

"THE STOLEN CUP!"

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete Tale of School Life.

The **Magnet** 1st Library

A Companion Paper to
"THE GEM" LIBRARY.
The Popular Thursday
School-Story Book.

Also in this Number:
A Grand Adventure
Story by

**SIDNEY
DREW,**

and a splendid

**NEW
FEATURE.**

No. 198

The Complete Story-Book for All.

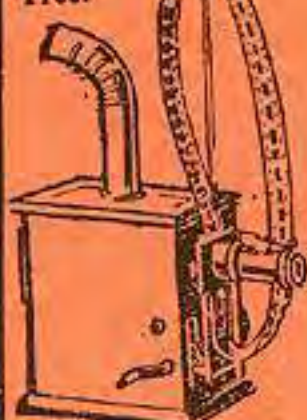
Vol. 6



Ferney started guiltily as his grasp fell upon Harry Wharton & Co.'s Hard-won Trophy.



Cruets Free.



Cinematographs (with long films) Free.

ALL PRIZES GRATIS

CINEMATOGRAPHS (with long film and not the toy circular one),
LEVER WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, &c.

We are giving grand free presents to persons who will act as agents for us by selling or using at 1d. each our NEW XMAS AND NEW YEAR GREETING CARDS (folders and tied with silk cords and ribbons, etc.), for selling or using which, at 1d. each,

ONLY 12 CARDS RECEIVE A PRIZE.

WE TRUST YOU. SEND NO MONEY.

A Postcard with your name and address will do.

For selling or using 12 or more of our new series of Xmas and New Year Cards at 1d. each we give grand presents **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. Our large new prize list includes Cinematographs (with long film, same size as used in picture palaces, and not the toy circular film), Real Lever Watches, Sewing Machines, Plated Cruets, Real Diamond Rings, Real Talking Machines, Zither Harps, Melodeons, Clocks, Steam Engines, Fitted Handbags, Jewellery of all kinds, and hundreds of other grand gifts. We give you a present even if you can sell no cards at all. **SEND AT ONCE.**

GRAVEN PUBLISHING CO. (Desk 2),
28, Craven Park Road, Harlesden, London, N.W.



Sewing Machines Free. Watches Free.



Talking Machines Free.



Diamond Rings Free.

POPULAR BOOKS. (Written by Expert.—"Boxing" (illus.), "Wrestling" (illus.), "Conjuring," "Book of Magic," "Mesmerism" (How to Mesmerise), "Thought-Reading Exposed," only 4d. each; lot, 1/4, post paid. Catalogues Free. 100 Comic Recitations, 7d.—G. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.



Patterns of 20s. Suits Free on receipt of postcard.

SEND ONLY 1/- TO-DAY.

This Man's or Youth's Tailor-made Hard-wearing Suit in Heavy Tweed or Navy Blue for 15/-, just as an advertisement. Postage 6d. extra. We do not send patterns for this suit.

WE SEND THIS SUIT

to any address on receipt of 1/- deposit and upon payment of the last of Fourteen Weekly Instalments of 1/- per week, making a total of 15/- in all. A Handsome Present is given

FREE.

When ordering state chest measure over vest, trouser-leg inside seam, and round waist. If suit is not the biggest bargain you ever received, return it to us, and we will pay you 1/- more than it cost you. Send to-day. Enclose 1/- P.O.

CRAIG, CRAIG & CO. (Dept 9b), 81, Dunlop Street, GLASGOW.

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

6/6 each



The "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL.

Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Will kill birds and rabbits up to 50 yards. Noiseless Ball Cartridges, 9d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. 100 birds or rabbits may be killed at a cost of 9d. only. Send for list. **CROWN GUN WORKS, 6, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.**

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

Send 4/6 for my world-famed **ROBEY-PHONE**, with 24 splendid selections, beautifully decorated 17-inch horn, powerful steel motor, 10-inch turntable, and loud tone sound box, which I sell at **HALF Shop Prices**. I also supply **COLUMBIA-RENA, EDISON, ZONOPHONE, HOMOPHONE, BEKA, GRAMOPHONE, PATHE** and other instruments and records on low monthly payments. Three days' free trial allowed.

Write for List No. 10.
Robey Ltd.
 World's Provider, COVENTRY.



RED NOSES

Permanently Cured and Restored to their Natural Colour in a few days by a simple home treatment. Particulars free. Enclose stamp to pay postage. Mr. B. A. Temple (Specialist), 8, Blenheim Street, Oxford St., London, W.



MOUSTACHE!

A Smart Manly Moustache grows in a few days at any age by using "Moustache" the guaranteed Moustache Forcer. Boys become Men. Act like Magic! Box sent in plain cover for 7d. Send now to—**J. A. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road, London, N.**



TIME WILL TELL

To any person sending Name and Address we send one Packet containing Thirty only of Artistic 1d. Postcards. When sold send the 2s. 6d. you receive for same, and we send you, post paid, by return, absolutely **FREE** (no further conditions) one of our Solar Time Watches, suitable for Lady or Gent. You have only Thirty Cards to sell, and we send you, post paid, this Useful Present without any further expense whatever.

Cable Watch Company, 148, Old St., London, E.C.

FREE! 5,000 AUTO HARPS FREE.

XMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.



RIFLES FREE

WE REQUIRE NO MONEY.

We give a prize for selling or using only 12 Penny Xmas and New Year Cards, and you can choose your prize from a special prize list. We are giving away **Free 5,000 full-sized Auto Harps**. With Book of Instructions in less than ten minutes you can play any tune—no previous knowledge of music required. Our Xmas Free Prize Catalogue, comprising Silverware, Cutlery, Silver-mounted Umbrellas, Roller Skates, Real Watches, Air Rifles, Musical Instruments, Phonographs, Motor Cars, Aeroplanes, Airships, Cinematographs, Accordion, Toys, etc. Send us your name and full address, and we will send you an assortment of beautiful Gold-mounted Xmas and New Year Cards, with folders, at one penny each. We trust you with the Cards; sell or use what you can within 28 days at 1d. each, and we will reward you according to Xmas Lists we send with Cards. **WRITE AT ONCE** (postcard will do)—

NEW CARD CO., LTD., 22, BYRON HOUSE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



Phonographs Free.



You can learn to play any tune in ten minutes.

AUTO HARPS FREE.

Next
Tuesday:

"The Downfall of the Fifth!" Order
Early!



A Complete School Story-Book, attractive to All Readers.

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

The Stolen Cup



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

BY

FRANK RICHARDS.

There was a peculiar expression upon Bolsover's face. An ingratiating smile was struggling with a threatening frown, and the result was curious.

"Hallo!" said Bulstrode.

"Making up the team for the cup-tie?" asked Bolsover smoothly.

"Yes."

"Got my name down?"

"I've put it down once—"

"Oh, good!"

"And scratched it out again," said Bulstrode grimly. Bolsover frowned.

"You want me at left back," he said. "You know jolly well—"

"I know jolly well that you can't get on with anybody else in the team, and especially with Mark Linley, if he plays," said Bulstrode irritably. "Upon the whole, I'm going to leave you out."

"Look here—"

"Nuff said!"

"I tell you—"

"Buzz off; I'm busy!"

Bolsover hesitated a moment, as if he were more than half inclined to hurl himself upon the skipper of the Remove football eleven. But he thought better of it, and went out of the study, stamping angrily, and closed the door after him with a slam that rang and echoed up and down the Remove passage.

Bulstrode grunted.

"That settles Bolsover!" he muttered, scoring over the

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Very Nice for Bulstrode.

BULSTRODE wore a worried look.

Bulstrode was sitting in his study, in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, with a pencil in his hand, and a paper before him on the study table. There were names scrawled on the paper, scratched out, and scrawled again. Bulstrode was gnawing the end of the pencil occasionally; indeed, the pencil seemed likely to be more worn away at that end than at the point. The captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars decidedly looked as if there were a trouble on his mind.

"Lemme see!" murmured Bulstrode. "Bob Cherry—Wharton—Nugent—Bull—they're all certs—and Tom Brown, too. But Linley—Bolsover—Ahem!" He gnawed the end of his pencil again. "Ahem! Of all the blessed worries, I think a cup-tie is the blessedest! Blow the Craven Cup! Oh, come in!"

The last remark was made as a tap came at the door of the study.

The door opened, and Bolsover, of the Remove, looked in.

name more deeply with the pencil upon the paper. "He's out! Now about Linley."

Tap!

"Oh, come in!"

A fat face, adorned with glimmering spectacles, looked into the study. Bulstrode glared angrily at Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"I—I've just looked in to tell you that if you want a good forward for the cup-tie team, I'm your man," said Bunter, blinking at Bulstrode through his big spectacles. "I can play centre-forward better than Wharton, and inside-light better than Linley. On an occasion like this—"

"Get out!"

"On an occasion like this, at the end of an important competition, with the Craven Cup hanging in the balance, I hope you won't be influenced by personal jealousy in keeping a really good player out of the team," said the Owl of the Remove. "It may mean that Redclyffe will walk off with the cup."

"Buzz off!" roared Bulstrode, feeling behind him for a cushion, an action that the Owl of the Remove was too short-sighted to observe.

"Of course, you can leave me out if you like," said Bunter. "I'm only speaking for the good of the team. I— Oh!"

Whiz!

Biff!

Bulstrode's arm shot forward, the cushion in his hand, and Bunter was bowled out first shot.

The cushion caught the fat junior on the chest, and whizzed him right through the doorway into the passage, where he sat down with a crash.

"Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bulstrode.

"Yaroop! Yow! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really—"

"Buzz off, or I'll come and kick you down the passage!" shouted Bulstrode.

"Yow! I—"

Bulstrode pushed his chair back and rose. Billy Bunter heard the chair move, and he did not wait for the captain of the Remove to appear. He picked himself up with wonderful rapidity, and scudded down the passage.

"Beast!" he yelled from the distance.

Bulstrode grinned, and sat down again.

The ejection of Billy Bunter seemed to have relieved his troubled feelings somewhat. His brow was less worried as he sat down and scanned the paper again.

"I suppose I'd better put Ogilvy in," he murmured, "and I don't see why Hazeldene shouldn't keep goal. As for Leigh and Vernon-Smith—"

Tap!

"My hat! Come in!"

Two Removites came in, with sweet smiles. The news was evidently getting out that Bulstrode was making up the final list for the cup-tie team. The two juniors were Vane and Micky Desmond, of the Remove.

"I suppose you want me?" Vane remarked.

Bulstrode grunted.

"Something wrong with your supposer, then," he replied;

"I don't."

"I was speaking of the cup-tie eleven."

"So was I."

"Look here, Bulstrode—"

"Oh, buzz off, and don't bother!"

"Faith, and ye're right, Bulstrode!" said Micky Desmond.

"Don't bother the man, Vane darling, when he's just writing down my name on his list."

Bulstrode grinned.

"I'm just doing nothing of the sort," he remarked.

"Your name's not in the list, Micky."

"Howly smoke!" exclaimed Micky, in astonishment.

"But it's a cup-tie match, Bulstrode darling."

"I think I know that."

"You want to beat Redclyffe?"

"Yes."

"And to bring home the Craven Cup?"

"Of course!"

"Then you can't lave me out," said Micky Desmond confidently. "Think over it again, Bulstrode darlin', and ye'll see that ye can't do it."

"Rats!"

"Faith, and look here, then—"

Tap!

"Oh, come in!" said Bulstrode resignedly. "I suppose this is a reception of the whole giddy Form. Come in; don't mind me!"

Stott and Trevor entered the study. They wore the most winning smiles. It was curious to see how nice even fellows

who did not like Bulstrode could be when Bulstrode was making up a footer team for a special match.

"Got my name down?" asked Trevor.

"No."

"Shove it in, then."

"Rats!"

"Mine there?" queried Stott.

"No, it isn't."

"I'm willing to play."

"But I'm not willing to play you, and that makes all the difference, you see."

"Look here—"

Tap!

"Oh, great Scott! Come in!"

Ferney, of the Remove, entered.

"I say, Bulstrode, I'm willing to play to-morrow if you like."

"I don't like."

Ferney looked surprised.

"I don't understand you," he said; "I—"

"Then I'll speak in plainer English," said Bulstrode grimly. "You're no good, any of you, and the sooner you get on the other side of the door the better I shall like it."

"Look here—"

"You ass!"

"Shut the door after you," said Bulstrode immovably.

The candidates for football honours glared at Bulstrode. They did not say anything more. But, as if the same thought had occurred to all five minds at once, they rushed at the captain of the Remove.

"Here, hold hard!"

Bulstrode jumped up. As he did so the disappointed candidates bumped the table over on him. Bulstrode's chair went flying away from him, and the captain of the Remove sat down on the carpet, and the next moment the table was overturned upon him, and a shower of books and papers and an inkpot whirled upon him.

"Ow! Oh! Ow!"

"No good, eh?" said Trevor wrathfully. "Well, now you can sort yourself out, you boulder!"

"Ow! Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors tramped out of the study laughing, and Bulstrode gouged wildly at his eyes and nose, upon which the contents of the inkpot had splashed in a shower.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The One who was Chucked.

"WHAT'S that blessed row?" growled Frank Nugent. Nugent and Harry Wharton were doing their preparation in No. 1 Study in the Remove passage when the crash sounded in the next room—Bulstrode's.

The sudden crash had made Nugent jerk his pen, scattering a shower of blots. Harry Wharton laughed.

"It sounds as if Bulstrode is having trouble," he remarked.

Nugent's frown cleared away, and a grin replaced it on his sunny face.

"I believe he's settling the team now for the cup-tie match to-morrow," he remarked. "He may be receiving the candidates. I believe more than half the Remove want to play, and there are only two or three places in the team doubtful. It isn't all honey to be a junior footer skipper."

Wharton shook his head. He knew that; he had had some experience of it himself.

Crash, crash!

Harry Wharton jumped up.

"My hat! I'll give Bulstrode a look in, I think."

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes."

The chums of No. 1 hurried out of their study. Stott and Trevor, Vane and Micky Desmond and Ferney, were just quitting Bulstrode's doorway, looking very excited, and laughing.

"What's the trouble?" asked Wharton.

"Faith, and Bulstrode's gone off his silly rocker intirely!"

And the indignant juniors tramped away. Wharton and Nugent looked into Bulstrode's study.

The captain of the Remove was sitting on the floor, surrounded by books and papers, with an inkpot close by him, and ink all over him. He rubbed his eyes and blinked at the chums of No. 1 as they stared in. Wharton and Nugent burst into a roar of laughter. They could not help it.

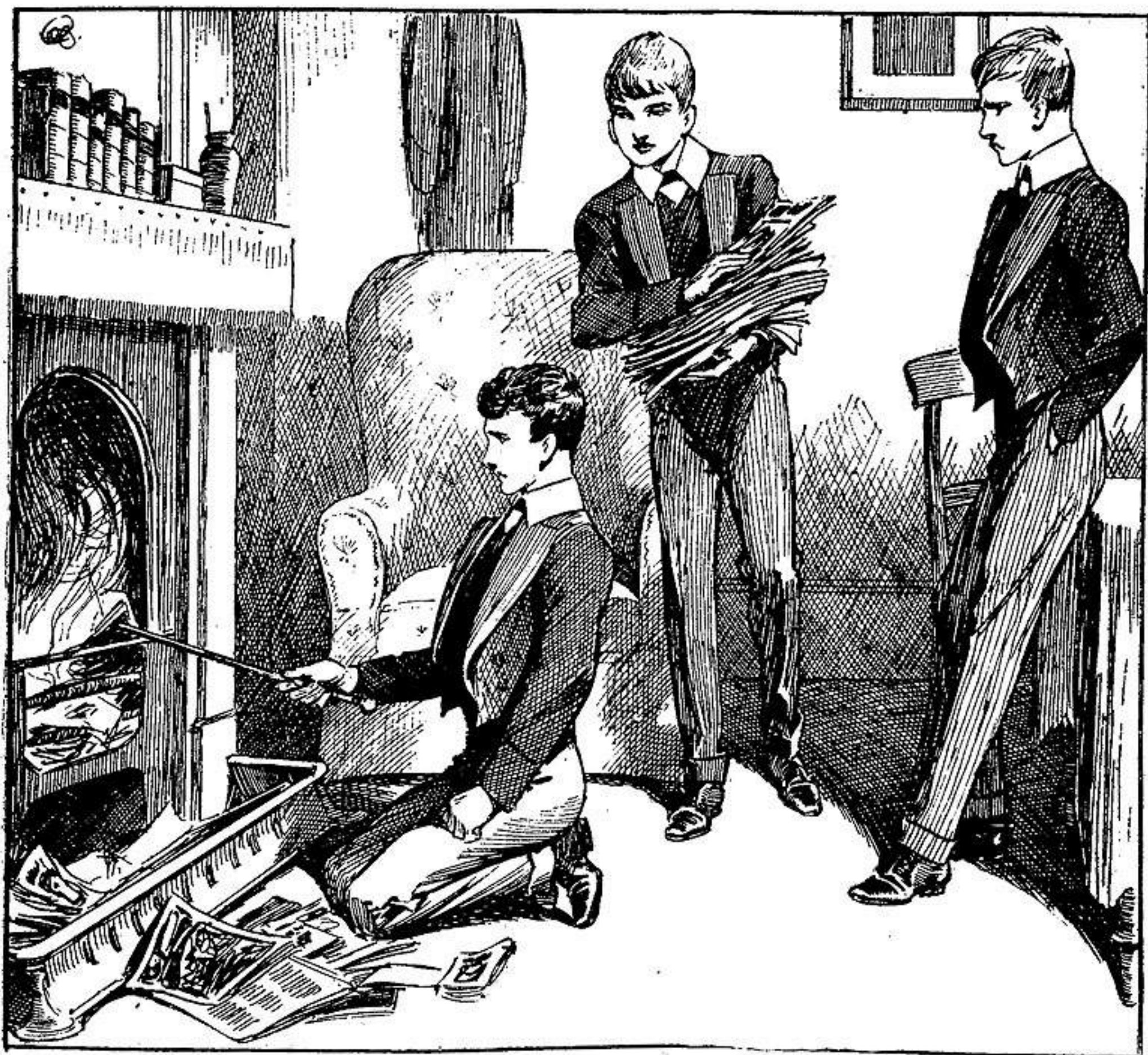
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Give a fellow a hand up, you chumps, and don't stand there, you asses, cackling like a pair of silly old hens, you dummies!"

Harry Wharton gave Bulstrode a hand up. Nugent, still laughing, set the table on its legs again. Bulstrode dabbed



Ferney thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stood looking on with a scowling brow while Bob Cherry applied a match to a budget of thrilling American detective fiction. (See Chapter 6.)

his face with a handkerchief, speedily reducing it to a disreputably inky state.

"Groo! The silly chumps!"

"Micky says you are gone off your rocker."

"Because I won't put him in the cup-tie eleven," growled Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to cackle at that I can see," growled Bulstrode. "Mark Linley has declined to play, and Vernon-Smith's not fit, and I've got the vacancies to fill; and every silly ass in the Remove thinks he's fit to play, if he just knows the difference between a goalkeeper and a goalpost. Groo!"

"Too bad!" said Frank Nugent sympathetically. "But you would be footer captain, you know."

"I'm getting fed up with it."

Tap, tap!

"Here come some more of them!" growled Bulstrode, exasperated. "I suppose it will be Snoop this time, or Smith minor?"

"Hallo, Fourth Form!" said Nugent, as three juniors entered the study.

The new-comers were Temple, Dabney, and Fry, of the Upper Fourth Form, the Remove at Greyfriars being the Lower Fourth. As a rule, there were incessant disputes between Lower and Upper Fourth, chiefly due to the fact that the Remove could beat the Fourth at footer, and had frequently done so, and perhaps due also to the airs they gave themselves in consequence. But when it suited them,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

Temple, Dabney & Co. could be very nice, and apparently it suited them just now, as they had their best smiles on.

"Hallo! Been trouble in the family?" asked Temple, glancing at Bulstrode's inky and angry face with a chuckle.

"Yes," growled Bulstrode.

"Picking up the footer eleven for to-morrow," said Temple. "That's it, I suppose?"

"Groo! Yes."

"Lots of trouble about that—eh?"

"Ow! Yes. Oh!"

"That's just what we've come about," said Temple blandly. "We knew that you would be in rather a bad way over that, Bulstrode, and we thought we would drop in and help you."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Nothing like helping a lame dog over a stile," Fry remarked.

Bulstrode snorted. Considering the trouble the Fourth-Formers claimed to have taken, he did not appear to be very grateful.

"You see, we were in the same competition for the Craven Cup ourselves," Temple remarked; "only we—we didn't take much trouble, and—and—"

"You mean, you were knocked out at the second round, and never had an earthly of staying in for the final-tie!" Nugent remarked.

Temple did not appear to hear Nugent's remark.

"But, all things considered, we want Greyfriars to have

the cup," he said. "And we've decided to lend you chaps a helping hand."

"Oh!" said Bulstrode.

"Yes," said Temple generously. "We're going to play for you, Bulstrode."

Bulstrode looked at him.

"You're going to play for us?"

"Yes; that's the idea."

"Oh, rather."

"Help you out, you know," said Fry.

"With three Fourth-Formers in the team, you'll beat Redclyffe hands down," Temple remarked. "You are allowed to make up the team as you like, so long as no seniors are played, as it's a junior competition. You can put us in—and you can see for yourself the chance you'll have then."

"I can't!" said Bulstrode deliberately. "I should want a microscope to see it!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. were silent for some moments. It took them some moments to realise the full meaning of Bulstrode's reply. When it dawned upon them, they looked a little less amiable.

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

"Talk sense!" suggested Fry.

"We're going to play a hard match to-morrow," said Bulstrode. "Football, you know—not skittles, nor yet marbles, nor hop-scotch! When we are playing a hop-scotch match, we'll ask you chaps to chip in! But at footer, it's a different matter. You see, we want to have some of the goals—it might be amusing to see Redclyffe score them all, but we should lose the cup. So we won't have your help, thanks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple turned red.

"Look here, you ass——" he began.

"But if you want to be on the ground, you can come and cheer," said Bulstrode.

"You—you cheeky ass——"

"Or I might get you a job as linesman," said Bulstrode. "I'm afraid that's the best I can do for you, Temple."

Temple did not reply.

He rushed at Bulstrode, and clasped him round the neck as if he loved him, and both of them went over on the floor. Wharton and Nugent grasped Temple at once, and dragged him off, and sat him on the carpet. Nugent waved his hand chidingly at the three exasperated Fourth-Formers.

"Buzz off!" he said. "Keep the peace, my sons, or you'll be in pieces to keep!"

Temple whipped off his jacket, and gave it to Fry to hold. Then he handed his watch and chain to Dabney. The three Removites watched him curiously. Temple was evidently preparing for real business.

"Now then," said the Fourth Form captain, "am I going into the Remove team for the cup-tie?"

"No fear!"

"That's final?"

"What-ho!"

"All serene!" said Temple. "I'll teach you Remove kids to cheek the Upper Fourth! Fry, and you, Dab, stand outside the study, and kick these chaps along the passage as fast as I chuck them out!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"I say——" began Fry.

But Temple interrupted him.

"You do as I tell you!" he snapped.

"Oh, all right!"

Fry and Dabney stepped out of the study, and took up their places alongside the doorway, with their right feet drawn back ready to kick the Removites along the passage, as soon as Temple had "chucked" them out—if he did.

Temple pushed back his cuffs and made a step towards the Removites. They were grinning. Temple was certainly bigger than they were, but they did not think he would be able to throw them out of the study.

"Now then," roared Temple, "which of you is going first?"

"Oh, begin with me!" said Harry Wharton.

"Good! Out you go!"

And Temple collared Wharton. Harry returned grip for grip, and they struggled, Nugent and Bulstrode looking on, grinning. They had little doubt that the champion athlete of the Remove would be able to give a good account of himself, even against the captain of the Upper Fourth. And they were right.

Fry and Dabney, outside the study, waited ready to kick. There was a loud gasping and scuffling in the study, and a junior came whirling forth, and sprawled at the feet of the two Fourth-Formers. They kicked out at once, and the fallen junior rolled along the passage, yelling.

"Yow! Oo! Yarrah!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Chuck out the next!" shouted Fry.

"Ow!" came in a groan from the junior sprawling in the passage. "Ow! You silly asses! It's all right—it's me!"

"Temple! My hat!"

"Ow!"

There was a yell of laughter in the study. It was Temple who had been hurled through the doorway, and whom his comrades had dutifully kicked along the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple picked himself up. Dabney and Fry were grinning. Temple was not at all certain that they had really made a mistake—not at all certain. And if he had seen them wink at one another as they followed him down the passage, he would have had no further doubts on the subject.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Eleven.

A GOOD many eyes were turned upon Bulstrode when he came into the common-room a little later. He had a paper in his hand, and it could be guessed from his manner that he had finished making up the list. Evening preparation was mostly finished, and nearly all the Remove, and a good many of the Upper Fourth and the Shell, were in the common-room.

Outside, the wintry wind was making the old elms shake their leafless branches and groan and creak. But there was no sign of rain, to the relief of the juniors who frequently looked out of the windows into the gloom of the Close. On the morrow the last match of the long competition for the Craven Cup was to be fought out. The Remove team was in the final-tie with the juniors of Redclyffe School, and all the Remove were looking forward to the match.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the Form captain of the Remove came in. "Have you finished the list?"

Bulstrode nodded.

"Yes. Here it is."

"Stick it up where we can see it, then," said Russell, "and put us out of our pain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you haven't left me out, Bulstrode, surely?" said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.

"You've guessed wrong, then!" said Bulstrode. "You're certainly out!"

"Nope! I guess——"

"Look here, is my name down?" asked Ferney.

Ferney spoke in rather an unpleasant tone. Bulstrode gave him a supercilious look. Ferney was not a fellow of much account in the Form—in fact, he was generally made rather a butt, on account of some little peculiarities he had. He was a junior with a dreamy and romantic turn of mind, which was fed upon thrilling American fiction and upon newspaper reports, which it would have been much better for him not to read. At football, Ferney by no means cut a great figure, and he had very little chance of getting into the Form eleven for an important match.

"You can read the list for yourself!" said Bulstrode brusquely.

"I say, you fellows——" began Billy Bunter.

There was a general exclamation of:

"Shut up, Bunter!"

Bulstrode pinned the list on the wall, and a crowd of juniors gathered round it to read it down. The list ran: Hazeldene; Morgan, Trevor; Bob Cherry, Bulstrode, Bull; Nugent, Ogilvy, Wharton, Brown, Leigh.

Exactly eleven fellows were satisfied with the selection.

"Not playing Mark Linley!" said Harry Wharton.

"I've asked him, and he can't," said Bulstrode.

"Nor Vernon-Smith?"

"Not fit."

"Well, without those two, you've done jolly well, in my opinion," said Wharton. "I don't see how the team could be bettered."

"Faith, I do!" said Micky Desmond. "You could put my name in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was a toss-up between you and Leigh," said Bulstrode; "but Leigh is a bit quicker on his legs. I've got you down as first reserve."

"Sure, and I——"

"You've left me out!" said Ferney.

"Of course, I have!" said Bulstrode. "You haven't been at Greyfriars half a term yet, and you're not much good at footer. You spend too much time reading the rot about 'Kit, the Amateur Cracksman,' and rotten newspapers about police-court cases, to have much time to keep yourself fit for footer."

Ferney knitted his brows.

"I ought to be given a chance!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, rot!"

"Yes; rot!" agreed Bob Cherry. "You're not good enough, Ferney, not by a long chalk! Micky Desmond could make rings round you. So could Vane or Stott. The best thing you can do is to burn your 'Police-court Fars' and 'Lives of Famous Criminals,' and go in for practice."

"Mind your own business!" snapped Ferney.

He was very touchy on the subject of his peculiar tastes in literature. Bob Cherry looked angry for a moment, and Ferney was in danger of measuring his length upon the floor. But Bob was good-tempered, and he could have made hay of Ferney, so he laughed instead, and put his hands in his pockets.

Ferney walked away with a scowling brow.

"Well, why don't the rest of you get on the subject?" asked Bulstrode sarcastically. "I suppose Ferney isn't the only one here who thinks me an idiot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You ought to have put me in at back," said Bolsover.

"I ought to have been among the halves," said Vane. "I could play forward, too, or I could keep goal, if you like."

"Keep quiet—that will do!" said Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Redclyffe get here at two to-morrow," went on Bulstrode. "I hear that they're in ripping form—and they must be, too, to get into the last round of the Craven competition. You chaps will have to buck up."

"I guess—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"And don't give me any more jaw on the subject of how a team ought to be made up," said Bulstrode. "I'm fed up with it."

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"Bosh!"

Bulstrode grinned.

The disappointed candidates for football honours were not sparing of their opinions. But Bulstrode was not affected by them. He had no doubt that when the aspirants had blown off steam they would cool down. It was only natural that they should remain firmly convinced that he was an idiot; but that was only to be expected.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

"Revenge!"

"HUSH!"

"What the——"

"Hush!"

Trevor, Vane, and Micky Desmond stared blankly. They were in their study in the Remove passage, finishing their preparation, just before bedtime. Ferney had entered the room without knocking at the door, and as they looked at him he placed his finger on his lips.

"Hush! Hush!"

"Faith, and what are ye at intirely?" demanded Micky Desmond. "Is it off ye're rocker ye are?"

"Potty!" said Trevor.

"Quite off!" remarked Vane.

"Hush!"

Ferney closed the door behind him, and approached the three juniors; as they sat at the table, in a mysterious manner. They stared at him with growing astonishment, not unmixed with alarm. Ferney was known to be flighty and erratic, but no one had seriously suspected him of being really "off his rocker" till now. But just now his mysterious looks and dramatic gestures certainly suggested that he was, as Trevor said, "potty!"

"I've got something to say," whispered Ferney, "and you know that walls have ears."

"Have they, begorra? Faith, I've niver seen thim!"

"Metaphorically, of course. Are you fellows willing to join me?"

"Eh?"

"Will you follow me?"

"Where?" asked Trevor, who was a hard-headed Lancashire fellow and disliked dramatic speech and manners exceedingly. "Colney Hatch, or Bedlam?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Revenge!" said Ferney.

The three juniors jumped up.

"W-w-what?"

"Revenge!"

"Oh, he's fairly off," said Vane.

"Mad as a hatter!" said Trevor. "If there's a subscrip-

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH!"** By FRANK RICHARDS.

Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

tion to get you a strait jacket, Ferney, I'll put up my little bit."

"Revenge!" said Ferney, but not quite so dramatically. He was feeling a little discouraged. "We have been slighted and insulted!"

"Who's done it?"

"Bulstrode!"

"Oh, you mean he won't have us in the footer eleven," said Trevor carelessly. "Well, I suppose he has a right to please himself about that. He's footer captain."

"Faith, he's an ass, but——"

"Suppose," said Ferney, sinking his voice again, "suppose we arise at midnight and seize him?"

"My hat!"

"We can convey him out of the dormitory, bound and gagged——"

Micky Desmond chuckled.

"Yes; they're always bound and gagged in the American horrors," he assented. "Sure, I've niver heard of them being gagged and bound; it's always bound and gagged. Go on!"

"He can be hidden in the box-room——"

"Good!"

"And prevented from playing in the match. That would be revenge!"

"My word!" ejaculated Vane.

"But who will do the seizing?" asked Micky Desmond, with a wink at his companions, which restrained them from rising in their wrath and hurling Ferney forth from the study.

Micky Desmond had a rich sense of humour, which belonged to his Irish blood, and he saw a prospect of fun in letting Ferney run on.

"I will!" said Ferney. "If he resists, we can stun him——"

"What!"

"Kit, the cracksman, generally does, when he hasn't any chloroform handy," said Ferney, with quite a bloodthirsty look. "Unfortunately, I have no chloroform. When I grow up, I shall probably become a cracksman, and then——"

"My hat!"

"Then I shall never be without a bottle of chloroform and a bowie knife and an electric lamp," said Ferney. "Meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile, it would be best to brain Bulstrode with a cricket bat," said Desmond judiciously. "That will keep him quiet."

"Will you join me?" asked Ferney, delighted at being taken seriously. As a rule, his dramatic flights elicited only mocking laughter from the

juniors. "Will you swear——"

"Faith, and me grandmother made me promise never to swear," said Micky.

"I mean swear an oath——"

"My word!" murmured Trevor. "Quite potty!"

"Swear an oath to be faithful to one another, and take revenge upon the villain, Bulstrode," said Ferney, in the best manner of Cracksman Kit.

"In that case, we should have to write it down and sign it in blood," said Micky Desmond.

"Good egg!" exclaimed Trevor. "I'll get a pen, and we can jab it into Ferney's arm to get the blood——"

"Splendid idea!" said Vane.

Ferney hesitated.

"That's how Kit, the Cracksman, does it, begorra," said Micky Desmond. "Hould out ye're arm, Ferney, darling. Perhaps I better make a hole with me pocket-knife, and we could dip the pen in more comfortably."

"Good!"

"I—I don't think it's necessary to sign it in blood," said Ferney hesitatingly. "I—I think if we smear——"

Micky Desmond shook his head solemnly.

"No good. I decline to take an oath unless it is signed in blood," he replied.

"Well I don't know that it matters about the oath," said Ferney hastily. "If you fellows lend me your aid——"

"Faith, and I'm ready. But you must have some chloroform."

"We haven't any——"

"Hush!" said Micky mysteriously. "When we go to bed, I'll hand ye a bottle. Never mind where I get it—that's my business. Ask no questions, and I'll tell ye no lies. I'll hand ye the bottle. In the middle of the night——"

I mean at dead of night—you pour some on a handkerchief, and flop it down over Bulstrode's chivvy—"

"Oh, splendid!"

"He goes off at once, and then we go off, taking him with us, to conceal him in the secret dungeon—I mean in the box-room. There aren't any secret dungeons handy. That will be revenge!"

Ferney's eyes glistened.

"Are you sure you can get the chloroform?" he whispered.

"Faith, and I'll hand ye the bottle."

"That will be ripping. I will dab it on Bulstrode's face. I suppose he will become unconscious at once?" asked Ferney rather anxiously.

"Faith, and they generally do!"

"Because—because, you see, I—I don't want him to wake up and go for me," said Ferney. "He's bigger than I am, and he's got a very hasty temper."

"Leave it to me," said Micky.

"Good! At midnight hour!"

"Exactly; in the dead of night," said Micky in a thrilling whisper. "Hence now, lest we be suspected."

"All right! I—"

"Hence, hence, lest suspicion be aroused!"

And Micky Desmond pushed Ferney out of the study, and closed the door. Then he stared at his two chums. Vane and Trevor had tried very hard not to laugh while Ferney was present, and it had been a hard struggle; but they had succeeded. But now the suppressed mirth burst forth in a yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Micky Desmond roared till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Ha, ha, ha! Faith and begorra, did ye ever see such a chump? Ha, ha, ha!"

"My word!" gasped Vane, wiping his eyes. "You're not going to give him a bottle of chloroform, surely?"

"Faith, I shouldn't be able to, as they don't sell chloroform to kids, and I couldn't get it," grinned Micky. "I never said I would give him any chloroform. I said I would give him a bottle at bedtime."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And so I will, begorra! But the stuff that's in it won't hurt Bulstrode much."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A quarter of an hour later, Micky and Vane and Trevor joined the Remove as they went up to bed. Ferney gave the Irish junior a mysterious look, and Micky approached him and slyly slipped something into his hand.

"Is it all right?" whispered Ferney.

"Right as rain, darling."

"I mean—"

"Hush—I mean shush!" murmured Micky.

"But—"

"Not a worrud!"

And Micky Desmond placed his finger on his lips, and moved away. Ferney looked at the bottle when he was getting into bed. It was a small bottle that had, apparently, contained gum at one time, but the label had been scraped off, and another substituted—and upon the new label was written, in a large round-hand, "Chloroform!" The handwriting was suspiciously like that of Micky Desmond, of the Remove.

Ferney's eyes gleamed.

The thought of possible danger to his victim in using that drug never occurred to his flighty mind, fed upon thrilling romances of cracksmen and newspaper reports of police-court trials.

He concealed the bottle in a handkerchief, which he stuffed into the pocket of his pyjama jacket, and went to bed in a perfectly satisfied frame of mind. He would not have felt so completely satisfied if he had known that Micky Desmond had obtained the "chloroform" from a water-tap at the end of the Remove passage.

There was a great deal of chatter in the Remove dormitory, after lights out, before the juniors settled down to sleep.

The cup-tie on the morrow excited all the Form.

It was the biggest match of the season to the Remove, and they had reason to feel elated at having won their way into the final tie.

The competition was named after Squire Craven, a big land-owner in the neighbourhood, who had offered the silver cup, and it was a handsome and valuable cup, which any junior football club might be allowed to possess.

Only junior clubs were eligible for the competition; but fifteen or sixteen clubs had taken part, including the Fourth-Form footer club at Greyfriars, and the Highcliffe Juniors, and the Courtfield Football Club.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

At the finish, Greyfriars Remove and Redclyffe juniors were left in for the final tie; and both teams knew that the last match of the competition would be a stiff one.

The competition had been entered while Harry Wharton was captain of the Remove, but Bulstrode, now the Form captain, was equally determined to bring the silver cup home in triumph to Greyfriars.

The Remove had high hopes of winning, and certainly they meant to leave no stone unturned to carry off the Craven Cup.

Most of the Remove could have suggested some improvements in the selected team, but all of them agreed that it was a very good team, and ought to beat Redclyffe.

The match was to be played upon the Greyfriars ground, too. Half Redclyffe were coming over to see it. Ferney listened to the talk on the subject, grinning in the darkness. His absurd plan for kidnapping Bulstrode was quite fixed in his mind. He had read a case in a newspaper lately of a man having been kidnapped and kept away from a football match, and it had taken hold of his mind.

More than one boy of weak and flighty mind has been led into folly, and even into crime, by reading police reports in the daily papers, and Ferney was only one more example of the evil.

At Greyfriars, true, the boys were not allowed to read the papers, but fellows who wanted them generally managed to get hold of them in one way or another; and Ferney, when he had a newspaper, did not trouble himself with the political news or the leading article, which would have done him no harm, if not good. He turned at once to the police-court and criminal-court reports, and devoured them with keen relish, filling his foolish mind with bad and pernicious thoughts.

The Remove dropped off to sleep one by one. When eleven rang out from the clock-tower they were all safe in the arms of Morpheus, with one exception.

That one was Ferney.

Half-past eleven!

Ferney was still awake.

He sat up in bed and listened. Steady breathing came from the other juniors in the Remove dormitory. A low, rumbling snore proceeded from Billy Bunter's bed. The whole room was wrapped in slumber.

"Desmond!"

No reply.

"Vane!"

Silence.

"Trevor!"

Snore.

Ferney frowned. The juniors were all asleep; they had evidently forgotten about the kidnapping that had been planned for midnight's solemn hour.

Ferney slipped out of bed and made his way to Micky Desmond. He groped for the Irish junior's shoulder in the dark, but he missed it, and caught his ear instead, grasping that. There was a squeal from the half-awakened Micky.

"Yow-wow!"

"Desmond!" whispered Ferney.

"Faith, and phwat—Ow! It's a burglar, begorra!" Biff!

Micky Desmond's fist came crashing out in the darkness, and it caught Ferney under the chin.

Ferney gave a gasp, and sat down in the darkness.

"Ow!"

"Sure, and I—"

"Ow!"

"Beggorra! Is that you, Ferney?" asked Micky Desmond, sitting up in bed and peering through the gloom at the dim figure sitting on the floor by his bedside.

"Ow! Yes."

"Sure, and phwat are ye doing out of bed, intirely?"

"Hush! It is the hour!"

Micky Desmond remembered. He suppressed a chuckle. "The hour, is it?" he said. "Is it midnight's solemn hour intirely?"

"It's nearly twelve."

"Faith, and I'm sorry I hit out," said Micky, grinning in the darkness. "Have ye got the chloroform?"

"Yes, I have it here."

"Pile it in, thin."

Ferney scrambled to his feet, rubbing his chin.

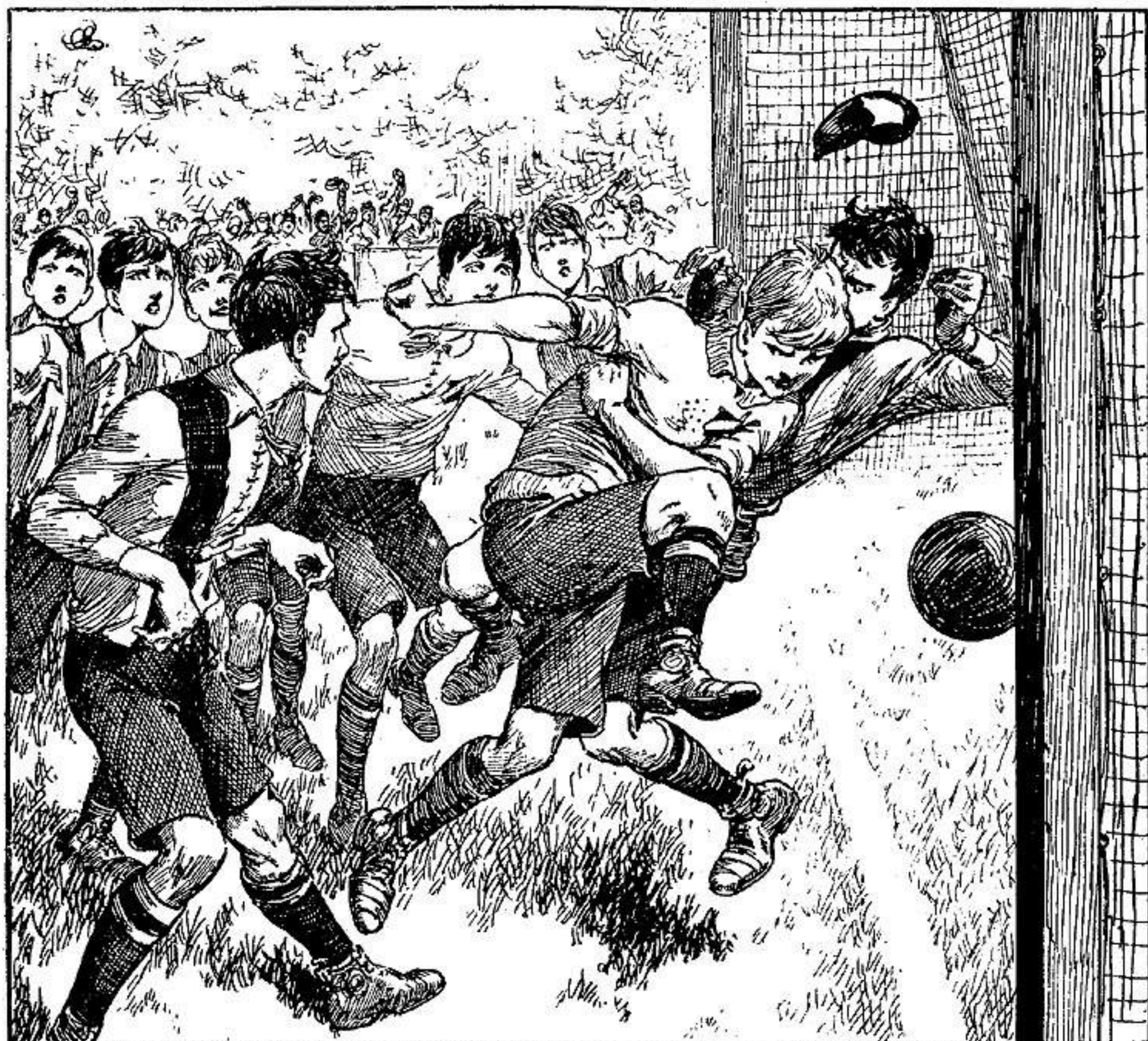
"Aren't you going to help me?" he asked.

"Faith, and I'll help you carry the body away if you chloroform him!" whispered Micky. "Go and do that first."

"But—"

"Soak the stuff on a hanky and mop it on his chivvy," said Micky. "Give him plenty of the stuff. If he should die—"

"Ow!"



A lithe form came spinning from the Greyfriars players right upon the goalie. Crash! It was Bob Cherry. Right back into the goal went the Redclyffe custodian, the ball being flung fairly into the net. There was a roar. "Goal! Hurrah!" (See chapter 9.)

"If he should die you can leave the body there and go back to bed."

"Look here, Desmond——"

"Go it, my darling!"

"How much shall I give him?"

"Give him half; that won't hurt him."

"Sure?" asked Ferney rather nervously.

Micky could not help chuckling. All that the bottle contained, and a good many quarts of it, would not have hurt Bulstrode.

"Faith, and I'm certain!" said Micky Desmond. "Mop it over his chivvy, and call out to me when he's insensible."

"All right, then."

Ferney opened the bottle and poured out the stuff upon the handkerchief. He held the bottle in a glimmer of light from the window to make sure that he had used the required quantity.

"I say, Desmond!" he whispered.

"Hallo, ducky!"

"It doesn't smell."

"All the better."

"But—but chloroform has a smell," muttered Ferney. "This stuff doesn't smell at all. I suppose you're sure it's all right."

"Faith, and it's as right as rain!" This was an exact statement; the contents of the bottle were certainly as right as rain.

"Oh, good, then!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 128.

NEXT TUESDAY; **"THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH!"** By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

"Pile in, my son!" chuckled Micky Desmond. "Mop it down on his chivvy, and hold it there. If he struggles, hold it all the tighter."

"Oh, yes, of course!"

Ferney stole away in the direction of Bulstrode's bed. Micky Desmond suffered some severe internal pains in the effort not to laugh. He watched Ferney's form in the dimness of the dormitory, and saw him bend over the bed of the Remove captain.

"Faith, and he's at it!" murmured Micky Desmond. "Was there ever such a born idiot? Oh, I am sure I shall burst something soon if I don't laugh!"

And Micky stuffed the bedclothes into his mouth to keep back a burst of merriment.

Ferney was blinking at Bulstrode's head, which was very dimly seen in the gloom of the dormitory. He did not want to make any mistake. Bulstrode was lying on his side, with his profile showing faintly against the white pillow, and he was fast asleep.

Ferney raised the soaked handkerchief, which was dripping with wet, and made a careful calculation. It must be mopped over Bulstrode's nose and mouth, and held there steadily and persistently until the captain of the Remove relapsed into unconsciousness.

Ferney braced himself for the effort.

Suddenly the handkerchief came down, wet and clammy, upon Bulstrode's face, and Ferney held it there with both hands.

There was a gasping ejaculation from Bulstrode as he was awakened suddenly, and he struggled and kicked and squirmed in his sleepy bewilderment.

"Ow! Oh! Groo! Hoo! Yeop! Ugh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Micky Desmond.

Bulstrode struggled violently.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Rather Rough!

FERNEY, with the strength of desperation, held the soaked handkerchief over Bulstrode's face tighter and tighter.

Had there been real chloroform upon it, Bulstrode would certainly have been overcome—indeed, it is doubtful if he would ever have awakened after such a dose. It was fortunate for the Remove captain that there was nothing but cold water on the handkerchief.

As it was, Bulstrode was startled and amazed, and as the contact of the cold water drove sleep from his eyes and his brain, he realised that he was the victim of some jape.

He struggled furiously, and clutched at the wet handkerchief over his face, but Ferney was holding it there desperately.

"Ow!" gasped Bulstrode. "Oh! Help! Yaroooh! Groo!"

Tighter and tighter Ferney clutched the rag over his face.

The junior was growing alarmed.

Bulstrode showed no sign whatever of going off into unconsciousness, but his struggles were growing more furious at every second.

At this rate, he would soon awaken the whole dormitory—in fact, several fellows were awake now, and voices were inquiring from various beds what was the matter, and who was making the row.

Bulstrode, with a great effort, dragged his head away at last, and struck out blindly with both fists.

His right came on Ferney's chest, and his left caught him in the eye, and Ferney gave a roar, and staggered back as far as the next bed, where he fell backwards upon Hazeldene.

Hazeldene was already awake, and he promptly gave the junior a push which sent him rolling on the floor.

"Oh!" gasped Bulstrode. "Who—what—"

"What's the row?" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from Micky Desmond. "Ha, ha, ha! Tare an' ounds! Howly smoke! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"What the—"

"Who the—"

"Begad, you know—"

Bulstrode jumped out of bed and groped for a box of matches. He was in a furious temper, which was not to be wondered at under the circumstances.

"Somebody jammed a wet rag over my face!" he roared.

"I'll smash him! I'll pulverise him! I'll make mincemeat of him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Scratch!

The match flared out, and showed Ferney just struggling to his feet. Ferney had had some hope of bolting back into bed unseen, but that hope was speedily nipped in the bud. The captain of the Remove threw down the match and seized Ferney.

"You fathead! So it's you!"

"Ow!"

"Take that—and that—and that!"

"Yaroooh!"

"I'll teach you to play tricks at midnight!" roared Bulstrode. "Take that!"

"Yow!"

A dozen of the Removites were out of bed now. Bob Cherry lighted a candle. The light glimmered upon an exciting scene. Bulstrode and Ferney were grasping one another in a deadly clutch, and hammering one another furiously. Ferney was no match for the burly Bulstrode, but he was doing his best.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"I'll smash him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Micky.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, seizing Bulstrode, and dragging him off his victim. "You don't want to smash him, you know. He's had enough."

"Lemme get at him!" yelled Bulstrode.

"But what has he done?"

"Dabbed a wet rag on me while I was asleep! I'll smash him!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Hold on, Bulstrode!"

"Cheese it, old man!"

"He's had enough; look at him," said Nugent.

Bulstrode looked at his victim, and his brows relaxed. Ferney certainly looked as if he had had enough. One of his eyes was closed, his nose was steaming red over his night-shirt, and he was holding one hand to his mouth and the other to his ear. Certainly he looked as if he had had enough damage to go on with.

Bulstrode grinned a little.

"The utter idiot!" he exclaimed. "Who ever heard of playing such a trick! He might have startled me into a fit if I'd been a chap with nerves—a chap like Bunter, for instance!"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, Desmond?" asked Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Were you in this jape?" demanded Bulstrode, turning wrathfully towards the Irish junior.

Micky roared.

"Faith, and I've saved ye from being kidnapped, Bulstrode, darling! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Kidnapped!"

"Sure, and it's so! Ask Ferney."

The juniors all stared at Ferney. That unfortunate youth was groaning. He blinked back at them out of one eye—the other was past blinking with.

"What did you do it for?" demanded Wharton.

"Ow!"

"What's the little game, anyway?" asked Fisher T. Fish. "I guess he's off his rocker!"

"Must be!" said Nugent. "It was a rotten, dangerous trick to play. What did you do it for, Ferney?"

Ferney bestowed a glare of defiance on the juniors—with one eye.

"Revenge!" he said.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"R-r-revenge!" said Ferney, rolling the "r" in the approved manner of a wicked baronet on the stage.

"R-r-revenge!"

"My hat!"

"He's off his rocker!"

"Mad as a hatter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Micky Desmond. "He was going to chloroform Bulstrode, and kidnap him, and shut him up in a bandbox—I mean, in the box-room! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chloroform!" shrieked Bulstrode.

"Yes! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But—but that wasn't chloroform!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Desmond gave it to me," said Ferney sulkily. "He's in it, too, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Micky. "Faith, and it's throe for him! I gave him the chloroform, but I got it out of the water-tap at the end of the Remove passage!"

There was a roar of laughter.

Ferney stood transfixed.

It had never dawned upon the absurd boy that the Irish junior was pulling his leg, but he understood it now.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes.

"My only chapeau! Of all the giddy goats, I think Ferney takes the cake!"

"I think he does!" said Bulstrode. "And he'll take something else if he plays these mad tricks again! This is what comes of young fools reading criminal reports in newspapers. I suppose he got this rot about chloroform out of a newspaper report."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

Just published, a new book showing how Sandow won Health and Fame, beautifully illustrated, and explaining how every man and woman can obtain robust health and perfect development by exercise.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To every reader who writes at once a copy of this book will be sent free.

Address: No. 18, SANDOW HALL, BURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

"Get back to bed, you young idiot!" said Bulstrode. "We'll make a clean sweep of all that rot of yours tomorrow, I promise you! Go to bed!"

Ferney went sulkily to bed. He was in a furious temper, and the ridicule that was poured upon him made him feel all the more savage. He would not have minded so much if the Remove had regarded him as a young desperado—that would have been in accordance with the traditions of Kit the cracksman, and Raffles, and Charles Peace, and his other heroes. But to be regarded as a howling duffer was not gratifying.

He turned in, and the Remove chuckled a long time before they went to sleep. But after the rest of the Form slept, Ferney lay awake, in sullen thought. He was aching all over from the castigation Bulstrode had given him, and which he had certainly deserved. His eye was closed, his ear ached, his jaw felt as if it had been hammered with a coke-hammer, and his nose still oozed red upon his pillow. Wild thoughts of revenge floated in the ill-balanced mind of the junior. He would make the Removites suffer for treating him with contempt! He would make the laughing juniors understand that he was to be feared. But how was he to do it?

Kit the cracksman and Raffles the burglar would doubtless have thought of a plan at once. But a plan did not readily occur to Ferney, though he turned over in his mind all the records of famous criminals, and all his recent reading of the proceedings of the Central Criminal Court.

He had no plan formed when at last, wearied out, he fell asleep and dreamed a troubled dream, to the effect that he was standing at the bar of the Old Bailey, being sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

From that cheerful dream he was awakened by the rising-bell clanging out upon the fresh morning air.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Very Drastic.

FERNEY was last down of the Remove that morning.

He was feeling very sore and seedy, and extremely bad-tempered. He had not forgotten Bulstrode's remark in the dormitory, and he went to his study as soon as he came down. The door was open, and Bulstrode and Bob Cherry were there, sitting on the table. They gave Ferney a cheerful nod and a grin as he came in.

"Waiting for you," said Bulstrode.

"Hallo—hallo—hallo! Here you are!" said Bob. "It's all right now!"

Ferney scowled.

"What do you want here?" he asked angrily.

"Rubbish!" said Bob.

Bulstrode laughed.

"Exactly!" he agreed. "Rubbish! Bosh! Rot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—"

"We're going to cure you of playing the giddy ox," Bob Cherry explained. "We're going to burn all that rotten rubbish you have here—newspaper cuttings, and lives of criminals and things. I think we shall very likely be able to save you from a bad end if we try."

"We're going to try, anyway," said Bulstrode.

"Yes, rather!"

Ferney gritted his teeth.

"You'd better not touch any of my property!" he exclaimed.

"I don't think you'll be able to stop us," Bulstrode remarked. "You broke out last night like a giddy lunatic. I always knew you were a soft ass, but I never knew you were getting really off your rocker. Now I know it, it's a kindness to step in and stop you. I've seen chaps like you before. You read disgusting newspaper reports till your brains go rocky, and then you break out and commit some robbery or other, and then the newspapers all say: 'Shocking Result of Reading Penny Dreadfuls!' I know you! Well, we're going to stop you before you get to the stage of committing robberies—see?"

"That's it," said Bob Cherry. "Flighty chaps like you are liable to do anything—from robbing a safe to wrecking a train. We're going to cure you."

"Look here—"

"We wouldn't begin till you came down," said Bulstrode.

"There's not going to be anything underhand about it."

"No fear!"

"But now you're here, we'll start. Where do you keep that valuable literature?"

"Find out!" snapped Ferney.

Bulstrode chuckled.

"We'll jolly soon do that!" he exclaimed.

"You won't touch any of my—"

Crash!

Bulstrode pulled out the drawer of the table, and it descended on the floor, and its contents were scattered over the carpet.

Ferney gave a shout of rage.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 193.

EVERY
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Let my things alone, you hound!"

"Better language!" said Bulstrode threateningly.

"I—I—I'll be revenged!"

"Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in disgust. "Did you ever hear such rot? Don't you know that that word belongs to the stage and the novels, you ass?"

Ferney turned crimson with rage. He would not have minded being considered wicked or desperate, but to be considered merely "stagey" was distinctly exasperating.

A roll of papers came out of the overturned drawer, and a volume of Press cuttings, as well as several books.

Bulstrode and Bob Cherry picked them up.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, picking up a volume of cuttings and opening it. "Look here! 'Central Criminal Court—Full Reports!' Cuttings going a month back! And that rotten ass has read them all, and saved them up!"

"Start the fire with that!" said Bulstrode.

"Good!"

Bob Cherry jammed the volume into the firegrate. Ferney rushed desperately forward and clawed him back.

"Let it alone!" he shrieked.

"Hands off, you ass!"

"I—I—I'll—"

"You'll sit down there!" said Bob Cherry, pushing Ferney on the chest with his powerful hand.

The flabby junior staggered back and sat in a chair, without intending to do so.

"Now, if you put your paws on me again, you'll get hurt. We're doing this for your good, and it would take more than a potty worm like you to stop us."

"What-ho!" remarked Bulstrode.

Ferney rose to his feet, clenching his fists with impotent rage.

He could not interfere.

Either Bulstrode or Bob Cherry could have knocked him out with one hand in a single round, if the matter had been decided by fisticuffs. If it had been an affair of bullying, he could have called on the other fellows for aid, or on a prefect; but neither juniors nor prefect would have helped him in keeping a stock of pernicious literature in his study. Anybody in Greyfriars who had known what was going on would have lent a hand to Bob Cherry and Bulstrode in their task of destroying the dangerous rubbish Ferney had accumulated.

Ferney thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and stood looking on with a scowling brow while the fire was started.

The volume of Press cuttings, containing accounts of criminal cases which certainly no boy ought ever to have known anything about, blazed up as Bob Cherry applied matches to it.

Bob Cherry stirred it up with the poker.

"Next man in!" he said.

Bulstrode rolled up a couple of volumes of "Squaffles, the Amateur Burglar," and tossed them upon the fire. A set of thrilling American detective fiction followed, and then a number of highly-coloured papers dealing with Cracksman Kit, apparently the favourite hero of the weak-minded owner of that precious library.

"Volume twenty of the 'Police-court Pars!'" grinned Bulstrode. "Shove it on! And here's 'Lives of Famous Criminals!'"

"Chuck it in!"

The grate was crammed with rubbish, blazing away merrily.

Speedily the mass was reduced to ashes, but Bob Cherry stirred away industriously until hardly a spark was left in the heap.

Then he threw the poker into the grate. It was warm work, and Bob Cherry mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief when he had finished.

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

"Jolly good thing, too!" said Bulstrode.

Bob Cherry turned to the owner of that valuable library which, like the more famous one of Alexandria, had been consigned to the flames by ruthless invaders.

"You're well rid of that little lot!" he remarked.

Ferney scowled.

"You'll be better without them, old chap."

"Hang you!"

"Thanks!" said Bob Cherry. "Come on, Bulstrode! I think we've earned our breakfast!"

"Yes, rather!" grinned Bulstrode.

And the two Removites quitted the study.

Ferney stared after them with scowling brows and gleaming eyes, clenching his fists hard.

"Hang you!" he muttered. "I'll make you smart for this! I'll have revenge!"

And Ferney ground his teeth—not because he had any special desire to grind his teeth, but because Cracksman Kit always did so when he was annoyed.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Day of the Match!

"RIPPING weather!" said Bob Cherry, looking out of the School House after breakfast.

"Jolly good!" said Harry Wharton.

"It will be a splendid match!"

"And we're going to win it!" said Nugent.

"What-ho!"

The Remove went into their Form-room for morning lessons in high spirits. They were thinking more about football than about Form-room work; a fact which did not exactly meet with the approval of their Form-master, Mr. Quelch.

When Nugent was asked to name one of the principal products of Lancashire, and answered "cup-ties," there was a giggle in the Form, and Nugent was the richer by fifty lines.

But he did not care for lines.

He was thinking of the Redclyffe match, and of the cup being brought home to Greyfriars in triumph.

Lessons were over at last, and the Remove turned out into the quad.

The weather was splendid for the game. The afternoon was sunny, and cold, and there was perhaps a little too much wind blowing, but it was healthy and keen from the sea, and the juniors sniffed it with keen pleasure.

After dinner they prepared to receive the visiting team, who were timed to arrive at two o'clock in a brake from Redclyffe, the kick-off being fixed for half-past two.

Everything was in readiness for the match.

It was not too late, certainly, to make any alterations in the team; and Bulstrode had some representations on the subject from some of the Remove.

But Bulstrode only grinned.

He had made up his mind what fellows he was going to play, and he had not the slightest intention of making any changes.

The Remove footballers had changed ready, and were standing about in their coats and scarves, when two o'clock rang out from the old clock-tower.

Never had a Remove team looked more fit; and Bulstrode's hopes were high. Wingate, of the Sixth, gave the juniors words of encouragement. The good-tempered and kindly captain of Greyfriars took a great interest in junior football, and he had helped Bulstrode, to some extent, with advice in selecting the team.

"Your fellows look very fit, Bulstrode," Wingate said. "You should have a jolly good chance of getting the cup, I think."

"I'm glad you think so, Wingate," said Bulstrode. "I know it will be a tough match. We shall do our best, anyway."

"I say, Bulstrode——"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"I've got something to say to you before it's too late."

"Oh, cheese it!"

Wingate laughed and walked away. Bulstrode turned away from the Owl of the Remove, but Billy Bunter followed him, and jerked at his sleeve persistently.

"I say, Bulstrode——"

"Buzz off, you fat duffer! I'm not going to make any changes in the team; and if I did, I'd as soon put in Gosling, the porter, or his dog, as you!" roared Bulstrode.

"I—I wasn't going to speak about that," said Bunter. "Under the circumstances, as personal jealousy is allowed to rule in selecting the team, I shall say no more about that. I was going to say that it would be only hospitable to stand the Redclyffe fellows a decent feed after the match!"

"Well, we're going to give them tea," said Bulstrode.

"Yes; but I was thinking of something special," urged Bunter. "Don't be afraid; I'm not going to suggest your paying for it. What I mean is, is there any objection to my standing a bit of a feed, in addition, to the Redclyffians?"

Bulstrode stared.

"You?" he ejaculated.

Bunter nodded, and blinked at him.

"Yes, me," he said, emphatically and ungrammatically. "I don't see why I shouldn't do it, do you, if I choose to spend the money for the credit of Greyfriars?"

"Well, no," said Bulstrode. "Are you off your rocker?"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"First time I've heard of you wanting to spend money on anybody but yourself," growled Bulstrode. "What's the little game?"

"Oh, really——"

"It's only gas!" said Bob Cherry. "Buzz off, Bunter, and don't talk out of the back of your silly neck!"

"I'm sorry to see this miserable jealousy on the part of a chap like you, Cherry," said Bunter. "I'm sure Wharton will support me."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You can stand all the feeds you like, Bunter," he replied. "I don't care."

"Very well. If you don't object, Bulstrode——"

"I don't, of course. But——"

"Then it's settled," said Bunter. "I shall devote the whole of my postal-order to standing a feed for the Redclyffe chaps. The postal-order is for a couple of pounds, and I think that will be enough."

"Quite enough," grinned Nugent. "Have you got the postal-order?"

Bunter coughed.

"Ahem! Well, not exactly yet. You see, it ought to have been here this morning, but there has been some delay in the post. I'm thinking of writing to the Postmaster-General about it. It's scandalous a chap being kept waiting for a remittance like this! The postal-order may not be here in time now——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" said the fat junior peevishly. "What I was going to say is this. I want to entertain the Redclyffe chaps at my own charge, regardless of expense. If you fellows care to advance me the two pounds you can have the postal-order when it comes. What do you say?"

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

There was a roll of wheels in the distance, and the crack of a whip. Then came a shout from the direction of the gates of Greyfriars.

"Here they are!"

Redclyffe had arrived.

"Here they come!" exclaimed Wharton.

"I say, you fellows——"

But no one was listening to Billy Bunter. The Greyfriars fellows greeted the visiting team. Redclyffe decidedly looked a very fine lot of fellows. Hawke, their captain, belonged to the Fourth Form, at Redclyffe, and he looked as well as anybody in the home team; and Slimby, the fastest forward, was well-known to the Friars, as was Mugg, who kept goal. Bulstrode looked over the team with a keen eye, and he saw more plainly than ever that Greyfriars would have a hard tussle before them.

But there is, as the poet sings, a stern joy in meeting foemen worthy of their steel, and the Removites were looking forward keenly to the tussle.

The referee was a gentleman belonging to Courtfield, and he had come with the visiting team. Redclyffe were in red shirts, and Greyfriars in blue. Hawke looked over the ground, and sniffed the keen breeze.

"Good wind blowing!" he remarked.

"Yes, I hope you'll get it against you," said Bulstrode, laughing.

Hawke laughed too.

"We're going to give you a tussle," he remarked. "We've made up our minds to take the Craven Cup to Redclyffe, by hook or by crook."

"What-ho!" said Slimby, with emphasis.

The Removites grinned.

"We've made up our minds that you won't," grinned Bulstrode. "But let the best team win, that's all."

"What-ho!" said the Redclyffe fellows heartily.

The two skippers tossed for choice of ends.

The other fellows stood round breathlessly while they did so. A great deal depended on the result of the toss, for the wind was blowing keenly from one goal to the other, and the team that had to play facing the wind would start with a disadvantage.

Bulstrode was successful.

The Removites, who were crowding round the ropes, gave a cheer as the result was announced. It was a good omen for the home team.

"You kick off!" said Bulstrode.

Hawke nodded.

"Right-ho!"

And the whistle went for the start. Round the ground, Greyfriars and Redclyffe fellows fraternised in an excited crowd.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Cup-Tie!

REDCLYFFE kicked off against the wind. They followed up the kick-off with a rush; but the wind was strong in favour of the home players, and Bulstrode's forwards soon had possession of the ball.

They brought it down the field in fine style, with short passing, amid anticipatory cheers from the crowd.

There was a big crowd round the ground already. Nearly all the Remove who were not playing were there to shout, as Micky Desmond put it. Fellows of others Forms, as well



"You cowardly cad!" exclaimed Kildare hotly. "How dare you hit a fellow like that?" Knox staggered to his feet, his face blazing with rage through its patches of tar and feathers. "Look what they've done to my study!" he yelled. (The above incident is taken from the grand, long, complete school tale of Tom Merry & Co., entitled "FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE," which is contained in this week's issue of "The Gem" Library. Out on Thursday. Price One Penny.)

as the Remove, had turned up to watch. The Fourth and the Shell were well represented, and even the Fifth. And two score of Redclyffians were there.

The seniors might—and frequently did—affect to smile at junior football, but they were not insensible to the honour that would accrue to Greyfriars from the winning of such a trophy as the Craven Cup.

There was a shout from a hundred throats as the Remove forwards brought the ball down the field, with the wind behind them.

"Hurray!"

"Go it!"

"Put her through!"

"Pile it in!"

"Kick! Kick, you beggars, kick!"

Bob Cherry had centred to Harry Wharton, and Harry Wharton sent the leather in with a splendid kick.

But the Redclyffe goalkeeper was all there.

For a moment it looked like a goal, and then it came whizzing out from the fist of the custodian, and dropped to the Redclyffe backs.

They sent it up the field in a twinkling.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

The Greyfriars rush had missed fire, so to speak, and the tussle swung back to midfield.

"My hat!" exclaimed Coker, of the Fifth. "That chsp can keep goal! What's his name?"

"Mugg!" said Hobson, of the Shell.

"Well, he may be a Mugg, but he's not a mug," said Coker: and all the fags within reach of Coker laughed dutifully at his little joke.

The Redclyffians certainly had a tower of strength in their goalkeeper. Bulstrode had very strong doubts as to whether Hazeldene would have stopped such a shot. But outside the goal, the home defence was very good and reliable.

Hazeldene, indeed, was in his usual form.

The Redclyffians brought the ball up to the home goal after a time, with a very pretty exhibition of combined play, against the defence and against the wind. Hazeldene seemed all eyes and hands at once.

Hawke sent the ball spinning in, but it struck a goalpost, and backed into the field of play, only to be headed in by Slimby.

But Hazeldene was ready for it, and he headed it out,

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH!" By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.

right to the foot of Morgan, at back, and Morgan sent it whizzing up the field almost to the line.

"Harry!"

"Well saved!"

And Hazeldene flushed with pleasure. He had saved his citadel well, and the cheers of the Greyfriars crowd rang pleasantly in his ears.

Both sides had realised by this time that they had a decidedly hard struggle in hand.

The fate of the Craven Cup was hanging very much in the balance.

As the game proceeded, there were several narrow escapes of scoring, on both sides, and still the sheet remained blank.

Attack and defence on both sides were good and sound; and it soon began to look as if the first half would close without either side breaking their duck. And that was what happened.

The whistle rang out for the interval, with a blank score on both sides; and the players, not at all sorry for the rest, ceased play.

"They're going it strong," Bob Cherry remarked, as he sucked a lemon. "But we'll have the cup."

"Yes, rather!"

"Yes, stick to it," said Bulstrode. "We've simply got to beat them in the second half."

And the Remove footballers determined that they would. As a matter of fact, the Redclyffians were equally determined to the contrary. When the whistle rang out shrilly on the wintry air, it found both teams in a mood for "blood."

Both teams formed up to resume the game. All was to win yet. Bulstrode and his merry men knew that it would mean going all the way, but they were game. The Craven Cup should not be wrested from them without a grim struggle. One thing gave Bulstrode infinite satisfaction.

It was the half-back line. Bob Cherry and Bull were the right sort of stuff to back up a good centre, and Bulstrode was a good centre-half. If the forward line could just "go it" a bit better now, Greyfriars would win, he felt sure.

The whistle went, and Harry Wharton re-started.

Hawke fully expected the wind, which was now behind Redclyffe, to win them the game. The visitors had certainly made good going first half. Popular opinion always makes out that the wind will be sure to ensure such a side's victory.

But not always is opinion verified. From the way the Greyfriars lot got going it was soon evident that all ways were alike to them. The forward line, ably led by Harry Wharton, soon showed that "trespassers would be prosecuted." Every sortie the Redclyffe fellows made was checked before it could reach Bulstrode, Cherry, and Bull.

The fellows who lined the ground cheered both teams to the echo. For a competition game the football was wonderfully clean and sprightly. Nipping in was the order of the day on both sides, and finesse was prominent in all.

Then the Greyfriars crowd experienced a nasty side-slip. Hawke initiated a grand movement, and the home goal seemed lost from the start.

"Wharton!" was the cry, as the movement started.

But reproach did not alter the fact that Harry Wharton had been beaten by his vis-a-vis.

Hawke, following up his advantage, whizzed the sphere out to his right-wing man. So quickly had the thing been done that Brown and Leigh were outwitted for the moment. The opposing men made rings round them, as the saying is, and in a flash the home side saw the ball soar right across the field to the Redclyffe left-wing. The fellow was racing like the wind.

Trevor "was on him," but by the neatest manœuvre possible the Redclyffe man got the ball round him, and centred like lightning.

"Now, Redclyffe!" shouted the delighted visitors' spectators.

Well they might shout, for Hawke was tearing into the goal-mouth like a war-horse.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" yelled Redclyffe, deeming it a sure thing.

But another was on the alert as well as Hawke. As the ball shot in from the Redclyffe captain, a lithe form swung out from goal, and, leaping high in the air, gathered the swiftly-flying ball with all the confidence of a Rugby International. In an instant the whole complexion of the game was changed.

"Bravo, Hazeldene! Bravo, sir!" yelled the Greyfriars crowd, for it was he.

And as the Redclyffe players scrambled over one another in their eagerness to get in, the ball was sailing down field a hundred feet in the air, Greyfriars under it to a man, in a stern race with the Redclyffe backs. The backs had a slight start. They knew it was up to them to stop a score at all costs, and, despite Harry Wharton's best endeavour, he could not outrun one of them. The fellow reached the sphere

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 193.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

five yards ahead of Wharton, and with a wild kick, which sent him reeling, he saved the situation by kicking into touch.

"Bravo, Hazeldene! Bravo, Greyfriars!" yelled the crowd. "On the ball!"

From Nugent's throw-in both sides were on the ball indeed. Stubborn wasn't the word for the grim determination with which the contest was waged. Redclyffe were determined to profit by their disappointment, and Harry Wharton, for his part, was determined that Hawke should not outwit him again.

"Sock it to 'em, Greyfriars!"

Bob Cherry grinned as he heard the shout. No shout that ever went up at the sports of ancient Rome heartened a gladiator as this did the Greyfriars line. Backward and forward went the leather in midfield till the spectators were getting weary.

"Don't keep the thing on a giddy string!" they yelled.

"Get it away, Greyfriars!"

"Keep 'em out, Redclyffe!"

Redclyffe did not need to be encouraged. It was a great game, and it was clear to see that their whole line were indifferent as to the spectators' opinions. They knew they were playing the game, and if Greyfriars won they would win on their merits. But the pace could not last. Both forward lines had been doing their duty so well that the inevitable happened.

There was a slight slackening down, and the half-backs saw at once what was before them.

And, in footer language, Bob Cherry, Bulstrode, and Bull came with a vengeance for Greyfriars.

By a tacit understanding the front rank saw that short passing was to be the order of the day, and it began at once, the Greyfriars half-backs being better than a further line of six forwards. The result was salutary. Passing, dribbling, hooking the ball over their opponents' heads, wing to wing and back again, excited yells of "offside!" but no whistle to corroborate. One mighty cheer, and Bob Cherry found himself twenty yards from goal, right in front, and only the goalie to beat.

"Now, Cherry!" roared Greyfriars.

And Bob Cherry "nowed," so to put it. Bearing down like a steam-engine for the right corner, he placed it into the opposite corner of the net. Mugg simply had no chance, though he threw himself full length in a vain endeavour.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo, Cherry!" came roar after roar, and the players themselves, nearly wringing Bob Cherry's hand off, danced him triumphantly down-field.

First blood to Greyfriars.

The Friars roared themselves hoarse.

"Bravo! Bravo!"

"Hurrah, Cherry!"

"Good old Bob!"

"Goal! Goal! Hurrah!"

It was a deafening roar.

Bob Cherry looked flushed and excited. His chums slapped him on the back till he ached. The teams lined up again, and Redclyffe kicked off. Hawke had a very grim expression on his face. He knew that the struggle was going against his side now, but he was determined to make up for the leeway.

And he did!

With a tremendous effort the Redclyffians broke up the Greyfriars defence; shots rained in upon goal, and Hazeldene was found wanting.

Every Redclyffe fellow on the ground gave a wild yell as the ball went in from Hawke's foot and found a corner of the net.

"Goal! Goal! Goal!"

The crowd simply shrieked.

"Goal! Hurrah!"

Coker of the Fifth looked at his watch.

"Five more minutes to play," he said.

"Phew!"

"It's going to be a draw."

"Faith, and ye're right!"

And certainly it looked like it.

Greyfriars kicked off, with the knowledge that only four more minutes stood between them and the blast of the whistle.

What was to be done in four minutes? Was it to be a draw after all? Neither side would be satisfied with such a conclusion. They were going to win—both of them—at all events, that was what they were determined upon.

ANSWERS

"Go it, Greyfriars!"
"Buck up, Redclyffe!"
"On the ball!"

Loud shouts from the rival sympathisers encouraged the teams. And certainly the juniors on both sides went it with a hearty good will.

The wind was against Greyfriars—dead against them, and growing stronger. But they were keen and fresh, most of them still splendidly fit, in spite of the long and gruelling game. Bulstrode called upon his men for a last effort, and they made it. Right up to the enemy's goal, in spite of the wind and the defence, they swept the leather, and Mugg was called upon to save, and save again.

Round the goal raged the last struggle. Out came the ball, and in again it went, put there by Wharton. But Mugg fisted it out, and it dropped, and Mugg ran out of goal and seized it to fling it far. But at that second a lithe form came spinning from the Greyfriars players, right upon the goalie. Crash!

It was Bob Cherry.

Right back into the goal went the Redclyffe custodian, the ball still grasped in his hands, Bob Cherry's charge flinging him back fairly into the net.

There was a roar.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

Phip!

It was the shrill blast of the whistle.

The cup-tie was over.

The winning goal had been taken, and on the stroke of time. The crowd had invaded the field the next moment. Greyfriars had won—two goals to one—and Bob Cherry was the hero of the hour.

Greyfriars Remove had won the Craven Cup!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

After the Match.

THE excitement in the Lower School at Greyfriars that night was such as had seldom been seen before.

They had won the cup!

The Remove team had won it, but all the junior Forms felt a share of the glory fall, reflected, upon them. Even the Upper Fourth and the Shell rejoiced.

The Redclyffe fellows were well entertained before they took their departure, but they did not enjoy it. They felt keenly the loss of the cup, and of the last match of the competition, and many of them had gloomy looks while the Remove entertained them to tea.

But, as Bob Cherry said, two teams couldn't win the same match, and there was only one cup.

Redclyffe had put up a splendid fight, but fortune had favoured the Greyfriars team, and they had won the trophy. They were very kind to the defeated champions, and they gave them a cheer as they rolled off in their brake.

And then they celebrated!

The Remove Form-room was the scene of great rejoicing.

Fellows who had had dolorous misgivings about the success of the team in the cup-tie—chiefly due to their own services not being required—rejoiced exceedingly, and some of the disappointed candidates for cup-tie honours agreed that Bulstrode was not such an ass after all.

The team had won, at all events, and that was the chief thing, and the Craven Cup belonged to the Greyfriars Remove.

They were to be presented with it by Squire Craven on the following day, at a ceremony to be held in the lecture-hall, and the whole school would be assembled for the purpose—a circumstance that caused the Removites to feel very proud of themselves.

The juniors spent that evening in "keeping it up" over their victory, and masters and prefects judiciously took no notice of the noise proceeding from the Lower Fourth Form-room.

The proceedings were not interrupted till bedtime, when Wingate put his head into the room with his good-natured smile.

"You kids have made row enough," he said. "Time you were in bed."

"We've won the cup!"

Wingate laughed.

"Yes, I know you have, and it's very creditable to you," he said; "but you've made row enough to celebrate winning a dozen cups."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hurrah!"

"We've won the cup!"

"Bravo, Cherry!"

The Remove marched up to bed, still cheering and talking. When they turned in, and lights were turned out, a fire of chatter ran up and down the dormitory.

"It was Bob Cherry's match," said Bulstrode, with unusual good humour. "Bob kicked both the goals, and won it for us."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH!"** By FRANK RICHARDS.

Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"What-ho!" said Nugent.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Rot!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "We all put up a jolly good game, and Hazel in goal was as good as anybody. Bulstrode selected a jolly good team."

"Hear, hear!"

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond. "There was only one improvement that I could have thought of."

"What was that?"

"Myself, Cherry-darling."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A good many chaps could have improved the team on those lines," chuckled Bulstrode. "But we've won, and that's the thing."

"Yes, rather!"

"When do you get the cup, Bulstrode?" Ferney asked suddenly.

Ferney had taken no part in the general rejoicing. He seemed to be determined to be in the sulks; and the juniors, who had no inclination to waste time on him, were quite content to leave him there.

"To-morrow," said Bulstrode, "Squire Craven presents it to the winning team, with a speech. We can stand the speech, as we get the cup."

"Oh, certainly!" said Bob Cherry. "I think a chap who presents a valuable silver cup ought to be given a little rope."

"Hear, hear!"

"Where will you keep it?" asked Ferney.

"Blessed if I know," said Bulstrode, a little puzzled. "It will be too valuable to be stuck up in the Form-room. I suppose we shall ask the Head to keep it in his safe, and set it up on special occasions to be seen—like Speech Day, you know. It will make a jolly handsome ornament when we're giving a big feed."

"Yes, rather!"

"Ferney's feeling nervous about it, begorra!" chuckled Micky Desmond. "He's thinking what Cracksman Kit and Squaffles would do if they knew the cup was here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The cup might be stolen," said Ferney.

"Rats!"

"I shouldn't wonder——"

"It couldn't be stolen out of the Head's safe," said Bulstrode.

"I'll bet you it could."

"Bosh!"

"Cracksman Kit or Squaffles could do it, but they don't dig near Greyfriars," grinned Bob Cherry. "I don't feel nervous myself."

"The Head's safe is a jolly old-fashioned one," said Ferney. "I expect any burglar could get it open easily enough."

"How do you know—seen it?"

"Yes, I have."

"Rotten—spying round the Head's study," said Bulstrode. "You'll follow some of your giddy criminal-court heroes too closely one of these days, and get sent to a reformatory."

Ferney made no reply.

But there was a very peculiar expression upon his face, which might have caused some of the juniors to look at him if it had not been dark.

One by one the juniors dropped off to sleep.

But one pair of eyes remained open in the darkness, staring at the glimmering window; and behind those sleepless eyes a flighty brain was working. There were thoughts in Ferney's head that would have surprised his Form-fellows if they had known of them.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

More Trouble for Ferney!

THE next day the Greyfriars Remove received the cup.

Squire Craven made a speech, as was only to be expected, considering that he was presenting a valuable cup. But the Remove bore it with great fortitude; and also the few words which Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, spoke when the squire had finished. The whole school cheered the squire and the Head, and Squire Craven was really sorry that he had not said a few words more, as he noticed how keenly interested his audience seemed to be. "Seemed" is the word; but really the Remove were very polite. When the squire drove away, they cheered his departure, and, in fact, they were in a mood now to cheer everybody and everything. They had won the cup!

As the winning team feels at the Crystal Palace, with the proud consciousness of being the owners of the English Cup, so the Remove footballers felt.

They had won the cup-tie; and they seemed to strike the stars with their sublime heads.

After it had been shown round, examined, handled, appraised, and gloated over to a sufficient extent, the cup was handed over to the Head, to be locked up in his safe, where a great deal of the school silver was kept.

There, of course, it was supposed to be safe.

Ferney's suggestion that thieves might break in and steal it was passed unregarded by the Remove.

The cup was a valuable one, but chiefly on account of its associations; and its intrinsic value, though considerable, was as naught compared with the mass of the school silver, which was produced on great occasions.

But strange ideas were working in Ferney's mind.

He did not say any more about the possibility of the Craven Cup being stolen, however. The cup reposed in the Head's safe, and the juniors settled down into the usual routine after the excitement of the cup-tie.

One circumstance marred their pleasure a little. The Redclyffe fellows had not taken their defeat in very good part. On one or two chance meetings during the next few days the Redclyffians showed that they had a sore feeling on the subject.

They had come so near to winning the cup, and the match had so nearly turned out a draw, that the Redclyffians could be excused for feeling sore; and the Removites sympathised with their disappointment.

"We should have felt pretty rotten if we had been done in in the final tie," Bob Cherry remarked philosophically, when Bulstrode related in the common-room how Slimby of Redclyffe had passed him by in the street in Friardale without speaking. "Of course, that's carrying it too far; but it must have been a blow to them. I heard that Hawke counted positively on winning."

"He shouldn't have been such an ass, then," Bulstrode said. "There's nothing certain in footer, excepting the uncertainty; and he had no right to count on licking us."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"But he did, and he feels sore about it. But I expect they'll get over it soon. Hawke is too sensible a chap to think of bearing malice over the result of a match, and the other fellows will come round."

"Most likely," said Harry Wharton.

"Blessed if I care whether they do or not," said Bulstrode. "I think they're a set of asses, and I sha'n't make any bones about telling them so, too."

But there were no more meetings just then, and so no hasty words were spoken. The two schools were a considerable distance apart, and meetings were not frequent at any time.

On Saturday the Remove were playing Courtfield School, and they forgot all about Redclyffe and Redclyffian resentment. But it was destined to be brought back to their minds in a dramatic way in the course of a day or two.

Ferney had been very quiet for some days; but Bulstrode had an eye on him. The flighty-minded juniors had been strictly forbidden to buy any more newspapers, but it was pretty certain that he would do so if he had a chance. As the Remove came out of class on Monday afternoon, a folded paper dropped from under Ferney's jacket.

Bulstrode picked it up in the passage. Ferney, flushing with anger, sprang towards him.

"Give me my paper!" he exclaimed.

Bulstrode pushed him back with his disengaged hand.

"Hold on a minute!" he said. "I'll have a look at it first, if you don't mind."

"I do mind!" howled Ferney. "Give me my paper!"

"Rats!"

Bulstrode easily kept the flabby junior off with his left hand, while he held the paper in his right and looked at it. It was a daily paper, open at the page upon which the criminal-court reports appeared, and there were several pencil-markings in the columns. Ferney had evidently been studying the paper as well as reading it.

"Give it to me!" shrieked Ferney.

"I sha'n't give it to you," said Bulstrode quietly. "I've told you I'm not going to let you read this rot."

"What right have you to interfere? I—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

"Mr. Quelch would interfere if he knew."

"That's not your business. That paper cost me a penny. Give it to me!"

"Rats!"

Bulstrode tore the paper across, and walked towards the fire in the hall grate. Ferney gave a cry of rage, and ran at him, clutching at his arm. As he could not drag it down to get at the paper, he kicked the Remove captain savagely.

Bulstrode uttered a cry of pain.

"Ow! You cowardly toad!"

"Give me my paper, then!" panted Ferney.

Bulstrode grasped the paper, and boxed Ferney's ears with it, right and left. The junior staggered back, with tingling ears, yelling with pain.

"What is this about?" rapped out a sharp voice.

It was Mr. Quelch's. The Remove-master had just come out of the Form-room. He fixed a stern glance upon Bulstrode, and the latter coloured deeply. Bulstrode's former reputation as a bully still clung to him; a reputation of that kind is not soon or easily lived down.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"What is the matter?"

"He's got my paper, and he won't give it to me!" shrieked Ferney.

Mr. Quelch frowned darkly.

"Is that Ferney's paper, Bulstrode?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Did you tear it?"

"Ye-es."

"Is this some more of your bullying, Bulstrode?" asked the Remove-master sternly. "I had hoped that there was a change in you for the better. How dare you take away Ferney's paper and tear it?"

"I—I—"

"Bulstrode isn't to blame, sir," said Bob Cherry, speaking up for the captain of the Remove. "If you look at that paper, sir, you'll see why Bulstrode was going to burn it."

"Give me the paper, Bulstrode."

Bulstrode handed it over to the Remove-master without a word.

Mr. Quelch looked at it, and saw the pencil-markings, and his frown grew deeper. He turned his eyes upon Ferney. The Remove had often compared Mr. Quelch's eyes to gimlets, on account of their piercing qualities, but never had they looked so much like gimlets as they did now. They almost seemed as if they would make holes in the unfortunate junior.

"Ferney!" rapped out the Form-master.

"Ye-e-es, sir," stammered Ferney, wishing very devoutly that he had avoided drawing the Form-master's attention to the subject.

"Do you read this rubbish?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have the audacity to tell me that you take a daily newspaper, and read the reports of criminal cases—disgusting and degrading reports which are not even fit for grown-up people to read!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

Ferney was silent.

Mr. Quelch handed the paper to the sulky, silent junior.

"There is your paper," he said. "Go and place it in the fire!"

The junior did not move.

"Do you hear me?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Ferney jumped, and ran to obey. The paper crackled and flared up, and Ferney's valuable collection of criminal-court reports was speedily consumed.

"Now," said Mr. Quelch sternly, "I will pass over your offence this time, Ferney. But if you are ever found with a newspaper in your possession again, you will be severely caned. Do you understand me?"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"You have done quite right, Bulstrode, and I am sorry I spoke sharply to you," said Mr. Quelch. "You are doing your duty as captain of the Form, and I hope you will continue to keep an eye upon this misguided and foolish boy."

"Certainly, sir."

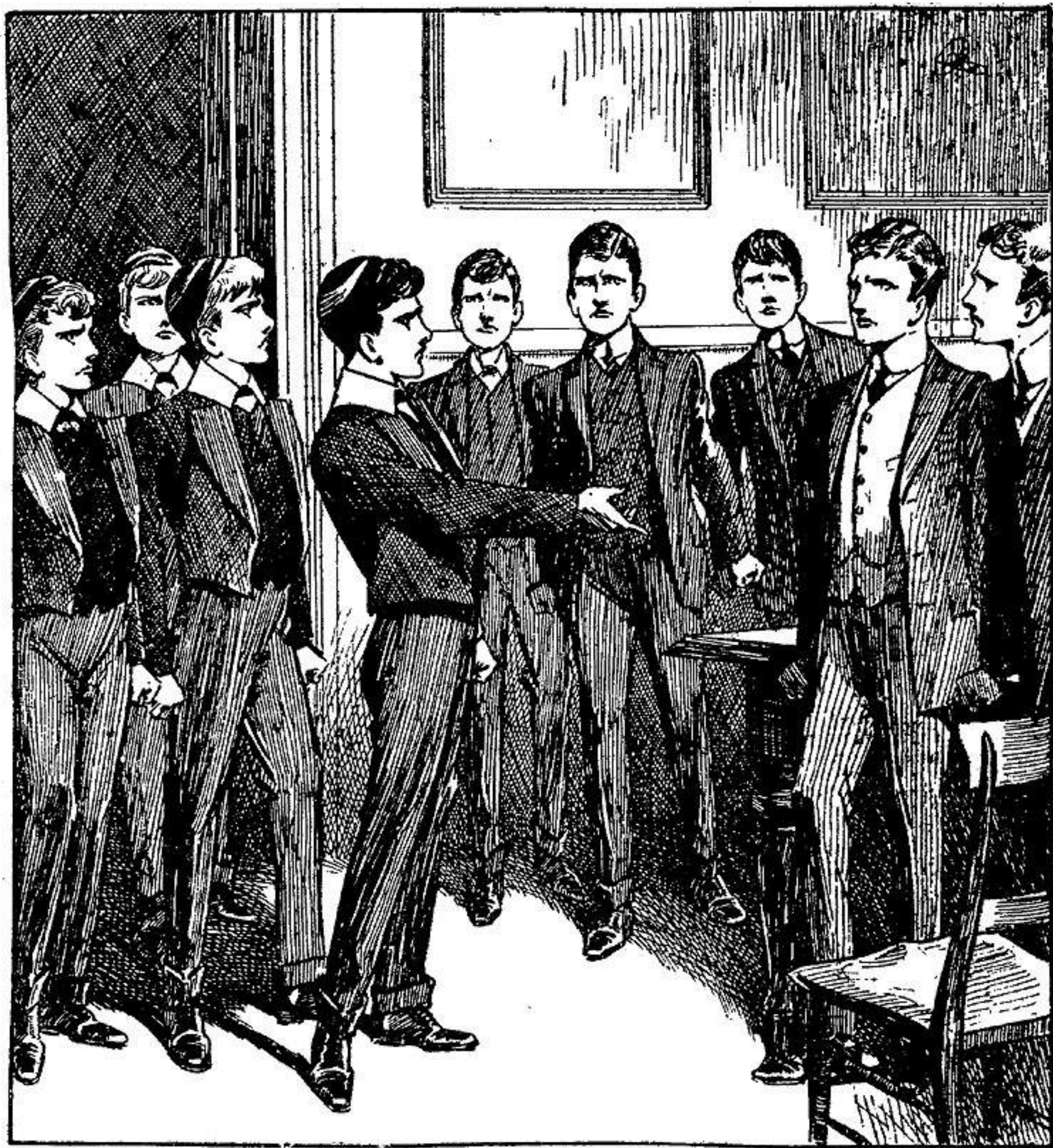
And, with a warning frown to Ferney, Mr. Quelch walked

Next Tuesday:

"THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH!"

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

Please order your copy of
"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY
in advance.



The Redclyffe juniors gathered round the little party from Greyfriars threateningly. Harry Wharton & Co. drew more closely together. It looked as if they were in for serious trouble. "Hands off!" exclaimed Bulstrode sharply. "We didn't come here for a row. We want the Craven Cup back again, that's all." (See Chapter 13.)

away. Ferney cast a scowling glance round at the juniors.

But he did not speak. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and walked away. The juniors did not speak a word to him, either. They had no desire to score over him; and they hoped, sincerely enough, that the Form-master's warning would have an effect upon him. Not that they thought it likely. More drastic measures would be required before the flighty junior was cured of his peculiar tastes.

Ferney was looking very sulky when the Remove went up to bed that night. Bulstrode, who was not an unkindly fellow, spoke to him pleasantly enough.

"I say, Ferney, I'm sorry you were ragged to-day, you know. You ought to try and fall in with Greyfriars ways; you've been here long enough."

"Oh, rats!" said Ferney.

And Bulstrode made no further effort to be agreeable.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

The Remove had been asleep some time, and the stars of midnight were glimmering in at the high windows of the dormitory, when Harry Wharton suddenly awoke.

What had awakened him he could not say; but he had an impression that somebody had been moving in the room.

He lay with the back of his head on the pillow, looking to and fro in the deep darkness, which was only broken by a glimmer of light near the windows.

"You fellows asleep?" he asked.

There was no reply.

Harry Wharton listened. He could hear steady breathing on either side of him, and from a distance the steady snore of William George Bunter.

But there was nothing else to be heard in the dormitory, excepting the faint moan of the wind from the Close.

Wharton closed his eyes again.

He was dozing off again, when he gave a sudden start, and

again his eyes came wide open. Had he heard a sharp, penetrating sound from a distance—a loud crack as of something sharply breaking?

He did not know.

With a strange, eerie feeling that something was happening in the darkness of the night, Harry Wharton listened.

But there was no further sound in the stillness.

He closed his eyes, and slept.

Little did he dream that down in the Head's study a candle glimmered in the gloom, and that a dark figure stood before the safe—which was open—and that two gleaming, triumphant eyes were fastened upon the Craven Cup!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Cup Stolen.

CLANG! Clang!

Harry Wharton opened his eyes and yawned as the rising-bell rang clanging through the dormitories of Greyfriars.

The Remove turned out, and as he rose, the thought came into Harry Wharton's mind of the sound he had heard in the night, or which he had fancied he had heard.

"Any of you fellows hear a row last night?" he asked.

"No!" said Bob Cherry. "I slept like a top! What was it—Bunter snoring?"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"No!" said Harry, laughing. "I thought I heard a row downstairs, that was all. I think it woke me up."

"Ferney's burglars!" grinned Nugent.

Ferney glanced at him quickly.

"What do you mean," he exclaimed.

"Didn't you suggest that burglars might break in for the footer cup?"

"Oh!"

Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, looked into the dormitory. There was a serious expression on Wingate's rugged face.

"Did any of you fellows go down in the night?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," said Wharton.

"No, Wingate."

"Very well."

"Anything happened?"

"Yes," said Wingate briefly.

And he departed without another word. The juniors looked at one another in amazement. The conduct of the Greyfriars captain was strange enough.

"Something has happened, after all," Nugent remarked.

"My hat, I wonder if there has been a burglary!"

"Phew!"

"Faith, let's get down and see!"

The Removites hurried quickly enough over their dressing. They descended, finding the Upper Fourth hurrying down at the same time, and the Shell as well. Most of the seniors were already down, and looking very serious, and discussing something in groups, with excited faces. It was pretty clear that something had happened.

"What has happened?" exclaimed Wharton, stopping Coker, of the Fifth.

"Haven't you heard?" said Coker.

"Not yet."

"I shouldn't wonder if it was one of you kids' larks," said Coker severely.

"But what is it?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"It would be just like one of you silly young asses," said Coker.

"What is it?" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Besides," said Coker argumentatively, and apparently forgetful of the fact that he had given no information, "besides, who would want to steal a junior football cup?"

"What!"

"The cup!"

"Stolen!"

"Rats!"

"Look here, Coker—"

"What has happened, you fathead?"

It was a roar from the Removites. Coker wagged his forefinger at them in an extremely exasperating way, under the circumstances.

"Now, own up that it was a rotten junior jape!" he exclaimed.

"What has happened, you ass?" shouted Wharton.

"You see—"

"Oh, rats! Go and eat coke! Temple, do you know what's happened?"

Temple, of the Fourth, stopped.

"Burglary!" he replied.

"What's stolen?"

"The cup!"

"The Craven Cup!"

"Yes."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 193.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney, with a nod.

The Removites gasped.

"The Craven's stolen!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "But it was locked up in the Head's study."

"Yes, in the safe," said Nugent.

Temple nodded.

"The safe's been broken open," he replied.

"My hat!"

"That was the noise I heard last night, then!" Wharton exclaimed.

"Oh, you heard a noise, did you?" exclaimed Temple, with great interest.

"Yes, about twelve, I think," said Harry. "It sounded like something breaking. I suppose if the door of the safe was forced, it must have made a row."

"Yes, rather."

"And that's what I heard, as sure as a gun. If I'd only known. And—and the footer cup has been taken?"

"Yes."

"But what about the other stuff in the Head's safe?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "There was a lot of the school silver in it."

"That hasn't been touched."

The Removites gasped.

"Hasn't been touched?"

"So I hear."

"Then—then it couldn't have been a burglar!"

"Blessed if I know," said Temple. "It's a giddy mystery, and I don't know all the facts yet. As the giddy cup belonged to you chaps, the Head may tell you more about it if you go to his study."

"Come on!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Three or four of the Remove hurried to Dr. Locke's study at once. As it was their cup, they certainly had a right to information on the subject.

Harry Wharton tapped at the door of the Head's study and opened it. The Head was there, and Mr. Quelch, and Mr. Prout, of the Fifth, and several prefects, all looking very perturbed. There was also a stout gentleman in uniform, and Wharton recognised him as an inspector from the police-station at Courtfield.

The Head looked round sharply.

"Wharton!"

"Please excuse me, sir," exclaimed Harry. "I—I've heard that the silver-cup has been stolen, sir."

The Head's expression cleared.

"Yes, Wharton. I am sorry to have to tell you that it has been abstracted from my safe last night."

Wharton looked at the safe.

The door of the safe had evidently been forced open with an instrument of the nature of a jemmy, and a great deal of force must have been exerted. There was no doubt that the breaking of the lock must have caused a sharp noise, and Wharton had no doubt that that was what he had heard in the night.

"Was anything else taken, sir?" he asked.

Dr. Locke looked perplexed.

"No, Wharton. That is the most extraordinary circumstance about the whole affair. There was a great deal of valuable silver in the safe, but nothing whatever was touched with the exception of the football cup."

"That is very curious, sir."

"Very curious, indeed," said Inspector Kemp, addressing the Head. "It appears to me quite to remove the suspicion that this was an ordinary burglary."

"Then what can it have been, inspector?"

Mr. Kemp shook his head.

"I do not understand it," he said. "I suppose you would not entertain the theory that it was some reckless joke?"

"Impossible."

"Then the robbery must have been committed by some person or persons who had a strong desire to get hold of that cup, and that alone," said the inspector.

The Removites exchanged glances. The words brought irresistibly into their minds the thought of the Redclyffe juniors and their disappointment and resentment. Was it possible—

"Perhaps I ought to mention, sir, that I heard a noise in the night about twelve, like something being broken very sharply," said Wharton.

"Ah, indeed!" said the inspector, with interest. "You were in bed, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"It happened about twelve?"

"As near as I can tell, sir."

"You heard nothing else—like anybody moving about or speaking?"

"No, sir."

The juniors quitted the study.

In the passage they were joined by a crowd more of Removites, and they were eagerly questioned. Wharton

repeated what Mr. Kemp had said. From what had happened there was only one conclusion to be drawn—it was no common burglar that had taken the Craven Cup!

Why should a cracksman take a football cup and leave the other silver in the safe to the value of hundreds of pounds? That was unanswerable! Whoever had taken the Craven Cup was someone who had a special desire to take that cup, and nothing else—no common thief, but someone determined to have the Craven Cup, and the Craven Cup alone!

And who was it?

One answer leaped to every tongue.

Redclyffe!

Was it possible to doubt it? There was nobody else who could be supposed to set a special value upon the Craven Cup, and Redclyffe had been bitterly disappointed and chagrined at losing it in the tie!

Had they taken this method of depriving the victors of their trophy?

If not, what had become of the stolen cup?

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Party for Redclyffe!

THE Greyfriars Remove was in a buzz of excitement that morning.

Mr. Quelch, who understood and sympathised with the feelings of his pupils, was very patient with his Form; but his patience was sorely tried.

The Remove could think of nothing but the stolen cup.

There was a deep anger in their breast, and their anger was directed against the supposed robbers—the Redclyffe juniors.

The more they thought about the matter, the more certain they were that some of the Redclyffe fellows had broken into the school and taken the cup. After morning school, the juniors discussed the matter with great animation.

"It must be Redclyffe!" said Bulstrode positively. "It can't be anybody else. No burglar would leave the rest of the silver."

"Of course not," said Harry Wharton. "It's settled that it wasn't an ordinary burglar; that's not to be supposed for a moment."

"Quite right," said Nugent. "Whoever broke open the Head's safe last night did it specially to get at the Craven Cup."

"Exactly!"

"Who could it have been?"

"Only Redclyffe, I guess," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Yes, rather—Redclyffe!"

"It seems rotten to suspect them, in a way," said Harry Wharton; "but it's impossible to suspect anybody else. That's the point."

"I guess they've got it."

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"They were wild at being beaten, and they went off in a huff," said Bulstrode. "They've had their backs up ever since. But to break into the school—"

"Of course, they didn't break in like thieves," said Bob Cherry. "They meant to take the cup, and hide it away somewhere. It wouldn't be exactly stealing, but more like a lark. They wouldn't sell the thing."

"Well, no—"

"A lark of that kind would get a chap on the treadmill, if he were caught larking by a policeman," said Vane.

"Yes, rather!"

"But—but it would be jolly hard for a chap to get in here at night," said Hazeldene. "There doesn't seem any sign of a window being forced, or of a door being opened."

"It could be done, though."

"But—"

"There are chaps here who break bounds of a night sometimes," said Bulstrode, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Vernon-Smith, for instance."

"Oh, rats!" said Vernon-Smith.

"If he went out, and left a window unfastened, as he has done sometimes—"

"I didn't!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Well, if you didn't, some other rotter may have done it!" said Bulstrode. "Loder, of the Six, for example, or Carne. The Redclyffe chaps might easily have found some window unfastened."

"It's possible enough," said Wharton.

"Likely enough, too," Nugent remarked.

"The question is, if Redclyffe didn't do it, who did?" said Bob Cherry. "I don't like suspecting anybody, so far as that goes; but somebody did it."

"That's jolly clear!"

"I don't see that we can accuse Redclyffe, without a rag of proof, though," said John Bull thoughtfully.

"Well, no; that would be rather thick."

"Are we going to be done out of the cup, after winning it at footer?" exclaimed Ogilvy excitedly.

"No; but—"

"Let's go over to Redclyffe and ask for it back," said Bob Cherry. "When they find we know they've got it,

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

they'll hand it over quietly, I should think, and save trouble."

"Yes; that's not a bad idea!"

"Anyway, we shall be able to see whether they've really got it or not," said Bulstrode.

"Not much doubt on that point, I think."

It was agreed that after school a party of the Remove should go over to Redclyffe School to see about the matter. The conviction was strong in every mind in the Remove that the Redclyffians had taken the cup, though exactly how they had done it was not clear.

After lessons that day, Harry Wharton visited Wingate in his study to ask for a pass out for six juniors.

"Six!" said Wingate. "Who are they?"

"Myself, Cherry, Nugent, Bulstrode, Johnny Bull, and Bolsover."

"Where are you going?"

"Over to Redclyffe."

Wingate looked at him sharply.

"Redclyffe! What for?"

"To see Hawke & Co."

"What about?"

"The cup."

"Better explain what you mean, Wharton," said Wingate quietly. "Do you suspect Hawke and his friends of having stolen the cup?"

Wharton hesitated.

"Taken it," he said.

"Taken or stolen, it is much the same thing, I should say."

"Well, they don't mean to sell it, Wingate, or even to keep it, I think. They haven't taken it for the value, only as one in the eye at us."

"You think they've taken it, then?"

"Well, yes."

"You haven't any evidence?"

"Excepting that nobody else had any possible motive for taking the cup."

Wingate nodded.

"That's how it appears to me," he said. "But if they did take it, they're a set of desperate young rascals, and I can't imagine how they got into the school. I suppose you are going to keep the peace, of course?"

Wharton grinned.

"We're not going for a row—only six against all Redclyffe!" he said.

"An expedition of this sort is quite likely to end in a row, without your wanting it to," said Wingate. "You can go if you like. If they've got the cup, and they give it up quietly, the whole affair can be set down as a jape, and a scandal prevented. If the police should trace it to them, it would be ruin to the young duffers. Do your best, Wharton; but, mind, no rowing or fistieuffs!"

"Right you are, Wingate!"

And the Greyfriars captain handed the juniors the necessary passes. Without even stopping for tea, the half-dozen Removes wheeled out their bicycles to ride over to Redclyffe.

It was a good hour's ride, even for a good cyclist. Most of the Remove crowded down to the school gates to see them off.

"Mind you bring the cup back!" exclaimed Vane.

"Faith, and if ye come back without it we'll rag yez!"

"Yes, rather!"

The cyclists whizzed away in the gloom of the winter evening, their lamps gleaming down the road. The crowd of juniors turned back into the Close, discussing the matter with unabated interest, and conjecturing as to the probable success of Harry Wharton & Co. in their mission to recover the cup. Ferney listened to the remarks with a sneering smile on his lips, and Micky Desmond at last gave him a dig in the ribs.

"Sure, and you seem more plazed than otherwise that the cup's been stolen, you spalpeen!" the Irish junior exclaimed indignantly.

Ferney gasped.

"Ow! You ass!"

"Faith, then, look a little sorry about the cup, or I'll make yez look sorry for yerself!" said Micky.

"Hang the cup!" growled Ferney.

"Howly smoke! Listen to the spalpeen!"

"Shut up, Ferney!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Ferney. "Those fat-heads have gone over to Redclyffe for nothing! Redclyffe haven't got the cup!"

"Who's got it, then, ye omadhaun?" demanded Micky Desmond.

Ferney shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, the duffer's talking out of his silly hat!" said Leigh.

"But he isn't sorry a bit that the cup's stolen! Let's give him something to be sorry for!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"Good egg!"

"Bump him!" yelled the juniors.

Ferney backed away in alarm.

"Here—look here! Oh! Ow! O o-o-o-oh!"

Bump! Bump!

And the juniors went in, leaving Ferney sitting in the Close, on the cold, cold ground, gasping for breath.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Hostile Reception.

"HERE we are!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

The cyclists stopped at the gates of Redclyffe School.

A lamp burned on a bracket over the gate, but the gates were locked, and the school evidently closed up for the evening.

The juniors from Greyfriars dismounted from their machines, and gathered in a group before the gates, and Harry Wharton rang a peal upon the bell.

Ting-a-ting-a-ling!

There was a glimmer of a lantern, and the school porter blinked at them through the bars of the gate.

"Open the gates, please," said Harry Wharton.

The porter looked at him dubiously.

"We've come on important business," explained Wharton.

"Very well, young gentlemen."

The gate was opened.

Leaving the cycles in charge of the porter, the six juniors from Greyfriars walked up to the school.

Hawke, the captain of the Fourth Form at Redclyffe, was standing at the door of the House, and he turned a surprised look upon the Greyfriars juniors.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry.

"Rather late to pay a call, isn't it?" said Hawke.

"Better late than never!"

Hawke laughed.

"Well, come in!" he said.

The Greyfriars fellows followed him into the hall. They were looking resolute and grim. All of them were prepared for trouble if they could not effect their mission by peaceable means. For that reason Bolsover had been brought in the party. Bolsover was the bully of the Remove, and certainly not very popular in his Form, but his size and strength of muscle would be very useful if there was a row at Redclyffe.

Slimby and Mugg came up just inside the hall, and they, too, stared very curiously at the Greyfriars fellows. It was evident that they were amazed at the evening call.

"You fellows are out late," Slimby remarked.

"Yes. It's not our fault."

"You want to see us about something?" asked Hawke.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"The cup!"

Hawke coloured.

"The Craven Cup, Wharton?"

"Yes."

"What about it?" asked Slimby, rather rudely. "You've got the cup, and I don't see that there's anything more to be said about it!"

Wharton looked at him steadily.

"The trouble is that we haven't got the cup," he replied.

"What! Didn't Squire Craven present it to you?"

"Yes."

"Then, why haven't you got it?"

"It's been taken away from Greyfriars!"

"Taken away! My hat!" ejaculated Hawke.

Slimby laughed rather mockingly.

"My word!" he said. "If I had a silver cup, won after a hard match, I should take better care of it than that!"

"You wouldn't expect it to be stolen, perhaps," remarked John Bull.

"Stolen!"

"That's the word, I think."

Hawke gave a start, and his eyes glittered.

"You chaps don't suspect us of having anything to do with the cup being taken, surely?" he exclaimed, angry and amazed.

"Us!" exclaimed Slimby and Mugg together, in amazement. "They can't. What could we know about it?"

"That's what we want to know," said Wharton quietly.

"What-ho!" said Bulstrode, with emphasis.

"You—you utter fools!" exclaimed Hawke, losing his temper. "Do you think we've stolen your rotten cup?"

"We don't know what to think."

Hawke stared at him.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Come into the common-room," he exclaimed abruptly.

"No need to jaw it over here for everybody to hear."

"Right you are."

Hawke led the way into the junior common-room. Most of the juniors of Redclyffe were there, and they all looked in surprise at the visitors. Relations had been somewhat strained between the two schools since the cup-tie, and the Redclyffians were far from expecting a visit from Greyfriars.

"Hallo!"

"Greyfriars chaps!"

"What do they want?"

Hawke burst into an angry laugh.

"They've lost the cup!" he exclaimed.

"My hat!"

"Lost it?"

"And they think we've taken it!"

There was a general exclamation of amazement, and then a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Greyfriars juniors flushed red. The manners of the Redclyffians made them more, rather than less, sure that they were on the right track.

"You can cackle as much as you like!" exclaimed Bob Cherry wrathfully. "But we're going to have that cup back."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotters——"

"Somebody's been pulling their leg, I suppose," said Slimby. "How did you fellows come to lose the cup?"

"It was locked up in the Head's safe," said Harry Wharton. "The door of the safe was forced and broken, and the cup was taken, last night."

"Great Scott!"

"I should say it was a burglar, then," said Hawke.

"So should we; only, there was a lot more silver in the safe, more valuable than the cup, and it wasn't touched. Only the cup was taken."

"That's odd!"

"It makes it pretty clear that whoever broke into the safe wanted the Craven Cup, and nothing else," said Frank Nugent.

"Yes, rather."

"And you fellows have cut up so rusty about losing the cup," went on Wharton; "and you are the only chaps who could want it so much."

"Do you think we burgled your blessed safe last night?" roared Hawke angrily.

"We can't help suspecting that you did."

The Redclyffe juniors glared. Whether they were guilty or not, there was no doubt that they were furiously angry at the accusation. Indeed, Wharton realised, in his own mind, how humiliating and exasperating such an accusation must be if it were undeserved. But if the Redclyffians had not taken the cup, who had? There was simply nobody else who could be suspected.

"Now, then," exclaimed Bolsover unpleasantly, "are you going to hand over the cup?"

There was a roar from the Redclyffe juniors.

"Cheeky cads!"

"Kick them out!"

"Bump them!"

The crowd of juniors gathered threateningly round the little party from Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. drew more closely together, and clenched their fists. It looked as if they were in for serious trouble.

"Hands off!" exclaimed Bulstrode sharply. "We didn't come here for a row. We want the Craven Cup back again, that's all."

"Do you think we've got it, you cad?" shouted Hawke.

"We know you have, if you come to that!"

"Hand it over, and save more trouble," said Bob Cherry. The Redclyffians yelled.

"Yah! Cad!"

"Liar!"

"Rotter!"

"Kick them out!"

And this time there was a rush.

Angry juniors pressed savagely upon the little party from Greyfriars, and they were shoved and hustled towards the door.

"Hands off, I tell you!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Kick them out!"

"Outside with the cads!"

"Hurrah! Kick them out!"

And then there was a struggling mass of juniors, Greyfriars and Redclyffe, in the doorway of the common-room, shouting and yelling and trampling.

"KICK them out!"

"Sock it to them!"

"Down with the cads!"

"Hurrah!"

"Buck up!" rang out Harry Wharton's voice. "Buck up, Greyfriars!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Bump! Biff! Bump!

In the narrow doorway the fight raged hotly.

But numbers told.

Struggling fiercely, the half-dozen Greyfriars juniors were hurled out into the passage, and they went sprawling along the floor.

The Redclyffe juniors packed the doorway, yelling derision.

Wharton staggered to his feet.

His nose was bleeding, one of his eyes was closed, and his collar was torn out, his hair a tousled mass.

"Go home!" roared Redclyffe.

"Get out!"

"Buzz off!"

"Yah!"

"You rotters!" shouted Wharton. "You asked us into that room—"

Hawke turned red.

"Well, that's so, too," he exclaimed; "but—but you can't expect fellows to be called thieves, and to take it patiently."

"Rather not," said Mugg.

"Hang them!" said Slimby angrily. "They deserved all they got. And if they don't get out, we'll kick them along the passage to the quad."

"Yes, rather."

"Hear, hear!"

"Kick them out!"

Hawke pushed the too eager Redclyffians back.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "If there's any more row, we shall have the masters here. Besides, it's true what Wharton says—we asked him in, and so we've no right to lay hands on him. I'm sorry, Wharton, as far as that goes."

"I'm not," said Slimby.

"But you couldn't expect anything else," said Hawke.

"Suppose we lost something, and came over and accused you chaps of stealing it?"

"We shouldn't steal it, in the first place," said Bolsover.

There was a yell from Redclyffe.

"They're beginning again!"

"We'll smash them!"

"The cheek!"

"Kick the cads out!"

"Hold on," roared Hawke—"hold on! Look here, you Greyfriars chaps, you'd better clear out. You'll get hurt if you stay here; and you can't expect anything else, after what you've said."

The Greyfriars fellows had come to the same conclusion. They had come to blows with Redclyffe, and there was certainly not much use in staying. The cup, whether it was at Redclyffe or not, was certainly not to be had for the asking.

Sore and angry and defeated, Harry Wharton & Co. prepared to go.

"Very well," said Wharton; "we'll go. We've given you a chance to end the matter peaceably, and you refuse."

"Rats!"

"It will be your own fault if we have to take more serious steps, that's all."

Hawke started.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed quickly.

"I mean that you haven't heard the last of this," said Wharton between his teeth. "We're going to have that cup, if you've got it. And you'll jolly well have to prove that you haven't got it!"

"I think you'd better go," said Hawke.

"So do I."

And the Greyfriars juniors, feeling very sore both in mind and body, tramped out of the house into the quadrangle. They were crossing in the dusk towards the gates, when they heard quick footsteps behind them.

Wharton turned his head sharply. For a moment he thought that the Redclyffe juniors were pursuing them, to continue the conflict in the dusk of the quadrangle.

But there was only one fellow. It was Hawke, the Redclyffe juniors' captain. He came up, breathing hard.

"Wharton!" he exclaimed.

"Well?" said Harry sharply.

"I want to speak to you before you go." Hawke dropped into step beside Harry, and his tones were very frank and friendly as he went on: "I'm sorry you've lost the cup. And it's certainly a mystery why it should be taken from the safe, and the other things left, if it was taken by a common thief. But—"

"It couldn't have been taken by a common thief."

"But—but you can't seriously suspect us of having had a hand in such a rotten thing?" Hawke exclaimed. "Look here, think this over calmly, Wharton. Did you ever think before that we were the kind of chaps to steal a footer cup?"

"Well, no. But some of you certainly cut up rusty over losing the match."

"It was a rotten disappointment for us, and I dare say we felt a bit rusty," said Hawke. "But that was nothing. It certainly never occurred to any of us to make away with the cup. Such an idea would never have crossed my mind."

Wharton was silent.

Hawke's manner was certainly very frank, and, in spite of himself, Harry felt his suspicions fading away.

"But who could have taken it?" he exclaimed at last.

"Perhaps it was a lark of somebody in Greyfriars," Hawke suggested.

"I can't think so."

"Well, it's a giddy mystery," Hawke remarked. "But we know nothing about it. Hang it all, Wharton, you know me, and you can't think I'm a liar! I give you my word that we never knew a syllable about the cup being lost until you came over here this evening."

Wharton was silent.

"Don't you believe me?" asked Hawke.

Wharton stopped, and looked at him.

"Honour bright?" he asked.

Hawke met his eyes steadily.

"Yes, honour bright."

"All serene! I take your word," said Wharton.

"Thanks!"

The Greyfriars juniors mounted their bicycles in the road. Hawke stood in the doorway watching them.

"I hope you'll find the cup!" he exclaimed. "And when you do find it, you'll find that nobody at Redclyffe had anything to do with taking it."

"All serene!"

The juniors rode away.

They rode for some time in silence. Bolsover was the first to speak.

"Of course, it's all rot!" he exclaimed. "They've got it!"

Wharton shook his head.

"I don't think so," he replied quietly.

Bolsover burst into a rude laugh.

"Do you mean to say that you've let Hawke get over you with his soft sawder?" he exclaimed. "I expect the cup's locked up in his study all the time."

"I don't believe it."

"You think Hawke was telling the truth?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yes."

"And that Redclyffe had nothing to do with it?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then where on earth is the cup?"

"Goodness knows!"

"If Redclyffe didn't raid it, it must have been somebody at Greyfriars who took it," Frank Nugent remarked.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Could any fellow there be idiot enough to play such a rotten jape, and especially to send us over to Redclyffe on a fool's errand like this?" exclaimed Bull.

Wharton gritted his teeth.

"If it's a jape," he said, "we'll make the japer sit up for it. And I don't see what else it can be. I think we were a bit hasty with Redclyffe."

"Oh, rot!" said Bolsover.

Wharton made no reply to that remark.

The cyclists reached Greyfriars at last. When they appeared in the junior common-room, there was a general shout of inquiry.

"Got it?"

"No!"

"Found out where it is?"

"No!"

"Oh, rotten!"

The tired and aching juniors explained the result of their mission to Redclyffe, and opinion in the Remove was very much divided. Many of the fellows still believed firmly that the Redclyffians had the cup, while others doubted. But the latter were puzzled to supply a new theory. If the cup had been taken for a jape by some fellow at Greyfriars with a misdirected sense of humour, who was the fellow, and where was the cup?

They were questions to which no answer could be found. When the Removites went to bed that night the mystery was as deep as ever, and every fellow in the Remove—and nearly every fellow in Greyfriars, as a matter of fact—was thinking of one thing, and one only—what had become of the stolen cup?

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Under Suspicion.

WHERE was the cup?

That was the question that occupied, now, every mind at Greyfriars.

The more the Removites thought over the matter, the more they were inclined to think that they had been overhasty in suspecting Redclyffe.

There had seemed to be a probability about that theory at first glance, but on more sober reflection the probability faded away. The difficulties in the way of a raider entering Greyfriars at night, without giving the alarm, were great. The raiders would run the risk, too, of being missed from their own school after hours. And if they took the cup, unless they destroyed it, what would they do with it? They could not allow the stolen property to be seen.

They would have the barren satisfaction of knowing that they had deprived the victors in the cup-tie of the trophy of victory.

But that was not likely to afford much satisfaction to fellows who were anything like sportsmen; and the Redclyffians, after all, were sportsmen, in spite of the chagrin they had shown at first over their defeat.

"We were on the wrong track," Harry Wharton said, with conviction, "and when the cup turns up—if it ever does—I shall write an apology to Hawke. It's the least we can do."

"But will it turn up?" said Nugent.

"We must find it."

"How?"

"Goodness knows!"

The question was a poser.

That the cup had been taken for a jape by someone at Greyfriars, Harry Wharton felt more and more convinced, but he was utterly at a loss to guess who the japer might have been.

The Head apparently had come to the same conclusion, for Inspector Kemp did not come again to the school, and it was understood that he would not return to take up the case.

Breaking open the safe was a serious matter, but the Head preferred to deal with it himself when the culprit was discovered.

Would he ever be discovered, and would the cup be found? The Greyfriars fellows were doubtful upon both points.

"We want a giddy Sherlock Holmes on the job," said Bob Cherry ruefully.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "suppose you offer a reward for the finding of the cup."

Bob Cherry turned upon the fat junior at once.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed. "What do you know about it?"

Bunter started back in alarm.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I don't know anything about it, of course. I was only suggesting—"

"Yes; I've heard you make suggestions like that before," said Bob sharply. "The time you hid Mauleverer's banknote you suggested that a reward should be offered for it."

"Oh, really—"

"Did you take the cup?"

"Look here, Bob Cherry—"

Bob Cherry grasped the fat junior by the shoulder and shook him. Bob was not suspicious, but anybody might have been pardoned for suspecting Bunter.

"Ow!" gasped Billy Bunter. "Yow! Leggo!"

"Did you take the cup?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Yaroo! D-d-don't shake me like that, you ass, or—or my glasses will fall off, you know, and if they get broken you'll have to pay for them," howled Bunter.

"Where's the cup?"

"I d-d-don't know."

"Did you take it?"

"Of c-c-course I didn't, you ass! Ow! Yow!"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Let him alone, Bob," he exclaimed. "Bunter couldn't have busted the Head's safe; that's a job rather above his weight."

"He suggested offering a reward—"

"Ow!" Bunter jerked himself away from Bob Cherry's powerful grasp, and blinked furiously at Bob through his big spectacles. "Yow! Beast! I was only going to say that if it were made worth my while, I'd exert my abilities as an amateur detective. You know I'm a dab at that sort of thing."

"Oh, you ass!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Scat!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Scat!" roared Bob Cherry. And as Bob was lifting a boot that was a large size in boots, Billy Bunter thought better of it, and "scattered."

"Bunter doesn't know anything about it," said Wharton, with a shake of the head. "He's too much of an ass to do

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 193.

a thing like this. I wish there were some chap here who had the gift of nosing things out."

"There is one," said Ferney, who had been looking on at the scene with his hands in his pockets, and an ill-natured grin upon his face.

"Oh! Who's that?" said Wharton.

"Myself."

Wharton laughed.

"Oh, rats!" he replied.

Ferney shrugged his shoulders.

"I dare say I could find the cup if I tried," he said. "I don't want any reward for doing it, either. I'm not on the make. But I want you fellows to take back all the things you've said to me, and to be properly grateful."

"Properly bosh!" said Bob Cherry. "How the dickens are you going to find the cup?"

Ferney shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't say I could. I said I might, if you fellows chose to behave decently about it," he replied.

"Oh, rot!"

"Yes, rot!" said Harry Wharton, not very amiably.

"Don't talk piffle. The cup being gone is trouble enough, without any of your rot, too. I suppose you're thinking of understudying the Dead-Shot Detective looking for Crackman Kit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Just as you like," said Ferney. "When you're tired of looking for the cup, you can come to me and ask me civilly, and perhaps I'll take the matter in hand and look for it for you."

And he strolled away.

The chums of the Remove stared after him.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry exasperatedly. "That chap seems to me to be going more and more off his rocker every day."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I believe he would do anything to get into public notice, and convince the Form that he isn't the howling ass we all think he is," he remarked. "He would play any rotten trick he's learned from his criminal cases to prove that."

Bob Cherry started.

"My word!" he murmured.

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Is it possible—"

"Is what possible?"

"I wonder—"

"You ass!" exclaimed Wharton. "What are you babbling about?"

"I wonder—"

"What do you wonder, fathead?"

"Whether—"

Bob Cherry paused.

"Well?"

"Whether it was Ferney."

"Ferney?"

Bob Cherry nodded.

"Yes. You just said he would do any fool's trick to bring himself into notice, and he was very much up against all the Form, owing to the way we abolished his precious newspaper cases in the study firegrate."

Wharton knitted his brows.

The suspicion had not occurred to him before, but now that Bob Cherry mentioned it he wondered that it had not.

Ferney! It was exactly one of the mad pranks he might be supposed to play, with his foolish head stuffed with dangerous rubbish from reading the newspapers.

Ferney! It was more than likely.

"My only hat!" said Wharton, with a deep breath.

"What do you think, Harry?"

"I think it's jolly likely."

Bob Cherry nodded in a thoughtful way. He did not often think of things requiring much mental exercise, and he was rather proud of having thought of this.

It was like a ray of light in a dark place.

"He's just the chap to play a mad trick like that," said Harry. "He wouldn't stop to think of the consequences. I suppose he'd been reading some case in a newspaper of a fellow breaking open a safe, and that was quite enough to make the silly ass think of doing it himself."

"What-ho!"

"I think he did it, more likely than anybody else at Greyfriars," said Wharton, "and we feel jolly certain it was somebody in the school, not from outside. And his offer to find the cup is just a shot at getting a little cheap glory, as he knows where to find it."

"Just so!"

"And then he would go swanking about the place as the chap who discovered where the cup had gone," said Harry, "and swank till the time came to play some other mad trick, perhaps robbing somebody of money next time."

"I shouldn't wonder."

Wharton set his lips.

"If it was Ferney, he is not going to get any cheap glory on the subject," he said. "He's going to be shown up to the whole Form, and made to look the silly ass he is—and then jolly well ragged for giving us all this trouble and anxiety."

"Yes, rather," said Bob Cherry with emphasis.

"We've got to bowl him out."

"Exactly."

"Only—how?"

But Bob Cherry gave that up.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry, the Shadower.

HARRY WHARTON kept a watchful eye upon Ferney the next day or two, and all that he observed served to strengthen his suspicion of that queer youth. Ferney always assumed a smile, as of superior knowledge, when the stolen cup was being spoken of, and more than once he said quite plainly that he could track out the missing trophy if he chose to take the trouble.

Most of the fellows set this down as being mere "gas"; but Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, suspecting what they did, saw more than that in it. More and more they were convinced that Ferney knew where the cup was, and that he had been the mysterious "japer" who had broken open the Head's safe and taken it.

But how they were to bring it home to him, and to recover the cup, was a mystery. There were hundreds of mysterious nooks and crannies at Greyfriars, where such a thing could be easily hidden; and if Ferney had taken the cup he had undoubtedly hidden it well. That he would pay a visit to the hiding-place of the stolen cup was not likely. It was possible, however, and it occurred to Bob Cherry to keep an eye on him. Bob Cherry was the last fellow in the world to take up the business of a shadower; but he had to deal with a youth whose mental faculties were not of the keenest. On Wednesday afternoon Bob Cherry surprised the rest of the Remove by standing out of the footer practice.

"You can put another chap in my place, Bulstrode," he remarked casually to the captain of the Remove, after dinner.

Bulstrode stared at him.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Not ill?"

Bob grinned.

"No!"

"But you're cutting the footer?"

"Yes. It's only a match with the Upper Fourth—you can beat Temple, Dabney & Co. on your heads," said Bob.

Bulstrode nodded.

"Yes, I know that!" he said. "But I should like you in the team, all the same. Still, I can give Micky Desmond a show."

"Sure, and that's an illigant idea, intirely," said Micky Desmond, who was standing by. "Bob's a jewel."

"But what are you going to do, that you can't play footer?" asked Bulstrode curiously.

"I'm going hunting."

"My hat! Hunting?"

"That's it."

"Hunting for what?"

"The cup!"

"The Craven Cup?" said Bulstrode with a stare.

"Yes."

"Look here! Do you mean that you've found out where it is?" asked Bulstrode.

"No, but I think there's a clue! But mum's the word. I'll tell you more about it presently," said Bob, rather mysteriously.

Bulstrode laughed.

"I expect you're on a wild-goose chase," he remarked; "but I wish you luck. If you find the chap who took it, I'll leave the match unfinished to come and help rag him."

"Right-ho!"

The juniors went down to the football ground, and Bob Cherry stood at the hall window looking out. A little later, loud shouts were ringing from the playing-fields, as the Remove and the Upper Fourth closed in strife for the elusive leather.

It was then that Ferney, of the Remove, came out. He glanced at Bob Cherry as he came through the hall, and paused to speak to him. Bob Cherry looked steadily out of the window, apparently ignorant of the proximity of the queer Remove.

"Not playing this afternoon, Cherry?" said Ferney casually.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob, turning his head. "Did you speak to me?"

"Oh, no."

"Going out?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH!" By FRANK RICHARDS, Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"I might be taking a stroll presently," said Bob in a careless way.

"Oh; all serene?"

And Ferney went out of the house. Bob Cherry looked out of the window again, and spotted Ferney in the Close. Ferney was not going towards the gates, and he did not go down to the playing-fields. He stood for some minutes in the Close with his hands in his pockets, and then strolled away in the direction of the stables.

As he passed the corner of the School House buildings, Ferney turned his head, and gave a quick and cautious look back. Then he disappeared.

"My hat!" muttered Bob Cherry.

He quitted the window. His eyes were gleaming now. That backward, suspicious glance of Ferney's told that he was in fear of being followed. What made him fear being followed—unless it was because he was going where he had hidden the cup?

It seemed conclusive enough to Bob Cherry.

In a moment Bob had made up his mind to stalk the supposed purloiner of the cup, and he ran quickly out into the Close.

He ran to the corner where Ferney had disappeared, and put his head round to follow him with his eyes.

But the junior was no longer in sight.

There were only two ways by which he might have gone—into the stables, or round behind them. Gosling, the porter, was in the stable-yard, and Bob Cherry sauntered up to him with a cheery grin.

"Seen Ferney?" he asked.

"Hey?" said Gosling.

"I'm looking for Ferney," said Bob. "Have you seen him just now, Gossy?"

"I seen somebody go back there, past the yard, a minute ago," grunted Gosling. "I didn't notice who it was. What I says is this 'ere—"

But Bob Cherry did not wait for any more.

"Thanks, Gossy," he said.

He strolled round behind the stables. He looked at the wood-shed, and saw that the door was open.

Bob Cherry's heart beat faster with excitement.

He had no doubt that Ferney was in the wood-shed. What was he doing there? Feasting his eyes upon the stolen cup, and exulting in his triumph over the unsuspecting Remove?

Bob Cherry crept on tip-toe to the doorway of the shed.

He heard a movement within.

He peered in round the door-post.

Then he held his breath. He was within six paces of Ferney, who had his back to him.

Ferney was scraping away at something behind a heap of faggots in a corner of the shed where nothing was likely to be disturbed by anyone else.

What was he searching for?

Bob thought he knew.

He waited, watching breathlessly.

Ferney was on his hands and knees by the wood pile, and he gave a little, gasping exclamation as he drew a bundle out from behind the wood.

"Here it is!" Bob heard him mutter.

Bob Cherry's eyes gleamed.

Something wrapped up in newspaper was what Ferney had drawn out from the hidden recess behind the wood-pile. What was it? Bob Cherry felt that he could answer that question with certainty. It was the stolen cup!

Ferney rose to his feet, the paper-wrapped parcel in his hand.

At the same moment Bob Cherry rushed into the shed. Ferney uttered a startled cry, and put the parcel in his hands behind him.

"Bob Cherry—what—what—"

"I've caught you!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I—I—"

"You young hound! You're bowled out at last!"

"I—I—what—"

"Hand it over!"

"Hand over w-w-what?"

"The cup!"

"The what?" yelled Ferney.

"The stolen cup!"

"I—I haven't—"

"Don't tell crammers!" shouted Bob. "Hand over the cup, I tell you! Well, I'll jolly well take it, then, and give you a licking into the bargain, you cad!"

"I—I—Oh!"

Ferney had no time to say more. Bob Cherry was upon him. Bob's powerful grasp whirled him round, and he was hurled across the shed, falling with a bump upon the wood-pile, and bringing down a crashing shower of sticks and

faggots. The parcel he had been holding dropped from his hand, and fell with a bump upon the brick floor of the wood-shed.

"Got it!" roared Bob.

And he pounced upon the parcel and picked it up, his eyes blazing with triumph.

"Got it! The Craven Cup! Got it! Hurrah!"

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Quite!

FERNEY staggered to his feet.

"You—you rotter!" he exclaimed. "What——"

"I've got it!"

"Give me my papers!" yelled Ferney.

Bob Cherry jumped.

"Your—your what?"

"My papers!"

Bob Cherry tore open the parcel in his hands. The soft feel of it showed that it did not contain the football cup—and, indeed, it was hardly large enough to do so—but the excited Bob had not thought of that for the moment.

Inside the parcel were several rolls of newspapers. They were opened at the pages giving long reports of a famous criminal trial that had lately rung through the country. Bob Cherry caught the name of Crippen in several places.

He understood.

It was not the football cup that was hidden behind the wood-pile with such sedulous care, but the roll of papers, which had escaped the destructive hands of Bulstrode on the occasion of the burnt offering in the study.

Bob Cherry had not been on the right track, after all. He had found something—but it was not the stolen cup!

"Give them to me!" exclaimed Ferney threateningly.

Bob Cherry crumpled the papers in his hand.

"So you came here to read this stuff?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I did!"

"You utter ass! You were hiding the rubbish here, I suppose, because we burnt all the rot you had in your study."

"Yes," Ferney's eyes gleamed. "Give me the papers!"

"I won't!"

"Give them to me, I tell you; they're mine!"

"If you like to take them before Mr. Quelch, and ask him if you can read all that putrid bosh, you can," said Bob Cherry.

"You—you know what he'd say!" muttered Ferney.

"Yes; he'd say that you were a low, silly, disgusting rotter to read such stuff—you, a kid less than fifteen!" said Bob Cherry scornfully.

"Give me my papers!"

"You won't touch them again?"

"You—you hound! Give them to me!" yelled Ferney, as Bob tore the papers to pieces. He made a rush at the sturdy junior, but stepped back again as Bob clenched his fist.

Gosling looked into the shed

"Wot's the row 'ere?" he demanded. "Wot I says is this 'ere——"

"Gosling! Have you any oil? Paraffin would do."

"Yes, Master Cherry."

"Shove some on those papers, then, and put a match to them," said Bob.

Gosling grinned, and took up an oil can as Bob threw the papers on the floor. Ferney made a rush forward, and Bob caught him and dragged him back.

"No, you don't!" he said grimly

"Let my papers alone!"

"It's a tanner for you, Gossy."

"All right, Master Cherry," said Gosling, swamping paraffin on the papers as they lay on the brick floor. "All right! I've 'eard about that young person's goings hon, I 'ave. If he says another word I'll report 'im to Mr. Quelch."

And Gosling dropped a lighted match upon the precious papers.

The rubbish flared up at once, and filled the shed with a smell of oil and burning papers. Ferney watched his treasures consumed with savage looks. But he could not interfere to save them. Bob Cherry's strong arm was in the way, to say nothing of the porter's threat of a report to the Form-master.

The papers were speedily reduced to ashes.

"There!" said Gosling, drawing the back of his hand suggestively across his mouth. "There! It's dry work, Master Cherry."

Bob laughed, and tossed him a sixpence, and Gosling left the shed. Ferney fastened a savage look upon Bob Cherry.

"I'll make you suffer for that!" he said between his teeth.

"More revenge, eh?" grinned Bob Cherry. "In the style of squaffles, the cracksman! Why don't you stop playing the piddy goat, Ferney?"

"Hang you!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!" In this week's "GEM" Library Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"And now," said Bob Cherry, "where is the Craven Cup?" Ferney sneered.

"Yes, you howled out something about that when you came in," he said. "You thought you had found the cup, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"So you think it was I who took it?"

"Yes," said Bob again.

Ferney gave a sneering laugh.

"Well, you can find it—if you can!" he said.

"What have you done with it?"

"I've nothing to say about the Craven Cup," said Ferney.

"If you can prove that I've taken it, go ahead."

"You cad——"

"But I've got one thing to say," went on Ferney, with a glitter in his eyes. "You've destroyed my papers! I'll make you sorry for that!"

Bob Cherry laughed contemptuously.

"I'll have the gloves on with you any time you like," he replied.

"I don't mean that."

"Well, what do you mean, then?"

"You'll find out soon."

And Ferney quitted the wood-shed, his eyes glittering under his knitted brows, and his hands clenched hard. Bob Cherry followed him, with a puzzled expression upon his face. What did Ferney mean? Was this simply one more example of his absurd turn for the dramatic; or had he some scheme in his mind?

Bob Cherry wondered.

"Well, I made a muck of it this time," he murmured as he walked away in the direction of the playing-fields. "I—I suppose I wasn't cut out for a shadower. Hang it! I wonder whether that cad really has the cup, after all?"

And Bob Cherry joined the footballers. Ferney had gone into the house, and Bob felt that it would not be much use shadowing him any further that afternoon. But there was another Removeite who had an eye upon Ferney—it was Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove. The fat junior caught Ferney by the sleeve as he came in.

"I say, Ferney, I've got something to tell you," he whispered mysteriously.

Ferney shook his hand off impatiently. He was in no humour for Billy Bunter, and he had not the least doubt that Bunter's confidences were only concerning a postal-order which he was expecting, and upon which he wanted somebody to lend him a few shillings in advance.

"Oh, buzz off!" said Ferney irritably.

"But I say——"

"Let me alone!" growled Ferney

"Look here, Ferney, if you've really got the cup——"

Ferney turned on him savagely.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, between set teeth.

Bunter backed away a little, in alarm.

"Keep your wool on, old man," he said. "It's all right. I happened to hear Wharton and Bob Cherry talking. Ahem! They think you stole the cup, and have got it hidden away somewhere."

Ferney sneered. He knew that already. The incident in the wood-shed had revealed the state of Bob Cherry's suspicions, at least.

"Oh, they think that, do they?" he said

"Yes. If you've really got the cup——"

"Do you think I've got it?" demanded Ferney fiercely.

"Ahem! No. But if you've got it, we might make a good thing out of it," said Bunter, sinking his voice to an eager whisper. "Now that the chaps suspect that it's hidden somewhere about Greyfriars, they'll keep on looking and looking, and nosing about till they find it. It's bound to turn up in the long run. Why, the fags will join in the search, especially if the Head offers a reward, and it simply must be found."

"Hang them!" muttered Ferney.

"That's all very well," said Bunter. "But it will be found. Now, you can't produce the cup and claim the reward, or they'll say you had it all along. Ahem! Suppose you hand it over to me, or tell me where to find it, and as soon as a reward is offered I'll rake it in, and go halves with you. What do you say?"

"So you think I've got it?"

"Oh, no, of—of course not!" said Bunter. "But—but don't you think it's a good idea? It might mean a couple of pounds each for us."

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Look here, are you going to do it, or not?" roared Bunter.

"Rats!"

"Now, Ferney, be a decent chap, and——"

"Oh, buzz off!"

"You—you rotten thief!" said Bunter, changing his tone. "You blessed burglar! You mean sneaker of football cups, You—you—Ow!"

Bunter's flattering remarks were suddenly cut short by a back-hander from Ferney, which caught him across the face, and sent him spinning.

"Yaroooh!"

Bump!

The fat junior crashed upon the floor. Ferney walked away, leaving him there. Billy Bunter sat up, and put his spectacles straight upon his little fat nose, and groaned.

"Ow! Yow! Beast! I—I'll make you smart for this—ow! I know you've got the cup—yow!—and I'll show you up—groo! Ow!"

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Bravo, Bunter!

BOB CHERRY came in with the footballers after the match. For once he had been a spectator instead of a participator in the Form match, and he was not feeling wholly satisfied. But the Remove had beaten the Fourth Form by the handsome margin of two goals, and Bob had cheered with the loudest over the Remove victory. Ferney was in the common-room when the juniors trooped in, and there was a very unpleasant and peculiar expression on his face. If anybody had observed him at that moment, the observer might have guessed that there was some scheme working in his ill-balanced mind. Ferney came over towards the group of Removites as they discussed the match.

"Found the cup yet?" he asked.

Bob Cherry looked at him.

"No," he replied, "but we know you've got it."

There was a general exclamation. It was the first most of the Remove had heard of the suspicion directed against Ferney.

"Ferney's got it, has he?" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"Ferney!"

"Begorra!"

"I believe he has," said Bob Cherry firmly. "I believe breaking open the Head's safe was one of his rotten mud tricks, the same as trying to chloroform Bulstrode. It's just in his line."

"Faith, and I shouldn't wonder!"

"It would be just like him," said Bulstrode slowly. "If he did it, he ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum, I think. But it's a bit thick, making a charge like that without any evidence, Bob."

"I must say it strikes me in that light, too," John Bull remarked.

"Oh, I dare say Cherry has his motive," sneered Ferney.

"What are you driving at?"

"He may have taken the cup himself."

"Oh, rot!"

Bob Cherry jumped up.

"What!" he roared. "I—I'll smash you! I'll—"

Harry Wharton dragged his excited chum back.

"Hold on, Bob—!"

"I'll smash him! I'll—!"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Snoop. "You accused him, didn't you? It's only fair to let him have his say, too."

"He knows jolly well—"

"I'm willing to leave it to the fellows," said Ferney. "Bob Cherry says that I took the cup, and I say it's more likely he took it. I suppose the silver would sell for a few pounds, if it was melted down, and we all know that Cherry hasn't too much money."

Bob Cherry's face flamed.

"You—you accuse me of stealing it?" he panted.

"Quiet, Bob!"

"I'll—I'll—"

"Hold him, Wharton!"

"You'd better be careful what you're saying, you cad!" said Nugent sternly. "You'll get smashed up if you're not careful."

Ferney shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm only saying about Cherry what he's said about me," he replied. "Bob Cherry says I've got the cup hidden away. Very well! I'm willing to have my study searched, if he's willing to have his searched. I can't say fairer than that."

"Oh, rot!"

"Bosh!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"But I say, you know, it's a good idea, and it ought to be done," said Bunter. "It will clear up the matter, you know, and the thief ought to be found and shown up."

"I'm ready," said Bob Cherry. "Come up to my room, all of you, and look."

"But it's all rot!"

"I insist, after what Ferney's said," said Bob Cherry.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Come on, Marky—it's your study as well as mine—and Wun Lung, too."

And Bob Cherry led the way upstairs. The Remove followed in a crowd, Ferney among the foremost. Billy Bunter followed, with a peculiar grin on his fat face. There was a deadly gleam in the little round eyes of the Owl of the Remove, hidden by his spectacles. The juniors crowded into Bob Cherry's study, No. 13, and the search began at once. Bob Cherry turned everything out with a reckless hand, and certainly nothing so large as the football cup could have escaped notice.

But it did not appear.

Ferney stood looking on his face growing paler, and a strange, hunted look coming into his eyes. It was easy to see that he had fully expected the cup to be found in the study, and that he was puzzled and dismayed by its failure to appear.

"Look in that box again," he exclaimed, pointing to a box in which Bob Cherry kept various odds and ends, from football boots to match-boxes and balls of string. "You haven't turned that out."

"I've emptied it," said Bob Cherry.

"It's not true!" exclaimed Ferney excitedly. "I tell you the cup's most likely there, you fellows! Look in it!"

Harry Wharton turned the box upside down on the floor. There was nothing inside. Ferney seemed to be petrified.

"You seem jolly sure about it," said Nugent. "Do you mean to say that you saw it in that box, or what?"

"I—I—" stammered Ferney. "It's—it's a trick!"

"What's a trick?"

"I—I— Nothing!"

"Oh, you're potty!"

The search was finished. Billy Bunter had slipped away, still grinning in that peculiar way.

The juniors crowded out of the study.

"Going to search Ferney's room?" asked Stott.

"Might as well."

And Ferney's room was searched, with the same result. Nothing was discovered, and the juniors, annoyed enough at the trouble they had taken for nothing, trooped downstairs. Harry Wharton was the first to enter the common-room, and as he did so he uttered a shout of amazement.

"My hat!"

"What's the matter?"

"Look—look!"

"Great Scott!"

"The cup!"

There it was!

Standing on the table, under the light, gleaming and shining, was the Craven Cup—the handsome trophy won by the prowess of the Remove football eleven.

The juniors gazed at it astounded.

How had it come there?

There was a rush towards it. Harry Wharton seized it, and held it up for all to see. There it was—the Craven Cup!

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Begad!"

"How did it get here?"

The juniors stared at the cup blankly. Ferney's eyes seemed to be starting from his head.

"It's a trick," he muttered hoarsely, hardly knowing what he was saying—"it's a trick—"

"It's the cup!"

"Hurrah!"

Wharton put the cup on the table again. It gleamed and shone in the light, and the Removites feasted their eyes upon it. The cup was found at last; but the mystery of its recovery was greater than the mystery of its disappearance.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"But I can explain—"

"Oh!" Wharton swung round towards the fat junior.

"Do you know how the cup came here?"

"Yes."

"What! How?"

"I brought it!"

"You?" yelled the juniors.

"Yes," said Billy Bunter, bristling with importance, "I did. I say, you fellows, don't crowd round like that. I—"

"Look here, Bunter—"

"How did you find it?"

"I had my eye on a chap," said Bunter. "I knew he had taken the cup, you see, just the same as you did, Wharton, and when I saw him sneak into Bob Cherry's study with a bundle under his arm I had an eye on him. And when he came out again without the bundle I guessed what he had been up to, and I—"

"What!"

"Ferney! Where are you going?" shouted Bulstrode. Ferney was sidling towards the door, his face white as chalk. Three or four pairs of hands seized him, and he was swung back into the room, struggling.

"Let me go!" he panted.

"Hold him!" said Bulstrode.

"Yes, rather!"

"Go on, Bunter."

"After he had cleared off I went into Cherry's study and looked round. I found the cup in a box belonging to Bob Cherry under some boots and rubbish—"

"The box he was so certain it ought to be found in," said Nugent grimly.

"I took it out," pursued Bunter importantly, "and let him go on with his little game. While you were searching the study I brought it here. I left it in the bath-room until I wanted it, in a bag. That's all. I thought I'd give you a surprise. And—and I wanted to know whether Ferney would really accuse Cherry of stealing it."

"And he did!"

"And if it had been found in my study—" said Bob Cherry.

There was a dead silence for a moment. If the cup had been found hidden in Bob Cherry's box, in Bob Cherry's study, what would the Remove have thought? The juniors gasped at the thought of what a narrow escape they had had of fastening a theft upon a comrade who was entirely innocent. Bob Cherry was quite pale. But the most dismayed face there was Ferney's. He was trembling in every limb.

The juniors surrounded him with grim looks.

"Well, what have you got to say?" said Wharton.

"I—I—I—"

"You stole the cup!" said Harry, in measured tones. "You kept it hidden away. Then you planted it on Bob Cherry because you had a spite against him."

"He burnt my papers," muttered Ferney.

"You cad!"

"You worm!"

"You unspeakable rotter!"

The Remove closed in upon the young scoundrel. Ferney made a wild rush to escape, but he had no chance. The Removes were furious, and they had reason to be so. But for Billy Bunter—the despised Owl of the Remove—Bob Cherry—the hero of the Form—might have been branded as a thief!

Ferney had to pay for it—and he did. They bumped him, and they cuffed him, and they rolled and rumpled him till he had not an ounce of breath left in his body and he was in rags and tatters, and then he was kicked out of the room. He was kicked fairly into the arms of Wingate, who was coming to see what the disturbance was about.

The Greyfriars captain picked up the panting, breathless, dishevelled young rascal, and stared at him in amazement.

"Ferney!" he exclaimed. "What have you been doing to him?"

"Ragging him," said Bulstrode.

"What for? What do you mean?"

The story had to be told. Wingate listened with a stern brow, and when he had heard all he marched Ferney off, with an iron grip on his collar, to the Head's study. Ferney's number, as Nugent put it, was "up" so far as Greyfriars was concerned.

The wretched boy stammered out a full confession under the stern eyes of the Head. His foolish brain, teeming with disordered ideas that resulted from his favourite reading, had conceived the scheme of making a sensation by stealing the cup; and he had done it. He had kept the cup hidden until a sensational scheme for revenge upon Bob Cherry made him drag it to light again and hide it in Bob's study.

The wickedness he had been guilty of seemed to make little impression upon Ferney's mind—but, as a matter of fact, his mind was so ill-balanced that he could not be considered wholly accountable for what he had done.

That he could remain at Greyfriars was out of the question—indeed, it would not have been pleasant for him to stay in the Remove after what had happened. The same evening he quitted the school in the charge of a prefect to be taken to his home, and Greyfriars saw him no more, and was very glad to see him no more.

And that same evening, too, Harry Wharton wrote a letter with a score of signatures to it to Hawke, of Redclyffe, explaining that the cup had been found, and expressing regret for the unjust suspicion they had had of the defeated team in the cup-tie. Hawke's reply came the next day, and it was a very frank and cordial letter, showing that he bore no malice, and it concluded with a fatherly warning to the Removes to be less hasty next time.

After Wharton had written the letter and it was despatched, Billy Bunter came into No. 1 Study. The fat junior blinked affably through his big spectacles at the juniors there. For once he did not receive a peremptory order to get out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Have you got a postal-order coming?"

"You've guessed it," Bunter said.

"It's for five bob, of course?"

"Exactly."

"And you'd like us to cash it in advance?"

"Just so!"

Bob Cherry laughed, and counted out five shillings.

"There you are," said Bob. "You deserve it!"

"I shall put this down to the account, of course—"

"Ha, ha! Do!"

And Billy Bunter rolled out of the study, and a couple of minutes later rolled into Mrs. Mumble's tuckshop, where he was soon enjoying a feed to exactly the extent of five shillings; but it had to be admitted that for once the Owl of the Remove deserved it for having cleared up the mystery of the Stolen Cup!

THE END.

(Next week's grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars is entitled "THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH." Also in next week's issue of "THE MAGNET" will be an extra long instalment of "Beyond The Eternal Ice," by Sidney Drew. Order your copy now. Price One Penny.)

STORYETTES.

LAYING THE GHOST.

It was Christmas Eve. The fire burned low upon the hearth, and feeble shadows flickered dimly along the wall. Percival sat alone and silent.

Strangely from the chamber overhead came subtle sounds—like barefooted children running on the floor.

"Children," muttered Percival. "Whence?"

It was Christmas Eve.

He lit a taper, and softly climbed the stairs. The gentle pattering came nearer—nearer. The light went out.

Like a madman, Percival lunged, missed, turned, and fled. As he did so a shrill, bloodcurdling wail arose upon the night, followed by a sharp, sibilant hissing.

He paused, relit the taper, took one step forward. The hissing ceased, and as a snow-white object scampered helter-skelter down the narrow passage, Percival realised that by his movement he had released from stern captivity the tail of dear old Fluffy.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

HOW COULD HE KNOW.

His tweeds were beyond words. His cap was the last thing. His manly calves bulged in his variegated. His golf-clubs glistened as only brand-new golf-clubs can. And he walked heavily on the putting-green, as though it needed no more care than a weed garden.

After he'd missed the ball seven times the caddie held up his hand.

"There's a man ganging across in front of ye," he said.

"What if he is?" retorted the novice, very red from his exertions. "I didn't tell him to!"

"Ye maun cry 'fore' if there's anybody in the way when ye're gaun ter hit the ba'."

"That's all very well," exclaimed the novice angrily, "but how do I know when I'm going to hit the ball?"

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

"What, Massa Bones," asked Silly Sambo, "am de difference between an ol' maid, an' a married woman?"

"What am de difference between an' ol' maid, an' a married woman?" repeated Massa Bones, in the approved negroid fashion.

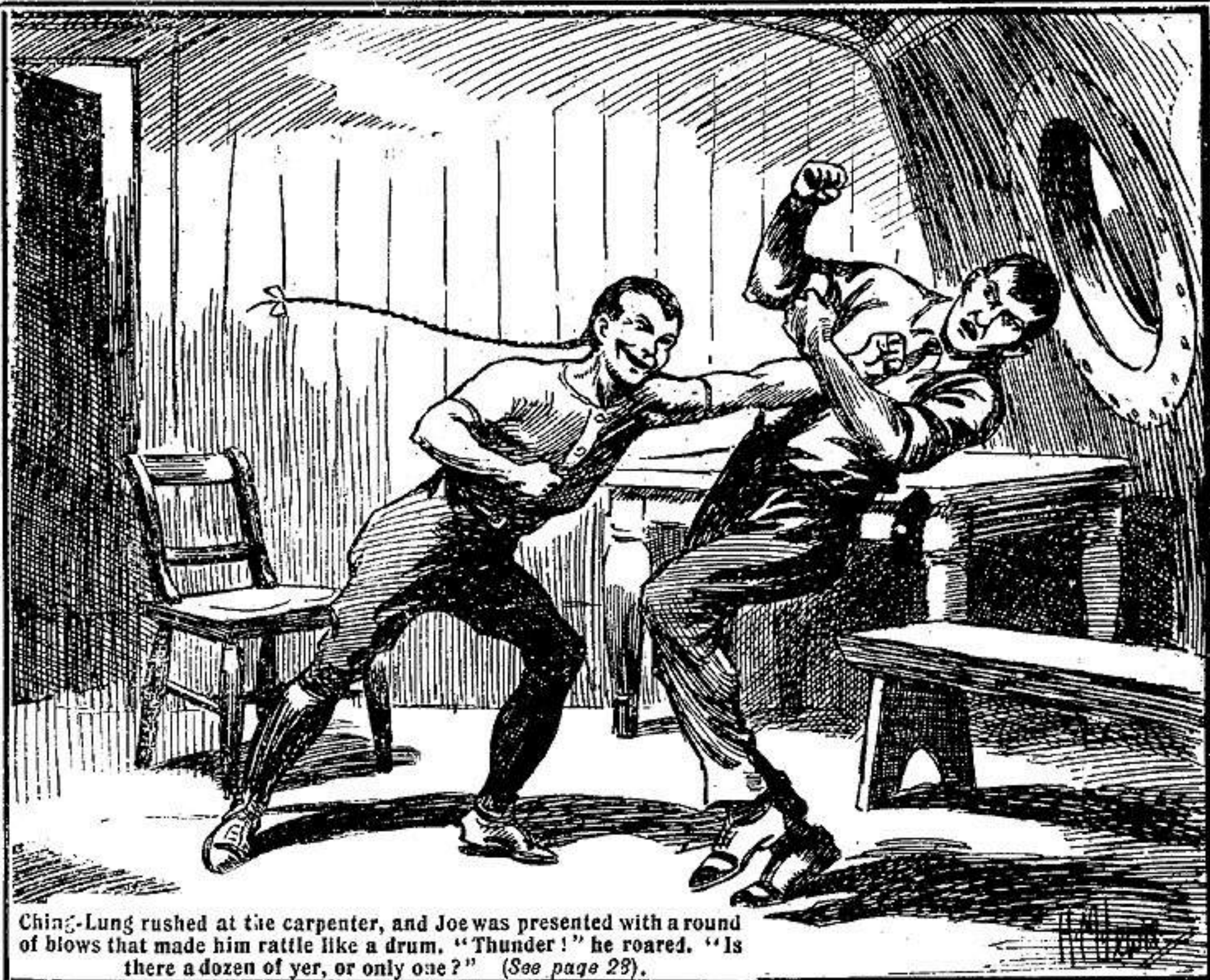
There was a pause. Then:

"I done, give it up," said Massa Bones.

"Why," exclaimed Sambo, "de ol' maid am lookin' for a husbin' ebery day, an' de married woman am lookin' for him ebery night!"

"BEYOND THE ETERNAL ICE!"

A Thrilling Story of the Amazing Adventures of Ferrers Lord, Millionaire, Ching-Lung, and Rupert Thurston.
By **SIDNEY DREW.**



Ching-Lung rushed at the carpenter, and Joe was presented with a round of blows that made him rattle like a drum. "Thunder!" he roared. "Is there a dozen of yer, or only one?" (See page 23).

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

When Professor Hugley, the renowned American scientist, startles the world by announcing that he is off to find the North Pole in his wonderful air-craft, the Cloud King, there is only one man who dares to enter the lists against him on behalf of Great Britain, and that man is Ferrers Lord, the famous millionaire and inventor. Lord pits his wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep, against the Cloud King in the most amazing race the world has ever seen; the goal is the North Pole, and the prize a million pounds!

The preliminaries are soon settled, a judge is appointed to accompany each of the competitors, and the great race commences.

With Ferrers Lord are Ching-Lung, Rupert Thurston, and Gan Waga, an Eskimo, while Hugley is accompanied by Paraira, a Cuban, and Estebian Gacchio, a huge negro. These latter soon show themselves in their true colours, and the Cloud King no sooner reaches the region of ice than Hugley, and such of the crew as are loyal to him, are murdered, and Paraira and Gacchio assume control of the airship.

Ferrers Lord reaches the Pole through an underground tunnel which he discovers, and finds there a beautiful city called Shazana. They are welcomed by Vathmoor, the king, and visit the Palace. Prout and Joe, the carpenter, are curious as to the contents of a jug which is resting on the table, upon which a meal is spread. "Try it!" suggests the steersman.

(Now go on with the story.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 198.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH!" By **FRANK RICHARDS.** Order Early.

The visit to Vathmoor, King of Shazana!

It was wine of a delicious flavour Joe's eyes rolled over the edge of the jug. He set it down with a gasp of delight. Then Prout took a pull.

"By hokey!" he said. "It's a knock-out!"

The slave removed the cover of the dish. It contained a couple of deliciously-browned fish. They quickly vanished before the assault of the two hungry men.

After the fish came a stew that Prout declared to be rabbit, and then sweets of various kinds. The slave kept the big jar well replenished.

Sounds of laughter from the other table rose high above the music. The travellers were getting on excellently with Vathmoor, King of Shazana.

The music grew louder, and a group of dancing girls tramped in to amuse the guests. Then two men, stripped to the waist, wrestled together. A bout with swords followed, and then half a dozen arctic bears, in the charge of a dwarf, performed clever tricks.

At last the king rose and bowed to his guests. He led them into a second lofty room. Doors on either side led into smaller rooms, where perfumed water gushed into marble baths.

"It seems the custom here to bathe after meals," said the millionaire. "Well, a bath will refresh us, so we will not disappoint his Majesty."

"A dip is just what I wanted," said Ching-Lung, "so here goes."

He closed the door of one of the rooms, undressed rapidly, and plunged into the cool, refreshing water. In an instant he

was out again, and putting on his clothes. He opened the little window. A glorious, enchanting garden stretched before him.

Ching-Lung, feeling sure that the others would not be ready for some time, decided to take a short ramble. He slipped through the small windows, and sprang out on to the soft turf.

New beauties of flowers, shrubs, and birds met him on every hand. He sat down on a mossy bank, and began to roll a cigarette. The tobacco fell from his hand, and he listened enchanted to the sound of a girlish voice.

A droning sound mingled with the clear notes. Ching-Lung rose and pushed aside a hedge of shrubbery. He stood before a pretty parlour half covered with clinging roses. It was from the parlour the voice that charmed him came.

Here was an adventure at last. The door was open. Ching-Lung squeezed his way through the hedge, and stole up to the door.

A girl, her back towards him, was sitting at a spinning-wheel, singing softly to herself. Her hair fell over her shoulders, sweeping the ground like a golden waterfall. Ching-Lung stood still, holding his breath, longing for her to turn, so that he could see her face.

There was a hoarse shout behind him, and before he could move, four powerful arms had seized him, and pinned him helplessly to a corner. The point of a dagger pricked his throat.

A scream came from the girl, and she started to her feet. Even with the dagger at his throat, Ching-Lung forgot everything except the beauty of her face. She spoke quickly, sharply, and stamped her foot.

The guards at once released their prisoner. The girl moved forward, frowning.

"Who art thou? Whence comest thou?" she cried.

It was Greek to Ching-Lung. He shook his head.

"He came with the strangers, princess," answered one of the guards.

"I marked his yellow face and the strange tail growing from his head."

"Hath he a tail? Wonder of wonders! Show it me!"

They hustled Ching-Lung round. He would not have been complimented had he understood the girl's next remark.

"An odd beast," she said, "and an insolent beast! And how hath the king my father treated these strangers?"

"With great honours, princess."

The girl pondered. Ching-Lung had never seen such wondrous beauty.

"Then we must not slay him," she said, "lest my father be angry. Put up thy dagger, Nornalli. And yet his insolence must be punished."

Ching-Lung had fallen in love at first sight.

"Fling him among the fish," said the princess. "I myself will see him punished."

A grin of delight overspread the faces of the two guards. The princess walked out into the garden, and they forced Ching-Lung along behind her. We may add that he did not take much forcing.

"Halt!" she said.

They had reached a rustic bridge which spanned a pond. The water was almost covered with green leaves of lilies. A few carp swam about, and eels blew bubbles from the mud at the bottom. With a silver knife the beautiful Princess of Shazana cut a stout willow switch.

"Hold the impertinent knave who has dared to thrust himself into my presence!" she commanded.

They forced him forward against the rail of the bridge, and the princess lashed him across the shoulders until she was tired.

"Over with him!"

Ching-Lung fell into something else besides love as they pitched him over the bridge. It was black, sticky, clammy, choking mud! He rose as black as a Nubian, and the princess and the two guards laughed immensely.

But they did not laugh half so much as Joe, the carpenter, who was watching the scene from a window of a palace.

Ching-Lung was not in love any more; but he was in a most disgusting condition. The silvery laughter of the fair damsel, and the chuckles of the guards were not at all soothing. He did not care to stay any longer, so he shook as much slime as possible from his ruined garments, and bolted into the shrubbery.

Joe shrieked with unholy joy. He did not know the reason of Ching-Lung's thrashing, but it filled him with delight when he recalled all his own sufferings over the pancakes and the cuckoo-clock.

"What's the matter—barmy?" inquired his comrade, who had been having a quiet whiff, with his head stuck out of the opposite window. "Has a wopse stung you?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 199.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

Joe was wriggling like an eel. He gasped out the story of what he had seen. Then his jaw dropped, and he stared with stony horror. Ching-Lung stood at his elbow, rolling a cigarette, perfectly spotless and dry, and perfectly calm. With a nod and a smile, he walked to the door. Joe staggered back against the wall utterly flabbergasted.

"Joe," growled a stern voice, "you ain't yourself, man. It's yer brain that's going, or else that wine 'as got inter yer head!"

"But I seed him," gasped Joe wildly. "I seed them pitch him in not two minutes ago! I swear it!"

"Hush! Hush! I'll get yer to bed and give you a seidlitz-powder!"

"But," moaned Joe, "I seed——"

"It's yer liver that's wrong!"

Joe began to feel quite alarmed about himself. He rubbed his eyes and felt his pulse. Could there be two Ching-Lungs, or was it a vision of a disordered brain? He put his hand against the cold sill of the window, and wondered where the nearest doctor resided.

The fair lady and the guards were still standing on the bridge. A melodious whistle made them look round. Like Joe, they experienced a shock for Ching-Lung was sauntering lazily in their direction, whistling as he came.

He lifted his cap to the lady, bowed low and passed over the bridge in the other direction. Their amazed eyes followed him. He walked up the creeper-grown wall as easily as an ordinary person could walk upstairs, and entered the bath-room through the window.

When he opened the door, he almost walked into the arms of Joe.

"Hallo!" he said sweetly. "You look ill!"

"Eh?" murmured Joe, his brain reeling.

"I said you looked ill!"

"Yes, it's a nice day, sir," said the carpenter weakly.

"Very 'ot in the sun, sir. Oh, yes!"

Ching-Lung shook his head gravely.

"Joe," he said, "what's the matter with you? What have you been doing?"

"It's my liver, I think, sir," sighed Joe. "I feel all mixed like."

"Put out your tongue!"

There was no suspicion of a disordered liver there, but Ching-Lung uttered a gloomy sigh.

"It's contraption of the pantechnichonical theramenatix, with incipient plastification of the yulalietix!" he said. "I knew a poor fellow who had it. The patient imagines things. He sees visions of things that aren't there. It is caused by the pressure of the flukakitus on the jackstar of the brain-pan. The cure is difficult and dangerous, for the pantechnichonical theramenatix is a——"

"Spare me!" said the wretched Joe.

"Oh, very well!" said Ching-Lung, winking at a statue. "I'll make you up some medicine."

Thurston, Ferrers Lord, and Van Witter emerged from their compartments, and were joined by the king. Ching-Lung kept a doubtful eye on Joe. He had caught a glimpse of the carpenter's grinning face as he fled. The explanation of the amazing return was simple enough but it was a clever bit of work.

The shrubberies ran right down to the water edge close to the Lord of the Deep. Like a flash Ching-Lung was in his cabin, and he undressed and dressed again with lightning speed. He had returned through the shrubberies, the whole astonishing performance having taken barely three minutes—a veritable miracle of swiftness!

A beverage resembling sweet coffee was served in small crystal cups.

"Time to go!" drawled Ferrers Lord. "Our first visit should never be prolonged. I suppose his Majesty will return it to-morrow."

They bowed to the king, who answered their bows. A guard of honour escorted them to the steps. Altogether their first entry into the Land of the Four Suns had been a triumph—except for Ching-Lung. He still kept a doubtful eye on Joe.

The millionaire, Thurston, and Van Witter turned into the state-room to chat over the amazing events of the day. Ching-Lung and Gan Waga went together to feed the dogs. Ching-Lung had left his cigarette-case in the wheelhouse. His felt slippers made no noise.

He stopped with a start, and screwed up his face. He saw a strange sight. Maddock was lying at full length on the deck, holding hard to a pair of ankls. The owner of the ankls was not in view, but apparently he was dangling head downwards over the side. By the size of his feet, Ching-Lung judged him to be Joe.

"Be quick," growled Maddock, "for ye're dragging the arms out of me! Can you see?"

"Gimme another hinch!" said the choked voice of Joe.

Maddock lowered him a little more.

"Urry hup!" said Maddock.

Ching-Lung went down the ladder in two bounds. He understood the mysterious evolutions of Joe and the bo'sun. Joe was endeavouring to peep in at the porthole of his cabin, and Ching-Lung had forgotten to remove his soaked and mudstained clothes.

He might be in time yet. He put his eye to the keyhole, and groaned. Joe's red face showed through the glass, and Joe's bulging eyes were fixed in joy upon the heap.

Ching-Lung was on deck as quickly as he descended. Silently he approached the panting bo'sun, and his finger and thumb seized the bo'sun's calf. At the same time Ching-Lung imitated the snarl of a savage dog, and was gone like a shadow. Maddock howled and let the ankles go. When Ching-Lung thrust his head out of the porthole of his cabin, he had the satisfaction of seeing the red, angry features of Joseph rising above the water, and also the added satisfaction of hearing that same enraged gentleman telling Maddock what he thought about him.

And then, tying the soiled and ruined garments into a ball, Ching-Lung weighed them down with a bronze candlestick, and dropped them overboard, with a string attached to them. The buttons were valuable, and he did not want to lose them.

But still he distrusted Joe.

Tells of a Great Bear Hunt Among the Peaks.

A blare of bugles from the palace roused them betimes. A gaily-dressed herald came aboard with a small roll of parchment covered with strange figures. With difficulty the millionaire managed to pick up the gist of the message.

"It is a pity we have such a poor knowledge of the language," he said; "but I hope we shall soon pick up enough of it to make ourselves understood. This is an invitation to witness a bear hunt among the peaks. It takes place every year, it seems. The king will not be present, but every courtesy will be shown us. More coffee, please, Rupert."

"I saw there was something up," said Ching-Lung, "for most of the fellows I saw this morning were rigged up in furs. I'm game for anything. It seems a goodish way to the ice."

"About ten miles. It is amazing, with the ice so close, that the climate should be so mild. The water is quite warm, and, of course, that helps the climate. Do you think you had better come, Van Witter?"

"No," drawled the Yankee; "I'll stay on board. I'm not quite fit to get scrambling about on chunks of ice, thank you. I'll be a home bird, and smoke the pipe of peace in the deckhouse, with Hunk and the parrot as company. This is delicious fish. What do you call it?"

"I haven't an idea," answered Ferrers Lord. "Prout caught a string of them angling over the side. There seems to be nothing here except birds and fish. I haven't seen even a dog or cat. They eat bear, I know, but cattle don't live in this part of the world. Well, get into your furs, lads."

The Lord of the Deep was surrounded by long galleys packed with spearmen and bowmen. Each oarsman had a metal bugle slung by a thong over his shoulder. They must have numbered seven or eight hundred in all.

"Poor old bears," said Ching-Lung as he surveyed the army of hunters. "They don't mean to give 'em much chance. It reminds me of the mine and something tailors who went to kill a snail."

"It is a bit like it," said Rupert. "What's Lord chattering about?"

The millionaire was talking to the herald as well as he could.

"Here's news," he drawled. "It's not an ordinary bear hunt, but a battue. The peaks swarm with bears, and in the winter they have actually invaded the island in droves, creating a panic."

"Great Scotland!" said Thurston. "The old gentleman is chaffing you mildly!"

"Maybe so; but I'm inclined to believe him. This great battue is an annual event, and they thin down the bears. I expect it will be a sight worth seeing. We may take a hand in it. An invasion of bears is not a pleasant thing. Dozens of people were killed in the last one."

The pill was almost too large for Thurston to swallow. Ching-Lung closed his left eye and said "Hookey Walker!" Then the signal was given, and, propelled by their long sweeps, the galleys glided down the channel towards the gleaming peaks.

After them churned the Lord of the Deep, the blue waters rippling over her low decks. Rifles were cleaned in readiness, and hunting-knives sharpened. A few strange birds floated lazily in the air, and the four suns shed their pale yellow light.

All were in the highest spirits, especially Gan Waga, who loved the keen scent of ice. He had breakfasted on candles

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

and lard, and was, consequently, more oily than usual. The galleys travelled at a good pace, their crews laughing and singing merrily as they swung at their oars. As they neared the mighty peaks the temperature fell gradually to below freezing point. Through his glasses the millionaire could see the jagged outline of the icebound coast, utterly verdureless, and utterly deserted. Behind, piled like monstrous church spires, the ice peaks cut into the sky.

The leading galleys passed into a narrow channel and disappeared. The Lord of the Deep came last, so that none of the galleys should be hampered with her wash. With Prout at the wheel, they churned into the channel, and a circular bay, with a beach of shelving sand, surrounded them.

The galleys were already beached. Dreading to find shallow water, Ching-Lung, Thurston, Prout, and Ferrers Lord clambered into the launch and landed.

All the hunters seemed to know their business. They wound through a narrow ravine with walls of polished ice. Below them, as they emerged, lay a deep basin, shut in by ice crags. It sloped down on every side, and was covered with snow. At the bottom a long channel, like a groove cut with a giant chisel, ran through it. The groove was of burnished, slippery ice, and twenty feet deep.

"That's a queer-looking place, Ching," said Thurston.

"That groove has been cut out of solid ice," drawled Ferrers Lord.

"But what the dickens are those rabbit-hutches for?" asked Rupert.

Rupert's rabbit-hutches were long openings in the ice above the groove, covered by powerful metal bars. For the moment the object of these cages puzzled one.

"I see," said Ferrers Lord with a laugh. "I told you it was to be a battue. This is the trap, and a clever one. The bears are driven into the hollow, and, safe and secure behind the metal bars, the hunters pick them off. Look! The picked marksmen are getting into the cages already. We'll get a fine view of the proceedings from here, so we may as well stay."

"Anything for a quiet life," said Ching-Lung. "Hallo! Here's Gan. We forgot him."

Gan Waga had swum ashore, dripping, but happy.

"Old Joe—fathead Joe—try stop me," he said. "Bad 'nough, hunk!"

"The impertinent scoundrel!" grinned Ching-Lung.

"What did he do that for?"

"Want me saw wood for new cuckoo-clock. Gan hit him on head wi' it and slope."

"Good for you, my lard factory!" said Ching-Lung.

"Don't you stand any of his nonsense, Gan. You've only got to roll on him once, and you'd flatten him out. Have a smoke, butter-tub, and don't worry about Joe."

"He tole me ax yo' how yo' back feel, and was it muddy at de bottom?"

Ching-Lung turned crimson. The secret was out. How Van Witter and Thurston would shriek if they knew he had been thrashed by a lady, with her own fair hands. He saw Prout's face fixed on him, and there was a lurking grin on it.

"You ain't hurt your back, sir?" asked the steersman anxiously.

"Of course not," answered Ching-Lung.

"To be sure," said Prout with a strangled chuckle.

"Mud's nice and soft to fall on!"

So Prout knew as well, and perhaps the rest of the crew. Ching-Lung groaned inwardly, and swore vengeance against Joe.

"I once knowed a lady," went on Prout dreamily, "as used to show 'er affection for a gentleman by shying bricks at him; but I don't remember if she ever throwed him inter the canal as was close by."

Prout sniggered violently, but managed to turn it into a cough. His face was the colour of a beetroot. Gan Waga began to grin from ear to ear. He was also in the secret.

"Where's him best Sunday clothes, Tom?" he murmured gently.

"They've been dusted and washed out," said Prout, "and now they've gone to jine McGinty at the bottom of the sea."

Ching-Lung writhed helplessly under the lash. They were standing on a ledge high above the basin. Except for themselves and the marksmen in the cages, the place was deserted. The hunters had streamed through an opening on the other side and had disappeared.

"It's beastly cold," said Rupert. "I wonder how long we shall have to wait?"

"A good hour, at least, I suppose. The bears evidently hide among those big hummocks. They will form a circle round them, and drive them this way. Hallo, Ching! What's the matter?"

"I'm off back," said Ching-Lung.

And Gan Waga and Prout grinned again.

"Aren't you well?"

"Pretty fit. I'll arrive long before the hour is up; but don't wait tea for me. Ta-ta!"

He was gone before they could ask any more questions. Maddock was mildly surprised when the launch scraped against the side. Ching-Lung passed him without a word. A sound of wood being sawn came from the fore-castle.

"Joe," said Ching pleadingly, "you've not split?"

"Eh?" said Joe. "Split the wood? No, not I, sir; I never split wood."

"Look here, Joe, you know what I mean. The—the—er—vision?"

"Oh, the contraption of the pantechniconical whatyercall-it!" said Joe. "No, sir, thank you kindly, that ain't split, neither, yet; but the pressure on the flukakitus is very bad. It makes me shoulder tingle."

Ching-Lung sat down in mute despair, and Joe went on sawing.

"Don't be an idiot, Joe," went on the Prince, "but speak out. Have you let on about that lady?"

"Lady?" said Joe. "Wot lady?"

Ching-Lung stood up deliberately, and bolted the door. Joe gave his saw a rest, wondering what was going to happen.

"Now, Joe, have you told Prout, Maddock, and Gan Waga, or haven't you?"

"Told 'em wot, sir?"

Joe was a stubborn gentleman. He did not feel quite comfortable when Ching-Lung proceeded to take off his fur coat and the thick flannel shirt beneath. He wrapped them up neatly and placed them on the locker.

"Joseph," he said, "you've had your bit of fun, and now I'll have my bit. I'm going to split you!"

"Fight me, sir?" said Joe aghast.

"You bet, Joe—just a little friendly spar. Shake hands!"

"But I'll squash you, sir; I'm twice your weight!"

"Try it, old chap!" laughed Ching-Lung.

Joe was just as fond of a tussel as either Prout or Maddock, and he had to obey orders. He made up his mind not to hurt his superior officer too much, for he imagined he could swallow Ching-Lung at a mouthful.

"Orders is orders, sir," he remarked, "and if I've got to—"

"You have got to, Joe."

"I shall squelch you, sir; I know I shall. Why, you couldn't even fight a lady, sir!"

Ching-Lung rushed at him, and Joe was presented with a blow that made him rattle like a drum. The force of it absolutely amazed him. He guarded a second, and then he had to face a bout of hurricane fighting, the like of which he had never seen before.

"Thunder!" he roared. "Is there a dozen of you, or only one?"

Ching-Lung was here, there, and everywhere, breaking through his guard, and getting blow after blow home. He dodged under Joe's arms, slipped round like an eel, and brought both fists down in quick succession between the carpenter's shoulder-blades. And then, in a still, small voice, he remarked:

"How does your back feel, Joe? Does it tingle? Say when you've had enough."

"Time, sir!" gasped the carpenter.

Ching-Lung had not turned a hair, but Joe had suffered in everything but temper. He was too astonished to be angry. His right eye was rapidly turning a delicate purple shade, and his left ear was swelling visibly. He sat down on a locker and panted, looking at the prince with admiration in his one sound eye.

"You're a terror, sir," he said, "a terror! You jost walked round me! Who taught yer?"

"I don't know, Joseph," laughed the prince. "Shake hands again! Now, what fellows have you told?"

"Only Prout, Maddock, and Gan, sir. I'm sorry I did."

"Well, come into the state-room."

He gave the carpenter a whisky-and-soda and a handful of cigars. Joe's admiration for a man who knew how to use his fists amounted almost to worship. Prout was the best boxer on board, but Joe, stout as he was, could more than hold his own with any of the others. Ferrers Lord encouraged boxing in the fore-castle, for, in his own opinion, it not only taught the men quickness and self-reliance, but also to control their tempers, and to take hard knocks good-humouredly.

Ching-Lung rolled a cigarette and tossed the carpenter the matches.

(This thrilling adventure story will be continued in next week's number of "The Magnet" Library. Order early. Price 1d. "The Ghost Ship," by Sidney Drew, now appearing in the "Boys' Friend," 1d., should be read by all readers interested in "Beyond the Eternal Ice!")

My Readers' Column



A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

Since the idea of having a special space set apart in THE MAGNET Library for Editorial Chat, Readers' Correspondence, Helpful Hints, and Short Articles, etc., was first mooted by a reader in the Chat Page of our companion journal, "The Gem" Library, the matter has never ceased to occupy my thoughts, and I have now at last come to a decision. "My Readers' Column" is the result of that decision. This is, of course, an innovation, and innovations are not lightly made in a paper of the world-wide popularity and enormous circulation which THE MAGNET enjoys, where the wishes of literally hundreds of thousands of readers have to be considered. In taking the step of inaugurating a Chat Column in THE MAGNET, however, I have the pleasant feeling of being absolutely sure of my ground. The number of enthusiastic letters which one reader's suggestion in the Chat page of "The Gem" called forth, positively amazed me, prepared as I was for a considerable expression of feeling upon such an important subject. And most wonderful of all to relate, of all the thousands of my chums who wrote to me, not one single correspondent was opposed to the idea! This wonderful unanimity on the part of my chums gives me an absolute guarantee that in starting "My Readers' Column" I am making another move in the direction whither I have ever aimed—namely, that of producing a paper which shall well and truly fulfil every requirement which my chums can possibly demand. I am resolutely carrying out my policy of sparing no effort, and begrudging neither time, trouble, nor expense to make our grand little MAGNET Library, and its worthy companion, "The Gem" Library, your ideal papers.

All I ask in return from those of my loyal reader-friends, who are inclined to show their kindly appreciation of my unremitting efforts, is that they will show THE MAGNET and "The Gem" to all their friends, and persuade them to procure for themselves the story-papers which give my readers so much harmless enjoyment and keen pleasure.

NEXT TUESDAY'S COMPLETE STORY.

The grand, long, complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars for our next issue is entitled:

"THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH,"

by Frank Richards, and tells of the revival of that august body of Removites, the Wharton Operatic Society, for the purpose of checkmating the latest move of the Fifth Form. The masterly manner in which this praiseworthy purpose is accomplished, resulting in Coker & Co., of the Fifth, being made to "sing small" by the triumphant Removites, makes a most interesting and amusing story.

SPECIAL NOTE—

ORDER NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER IN ADVANCE!

A QUERY AND A QUOTATION.

In the course of a long and very interesting letter, one of my readers, of Manchester—who, by the by, is twenty-five years old, and a married man—requests to let him know which number of THE MAGNET Library contained the opening instalment of Sidney Drew's popular serial, "Beyond the Eternal Ice." In case there are others of my chums who have not read the opening chapters of this fine serial, it will not be out of place to publish the answer to my Manchester chum's query. "Beyond The Eternal Ice" started in THE MAGNET, No. 182—the Special Bank Holiday Number, dated August 5th, 1911. A paragraph in my Manchester chum's long letter aptly illustrates the high place which Frank Richards' stories of the chums of Greyfriars have won in the estimation of those who are not usually addicted to reading school stories. My correspondent says, "The school-stories dealing with Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars are, in my opinion, the finest and most interesting I have come across; and what is more, I am not generally fond of school stories. But I could read any amount of the above." This, as I think my chums will agree, is a testimony to be proud of.

THE EDITOR.

ONE FOR 2/6

We only ask 2/6 deposit, and if you enclose this advertisement we will send you an Albert and Compass

Free of all cost to enable you to own a True Time-keeping Watch. Masters, Ltd., will supply either of the following Watches for 2/6 deposit. Write to us, sending 2/6; say which watch preferred.

- 30/- Keywind Silver Open Face Lever.
- 30/- Keyless Silver Open Face Lever.
- 35/- Keywind Silver Full Hunter.
- 35/- Keyless Silver Full Hunter.
- 40/- Keyless Silver Demi-Hunter.
- 30/- Keyless Rolled Gold Lever.
- 35/- Keyless Lady's Gold.
- 30/- Keywind Lady's Silver.
- Or a 50/- Gents' Gold Keyless (7/6 monthly).

Masters' 'Veracity' Watch is a wonderful piece of mechanism. It will keep true time for 20 years, day and night, and never tell you a lie—it's built by experts, backed by 41 years' experience in watch building—it is fitted in Solid Silver Cases with dust-proof cap as extra safeguard. Price 27/- Cash, 30/- easy terms (Hunting 35/-, Half-Hunting Cases 40/-). Send 2/6 and we deliver watch, pay 2/6 on delivery and 5/- monthly. 7 years' warranty.

RINGS

On Easy Terms.

No. 30. — 18-ct., Diamond and two Rubies, 30/-. Send 2/6, pay 2/6 on delivery, and 5/- monthly. Ring booklet FREE. **MASTERS, Ltd.** 5, Hope Street, RYE Eng.



30/-



ACCORDIONS

sent on approval, and ALL INSTRUMENTS EXCEPTIONAL VALUE. Cash or instalments to suit Customers. Catalogue FREE.

DOUGLAS & Co., 86, King's Chambers, South St., London, E.C.

REMARKABLE GIFT!! TO ALL FRETWORKERS.

Send 2d. stamps for postage on our Gift Parcel to Fretworkers, which contains: (1) Our Book, "Fretwork"; (2) Large 6d. Design for Handsome Article of Fretwork Furniture; (3) Novel Design for Fretwork Steeplechase; (4) Great Illustrated Catalogue of Penny Designs. ALL FREE. The 2d. is for the postage. Apply to-day to (Desk 35),

NATIONAL FRETWORKERS' ASSOCIATION, 57, Farringdon Road, London.

POPULAR BOOKS. (Written by Experts.)—"Boxing" (illus.), "Conjuring," "Tricks with Cards," "Handcuff and Gaol Breaking," "Mystery Exposed," "Ventriloquism" (fully explained), "Thought Reading Exposed" only 4d. each; lot 1/4, carr. paid.—Porritt, Publishers, Walmersley Rd., Bury, Lancs

10,000 PARCELS OF TOYS,
5,000 WATCHES AND PHONOGRAPHS,
A PARCEL OF TOYS FOR SELLING
ONLY 12 CARDS.

FREE



Simply for selling or using 12 or upwards of our New Series of Xmas and New Year Cards. (Gold Mounted, Embossed, Glossy, Folders, etc.), we give every reader of this paper a magnificent collection of Toys and Games in accordance with our Prize List. We are also giving away 30-hour Watches, Air Guns, Outlets, Skates, Musical Instruments, Household Goods, etc. All you need do is to send us your name and address, and we will send you a lovely selection of Cards. Sell or use them within 28 days, and we will reward you according to the illustrated Prize List sent with Cards. You can easily sell our Cards in 24 hours. Over 5,000 testimonials received. Write now (a postcard will do) to—**THE ROYAL OARD CO. (Dept. 9), KEW, LONDON.**



FREE

£10,000 PRIZES

SEND NO MONEY. XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

We give you Free a real Talking Machine, Watch, Accordion, Rifle, Football, Auto Harp, Clock, Cinematograph, or any other valuable Present which you can select from catalogue containing over 300 Free Prizes; also a box of 100 Toys, Games, and Tricks. Simply send us your name and address, and we will send you an assortment of beautiful Xmas and New Year Cards, with folders. Sell or use what you can at one penny each. You need only sell or use 12 cards, and we reward you with prize from list. We trust you 28 days with cards. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.** Don't delay. Write at once.

Talking Machines Free.

SANTO & CO., Dept. 20, 4, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.



Cinematographs Free.



Watches Free.

BLUSHING.

FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to Mr. D. TEMPLE (Specialist), 8, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, London, W.



6d. DEPOSIT.

This Handsome Phonograph, with large Flower Horn and Two Records, complete, will be sent to any address on receipt of 6d. DEPOSIT and upon payment of the last of 18 weekly instalments of 6d. Two 1/- Records are given free. Send for Price List of Latest Models.—**The British Mfg. Co., P 24, Great Yarmouth.**

AN ARMY OF BOYS and the DAISY AIR RIFLE.



Every boy (and every boy's father) should send a postcard to us for a

Free Copy of "The Diary of a Daisy Boy,"

Written by a man who knows boy nature thoroughly. Sixteen pages of wholesome humour, happily illustrated, and in addition a "Manual of Arms," "A Few Hints on Shooting," and "The Target and How to Score." Of course it tells about the Daisy Air Rifle, a "real" gun for boys, that furnishes endless amusement and at the same time gives that true training and development of hand, nerve and eye that makes for healthy, successful manhood. The "Daisy" is modelled after the latest hammerless rifle and shoots accurately, using compressed air instead of powder. No smoke, no noise, and perfectly safe in the hands of any boy.

"1,000 SHOT DAISY," an Automatic Magazine Rifle	10/6
"500 SHOT DAISY," Do.	7/6
"20th CENTURY DAISY," Single Shot	3/6

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers everywhere, or delivered free anywhere in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of price by

WM. E. PECK & CO. (Department 9), 31, Bartholomew Close, LONDON, E.C.



A GREAT OFFER as an advertisement to introduce our grand new Illustrated Xmas Catalogue of Cards and Presents for all ages, which will be sent gratis with Xmas Cards. Yes, we will send this "MONSTER-VALUE" PARCEL OF 25 BOOKLET XMAS CARDS post free for 1/3 (send Postal Order 1/3, or 1/4 stamps.) Pain Brothers' Celebrated Xmas Cards are known the world over as the

BEST QUALITY / They are all
DESIGNS / BOOKLET
VALUE / CARDS.

finished with SILK CORD or RIBBON. All are of the Favourite and Popular "Private Greeting" style, and if bought in the usual retail way would cost 7/8, but we do a wholesale system trade direct to the public. Those not writing for this parcel will be missing something really good. There are cards for all tastes, nearly all are expensive ART PARCHMENT cards, including GOLD-MOUNTED, PHOTO-MOUNTED, EMBOSSED, VIEW, FLORAL, etc., favourite designs, all art tinted or in natural colours, and all different.

FREE ENVELOPES. To save you trouble and expense, envelopes are sent free for all cards that will not go in ordinary envelopes. "Full satisfaction or full money back!"

FREE! ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES of Xmas Cards, and Presents from 6d. to 25 each, sent gratis and post free. PAIN BROS., Dept. No. 3, The "Presents House," HASTINGS, Eng.

CHRISTMAS IS NEAR

AND YOU WANT MONEY!

Look out for the GREAT COMPETITION

IN

THE 'MAGNET' LIBRARY.

50 Money Prizes.

THIS PICTURE

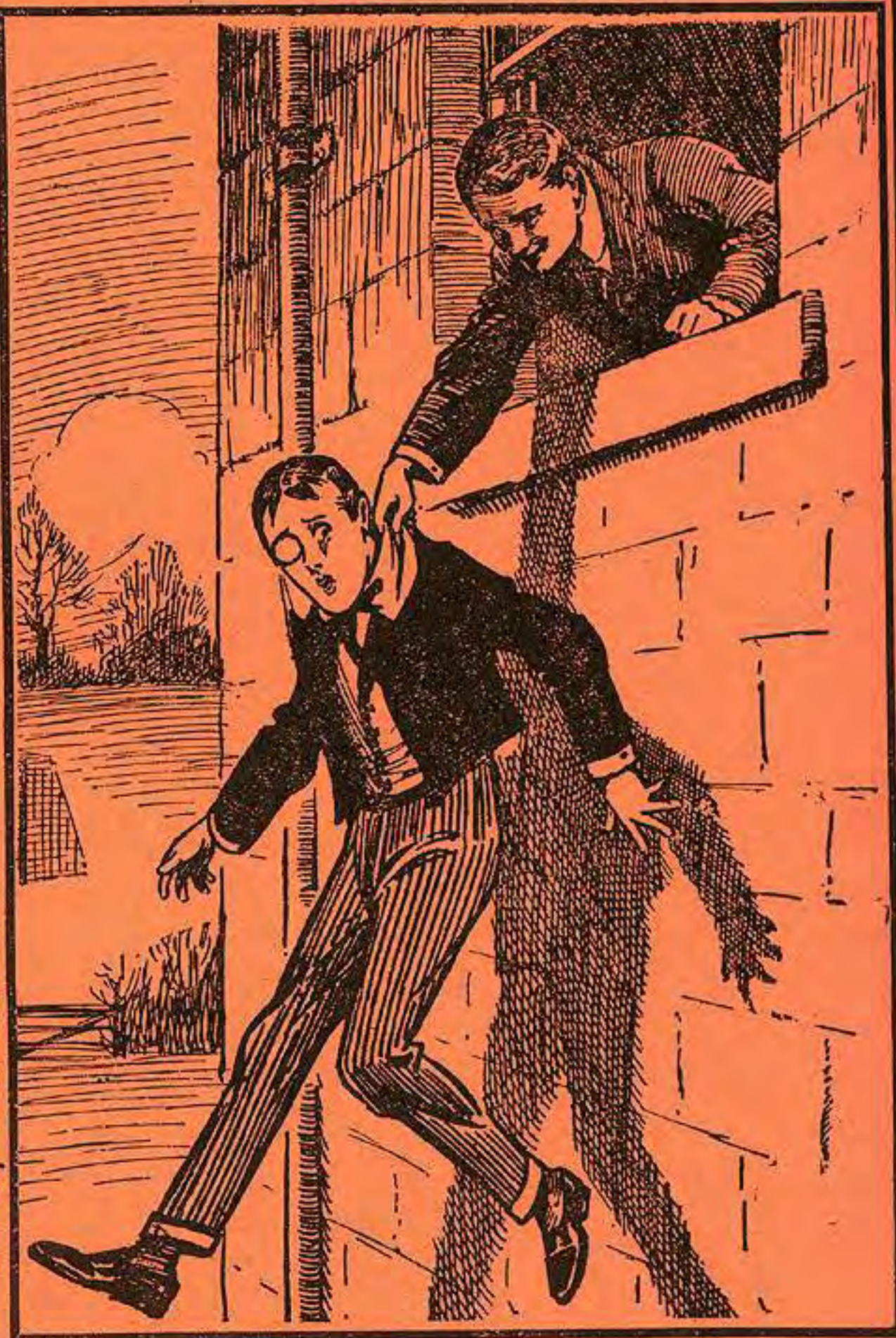


appears on the cover of our companion paper,

THE 'GEM' LIBRARY.

Price One Penny.

OUT ON THURSDAY,
and depicts an amusing incident in the splendid, new, long, complete school tale of Tom Merry & Co., entitled—



"FOR HIS SCHOOL'S SAKE,"

By Martin Clifford.