheme to dope the First Eleven—"

"What?"

"To make them unfit for play on Saturday."

"You young ass!"

"I've got proof!"

Wingate rose to his feet. "I can't suspect you of trying to pull my leg, Wharton," he said. "I think you've got hold of some idiotic mare's-nest. After what you've said, I'm bound to hear you through. I shan't interrupt you. I'll say what I think afterwards. Who's schemed this wonderful scheme?"

"A Greyfriars Sixth-Former."

"Rot!"

"And Ponsonby of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe."

"He has nothing to do with the match!"

"He has been making bets on Highcliffe, backing their team with more money than he can afford to lose."

"The young rascal! Still, it's no business of ours what Highcliffe kids do. But go ahead. I've said I'll listen without interrupting."

Wharton went ahead. He did not mention Carne's name. Apart from that, he related, word for word, as near as he could remember it, Bunter's story of what he had overheard in Arthur Carne's study.

Wingate had said that he would listen without interrupting, and he did. But the signs of growing anger and contempt in his face could not be mistaken.

"Is that all?" he asked at last.

"That's what Bunter told us."

"And you believe such rascally lies, you young fool!"

"We didn't. We licked Bunter with a cricket-stump for making up such a yarn, as we thought at the time."

"Well, that was sensible," said Wingate. "But if you don't believe the silly rot, what have you come to bother me with it for?"

"Because there's proof now that Bunter was telling the truth, and that he really did hear what he said he heard in the study."

"Rubbish!"

"You'll hear the proofs, Wingate?"

"I'll hear you, of course! But I warn you, Wharton, that if you don't prove your case, you'll get the same as you gave Bunter!"

"I'll chance that," said Harry. "First, we found that Ponsonby has been laying heavy money on Highlife, though he knows they can't win on their form."

"He may fancy his own school," said Wingate. "That's nothing!"

"That isn't all. He came over the next day, as Bunter said he would."

"Nothing in that. Might have borrowed a book!"

"You heard about Coker's dog being ill—"

"All Greyfriars heard of it, if not all Kent, I think!" snapped Wingate. "What in thunder has Coker's dog got to do with it?"

"Bunter said the fellow was going to try the stuff on a dog. And Coker's dog became ill soon afterwards, with a queer sort of complaint the vet couldn't make out."

"Simply a coincidence!"

"We thought it might be," said Harry. "Then the senior I'm speaking of had a junior to tea last night, as Bunter said he would. It was a Remove chap, and he's been seedy all day. Mr. Quelch excused him from lessons, and sent him to the doctor because he was so off-colour. He was all right before."

Wingate knitted his brows.

"Who was the junior?" he asked.

"Skinner."

"I've noticed him hanging about," said Wingate. "He does look seedy. But that's only a coincidence. He's a slack young rascal, and always getting seedy."

Wharton felt discouraged.

"Then you don't believe it, Wingate?"

"Not a word."

"There's another point. The senior is going to ask you and the rest of the First Eleven to supper in his study to-night—"

"Nobody's asked us to supper yet," said Wingate, with a grin.

"Then you're going to have the stuff in ten, or coffee or lemonade."

"Utter rot!"

Wharton bit his lip.

"Well, I thought I ought to warn you, Wingate," he said.

"I felt that perhaps you wouldn't believe me. When you're asked to that supper perhaps you'll take that as proof."

"Not in the least. I suppose you've heard that some senior you've got your knife into is going to ask us to supper?" snapped Wingate angrily. "Tell me the name of the fellow you're alluding to."

"Carne of the Sixth."

"Carne!" Wingate started a little. "Oh, Carne! Well, I'm not very friendly with Carne. But I wouldn't believe a yarn like that about my worst enemy. So Carne's going to ask us to supper this evening?"

"Yes."

"And you knew it, and—"

"I only knew it because he said so to Ponsonby last Tuesday, and Bunter heard him."

The Greyfriars captain gave the speaker a very searching look.

"You shouldn't take any notice of an eavesdropper, Wharton."

"We didn't—at first. But you can ask Carne yourself whether he mentioned in my hearing that he was going to ask you to supper. As for licking me for telling you this, Wingate, you can leave that till to-morrow. For if Carne isn't stopped, you'll know by to-morrow that it's true—when you find your team hounded, and the Highlife match lost."

Wingate compressed his lips.

"I don't believe it, and I can't believe it," he said. "But—"

"Hullo! Come in!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

NEXT MONDAY—

"VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"

EVERY MONDAY,

The "Magnet" LIBRARY.

ONE PENNY.

There was a tap at the door, and Carne of the Sixth came in.

"You can cut, Wharton!" said Wingate curtly. The captain of the Remove left the study.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Carne's Little Party!

ARTHUR CARNE gave Wingate a very agreeable nod. His manner was unusually genial. "Busy?" he asked.

"Not at all."

"You haven't changed your mind and decided to play me in the eleven?" asked Carne, with a smile.

"No."

"Well, never mind. I dare say you know best," said Carne amiably.

"I dare say I do," assented Wingate. "I hardly expected you to see it in that light, though."

"If I've said anything rusty about it, I take it back," said Carne, in the frankest possible manner. "It was a disappointment to me, that's all. But never mind that. I don't bear you any ill-will for it, as what I'm going to say will show, I should think."

"Go ahead!" said Wingate, eyeing him.

"The fact is, I'm in funds," said Carne, in the same frank, agreeable manner. "I've had a wackering remittance from my uncle. I'm thinking of standing a bit of a spread for supper, and I want you to come."

Wingate started.

"You're awfully good!" he said. "Is this a new idea?"

"I thought of it when my remittance came."

"You haven't mentioned it to anybody yet?"

"No," said Carne, with a look of surprise. "I thought I'd speak to you first. You see, some of the fellows have got an idea that we're at loggerheads in the Sixth, over footer matters and other things. That isn't good for the school. My idea is, that if you and your friends all come to my little party it will knock that kind of thing on the head at once. The discipline of the school suffers if the Sixth don't hold together."

Wingate breathed hard. Carne had not mentioned to anyone that he was going to ask him to supper. How, then, did Wharton know in advance, unless it was true that Bunter had heard the senior plotting with Ponsonby?

"You'll come?" asked Carne, surprised and wondering at the strange expression on the Greyfriars captain's rugged face.

"Eh?" stammered Wingate. "Oh, yes! I'll come!"

"And bring your friends?"

"Which friends?"

"Well, I was thinking it would be a good idea to entertain the whole football eleven," said Carne genially. "I'd like to let it be seen that I'm not grousing in private about being left out, you see. A sort of football supper, you know. And I can promise you a ripping spread."

"You're awfully good!" said Wingate uneasily. "Only the First Eleven, then? Rather a crowd for your study."

"Oh, we'll make room. I'm making some little preparations, you know."

"We'll come," said Wingate. "Thanks!"

"All seven, I'll speak to the other fellows, then."

Carne left the study, smiling.

Wingate stood for some minutes as if rooted to the floor, his brows corrugated with painful thought.

Was this a coincidence? Could it be a coincidence?

He hoped it was. He trusted it was. But, in spite of himself, he could not believe that it was. It was driven in upon his mind that Harry Wharton's warning was well-founded.

His face set very grimly.

If it was true—if Carne was a party to so base a plot, the matter had to be proved up to the hilt. It was useless to speak yet.

Wingate left his study at last, and dropped in upon Loder. Loder was the head of the sporting set in the Sixth, and Wingate knew some of his manners and customs—though not all, by any means. Loder was a prefect, and Wingate did not interfere with him. Gerald Loder glanced at him in surprise as he came in. He was not used to visits from the captain of Greyfriars.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Is there any betting on the match to-morrow, Loder?" asked Wingate bluntly.

Loder gave him a guarded look.

"What a queer question to ask me!" he said. "How should I know?"

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

"I'm not asking for any of your secrets," said Wingate quietly. "I don't want to bowl you out. But I'd like to know whether it is so, and I'm pretty certain you can tell me in confidence, of course."

"Oh, if you put it like that, I don't mind. I've got a few quids on Greyfriars," said Loder coolly.

"You've found some Highcliffe fellow to back his own school?"

Loder laughed.

"No fear! All Highcliffe knows that we shall win."

"Then who the dickens have you got to back Highcliffe? A Greyfriars chap?"

"Yes—Carne."

Wingate almost jumped.

"Carne's putting money on Highcliffe for to-morrow?"

"Yes, the ass! He knows as much about footer as he does about the mountains in the moon!" said Loder, with a grin. "He's got a weird idea in his head that the loss of his valuable services will mean a licking for us, I suppose. Anyway, he was willing to put his money on Highcliffe, and you can bet I jumped at the chance."

"He will lose his money," said Wingate grimly.

"What! ho!" smiled Loder.

Wingate left the study, leaving Loder somewhat puzzled by his sudden interest in the doings of the sporting set of the Sixth.

Wingate sent for Wharton when he returned to his own study. The captain of the Remove came at once. Wingate eyed him grimly.

"I've been thinking over the yarn you told me, Wharton. Never mind what I think about it. It's got to be kept dark. We don't want Greyfriars disgraced, whether it's true or not. If it's true, you can leave me to deal with Carne. But you can see yourself that it won't do any good to spread such a scandal."

Wharton flushed.

"We haven't said a word," he replied quietly. "We don't intend to so long as the scheme isn't carried out."

"You can rely on me that it shan't be. But what about Bunter?"

"Bunter's had a lesson about jawing. He hasn't told anybody but us, and he won't. If it should happen on Saturday—the dosing, I mean—he would talk then. But if it's prevented—"

"It will be prevented."

"Then Bunter won't jaw. He will be afraid of the consequences. That's why he's kept his mouth shut all this week."

"Good!" said Wingate.

Wharton left the study. His chums met him in the passage.

"Well?" asked five voices together.

"All serene," said Harry. "Wingate believes it now, and he's on his guard. And he wants it kept quite dark."

"We should do that anyway, for the good name of the school!" growled Bob Cherry. "And if Bunter jaws, we'll give him some more of the stump!"

"That was a stumping clean thrown away, as it turns out," remarked Peter Todd. "Poor old Bunter didn't deserve it for romancing. Still, he deserved it for eavesdropping, so it's all right. It wasn't wasted after all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Which was all the sympathy William George Bunter received—and doubtless all that he deserved.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Way of the Transgressor!

"COME in!"

Carne's manner was very cheery.

The study was looking quite festive.

Some of the Sixth had been surprised by Carne's idea of a supper to the First Eleven. Carne was supposed to be sulky and discontented over his exclusion from the team. His hospitality to the team he was excluded from raised him in the opinion of the Sixth-Formers. If Carne's object was to show that he wasn't really grouching, and that he could take things as they came like a sportsman, he had succeeded.

All the eleven, with a couple of exceptions had accepted the invitation—Potter and Greene being otherwise engaged at one of Coker's lavish spreads. Nine fellows of the Fifth and Sixth came into Carne's study, which, roomy as it was, was pretty well crowded by the party.

Carne's lag had prepared the supper. The table was set, and covered with good things. Among them stood a huge jug of Mrs. Mimble's home-made lemonade, steaming hot—a very pleasant beverage on a cold winter's night. George Wingate's eyes lingered for a moment on that big jug.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

Wingate was still struggling with doubt.

He felt that it was true—that Carne had the footballers there that evening to dose them and render them unfit for the match on the morrow. Yet he still tried to resist the conviction that he could not help admitting to his mind.

The matter had to be put to the proof to place it beyond a shadow of a doubt; and that was Wingate's intention.

Two tables had been put together, and chairs borrowed from other studies. Loder and Walker followed the footballers in. They were pals of Carne's, and invited to the feast. And Carne had reflected that if others beside the footballers were seedy on the morrow it would help to avert any possible suspicion.

But their presence made Wingate waver in his belief. How could he believe that a fellow would be base enough to play such a trick on his own chums in order to carry out his rascally purpose?

But the matter was soon to be tested.

If the warning was well-founded, some kind of drink would be served to the guests, and Carne himself would pass it by.

Unwarned, Wingate would never have noticed anything of the kind. But with the warning fresh in his mind and his eyes wide open it was not likely to escape him.

There was coffee in the big pot in the fender, as well as lemonade on the table. Which had been doctored? It was easy enough to ascertain, knowing what Wingate knew.

"That looks ripping lemonade," said the Greyfriars captain.

"Mrs. Mimble knows how to make lemonade. Just what you want to warm you on a night like this. Fill up your glasses, you fellows, and we'll begin with a toast to the First Eleven!"

Some of the seniors glanced at Wingate.

His manner was not quite natural, though he tried to make it so, and his suggestion was a little odd.

But the footballers complied at once.

"Right! ho!" said Loder. "Luck to the First Eleven, and may their shadow never grow less!"

The glasses were filled.

"You're joining in the toast, Carne?" said Wingate.

Carne shook his head.

"I never touch lemonade," he said. "It doesn't suit me."

Still, I'll drink the toast in coffee."

Wingate drew a deep breath.

"But why don't you like lemonade?" he said. "This is the first time I've heard you don't like it."

Carne stared.

"Well, I don't," he said shortly.

"Nothing dangerous in it, is there?" asked Wingate.

Carne gave him a quick, strange look. Wingate's manner and his words were so odd that every fellow in the study was looking at him. Carne felt a spasm of alarm at his heart.

"Dangerous!" stammered Carne, quite taken aback. "It's that a joke?"

"No, it isn't a joke, Carne. Fill your glass with lemonade, and drink with us."

"I don't care to."

"What's the matter with you, Wingate?" muttered Gwynne of the Sixth, nudging his chum. "What the dickens—"

"Don't touch that lemonade, you fellows!" said Wingate.

"Eh? Why not?" ejaculated Blundell.

"It mayn't be good for you!"

Carne's jaw dropped.

That Wingate could have any inkling of the plot seemed to him impossible. But Wingate's words could only mean one thing.

Carne felt a chill creep over him. What did Wingate know?

"I—I don't understand this!" he stammered. "What do you mean, Wingate?"

"I'll explain," Wingate's voice was deadly calm. "Listen to me, you fellows! I'm going to tell you something that's not to be repeated outside this room—for the good name of the school. I've had a warning that a young scoundrel at Highcliffe has fixed it up with a Greyfriars senior to hound the First Eleven for the match, to win rascally bets to-morrow."

"What?"

"Wingate!"

Carne sank helplessly into his seat.

"Carne's the man!" continued Wingate. "I don't find him."

Write to the Editor of

# ANSWERS

If you are not getting your right PENSION

COMING SHORTLY! HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN "THE PENNY POPULAR." PRICE 1d.

guilty without proof. I want proof, and I'm going to have it. "Carne's offered us drink; he won't taste himself." "Wingate, you're dotty!" gasped Blundell of the Fifth. "It's impossible! As if a Greyfriars chap could be such a rotter!"

"Look at him!" said Wingate.

"Oh!"

Carne tried to meet the eyes that were turned upon him. His face was white as chalk; his eyes had a hunted look. The exposure had come so suddenly, so totally unexpected, that he was quite knocked out by it. And there was proof there—conclusive proof—in the dosed lemonade.

"Haven't you anything to say, Carne?" said Loder.

"I—I—I—it's false!" gasped Carne. "I—I deny it! I—I—"

"Very well, back up your denial by drinking the lemonade!" said Wingate.

"I—I—"

"You've given the stuff to Coker's dog, and to Skinner of the Remove, to try the effect. Now try it on yourself."

"Good heavens!" muttered Gwynne.

"I—I—"

"You'll drink it," said Wingate grimly, "if I have to hold you and pour it down your throat! You were going to give it to us."

"I—I won't! I—I—"

Carne made a desperate clutch at the jug, with the evident intention of hurling it to the floor. Wingate's iron grip stopped him.

"No, you don't! Collar the cad, you fellows! It's clear enough now, I think."

"Clear enough!" muttered Gwynne. "The awful end!"

"It's a lie!" panted Carne. "I—I'll drink it, if you like!"

"You will, anyway," said Wingate. "Here's your glass." Carne had no choice, but he had a desperate hope that by swallowing the hounded drink he might still avert suspicion. With a trembling hand he raised the glass to his lips, all eyes upon him. But he hesitated.

"Go it!" said Wingate grimly.

With a desperate effort, Carne poured the glass of lemonade down his throat.

"There, hang you!" he panted.

"Good enough!" said Wingate icily. "That settles it. You still deny it, Carne?"

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

"Yes, hang you!"

"Very well, we shall see whether you're seedy to-morrow, like Skinner."

And at that Carne's heart almost died within him. Well he knew the effect of the drug; well he knew that it would have the same effect upon him as upon Skinner. His face was ghastly. He was booked for twenty-four hours' headache and discomfort, which would furnish a complete proof of his intended villainy. He groaned aloud in utter misery.

The contempt and scorn in every face as the guests left the study was perhaps punishment enough for the wretched plotter. Carne's life at Greyfriars was not likely to be very tolerable after that, though, to save the disgrace, the secret would be kept.

He was left alone at last—alone with his misery.

Harry Wharton & Co. turned up in great spirits for the senior match on the following afternoon.

They had seen the First Eleven putting a ball about before dinner, and had seen that they were in first-class form.

Whatever measures Wingate had taken, evidently they had been successful, and the rascally plot had been frustrated. Carne did not appear in public that day.

He had been tired and seedy during morning lessons, and immediately afterwards he went to his study and remained there. He had made a feeble attempt to call off the bets he had made on the match, and had been laughed to scorn by Loder & Co. Those bets were to stand. There was not much doubt how they would be decided.

A crowd of Highcliffe fellows came over with the Highcliffe Senior Eleven.

Courtenay and the Caterpillar joined the Famous Five to watch the match. Ponsonby and Gadsby were there, in cheery spirits. The two young rascals had not the slightest suspicion that the plant had been exposed and foiled. They had come over to see Greyfriars hopelessly beaten, and to collect their winnings afterwards.

Ponsonby's face was a study when the game opened and Wingate's merry men rushed Langley & Co. back to their goal, overran them, and sent the leather in.

"Goal!" roared Bob Cherry. "How's that, Ponsonby?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By gad, somethin's gone wrong, Gaddy!" muttered Ponsonby. "That fool Carne has nucked it up somehow. They're ratin' toppin' form!"

"They're goin' to beat Highcliffe!" groaned Gaddy. "Oh, Pon, you ass! I've put everything but my shirt on Highcliffe!"

"Same here!" said Ponsonby, between his teeth. "I'm broke to the wide for the whole term if Greyfriars wins! Hang them! Hang Carne! Hang everybody!"

Ponsonby's happy prospect of being broke to the wide for the whole term was soon what he would have called a "dead cert." Greyfriars piled up two goals in the first half. In the second half they added two more, and the Highcliffians, with all their efforts, did not once score.

When the match ended with Greyfriars four goals to nil, the home crowd roared and cheered. Ponsonby and Gadsby crawled away looking as if they found life not worth living. Carne, groaning in misery in his study, heard the triumphant cheers of the Greyfriars crowd, and groaned more deeply. Truly the miserable plotters had learned the old lesson, that the way of the transgressor is hard.

After the match Courtenay and the Caterpillar stayed to tea in No. 1 Study, and Billy Bunter was specially invited to the spread. Bunter's share in the affair did not reflect any credit on him, certainly; but it was through Bunter that the plot had been frustrated, and the chums of the Remove felt that they owed the Owl some compensation for the "stumping." Billy Bunter, to his surprise, found himself an honoured guest, and enjoyed himself immensely; while Carne and Ponsonby had the pleasure of reckoning up their losses, and fervently wishing that they had never dabbled in Foul Play!

THE END.

Do not miss "VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"—Next Monday's Grand Story of Harry Wharton & Co., by Frank Richards.

# PHIL RAY

the well-known  
Comedian, will  
amuse you  
every week  
on the front  
page of

# MERRY & BRIGHT

GET A COPY TO-DAY. ½d.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

NEXT MONDAY—

"VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"

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



# THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 2.—BOB CHERRY.



"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

No reader of the Greyfriars yarns would ever have any doubt who was speaking when the words spoken were these.

They have become a password, a watchword, call it what you will, of the one and only Bob Cherry, cheeriest and funniest of schoolboys, everybody's favourite—or, anyway, nearly everybody's. It will not do to be too sweeping in one's assertions. There be even some who hold Billy Bunter in high esteem, and would place him first—no accounting for tastes, you know!

Bob stands out as a triumph in the art of schoolboy portraiture. You not only feel that you know him, but that it is good to know him. He would be a very dull dog indeed whom Bob could not cheer up.

The great and essential difference between Bob and his chum, Harry Wharton—or one of the chief differences, at least—seems to me to be that, while Harry Wharton is always more or less on his dignity, Bob seldom thinks about his. The consequence is that when we see Harry in a humiliating position, we cannot avoid thinking of the pride that has a fall. Bob has his own proper pride, but it is not of this kind. A joke of which he is the victim is much more a part of the day's work to him than to Wharton. So, laughing himself, he makes others laugh with, rather than at, him.

They were not chums at first, these two. Bob could not understand what Frank Nugent saw in "that sulky rotter, Wharton." And that is easily understood. For indeed Wharton did little at the outset of his school career to endear himself to anyone.

But they soon became chums. Bob came to perceive that the fellow had something in him, after all. Wharton's generosity to Hazeldene, who in those days was an utter young scamp, had much to do with this. When Harry fought Bulstrode in the cause of the fellow who had cheated him so short a time before, it set Bob thinking hard. Thenceforth, with a few natural tiffs, and one really big quarrel, these two were as brothers.

There was the time when green-eyed jealousy came between them, and both stood out of the boatrace with the Upper Fourth eight, and Temple's crew beat the Remove by half a dozen lengths; only to go under by three-quarters of a length in a second race when Bob and Harry, reconciled, took their places in the boat. But the one big quarrel was when Rattenstein, the rascally Hun princeling, who counted as "English" because he was the son of a naturalised German, stirred up strife between them, and they met in grim earnest to fight out their quarrel, but never fought it out, because Phyllis Howell intervened.

Of the many stirring scenes in which Bob has taken part, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

COMING SHORTLY! HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN "THE PENNY POPULAR." PRICE 1d.

sometimes as chief aide to Wharton, sometimes as leader in his own right at a time of emergency, mention can be made of but few.

Do you remember, you old and loyal supporters of the MAGNET, the cricket match in which Cherry's side and Wharton's fought out the question as to which of the two chums should be skipper? Wharton's team won; but Harry, with that proud humility that he sometimes shows, begged Bob to take the captaincy, knowing well that his chum was far more popular than he. But there are heaps of sound sense behind all Bob's fun. He knew which would make the better captain, and he would not take on the office.

Do you remember Bob enlightening Miss Locke, the Girtton girl, as to the chivalrous part Harry had played in standing between her and the rebellious Form? That was a hard task for Bob; he is not great at explaining things, or at speeches; as he proved on the famous occasion when he tried to make a speech of welcome to Mr. Quelch with Wharton to fetch brandy, for the amateur cooks' Christmas puddings, from the Red Cow, and how they were caught out by the prefect who had his knife into them? How Bob and Frank Nugent risked their lives in that journey over the roof to the rescue of Harry and the Head's little daughter, when Greyfriars was ablaze? How Bob went down before Bulstrode, the cock of the Form in the days before Harry and Bob asserted their supremacy? One cannot imagine Bulstrode licking Bob now—eh? But if he could do it, and did it, Bob would take the defeat like the splendid sportsman he is.

Do you remember Bob in a mask at the Cliff House dance, fancying himself quite effectively disguised, but betrayed alike by his feet and his style of waltzing? They are standing jokes, those feet of Bob's, but he is very firm on them, so perhaps they justify their size. Remember Bob singing to Toodles, Harry Wharton's ward, much to the amusement of the jeering cads in the corridor? Bob moving from Study Nine—all to Study No. 13—laying the carpet, putting up curtains—all in a way of his own? Bob humorously insisting that 13 must necessarily be top study now that he is in it? Bob standing up for Mark Linley, even when to him Mark's conduct seems silly? Bob in the balloon flight, and the fight with the criminal, Lagden, which followed it?

Do you remember Bob's rescue of Wharton from the bull, and how his bicycle was spoiled, and how they gave him a benefit, and how indignant Bob was at the notion of a benefit—until he learned that Marjorie Hazeldene had suggested it? It was quite all right then, of course, for Bob's faith in Marjorie is absolute. He has for the pretty, winsome sister of wayward Peter Hazeldene, a devotion almost doglike; and Marjorie still comes first in Bob's eyes, in spite of the advent of the more dashing Phyllis Howell.

Bob expelled for theft—no one but Mark and Harry quite believing in his innocence—but coming back cleared, ready to make excuses for the fellows who had failed him in his hour of need, with never a touch of rancour in his big, honest heart!

Bob as captain for a brief space—only too glad to hand over the reins to Wharton again. Bob as peacemaker between Wharton and Nugent, meeting the usual fate of peacemakers.

Bob on the playing-fields and in the gym, accepting good luck or bad with equal composure—scoring a century v. Redcliffe—beating Tom Merry in the boxing bout for the Eastwood Cup—winning the Colonel's Cup for his side by his goal from centre-half—getting home first in the Marathon race—boxing a draw with Tom Heleher!

But, best of all, like Bob when, his heart near to breaking, he turns on the fellows who have believed Wharton guilty, of a base assault on the Bounder with his cry of, "You fools, fools, fools! I tell you he's innocent!" Only the loyal Inky is left to support him, for Frank and Mark and Johnny Bull have all been cleared out of the way by the Bounder's subtle wiles. How well Inky and he kept up their end is told in that fine story, "Bob Cherry's Barring-Out."

A little rough at times in his breeziness, but never a bully—staunch as steel, generous to a fault—that's Bob Cherry! He makes one think of the lines of Shakespeare:

"A merry heart goes all the day;  
Your sad tires in a mile-a!"

Look out for No. 3 of this series—GEORGE WINGATE.

## Our Great School Serial.

THE FOURTH FORM  
AT FRANKLINGHAM.

By Richard Randolph.

## THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS TOLD HOW

two new boys appeared at Franklingham School on the same day. One is a senior—CONRAD HARDING CARDENDEN—the cousin and enemy of 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. In the school sports Goggs shows up finely, and it is mainly through him that his House secures first place, beating Hayter's by a single point. Goggs' uncle pays him a flying visit, and warns him against Cardenden. Cardenden meets a dissipated adventurer, MR. BRIGHTON FORTESCUE, and conceives the idea of using him in a plot against Granville. In a House Cup-tie between Hayter's and Grayson's, Cardenden brutally fouls Goggs, and is sent off the field. The junior pluckily plays on, in spite of a dislocated wrist, and Grayson's win by 5-4. Some of the juniors concoct a plan of vengeance against Cardenden, but Goggs refuses to take part in it, and warns his enemy by means of an unsigned letter to be wary. The ragging comes off. Cardenden returns in the middle of it, and prefects arrive on the scene. Goggs also appears, having grown anxious about his chums. Tilson has seen Cardenden coming out of the village inn.

(Now read on.)

## Cardenden in Coventry.

"It says so, but it's not. Just sniff it!" replied the junior from Ambrose's House.

"No, thank you. I will take your word for it."

Tilson picked up one of the charred novels from the grate, then dropped it as if it were a live coal.

"Clear out, you juniors, and wait in the corridor!" he said sharply.

The eleven filed out.

"Will you talk to this rotter, or shall I?" asked Tilson of Granville.

"I'd rather you did, old man," answered the captain.

They were all a bit surprised, lacking any clue to Granville's attitude. He had never been one to shirk his duty. But after all, Tilson, as head prefect of Hayter's, was chiefly concerned; and Cardenden had never had any taste for playing the autocrat.

"See here, Cardenden, I'm not much of an orator," said THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 463.

NEXT  
MONDAY—

"VICTIMS AND VICTORS!"

Tilson. "You came to Franklingham, and kicked up a row with Granville at once. You were shunted into this House, and we gave you a decent welcome, because it didn't follow that in the squabble all the blame was on one side. Excuse me, Gran, old chap, for suggesting that you're not perfect."

"I don't claim to be," answered Granville.

"You seemed decent enough," went on the big prefect, "and you played a ripping good game at football. On the whole, we thought you an acquisition. Well, we don't think so now!"

"Much obliged, I'm sure!" sneered Cardenden. "I didn't ask for your good opinion, and I don't care about it!"

"That's as it may be. You fouled Granville in the quarter. You apologised, and we believed what you said—that it was an accident. Some of us thought that Granville didn't take the apology as nicely as he might have done. Now we see we were wrong."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Christy, with a big hand on Tilson's shoulder.

"Ford sent you off the field for a second foul in the House match. Both of them accidents, you swore. We don't believe you! We know now that you're a pub-hunter, a smoker on the sly, and that you read filthy French novels for amusement. We've no use for your sort—that's flat! Your ways aren't Franklingham ways. A report to the Head would mean your expulsion, I reckon. We should prefer not to report, but I suggest that you'd better get your people to transfer you to some more suitable place—and don't waste time about it, either! Meanwhile, you can take it from me that it isn't safe to go in for any more of the Crown and Sceptre business, or the vinegar, or the—er—jam! Do you agree with me, you fellows?"

There was a general murmur of agreement. All appreciated Tilson's straight talk. Franklingham had its black sheep, like other schools, but it contained very few fellows of the "doggie" type.

Cardenden's spirits had risen. It did not mean expulsion for him after all!

They wanted to shield the juniors. He could not be reported without the ragging affair being brought into the matter.

"You may take it for granted that I shan't be anxious for a longer stay here than is necessary," he answered. "I didn't know that I was dropping into such a nest of smugs and Puritans! If I hadn't come here this term I should have gone to Oxford!"

"Rough on Oxford!" suggested Ford.

"And there no one would have made a fuss about a whisky-and-soda, cigarettes, or a call at an hotel. If I prefer to read French literature in the original, who has a right to say that it's for an evil motive. I repeat that neither the injury to Granville's foot nor that to Goggs' wrist was

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

designed by me—both were pure accidents. You say you don't believe—very well! After that, you needn't trouble to explain that you mean to cut me, for I should certainly cut you! I am not accustomed to being given the lie. Report me if you choose. I don't ask that you shouldn't do it. And now, as this is undoubtedly my study as long as I am graciously permitted to stay here, may I suggest politely that I should be glad to have the use of it?"

"Come on, old man!" said Tilson to Granville, and they went out arm-in-arm. Christy followed them.

"You got Penny, and we got that skunk, Gran!" he said. "It's a fine thing for Grayson's, but it's pretty putrid for us!"

Witherington, Ford, and Ambrose left. Cardenden slammed the door to behind them, and locked it.

"Shutting himself into Coventry," said Ambrose gravely. "An adjournment was made to Tilson's study, and there the case of the juniors was dealt with.

"You're out of this, Goggs," said Tilson. "You'd better cut along and go to bed."

"Excuse me, but I cannot quite agree with you," answered the new junior. "I was out of my dormitory."

"You insist on being punished for that, do you? All right, bring me twenty lines to-day week!"

The rest grinned. They began to fancy they would be let off lightly. Goggs looked grieved, but his face cleared when Tilson told him he could stay.

"Talk to this crowd, Gran," said Tilson. "I've used up all my eloquence on that outsider."

"This sort of thing doesn't go," Granville told the juniors. "I dare say you meant well. That's no defence at all. You were out of your dormitories after lights out, and out of your Houses, too. Seven of you broke the rule against being in another House after six o'clock. The ragging business is the worst of all, but I'm not going to say a lot about that. We shall deal with the case ourselves. I think five hundred lines each will meet it."

The other prefects nodded.

Five hundred lines! That was a stiff sentence.

"I thought a prefect wasn't allowed to give more than two hundred, whatever," said Evans, who was always disposed to argue the case.

"Quite right! But two hundred won't pay for this. If you prefer to be reported—"

"Oh, not likely! Indeed, no!" broke in the Welsh junior, stily.

For the Head managed the affairs of his own House, and report meant coming before him. Witherington smiled. He knew what an aid it had been to him in maintaining discipline that this should be so.

He got up now, and said:

"Come along Evans. I'll see you safely back!"

Ambrose marched off Champeys and Blair departed under convoy of Ford. Granville nodded to the four from his House, and they followed him.

"Clear off!" said Tilson to the Hayter contingent.

### Goggs' Popularity Slumps.

Goggs entered No. 11 Study after classes next day with a smile on his face, and was confronted with three frowns.

"Dear me!" he said. "What is the matter? Have I unwittingly offended?"

"I don't know whether it was unwittingly, but we think it's jolly thick!" answered Wagtail.

"It will want some explaining," added Tricks.

Bags said nothing, but threw on the table two brief notes. One of them Goggs recognised at a glance. The other read:

"This may interest you. Perhaps you would like to ask Goggs whether he wrote it, and if so, why he wrote it."

"C. H. CARDENDEX."

"Oh, this is the trouble, then?" said Goggs.

"And trouble enough!" snapped Wagtail.

"Half a mo! The chap's got a right to be heard in his own defence," said Tricks.

"Am I to understand that I am on my defence?" asked the new junior.

"Looks like it. On the face of it, this seems a beastly bit of treachery. If it was almost anybody else, we should be sure it was. As it's you—"

"You give me the benefit of the doubt, I suppose? Thanks for that, anyway, Bags. Will you take my word for it that I meant neither treachery nor anything underhanded, and let it go at that?"

Goggs spoke very gravely now. Meaning well, he had made a mistake, and he saw it. It looked as though the mistake was going to disturb his friendship with these three, and if that happened it would grieve him more than he was ever likely to admit to anybody.

"Can't," answered Tricks, shaking his head. "We've got to know why you did it."

"I am not sure that I can explain so that you will understand clearly."

"We're not idiots!" said Bags hotly. "If your explanation's straight, I suppose we've got brains enough to understand it!"

"And suppose I refuse to explain?"

"Oh, but you won't!" Tricks replied. "Don't be an ass, old man!"

"Let me think. When one does a thing from mixed motives, one may not find it easy to make it all clear even to friends. In the first place, I didn't like the scheme."

"We know all about that. But you refused to be in it, and surely that was enough! You haven't any reason for loving Cardenden."

"I hate the fellow, Bags! I hate him more than you can imagine, for I know more about him than you do."

Goggs spoke very earnestly. There could be no doubt as to the strength of his feeling.

"It's a bigger puzzle than ever!" said Wagtail hopelessly. "If you hate him, why should you mind us ragging the beast?"

"For your sakes. It wasn't the sort of thing that is worth while. And you might have got into a horrible row, too—a worse one than you did get into; though five hundred lines is no joke. I wouldn't do a thing like that to a fellow because I hated him; it's too small, and—and too much like the sort of thing he might do himself. Sending this letter to you—it's a bad trick—he wanted to make trouble for me, and he did not care a scrap that, whatever my motive might be, I'd tried to save him from trouble. I didn't want him to be grateful, but he might have tried to be decent."

He was right. They did not understand. But one thing all three noticed—that for the first time since he had come to Frankingham, Goggs had dropped his precise method of speech, and spoke much as any of them might have done.

"How did he know you wrote the letter? We knew, of course, because we've seen you write left-handed," said Tricks.

"I haven't any idea. It may have been only a guess. Though I don't know even how he could have guessed."

"What made you come after us?" asked Bags.

Goggs looked him straight in the face as he replied:

"Because if you were in for a row, I didn't want to shirk it. I didn't care about taking a hand, but—but—Don't you see, you fellows? I couldn't leave you to face it, and sink out myself, could I? I did hope that the cad would manage so that you couldn't get in; though I was afraid of the window all along."

The three were moved. Wagtail's face grew less sulky, and Bags and Tricks were almost ready to forgive and forget.

But just then Allardyce came in, with Bliss, Evans, Blair, and Champeys behind him.

Allardyce was furious, and the other four scarcely looked pleasant or friendly.

"Is this yarn true, Goggs?" demanded the leader of the five.

"I cannot answer that till I know what the yarn is," Goggs replied coolly.

And now he had regained his usual precise manner. But he no longer wore his glasses, and, with those bright blue eyes of his looking one straight in the face, it was impossible to regard him as a mere eccentric ass, whatever one might think about his speech.

Besides, no mere eccentric ass could play footer and run and jump as Goggs could. He might be a traitor, but he was not to be dismissed as of no account!

"Oh, don't pretend you don't twig! That's all beastly rot! Everybody's heard that you wrote Cardenden an anonymous letter—"

"Without your name to it, whatever," put in Evans.

"Shut up, you Welsh donkey! If he'd put his name to it, it wouldn't have been anonymous, would it? Is it true, Goggs?"

"Yes, it is true. Here is the letter. Cardenden has been good enough to send it for these fellows to see."

If Goggs had hoped that the sight of the letter would appease Allardyce's wrath—would show him that the warning to Cardenden gave no names, and was evidently not intended to compromise anybody—he was disappointed.

Allardyce read it at a glance, tore it across and then across again, and flung the pieces into Goggs' face. He had lifted his hand once more to strike, when Bags jumped up and caught him by the wrist.

"None of that!" said Bags. "You can't strike a fellow with one arm in a sling!"

(Continued on page iv of cover.)



JOHN BRYANT,  
Glasgow.



MISS M. CLARKE.



A LOYAL READER,  
Belfast.



"IRISH, AND PROUD  
OF IT, TOO," Ballybay.



FRED ANGIER,  
Colchester.



FRED TILLER,  
Christchurch.



J. JUDGE AND CHUMS,  
Rochdale.



C. REENNESON,  
Chiswick.



H. B.



A. G. DUPLOCK,  
Clapham, S.W.



A JEWISH READER,  
Cleethorpes.



TWO TRUE READERS.



A LOYAL READER AND  
BROTHER, Birmingham.



J. HYLAND,  
London, N.



HARRY ANGIER,  
Colchester.



HUGH CLARKE.



A LOYAL READER,  
Belfast.



A LOYAL READER,  
Belfast.



P. GALLAGHER,  
Glasgow.



## THE FOURTH FORM AT FRANKLINHAM.

(Continued from page 20.)

Allardyce, repentant, ashamed of his impulse, was yet by no means appeased.

"I forgot all about that," he said. "But he can take it that he's had his face smacked, and when his wrist's all right again I'm going to fight him. They say he can do ju-jitsu. I don't care a hang about that! I'll fight him with that thrown in!"

"Bet you don't!" answered Tricks, grinning. "Because if he once starts in on that there'll be no earthly chance for you!"

"Are you fellows backing him up?" asked Allardyce.

Bags looked at Tricks, and Tricks nodded. Wagtail laid a hand on Goggs' shoulder, and Bags understood.

"Yes, we are!" answered Bags.

"Then you are just as big rotters as he is, and you'll be sent to Coventry with him and his pal Cardenden!"

"I suppose you don't want to hear Goggs' explanation?" asked Tricks.

"No, I don't!" snorted Allardyce. "He can't explain—not to satisfy us. What else could he have done it for but to suck up to that cad?"

"To the chap who fouled him and dislocated his wrist?" said Bags. "Jolly likely, isn't it?"

"I don't care about that. Some rotters will stand anything if they can make their profit out of it!"

"Don't be such an idiot, Dicebox! Old Goggs bars Cardenden a heap more than you do," said Tricks.

"Rats to that! I'm sorry. I thought he was a no-end decent sort. So did we all. But we don't now—do we, Bliss?"

"Not likely!" answered Bliss, who always followed Allardyce's lead.

"What do you say, Evans?"

"Indeed, I think Goggs did very wrong, whatever," answered the Welsh junior, who always said "indeed" and "whatever" when he got excited. "But if he can explain—"

"He can't! If he does it's all lies!"

Goggs flushed, and spoke.

"This is not worthy of you, Allardyce. I cannot resent it forcibly, as I should do if I had the use of my right arm—indeed, indeed, you would be willing to let me fight you one-handed. I am ready to do so. In any case, I protest against being called a liar!"

"It's rotten talk, Allardyce!" said Bags. "And it's rot for Goggs to talk about fighting you one-handed, when everybody knows that you're the best boxer in the junior school—But I'll fight you!"

"I shall lick you!" answered Allardyce grimly.

"Very likely! I dare say you will. I don't care about that."

Allardyce turned to Evans again.

"Do you still want to hear Goggs explain? He admits he wrote the letter. Isn't that good enough?"

"I think it is bad enough, whatever," answered Evans. "And I think all the fellows in our House will say the same."

"Chamber, what's your verdict?"

The long-legged one seemed doubtful.

"These chaps seem to think there was some excuse for it," he said.

"That's not what I asked. I asked what you thought."

"Well, my pater says there's never any sufficient excuse for an anonymous letter, and I'm jolly sorry Goggs has let himself down to writing one; but as he don't deny it, I think we ought to let him see that Frankingham can't stand that sort of thing."

"And you can speak for the other chaps in Bultitude's?" Chamneys could. He was the acknowledged leader of the Bultitudian juniors. But it seemed to the four chum, that, through Chamneys, Bultitude spoke with a somewhat uncertain voice.

Blair, the representative of Waymark's, was more emphatic. "It's a dirty trick," he said, "and all our House will say the same, I'm jolly sure!"

"There you are!" said Allardyce. "Now, you three, are you going to Coventry with Goggs, or are you going to chuck him over?"

"We're not going to chuck him over, not for you or all the silly asses in the giddy school!" answered Wagtail, before either Bags or Tricks could speak.

But after Wagtail had spoken there was no need for them to say anything.

"All right. When are we going to meet, Blount?"

"Whenever you like, Allardyce."

"Stay here, Misery, will you, and fix up with this chap—or

with Trickett, if he's going to second him. You'll act for me, of course?"

Bliss nodded, and stayed when the other four went.

"But this is not reasonable," said Goggs. "It is I who was insulted, and if Bags does fight Allardyce now, I shall insist on fighting him later."

"That's all right," replied Bliss, grinning. "I guess all Bags can do to Dicebox won't keep him in hospital long after you're ready."

"Don't argue, old ass," said Bags. "If I back down now they will say I'm farked. And I'm not! Anyway, the fight's got to come off."

"It shall not!" answered Goggs, with determination. "I will not allow it!"

Bliss grinned still more widely. "For his own part, he could have forgiven Goggs. He could not help liking the fellow still. But all this talk about stopping a fight to which both Allardyce and Blount had made up their minds seemed to Bliss mere hot air."

He did not realise that when Johnny Goggs said a thing he meant it, and when he said he would do a thing he generally managed to do it.

"Where and when?" asked Bliss.

"Oh, to-morrow afternoon, I guess," Bags answered. "It's too late to-day. You know the field with a barn in it about half-way to the village? That ought to do. The hedges are high."

"All serene! We'll be there," replied Bliss, and departed.

"Bags," said Goggs, "are you aware that the dear Jarker came to see cook last night?"

The three stared at him. He seemed prepared to treat all that had passed as if it were nothing. One did not expect Goggs to behave like other people, but this was too much!

"No, I didn't know," answered Bags, in a tone that plainly implied he wasn't much interested.

"It is even so," said Goggs solemnly. "I saw him while I was waiting in the quad. But we will leave that for the present. I should like to shake hands with you three, if you please. I cannot say all that I feel, but—but—"

"There, that's all right, old ass!" Bags said, patting him encouragingly on the shoulder. For there were actually tears in Goggs' blue eyes!

They all shook hands with each other, and felt as though their firm friendship had been newly cemented.

"What did you tell us about cook and Jarker for just then?" asked Tricks a few minutes later.

"Because Bliss had stopped in the corridor just outside the door, and the door was open. He would not mean to listen, I know, but he could not have helped hearing."

"It's true, though!" said Wagtail.

"It is perfectly true; and I think we may have some fun out of it," replied Goggs.

### The Field of Battle.

There was a First Eleven match on the Saturday afternoon, and that meant no compulsory junior footer. In an ordinary way the Fourth Form contingent would have considered it their duty to attend the match and cheer the school team on. But to-day the greater part of the Fourth, in little bands of three or four, wended their way to that field on the road to the village.

No attempt had been made to keep the fight a secret—that is, as far as the Form was concerned. The consequence was that the affair proved a greater draw than the match.

The four from Study No. 11 walked down together, of course. Few spoke to them. The Fourth had accepted the edict of Coventry proclaimed against Goggs by Allardyce, and as the other three chose to stand by their chum, they were reckoned as being barred.

But while it is easy to put one fellow in Coventry and to keep him there for a time, it is very difficult to put and keep more than one there. And the four, holding together, told each other that they didn't care a scrap about Coventry, and really did not care so very much.

Moreover Bags, though no one expected him to win, would fight as the champion of Grayson's. And were the Graysonites going to yell for a Hayter's man? Not likely!

Directly after dinner Cardenden had left the quad, and had taken the same road that the juniors were now taking. About halfway he met Mr. Brighton Fortescue, looking more raffish than ever, and smoking the inevitable big cigar. Mr. Fortescue might manage without clean linen or regular meals, but cigars and brandy were necessities to him.

"Why not have come to our mutual pal's, dear boy?" asked Mr. Fortescue. He meant the Crown and Sceptre.

"Won't do in the daytime," answered Cardenden. "We must have our talk somewhere else."

Their meeting had taken place opposite the gate of the very field in which Bags and Allardyce were to fight. The senior's eyes fell upon the barn.

(There will be another grand instalment of this exciting story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET Library. Order your copy in advance.)