

ANOTHER TOPPING FREE GIFT INSIDE, BOYS!

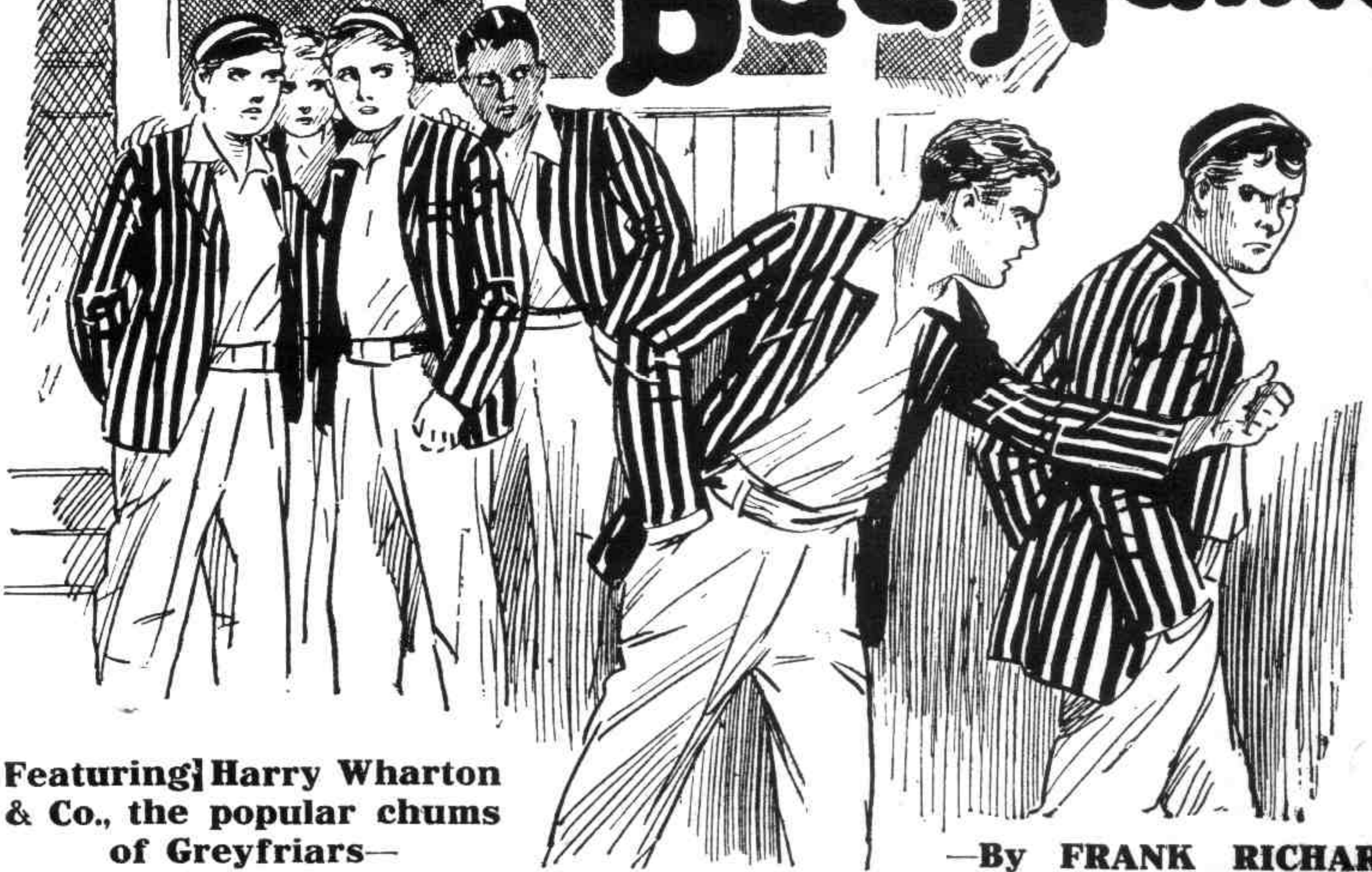
# The **MAGNET** 2<sup>D</sup>



**NEXT WEEK'S GIFT**



# a Dog with a Bad Name!



Featuring Harry Wharton & Co., the popular chums of Greyfriars—

—By FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### High Words!

**R**OT!"

"Look here—"

"I tell you, rot!" snapped Harry Wharton.

Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, knitted his brows.

His manner had been quite apologetic when he entered Study No. 1 in the Remove. But very little provocation was required to rouse Smithy's temper.

"Rot or not, there it is!" he grunted. "I tell you I can't play to-morrow, and you'll have to find another man."

"You're down to play—"

"I know that."

"You don't mean you're not fit?" Wharton stared at the Bounder. "You look fit enough. You were at the top of your form at games practice to-day."

"Fit as a fiddle; but—"

"But what?" snapped the captain of the Remove.

"I've got to go over to Lantham to-morrow afternoon."

"Rot!"

"It's a thing I can't put off—"

"Rubbish!"

"I tell you—" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"You needn't tell me anything of the kind. You know we're relying on you for the Rookwood match to-morrow!" snapped Wharton angrily. "Now you

come in at the last minute and tell me you want to stand out. You—"

"I don't want to stand out; but—"

"Then don't!" said the captain of the Remove. "I can tell you, Smithy, that if you let us down to-morrow, you won't have a chance of doing it again. If you don't want to play cricket to-morrow, you can keep out of the cricket. It's not a thing you can take up and throw down whenever you choose."

"I'm keen enough to play, but—"

"Rot!"

"Hold on, old chap!" said Frank Nugent mildly. "If Smithy's really got to cut the match—"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Wharton.

The captain of the Remove was angry, and, like the prophet of old, he felt that he did well to be angry. He was not disposed to listen to the voice of the peacemaker.

"Look here, Smithy." Nugent turned to the Bounder. "You can't have anything so jolly important at Lantham to-morrow."

"If it wasn't, do you think I should cut a cricket match for it?" growled the Bounder.

"Well, what is it that's so jolly important?"

"Yes, what is it?" said Wharton sarcastically. "Billiards or banker, or the Lantham Races?"

The Bounder flushed.

"If you think—" he began.

"Well, what's a fellow to think? Every man in the Remove knows what your important engagements out of gates generally are," said the captain of the Remove scornfully, "and if you're letting us down for a reason like that—"

"Oh, draw it mild, old chap!" said Nugent. "Smithy wouldn't do that."

"He's doing it!" grunted Wharton. "Think so if you like," said the Bounder sulkily. "Anyhow, I can't play to-morrow, and that's that!"

And with that, Herbert Vernon-Smith turned on his heel and walked out of Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton half rose. His lips were set and his eyes gleaming. It looked for a moment as if he intended to stride after the Bounder, and call that rather arrogant youth to account on the spot.

Frank Nugent hastily dropped a hand on his shoulder, and pushed him back into his seat.

"Hold on, old fellow! No good rowing," he said.

Wharton drew a deep breath, but he nodded.

"You're right, Frank. But confound his cheek! He knows jolly well that the team isn't up to the mark. We've got to go all out to keep our end up against Rookwood to-morrow; and now, at the last minute almost, to let us

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down for the sake of some of his black-guardly foolery—"

"It can't be that," said Frank, shaking his head.

"What else can it be? It's the Lantham Race Meeting to-morrow, and we needn't look any farther for Smithy's precious engagement. He's done the same sort of thing before."

Nugent whistled.

"If it's that, the fellow ought to be jolly well kicked," he said.

"I came jolly near kicking him!" growled the captain of the Remove. "Anyhow, he won't play for the Remove again in a hurry, if he lets us down to-morrow, and he means it."

"But he wouldn't—"

"Rot!"

Nugent smiled faintly, and said no more.

He could feel for his chum, and understand his exasperation.

The Bounder, not always a reliable man, had been at the top of his form lately, and at the top of his form Smithy was as good a cricketer as any man in the Lower School at Greyfriars. In a fixture like that with Rookwood, he could not be spared, if it could be helped.

Prep was over in the Remove studies, and Harry Wharton had been going thoughtfully over the cricket list, when the Bounder came in.

Wharton was a keen cricket captain, and he was very keen to beat Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood. But the Remove cricketers, as will happen sometimes to the best of teams, had not been in great form for some time past. Lost matches and narrow wins had been the record of late. They had lost to St. Jim's and to Redclyffe, drawn with St. Jude's, and only the Bounder's splendid play, as Wharton freely and gratefully acknowledged, had defeated Highcliffe.

The Bounder was, in fact, the very last man to be spared from the team when a hard game had to be fought. Wharton would rather have left out Johnny Bull or Squiff, or even Bob Cherry. And now the Bounder was going to stand out for a frivolous reason, letting the side down as if the Rookwood match was a trifle light as air.

"It's rotten—it's sickening!" said the captain of the Remove, as Nugent did not speak. "Smithy's taking advantage of his value to the team. He knows he's worth his weight in gold to-morrow; he knows jolly well I'd rather stand out myself than leave him out. It's a dirty trick!"

"Unless he's got a jolly good reason."

"For goodness' sake don't make excuses for him!" snapped Wharton. "I believe you'd make excuses for the prince of darkness himself, Frank, and make out that he wasn't really such a bad chap after all."

Nugent laughed.

"Well, Smithy's out, anyhow," he said. "It's a question of filling his place. What about Redwing?"

"Bother Redwing!" said Wharton crossly. "If Smithy lets us down, I'm not likely to reward him by putting his pal in."

Nugent's face became very grave.

"I shouldn't think of that, Harry. Smithy can go and eat coke. It's the cricket we've got to think of."

"I'm thinking of it, fathead! There's one consolation for Smithy playing the goat like this."

Wharton's face cleared a little.

"What's that?" asked Nugent.

"I can put you in, old chap."

"Oh!" ejaculated Nugent.

Harry Wharton picked up a pencil, and turned to his cricket list again. He drew a thick line through the name of H. Vernon-Smith, and wrote under it "F. Nugent."

"That's that!" he said, as he rose. "You'll have to pull up your socks to-morrow, Franky, old bean."

"Rely on that!" said Nugent. "I'll be jolly glad to play, of course. I only wish I had as much beef as the Bounder."

"Anyhow, you won't let the team down to go over to Lantham for the races," said Wharton.

Nugent chuckled.

"Not likely! Still, I can't think that Smithy—"

"Oh, rot! Let's go down," said Harry.

And the chums of Study No. 1 left that celebrated apartment to go down to the Rag.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Row in the Rag!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry uttered that ejaculation in a surprised tone.

He glanced from Harry Wharton to Herbert Vernon-Smith, and back again to the captain of the Remove.

Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were in the Rag when Wharton and Nugent came in together. The Bounder was there,

**The "Bounder" of Greyfriars has told so many "whoppers" in his time that when he does tell the truth he is not believed. From this unique situation springs a series of entanglements that provide the Lower School with the sensation of the term!**

lounging by himself with his hands in his pockets, and a rather moody expression on his face.

He made a step towards Wharton as the latter entered. Apparently, he intended to speak. Wharton's face set grimly, and he walked on past the Bounder, taking no notice of him.

Smithy coloured and bit his lip.

Bob's surprised glance went from one to the other. Wharton and Nugent joined the other three members of the Famous Co., and Bob asked at once:

"What's up?"

"The upfulness appears to be terrific, my esteemed and absurd Wharton!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Not ragging with Smithy?" asked Johnny Bull.

Wharton compressed his lips.

"Not exactly," he answered. "I don't want to row with the fellow, but I can't stand him just now. He's out of the cricket to-morrow."

"Hard cheese, isn't it?" said Bob.

Wharton stared. Bob spoke as if he sympathised with the Bounder, which was not at all what the captain of the Remove expected.

"Hard cheese for the team, you mean," he said. "We can't spare Smithy, and he knows it—not that he cares."

"I fancy he does," said Bob. "Dash it all, he must care! He looked rather flabbergasted when he told me."

"Oh, he's told you, has he?" said Wharton, rather nettled. "I dare say he told all the Remove before he mentioned it to his skipper!"

"Eh—don't get shirty about nothing,

old bean!" said Bob, with a stare. "It's rotten for the side, of course; but it's rather hard on the man himself to be called away when he's keen on the game. He happened to mention it to me because I saw him reading the letter and asked him what was up."

"Called away!" repeated Wharton satirically. "Called away to the Lantham Races?"

"Eh?"

"Smithy's got an important engagement at Lantham to-morrow afternoon, and can't play for Greyfriars. As the races are on at Lantham, it wasn't necessary for him to go into details."

Bob Cherry gave a jump.

"My hat! Was he pulling my leg, then? Isn't he going over to Lantham to-morrow to meet his father?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Well, that's what he said, and he seemed cut up when he told me," said Bob slowly. "He had a letter from his pater, saying that he would be at Lantham to-morrow, and asking him to go over for the afternoon."

Wharton started a little. He realised that he had not given the Bounder much chance to explain. But his face hardened.

"It's a good many hours since the post was in," he said. "If Smithy's had a letter from his father, he could have told us at tea-time; no need to keep it back till after prep."

"He had the letter in his pocket, and didn't open it till prep, so he said," answered Bob. "Of course, he had no idea what was in it."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You don't believe him?" asked Bob.

"Well, I don't quite," said the captain of the Remove. "The day he played at Highcliffe, breaking detention, he spun a yarn about his father wanting to see him. Smithy isn't exactly a model of veracity!"

"Well, that was to Quelch," said Bob. "Smithy's got a queer idea that a man can spoof the masters; but he doesn't tell lies in the Remove."

"I think it's all right, Wharton," said Johnny Bull in his slow, thoughtful way. "Smithy's a bit of an unreliable chap in some ways, but he wouldn't let us down to-morrow for nothing."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh nodded agreement.

Wharton's lips curled.

"Well, all I know for certain is that he's let us down," he said. "That's enough for me. Anyhow, whether he's going to Lantham to obey his father's orders, or whether he's going for the races, it comes to the same thing—he's out of the cricket."

"Who's in his place?" asked Bob.

"Franky."

"Well, I'm jolly glad Franky's having a chance!" said Bob. "You couldn't have done better in the circs."

Frank Nugent laughed.

"I'm keen as mustard," he said. "I know I'm not up to Rookwood form, and I'm not pretending that I am; but with Smithy standing out, a man's wanted. I'd stand down fast enough if Smithy could play, after all."

"You jolly well wouldn't!" said Wharton curtly.

"My dear chap," said Bob, "if Smithy could wangle it somehow, after all, Frank ought to stand down, as he says. Frank's our pal. But cricket's cricket."

"Yes, cricket's cricket—not a thing to be taken up one minute, and

chucked aside the next!" said Wharton, setting his lips. "I've refused Smithy leave to stand out of the team for his racing rot. He's taking french leave! He can stick to it now, and be hanged to him!"

"That's all right, of course, if it is racing rot. But if it's his father—"

"Oh, rubbish!"

"Thanks!" said Bob, rather dryly.

Wharton's eyes glinted.

"I said rubbish, and I mean rubbish!" he exclaimed. "Smithy would spin any yarn that suited him, and he's just pulled your leg. If it was his father, he could explain that he was booked to play in a regular fixture, and Mr. Vernon-Smith would understand; any fellow's pater would. And he can't be so frightfully keen about his father if he's carried a letter from him in his pocket for hours unopened!"

"No bizney of yours!" broke in the voice of the Bounder.

Herbert Vernon-Smith had approached the group of juniors, and Wharton's voice, by no means subdued, reached him as he came up.

Wharton glanced round, with a flash in his eyes.

"No bizney of mine, now you're out of the eleven!" he said. "You're out, and you stay out, and that's that!"

"I've told these chaps I had a letter from my father, and, like an ass, I left it in my pocket unopened till prep," said Vernon-Smith. "I should have told you when I came to your study, if you'd given a chap a chance to speak." The Bounder paused a moment. "I've been trying to think whether it could be fixed, after all, if I could get through to the pater on the phone in the morning—"

"Cut it out!" said Harry.

"Do you mean that you don't want me in the eleven, even if I get out of going over to Lantham to-morrow?" demanded the Bounder.

"I mean that you can't chop and change. As for a phone call to your father, that's all bunkum! It all sounds a bit too much like the yarn you spun Quelch the day you broke detention to go over to Highcliffe!"

"I won the match for the Remove there, anyhow!" sneered the Bounder.

"You did—and that's why you're putting on roll now!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "You can't play fast and loose with the cricket like this. I've put Nugent in the team now to fill your place, and he stays in!"

"Then you don't believe me?"

"No. I don't."

The Bounder's eyes glittered, and he came a stride nearer to the captain of the Remove, with his fists clenched.

Wharton faced him with a grim look. He was far too exasperated to care if the dispute went to the length of blows.

"You can't call me a liar, Wharton!" said the Bounder, between his teeth.

"Didn't you lie to Quelch on Highcliffe day?" snapped Wharton.

"That's a different matter."

"I don't see it! As far as I can see, a lie is a lie, and there's an end of it."

"Well, whether you can see it or not, there's a difference; and you can't call me a liar and get away with it! Put up your hands, you rotter!"

"As soon as you like!" said Wharton disdainfully.

Bob Cherry jumped between them promptly. Johnny Bull caught Wharton by one arm, Nugent caught him by the other. Bob gave the Bounder a shove on the chest that sent him staggering back.

"Peace, my infants!" said Bob.

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"You can't scrap just before a cricket match! Give it a miss!"

"Get out of the way!" yelled the Bounder furiously.

"Bow-wow!"

"Stand aside, Bob!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Rats!"

Tom Redwing came quickly up, and he caught his chum Smithy by the arm. Unwillingly the Bounder allowed himself to be dragged away, his eyes flashing at the captain of the Remove as he went.

Wharton's comrades released him when Redwing had got the Bounder out of the Rag.

"No need for you fellows to interfere!" said Wharton tartly.

"Do you want the Rookwood men to see you with a black eye to-morrow?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, look here, Wharton—"

"My esteemed chums," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh, "let not the frown of infuriation overcome the idiotic smile of friendship. The golden silence is the stitch in time that saves a bird in hand from going longest to the well, as the English proverb says."

And that English proverb had the effect of restoring the smiles to the frowning faces of the Co.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Too Late!

HARRY WHARTON had recovered his equanimity when the Remove came out in break the following morning. It was a glorious summer's day, and the weather was ideal for cricket; and with a good game in prospect a fellow could hardly help feeling cheerful. Wharton was still sore over the Bounder's desertion, as he regarded it; but there was a compensation. He was always very keen to play his best chum, Frank Nugent, if he could, in the Greyfriars matches.

Nugent, though a good cricketer, was not up to the form required in the big fixtures, and he had always cheerfully agreed that cricket came before friendship. Now, Wharton was placed in the position of being forced to do what he had always wanted to do. A strict sense of duty as cricket captain prevented him from playing Nugent when Smithy was available; but personally, of course, he preferred Nugent in every way. So, as Smithy's desertion could not be helped, he found considerable satisfaction in including his chum in the eleven.

Strange to say, Nugent was rather less satisfied than Wharton. He was keen to play—keen as mustard—but he wanted the side to win, and there was no conceit about him; he knew that he was not in the same street with Smithy, either with the bat or the ball. His own private opinion was that Wharton would have done better to discuss the matter quietly and cordially with Smithy, and see whether anything could be done. But it would have seemed ungrateful and ungracious to hint at such an idea, when Wharton was so obviously glad to play him; neither was the Form captain in a mood for a friendly discussion with Smithy. So Frank said nothing, though he felt uncomfortable.

Immediately the juniors were out of the Form-room, Harry Wharton went to look at the pitch. The cricketers were

excused from third school, as the Rookwooders were coming over early. The rest of the Remove had to get back to the Form-room after break.

Herbert Vernon-Smith stayed behind in the Form-room, after the other fellows went out. Redwing waited for him at the door, while he stopped to speak to Mr. Quelch at his high desk.

The Remove master glanced at him.

"What is it, Vernon-Smith?" he asked.

"I should like you to allow me to use your telephone, sir," said Smithy.

"Indeed. Why?"

"My father's coming down to Lantham to-day, sir, and he's written to me to meet him there," explained the Bounder. "I want to ask him whether he could come on to Greyfriars instead, so that I shan't have to cut the cricket match."

"Oh, in that case you may certainly use the telephone!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Thank you, sir!"

The Bounder left the Form-room, and joined Redwing in the passage.

"Come on!" he said.

"Smithy, old man," said Redwing, "isn't it rather too late now? Wharton's put another man in the team—"

"A man as likely to get runs as I am?" jeered the Bounder.

"Well, no; but it's rather hard on Nugent if he's chucked at the last minute; and besides—"

"That doesn't matter two straws, so long as we win matches. Come on!"

The Bounder was heading for Mr. Quelch's study while he was speaking.

Redwing followed him, but his look was dubious.

"I'm afraid Wharton's made up his mind," he said.

"He can unmake it again."

"He's cricket captain, Smithy—"

"A cricket captain's duty is to play the best men available."

"I know that; but—"

"Oh, chuck it, old man! If I can fix it with the pater I'm not missing the Rookwood game."

Vernon-Smith went into Mr. Quelch's study, and asked for a trunk call. He was soon through; and Redwing, leaving him at the telephone, waited in the passage.

In a few minutes the Bounder rejoined him.

He was grinning.

"All serene!" he announced.

"How do you mean?" asked Tom.

"The pater agreed at once. He was going to stand me a spread at the Pagoda at Lantham," said the Bounder, laughing. "But as soon as I told him there was a match on here, he said he would come on in the car as soon as he was through with his business. So that's all right."

"Oh!" said Redwing. "Then you won't be going to Lantham—"

"No fear! I'd have cut the Rookwood match, and a dozen matches, if the pater wanted me to," said the Bounder coolly. "But he's an old sport—he catches on. And he's rather keen to see me playing for Greyfriars, too."

Redwing looked troubled.

"But Wharton—"

"I'm going to put it to Wharton now! If he thinks he's goin' to play a dud, with a good man askin' to play, he's makin' a big mistake; and if he doesn't see it, I fancy the other men will point it out to him fast enough."

The Bounder walked cheerfully out of the House, evidently in the highest spirits. Redwing followed him, more slowly.

Trouble between the captain of the



Johnny Bull grabbed Wharton by one arm, while Nugent caught him by the other. Then Bob Cherry gave the Bounder a shove that sent him staggering back. "Peace, my infants!" he said. "You can't scrap just before a cricket match!"

malicious satisfaction at the idea of Wharton's approaching discomfiture.

He found the Famous Five, and some more of the cricketers, at the pavilion. Harry Wharton had been examining the pitch; and he had been satisfied with his inspection. His face was cheerful, but it clouded a little as the Bounder appeared, and he looked another way. He did not want trouble with Vernon-Smith; he did not want anything to say to him at all.

"Good news for you, Wharton!" said the Bounder.

The captain of the Remove did not seem to hear. Frank Nugent gave the Bounder a quick look.

"I spoke to you, Wharton!" said Smithy, with a glitter in his eyes.

Wharton looked at him, at last.

Form and the Bounder had been very narrowly averted in the Rag the previous evening. Redwing could not help fearing that it would come now.

Half a dozen of the Remove cricketers were chatting outside the House, and the Bounder called to them.

"Where's Wharton?"

"Gone down to the ground," answered Peter Todd. "What do you want him for, Smithy?"

Toddy gave the Bounder a rather suspicious look.

"I've got some good news for him," answered the Bounder carelessly.

"Look here, Smithy," said Squiff, "if you're pining for trouble, give it a miss till after the match. It will keep."

The Bounder laughed.

"My dear chap, what I've got to tell Wharton will make him jump for joy," he retorted. "I've got off going to Lantham, and I can play for the Remove after all."

"Well, that's good," said the Australian junior. "I'm sorry Nugent will be out—but we want to beat Rookwood."

"Good egg!" assented Peter Todd. "But you've left it rather late, Smithy. You ought to have arranged all this earlier."

"Couldn't be done," said the Bounder. "I've phoned my pater—"

"I believe the telephone service was running all right yesterday!" said Peter, with sarcasm.

"I never knew till prep—"

"Well, you jolly well ought to have known. If you carry your pater's letters about unopened in your pockets—"

The Bounder walked on without waiting for Peter to finish that remark. As a matter of fact, his own carelessness was to blame, to a large extent, for the trouble that had arisen. But the Bounder was not disposed to admit it; neither did he care very much. Wharton had given him the lie; and the Bounder was feeling a rather sardonic satisfaction at the prospect of putting the captain of the Remove into an awkward position.

Now that he was free to play, it was scarcely possible for the skipper to leave him out; at least, so it seemed to the Bounder. Wharton could be as keen as he liked on playing his own chum; but he could not put in a weak cricketer when a strong one was available, especially as the whole ground of his complaint against the Bounder was that Smithy was sorely needed in the match. The Bounder was feeling a

"Well, don't!" he said. "I want nothing to say to you, Smithy! You've left the team in the lurch, and the less you say the better."

"I've come here to tell you that I'm not leaving the team in the lurch. I've spoken to my pater on the phone—"

"Oh, rot!"

"I'm not going to Lantham to-day, and—"

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"You can go to Lantham, or go to Jericho!" he answered deliberately. "Go where you like; you're not wanted here!"

"I'm offering to play," said Vernon-Smith quietly.

"Keep your offers till they're asked for."

"Does that mean that you're dropping me out of the eleven, Wharton?" asked the Bounder, breathing hard.

"You're out of the eleven already," answered Wharton. "You dropped out of your own accord. And I warned you at the time that you couldn't play fast and loose. That's that!"

"Look here," said Bob uneasily, "if Smithy can play—"

"He could have played all the time if he'd liked," said Wharton curtly. "He's stood out of his own accord, and

his place has been filled—and that's the end of it."

"But—" said Johnny Bull slowly.

Wharton gave an angry laugh.

"Do you want him to walk out of the team, and walk in again, whenever he chooses?" he exclaimed. "Suppose we take him at his word, and he lets us down again? He says he's giving up the Lantham races now; but he may change his mind again presently. I'm not trusting him."

"Well, yes, if it's like that. But Smithy says—"

"I don't care two straws what he says! I don't believe a word he says!" snapped the captain of the Remove.

Vernon-Smith clenched his hands till the nails dug in the palms. His face was pale with anger. But he controlled himself.

"You fellows know how the matter stands," he said quietly. "When I read my father's letter, I knew I had to cut the match. But I've phoned now, and it's all right. He's coming on to the school after he's got through his business at Lantham. I suppose even Wharton will believe it when he sees my pater here."

"Yes—when!" said Wharton. "But you'd say that, or anything else, to gain your point. There's another man in your place now, and it's too late."

The Bounder's temper broke out savagely at that.

"You mean that you're ready to chuck away the game because you want to play your own pal, instead of a fellow you don't like?" he exclaimed.

"That's enough! You're not wanted here, Vernon-Smith, and the sooner you clear off, the better!"

The Bounder's eyes blazed. He looked as if he would spring at the captain of the Remove. But he restrained himself, and, shoving his hands deep into his pockets, he tramped savagely off the cricket field.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Trouble!

**B**ILLY BUNTER rolled down to Little Side, and blinked round him through his big spectacles.

As he sighted the captain of the Remove he rolled up to him.

"I say, Harry, old chap!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, don't bother!" snapped Wharton.

The Remove captain was in no mood for Bunter.

He was standing near the cricket pavilion by himself, with a frown of troubled thought on his brow.

So far as Wharton could see he had acted rightly.

He was eager to play his chum in preference to the Bounder, but his conscience was clear on that point. Nugent never would have been in the team had not Smithy let them down. As for letting a fellow play fast and loose, that was not to be thought of.

But though Wharton could not see how he could have acted other than as he had done, he realised that his chums did not see eye to eye with him.

The Co. had moved off from the spot, leaving him alone; not pointedly, but apparently because they wanted to discuss something out of his hearing.

It was annoying enough. He supposed they were discussing whether Smithy had told the truth or not. If he had, of course, he was not to blame, though he had been careless, and it was

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up to Wharton to let him back into the eleven. But Wharton did not believe for a moment in Smithy's truth. Perhaps he was unwilling to change the opinion he had once formed, and emphatically stated. There was a strain of obstinack in Wharton's character.

Anyhow, the thing was settled, if they confabbed together till the Rookwooders came. Nugent was playing, and Smithy was not.

But the captain of the Remove was in anything but a happy mood. And he snapped so sharply at Billy Bunter, when that fat and fatuous youth butted in, that Bunter jumped back in alarm.

"Oh, really, Wharton—" he gasped.

"Hook it, fathead! Look here, you'll be late for class," said Wharton, more good-temperedly. "All the men who are not playing cricket have to go in for third school. Cut off!"

### ALL HE DID

was to send me a funny joke, and now he's won a Topping Prize.—Ed.



Stout Gentleman (who has been knocked down by motorist): "You dangerous lunatic! Couldn't you have gone round me?"  
Motorist: "Er—er—I'm sorry, but I wasn't sure whether I had enough petrol!"

A pocket knife has been forwarded to: Tom Jones, Bricklayers' Arms, Letchmore Heath, near Watford, Herts.

NOTE.—All jokes and limericks should be sent to: c/o. "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

"That's what I was thinking of," explained Bunter. "I say, old chap, you're not letting that swanking ass, Smithy, back into the team, are you?"

Bunter eyed the captain of the Remove quite anxiously through his big spectacles. Wharton stared at him. Bunter's interest in Remove cricket matches was small. And his present keen anxiety was quite inexplicable.

"Smithy's not in the team," said Wharton briefly; and he turned away.

He certainly did not want to discuss that matter with the Owl of the Remove.

"Oh, good!" said Bunter. "That's all right, then, old chap! I say, Wharton, don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you! I say, as Smithy's keeping out, and Nugent's not playing, you'll want a man—see?"

Wharton turned back.

"What—what do you mean?"

"Eh! I mean that I'd rather play cricket than go in for third school," ex-

plained Bunter. "You cut off and tell Quelch—"

"You fat idiot!" roared the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"What do you mean about Nugent, you silly owl?"

"Eh! I meant what I said! Can't you understand English? As Nugent's not playing—"

"He is playing, fathead!"

"That's all you know," grinned Bunter. "He's jolly well not! I suppose he ought to know."

Wharton set his lips.

"I jolly well heard him say he wasn't, anyhow!" said Bunter. "And that means that you'll want another man, and as I want to cut third school, I'm ready to play. You buzz off and tell Quelch—"

"Shut up, you fat ass!"

Wharton turned away.

His face was dark with anger, his eyes glinting under knitted brows. He told himself that he was a fool to take any heed whatever of Billy Bunter's tattle; but he could not help heeding it, all the same.

Bunter rolled after him.

"I say, Harry, old chap—" he gasped.

"Leave me alone!"

"I say, what are you getting your rag out for, old fellow? I'd leave you alone fast enough, only this is jolly important. The bell will go for third school in a few minutes. And it's Latin prose," added Bunter, as a clincher. "I'd rather play cricket than do Latin prose with Quelch—any fellow would. So—"

"Get out!" roared Wharton.

"Beast! I tell you—"

Billy Bunter grabbed the captain of the Remove by the arm. Why Wharton was "waxy" Bunter did not know; but he knew that matters of importance could not be allowed to slide, simply because Wharton was waxy.

"You fat idiot, clear off, will you?" exclaimed Wharton.

"But look here, old chap, I want to play, Quelch—I mean I want to miss Quelch! I'm prepared to play third school—I mean cricket— Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter gave a roar as he sat down in the grass under the heavy hand of the captain of the Remove. Wharton walked away, leaving him to roar.

He went into the pavilion with knitted brows. The roar of Bunter followed him like the voice of the Bull of Bashan. And he heard from somewhere the tones of Harold Skinner of the Remove.

"Wharton's wild, you know. The old Bounder's got his rag out! He's taking it out of Bunter."

"He, he, he!" came from Snoop.

Wharton breathed hard.

Skinner and Snoop walked away, laughing. Squiff and Peter Todd and Tom Brown came up and looked rather curiously at Wharton's flushed face.

"Anything up?" asked Squiff.

"No," answered Wharton curtly.

The Australian junior gave him a look and moved on.

"No need to bite a man's head off, old bean," remarked Peter Todd.

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Thanks!" said Peter; and he moved off, too.

At a little distance Wharton could see his friends. And the Bounder was with the Co.—Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Hurree Singh, and Frank Nugent—all seemed very interested in what Smithy had to say. Vernon-Smith's

face was serious and earnest, and Wharton could guess that he was "telling the tale," and convincing his hearers. He set his lips hard. Apparently his friends were turning against him, under the influence of the Bouncer—no doubt believing every word the fellow said.

Well, they could believe Smithy, if they liked; but they, as well as the Bouncer, would find that he was skipper, and that it was for him to say the final word.

Bunter, evidently, had caught something from them. Nugent had said that he was not playing, so Bunter supposed. There was a deep throb of anger in Wharton's breast at the bare thought.

But very likely Bunter had got it wrong. It was like that fat fool to misunderstand and make mischief. He was strongly inclined to walk over to Bunter and kick him, as he certainly deserved. Perhaps the Owl of the Remove discerned the expression on his face, for he rolled away hastily. It was third school for Bunter, and there was no help for it; and he did not want a kicking in addition.

Frank Nugent detached himself from the little group at last, and came over to the pavilion.

His face was clouded, and his manner hesitating as he came up to his chum. Wharton looked at him with steely eyes.

Nugent evidently had something to say that was difficult to say, and Wharton was not in the least inclined to help him out.

"I say, Harry—" began Nugent, colouring.

"Time to get changed," said Wharton. "The Rookwood men will be along pretty soon."

"Yes; but—"

"We want to be ready for them."

Nugent breathed rather hard.

"But Smithy—"

"Smithy had better clear off," remarked Wharton casually. "Smithy's for third school, and Quelch doesn't like fellows being late. Still, that's his own bizney."

"Do listen to a chap, Harry," said Nugent, his face setting a little. "Smithy's explained, and we all believe that he's told the truth—"

Harry Wharton laughed—a laugh that had not a pleasant ring.

"He's explained that he was going to Lantham races, and has changed his mind?" he asked.

"No—no!"

"Then he hasn't told the truth."

"We think he has," said Nugent, rather sharply.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, no reason why you shouldn't think as you like," he said. "Don't let's argue about it. Smithy doesn't matter, anyhow."

"He does matter, rather, as we haven't a dog's chance against Rookwood if Smithy doesn't play cricket to-day."

"You're too modest, old man," said Wharton, with grim sarcasm. "You're not the hopeless dud you fancy you are. I shouldn't have put you in if you had been."

"I'm keen enough to play, but I don't want the game to be chucked away on my account—and the other fellows don't want it, either," said Frank. "I'm bound to stand out for a better man. And what's the good of making out that I play a game like Smithy's? I know I don't—and you know I don't!"

"You're in the eleven, and Vernon-Smith isn't! You'll put up a good game, I hope. Anyhow, you won't be missing when the races start at Lantham this afternoon."

"I wish you'd take it a bit more reasonably, Harry. It's true about Smithy's letter from his father and—"

said Wharton sarcastically. "I haven't heard anything else from you yet."

"You've got your back up, and you won't listen to reason!" exclaimed Nugent. "For goodness' sake—"

"Look here, we've got to get changed before the Rookwood men get here," said Wharton. "They're not coming over to listen to a conversazione. I think we've said enough."

"All the fellows think you ought to play Smithy."

"Let them!"

"Then—you won't?"

"No, I won't!"

Nugent breathed hard.

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"Rot!"

"Look here, Smithy will show you the letter, if you like."

"I've no desire to read Smithy's private correspondence, thanks! He can show his letters to Bunter, if he likes."

"Will you let Smithy convince you and—"

"I won't listen to a single word from Smithy! I've had enough from Smithy. I told him last night that if he let the team down he would keep out of it."

"It looks too jolly rotten. All the fellows will be saying that you've chucked the best man in the team to play your own pal. It puts me in a rotten position."

"The fellows were silly enough to elect me skipper," said Harry. "They can change their minds whenever they like. I'm ready to resign."

"That's rot, and you know it!"

"Well, we're talking rot, aren't we?"

"It won't do, Harry!" he said. "I can't play, in the circumstances. I can't see the game chucked away; and I can't have the fellows saying that I butted into another man's place because the cricket captain was my pal. And I can't have them saying about you that you'd throw a match away—"

"Never mind what they say about me," interrupted Wharton. "I can deal with that myself, and you needn't worry. You're going to play, because you're in the eleven and Smithy isn't."

"I can't, Harry! You've got to decide for yourself what you do about Smithy; but I can't keep his place. I resign from the team."

Wharton stood quite silent and still for some moments. His face was pale with anger.

"I know you feel you couldn't chuck me to make room for Smithy again," said Nugent uncomfortably. "Well,

I'm getting out of my own accord, and that leaves you free. And so—"

"And so," said Wharton, in a low, concentrated voice, "and so you're backing up that cad and letting me down?"

"It's not like that at all. If you'd only be reasonable—"

"If you want to stand out, stand out. And that's that!" said Wharton, and he turned away. "No need to say anything more about it."

"But—"

Wharton walked back into the pavilion.

Frank Nugent drew a deep, deep breath. Without another word he turned and walked away towards the House.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Against the Grain I

"SMITHY, of course!" Bob Cherry said "of course," but he was feeling dubious. In the opinion of every member of the Greyfriars Remove Eleven it was up to Harry Wharton to play the Bounder, especially now that Frank Nugent was standing out, and the place was empty once more and had to be filled. But the expression on Wharton's face was not promising.

"The esteemed Smithy—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"What about it, Wharton?" asked Squiff bluntly.

Harry Wharton stood silent.

He had a feeling of having been cornered.

So long as Nugent was in the eleven his position had been strong enough. He did not believe the Bounder—or did not choose to believe him, which came

to the same thing. The team was full and there was no room for the unreliable man who blew hot and cold with the same breath. But now that there was a vacant place in the team the situation was changed.

Wharton would rather have played any man in the Remove than Smithy, even Billy Bunter, had it been possible. But, angry and resentful as he was, he had the game at heart. He had been well within his rights to refuse to drop Nugent to make room for the Bounder; but to seek a fresh man while Smithy was available and eager to play looked like carrying personal animosity into cricket; and Wharton felt that it would be what it looked! He was, in fact, in a cleft stick, and felt driven to do what he intensely disliked the idea of doing.

"Not a lot of time to waste," hinted Tom Brown. "The Rookwood men will be along pretty soon."

Wharton breathed hard, but he was in no hurry to speak. It was a bitter pill he had to get down.

Vernon-Smith remained at a little distance, looking on. Wharton did not look at him, but he knew that a sardonic smile lingered on the face of the Bounder. Wharton, with his back up, driven into doing what he hated doing, was entertaining to the Bounder's peculiar nature. Wharton noticed, too, that Smithy had changed into flannels. He was taking it for granted that he was playing before the cricket captain had said a word.

Dearly the captain of the Remove would have liked to rap out a positive "No!" and given the Bounder the disagreeable task of changing out of flannels again and going into the Form-room for third school with the rest of the Remove. That would have been

what the fellow deserved for his insolence.

But a cricket captain was not exactly an autocrat. It was scarcely possible to act against the general sense of the whole team, especially as Wharton knew that they were right, so far as the Bounder's cricketing quality was concerned. Indeed, feeling only as a cricketer, he would have been glad to play the Bounder instead of Nugent. Unfortunately, he could not feel only as a cricketer at the moment.

The pill, he knew, had to be swallowed, but he was in no hurry to get it down. It was too bitter for that.

The cricketers looked restive. The members of the Co. were worried; the other fellows rather impatient. The Rookwooders might arrive any minute now, and it was not a time for Wharton to have his back up.

"My esteemed and ridiculous chum—" hinted the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Give it a name!" suggested Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton spoke at last. His anger was so deep that his voice trembled a little as he spoke.

"If you fellows think Smithy ought to play, let it go at that! Nugent's let us down, and the place has to be filled."

"That's rot!" said Johnny Bull calmly.

"What?"

"Rot, old man! Nugent hasn't let us down—and if you weren't in a wax, you'd never say so. Frank's stood out to make room for a better man, and there's precious few fellows would have so much sense, or be such sports."

"My esteemed Johnny—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say what I think!" said Johnny Bull stolidly.

"The still tongue saves the cracked pitcher from going longest to the well, my absurd Johnny."

Johnny Bull grunted. He was a plain speaker, and he had no use for tantrums.

"Well, look here—" he said.

"Shut up, old man," said Bob Cherry. Bob realised, if Johnny did not, that plain speaking, though valuable in its way, might be inopportune.

Wharton compressed his lips.

"You know what I think," he said. "I've said that a man who plays fast and loose with the cricket, isn't to be trusted, even if he can put up a first-class game when he happens to be in the humour. I'd rather play a man I could trust—and I thought I could trust Nugent. As he's let me down, there's an end of that."

"Frank hasn't—" recommenced Johnny Bull.

"Dry up, old man!" growled Bob.

"But I think—"

"For goodness' sake, cheese it."

Johnny Bull grunted and relapsed into silence.

"Looks to me like a storm in a teacup," remarked Tom Brown. "Smithy's explained why he had to cut yesterday, Wharton, and how it comes about that he can play after all."

"You can believe Smithy if you like. I don't."

"But he says his father is coming on here, instead of seeing him at Lantham after all—"

"He would say anything, to take a fellow at a disadvantage," answered Wharton bitterly.

"Thanks!" came satirically from the Bounder.

"But dash it all," exclaimed Peter Todd warmly, "we've got eyes, and we

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shall jolly well see whether Smithy's pater blows in or not!"

"I know that! When he doesn't, Smithy will have some other lie to tell if anybody wants to hear it."

"Oh!" said Toddy.

"Do you really think all that, Wharton?" asked Vernon-Smith quietly.

Wharton looked at him.



"Yes, and more," he answered. "But I'm not standing out against the wishes of the whole team; and I'm willing to believe that now you've made up your mind to play, you'll stick to the game—though I shouldn't be quite surprised if you let us down in the middle of it, and hiked off to Lantham for the races."

"Oh, rot!" growled Squiff. "If Smithy did that, we'd jolly well lynch him. But he wouldn't—no fellow would."

The Bounder laughed.

"There's a limit," he remarked. "If a fellow did that, Wharton, his life wouldn't be safe in the Remove afterwards. But please yourself—I'm not begging to play. Only make up your mind; if I'm not playing, I've got to get out of these rags and get to the Form-room."

"You play!" snapped Wharton.

"I'll try to justify your confidence in me, captain!" said the Bounder gravely, and some of the fellows laughed.

Wharton turned away.

He was feeling a strong temptation to dash a clenched fist into the Bounder's sardonic face, but bitterly angry as he was, he realised that that would not improve matters.

Bob Cherry gave the Bounder a rather dubious look.

"I suppose it's really O.K. about your pater, Smithy?" he asked.

"If Wharton had had his way, Nugent, and you'd played instead of Smithy," argued Bunter, "I think—yaroooh! What beast is kicking me? Ow! Wow!" Several beasts were kicking Bunter, whose remarks were considered unsuitable for the ears of Mr. Vernon-Smith.

"Can't you take my word for that?" snapped the Bounder.

"Well, yes; but—"

"Wharton doesn't choose to take my word! His Magnificence has got his back up!" sneered Vernon-Smith. "He would kick up a shindy fast enough if his own word wasn't taken."

"That's rot, Smithy!" Johnny Bull was the plain-speaker again. "Wharton's word is as good as gold."

"And mine isn't?" snarled the Bounder.

"Not by long chinks! You told Quelch a whole pack of lies, the day you got off to play at Highcliffe—"

"Masters are fair game," said the Bounder sullenly. "That's different, and you know it."

"It may be different, but I don't know it," answered Johnny Bull calmly. "A man who tells lies can't expect to be believed on his word, whatever wonderful reasons he may have for telling lies."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Look here, you fool—"

"I may be a fool," said Johnny, with undiminished calmness, "but if I'm a fool for thinking that a man who tells lies is a liar, I'd prefer to go on being a fool."

"Well, you can't help it, anyhow," yapped the Bounder.

"The fact is, Bull's right, Smithy," said Peter Todd. "Wharton would have taken all you said as gospel, if you hadn't been such a queer fish. It's your fault that there's been any trouble."

"My esteemed friends," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "esteemed speech is silver, but silence is the bird in hand that saves ninepence. A still tongue shows a wise head the way to go longest to the well. There is much wisdom in these absurd proverbs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Rookwood!"

And the arrival of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, put an end to the discussion.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

## The Rookwood Match!

"HOW'S that?"  
"Out!"  
"Great Scott! Wharton out!"

"Oh!"  
"Phew!"

Harry Wharton stared down at his wrecked wicket, with feelings that were too deep for words.

His face was almost pale with chagrin. Wharton was a sportsman, and a good loser. He could take a hard knock and smile. But this was too bitter.

His wicket ought not to have gone down. He was good for a long innings; and a long innings from the captain of the Remove was needed. Jimmy Silver's bowling was good, very good, but in other circumstances, in his usual cheery and keen mood, Wharton would have played it successfully.

The captain of the Remove had opened the innings for Greyfriars, with Smithy at the other end.

It was against the grain that he played Smithy, and against the grain that he opened the innings with him. But personal resentment did not blind him to the fact that Smithy was, at the moment, the best man in the eleven, and a good start might mean much to the Remove. He made up his mind, therefore, as a cricketer should, to dismiss all personal feelings, and think only of the game; and from that point of view, Smithy was the man to begin with.

But as it takes two to make a quarrel, so it takes two to keep the peace! The Bounder, as he went to his wicket, gave the captain of the Remove a sardonic, sneering grin, a grin that expressed a mingling of triumph, mockery, and derision, nicely blended.

It sent a hot throb of anger through Wharton's heart as he caught it. He was not in a mood to disregard it with contempt, as he certainly ought to have done. Somehow, that derisive grin of the Bounder's was more in his mind than Jimmy Silver's bowling, when the ball came down. Wharton would have been himself again very quickly, had he been given time. But he was not given time. The champion junior bowler of Rookwood was not a man to hand out chances to a batsman who was thinking of other things.

And the wicket crashed.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Vernon-Smith, at his end of the pitch.

He suppressed a laugh.

"How's that?" chortled the Rookwooders.

It was really unnecessary for Wharton to wait for the umpire's verdict. But he stood and stared at the wicket.

"Out!"

"The outfulness is terrific!" groaned Hurree Janset Ram Singh, at the pavilion. "Oh, my esteemed hat!"

"Wharton—out!" gasped Bob Cherry. "The giddy skipper out first ball of the first over! Great Christopher Columbus!"

"Oh, holy smoke!" groaned Squiff.

"What on earth's the matter with the man?" asked Tom Brown. "My hat! Talk about leaving out Smithy! If Smithy doesn't do better than that, I'll—"

"Well, he couldn't do worse!" grunted Squiff.

Harry Wharton carried out his bat. His face had been pale, but it flushed crimson as he came back to the pavilion.

He was well aware of what his comrades had expected of him—expectations

that might, and would, have been justified but for the Bounder. Or but, perhaps, for the indulgence of his own passionate temper, though he was far from thinking of that.

"Man in!" he said curtly.

Bob Cherry, in grim silence, started from the pavilion.

"Bad luck, old man!" said Johnny Bull.

Wharton nodded.

"That man can bowl," said Johnny. "Still, I fancied you'd play him all right. You played him all right last time at Rookwood."

Wharton did not speak.

"Bob's stopping him all right, thank goodness," remarked Johnny Bull. "Let's be thankful for small mercies, what?"

Wharton glanced at Bob. Bob Cherry was dealing quite efficaciously with Jimmy Silver's bowling. That was satisfactory, of course; but it gave an added bitterness to Wharton's own failure. Bob, however, was not getting runs. The rest of the over gave him only 2.

Mornington of Rookwood went on to bowl against Smithy at the other end. Johnny Bull brightened.

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"Now we shall see something, I hope!" he remarked.

Johnny Bull was a good fellow, and had many valuable qualities. But an excess of tact was not numbered among them.

Wharton moved away from him. He could not help feeling that he had had enough, for the present, of Johnny's cheery conversation.

Wharton's discomfort was evident to all the fellows at the pavilion, with the possible exception of Johnny Bull. But they gave him no attention now that the Bounder was batting. He was glad of it.

All eyes were fixed on Vernon-Smith. He was worth watching.

The Bounder was not, in point of fact, so good a cricketer as Wharton. He had a rather flashy style, and he delighted in taking risks that often came off successfully and elicited loud cheers, but on other occasions cost his side dear. But Smithy was at the top of his form now, and his desire to score over Wharton spurred him on to do even better than his best. And he was favoured by luck, as he often was.

Mornington, though not so deadly as Jimmy Silver, was a dangerous man with the ball; but the Bounder made hay of his bowling. Twice in the over he had narrow escapes; still, a miss was

as good as a mile. And fellows who were anxious to see runs scored for Greyfriars, naturally judged by results. And the runs came hard and fast.

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Good old Bounder!"

"Well, hit, sir!"

"Good man! Good man!"

The shouts from the pavilion were like wine to the Bounder. The over gave 9, and he still had the bowling when the field crossed over, and Jimmy Silver took the ball again.

Then the Greyfriars men watched with all their eyes.

Jimmy Silver had taken Wharton's wicket first ball. They were keen to see how the Bounder would shape against the deadliest bowler from Rookwood.

Wharton watched him in silence.

The Bounder was in a winning mood. And he was a good man with the willow; there was no denying that.

In that over Jimmy Silver tried him with all his skill; but he tried him in vain. Every ball was knocked away for runs, and the fellows at the pavilion yelled applause.

"For this relief, much thanks!" grinned Peter Todd.

"Good old Bounder!"

"Well," said Johnny Bull, "old Nugent's my pal, but thank goodness he's not standing up to that bowling!"

Wharton bit his lip.

As a cricketer, he had to agree. The over that gave Vernon-Smith a heap of runs would have knocked Nugent out, he knew that. It was true, but it was unpleasant, all the same.

"Good old Bounder!" chuckled Squiff, when Smithy stole a single at the last ball. "He's keeping the bowling!"

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Hip-pip!"

The elation in the Bounder's face could be seen by all. He was enjoying the game, enjoying his success; and enjoying, as Wharton knew only too well, his triumph over the skipper who would have left him out.

But triumph and elation, with the Bounder, were only too likely to lead to recklessness. He was feeling himself master of the game, all-conquering, and he began to take more and more risks.

Yet fortune favoured him, and he was still batting after Bob Cherry's wicket had fallen, and after Johnny Bull, Mark Linley, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh had gone in and come out. But fortune failed him at last; risks could not be run for ever. There was a gasp at the pavilion when he hit a slow ball fairly into the hands of cover-point.

Arthur Edward Lovell, of Rookwood, held up the ball and yelled:

"How's that?"

"Out!"

A black look came over the Bounder's face. He was not a good loser. But he had forty runs to his credit, and no other batsman had taken a dozen. There was a perceptible swank in his manner as he came back to the pavilion.

"Satisfied, skipper?" he asked satirically.

Wharton looked at him.

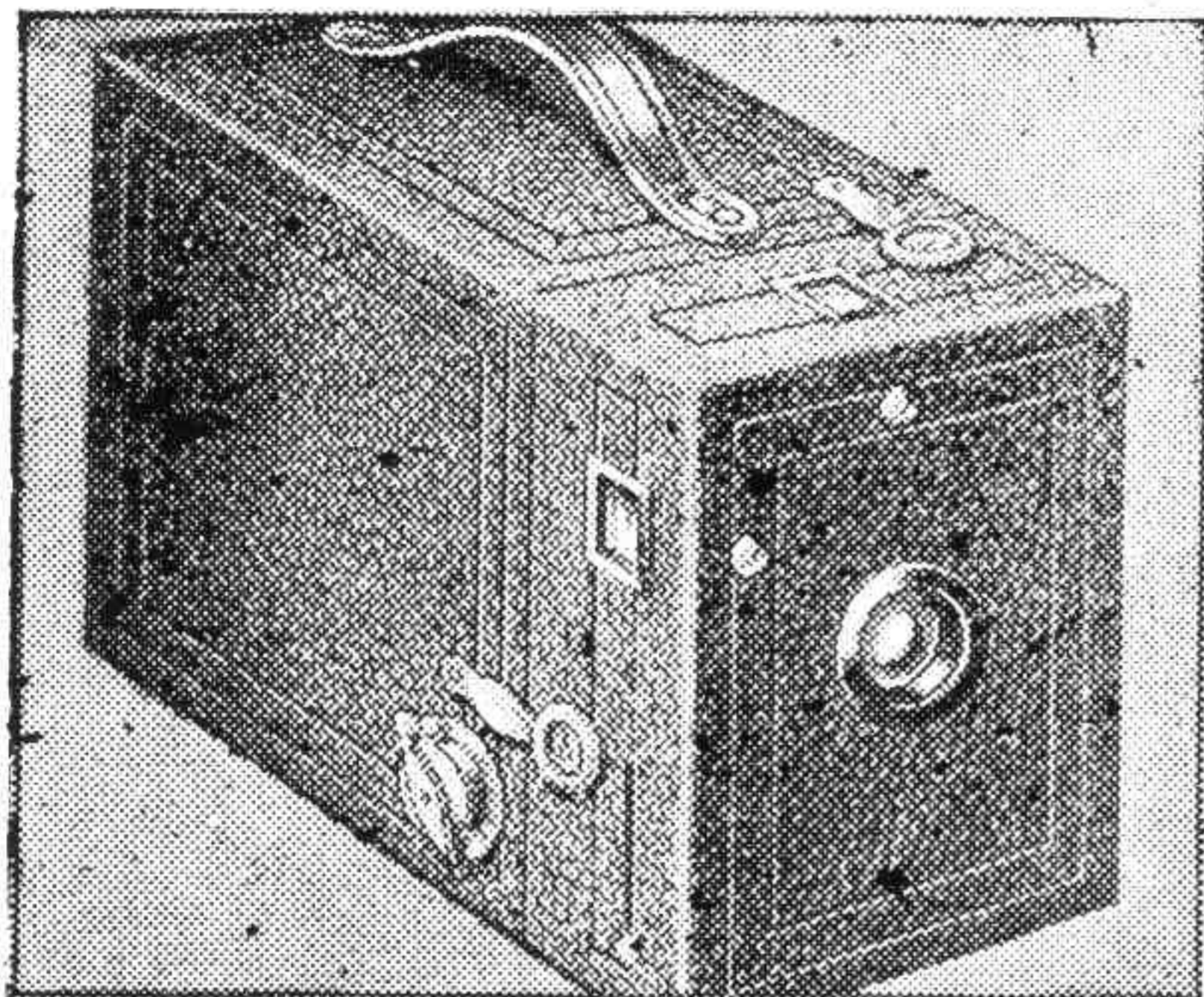
"You ought not to have given Lovell that catch, and you know it," he answered curtly.

The Bounder smiled evilly.

"Sorry I couldn't oblige with duck's eggs!" he retorted. "After all, they're cheap to-day."

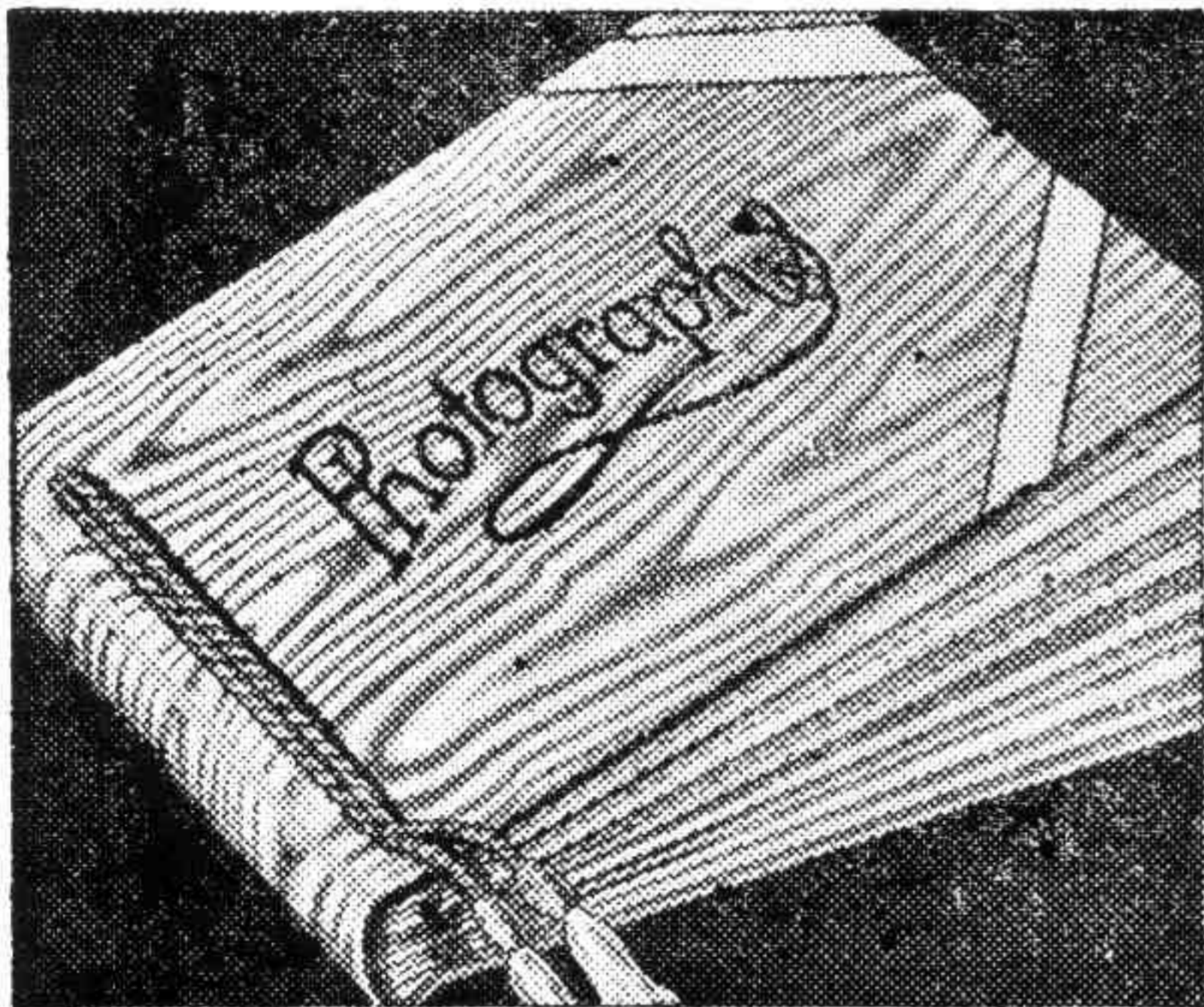
To which Wharton made no reply, while the other fellows grinned.

(Continued on page 12.)

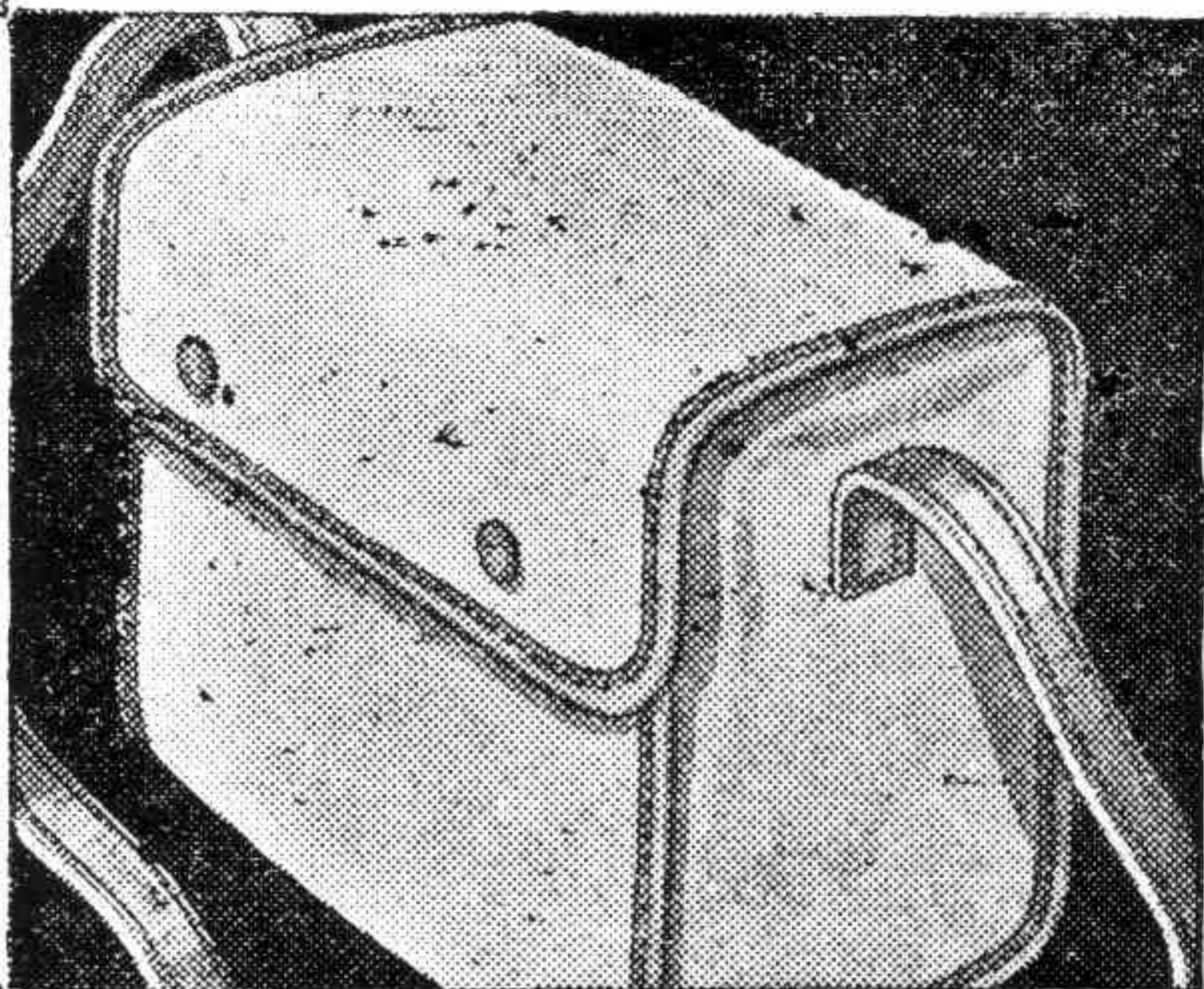


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## A DOG WITH A BAD NAME!

(Continued from page 10.)

### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

#### Bitter Blood!

**F**RANK NUGENT came sprinting down to the cricket ground the moment the Remove were released from class. Plenty of other Remove men came along to see how the match was getting on. The Greyfriars innings was still progressing; but its progress was, as Bob Cherry remarked, nothing to write home about. There was no doubt that the Rookwooders were in great form, and the Greyfriars men did not seem to be at their best.

Nugent's face fell when he learned that Wharton had bagged a duck's egg for his innings. He was glad to hear that the Bounder, at least, had made a handsome score, which more than justified his own action in standing out of the team to make room for Smithy; but he doubted whether Vernon-Smith's success had had a wholly gratifying effect on the cricket captain. Wharton, who was watching the batsmen, did not seem to see Nugent arrive at the pavilion, and, after a glance at his set face, Frank did not approach him to speak.

The Greyfriars innings ended in time for lunch, all down for 80. As half the score belonged to the Bounder, there was some reason for Smithy to feel pleased with himself, and he certainly looked pleased. Skinner and Snoop congratulated him loudly, for Wharton to hear, and Skinner grinned with enjoyment when Wharton, for a moment, turned a dark glance on him. He had not expected to "draw" the captain of the Remove, and it was evident that Wharton was in an unusually touchy humour.

When the Rookwood innings started there was a big crowd round the field. As it was a half-holiday, all the Remove who were interested were free now to watch the game; and most of them were interested. In fact, hardly a Remove man was missing.

Even Lord Mauleverer took the trouble to amble down to the field; and even Billy Bunter arrived—though it was true that Bunter arrived chiefly because he was trailing a fellow who had a bag of cherries.

Skinner and Snoop seldom honoured a match with their presence; but they honoured the Rookwood match, hoping to see Wharton's nose put out of joint by the Bounder, as Skinner elegantly expressed it.

Frank Nugent, of course, was on the spot; he was anxious to see his chum do better in his next innings, and anxious, too, to see the friendly smile return to his face.

Good chums as they were, there had once or twice been trouble between them; such things will happen. Frank had an uncomfortable feeling that there was trouble in the air now. More than once his eyes had sought Wharton's face, but the captain of the Remove seemed unconscious of his existence. From Wharton's point of view, Nugent had let him down, and placed him in the Bounder's power to score over him; and Frank could not help regarding that view as obstinate and wrong-headed.

On the other hand, if it turned out that Wharton was right with regard to the Bounder, he was not so sure. But he believed Smithy, and believed that Mr. Vernon-Smith would arrive in his

car during the afternoon, thus proving that the Bounder had told the truth. That, he hoped would satisfy Wharton that he had been in the wrong.

If Mr. Vernon-Smith was coming, however, he was in no hurry to arrive. The Rookwood innings ended for exactly 100 runs, and Smithy's pater was not on the scene by that time.

Vernon-Smith had been given a fair share of the bowling; though he had rather expected Wharton to refuse him the ball. But Smithy was a good bowler, and good bowling was wanted; and Wharton had no idea of letting the game suffer on account of his own annoyance and resentment. The Bounder had taken three wickets, which was distinctly good for a man who was, after all, a batsman.

The pitch was rolled after the Rookwood innings, and Nugent found an opportunity to speak to Wharton. He had to seek him out; for Wharton seemed to be avoiding the company of all the Co.

"You had bad luck, old man," said Frank. "Better luck in the next innings!"

"Possibly."

Wharton's tone was dry.

Nugent gave him a quick look.

"Look here, old chap," he said, in a low voice. "You're not feeling sore about my standing out of the team, are you?"

"Why should I?" answered Wharton. "I thought you'd like to play for Greyfriars, and I was glad to give you a chance. If you preferred Latin prose with Quelch, you've a right to please yourself."

"Oh, don't be an ass, you know," said Frank. "I thought I ought to stand out for the Bounder—"

"Oh, quite!"

"Well, wasn't I right?" exclaimed Nugent. "Do you think I should have knocked up forty runs against Rookwood bowling, and taken three of their wickets? You know I couldn't do it in a lifetime."

"Cricketers aren't always so modest. I congratulate you on being so unlike your friend Smithy!"

"My friend Smithy?" repeated Nugent.

"Still, Smithy has swank enough for two," said Harry. "So I dare say that makes it right."

"I should have looked a fool if I'd stuck to the place when Smithy was available to play," said Nugent. "All the fellows would have been down on me. Look here, Wharton, you know I was right."

"Aren't you always right, and I always wrong? Let it go at that."

"I think you're an ass!" said Nugent, after a pause.

"No reason why you shouldn't; but you can keep your thoughts to yourself, I suppose. I haven't told you what I think of you."

Nugent breathed hard.

"Well, what do you think?" he demanded.

"I think a man who lets a pal down is something rather worse than an ass—I think he's a rotter!" answered Wharton.

"You think I'm a rotter?" breathed Nugent.

"You get my meaning exactly!"

Nugent stared at him. For a moment he could have fancied that it was the Bounder speaking. Certainly, it sounded more like Herbert Vernon-Smith than Harry Wharton.

"I suppose you've got your back up," said Frank, after another pause. "It's a bit thick that a fellow can't do what he thinks right, without having to go through a row afterwards with a pal."

"That's easily remedied; choose another pal."

"If you mean that—"

"I generally mean what I say. I may be an ass, as you suggest, but I hope I'm not a liar like Smithy!"

Nugent compressed his lips.

"You persist that Smithy was lying—"

"I know he was."

"You'll have to own up that you've made a mistake when his father gets here presently," said Nugent sharply.

"When!" said Wharton.

"You don't believe he's coming?"

"You know what I believe," said Wharton icily. "I believe Smithy was going to Lantham races, and changed his mind chiefly to score over me. You helped him to get the score. It's just one of the Bounder's rotten tricks; but I never expected a friend of mine to help him out with it."

"Look here, you know jolly well that when it turned out that Smithy could play you ought to have asked me to stand out and make room for him!" said Nugent angrily.

"I know nothing of the sort. Anyhow, your dear Smithy's playing; and he's made a heap of runs—and contrived to keep me from doing the same—so you've nothing to grumble at."

"I don't see how Smithy can have affected your play in any way—"

"Probably not."

"Not unless you mean that you've been giving way to your temper, and forgetting that you were playing cricket!" said Nugent tartly.

Wharton gave him a hard look.

"Perhaps that was it," he said; "but there's no need to talk about it. If you're bent on talking, there's your good friend Smithy to talk to."

"Look here, Harry—"

Wharton turned and walked away. He crossed over to a group of Rookwood men and entered into conversation with Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome. Frank Nugent glanced after him and bit his lip hard.

The Bounder met him as he came into the pavilion, with a cheery grin.

"Trouble in the happy family?" he asked airily.

"What the thump do you mean?" growled Nugent.

"My dear chap, don't bite a man's head off! Wharton has been like a bear with a sore head since he bagged a duck's egg this mornin'. I could see that he was givin' you the rough edge of his tongue," said the Bounder, laughing.

"You can mind your own business, I suppose!" snapped Nugent; and he turned angrily away, leaving the Bounder still laughing.

### THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

#### As Large as Life!

**H**ARRY WHARTON opened the second innings for Greyfriars, in a mood of grim determination. Again the Bounder was at the other end; and the Bounder's look and smile were calculated to try the patience of the most patient of cricket captains. But Wharton was very careful now, and his temper was not likely to betray him a second time.

He was very far from being in his usual mood of keen enjoyment of the game; but he was grimly determined to play the game of his life, and this time he put "paid" to Jimmy Silver's best bowling.

Remove men watched him rather anxiously, wondering whether he was hopelessly off colour, and whether there

would be another duck's egg. Their uneasiness was soon relieved. Wharton was batting well, and he soon settled down to the game and played like his old self.

A couple of twos and a couple of fours told the onlookers that "Richard was himself again." And then came a three that gave the Bounder the bowling for the finish of the over.

It was then that Vernon-Smith learned—not for the first time—that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Success was liable to get into the Bounder's head—like wine. In his first innings he had cut Jimmy Silver's bowling all over the field, good man as Jimmy was with the ball. Luck had undoubtedly befriended him; but the masterful Bounder's view was that he could do as he liked with the bowling. He found out his mistake quite suddenly when that ball came down. It broke at an unexpected angle; but the Bounder, in his usual wary mood, would have stopped it. A fraction of a second of the carelessness born of over-weening confidence was his undoing.

Jimmy Silver really was not a man whose bowling could be taken liberties with. He needed watching all the time. The next moment the Bounder could have kicked himself, or anybody else, with pleasure. But that would not have replaced his bails.

The wicket-keeper was quite startled by the look that came over Herbert Vernon-Smith's face. So were some other fellows who noted it; and Mornington winked at Lovell, and Arthur Edward Lovell gave an involuntary chuckle.

Vernon-Smith tucked his bat under his arm and started on his homeward way. His face was still black when he reached the pavilion.

It was a bitter blow to him.

Ever since Wharton's unfortunate display in his first innings, Smithy had been cracking jokes about duck's eggs, he had harped on that topic, never for a moment dreaming that a duck would or could fall to his own portion. Now it had fallen.

He did not even attempt to disguise his savage irritation. He landed his bat on the floor with a crash. He scowled at the other batsmen waiting their turn, and replied only with a savage snort to Redwing's: "Hard luck, old man." He scowled after Bob Cherry, as Bob went in to take his place—unexpectedly soon. His eyes gleamed at Harry Wharton at the wicket.

"Let's see," remarked Hazeldene, in

a sort of thoughtful way, "who was it said that duck's eggs were cheap to-day?"

Some of the fellows chuckled.

The Bounder swung round furiously on Hazel.

"If you're asking for a thick ear——" he snarled.

"Keep your wool on, old bean," grinned Hazel. "I didn't bowl you, you know—keep the thick ear for that Rookwood man."

"Cheese it, Smithy," grunted Johnny Bull. "You've been cackling long enough over Wharton's duck. Now it's someone else's turn to cackle at you!"

The Bounder repressed his rage with

Runs mounted up, and batsmen came and went. But the captain of the Remove seemed a fixture, and he was not out at the finish, with sixty to his credit. The Greyfriars total this time was 120, in spite of the Bounder's duck, and there were loud cheers for the captain of the Remove when he came off.

An adjournment for tea followed, and at tea, Harry Wharton seemed very keen on the society of Rookwood men, and had nothing to say to the Co. Johnny Bull looked at him curiously once or twice, and when the Removites came back to the pavilion, Johnny had apparently thought it out.



Nugent defended himself against Pensonby & Co. as well as he could. But two or three blows reached him, and he staggered and fell. "Look out!" shrieked Gadsby. But he was too late. Nugent was already on the verge of the path's edge.

difficulty. Self-restraint was not much in his line, but he realised that a row in the pavilion would be rather ridiculous. He stalked away and was not seen again.

"Wharton's doing jolly well!" remarked Squiff presently.

"Thank goodness for that!" said Johnny Bull. "We need some runs, after Smithy coming such a mucker."

Frank Nugent watched his chum at the wickets, with a brightening face. Wharton was not only doing well, but he was doing remarkably well. And, as Johnny Bull said, the runs were needed. Rookwood were twenty ahead on their first innings, and the Bounder, of whom great things had been hoped, had failed. If somebody did not pull the game out of the fire, it was evidently a goner, and Wharton, fortunately, looked like doing it.

"Is anything up with Wharton, you men?" he asked.

Nugent gave him a look, and Bob Cherry grinned. Hurree Jamsset Ran Singh smiled a dusky smile.

"Well, is anything up?" asked Johnny.

"Back, I think," grinned Bob.

"The upfulness of the esteemed back is a trifle terrific," murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"What's the chap got his back up about?" asked Johnny.

"I wonder!" murmured Bob.

"Well, a man must be an ass to get his back up about nothing," said Johnny. "Nothing for him to get his back up about, that I know of."

"The knowfulness of the esteemed Johnny is not preposterous!" murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

(Continued on page 16.)

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## CAN YOU WRITE ?

If so, would you mind trotting along to Coker and giving him a few lessons? He sent us a 40-page letter last week, and so far we haven't found which is the right way to hold it up!

# Greyfriars

No. 59.

LAUGH AND G

## RIP VAN WINKLE AT GREYFRIARS

### RETURN OF AN OLD-TIMER

A day or two before breaking-up day an aged gentleman wearing a venerable white beard which almost swept the ground tottered through the school gates.

He was bent almost double with age; but what chiefly attracted attention about him was the peculiar circumstance that he was wearing an Eton suit.

Skinner went up to the unusual visitor and with his usual immaculate politeness remarked:

"Tramps not allowed here, old buffer; buzz off!"

This seemed to amuse the old gentleman, who burst into a quavering guffaw. After which he peered at Skinner and said, somewhat to the listener's surprise:

"You must be a new boy; I don't seem to recognise you."

"Dashed if I know why you should, anyway!" Skinner said warmly. "Who the thump are you?"

"I'm Rip Van Winkle, of the Remove!"

"Eh?"

"Rip Van Winkle, of the Remove!" repeated the visitor in a croaking, genuine antique voice. "What Form are you in?"

"Why, you silly old frump, I'm in the Remove myself! If you were ever at Greyfriars, it must have been at least sixty years ago!"

"SIXTY YEARS!" hooted the old boy in the Eton suit. "Why, it's only yesterday when I fell asleep in the woods after running away from Dr. Whackleigh—"

"DOCTOR WHACKLEIGH!" howled Bob Cherry, who had just joined the crowd. "Why, he was headmaster ages ago! I've read about him in the records somewhere!"

"Great pip!"

"Does this old codger mean to tell us he's been asleep since Whackleigh's time?" demanded Wharton. "Surely he's pulling our legs?"

"I don't understand what you're all talking about!" croaked the old bird, looking very puzzled as he peered from one face to another. "You're all strangers to me. Does that mean that the Great Rebellion has failed and the old students all expelled?"

The crowd gasped.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" roared Tom Brown. "He's talking about the Great Rebellion now! That happened about the same time as the Crimean War!"

"Quite right!" croaked the old timer. "How are our troops getting on in the Crimea?"

"M-m-my hat!"

"But if the Great Rebellion is over, perhaps the War is over, too!" added Rip Van Winkle thoughtfully. "I think I must have slept a little longer than I thought!"

"Oh, great pip! I should think so!"

"Just a little!" chortled Vernon-Smith. "We'd better take this freak along to the Head!"

"One moment!" interrupted Rip Van Winkle. "Do you think Dr. Whackleigh is likely to overlook the part I have taken in the Great Rebellion?"



"No need to worry, old sport!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Whackleigh's been dead at least half a century, and his successor won't be hard on you. Probably let you off with six."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I really have slept a lifetime!" ejaculated the ancient Removite, stroking his beard thoughtfully. "Things must have altered a lot in that time. I wonder what has happened to young Herbert Locke, my old study-mate?"

"My sainted aunt! He's the present Head!"

"Amazing! And young Gosling, the gardener's boy?"

"Hasn't moved half a mile from the porter's lodge for the last fifty years!"

"Extraordinary! And all you lads weren't even thought of when I was last here!" said Rip Van Winkle. "Well, looking at you, I can't say the old place has improved!"

"Eh?"

"We certainly didn't have such a lot of ugly mugs about the school in my time," croaked the old gentleman. "Look at that awful great pimple on that boy's face—but I see now that it's his nose!"

"Why, you silly old fathead—" roared Bolsover, the chap referred to.

"And that great gaping hole in this other lad's head!" added Rip Van Winkle, pointing to Bob Cherry. "Sorry, though! I have only just recognised it as his mouth!"

"Look here!" hooted Bob.

"Hallo! Here's the Head!" chipped in Tom Brown, at that moment. "Let's run the old boy along to see him!"

Something seemed to happen to Rip Van Winkle, however, before we could get hold of him. He ducked under Tom Brown's upraised arm, butted Wharton clean over, and started sprinting for the gates like one o'clock.

We were so surprised that we could only stare after him for a while, and by the time we did take up the chase he had got a good start on us.

He tore through the gates, raced down the lane, and disappeared into the woods.

That was the last we saw of him, though we fairly scoured the woods. Even Wibley, whom we found walking out of the woods half an hour later, didn't seem to have met the mysterious old bird.

Wib. thinks it quite likely that the old boy will turn up again one of these fine days.

We can only wait and see!

## HOLIDAY ADDRESSES

### Where to Send Your Letters

H. J. COKER. The Cottage Hospital, Courtfield. That will be about as far as Coker will get on his motor-bike!

H. SKINNER. c/o G.P.O., Sheffield. He told us he was going to spend his holiday among the blades!

PERCY BOLSOVER. No fixed address. We gather that he is

going to do a lot of knocking about.

T. DUTTON. When we asked this gentleman where he was going he replied that he didn't know the

grass needed mowing, but if we'd lend him the mower he'd very willingly help. Readers will have to solve the problem themselves.

LORD MAULEVERER. Tells us he is going to HAVALONG SNOOZE. We can't find it on the map, but that was certainly what Mauly said.

## GETTING HOME CHEAP

### DIARY OF

MONDAY. To save railway fare, decided to go home on roller-skates. Skated up to London; then remembered leaving sixpence

in my flannels in the pavilion. Skated back—in record time. Retrieved sixpence and made fresh start.

TUESDAY. Hung on to back of lorry for 40 miles. When driver

dismounted, dived underneath. Pretended he had run me down. Accepted 2s. 6d. hush money. Good biz!

WEDNESDAY. Got lift for 100 miles from kindly chauffeur. Decided he was worth treating really generously. Gave him a ha'penny. Couldn't find a farthing.

THURSDAY. Passing pedestrian offered me 2s. 6d. for roller-



## SAD PLIGHT OF THE OF BALLIWA

### Holidays for Ca

Dear Editor,—Pardon me for occupying your valuable space in a further appeal to the generosity of your readers. In the past I have appealed, not without success, for trousers and spats for the native Timbucksix, camphorated-oil for the distressed Can-can Islanders, and

for the Blinkinbunkums now beg your readers' moment to consider the plight of the native of Balliwa. These fellow-creatures of mine, Editor, I am assured excellent authorities, have a holiday!

Think of it, sir! At year's end to another know not the delight building sandcastles, ice-creams, listening to rots, and having excursions by charabanc! Little wonder that in sheer despair they look back on the nefarious practice of cannibalism as an antidote for their pent-up emotions.

# Merald

Edited by  
**HARRY  
WHARTON,**  
F.G.R.



AND GROW FAT.

August 22nd, 1931.

## HOME ON THE CHEAP

### OF A SCOT

skates. Cost 2s. 3d. Accepted. Started to walk rest of way. FRIDAY. 4½d. a day is too much for meals. Cut it out and fed on some nice clean hay found in a field.



SATURDAY. Took clobber off a scarecrow. Put it over my own togs. Thus disguised, pretended to be eccentric millionaire and shouted "Season!" at barrier of nearest railway station. Arrived home in Highlands 4s. 11½d. in pocket. Pity that chauffeur had to be tipped, but fair's fair, ye ken. Och aye!

(Don't believe a word of it, you chaps! This looks like that rotter Skinner's idea of humour.—D. Ogilvy.)

## Seaside Encyclopaedia

### New Definitions

By *Second-Former.*

With a view to testing the knowledge of a Second Form fag we recently questioned a member of the species as to the meanings of various words associated with seaside holidays. The words and the definitions are given below, in the hope that they may prove interesting and informative to our readers:

**SAND.** A yellow substance passing for sugar at Uncle Clegg's bunshop.

**DECKCHAIR.** A seat from which one has a decco at what is going on around one.

**SWIMMING.** How your head feels after you have been silly enough to indulge in a cigarette.

**SEAWALL.** A wall made of sea. For that reason no such thing exists.

**BEACH.** A kind of nut.

**BANDSTAND.**—What happens when a band gets the cane. (Band's tanned?—ED.).

**BREAKWATER.** What you do when you drop a chunk of ice.

**SOLID ROCK.** The cake they serve up at tea in Hall.

**BATHING.**

(Apparently the last word conjured up distasteful thoughts. The fag hurriedly bolted as soon as it was mentioned.—ED.).

## OF THE NATIVES

### LIWANGLE

### or Cannibals

for occupying further appeal adena. In the without success, the natives of id for the dis- and bird-seed abukums. I readers for a side, the sad atr of Bal- ese unhappy or ears, Mr. assured on ority, never

The mere contempla- tion of their terrible position will, I feel sure, be sufficient to arouse in your readers the desire to help them. Will all those who feel the call to action kindly commu- nicate with me at once? I will then arrange with

my missionary friends in the Balliwangle Islands for a batch of Balliwanglers to be shipped over and divided up into guest- parties, which will be placed in charge of our various generous hosts.

The danger of the host being eaten by his guests may be obviated if the visitors are kept plentifully supplied with other suitable edibles.

Readers! Phone, write, or wire your offers at once! Delay may prejudice the health of the Balliwanglers!

Yours for the good work,  
**ALONZO TODD.**

### The Book of the Week

#### "CHEAP TRIPS,"

or, "The Complete Art of Railway Bilking." By W. G. BUNTER. (Author of "Round The World For Nothing," "The Law of Travelling Under Carriage Seats," "The Science of Rail Ticket Forgery," etc., etc.) PRICE: ONE SHILLING, including Free Supplement on Dodging Fares on The Motor Coaches. **SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES! ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!**

### What Society Will Do

Plans are already well advanced in Society circles for the forth- coming holiday season, as the following reports from our Society Correspondent will show:

Mr. H. Coker will entertain his friends, Messrs. Potter and Greene, throughout the holiday. Messrs. Potter and Greene have made other arrangements, but we understand that Mr. Coker, who is well-known for his lavish hospitality, will insist on their joining him, even though he has to knock their heads together to make them agree.

Mr. H. Vernon-Smith may go for a voyage in his pater's palatial yacht or a tour in one of his pater's Rolls-Royces, or a jaunt round the world in his pater's aeroplane—he hasn't quite decided which.

Mr. P. Bolsover has planned to join a circus as a masked boxer. His plans may undergo alterations, however, after his first fight.

The Earl Mauleverer will have a quiet holiday at Mauleverer Towers. Friends will be welcome at any time, provided they do not wake him up.

Mr. W. G. Bunter had intended holding a tremendous house-party at Bunter Court, but pressing invitations from other quarters may cause him to modify the programme.

## ECOUTEZ-MOI, MES ENFANTS!

I 'ave just lose ten fat frogs, and ze next parcel from France reaches me not for several days. Please find zem, somebody, ozzervise I perish from starvation! — MONSIEUR CHAR- PENTIER, Masters' Common-room.

## PIDGIN ENGLISH IN REMOVE

### FORTY BEAUTIFUL BLACK EYES

A yarn is spun about a senior at a big school having the tail of his coat torn off by a beak who nearly caught him breaking bounds; next day the entire Form turned up with one tail missing, and the beak was unable to find out the culprit after all.

This kind of thing, of course, is quite common at Greyfriars.

On innumerable occasions we in the Remove have had to resort to similar little dodges to avoid detection.

There was, for instance, the celebrated occasion when the Head got to hear of a Removite having a couple of rounds with the Hoxton Terror in a boxing-booth at Courtfield. Bolsover major, the Removite in question, realising that his black eye might give him away, promptly went round the Remove distributing black eyes all round; the result being that when the Head trotted round to find the offender, he was surprised to count 40 black eyes in a Form consisting of just 40 fellows.

On another occasion it was reported that a junior wearing a green waistcoat, pink spats, and a mauve tie with yellow spots had been seen at a circus which the beaks had placed out of bounds. Vernon-Smith, the guilty party, with great presence of mind, ordered 40 green waist- coats, 40 pairs of pink spats, and 40 mauve ties with yellow spots, which he presented en bloc to the Remove. The subsequent identity parade resulted in the beaks drawing a complete blank.

We also call to mind the inci- dent of Sir Hil- ton Popper over- hearing Wun Lung talking to himself in pidgin English while engaged in poaching on Sir Hilton's pre- serves. For sev- eral days after that Sir Hilton hung about Greyfriars listening-in all over the place. All he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, was that pidgin English was in universal use among the juniors.

Really, you know, we're awfully clever at this kind of thing in the Remove at Greyfriars.

The truth of all the above statements is, of course, guaranteed by the writer.

(We haven't the faintest idea who the writer is, by the way!—ED.).



### Ideal For Your Study

"SAFETY LAST" OIL STOVE FOR SALE: Burns paraffin, petrol, sardine oil, hair oil, or dripping. Explodes infrequently—never more than twice an hour. Gives out thick, greasy vapour, guaranteed to keep out undesirable visitors. Owner will take 2½d. for quick sale. Honestly worth 3d. Call, R. RUSSELL, Study No. 3, Remove Passage.



(Continued from page 13.)

Johnny Bull grunted.

Herbert Vernon-Smith was not to be seen when the Greyfriars side were ready to go into the field for the last innings. His name was called, but he did not answer.

"Where's Smithy, you men?" called out Harry Wharton.

"Sticking in a corner somewhere, sulking over his duck, most likely," answered Hazeldene.

"If he's not here——"

"Well, he doesn't seem to be," said Bob Cherry puzzled. "Where the dickens has the man got to? He knows he's wanted, I suppose."

"Smithy! Smithy!"

"Anybody seen Smithy?"

Wharton's eyes flashed.

"If he's cleared off——" he exclaimed.

"The jolly old wish is father to the jolly old thought, my beloved 'earers," Skinner observed to his friends.

Wharton did not heed Skinner. The Bounder had been savagely irritated by his failure in his second innings, and it was Wharton's firm belief that it had been Smithy's intention to go to the Lantham races that afternoon. He was quite prepared to discover that Vernon-Smith had taken himself off, regardless of every consideration but his own wilful will. But the wish certainly was not father to the thought, as Skinner put it.

"He can't have cleared off," exclaimed Nugent, quite aghast at the idea. "As if any man would."

Wharton gave him a look. Nugent had practically forced him to play the Bounder, and now the Bounder had cleared off before the game was over. But it was likely enough that the arrogant Bounder was coolly keeping the field waiting for him, careless of what his captain or anybody else thought; and that possibility was not calculated to make Wharton feel amiable.

"Well, he's not here!" said the captain of the Remove between his teeth, "and if you fellows are surprised, I'm not. I shall have to ask Silver to let me put a substitute in the field."

"Hold on—give the man a chance!" exclaimed Bob Cherry hastily.

"What chance does he want?" snapped Wharton. "He knows Rookwood are going to bat again, I suppose?"

"Might have thought they wouldn't have to bat again after his jolly old contribution to our score!" suggested Hazeldene. And some of the fellows laughed at the idea.

"We're not waiting for him," said Harry quietly. "There's a limit to the check I'm going to stand from Smithy."

"Oh, give him a chance," said Toddy. "Here comes Redwing—I dare say he knows where Smithy is——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry. "Reddy, old man, where's Smithy?"

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"He's coming!" called back Redwing cheerily.

"Oh! He's not gone out of gates?" said Wharton.

Redwing stared.

"No; how could he when——"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything he did. The attraction of the Lantham Races may have been too strong for him after all."

"That's hardly fair, Wharton. Smithy's in the House——"

"Well, let him stay in the House, if he doesn't choose to turn up," snapped the captain of the Remove. "Or are we expected to wait for him till the stumps are drawn?"

"You see, his father——"

"I've heard enough about his father; I don't want to hear any more of Smithy's lies on that subject," interrupted the captain of the Remove.

"His father's come——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"And he's coming down with Smithy in a minute," said Redwing. "Give the man a chance, his father's only just got here from Lantham."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The hatfulness is terrific!" breathed the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Wharton's chums avoided looking at him that moment. But plenty of fellows looked at him; and a good many of them grinned.

His face was crimson. Never, as Skinner remarked joyfully to his pals, had he seen the wind so completely taken out of the fellow's sails.

Wharton's glance turned in the direction of the distant House. A plump and portly figure came in sight; that of Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith. Herbert Vernon-Smith was walking by his side, piloting his father to the cricket ground.

Harry Wharton drew a deep, deep breath.

"You owe Smithy an apology, Wharton," called out Skinner maliciously. "Here's his pater, as large as life."

Wharton turned his back on Harold Skinner.

Slowly—probably with intentional slowness—the Bounder piloted his father to the pavilion. In the circumstances, the most exasperated skipper could scarcely have done anything but wait.

Smithy found his father a chair, and made him comfortable, like a dutiful son. He took plenty of time about it.

But even Smithy was ready at last.

"Sorry if I've kept you waiting, Wharton," he said airily. "But, you see, as my pater blew in——"

"Get into the field."

Smithy grinned as he got into the field.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Well Won!

MR. VERNON-SMITH sat and watched the last innings in the Rookwood match, with a contented smile on his plump face. He had arrived rather late, but he had arrived in time to see his son at cricket; and he was gratified, more than once, to hear Smithy's name shouted, with cheers.

A smart catch in the field deprived Arthur Edward Lovell of his wicket, and the Greyfriars fellows yelled applause; and Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith smiled expansively.

"Well caught!"

"How's that?"

"Good man, Smithy!"

"Bravo, the Bounder!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith did not know much

about cricket, or other games; but he knew that his son was getting kudos; and he was pleased. Indeed, he asked a junior near him how many runs his son had taken, apparently oblivious of the fact that Smithy was fielding—a question that made the junior jump.

When the Bounder was put on to bowl, his fortune was good again. Jimmy Silver's wicket fell to him, and the Greyfriars men roared.

Still more expansively smiled Mr. Vernon-Smith. He was immensely proud of his son, and happy to see him admired and popular among his school-fellows. This time when the crowd cheered Smithy, the millionaire did not ask how many runs Herbert had taken; apparently having realised by this time that it was not a Greyfriars innings, and that Herbert was not wielding the willow.

The Bounder grinned with elation when he captured the Rookwood skipper's wicket. There was derision in his grin, too. He knew exactly what Wharton was feeling like; and it would have been easy for the captain of the Remove to keep him in the background. Catches in the field were Smithy's, if he could take them; but he had hardly expected that Wharton would put him on to bowl again, and give him a chance of bagging more glory. Keen as he was, the Bounder did not understand Wharton.

There was no doubt that the captain of the Remove was in a mood of deep bitterness. He had a feeling of having been defeated, of having been made to look a fool; and his resentment against the Bounder was keen; but still keener against his own chum. But feelings of that sort, though they might affect Wharton's own play, could not cloud his judgment, and certainly it never would have crossed his mind to keep back a man who could help the side to win.

So far as the game went, Smithy was simply a man whose bowling was useful to the side, and as that Wharton treated him. The fact that the more the Bounder scored the more Wharton was proved to be in the wrong did not make any difference.

And the Bounder was going very strong now.

As a bowler he was erratic; sometimes very good, sometimes futile. On the present occasion he was very, very good. He was putting into it all he knew; and there was no trace now of the careless self-confidence that had cost him his wicket in his second innings. He had the good motive of desiring to please his father, who was watching him with pride; and the bad motive of desiring to score all he could over the skipper who was giving him the chance to make that score.

Every wicket he captured was an additional proof that he was entitled to a place in the team; that he was the right man in the right place; that Wharton had been utterly in the wrong in wishing to keep Nugent in; that Nugent had saved the match by standing out in disregard of his chum's wishes. Bad motives were quite as strong as good ones with the Bounder; perhaps a little stronger. What was to Wharton a game of cricket was to Smithy a personal contest between him and his captain; Wharton was playing into his hands simply by playing the game.

Mornington's wicket fell next, and then Raby's, in the same over. The Bounder grinned with glee.

Hand-clapping came like the rattle of machine-guns. Cheers and yells rang over the field.

"Good old Smithy!"



"The jolly old hat trick! Bravo!"  
 "Hurrah!"  
 "That's the stuff to give 'em, Smithy!"  
 "Good man!"  
 "My son seems to be doing well—what, what?" remarked Mr. Vernon-Smith to the junior near his chair, who happened to be Frank Nugent.

"I should jolly well say so, sir!" answered Frank. "He's winning the game for us! Thank goodness he played!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith almost purred. This was music to his ears.

"I am very glad my boy thought of telephoning to me," he said. "I had asked him to come over to Lantham to see me this afternoon; and he was willing to give up this match rather than disappoint me. But when he telephoned and told me how anxious his captain was that he should play—"

Nugent started a little. "Smithy told you that, sir?" he ejaculated.

"Yes; and I can understand it now," said Mr. Vernon-Smith, beaming. "Wharton is your captain, is he not?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"He must be very glad that my son stayed in to play, after all," said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Bucked, or braced, or whatever it is you boys call it—what?"

Mr. Vernon-Smith, in his pleasure at his son's triumph, was almost playful.

"Oh! Yes! We—we're all jolly glad Smithy never cut the match, sir!" said Frank. "Oh, my hat! Look! Look, sir! There goes Rawson!"

"Eh?" Mr. Vernon-Smith stared round. "Who is Rawson?"

"Rookwood man—Smithy's got his wicket! That's four in the over! Hat tricks are cheap to-day! Good old Smithy!" yelled Frank.

"Bravo, Smithy!"  
 "Smithy! Smithy! Good man!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith clapped his plump hands.

"I say, you fellows!" It was Billy Bunter's fat voice. "I say, old Smithy's giving Rookwood socks! Lucky you never played, Nugent!"

"Fathead!"  
 "Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Ass!"

"Well, if Wharton had had his way, and you'd played instead of Smithy," argued Bunter, "I think—Yaroooh! What beast is kicking me? Ow! Wow!"

Several beasts were kicking Bunter, whose remarks were considered unsuitable for the ears of Mr. Vernon-Smith. The Owl of the Remove rolled away, and no further tactful remarks were heard from him.

"It's all over, bar shouting," remarked Bolsover major. "Rookwood will never pull up now."

"It's the Bounder's game," said Skinner.

"Yes, rather!"

"Or, rather, it's Nugent's game!" chuckled Skinner. "Nugent's won it for us by standing out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was no doubt, anyhow, that it was a win for Greyfriars. Rookwood had little hope now of making up their leeway. The Bounder's bowling had been uncommonly good, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was as good as ever. Wharton, in the field, either had no chances, or did not get away with them. But the wickets were falling fast; and though the Rookwooders fought hard to the finish, the innings ended much earlier than they had expected, and it left them with only 60. Which meant that Greyfriars had won by 40 runs.

Which was very satisfactory to the Greyfriars fellows; and certainly very satisfactory to Harry Wharton, as a cricketer and captain of the side. The Bounder had quite an ovation when the field came off; and Mr. Vernon-Smith, before he left in his big car, tipped his son a whole tenner. The Bounder certainly had had a good day.

Nugent looked for an opportunity of speaking to his chum after the game.

He did not find one for some time. Not till the Rookwooders were gone did he get a chance of speaking to Wharton; by which time it was, perhaps, no longer possible for the captain of the Remove to avoid him.

It seemed to Frank that all would be serene now. Mr. Vernon-Smith's presence at the finish of the match had proved, beyond doubt, that the Bounder had been acting in good faith, as Nugent had believed. Smithy's magnificent play demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that Nugent had been right in standing out of the team to make room for him.

Wharton might feel sore and discomfited; but, as a sensible fellow, he had to see that right was right, and that common sense was common sense.

Apparently, however, he did not.

When Nugent came up to him the captain of the Remove stared him in the face, deliberately turned on his heel, and walked away.

Nugent stopped dead. "Harry!" he ejaculated.

Wharton did not heed.

He walked into the House, leaving Frank Nugent staring after him blankly.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Parted Pals!

"HIS highness," said Skinner, "has got his royal back up." There was a chuckle in the Rag.

It was "pie" to Skinner. That amiable youth always derived entertainment from the troubles of others. And he had a particular "down" on the captain of the Remove.

Wharton took very little trouble to conceal his contempt for a smoky, weedy slacker, who loafed and lounged and frowsted, and preferred cigarettes in a box-room to cricket. Contempt, according to the proverb, will pierce the shell of the tortoise; and Skinner, though not thin-skinned, was not quite so well-protected as the tortoise. So the sight of Wharton at variance with his old friends was "pie" to Skinner.

It was the day following the Rookwood match.

The Bounder was still enjoying his glory, and perhaps still enjoying his score over Wharton. He was also enjoying—more or less—the assiduous friendship of William George Bunter, who had heard of the tenner.

But in the ranks of the famous "Co." there was trouble and division.

The Famous Five were the leading spirits of the Remove; Wharton was captain of the Form; and so, in the little world of the Lower Fourth, they filled a great space.

All the fellows, consequently, were interested, though only Skinner and one or two others of his kidney found any malicious satisfaction in the new state of affairs.

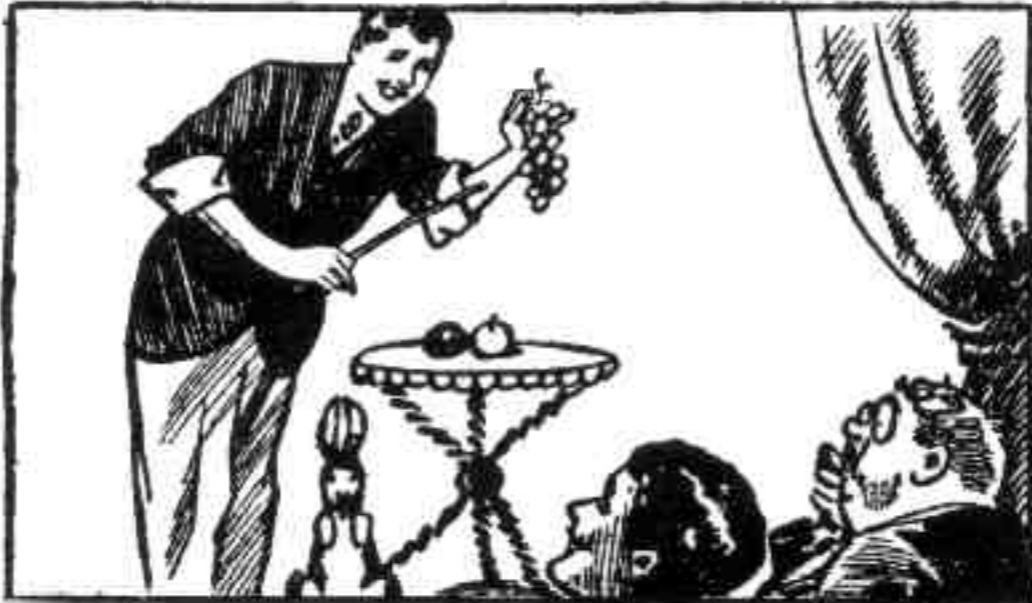
It was rumoured in the Remove, after the Rookwood match, that Wharton and Nugent were no longer "speaking."

They had been chums so long—and such good chums—that fellows found it difficult to believe, at first. In the Form-room, on Thursday morning, many eyes were on them.

It was noted that in break Wharton walked away by himself, and was not seen in the quad with his friends.

After third school, four members of the Co. were seen together, but Wharton was still missing from the ranks.

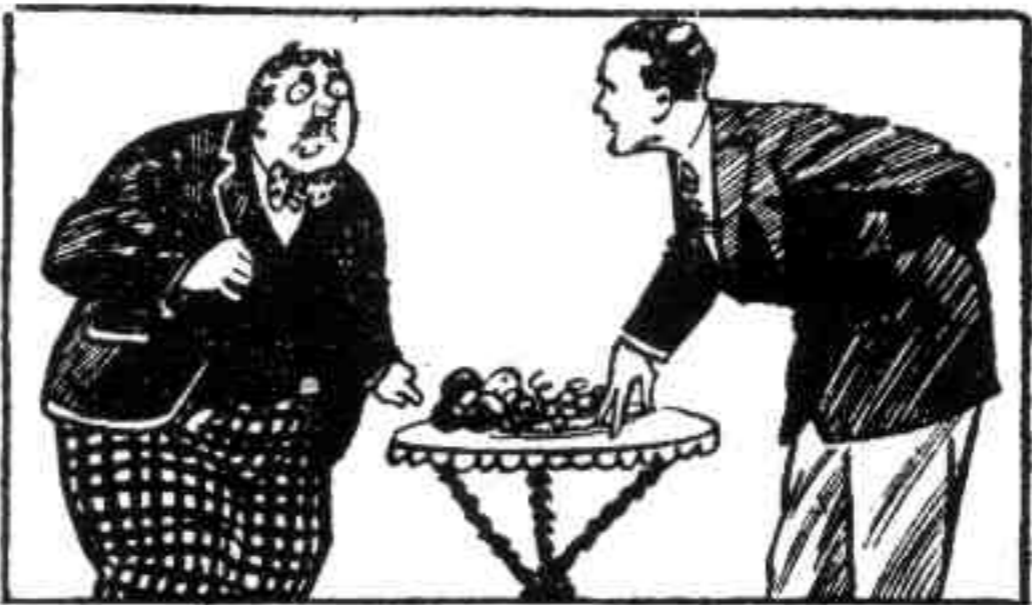
SPIN A LIMERICK AND WIN A POCKET WALLET!



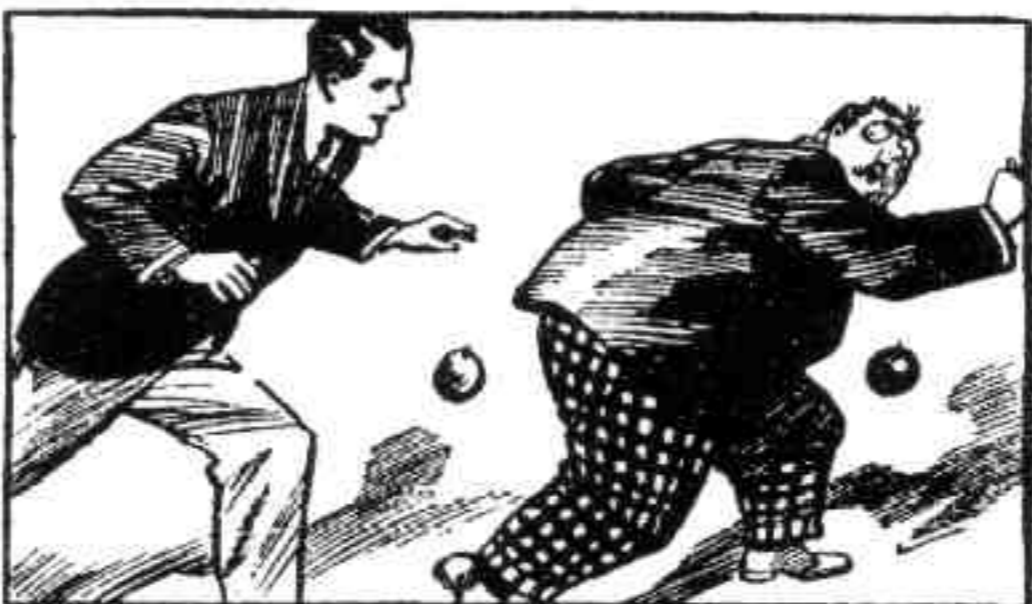
At Greyfriars a conjurer, cuts,



From space produced money and fruit.



When later he found



Bunter prowling around,



He produced squeaks and grunts by his boot!

The above winning effort, illustrated by our artist, was sent in by Eric Boyland, of 39, Panmure Road, Sydenham, S.E.26.  
 POST YOUR GREYFRIARS LIMERICK TO-NIGHT!

But it was not till after class that fellows knew for certain. There was a crowd of Removites in the Rag, and four members of the Co. were there, and it was observed that they did not seem to look so merry and bright as was their happy custom.

Then Wharton came in.

As soon as he was seen in the doorway, all eyes turned on him. The fellows were going to see now! And they did see.

Wharton glanced into the room. His glance fell on the four, and he turned and walked out of the Rag again.

Then followed Skinner's bright remark that his highness had his royal back up.

There was no doubt about it now.

"I say, you fellows, I told you so!" chirruped Billy Bunter. "I told you Wharton cut Nugent in the quad! Glared at him."

"Silly ass!" commented Squiff.

"This," said Skinner, "is where we all tremble! His Magnificence is cross! He is annoyed! I suggest going about on tiptoe, and speakin' in whispers, till he comes round."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, you silly owl!" growled Bob Cherry, with a glare at the cheery Skinner.

"My dear chap," said Skinner blandly. "I'm pourin' oil on the troubled waters! His Serene Highness will come round, if we exercise tact!"

"The shut-upfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Skinner," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, "otherwise-fully the kickfulness may be the esteemed order of the day."

"I say, you fellows, what has Wharton got his back up about?" Billy Bunter wanted to know.

"Fathead!"

"Well, you might tell a chap!" said Bunter. "I don't call it sporting for him to get his back up just because Smithy put his nose out of joint at cricket."

"You howling ass!" snapped Bob. "Wharton was as glad as anybody to see Smithy knocking Rookwood out."

"He looks glad!" remarked Skinner thoughtfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some fellows can't live without the limelight," remarked Snoop. "But dash it all, Wharton can't expect to keep the spotlight all the time."

"After all, he isn't the only pebble on the beach," said Bolsover major.

"Don't tell him so!" urged Skinner. "It would be such a painful surprise to him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry and his friends looked at one another uncomfortably.

"What about kicking Skinner?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, let's get out!" grunted Bob.

And the Co. left the Rag.

At tea-time they arrived together at Study No. 1. Generally, the Famous Five tea'd together, in a study belonging to one or another of the Co.

Wharton was not in Study No. 1.

"Tea here, Franky?" asked Bob.

"Yes—I suppose Harry will come in."

But Wharton did not come in.

Later, it was known that Wharton had tea'd in Hall.

After tea, he had gone out on his

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bike, and he did not come in till call-over. After which the Remove men had to go to their studies for prep; and as Wharton and Nugent shared Study No. 1 it was scarcely possible for a meeting to be avoided any longer.

Quite a number of fellows hung about the end of the passage, instead of going into their studies.

Nugent was in Study No. 1, getting out his books, with a clouded face. Wharton came up last.

He seemed unconscious of the many curious eyes fixed on him, as he came up the passage and went into Study No. 1.

Prep called the Remove, and they had to go. Wharton and Nugent were left to themselves.

They sat down to prep in an icy silence.

Several times, as they worked, Frank raised his eyes from his books, and looked across at the captain of the Remove.

Wharton kept his eyes steadily on his work.

His face was quite calm and composed; he seemed to be unaware of the presence of another fellow in the study.

Several times Frank Nugent opened his lips to speak, but closed them again. Prep was finished in unbroken silence.

But when Wharton, closing his books,

turned out that he wasn't lying, for once, that's all."

"It was all fair and square about his father telling him to go over to Lantham, and he couldn't help cutting the cricket. He fixed it with his pater, and was able to play after all. You ought to have been jolly glad of it, as cricket captain."

"If I'd believed him—yes."

"Well, you know now that he was telling the truth. And if I'd stayed in the team we should have been beaten by Rookwood. You know that. Is that what you wanted?" exclaimed Nugent.

But he repented the angry words the next moment.

"Look here, Harry, don't be an ass!" he said. "I had to do as I did. You'd got your temper out of hand, and you were playing the ox. If you'd think over it coolly, you'd see that."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked the captain of the Remove icily. "If so, I'll go down."

Nugent drew a deep, deep breath.

"You mean that you don't want to be friends any longer?"

"I can't be friends with a fellow who lets me down, and helps a cur like Vernon-Smith to make me look a fool."

"Oh, rot! You did look a fool!" exclaimed Nugent, angry again. "You looked a fool because you let your temper get the better of you, and put yourself into a false position. And that's what's the matter with you now. You know you were in the wrong, and you can't stand it being proved that you made an ass of yourself. You've got your back up because you let your silly temper make a fool of you."

Wharton stood quite still.

It was true, more or less; and perhaps deep down in his heart he realised the truth of it. If so, the knowledge only added to his bitterness.

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It was true, more or less; and perhaps deep down in his heart he realised the truth of it. If so, the knowledge only added to his bitterness.

"I don't expect anything but rotten trickery from Smithy!" said Wharton. "That's his nature! I did expect something different from you. You backed him up in scoring over me, and you know it. I don't want to speak to you again. If my friends stick to you instead of me, I don't want to speak to them, either. Leave me alone after this."

He turned and walked out of the study.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Marble Eye!

HERBERT VERNON - SMITH glanced at Tom Redwing, puzzled by the troubled and distressed expression that had come over his face. Then, following Tom's glance, he understood, and grinned sarcastically.

It was Saturday afternoon, a half-holiday at Greyfriars. The Bouncer had come out of the House with his chum, in cheery spirits. They were going up to Hawkscliff for the afternoon, and the Bouncer—who had plenty of money and liked spending it—had hired a car to drive them up. Redwing would have preferred to walk, but he gave way to his chum, as he generally did.

Now his eyes had fallen on the Famous Five of the Remove, and what he saw distressed the sailorman's son,

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rose to leave the study, Frank rose from the table and spoke at last.

"Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove turned at the doorway.

"Well?"

"This can't go on, Harry."

"I don't quite follow."

"Look here, what do you mean?" broke out Nugent, his anger rising. "You've got your back up about nothing."

"Do you think so?"

"Every man in the Remove thinks so!" snapped Frank.

"Let it go at that, then!"

"If you're going to be a sulky fool, I—"

Wharton winced, and his brow darkened. But his tone was calm and hard as he answered.

"Call it that, if you like."

"Well, give it a name!" said Nugent.

"What have I done? You know as well as I do that it was up to me to stand out of the eleven yesterday. It was proved by the game Smithy put up. You might have been in the right if it had turned out that Smithy was playing the goat, as you thought. But when his father came, you knew that he wasn't. I know he's a sneering brute, and made it all as unpleasant for you as he could; but, after all, you'd called him a liar for nothing."

"I believed he was lying, because he is a liar," said Wharton coolly. "It

though it brought a sarcastic grin to the face of Herbert Vernon-Smith.

Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, were together in the quad, and Harry Wharton, going down, was passing them.

He passed them as if they were invisible to him.

He did not look angry; there was no expression on his face at all. He simply ignored the existence of the fellows who had been his nearest and dearest chums.

Johnny Bull snorted. Hurree Singh looked worried. Nugent's lip quivered.

Bob Cherry made a movement towards Wharton and called to him.

"Wharton, hold on!"

The captain of the Remove did not stop.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Wharton!" bawled Bob.

The Bounder, from a little distance, looked on with interest. He seemed to find a sardonic amusement in this rift in the lute.

Wharton stopped a few yards behind the group of juniors, and turned his head. He eyed the four, with calm detachment.

"Did you call me?" he asked.

"You jolly well know I did!" said Bob, reddening.

"Well, what do you want—if you want anything?"

Bob Cherry had probably the most equable temper in the Remove, but there was a glint in blue eyes now. However, he restrained his irritation, and answered in as friendly a tone as he could.

"We're going out on the bikes."

"I hope you'll have a good spin!" said Wharton.

"Are you coming?"

"Thanks, no!"

"Look here, we'd like you to come."

"Sorry!"

"If you're going to be a sulky ass, Wharton!" roared Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton glanced at him, turned on his heel, and continued his way.

Bob Cherry whistled.

"Well, that's that!" he said.

"The thatfulness is terrific and preposterous!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"The silly ass!" growled Johnny Bull. "Look here, let's get out! There's that cad Smithy grinning at us like a Cheshire cat."

Frank Nugent glanced round at the Bounder with a gleam in his eyes. He resented the conduct of the fellow who had been his best friend; he could not help that. But there was no bitterness in his resentment towards Wharton. What bitterness there was in Nugent's kind nature was turned against the Bounder. Intentionally or unintentionally, the Bounder was the original cause



Wharton's hand fastened on Nugent's collar and, heedless of the risk of being dragged down himself, he pulled on the junior clinging to the rough chalk!

of the trouble that had arisen in the hitherto happy and united Co.

The four juniors walked slowly towards the bikeshed. There was division in the Co. now, with a vengeance.

It was scarcely possible for the other three to avoid taking sides, now that Wharton and Nugent were no longer friends. They could not run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Besides, they believed that Nugent had acted rightly, and he had acted with their approval and advice. If Wharton chose to keep his back up, there was no question about the rest of the Co. sticking to Frank. If Frank was in the wrong, they were in the wrong, as he had had their wholehearted support in the line he had taken on Rookwood day.

But it was a dismal and discomfiting situation. Moreover, it was nearly the end of the term now, and as a rule the Famous Five had their holidays together. It looked as if they would not be together this time. Certainly the Co. could not discuss "hols" with Wharton now.

The Bounder's lip curled.

"It's rotten!" muttered Redwing.

"The silly fool!" said the Bounder contemptuously. "Blessed if I know

why the fellows want to keep friendly with such a sulky ass!"

Redwing made no answer to that.

"Let's go and speak to them," said Smithy.

"No good butting in—"

"Come on, ass!"

Vernon-Smith followed the four juniors, and Redwing followed him.

"Hold on, you men!" called out the Bounder.

Bob Cherry and his comrades stopped and looked round. None of them seemed very pleased to see Smithy.

But Smithy's manner was very agreeable. He gave them a cheery smile.

"Anything special on?" he asked.

"No; we're going for a spin."

"Come up to Hawkscliff instead," suggested the Bounder amicably.

"We're having a car, and there will be room for the lot to pack in. It's a ripping drive by the cliff road—the sea in sight nearly all the time."

"Not a bad idea," said Johnny Bull, with a nod.

Bob Cherry seemed to hesitate.

"We're taking some tuck, and having tea at Redwing's old cottage there," said

the Bounder. "Reddy will be jolly glad if you'll come, won't you, Reddy?"

"Of course," said Redwing.

"What about it, you men?" asked Bob, glancing at his companions.

Nugent set his lips.

"You fellows go, if you like," he said. "I'm not going."

"Why not?" asked the Bounder.

"Because I don't care for your company, Vernon-Smith," answered Nugent icily.

"Is this your day for paying compliments?" asked Vernon-Smith. "Or are you always as polite as that in declining an invitation?"

"My esteemed Franky!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I'm not stopping you fellows," said Frank. "If you care for Smithy's company, get on with it! I dare say he will set some of you by the ears before the afternoon's out. It amuses him to set fellows quarrelling. You may find it more amusing than I do."

Frank Nugent walked on to the bike-shed.

The other three fellows exchanged uncomfortable glances. A glitter shot into the Bounder's eyes.

"Thanks, Smithy, we won't come!" said Bob. "Thanks all the same!"

"The thankfulness and the samefulness are terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Smithy."

And the chums of the Remove followed Nugent.

The Bounder breathed rather hard.

"Come on, Smithy!" said Redwing. His face was crimson with discomfort.

"The sooner we get going, the better."

"Lots of time for me to punch Nugent's head for his cheek!" growled the Bounder.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Redwing sharply. "You've caused enough trouble in that direction, Smithy."

"So you agree with Nugent?"

Redwing was silent. He was Smithy's pal; and he felt, like other fellows, that Wharton had been unreasonable. But that was not all there was to it, as he knew. The trouble between the friends would not have arisen had Smithy been other than what he was.

"I've a jolly good mind—" muttered the Bounder, with a black look in the direction of the four.

"Oh, come on!"

"That soft ass Nugent feels just as friendly to Wharton, though the fellow's turned him down, and cut him before a crowd of fellows," said Vernon-Smith. "He would like to put all the blame on me, if he could. The ass!"

"You were a good deal to blame, Smithy!" said Redwing quietly.

"What utter rot!" The Bounder scowled, and then his scowl faded into a grin. "I own up I enjoyed scoring over Wharton, after he got his back up and made out that I was a liar."

"He wouldn't have thought so, if—" Redwing paused.

"If I didn't depart from the jolly old truth sometimes—what?"

"Well, yes."

"He's a wrong-headed ass!" said Smithy. "He jumped to a wrong conclusion, and stuck to it out of sheer obstinacy, and felt sore all round when he was proved to be in the wrong, and looked a silly fool. He can't forgive his friends because he's made a fool of himself."

"I—I suppose there's something in that. But—"

"But you think I rubbed it in?" grinned the Bounder.

"Yes."

"And made matters worse?"

"Yes," said Tom. "If you'd been a

bit more tactful, and a bit better-natured, Smithy, Wharton wouldn't have taken it as he did."

"Why the thump should I care how he takes it? It was rather a lark to help him go off at the deep end."

"What you'd call a lark, I suppose," said Redwing, with a sigh. "I shouldn't call it a lark to sow trouble between friends."

"I never meant that, of course."

"I don't think you cared much what happened, Smithy, so long as you scored," said Redwing. "But don't let's talk about it—the harm's done now. Let's get out."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, cut off, Bunter!" exclaimed Redwing irritably.

"Oh, really, Redwing! I wasn't speaking to you," said Bunter, blinking at him through his big spectacles. "I was speaking to Smithy. I say, Smithy—"

"Cut off, idiot!"

"Oh, really, Smithy! I say, old chap," said Bunter confidentially. "I'm backing you up, you know."

"You fat chump!" said the Bounder ungratefully.

"I heard what Nugent said, you know," said Bunter, with a fat grin.

"Of course, he's an ass, you know. I don't think you're a tricky cad, Smithy—"

"What?"

"Lots of the fellows do," said the fatuous Owl. "But I don't! Besides, why shouldn't you pull Wharton's leg and make him look a fool? And, besides, you can't help being what you are, old chap—that's only sense, isn't it? If a fellow's a tricky cad, he's a tricky cad, and there you are! I'm backing you up, old chap."

Vernon-Smith looked at him. Redwing could not help grinning. Billy Bunter was making himself agreeable to the Bounder; but the fatuous Owl had his own ways of making himself agreeable.

"But I came to tell you that the car's waiting, old chap," went on Bunter. "If you like, I'll come. In fact, I've told Mauleverer that I can't go out with him this afternoon, specially. It looks a decent car. Not like our cars at Bunter Court, of course. Still, a decent turn-out. I'll come."

"Will you?" said the Bounder grimly.

"Yes, old chap." Bunter winked. "Rely on me to keep it dark. But don't you think Redwing had better drop out?"

"Eh?"

"Well, the races are not much in his line," said Bunter.

"The races?" repeated the Bounder.

"He, he, he! I know where you're going, old chap. You gave it a miss on Wednesday, just to score over Wharton and set him rowing with his pals. He, he, he! Look here, you'll have to lend me a quid or two, Smithy. I've been disappointed about a postal order—"

"I think I had better lend you something," agreed the Bounder.

"Good! I'll let you have it back out of my postal order, old fellow, when—when it comes. What are you going to lend me, Smithy?"

"My boot!"

"Oh, really, Smithy— Here, I say—leggo—yaroooh! Leggo my collar, you beast! Wow! Stop kicking me, you rotter! Oh crikey!"

"Come on, Smithy!" said Redwing, laughing.

"That enough, Bunter?"

"Yaroooh!"

"I'll lend you some more, if you like."

"Whoooooop!"

Smithy and Redwing walked out to the car—without Bunter. Bunter was roaring, and they cheerfully left him to roar.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Ponsonby Asks for It!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! There's Wharton!"

Four cyclists were pedalling along the road that ran by the base of the high chalk cliffs.

Harry Wharton, standing on the cliffs over the road, looked down.

He recognised his friends—or, rather, his former friends—and watched them as they came spinning along. They were heading for the village of Pegg, farther along the coast.

He watched them rather curiously. It was easy to see that they were not so merry and bright as usual, and Frank Nugent's face, especially, was clouded.

Nugent looked up, as Bob Cherry ejaculated, and sighted the captain of the Remove standing on the cliff.

He released one hand from a handlebar, as if with the intention of waving as he passed.

Wharton's expression, perhaps, was not encouraging. At all events, Nugent did not wave.

Bob Cherry waved a hand, however, without even noticing that Wharton did not wave back.

The cyclists swept on and disappeared round the irregular line of cliffs in the direction of the fishing village.

Wharton stared after them till they were out of sight.

Then he resumed his lonely tramp. His face was clouded and troubled.

He was still feeling, like the angry prophet of old, that he did well to be angry. But perhaps some doubt was now penetrating into his mind.

Certainly, he felt very keenly the estrangement from his chums.

But he had been deeply wounded. The mocking, sardonic Bounder had scored over him, and he had been put in the wrong, and made to look a fool. The line Nugent had taken had enabled the Bounder to score; he had let down his chum.

That was how Wharton looked at it, or persisted in looking at it; and he told himself that he was done with Nugent, and if the other fellows backed him up, he was done with them, too. Yet a doubt was creeping in at the back of his mind. More than once his passionate temper had betrayed him to his undoing, as he was very well aware.

After all, there was something to be said on Nugent's side. Wharton had got as far as that!

But—even if he got farther than that—he could not abandon the line he had taken.

His face set hard at the thought of making overtures to his estranged friends. He could scarcely do so, without an admission that he had acted like a hot-headed ass. That was not an admission he was prepared to make—not yet, at all events.

But he was feeling dismal, depressed, dissatisfied with himself and with everybody else, as he tramped along the rugged cliff path. He hardly glanced at the bright sea, rolling and shining in the summer sun. His eyes were on the ground as he tramped along, hardly seeing his surroundings.

And so he did not observe three fellows who came out of a path over the cliffs, a little distance ahead of him.

But Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Monson, of the Highcliffe Fourth, spotted him at once. And Ponsonby grinned—an unpleasant grin.

"Greyfriars cad!" said Ponsonby.  
 "Oh, don't start raggin', Pon," said Gadsby. "I dare say the other rotters are hangin' about somewhere."  
 Pon shook his head.  
 "You can see that he's alone," he answered.  
 "Let the beast rip!" said Monson. "It's jolly dangerous raggin' on a path like this."  
 "Rot!" said Ponsonby.  
 The three Highcliffians halted. Wharton came directly towards them along

"Fancy meetin' you!" smiled Pon. Wharton gave him a contemptuous look.  
 "Let me pass!" he snapped.  
 "Line up!" said Ponsonby.  
 Gadsby and Monson grinned. After all, three to one was a safe game. And it was evident that Wharton was far from his friends.  
 Wharton looked at the grinning Highcliffians, and a rather grim smile came over his face.

In his present mood he was rather inclined to punch somebody, and punch hard. And the fact that the enemy were three to one did not trouble him very much. The Highcliffe knuts were not the fellows to stand up to much punishment. And Wharton was the fellow to fight to a finish—especially in his present bitter mood. He was, as a matter of fact, by no means averse from trouble with his old enemies.

"Not in a hurry, I hope?" grinned Pon. "The fact is, we can't part

"Are you getting out of the way?" asked Harry.  
 "No; I think not," answered Pon blandly. "I rather imagine not. In fact, we're goin' to kick you all the way back to the road. Turn round and start. First kick to me, you men."  
 "Next to me," said Gadsby.  
 And Monson chuckled.  
 "Turnin' round?" asked Pon. "Or do you want us to turn you round?"  
 Harry Wharton laughed.  
 "I think you'd better do it," he said. "I'm waiting for you to get on with it."

"We won't keep you waitin'! Collar the cad!" shouted Ponsonby.

The three Highcliffians made a rush. They fully expected the Greyfriars junior to run. Instead of which Wharton stood as firmly as one of the rocks round him, and met the rush with his hands up, and his eyes gleaming over them.

It was quite a surprise to Ponsonby & Co., and not at all an agreeable surprise.

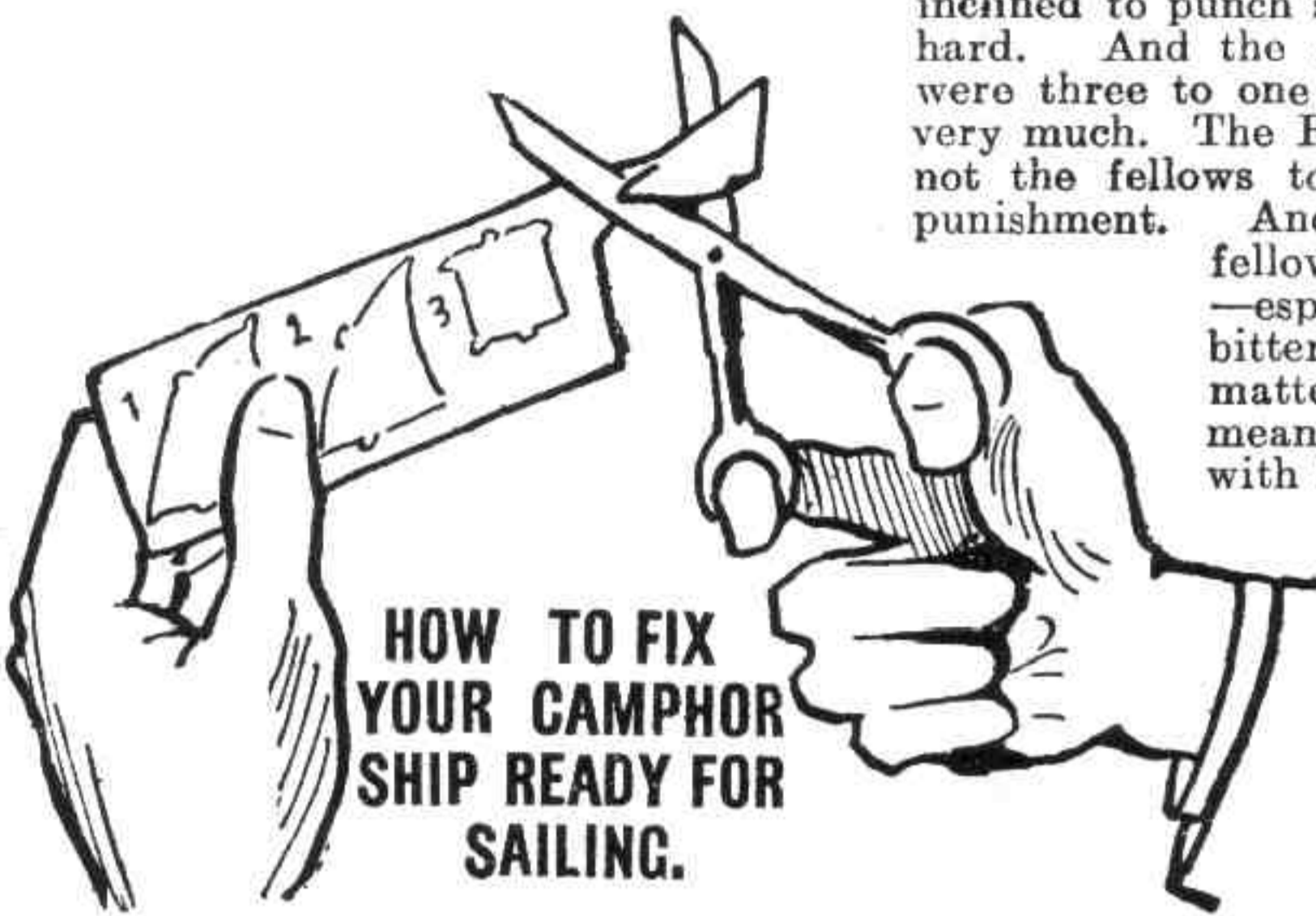
Wharton's right crashed into Ponsonby's face, sending him staggering back, and as he fell Gadsby sprawled over him, with Wharton's left in his eye.

The next moment the Greyfriars junior was struggling with Monson; but Monson went to the ground with a thud, yelling.

Ponsonby, panting, scrambled to his feet.

"Get hold of him!" he gasped.  
 "Come on!" said the Greyfriars junior; and he met Pon half-way.

The next few minutes were wild and whirling. The three Highcliffians attacked savagely, but it was borne in upon their minds that they had awakened the wrong passenger. A good many blows got home, but Wharton did not heed them. He hardly felt them. Heavy as the odds were, he



HOW TO FIX YOUR CAMPHOR SHIP READY FOR SAILING.

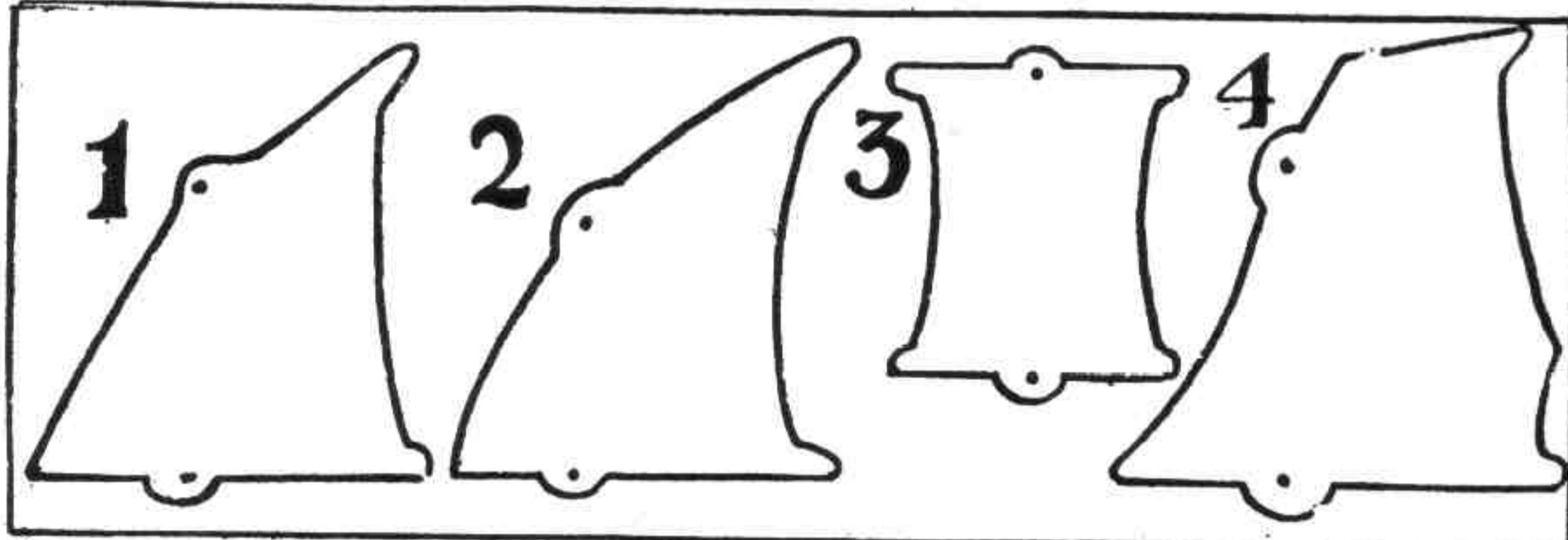
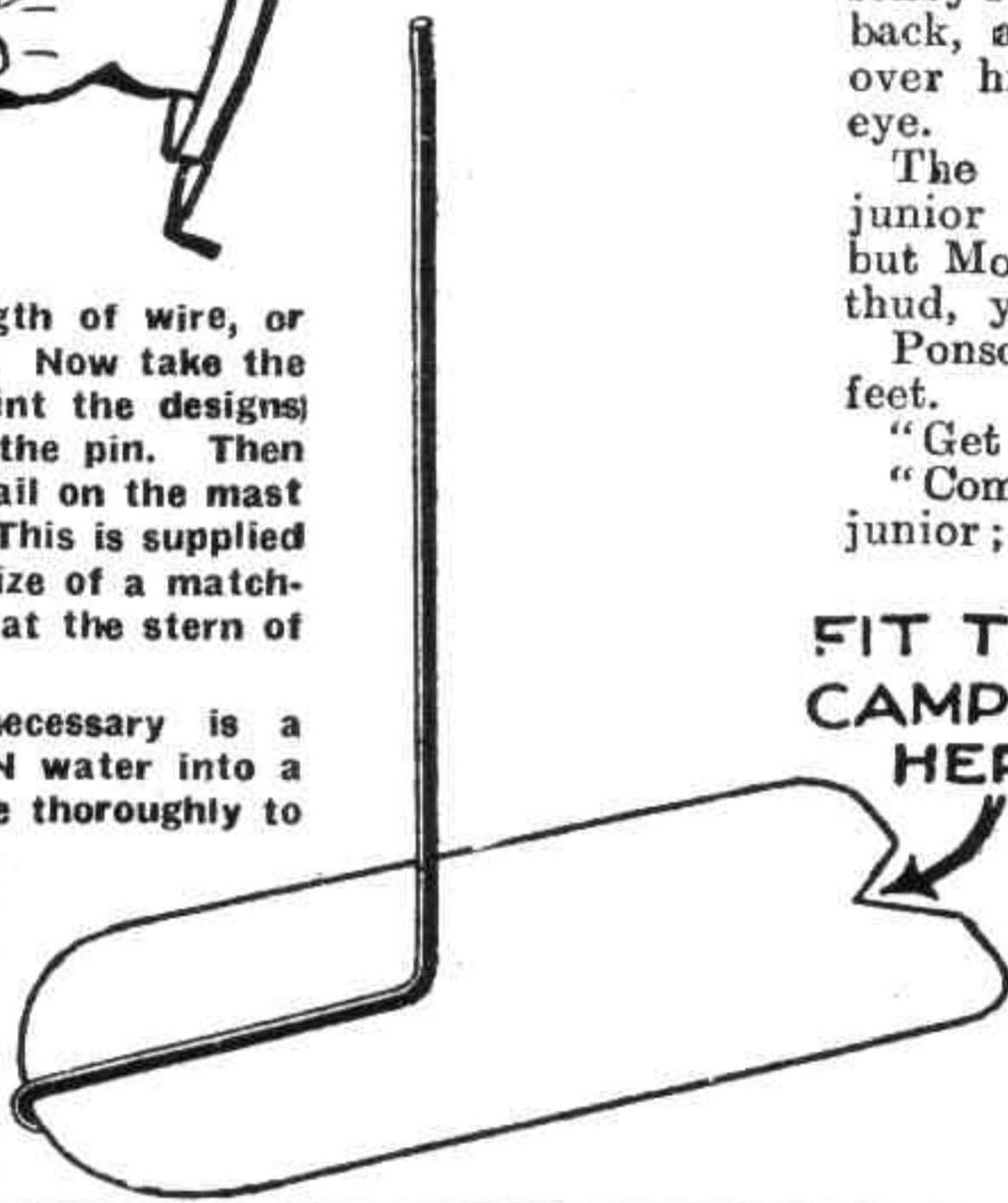
To assemble the camphor ship first clip the length of wire, or mast, to the rounded end of the piece of aluminium. Now take the sheet of grease-paper and trace out with a pin-point the designs shown at Figures 1 to 4 and pierce at dots with the pin. Then cut out the sails with a pair of scissors. Erect a sail on the mast and the ship is ready except for its motive-power. This is supplied by the camphor. Cut out a small piece about the size of a match-head and wedge it tightly into the V-shaped notch at the stern of the ship, as shown in diagram.

The boat is now ready, and all that is necessary is a receptacle in which to float it. Pour some CLEAN water into a dish and draw a piece of newspaper over the surface thoroughly to cleanse it. Don't dip your fingers into the water, for particles of grease or dust will prevent activity. Holding the ship by the mast, place it on the water, when it will move about at high speed.

If it remains stationary, then your dish or water contains grease. Try another dish. If the dish and water are perfectly clean it is impossible for the boat to remain still. If the ship begins to slow down the water needs cleaning again. Draw a sheet of paper across the surface, remembering not to let your fingers touch the water, and the camphor ship will speed up once more.

If the deck gets wet dry it with a strip of paper.

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the path, his eyes on the ground, not seeing them yet.

That he was on his own was easy to see. The cliff path could be seen for a considerable distance, and it was vacant. Ponsonby's eyes gleamed. He had many old scores against the Greyfriars Remove—and especially against the captain of that Form. This looked like a chance, to Ponsonby, to pay off some of those old scores.

Such trifles as fair play did not worry Pon. Indeed, had not the odds been on his side, he would have taken considerable care to keep out of the way of the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

Wharton started and looked up suddenly, when he was almost upon the three. He stopped.

with you just yet, old bean, so soon after this happy meetin'."

"No fear," said Gadsby.  
 "To tell you the truth," remarked Monson, "I never see a Greyfriars cad without wantin' to kick him!"

"Kickin'," said Ponsonby solemnly, "is good for Greyfriars cads. The more they're kicked, the better they are! What do you think, Wharton, as a Greyfriars cad yourself, you know?"

"I think I'd just as soon mop up the cliffs with you as not," answered Wharton grimly. "And if you don't step aside at once, I'll shift you!"

"Dear man! He's gettin' quite fierce!" said Ponsonby. "Askin' for it, by gad! Can't refuse a man what he asks for, you fellows."

was finding a grim enjoyment in the conflict. And he was rather glad than otherwise that Ponsonby & Co. had turned up and asked for trouble.

That was by no means the mood of the Highcliffe knuts. Hard hitting was not in their line at all.

Five minutes of it more than satisfied Ponsonby & Co. They dodged away, and backed, panting and gasping, with noses streaming red, and plenty of other damages—more than they wanted.

"Oh gad! Let the cad alone!" gasped Monson. "Oh, my hat! Look here, you rotter, you can get off now! Ow!"

"Clear off, you hooligan!" panted Gadsby.

Wharton laughed. He did not clear off. He followed up the retreating Highcliffians, still hitting.

"Keep off, you beast!" yelled Monson.

"Look here, collar him!" yelled Ponsonby.

"Collar him yourself!" snarled Gadsby.

And he started running up the path towards Pegg. Monson followed him fast.

Ponsonby lingered a moment. But as Wharton came at him he faltered and turned, and started after his friends.

Crash!

Wharton let out his foot, and it landed upon the elegant trousers of the dandy of Highcliffe. There was a howl from Pon; but even that did not make him turn. It had the effect of accelerating his flight, and he disappeared along the cliffs after Gadsby and Monson.

Wharton laughed breathlessly.

The Highcliffians were gone. He had quite enjoyed the struggle while it lasted. But he realised now that he was damaged. His nose had received several severe knocks, and it was streaming crimson, and he was tired and breathless. He turned from the path into a gully of the cliffs, where he knew that there was a rain-pool to bathe his face. And it was some time before he resumed his walk.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Frank Nugent's Peril!

"PUNCTURE?"

"Yes."

"We can get it mended here," said Bob.

The chums of the Remove had ridden into Pegg. Frank Nugent had had to slow down; his rear tyre was almost flat. The juniors dismounted in the irregular village street, outside the blacksmith's.

"You're rather a fathhead, Frank," remarked Johnny Bull. "You had that puncture yesterday. You ought to have repaired it."

"Well, it pumped up all right when we started," said Nugent. "And I wasn't sure it was a puncture."

"You mean you never thought about it," grunted Johnny.

"Perhaps."

"The thoughtfulness of the absurd Franky has probably been on other preposterous matters," remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Anyhow, the blacksmith will set it right," said Bob cheerily. "Or I'll do it if you like, Franky."

"No need for you fellows to waste time," said Nugent. "I'll leave the bike at the blacksmith's, and walk back."

"Oh, rot! You're coming for a spin!"

"I'd just as soon walk on the cliffs—in fact, rather," said Nugent. "I'm not keen on cycling this afternoon. You fellows get on."

"Bosh!" said Johnny Bull. "We don't mind waiting, though you're rather a careless ass, old chap!"

Nugent glanced at him, and smiled faintly. He wheeled the machine into the blacksmith's shop, and came out without it.

"How long to wait?" asked Johnny.

"I've told the man I'll call for the machine on Monday," answered Frank.

"You chaps buzz off!"

"But you're coming for a spin with

us, ass!" said Johnny Bull, with a stare. "Changed your mind, or what?"

Bob Cherry grinned. He fancied he could guess why Nugent thought he would like to walk back along the cliffs.

"All serene!" he said. "Let's get on! See you at tea in the study, Frank."

"But, look here!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Johnny was not particularly quick on the uptake.

"My esteemed Johnny," murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, "Franky prefers the absurd walkfulness on the idiotic cliffs. Let us proceed bikefully, and leave the absurd Franky to peregrinate on the honourable pony of esteemed Shanks."

And the three juniors remounted and started. Frank Nugent walked out of the village, and started along the cliffs.

Two of his chums, at least, guessed his reason for wishing to walk back by the cliffs. Obviously, if he followed that path as far as the Friardale Road, to get back to Greyfriars, he was bound to fall in with Harry Wharton.

The thought was in Frank's mind of making one more attempt to bridge the gulf that had opened between him and his chum.

He could not believe that Wharton really wished their long friendship to come to an end. He knew Wharton well—perhaps better than the other fellows did—and he was only too-well aware of the strain of obstinacy in his character—an obstinate strain that made it difficult for him to abandon an attitude he had taken up. He knew that Wharton never would make the first advances to a reconciliation, and that he was quite likely to refuse advances made from the other side, as he had already done that afternoon.

It was easy enough to lose patience with a wilful and obstinate fellow and leave him to go his own road; it was easy enough to give way to resentment. But that had no attraction for Frank. He preferred to think of Wharton's sterling qualities, rather than of his unreasonable temper, and he was more than willing to make allowances for a sensitive and touchy pride.

He walked along the lonely path over the cliffs in the blaze of the summer sun with his eyes open for his friend.

At one part of the path it wound along the face of a high cliff, not more than six feet wide. Frank had reached that spot when three fellows came into sight. As he heard their footsteps he looked eagerly along the path, half expecting to see Wharton. But it was not Wharton.

The fellows who came in sight belonged to Highcliffe, and Frank recognised Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Monson. He smiled a little as he looked at them.

Pon & Co. had evidently been in the wars.

All three of them had damaged faces and bulbous noses, and their clothes looked dusty and rumpled. And it was plain that they were in the worst of tempers. They were slanging one another rather freely as they came along, and Frank caught their words.

"You silly fool, Pon!"

"You meddlin', muddlin' idiot, Pon!"

"Why couldn't you leave the fellow alone, you silly ass?"

"You had to ask for this, you fathhead!"

"Oh, can it!" snarled Ponsonby. "We'd have given the Greyfriars cad the thrashin' of his life if you measly funks had backed me up."

"Look at my nose!" groaned Gadsby.

"If you'd backed me up——"

"Oh, rot! You jolly well ran for it and the cad kicked you as you ran, too—and I jolly well saw him!"

Ponsonby opened his lips for a snarling reply when he caught sight of Frank Nugent on the chalk path.

His eyes blazed.

"My hat! There's another of the cads!" he muttered.

"Leave him alone!" said Gadsby promptly. "We've had enough trouble for one afternoon. I'm fed-up, if you're not."

"It's Nugent!" said Ponsonby, his eyes glittering. "He's not a dashed prizefighter, like that brute Wharton. We can handle him as easily as anythin' and——"

"Rot!" growled Monson, "I'm fed-up, confound you."

"I tell you it's as easy as pie!" snarled Ponsonby. "And he's Wharton's chum. We'll jolly well give him what we wanted to give Wharton."

Gadsby and Monson looked dubious, but they nodded assent. They were feeling sore and savage, and strongly inclined to take it out of somebody.

And Nugent was an easy victim. He was sturdy and plucky, and fully a match for any one of the Highcliffians; but he had no chance whatever against the three of them. He was not built on the same lines as his chum, the captain of the Remove.

Nugent stopped and set his lips as the three Highcliffians came towards him on the narrow path.

He could see their hostile intention, but there was no escape, unless he took to his heels. On his left hand was the towering cliff; on his right, a drop of sixty feet to the beach. And nothing would have induced Frank Nugent to turn round and run for it.

Ponsonby gave him a bitter, evil look. "We've been meeting your precious pal," he said.

Nugent laughed.

"Did you let one fellow handle the three of you like that?" he asked.

"Whether we did or not, I fancy you'll find it rather hard to handle the three of us," snarled Ponsonby. "Collar the cad!"

Nugent jumped back and put up his hands.

"Fair play!" he exclaimed. "One at a time, you rotters! Oh, my hat!"

He was fighting the next moment, with three of them attacking.

Nugent was driven back at once, defending himself as well as he could. But two or three blows reached him, and reached him hard, and he staggered and fell.

"Look out!" shrieked Gadsby, in sudden terror.

But it was too late.

Frank Nugent stumbled two or three paces backwards, and as he fell he was on the verge of the path's edge.

Ponsonby & Co. stopped, struck with horror and fear as they saw the Greyfriars junior sprawling on the edge of the rough chalk, his legs slipping over into space.

Frank clutched frantically at the earth to hold on and save himself. But his grasp slipped on the chalk and in another moment he had slid down over the edge. A tuft of grass that grew along the cliff edge was torn out in his hand as he went.

In a moment he was gone from the sight of the terrified Highcliffians. For one awful, nerve-racking moment Ponsonby and Gadsby and Monson believed that he had gone crashing down sixty feet to the beach below to instant, fearful death. They stood rooted, white

and shaken, their faces ghastly. Then from over the abrupt edge of the chalk cliff came a faint voice calling:

"Help!"

It was Nugent's voice.

Ponsonby panted.

"There's a ledge—I remember—I've seen it from the beach. He's on the ledge—"

"Help!"

Ponsonby made a step towards the verge. He knew where Nugent was now; on a narrow ledge, that jutted out, ten feet or so down the cliff. The ledge had caught him as he shot downward, and evidently he had stopped there and held on. But Ponsonby halted again, shaking with fear, as he drew near the precipice. He dared not approach the edge.

"Help!"

Nugent's voice came again, faintly. "Oh gad!" moaned Monson. "Oh, you fool, Pon—you fool!"

Gadsby dropped on hands and knees and crawled to the edge. With an effort he looked over.

Far below—an infinite distance, as it seemed to his dizzy eyes—stretched the wide, blue sea, shining in the summer sun, and the yellow sands extending from the water to the foot of the cliffs. Ten feet below him was the narrow ledge where Nugent clung. His chest and arms were on the chalk ledge, his legs hung in space. His face was white and strained, his eyes starting as they stared up at Gadsby. To reach him it was necessary to slide down the abrupt slant and take the chance of shooting past the ledge to instant death. And then, if one reached him there was no way up; the face of the cliff was smooth, worn by weather, offering no hold.

Gadsby shuddered and drew back.

"We—we—we've got to get help!" muttered Monson.

"It's half a mile to Pegg. He can't hang on five minutes!" said Gadsby hoarsely. "Oh, you fool, Pon!"

There was a step on the cliff path and round a bend of bulging chalk Harry Wharton came swinging along.

### THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

#### To Save His Chum!

**H**ARRY WHARTON stared at the three Highcliffe fellows.

He slackened pace, but he did not stop. His first impression was that Ponsonby & Co. were looking for more trouble, and he had stopped for him on the path. But a second glance showed him the white horror and fear in the faces of the wretched trio.

He came to a halt. His glance, from the three ghastly faces, passed to the edge of the chalky path, where the tuft of grass had been torn out by the roots. He understood; though he did not guess all, by any means.

"An accident?" he exclaimed.

Ponsonby did not answer. But Gadsby pointed to the cliff with a shaking hand.

"He—he's gone over!" he stammered.

"He—he's on the ledge—there's a ledge—" stammered Monson.

"Highcliffe man?" asked Wharton, puzzled.

He supposed, for the moment, that some other Highcliffian had joined Ponsonby & Co. on the cliffs, and had met with an accident at the narrow path.

"No," muttered Gadsby.

Wharton breathed rather hard.

"He's got to be helped, whoever he is," he said curtly. "Are you fellows leaving him there?"

"We—we can't reach him—can't help him—"

Harry Wharton gave the three a single glance—a glance that brought the colour flooding into their ghastly faces. Then, passing them, he stepped toward the perilous verge.

"You can't help him!" muttered Gadsby. "Nobody can! We—we never meant to hurt him! That fool Pon—"

"How should I know he would tumble over the cliff?" muttered Ponsonby. "He was nowhere near the edge; but he stumbled—"

From under the grassy edge of the chalk came a faint cry:

"Help!"

Harry Wharton started as if electrified. He knew that voice, faint and strained and changed as it was.

"Frank!"

"It—it's Nugent," stammered Gadsby. "I—I swear we never meant—"

Wharton did not even look at him.

He knew what, of course, must have happened. Nugent, somehow, had been coming alone along the cliff path, and had met the young rascals of Highcliffe, and they had assailed him, finding him an easier victim than the captain of the Greyfriars Remove. But there was no time for Wharton to deal with Ponsonby & Co., which was fortunate for them.

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His only thought was for the junior under the steep edge of the cliff.

It was Nugent's voice that had called. It was Nugent, Frank Nugent, who hung there between life and death.

Nugent, his friend, the chum of his schooldays, whose appealing look he had disregarded only that afternoon, whose friendship he had turned down as a thing of no value. It was Frank Nugent, in the shadow of a terrible death!

Harry Wharton flung himself on his hands and knees, and crawled to the edge of the cliff. With steady eyes and a steady head, though his heart was throbbing with fear for his chum, he looked over the dizzy verge.

The Highcliffians watched him in terror.

He did not heed them; he had forgotten them. His eyes were on the clinging figure ten feet below.

"Frank!"

Nugent was looking up.

He had been trying to climb on the ledge, which, narrow as it was, would have afforded him support, could he have got on it. But he could not. All he could do was to hang on, dangling over space, his arms numbed by the terrible strain on them. It was only a

matter of minutes, as he knew; he could not stand the strain long. His face was as white as the chalk of the cliff; but new life and hope came into it at the sight of his chum looking down from above.

"Harry!" he panted.

"Hold on! Hold on!"

"I—I'm holding on, old chap!"

But, even as he spoke, one of his arms slipped, and a pang of terror shot through the junior above.

But Nugent clutched hold, and held again. Life was at stake, and he was fighting for it with every ounce of his strength. But his strength was going, and going fast.

Wharton kept his calmness, his coolness. Only by keeping cool could he hope to save his chum.

"Frank"—his voice was a husky whisper—"hold on, old chap! I'm coming to help you! Hold on!"

He turned back to the Highcliffians.

There was no anger in his look—it was not time for that. He was glad that they were there. It meant a chance of life for his chum and for himself. His voice was calm as he called to them.

"Ponsonby, I'm going down for Nugent."

"You can't!" groaned Gadsby. "You'll be killed, too! Don't be a mad-man!"

Wharton did not seem to hear.

"You fellows get help as fast as you can! One of you get to Pegg, and bring a rope—run hard! The others get down to the road and stop any car that passes. Any motorist will give you a lift to get help. You understand?"

"Yes!" breathed Ponsonby.

"Quick, then!"

They started at once. Monson ran along the path towards the fishing village. Ponsonby and Gadsby scrambled through a gully in the upper cliff, to reach the road on the landward side of the cliffs. Wharton knew that they would do their best, if only to save their precious skins from the consequences of what they had done.

He gave them no further heed.

He turned back to the cliff edge, and looked down again.

"Hold on, Frank! I'm coming!"

"Don't!" called back Nugent faintly. "If you miss the ledge—"

"I shan't miss it!"

"Harry! Don't! I tell you—"

"Hold on till I get to you!" was all Wharton said in reply. There was no time to waste in talk.

"Harry!" groaned Nugent.

Harry Wharton was clambering over the verge of the precipice. Swift as he was, he was cool and careful. The vast space that yawned below him did not seem to affect his nerves. His mind was concentrated on his task of reaching Nugent and holding him back from death. He knew his peril with perfect clearness. He knew quite well that, instead of saving Nugent, he might be plunging to his own death. And he was cool as ice.

He hung to the edge of the cliff with his hands, his feet over the ledge. There was neither hand-hold nor foothold below the top till the ledge was reached. He had to let himself go, and slide down the steep slant. With his teeth shut, he let go.

His feet brought up on the ledge, his face to the cliff. The jar, as he landed, almost tilted him over backwards into space. But he pressed desperately on the cliff, and saved himself.

He was on the chalk ledge now.

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dropped on his knees and reached to Nugent.

His right hand fastened on Nugent's collar. Had there been a hold on the cliff for his left it would have been easy. But there was no hold. At the imminent risk of Nugent's weight dragging him down, he dragged at the junior clinging to the rough chalk.

Nugent made a tremendous effort, and, helped by the steady pull on his collar, he clambered on the ledge.

He sank down there, panting, exhausted.

Wharton pushed him close to the face of the cliff. The ledge was barely two feet wide. In length it was a dozen feet along the face of the cliff, but there was no escape from it—at either end the drop was sheer. Above, the smooth chalk offered no hold. Unless help came—and until help came—the two juniors were prisoners there.

Nugent, crouched against the chalk, panted for breath. The strain on him had been terrible. His arms were aching and numbed. It was several minutes before he could speak.

"Harry, old chap—"

"Buck up, old man," whispered Wharton. "Those Highcliffe chaps have gone for help. They'll get back soon, especially if they stop a car on the road. We'll get out of this."

Nugent nodded.

"Don't look down, old fellow. We're safe here so long as we keep our heads—safe as houses!" muttered Wharton.

"If you'd missed the ledge—as I did when I fell—" breathed Frank.

"Lucky you caught hold, old chap. There wasn't much risk in sliding down—"

"Fathead!"

Wharton smiled.

"We're going to get out of this, old fellow," he said, "and—and as soon as we're safe up there, I want you to kick me—hard."

"Fathead!" said Nugent again.

But he smiled. Crouched on the narrow ledge, with the sheer cliff falling to the sands far below, the seagulls circling round, they listened for a sound that would tell of help, of rescue. But there was no sound save the calling of the gulls.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Clouds Roll By!

"S TOP!"

"Rats!" growled Herbert Vernon-Smith.

Redwing looked round quickly.

"Better stop, Smithy!"

"I'm not stoppin' for a pair of Highcliffe cads!" snapped the Bounder. "What the thump do they want?"

The car was coming up the road on the lar. ard side of the cliffs. Herbert Vernon-Smith scowled at the two dusty figures that came scrambling down the cliffs into the road.

Smithy was not in a good temper, and Redwing did not look very bright. They had stopped in Courtfield to pick up supplies for tea at Redwing's cottage at Hawkscliff, and then started for the road by the cliffs. The road was uphill, and the car was not going fast. The two chums sat in silence. Redwing was thinking of that little scene in the quad at Greyfriars, which he found it difficult to dismiss from his mind, and Vernon-Smith knew that he was thinking of it. Perhaps the Bounder's own mind was not wholly at ease. It was like the Bounder to indulge his sardonic nature to the top of its bent, and to regret,

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when it was too late, the mischief that resulted.

Ho stared, or rather glared at Ponsonby and Gadsby as they scrambled down from the cliff into the road, and shouted and waved wildly, signalling the car to stop. Smithy was not in the least inclined to stop for them, whatever they wanted.

The chauffeur glanced round inquiringly, slowing as he did so.

"Get on!" snapped the Bounder.

"Look here, Smithy, we'd better stop!" said Redwing. "Something must have happened, from those fellows' looks—"

"Oh, rot!"

"Well, I'm going to stop anyhow," said Redwing. "You can leave me behind if you like."

"Don't be a fool!" snapped the Bounder, and he signed to the chauffeur to stop, and the car came to a halt only a few feet from Ponsonby and Gadsby.

"Well, what do you want?" snapped Vernon-Smith.

"It—it's an accident on the cliffs!" panted Ponsonby. "Nugent's gone over the cliff—"

The Bounder jumped.

"What?" gasped Redwing.

"You know the place—that narrow path—near the Shoulder—Wharton's gone down for him—they're sticking on the ledge—"

"Good heavens!" breathed Redwing.

"If a fellow gets along with a rope, they've got a chance!" panted Gadsby. "For goodness' sake get to Pegg as fast as you can, and get a rope—Monson's gone by the path—but it's half a mile—"

Vernon-Smith jumped from the car.

"Get on, Reddy! I'll cut across and tell them help's coming! Get back with men and ropes as fast as you can! Driver, let her out!"

The chauffeur gave a nod, and the car leapt onward. With only Redwing in it, it rushed on up the steep road to Pegg.

Vernon-Smith looked at the Highcliffe fellows.

"How did Nugent get over the cliff?" he asked.

"He—he fell—"

"We never touched him," muttered Ponsonby, "at least, we hardly touched him. It was a sheer accident—"

"Is he safe, so far?"

"I—I don't know!" groaned Gadsby. "He was hanging on to that ledge—and—and Wharton came along, and—and went down to him—but—but we don't know—"

"Wharton asked us to run for help," said Ponsonby.

The Bounder's lip curled.

"He wouldn't have asked you to go down the cliff—it wouldn't have been much use," he sneered. "Like to come back and help?"

"We—we can't do anything—"

"I know that! Clear off, you rotten funks!" snapped the Bounder contemptuously, and he turned his back on the Highcliffians and clambered up the cliff.

It was a steep climb from the road, but the Bounder was swift. In a very short time he was on the seaward side of the cliffs, and on the path that looked over the sea. Then he started running.

He arrived breathless at the narrow path over the ledge.

From below the verge there came the sound of a calling voice. His footsteps had been heard.

"Help!"

It was Harry Wharton's voice, and it was strong and clear.

Vernon-Smith dropped on hands and knees, and crawled to the edge. He looked down at the two juniors on the ledge.

"Hallo!"

"Smithy!" exclaimed Wharton.

He forgot all the Bounder's offences at that moment. Never had he been so glad to see anyone's face, as he was to see the face of Herbert Vernon-Smith looking down from above.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" breathed Nugent.

"Help's comin'!" called out the Bounder. "Those Highcliffe cads stopped our car—Reddy's gone on to Pegg to get help—"

"Oh, good!"

"You can bet Reddy won't lose time! But you'll have to stick on till he gets here," said the Bounder. "I've hiked along to keep you company."

"Thanks!" said Wharton.

"I can't help you, without a rope! But you're all right if you can stick on till Reddy gets here."

"We can stick on," said Harry quietly.

"Like me to come down?"

"No, ass; what good would that do?"

"None—unless you care for good company."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Keep back from the edge, Smithy! There's no sense in running risks for nothing," he said.

"Rot!" answered the Bounder.

He remained where he was, on the edge of the cliff path, looking down at the two juniors on the ledge. The yawning gulf of space had no effect on the Bounder's iron nerves.

As a matter of fact his proximity had a cheering effect on the two juniors perched over space. And they knew now that help was coming. Monson could not have reached the village yet, but the car was a different matter. Ere long Tom Redwing would be back with help. It was only a matter of sticking on, and so long as giddiness did not assail them, they were safe.

The Bounder eyed them curiously.

"Wharton!" he said suddenly.

The captain of the Remove looked up.

"Are they coming?"

"Not yet! They won't be long now! I was goin' to say—" The Bounder paused. "Look here, I may as well say it—I'm sorry—about Rookwood day. You were a pig-headed ass—"

"Shut up, Smithy," said Nugent.

"You're out of reach for me to punch your head. Wait till I get out of this."

The Bounder grinned down at him.

"You can punch my head when you get out of that, if you like, Nugent! I know you've been wanting to punch it for days. You can get goin' as soon as they bring a rope and fish you up, old bean."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" grunted Nugent.

"But as I was sayin', you were a pig-headed ass, Wharton, but I'm sorry," said the Bounder. "I know I was rather a rotter, and if I hadn't known it, I should have got the tip from Redwing. If an apology's any good, consider it made."

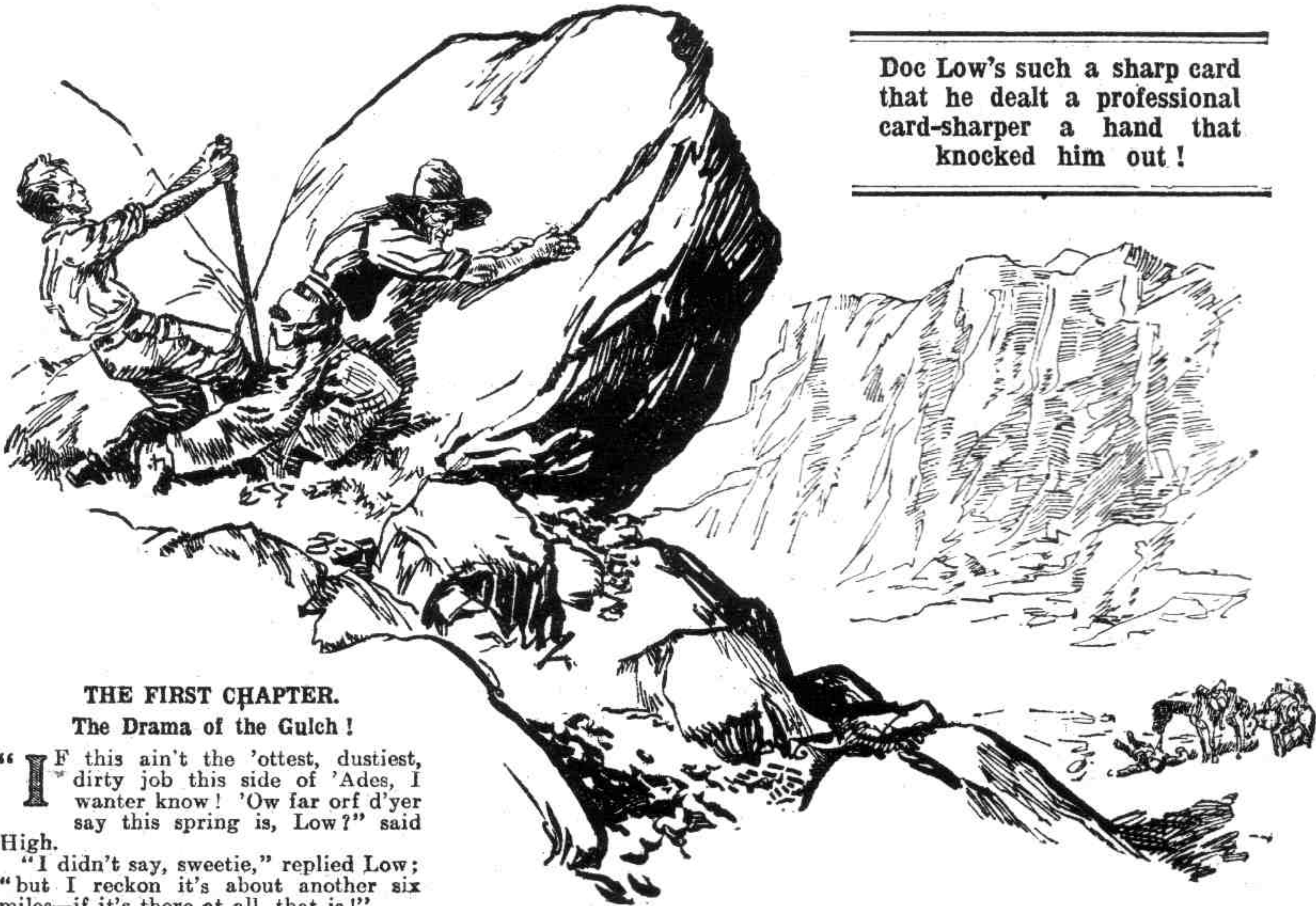
"That's all right, Smithy," said Harry Wharton quietly. "You see, it's dawned on me that I was rather a pig-headed ass, and so I don't mind your saying so."

"Then you fellows are friends again?" asked Smithy.

(Continued on page 28.)



# The BANDITS of MOON'S BLUFF!



Doc Low's such a sharp card that he dealt a professional card-sharper a hand that knocked him out!

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Drama of the Gulch!

"IF this ain't the 'ottest, dustiest, dirty job this side of 'Ades, I want'er know! 'Ow far orf d'yer say this spring is, Low?" said High.

"I didn't say, sweetie," replied Low; "but I reckon it's about another six miles—if it's there at all, that is!"

"What's that?" yelled Nippy, the Cockney cowpuncher. "There at all—whadjer mean—yer said—"

"I said it was there a month ago; but you cain't tell in this desert, whether it might not have been choked up or not—see, li'l one?"

"It's all right, Nip, he's on'y roastin' yuh; take a look at how them steers is actin'. Come on, boys, we'd better ride ahead an' slow 'em up, or they'll be topplin' over each other in ther durned hurry an' breakin' each other's laigs. Yer bet they can smell th' water, so we're in the right direction all right. Bust into it, fellers!"

"High" Jinks, the long-legged, raw-boned sharpshooter of the trio, set spurs to the cowpony that looked three sizes too small for him, and set off at a tearing gallop to head off the front rank of the mob of steers that the three chums were driving from over the New Mexico border into Colorado.

They had been crossing the extreme edge of the "Painted Desert," and it certainly was all that Nippy Nolan had called it. For hours the hot, tired, and dusty cattle had toiled on, until it was all the three riders could do to keep them going. Water was the great need for man and beast, and at last the weary steers had scented it, and like mad things, plunged forward in a half stampede to be first in at the welcome draught.

Nippy emerged triumphantly at the other end, and rode up to where High was sitting his horse, calmly chewing a plug of tobacco whilst he surveyed the hustling mob of cattle gathered at the "well."

"Where's this bloomin' water I've 'eard so much abaht?" croaked Nippy.

"Crikey, if I don't 'ave a drink soon I'll fall orf this 'oss!"

"Water's right thar, sonny," replied High, with a wave of his hand.

Nippy shaded his eyes from the glaring sun and stared up at the rocks above the muddy pool. High up a little silvery trickle of water showed where the spring which fed the "well" emerged, and in two minutes he was flat on his stomach, sucking down the cool fluid and dousing his dusty face and neck. Then he squatted down in the shade and took a look around.

They were on a high point above the dusty trail which stretched away into the distance, the intense heat making a shimmering haze over rocks and scrub.

"Well, you two perishers 'ave been 'avin' me on a piece o' string, an' no mistake!" grumbled Nippy, rolling himself a cigarette and stretching luxuriously. "Told me we'd got another day o' this bloomin' desert afore we git to Moon's Bluff, and I can see th' town from 'ere. Cawn't be more than eight or ten mile. Wot's th' idea—stuffin' me with sich lies?"

High and Low exchanged grins.

"See Moon's Bluff, can yer, li'l one?" chuckled High. "Yer've got good eye-sight—seein' that it's all twenty miles away and on t'other side of this range!"

"Wot yer givin' me, yer long slab o' lies?" demanded Nippy. "P'r'aps you'll tell me there ain't a town right there with a narrer main street an' a saloon wiv 'osses 'itched in front, an' a brick bank on th' corner—"

"Sounds like Moon's Bluff, all right," grinned High. "Must have moved since we saw it last, doc."

"Have another look thro' these,

Nip," said Low, handing the Cockney a pair of sun spectacles. "See if it's still thar!"

Nippy put them on and stared, looked over the top and peered again at the "town," then whipped off the glasses and took another long look.

"Strike me good-lookin'—when I put th' glawsses on th' 'ouses disappear, an' there's nothink but desert—and now—Coo! The 'ole place is goin' up in the sky! Lummy, it's gorn!"

He sat up, staring at the spot where the "mirage" had shown, hardly able to believe that it was only an optical illusion, so plainly had he seen the street with its board buildings and moving figures.

It was after high noon that they returned to the shade of the rocks for food.

Suddenly Low saw what looked to be a solitary rider appear, as if riding out from the hills away in the distance. For a few moments he gazed carelessly, until he suddenly realised that what he was seeing was another mirage, but this time a reflection of a totally different part of the country.

"Hi, High, come up hyar an' have a squint at this!" he called. "Come on, Nippy, hurry up afore it fades!"

"Gee-whillikins, doc, but that's Crazy Hoss Gulch—yer kin see th' Crazy Hoss rock up abo— Hallo! What's happenin'?"

For the next few minutes they stood tensely watching a silent drama played out before their eyes as if at the pictures, with the shimmering heat haze as screen and the unconscious actors thereon at miles distant.

First there came the solitary rider, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,227.

on a woody-looking mount, and leading a heavily laden burro by a halter. The rider was slouched down in his saddle like a half-filled sack, and it was evident that he was an old and very tired man.

A little farther along the ghostly-looking gulch two figures had been seated on their horses, talking, and glancing now and again towards the head of the gulch. Directly the old rider appeared one of the men spurred his horse back amongst the rocks and hid himself behind a giant boulder, whilst the other rode slowly towards the old rider. As he rode he appeared to sway in his saddle, and as he neared the old man he suddenly collapsed, slid from his horse to the ground, and lay directly in the old man's path.

The latter pulled up his mount and got down stiffly.

It was evident that his actions were prompted by pity, thinking that the other had fallen from his horse through illness or wounds.

He hurriedly unslung a canteen from his saddle bow, and, kneeling beside the fallen man, strove to raise his head. In a flash the apparently fainting man came back to life, clutched his benefactor by the throat, and, hurling him over on to his back, knelt across his arms and proceeded to strangle him.

"Th' cowardly skunk!" snarled High. "Th' dirty sneakin' footpad!"

"Lemme git at 'im!" gurgled Nippy, almost sobbing with rage.

"We can't do a thing, boys! It's ten miles away, remember!" muttered Low dully. "Jest watch!"

It would have been impossible for them to tear their eyes away from the scene, and they could only stand and mutely watch what followed.

The second man now appeared from his hiding-place and cantered his horse down to join his partner. They stood for a moment or two looking down at the dead man; then the second scoundrel knelt and fumbled in the pockets of the old chap's coat, bringing out a wallet, which he opened, hurriedly examining the papers it contained, even slitting open some envelopes and scanning their contents.

He waved a document triumphantly over his head and showed it to his partner, who read it closely in turn. From their actions it was evident that they had found something of value, for their every movement bespoke triumph and congratulation.

They turned their backs on the pathetic figure of the old man and crossed to the laden burro. In a second the first man had cut the cords which bound the pack to the animal's back; and, dropping it to the ground hurriedly opened it and rummaged amongst its contents.

Again the ghostly figures registered triumph as the footpad showed half a dozen small sacks to his companion. These they stowed away in the saddle-bags of their own mounts, and then hurriedly refastened the pack and placed it on the burro's back.

"Now, what in the heck are they up to?" muttered High, as the men led the aged screw and the burro together close to the old man's body, placed the reins in his limp hand, and finally weighted the whole down with a rock.

It was evident by their hasty movements that the pair of scoundrels were a trifle afraid of interruption, for now and again the second man would ride

to either end of the gulch as if on the look-out.

Then came the crowning point of their devilry.

They rode their animals some little distance down the gulch and tethered them; then one of the men took a crow-bar from the rifle bucket on his saddle and the pair of them climbed high up on the side of the gulch. It was evident that they had made their preparations some time before the mirage had appeared to the chums, for no time was wasted.

There were several large boulders poised on the side of the gulch-like ninepins, with an extra large one at the top. Evidently the spot for the staging of their dastardly little drama had been carefully chosen by the precious pair, for the old man's body was directly under the ring of boulders, with his two patient four-footed friends beside it.

For a few moments the two men worked at the huge boulder, which they had carefully undermined before, and with a heave they sent it crashing down the steep slope. Like the "cheese" in a game of skittles, it struck first one boulder, dislodging it, then another, until half a dozen had been sent crashing down into the bed of the gulch like an avalanche, completely burying the dead man and crushing the two animals beneath tons of stone.

It was as if Nature knew when to ring down the curtain on a climax, for as the sun moved farther westward the scene gradually grew fainter and faded away, leaving nothing but the bare alkali sand in place of the Crazy Horse Gulch with its drama played to a finish.

"Boys, what about you? I c'udn't see them fellers dials 'nuff to be able to say I'd know 'em agin," said High Jinks, in a lifeless tone of voice: "but I'd sure like to meet up wi' 'em some time—if so be I cu'd be sure—"

"Mebbe they're goin' to this Moon's Bluff place—it's the nearest town to this Crazy Hoss Gulch, ain't it? Well, we've got to go there, anyway. Can't we stop over an' see if we can identify them low-down perishers—it'd take some doin'—it was like seein' blokes in a sort o' dream!" murmured Nippy.

"Boys, we're goin' to Moon's Bluff, and we're going to stop there until we find those two fellers. I've a hunch thet somethin' will lead us to 'em—they'll give 'emselves away. Anyway, I noted one leetle thing—thet guy was left-handed! I'll find th' guy thet did th' old man in an' do th' same to him or my name's not Low!"

### The Card-Sharpers!

**M**OOON'S BLUFF was, at times, a pretty live little "city," as it was the nearest centre to the newly opened gold-mines, known as the Wattikan Group, whilst it was also the railhead for all shipments from the South-West.

Its population was an ever-changing one; but the one centre of attraction, the hotel saloon known as the "Full Moon," still belonged to the burly and long-sighted individual who had first seen the possibilities of the little town's situation. This was Phil Moon, a miner, who had made a "strike" up in the hills.

Just now he was keeping an eye on

the big centre table, where Moon's Bluff's most recent sensation was surrounded by a circle of excited miners, cowpunchers, and ordinary citizens.

This was a professional gambler, who had blown into town a week before, and who had announced that he was open to take on all and sundry at any game of chance or skill, with "the sky the limit" in the matter of stakes.

"Bad luck, sir!" he exclaimed, as he raked in a big "pot" and carefully tucked away a wad of notes in a bulging wallet. "Just fancy four queens not bein' good enough! Ah, the ladies, the ladies, bless 'em, there's no depending upon 'em. You had me scared for a moment. I thought you had a really good hand!"

The loser was a black-browed, blue-chinned man whose lank, blue-black hair, high cheekbones, and sallow complexion bespoke more than a trace of Redskin blood. He scowled at the gambler and fumbled in his pockets as if for more money with which to continue. His jaw dropped as he fumbled, and the gambler grinned pleasantly at him.

"Broke?" he queried. "Dear, dear, what a pity! Well, make way for others. Better luck next time!"

"Broke, be durned!" returned the loser. "Take more'n yer chicken feed to break muh! I'll be right back. Don't no one take my seat!"

He shoved his chair, with the back leaning against the table as an indication that it was engaged, whilst he strode upstairs to his bed-room. In a few minutes he returned, went to the bar, held a whispered conversation with Phil Moon, and slapped down a well-filled "poke" on the bar. It was a grimy little leather bag which had evidently seen long service.

"Weigh thet an' gimme notes, Phil!" he growled. "I'll clip thet tiger's claws afore I've done wi' heem!"

A moment later he returned to the table—to find his chair occupied by an unusual figure in a Western camp, a rosy-cheeked, curly, fair-haired Englishman, arrayed in plus-fours of a striking pattern, with an eyeglass screwed into one eye. This individual had a large stack of chips in front of him, with a wad of notes beside it, and as the burly half-breed came up behind him he raked in another big "pot," with a giggle.

"He, he! I thay, that's awf'ly good, what? This ith quaita a good game. I laike it! Is it my deal? No? Oh, I thee, it'th our left-handed friend's again. Thorry, thir! I know your face quaita well—oh, of courthe, I thaw you at the bank when I cashed my cheque thith mornin'. He, he!" giggled the dude.

"Yeah, I saw yuh, too!" growled Bay Collyer, cashier of the First National Bank. "C'uld'n't miss yuh very well in them clothes, I guess!"

"No, rather tasty, what? Bond Street, y'know!" said the dude. "He, he! I'll be able to pay my tailor's bill if you deal me a weally good 'and. I've only 'eld one good 'and thince I that down!"

"Vamose—beat et," growled Speed, "or I'll put yer acrost my knee an' dust yer pants!"

"Weally—would you? D'you know—I don't think you could!"

Slap!  
The dude's small and frail-looking hand left red marks across Speed's

tawny face, and, with a curse, the big fellow got up and made a sweeping blow at the little Britisher with clenched fist. There was a swift movement of the head and the huge fist swept past. Then: Smack, smack! A right and left, backed with astonishing power, connected with the blue chin, and the half-breed reeled backwards across the table.

The next moment his hand had reached for his gun. As he whipped it from its holster there was a deafening report and the weapon flew from his grasp, whilst he rolled over, nursing his hand.

"Cuss yer! I'll git yuh for that!" he roared, scowling at a long, lank figure in dusty miner's jeans, with a scrubby beard, whose six-gun still smoked.

"Th' heck yer will!" snarled the lengthy one. "A swell chanct yer'll have! I'm Tough Toms from Toughville, an' doncher forgit it."

Bay Collyer gave a grim smile and an almost imperceptible nod to the half-breed. Speed Ogee shoved his way in between two of the players, the dude one side of him and a spectacled gambler the other.

"Say, I'm in this!" he bawled. "Gimme five cyards, dealer. That okay, pard?"

"Okay with me, if no other player objects," replied the professional.

Bay Collyer dealt rapidly as each man asked for cards.

"Always deal left-anded, don't you, mithter?" inquired the dude, with a glance at the cashier's right hand cramped against his side.

"Yeah—and shoot with it, too!" growled Collyer.

It must be remembered that the cards had been originally dealt before the dude's little "scrap" with Speed, and he had produced the cards from his pocket when he reseated himself. At poker each player may discard some or all of his cards and get fresh ones if he chooses.

The betting went round, Speed betting the limit to be "raised" by the spectacled gambler, whilst the dude plunged heavily, with a giggle, when it came to his turn. One by one the others dropped out until only Speed, the dude, and Bay Collyer were left in.

There was a big pile of notes and chips in the centre of the table, and the ring of men standing round buzzed with excitement at the tremendous amount at stake. Beads of perspiration stood out on the half-breed's forehead, and he shot an anxious glance at the cashier as he took another note from his wallet and shoved it on the heap.

"I'll jutht bump that up another thousand dollars! He, he, he!" giggled the dude. "I've got a good 'and!"

Again the puzzled expression crossed the cashier's face, and he hesitated for a second. Then he dived into an inner pocket and brought out a worn leather wallet and extracted a soiled, yellow-backed note therefrom.

"I'll see that thousand!" he said quietly.

"An' I'll raise it another!" bawled the half-breed, fumbling at his roll with trembling fingers. "No tenderfoot ain't goin' ter bluff me out, by thunder!"

"Right-ho! I'll thee you, mithter!" giggled the dude. "I've got a good 'and!"

There was a moment's hesitation, then again Bay Collyer drew out the worn wallet, and another yellow back followed the first on to the heap.

"Four kings!" he announced quietly.

"Four aces!" thundered Speed, slamming down his cards with a mighty bang of his fist. "I guess th' pot's mine!"

"Gueth again, old dear, and gueth correctly!" giggled the dude. "I thaid I 'ad a good 'and!"

One by one he put down queen, jack, ten, nine, eight of hearts—the highest possible hand under the circumstances.

"That ith what they call a 'straight flush,' and I gueth it'th about the only straight thing about thith game!"

He grabbed the great pile of notes and chips and bundled them into one of his capacious knicker pockets. For a moment Bay Collyer sat with a face as pale as death, whilst Speed Ogee glared at him with bloodshot eyes.

"There—there's somethin' crook hyar!" the cashier croaked hoarsely. "I never dealt you those—I mean—I—"

"You mean you thought you dealt me a duff 'and, but I them to 'ave 'ad a better one than you thought—eh?" interrupted the little Britisher. "Your pal Thspeed thought I 'ad a duff pair of 'ands, and 'e found out 'is horror—he, he, he! We're all liable to make mistakes, Mithter Cack-anded Collyer; and that's not the only one you've made. Changin' that thousand-dollar bill—"

"Wh-what d'yer mean, yer lily-livered dude—" stammered the cashier, his face pale as death.

Crash!

The little Cockney's fist smashed into

## WHIZ!

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the pallid face of the left-handed cashier, and next second he was astride the man's body on the floor, with his knees pinioning his arms down whilst he rained blow after blow into the up-turned face with his left hand.

"I've been jest achin' to 'ave a crack at that putty dial o' yours hever since I set heyes on it!" panted Nippy. "I'm givin' yer a taste o' wot yer give pore ol' Dan Desmond—"

"By gad, what's thet?" A hoarse bellow came from Speed Ogee, and his six-guns leapt into his hands.

But next second a cold barrel bored into his neck and a cold voice behind him said:

"Go slow, yer yaller-livered hound, yer mongrel murderer, or I'll blow yer rotten skull off!"

"Now then, now then, what's all th' rumpus?" came the deep tones of Hank Lincoln, the Moon's Bluff sheriff. "If thar's goin' to be any gunplay don't forgit thet I'm hyar! Jest stand back, gents, an' don't crowd th' court!"

He waved the crowd back with a crowbar, which he was carrying gingerly, with a handkerchief wrapped around the end. He exchanged glances with the spectacled gambler, who gave him a smiling nod.

"Our li'l pal kinder lost his temper an' started off a bit previous. Hark, but it don't matter. We've got all the evidence we want," he said. "Nippy, git off th' gent's chest, th' sheriff wants to ax him a few questions, which he's goin' to find kinder deeficult to answer. High, keep yer gun on thet half-breed, but don't let it pop. He's goin' to stretch hemp a while later!"

Hank Lincoln jerked the cashier to his feet. The man's nose was streaming with blood and his eyes were almost closed up, but they were open enough to cast one startled glance at the crowbar the sheriff was holding, while the pasty face paled.

"This yer crowbar was found in th' bucket o' yer saddle, Collyer; it's got yours an' Speed Ogee's fingerprints on. Aw, yer needn't lie. Doc Low has been takin' both yer prints for th' past week. Whar d'yer git this wallet?"

He snatched the old, worn wallet from the man's pocket and opened it. He took out a worn and dirty map, made with unskilled hands, together with four more yellow-backed notes.

"We've got ol' Dan Desmond's pardner hyar who kin swear to his property. We've traced the numbers o' these thousand dollar bills that you issued as cashier in exchange for gold dust from his desert claim. Thet made yer greedy heart long to jump th' poor ol' feller's claim, huh; so yer waylaid him, an' killed him, then covered yer cowardly crime by a fake landslide—"

"It's—it's a lie! Yer cain't prove a—"

"Three witnesses!" growled the sheriff.

"One!" snapped Low.

"Two!" piped Nippy.

"Three!" rumbled High, boring the muzzle of his gun farther into Speed Ogee's neck.

"But thar wasn't—I mean—" stammered the trembling man.

"Three witnesses!" boomed the sheriff. "Number One will speak up an' tell jest what happened!"

In his best tones, as if he was reciting a set speech, Low detailed the cowardly pair's every movement, and the sweat poured down their faces as they stared at the man in amazement. Where had these witnesses been that they had seen every action?

"Me an' my pardners, High Jinks an' Nippy Nolan, was too far away to lend a hand to th' poor ol' prospector, an' we had no proof o' what we see, so we sets out to make these cusses betray themselves," Low proclaimed. "Me, I'm some skilled with th' pasteboards, so I set out to break these guys' pockets, and make 'em change old Dan's gold-dust for notes. Phil Moon's got th' pokes, an' Dan's pardner kin identify 'em—"

"It was heem—he made me do et!" cried Speed Ogee, in terror. "I tell de trooth—me go State's evidence!"

"Yeh'll go to State's prison to stand yer trial 'til yer hanged by th' neck!" boomed the sheriff. "Now, boys, thar ain't goin' to be no necktie parties in Moon's Bluff! Th' law's th' law, an' I'm goin' to see it 'ave these skunks dooly executed! Gents, I thank th' three of yer for yer sarvices! Now, yer galoots—MARCH!"

THE END.

(Now look forward, boys, to next week's BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER of the MAGNET, which will contain another exciting adventure yarn featuring High, Low, and Nippy, the Western 'puncher pals!)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,227.

## A DOG WITH A BAD NAME!

(Continued from page 24.)

"If Nugent will overlook—"  
 "Don't be an ass," said Nugent.  
 "There's nothing for me to overlook.  
 We've never been anything but friends."

The Bounder laughed.

"Here they come!" he said. "I can hear Reddy's jolly old toot! They're bringin' the rope."

There was a at along the cliffs. Tom Redwing came along the path at a run, and following him came two hefty fishermen from Pegg, with a coil of rope.

"They're safe?" panted Redwing.

"Safe as houses! Get the rope down!"

The rope slithered over the cliff edge. Wharton caught hold of it. He bent over Nugent to fasten it round him.

"You first, Harry—"

"Fathead!"

"Look here, you ass—"

"Chuck it, old man." Harry Wharton passed the rope round Frank, and knotted it securely. "Pull up, there!"

Redwing and the two fishermen dragged on the rope. Frank Nugent was swiftly drawn up the cliff. Redwing grasped him, drew him to safety, and unfastened the rope.

Smithy dropped it to Wharton, on the ledge.

The captain of the Remove knotted the rope under his armpits. Then he was drawn up in his turn.

"Reddy, old man," drawled the Bounder, "I think we'll chuck that trip up to Hawkscliff and give these fellows a lift home in the car, what?"

The clouds had rolled by and all was merry and bright once more with the Famous Five and Herbert Vernon-Smith. To celebrate the general "reunion" a very special tea was held in Study No. 1, and over tea the story of the happening on the cliffs was told to Bob Cherry and Inky, and Johnny Bull.

Tea was going strong when Billy Bunter arrived, and such was the general satisfaction and good humour that he was allowed to stay; which added the fat Owl to the number of fellows who were glad to see that the chums of the Remove were no longer chums divided.

THE END.

("THE SCHOOLBOY LION-HUNTERS!" is the title of next week's special story, and it deals with Harry Wharton & Co.'s thrilling holiday adventures in Africa. Make certain of getting your Free Gift Number of the MAGNET. Order it now, boys!)

## A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

WHAT do you think of this week's FREE GIFT, boys? Isn't it just fine? What-ho! You'll get plenty of amusement sailing the camphor ship. And in the breathing spaces you can let your thoughts dwell upon next week's fine gift—the third in the series. A handy

### BOOMERANG AND SHOOTER

will be included FREE in next week's topping issue. More fun and excitement in store for you, lads, that is, if you trot round to your newsagent and give him an order for next week's MAGNET in good time. When you've made sure of your own Free Gift copy for next week, tell all your pals about the wonderful treat the MAGNET is offering to every reader, and advise them to get a copy before it's too late. That Boomerang and Shooter is much too good to be missed.

What do you think of the following rousing ribtickler? Peter Balcombe, of 10, Hauteville, Guernsey, Channel Isles, has sent it in and wins a topping MAGNET pocket knife for it.



"Last night," said little Willie, "I woke up with a feeling that my new watch was gone. I got up and looked."

"Oh," said Winnie, "and was it?"

"No," replied her young brother; "but it was going!"



ONE of my readers, who signs himself "Inquisitive," is

### A FILM FAN

and wants to know how to write to a certain film star. Well, a letter addressed to the offices of the company for whom the star works will always be forwarded.

### RAPID-FIRE REPLIES

to many of the queries which various readers have sent to me.

The tallest Britishers (S. M., of Glasgow). Scotsmen are generally taller than Englishmen, their average height being 5 ft. 8½ ins.; Irishmen come next with an average of 5 ft. 8 ins.; then Englishmen with 5 ft. 7½ ins.; and Welshmen last of all, with an average height of only 5 ft. 6½ ins. Scotsmen also weigh the

most, their average being 11 stone 11 lb.; Welshmen come second with an average weight of 11 stone 4 lb.; Englishmen next with 11 stone 1 lb., and Irishmen last with 10 stone 13 lb.

A Novel Lasso (J. H., of Monmouth): The Bolo, consists of a length of rawhide rope, at each end of which are iron balls. The animal hunter of the Argentine swings the Bolo round his head and then throws it, with terrific speed, at his victim. The idea is to catch the animal's legs, when the iron balls swing the rope around and thus bring down the animal.

Marathon Runners (Arthur Weekes): Sorry I cannot tell you how the South African runner you mention stands in the list of world's greatest runners. You could obtain the information by writing to any paper which specialises in athletics.

Crossing the Channel (J. K., of Lowestoft): The English channel has been swum, pedalled, rowed, flown, and crossed by every kind of craft, from a canoe to a submarine. A French lady has announced her intention of trying to walk across it in floating boots, while a German says he is going to shoot himself across in a rocket! Personally, I prefer to cross by ordinary steamer!

My time is running short, so I had better "get on with the washing," and tell you something of what I have in store for you in next week's BUMPER FREE GIFT ISSUE. You're sure to enjoy Frank Richards' masterpiece, for he has never yet written a yarn that my readers did not enjoy! Next week's long complete yarn of Greyfriars deals with the holiday adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. in Africa. It is entitled:

### "THE SCHOOLBOY LION-HUNTERS!"

and you'll find it full of fun—and thrills! It's just the kind of yarn you'll want to read at one sitting, for once you begin it, you won't want to put your MAGNET down until you've finished every line!

There are also thrills galore in our next gripping adventure yarn of High, Low, and Nippy, the three puncher pals, and, of course, there will be another special issue of the "Greyfriars Herald." As Harry Wharton and his staff will be "on holiday" to Fisher T. Fish has been assigned the duties of "Editor in Chief" of the Herald, so the sparks will fly, and then some! The limericks and jokes, not forgetting our topping free gift, will complete this bumper issue, together with another little chat with

YOUR EDITOR.

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