



The Magnet **1½d.**
WAR
TIME PRICE.
Library
No. 546. Vol. XIII.

ANGEL OF THE FOURTH!



KNOCKED OUT!

Copyright in the United States of America.

27-7-18

ANGEL OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

What Sir Jimmy Knew!

"ANGEL?"

"Yes; that the chap's name," said Temple of the Fourth, with a nod.

"Ye gods!" said Fry. "What a name!"

"Oh, rather!" remarked Dabney.

Temple, Dabney, & Co., of the Fourth at Greyfriars, had stopped to chat on the steps of the School House.

Sitting in a row on the stone balustrade were the Famous Five of the Remove—Harry Wharton and his chums.

The five juniors were waiting for Vivian of their Form, whom they were taking out with them that afternoon.

Sir James Vivian, Baronet, was in the dormitory putting some bear's grease on his hair, as Bob Cherry described it. He was making himself unusually tidy in honour of the occasion.

Fully appreciating the care that Sir Jimmy was taking to make himself worthy of their distinguished company, the Famous Five waited for him with great patience. And so they came to hear the remarks of Temple, Dabney, & Co.

"It's a good name enough!" said Cecil Reginald Temple rather warmly. Angel's people are no end rich. Titles in the family, too! It was a rather swanky place where I met Angel, an' we chummed up. If it wasn't war-time he'd come here in a thumpin' big car. He would if he could, anyway, as it is, only it ain't allowed."

"Seems a bit of a snob, from your description!" remarked Fry.

"Oh, rot! He's decent!" said Temple. "His people are big guns. My pater was pleased when I made friends with him. I was delighted to hear that he was coming to Greyfriars, and into the Fourth."

Fry yawned.

Dabney followed his example.

An observer might have divined that Temple's chums were not very enthusiastic about his other chum who was coming to Greyfriars, and were not specially delighted that he was coming into the Fourth.

Temple looked rather irritated.

"I suppose you're goin' to give my friend a welcome, as my pals?" he said.

"Oh, we'll welcome him!" said Fry.

"What about going down to cricket?"

"I've asked you to come to the station with me to meet Angel," said Cecil Reginald, in a dignified tone.

"Can't he walk to Greyfriars without assistance?" inquired Fry.

"There you go!" said Temple. "That's just like you, Fry! Takin' a dislike to a chap before you've set eyes on him!"

"Oh, rot!" said Fry. "But what's the good of walking to the station on a hot afternoon? The chap isn't coming alone, either, I suppose?"

"Yes, he is, as it happens! A man's bein' sent with him; but Angel told me in his letter he's goin' to drop him somehow!"

"My hat!"

"Angel don't like bein' looked after," explained Temple. "His idea is to arrive early, an' have a look round before he comes on to the school. Naturally, he wants me to help him. I want you to help me. See?"

"Oh, all right!" said Fry resignedly.

"What's he coming in the middle of the term for?" asked Dabney.

"He left his school rather suddenly."

"Oh, he did, did he?" grunted Fry.

"Order of the boot—what?"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Temple irritably. "He left for—some reason. I understand that his people are rather ratty with him, and his pater would hardly speak to him when he was sent home—I mean, when he went home. He wasn't sacked, you duffer! Nothing of the sort. Some difficulty with a crusty old headmaster, or somethin'. I—I believe he's been a bit wild!"

"Oh!" said Fry, in a very significant tone.

Temple reddened.

"He's a good sort," he said. "He's got lots of oof—perhaps a bit too much—and he may have kicked over the traces a bit. Dash it all, we're not called on to give him sermons. I suppose? We're just goin' to show him round the town!"

"Precious little doing in Friardale!" said Fry drily. "He won't be interested in the village pump, or the well where the goat was drowned, or—"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Temple. "What I mean is, we might stretch a point for once, as it's rather a special case. I—I don't see any harm in a game of billiards, fr'instance. I play billiards at home."

"Oh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. could not help hearing that conversation, as they were sitting within three feet of the speakers; not that the Fourth-Formers cared or minded whether they heard it. At this point, as Dabney and Fry uttered "Oh!" in very significant tones, Harry Wharton struck in.

"Temple, old sport—"

"Hallo?" grunted Temple.

"About your game of billiards—"

"Don't be a cheeky fag!" said Temple loftily. "I'm not askin' you for any sermons, Wharton!"

"I'm not offering you any," answered Harry. "I was going to suggest that it isn't sensible to talk about billiards on the school steps. Anybody might come along and hear you. And your Form-master mightn't be pleased if he heard."

Temple started, and glanced quickly into the big doorway. Fortunately, Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, was not to be seen; and the Hall was empty.

"Thanks!" said Temple, a little more graciously. "I forgot! Look here, you chaps, it's time we started. I don't want to keep Angel waitin' at the station. He doesn't like bein' kept waitin'."

"It might do him good to get used to it," grunted Fry. "I can tell you, Temple, if you're goin' to spring some

little Lord Tom Noddy on us, the chap will get put in his place, sharp!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Nothin' of the sort! But you might be decent to a chap you've never seen, and who's my friend!" said Temple reproachfully.

His chums were not proof against that appeal. After all, they liked old Temple, who was a good fellow, though a little given to swank, and a bit sportive at times.

"Oh, we'll come!" said Fry. "We'll make the best of Angel. What's his other name, by the way?"

"Aubrey—Aubrey Angel," said Temple.

"My 'at!" ejaculated a voice in the doorway.

Sir Jimmy Vivian appeared at last.

Sir Jimmy was neat and clean from head to foot. His face was newly scrubbed and glistening, and even his hair was tidy. Vivian's earlier years had been unfortunate, for he had been deserted by a ne'er-do-well father, and had grown up a street-arab in a grimy slum; and there he had been found by Lord Maulverer's uncle, and rescued from his surroundings. Baronet as he was, he was penniless, and dependent on Mauly's uncle, being a distant relation of the dandy of the Remove. And, naturally, he was rather a trial to the good-natured Mauly, who nobly exerted himself to bring up his peculiar relative in the way he should go.

In spite of Mauly, and in spite of everything, Sir Jimmy had not overcome a taste for untidiness and slovenliness, and his speech was still an outrage upon the King's English, though it was improving.

The Famous Five surveyed him now with approval. They were going to take him over to Cliff House to tea with Marjorie and Clara, and they had told him to make himself presentable. And, with untold efforts, Jimmy had done it.

"Good man!" said Johnny Bull. "You look a picture, Jimmy!"

"The picturefulness," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "is terrific!"

"Nobby!" said Johnny Bull heartily.

But Sir Jimmy was not looking at the Famous Five. His eyes, quick and intelligent, and very keen for his years, were turned upon Temple in curious inquiry.

"Aubrey Angel!" he repeated, "You know 'im, Temple?"

Cecil Reginald Temple extracted an eyeglass from his waistcoat pocket, fixed it in his eye, and surveyed Sir Jimmy with a withering look.

"What?" he said.

"I asked you if you knowed Aubrey Angel," answered Sir Jimmy.

"I suppose you haven't the cheek to pretend that you know him!" exclaimed Temple.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at Vivian in astonishment. They had never heard Angel's name until it was mentioned by Temple, and certainly he had never visited Greyfriars. And Sir Jimmy, be-

fore he came to Greyfriars, could scarcely have met a fellow of Angel's standing.

"I never said I knowed him," answered Sir Jimmy resentfully. "Don't you take up a bloke like that, Temple! I don't like bein' took up. I've 'eard the name, and I've seed the bloke, but that ain't knowin' 'im!"

"And where have you seen him?" queried Temple, with crushing sarcasm. "In the aristocratic purlieus of the slum you used to live in?"

Sir Jimmy nodded.

"Yes," was his unexpected answer.

"What?" yelled Temple.

"If it's the same cove, I've seed 'im there," said Sir Jimmy. "And it ain't a common name, neither. He came to Blucher's Rents with the capting."

"The capting?" repeated Temple. "What on earth is a capting? Oh, the captain! So you had captains in Blucher's Rents, had you, young shaver?"

"Well, he wasn't reely a capting," said Sir Jimmy. "But he was called the capting. He brought Mister Angel with 'im to Punchielli's dive."

"Punchielli's dive!" repeated Temple in wonder. "And what is that?"

"Where they played wheel of fortune an' chemin-de-fer," explained Sir Jimmy. "I 'ad a job in them days watchin' for the perlice."

"Oh, gad!"

"That was afore Mauly's uncle found me," said Sir Jimmy defensively. "I 'ad to live, an' I never knowed there was anything wrong in playing cards, an' sich. Ole Punchielli paid me to watch for the peelers. I used to watch 'im sometimes puttin' the weights in the wheel-of-fortune so as to win the blokes' money when they came to gamble."

"Poor old Jimmy!" murmured Bob Cherry softly. The Co. all knew that Jimmy's childish years had been passed in strange places—strange and terrible for a child—and the knowledge made them kind to him, and very patient.

But Cecil Reginald Temple waxed wroth, all the more so because he caught the very expressive expressions on the faces of Dabney and Fry.

"You lyin' little cad!" exclaimed Temple furiously. "How dare you tell such rotten lies about a friend of mine! By gad, I'll give you a thrashin'!"

Temple grasped his nobby walking-cane, and made a stride up the steps towards the baronet of the Remove. He found Harry Wharton standing in the way, however.

"Get aside, Wharton!" he shouted.

Wharton did not move.

"Easy does it!" he said coolly. "You're not going to touch Vivian, Temple!"

"I'm goin' to thrash him for tellin' lies!"

"I ain't tellin' no lies!" exclaimed Sir Jimmy, with spirit. "I promised Mauly I wouldn't, and I ain't!"

"Perhaps it's another chap of the same name that Jimmy's talking about," said Harry pacifically. "Don't get your rag out for nothing, Temple!"

Temple lowered his cane sulkily. He was greatly inclined to lay it about the schoolboy baronet; but before he could do that he had to deal with the captain of the Remove, which was a large order. And Temple was arrayed almost like Solomon in all his glory, to meet his distinguished friend Angel at the station. He thought of his clothes, if not of himself, and yielded the point.

"Well, he's a beastly little liar!" he said. "Come on, Fry! Are you comin' Dab, or are we goin' to stay here all day?"

And Temple, Dabney, & Co. walked down to the gates, Dabney and Fry looking rather grave, and Temple red and wrathful.



Miss Primrose is surprised! (See Chapter 2.)

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Good Turn!

SIR JIMMY VIVIAN looked at Harry Wharton & Co., as the Fourth-Formers walked away, with a quivering lip. The Co. were regarding him very curiously. Whenever they heard any of Vivian's reminiscences of the past they seemed to get a shadowy glimpse of another world, of the grimmer, darker side of life that had not come into their schoolboy experience at all.

"You don't think as I was tellin' lies, do you?" asked Sir Jimmy. "I ain't never told 'em since I promised Mauly I wouldn't."

"Of course not, kid!" answered Wharton. "Come on! It's time we started!"

Sir Jimmy trotted off with the captain of the Remove and his chums, looking more contented.

"I never meant to make Master Temple ratty," he said. "It struck me all of a 'eap when he spoke that there name. 'Tain't a common name, you know, and I reckon it's the same bloke. I was s'prised that a feller like Temple should know sich a cove."

"But it can't be the same chap, kid," said Bob Cherry. "It's some other Aubrey Angel that you've run against."

"Course, it might be," admitted Vivian. "But the name struck me; it was so uncommon. He was a reg'ler toff, he was. He looked down even on the capting. He was on a holiday from his school when he came to Punchielli's dive, and, course, he never noticed me. I was like dirt to 'im. All the same," added Sir Jimmy brightly, "I'm a baronet, and he ain't!"

The Co. grinned. Sir Jimmy took a great pride in the fact that he was a baronet; it was the only thing the little waif had to pride himself upon.

Lord Mauleverer was lounging in the gateway when the chums of the Remove arrived there with Vivian.

He gave a pleased smile when he saw Vivian with the Co.

"Takin' Jimmy along?" he asked.

"Yes. Come along, too!" said Wharton. "Marjorie and Clara will give you a welcome."

"Cliff House School?" asked his lordship.

"Yes."

"How are you goin' to get there?"

"Walk."

"Oh, gad! I—I remember now I've got to—to speak to a chap," said his lordship hastily. "Sorry! I'd like to come no end."

"Of course, you could get there another way!" said Johnny Bull sarcastically. "You could crawl on your hands and knees, if you found it easier."

"Too much fag," answered his lordship innocently.

"You don't feel up to any exertion?" asked Bob Cherry.

Mauly shook his head.

"Tired, I suppose?"

"Yaas!"

"What have you been doing?"

His lordship reflected.

"Well, I've been leanin' against this post," he answered at last.

"My dear chap, you musn't exert yourself like that on a warm afternoon!" said Bob, in alarm. "The only thing after that is to take a little exercise quick—race us to Cliff House."

Lord Mauleverer shuddered.

"I'll start you," continued Bob, grasping the slacker of Greyfriars by the shoulder and spinning him round. "Now run!"

"I can't!"

"Too much fag?"

"Yaas!"

"You've got that tired feeling?"

"Yaas!"

"I'll give you something to cure all that. F'rinstance, every time you don't start running I biff you with my knee—like that—"

"Yaroo!"

"Or like that—"

"Help!"

"And we all do the same," continued Bob. "Pile in, you fellows! Mauly's yearning for a little exercise—"

"I'm not!" yelled Mauleverer.

"Yes, you are; and you're going to get it! Now," said Bob, "suppose Mauly was a footer, and we were all trying to dribble him together! That's the game. Only feet allowed, but you can kick as hard as you like. Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's started!"

Lord Mauleverer was running for his life.

With a loud laugh, the juniors started in pursuit. They did not get near enough to dribble his lordship. The fear of being dribbled was enough to keep Mauly well ahead. They passed Temple, Dabney, & Co. in the lane, and left them staring. As they came up to the turning for Cliff House Lord Mauleverer shot past it at full speed.

"This way!" shouted Bob. "You've passed the turning, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer knew that. He only hoped that the Famous Five would not pass it, too.

"Come back, Mauly!" roared the five in unison.

But his lordship fled on.

Harry Wharton & Co., chuckling, turned into the lane, and Lord Mauleverer mopped his perspiring brow at a distance. Feeling that they had done the slacker of the Remove a good turn, the juniors kept on the way to Cliff House School. Their girl chums were expecting them there, and there was to be tea in the garden, after tennis.

Miss Penelope Primrose, the principal of Cliff House, was in the garden when they arrived, and she bestowed a kind smile upon the Co. The Co. were, in Miss Primrose's eyes, quite nice boys, and she did not suspect that her presence called forth their very best manners and customs, which were quite different from those they displayed in the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

Miss Primrose greeted the visitors blandly, and they replied with equal blandness, and presented their companion, Sir James Vivian. If Miss Primrose had a weakness, it was a respect for titles, and she was very pleased with Sir James Vivian till he opened his mouth. She asked Sir James how he was, and Sir James' reply was:

"Spiffing, mum!"

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Miss Primrose, startled out of her prim manners.

"Spiffing, mum!" said Sir James heartily. "I got on my Sunday clothes 'cause I was coming 'ere with these blokes."

"These—these what?" murmured Miss Primrose faintly.

"Oh, my heye!" said Sir James, in sudden dismay. "Mauly said I wasn't never to say 'blokes.' I mean these 'ere coves, mum."

"Bless my soul!" said Miss Primrose.

The Co. almost dragged Sir Jimmy on into the garden. Miss Primrose was left with a peculiarly fixed expression upon her face.

"I say, I ain't put my foot in it, 'ave I?" asked Sir Jimmy, with an uneasy glance at his companions. "The old girl looked rather queer."

"The—the what?" stuttered Wharton.

"The old girl!"

"Vivian, old chap, make it 'old lady'," said Bob. "It 'doesn't take any more trouble, and it's more respectful."

"Well, I meant the old lydy!" said Sir Jimmy. "'Allo, 'ere come the young lydies!"

And Sir James greeted the young "lydies" with great effusion; and when he confided to them that he had got on his Sunday clothes, and one of Mauly's best neckties, in honour of the occasion, Marjorie and Clara made heroic efforts, and did not even smile.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Very Sporting Youth!

"THERE he is!"

Cecil Reginald Temple spoke in quite an enthusiastic tone. Dabney and Fry, however, displayed a plentiful lack of enthusiasm.

The train had stopped in Friardale. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 546.

Station, and a slim and rather elegant youth stepped from a first-class carriage.

Temple cut across the platform to meet him. Dabney and Fry followed more slowly. Temple's praise of his friend had somehow not pleased his school-chums. They did not see what there was in Aubrey Angel to make such a fuss about, whoever he was, and whatever he was like. While Temple was keen on giving his friend a cordial welcome to Greyfriars, Dabney and Fry somehow felt a desire to take that friend down a peg or two, even before they had seen him. And now that they saw him he did not impress them very favourably.

Certainly he was good-looking, in a way, and he was well dressed; in fact, very expensively dressed. His manner was cool and self-contained. Boy as he was, there was a curiously old look about his eyes and the lines of his mouth. His lip had a curl which made Dabney and Fry set him down at once as a supercilious cad. But Temple, who evidently looked upon Angel as a great man, was determined to see nothing to his disfavour. He shook hands with the new-comer in a very hearty manner, and did not even notice that his heartiness was not at all equalled on the other side.

"So good of you to come an' meet me!" said Angel, in cool and rather drawling tones.

"My friends have come with me," said Temple. And he presented Dabney and Fry.

The new-comer shook hands with them in rather a perfunctory way.

Dabney and Fry suppressed their feelings. It was to meet this "image" that they had given up cricket for the afternoon!

"I've got a couple of trunks somewhere," remarked Angel, glancing lazily along the train. "There's a bag in the carriage—you might get it out, Temple."

Temple got it out, while Angel looked on with his hands in his pockets, and Dabney and Fry breathed hard through their noses.

"Leave it somewhere," said Angel. "Can't drag the dashed thing about all the afternoon. I suppose the people here will have sense enough to land it at Greyfriars by the time I want it—what?"

"I'll speak to them," said Temple.

"Do, old bean!"

Temple having seen to the question of baggage, the three Fourth-Formers and the new boy left the station altogether.

Angel appeared rather thoughtful.

He gave a disparaging glance up and down the village street.

"Sleepy-lookin' hole!" he remarked.

"You didn't expect to find it looking like Piccadilly Circus, I suppose?" Fry observed.

Angel stared at him, and made no reply.

"Anythin' doin' in this delightful Sleepy Hollow, Temple?" he asked.

"Well——" said Temple, and paused.

"There's cricket going on at Greyfriars," suggested Dabney. "Wingate's playing in a First Eleven match."

"Who may Wingate be?"

"Captain of Greyfriars!" snapped Dabney.

"Oh, really! I suppose I need not turn up at Greyfriars till pretty late in the afternoon, Temple?"

"I—I suppose not. What about the man who was with you?"

Angel grinned faintly.

"My dashed old tutor, Sanders? The pater planted him on me when I came home from Lyncroft. I thought I was going to have an easy time, an' that was what I got. The pater told off Sanders to see me safe to Greyfriars—a regular old crank, my pater. I landed him at Woodgate."

"How did you land him?" asked Fry, rather curiously.

"Oh, it was quite neat," said Angel, evidently pleased with his exploit. "He's a short-sighted duffer of a man, an' I fooled him no end. I rushed him into a train that was just startin', tellin' him the time of the train had been changed. I stepped out at the last minute. It happened to be a train for Canterbury. The merry old sport will land there some time this afternoon—I hope he'll enjoy his little excursion, I'm sure. I believe there's a cathedral or somethin' there, and he's rather gone on cathedrals, so he may have a good time. By the way, you'll have to lend me some money, Temple."

"You short of tin!" ejaculated Temple.

"Yes; I got into a game in the train," explained Angel. "Man goin' to the races, and we played poker. Great game, poker! Unluckily, he cleared me out of all my tin, and I've landed stony. Rotten, ain't it?"

"Oh!" said Dabney and Fry, looking with renewed—and not favourable—interest at this cheery youth who played poker in the train with sporting men.

Temple coloured a little.

"Lend me a fiver, dear boy," said Angel. "I dare say that will see me through the afternoon. We can't have a very wild time here, by the look of things."

"I—I'm afraid I couldn't stand more than a couple of quid, old man," said Temple, his colour deepening.

"Any port in a storm," answered Angel carelessly, and he shoved the two pound-notes Temple handed to him into his pocket carelessly.

"Now, whither bound?" he asked.

"Well, what would you care for?" asked Temple, rather at a loss. Certainly the quiet and old-world village of Friardale offered little scope for an enterprising youth like this.

"Oh, anythin'," answered Angel. "There must be somethin' goin' on, even if it's only a game of billiards."

"Ahem!"

"Billiard-rooms are out of bounds for Greyfriars," said Fry.

Angel looked at him.

"We don't have night clubs or roulette casinos in our village!" remarked Dabney, with sarcasm.

"By gad! I wish you did!" said Angel. "Roulette's a great game!"

"You don't mean to say you've played it?" stuttered Dabney.

Angel laughed.

"Lots of times—on vases, in London, you know!"

"Isn't it against the law?"

"Yaas, I believe so," answered Angel indifferently.

"Oh!"

Dabney and Fry remembered what Sir Jimmy Vivian had said. There was no doubt that this was the same Aubrey Angel whom the waif of Greyfriars had seen. Cecil Reginald Temple realised that, too.

"Still, I'm not expectin' anything like that here," continued the festive Aubrey. "Anythin' to kill time. By the way, I mentioned Vernon-Smith to you in my letter, Temple. Why didn't you bring him? He knows his way about the town, I'll wager!"

"Vernon-Smith's in the Lower Fourth," said Temple, rather stiffly. "We don't generally pal with Remove chaps."

"I'd have liked to see him," said Angel, rather sulkily.

"So you know the Bounder?" asked Fry.

"I know Smithy—I met him last year," said Angel. "A bit of a bounder, but rather to my liking. He knows his way about. Well, I suppose we're not

standin' here till we take root, Temple. What are we goin' to do?"

Temple cast an appealing look at his chums, who were growing grim in expression. He wanted very much to make Angel's first day at Greyfriars a success, and he was prepared to stretch a point or two. Dabney and Fry did not look like stretching even one point.

"Well, there's a show here," said Temple slowly. "If—if there's nobody about, we could drop in at the Cross Keys the back way, and—if there's nobody in the billiard-room—"

"I'm not going to drop in at the Cross Keys!" said Fry, very deliberately. "On the whole, I think I'll be getting back to Greyfriars. You coming, Dab?"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"I—I say, you chaps," appealed Temple. "I—I say—"

"See you later, Temple," said Fry.

And he walked away with Dabney. Temple's chums had had enough of his new and sportive friend.

Angel stared after them, and then stared at Temple, who was red and uncomfortable.

"Oh, gad!" he said dismally. "Have I dropped into a Sunday-school class by mistake?"

"Oh, never mind them!" said Temple, with an effort. "They—they're rather keen on cricket, you know. Let's get goin'."

"Where's that place you were speakin' of?"

"Down the street, just outside Friar-dale. Of—of course, it won't do to be seen goin' in there," said Temple hesitatingly.

"I understand." Angel brightened up considerably. "Anybody there worth meetin'?"

"Well, there's one or two sporting men there at times—"

"You know them?"

"Nunno! I—I don't go there," faltered Temple. "But—but—well, let's get on, and you'll set what it's like."

"Right-ho!" drawled Angel.

And they went. But as Temple piloted his friend to the back way of the Cross Keys, very cautiously, he was beginning to wish that he had gone back to Greyfriars with Fry and Dabney. Somehow, he was not enjoying the distinguished company of Aubrey Angel so much as he had expected.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, Too!

"BEASTS!"

Billy-Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, made that remark for about the twentieth time that afternoon.

Bunter was annoyed.

On that fine and sunny afternoon Billy Bunter was left with no occupation on his hands. He had cheerfully included himself in the party for Cliff House, but had been persuaded to disinclude himself, so to speak, Bob Cherry's boot helping him to make up his mind. Bunter had explained to the Co. that Marjorie wouldn't be very chippy that afternoon if he didn't go, and it was that remark which had caused Bob to introduce his boot into the conversation.

Having informed the Famous Five, after that, that he wouldn't go with them if they begged him on their bended knees, Bunter looked around for other victims. Cricket did not appeal to him; and, though he was in arrear with lines, he did not feel inclined to do them. He found that Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing were going over to Hawkscliff for the afternoon, and he joined them, but was induced to disjoin himself. After that he offered to accompany Ogilvy and Russell on an excursion to Wapshot, to

visit one of Ogilvy's soldier-brothers who was stationed there. To his wrath and amazement, Ogilvy declined without thanks, and, indeed, stated that if he found Bunter on the Wapshot road he would slaughter him on the spot.

Lord Mauleverer was the next victim, Bunter falling in with his lordship as the latter limped home after being chased by the playful Bob Cherry. Lord Mauleverer groaned dismally as Bunter joined him, and he hastened to his study, and locked the door against the friendly Owl. Bunter kicked the door, and retired in great wrath and indignation. As a last resource he attached himself to Dupont, the new Removeite, finding the French junior going for a walk, Bunter hoping that the walk would end in the bunshop. Dupont led him along the towing-path, and then walked so fast that the fat junior was left hopelessly behind, panting for breath.

So now William George Bunter, tired and discontented, was sitting on the grass by the towing-path, blinking dismally at the shining river through his spectacles, and consoling himself with making remarks to space concerning the Greyfriars fellows in general, and the Remove chaps in particular. Never had Greyfriars School seemed to contain so many "beasts" as it did that afternoon.

"Beasts!" repeated Bunter. "Rot-ters! After all I've done for 'em! I've a jolly good mind to drop in at Cliff House after all; only—only that beast Cherry is so jealous about Marjorie being mashed on me. As if it's my fault that I'm a good-looking chap!"

And Bunter snorted with indignation, feeling that it was very unjust.

"Here you are!"

Billy Bunter blinked round as he heard that voice—the voice of Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth Form speaking in very cautious tones.

Bunter was sitting half-hidden in the thick grass, within a stone's-throw of the gate of the inn garden. He had not noticed that he was so near the Cross Keys garden, which was a long one, running down to the river. But he noticed it now, as he spotted Temple of the Fourth, and a handsome, well-dressed fellow with him, stopping at the gate, half-hidden by clambering honeysuckle.

Temple was looking cautiously round, and Bunter instinctively ducked down out of sight. He was feeling very curious.

"All serene, Temple?"

"Yes, the coast seems clear," remarked Temple. "We can get in from here, Angel. We might have fifty up before we get on to Greyfriars, anyway."

"There's no hurry, I suppose?"

"Well, not exactly; but you'd better not turn up too late. Capper might want to know where you'd been."

"That's all right. I can tell him I waited at the junction, where I missed the tutor man."

"Ahem!"

"Shocked you?" asked Angel sarcastically. "Oh, gad! Don't tell me that you've joined the Good Little Georgie Brigade, Temple!"

"No; it's all right," said Temple hastily.

"I don't see that we need get in much before call-over."

"Well, as you're a new chap—"

"As a new chap I can't be supposed to know all the rules and regulations, can I?"

"Well, no."

"Then let's make a day of it."

"Come on, then."

Temple had opened the gate, and the two passed through, and disappeared among the trees of the garden.

Billy Bunter sat bolt upright then, his round eyes gleaming behind his glasses.

"By gum!" he murmured.

His fat face was flushed with excitement.

"Temple, by gum!" he chuckled. "Blessed if I knew he was that kind of a bird! Beats the Bounder in his old days, by gum! And that's a new fellow, is it? Pub-haunting on his first day at Greyfriars! My hat!"

Billy Bunter reflected.

He knew why Temple had been so excessively cautious in entering the Cross Keys by the back way. If the school authorities had known where he was it would have meant a flogging for the dandy of the Fourth, if not even a more severe punishment. And the new fellow who spent his first day at school in that manner would have stood a great risk of being sent back home instead of entering Greyfriars at all. It occurred to Billy Bunter that he had the whip-hand of Cecil Reginald Temple, who had always treated him with the loftiest contempt. Bunter had been more than willing to be friendly with Temple, who was the son of a baronet, and very wealthy. Temple, as he had said more than once, would not have touched him with a barge-pole. Bunter thought he saw a way now of repaying the lofty Cecil Reginald for some of his overpowering swank, and at the same time filling up his empty afternoon.

His fat face was wreathed in smiles as he rose out of the grass and rolled up to the inn gate. After a cautious blink round, Bunter opened the gate and went in, letting it swing shut behind him. Somewhat nervously, but very determinedly, Billy Bunter plodded on up the garden till he came in sight of the rear of the house.

Temple and Angel had disappeared; but the French windows of the billiard-room stood open, and Bunter guessed where they had gone. He rolled on, and cautiously blinked in at the open doors.

There were four in the room—Temple and the new boy and Mr. Jerry Hawke, and a blue-chinned gentleman who was evidently the marker. Mr. Hawke was speaking most affably to the two newcomers, the marker watching them stealthily, with a covert grin. It had been a dull afternoon to Mr. Hawke, who had been knocking the balls about with the marker, and sighing for pigeons to pluck, and it was a stroke of luck for Mr. Hawke to see two expensive-looking pigeons flutter in like this. He was very glad to see Temple, whose acquaintance he had wished to make, and he was very civil, not to say oily, to the dandy of the Fourth. He understood perfectly that Temple did not want to be seen in that delectable resort, and he locked the door from the passage, and was crossing to the French windows to close them, when Billy Bunter arrived.

Bunter stepped in calmly.

Mr. Hawke looked at him rather uncertainly.

"Friend of yours, Master Temple?" he asked.

"Certainly not!" said Temple haughtily. "What do you want here, Bunter?"

"My dear old chap, I'm giving you a look in," said Bunter affectionately. "Rely on me, old sport! I won't say a word at Greyfriars."

Temple gave him a look like a Hun.

Bunter's tone was very significant. It conveyed that he would say a word at Greyfriars if Temple was not civil. With an effort, Temple made up his mind to be civil. This was the first penalty of wrong-doing, the necessity of conciliating a fellow he despised.

"Oh, all right!" he said shortly. "Let him stay."

Mr. Hawke closed the French windows, in case anyone should drop in from the garden.

"New chap?" said Bunter, blinking at Angel.

Angel gave him a contemptuous glance, and did not answer. Billy Bunter's appearance did not impress the new junior favourably.

"New chap?" repeated Bunter, more loudly.

"Yes, yes," said Temple hurriedly, as Angel did not speak. "New chap in the Fourth, Bunter."

"Introduce your friend, Temple."

"Look here—" muttered Temple.

"Well?" said Bunter calmly.

Temple gulped something down.

"Bunter of the Remove—Aubrey Angel!" he muttered.

Bunter held out a fat hand to Angel. The latter inspected it, as if it were a curiosity submitted for his observation. Then, in the most pointed way, he turned his back on the Owl of the Remove.

Billy Bunter was not sensitive, but contempt, as the Oriental proverb says, will pierce even the shell of the tortoise. Bunter's fat face grew crimson, as he stood with his fat paw held out unregarded.

"Angel!" muttered Temple uneasily.

"Oh, all right," said Bunter. "On second thoughts, I don't think I'll stay, thank you all the same, Temple. I'll get back to Greyfriars. I remember now that I've got to see Wingate."

And Bunter rolled towards the French windows. Temple, turning quite pale, ran after him, and caught him by one fat shoulder.

"Hold on Bunter!" he stammered.

"Kindly let me go, Temple!" said Bunter with dignity.

"Are you goin' to stay, old chap?" murmured the wretched Temple.

"I don't care to stay where I'm unwelcome," said Bunter loftily.

"Not at all, old—old fellow," said Temple, looking at Bunter as if he could eat him. "We—we—we'll be glad."

"Your friend don't seem jolly glad."

"Oh yes, he—he is! I—I say, you're not goin' to jaw at Greyfriars, old chap?"

If Temple could have been assured on that point, he would have been delighted to see Bunter's back. Bunter was well aware of that.

He gave Cecil Reginald a lofty blink.

"The fact is, Temple, I'm sorry—I'm really sorry—but considering that Angel is a new fellow, I can't see you leading him on like this without interfering. I feel bound to chip in."

"Look here, Bunter—"

"I feel a certain amount of responsibility, you see," explained Bunter. "I feel I can't do less than speak to a prefect and ask his advice. We're supposed to ask a prefect for advice in difficult matters, you know."

"I—I wish you'd stay, Bunter, old fellow. If—if you're short of tin, I—I can lend you half-a-quid—"

Well, if you really want me, old chap, I'll stay," said Bunter affably. "I could do with a quid—I've been disappointed about a postal order. You said a quid?"

"I—I said—"

"Well, I'll take the quid as a loan, said Bunter grimly.

Temple parted with a pound note, upon which Bunter's fat fingers closed eagerly. Angel was looking on with a scornful smile; while Mr. Hawke seemed to be in deep discussion with the marker, and oblivious to the little scene. Temple rejoined his chum with a worried face.

"Be civil to the little beast," he whispered. "He could give us away at Greyfriars if he liked."

"I'd rather kick him out."

"So would I! But—"

"Hallo, whispering!" grinned Bunter, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 546.

rolling up. "Don't whisper among friends—bad form, you know. Now, who's for fifty up?"

"Table's engaged, sir," said Mr. Hawke. There was only one table, and Mr. Hawke wanted that, for business reasons. Angel already had a cue in hand, and was chalking the tip.

"Righto—I'll wait my turn," said Bunter.

He stuck his fat thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, in the objectionable way he had, and looked on, as the billiard-sharper began the game with Angel. Temple of the Fourth looked on too, not in a joyful mood. The strong cigar Mr. Hawke was smoking was distasteful—and he was getting in a state of nerves lest he should somehow be spotted there, and lest Bunter should jaw at Greyfriars on the subject. Cecil Reginald Temple was not enjoying his afternoon out—and his feelings towards Aubrey Angel were growing less and less chummy with every minute that passed.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton Takes a Hand!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Here's a chair, Hazel!" Tea at Cliff House was going merrily when Hazeldene of the

Remove arrived. There was a table under the trees in the garden, and Marjorie Hazeldene presided over it, ably seconded by Miss Clara and Philippa Derwent and Phyllis Howell and the other girls. Marjorie's brother arrived late for tea. He was rather a privileged person.

Hazel was grinning as he sat down. "You fellows didn't bring Bunter, after all?" he remarked.

"Was Bunter coming?" asked Marjorie.

"I—I think he had another engagement," murmured Bob Cherry, colouring a little as he remembered the incident of the boot, and hoping that Hazel was not going to relate it as a joke.

"I've seen him keeping his engagement," grinned Hazel, "I came along by way of the towing-path."

"Oh," said Harry Wharton, looking at him, "Bunter's not rowing, surely?"

"No fear!"

"What's he up to then?" asked Nugent. "Anything special?"

Hazel laughed.

"He was going in at the gate of the Cross Keys when I came up the river," he answered. "Bunter's on the razzle! Ha, ha, ha!"

Marjorie looked very grave. She did not seem to think the incident so humorous as her brother apparently did.

"The young ass!" exclaimed Wharton.

"The silly kid!" said Clara scornfully.

"The silly kidfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You're sure?" asked Wharton.

"I saw him," chuckled Hazeldene. "He was blinking to and fro to see if anybody saw him—ha, ha!—but he's as blind as an owl, you know. Fancy Bunter on the merry ran-dan!"

"The awful ass!" said Nugent. "He was in trouble a few weeks ago over—"

Frank Nugent paused suddenly. The conversation changed. Even Hazel, though not very observant, realised that this was not really a subject for humorous remarks in schoolgirl society. But Harry Wharton remained rather thoughtful.

He had no responsibility for Bunter, certainly; but he was captain of the Remove, and Bunter was in his Form. And Bunter had recently been in rather serious trouble owing to his foolish pro-

pensity for shining as a merry blade and a gay dog. Wharton did not want to see him in trouble again; and if he had been in Hazel's place he would have persuaded Bunter, forcibly if necessary, to keep out of such dangerous precincts. Bunter on the razzle was comic enough, in one way; but the matter might turn out serious for the obtuse Owl of the Remove.

Marjorie noted the expression on Wharton's face, and she easily guessed his thoughts. After tea she spoke quietly to the captain of the Remove.

"You are thinking about Bunter," she began.

"Well, yes," admitted Harry.

"Can you do anything?"

"I—I was thinking that he ought to be yanked out of that shady hole," said Harry. "He's been in trouble once already, and if Mr. Quelch found that he was at it again anything might happen to him. It would be a flogging at the very least."

"But—but it would mean disgrace for you, if not punishment, if you were seen going there—you couldn't explain."

"I think I ought to chip in, all the same," said Wharton, with a worried look. "You see, Bunter's a born idiot, and it's up to a chap with some sense to keep him from landing himself in bad trouble. Don't you think so?"

Marjorie smiled.

"But the risk to you!" she said.

"Oh, that's nothing. If—if you'll excuse me, Marjorie, I'll clear off quietly, and see what I can do," said Harry. "No need for the others to come—a crowd would make matters worse."

Marjorie nodded; and a few minutes later the captain of the Remove quietly left the garden, and strode away towards the river. He was anxious for Bunter, and he was angry, too, at being taken away from the very pleasant party at Cliff House. Also, he was quite conscious of what it might mean to him if he was seen entering such a place as the Cross Keys, a public-house that had a reputation the reverse of savoury. If he found Bunter there, he did not mean to stand on ceremony with him. The fat junior would be led back into the strait and narrow path by his ear, with a boot to help him if he raised objections.

Wharton walked very quickly, and in a short time he was at the gate on the towing-path. Like Moses of old, he looked this way and that way; but the bank was deserted, and he quietly entered the garden. His brows were knitted as he walked up the path towards the house.

He was out of bounds now, and respect for school bounds was enforced very strictly at Greyfriars. Wharton's temper was not amiable when he reached the house, and it was not improved by the curious stare and grin he received from a stableman he passed in the garden.

He did not know where to look for Bunter, but he stopped at the French windows of the billiard-room, which were closed, and looked in through the glass, to begin with. He did not need to look any farther.

Billy Bunter's rotund figure was the first that caught his eye, and the next moment, to his surprise, he saw Temple of the Fourth. He remembered the talk on the School House steps that afternoon, and he guessed who the other junior in the room was.

A game had apparently ended. Angel still had a cue in his hand, and an ironic smile on his face. There had been five pounds on the game, and as Angel had only two pounds in his pocket, which he had borrowed from Temple, he could hardly have paid up if he had lost.

But, to Mr. Hawke's great surprise, the schoolboy had run him out quite easily. Mr. Hawke's expression was very peculiar. His pigeon was doing the plucking, which was not at all in accordance with Jerry Hawke's programme.

Wharton tried the handle of the door, and then tapped on the glass. All the occupants of the billiard-room looked round, and Bunter gave the captain of the Remove a fat wink as he recognised him. Temple turned scarlet, and Mr. Hawke scowled. Wharton tapped again.

"You can't come in 'ere!" called out Mr. Hawke gruffly. "Table's engaged."

"Let me in, please!"

"You can't come in 'ere!"

"If you do not open the door I shall break the glass, and open it myself!" called back Wharton.

"You cheeky cub!"

Temple hastily ran to the door and opened it. He did not want a scene. Harry Wharton stepped into the room, his eyes gleaming.

"Hallo, old sport!" said Bunter fatuously. "Didn't expect to see you here! By gum, it would surprise some fellows if they knew you came here for billiards, Wharton!"

"You fat fool!" exclaimed Harry angrily.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"I haven't come here for billiards, you idiot! I've come here for you!"

Bunter shook his head.

"I decline to come to Cliff House now," he said. "After the way you've treated me, Wharton, I decline to do anything of the sort."

"You're not going to Cliff House," answered Wharton grimly. "You're going straight back to Greyfriars, and I'm going to see you there!"

"If you mean it's a feed—"

"You fat fool! I mean I'm going to take you out of mischief!" exclaimed Wharton. "Come with me at once!"

"I decline to do anything of the sort," answered Bunter loftily. "Don't you be an interfering cad, Wharton. I want nothing to do with you; in fact, I despise you! You're soft!"

"What?"

"And spoony!" said Bunter contemptuously. "I'm seeing life. If you like to stay and have fifty up, I don't mind."

"You fat idiot!" gasped Wharton. "I tell you, if you don't come quietly I'm going to yank you away by your ears! You can take your choice."

"For goodness' sake, don't make a scene here, Wharton!" muttered Temple apprehensively.

Wharton turned on Cecil Reginald with flashing eyes.

"You can mind your own business, Temple! I never expected to see you playing the blackguard at a place like this. You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself!"

"Look here—" muttered Temple.

"By gad, are they all like that at Greyfriars?" said Angel, with a curl of the lip. "What sort of a dashed school am I droppin' into?"

"You're dropping into a school too decent for you!" exclaimed Wharton. "And I fancy you'd drop out fast enough if the Head knew the kind of cad you are!"

"What? You cheeky young rotter!"

Angel took a hard grip on his cue, as if inclined to use it on the captain of the Remove. Temple caught his arm.

"Don't make a row here, Angel!"

"You two silly cads can do as you like," said Wharton. "That's not my business. But this fool is in my form, and I'm not going to see him sacked if I can help it. He's coming with me."

"I'm not!" roared Bunter indignantly.

"Take him, and welcome!" said Temple. "He forced himself in here."

Do you think I want to associate with sneaking fags?"

"Come with me, Bunter!"

"I won't!" yelled Bunter.

"I shall make you, then!"

"You cheeky rotter! I—I say, you fellows, lend me a hand!" shouted Bunter, as the captain of the Remove started towards him.

"Go and eat coke!" snapped Temple.

"Look 'ere, young man, don't you start making a row in a respectable 'ouse," protested Mr. Hawke. "I'll call in the man to chuck you out, by hokey!"

Wharton did not heed. His grasp closed on Bunter's collar, and he whirled the fat junior towards the garden.

"Yaroooh! Help!" roared Bunter.

Aubrey Angel strode forward.

"Let him alone!" he said.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Trouble at the "Pub"!

ANGEL stood in the way to the French windows, his face grim and angry. He did not care twopence about Bunter; but Wharton had put his back up. Wharton had not measured his words in speaking to the new fellow. Wharton's proceeding seemed a little too high-handed to Angel, and to allow the Removite to walk in, speak as he liked, and have everything his own way was not at all according to Aubrey Angel's ideas. The captain of the Remove had to stop, as the new fellow stood directly in the way, and his eyes flashed at Angel.

"Stand aside!" he rapped out.

"Let that kid alone, you bully!" retorted Angel.

Wharton flushed crimson. He was running a good deal of risk himself in order to save the obtuse Owl from getting into fresh trouble, and he was not at all disposed to brook interference or insults.

"Don't chip in, Angel!" said Temple hurriedly. "Let him take the fat idiot away. We don't want him."

"I'm not goin' to let him," said Angel coolly. "By gad, is that cheeky cub goin' to order us all about? Who is he, anyway?"

"Will you let me pass?"

"No."

Wharton said no more. He released Billy Bunter, and started towards Angel. The latter put up his hands coolly.

"So you're goin' to make a row?" he said. "Call in your man, Mr. Hawke, and have this hooligan chucked out!"

"By gad, I will!" said Mr. Hawke savagely.

"Don't!" exclaimed Temple, in terrified distress. "For goodness' sake, don't let's have a row here! Angel, get out of the way, can't you?"

"No, I won't! Come an' lend me a hand to chuck this cheeky cad out, if you don't want the potman called in."

"Let him take Bunter away."

"I don't choose to let him."

"Wharton, get out, there's a good fellow! It's not your business to look after Bunter, anyway," said Temple feebly.

Wharton did not heed. He was advancing on Angel, and the latter had to defend himself. He did not find that easy against Wharton's attack, though he was an older and bigger fellow. The marker at a sign from Mr. Hawke ran behind Wharton and seized him.

"Now, paste 'im, sir!" shouted the man.

"Let me go!" exclaimed Wharton, struggling furiously.

Angel, with a grin, closed in on Wharton, evidently untroubled by any thought of fair play. But that was rather too

much for Temple of the Fourth. He ran between, pushing Angel back.

"Don't be a cowardly cad!" he said hotly.

"What? Temple, you—"

Wharton turned on the marker, hooking his leg, and sending him with a crash to the floor. Mr. Hawke was coming towards him, with a cue grasped by the narrow end in his hand. Wharton eluded the spiteful blow the sharper aimed at him, and ran in close, and Mr. Hawke felt the next moment as if an earthquake had happened to him, as a fierce uppercut swept him backwards. He joined the marker on the floor, gasping.

Angel broke loose from Temple, and rushed on Wharton. Before the captain of the Remove could turn Angel's clenched fist struck him behind the ear, and he reeled and fell.

He landed with a crash.

"Angel, you cad!" shouted Temple.

Temple seemed to have forgotten that Aubrey Angel was his chum.

"Collar 'im!" yelled Jerry Hawke, scrambling up. "Kick 'im hout!"

Wharton was sitting up dazedly when Mr. Hawke and the marker piled on him together and collared him. Struggling fiercely in the grasp of the two men, he was dragged towards the French windows.

He was a tough handful for the two, and Angel ran to their assistance. But Temple caught him by the shoulder.

"Don't be a cad!" he rapped out.

Angel gave him a fierce look.

"Let me go, Temple!"

"You're not going to touch him!"

Angel clenched his fists. Temple clenched his, and stood in the way, and for a moment or two they glowered at one another. There was a crash in the garden as Wharton went whirling out, hurled forth by the combined efforts of the two men. Billy Bunter burst into a fat chuckle—at an unlucky moment for himself. Temple turned on him, grasped him by the collar, and yanked him to the doorway.

"Here, leggo!" roared Bunter in alarm. "I'm not going— Oh, my hat! Leggo! Help! Yaroooh!"

Bunter went whirling through the doorway, and he rolled over beside Wharton, who was standing dazedly up.

Cecil Reginald Temple stepped into the garden.

"Not goin', sir?" gasped Mr. Hawke.

Temple did not reply. He went to Harry Wharton, and gave him a hand up. Angel stared out of the window.

"Temple!" he exclaimed.

The Fourth-Former looked at him sourly.

"Are you comin'?" he demanded.

"No. Are you—"

"I'm goin'."

"Look here—"

"You can suit yourself! I'm goin'!"

With that Temple of the Fourth strode away down the garden-path. Aubrey Angel cast a savage look after him. Then he turned back into the billiard-room. He did not mean to go yet.

Harry Wharton looked at the open doorway, his hands clenched. He was greatly inclined to renew the conflict with Mr. Hawke and the marker. But he restrained his temper, and grasped Bunter by the collar instead, and marched him away down the garden.

The Owl of the Remove wriggled in his grasp.

"Leggo, Wharton, you ass! Haven't I told you I'm not comin'?" howled Bunter. "Look here, come back with me and have fifty up! Be a man, you know!"

Without answering, Wharton marched

him out of the garden to the towing-path. Billy Bunter had no choice about going. The grip on his collar was like a vice.

"I say, Temple, make him leggo!" wailed Bunter.

Temple of the Fourth looked at Wharton with a very red face.

"I—I say!" he stammered.

"Well?" grunted Wharton.

"You needn't think I'm in the habit of goin' to a show like that," muttered Temple. "I—I'm not! Not that I care what you think, either!" he added angrily. "I don't care to justify myself to a Remove fag. Still, it's the first time I've ever been in the place, and I had a very special reason."

"I think I know how the matter stands," answered Harry.

"As for that fat fool, he followed us in, and threatened to sneak about us at Greyfriars if we didn't let him stay," said Temple.

"Just like him, I know," said Harry. "Luckily, Hazel saw him going in, and I came for him."

"I'm going in again!" roared Bunter. "Who are you to interfere with me, Harry Wharton? I despise you."

"Come along!"

"I won't!"

"Taking him back to Greyfriars?" asked Temple.

"Yes."

"I'll lend you a hand if you like."

"Thanks."

"I won't go back to Greyfriars!" yelled Bunter. "Can't I do as I like? Ain't it a free country?"

Apparently it wasn't, so far as William George Bunter was concerned, for Wharton took one of his fat arms and Temple the other, and they walked him away between them. Bunter wriggled in vain. He tried the dodge of hanging his whole weight on his conductors—and he was a good weight. But Temple kicked him vigorously till he walked on again—and Bunter did not try that again. In a state of simmering fury the amateur blackguard arrived at Greyfriars, and was taken in at the gates.

"Hallo! What are you doing with my tame porpoise?" demanded Peter Todd, coming up as the trio entered.

Wharton explained, while Temple walked away to the cricket-ground to look for Dabney and Fry. Peter Todd bent a terrific look upon his fat study-mate.

"You measly worm!" he said. "You want a stumping, Bunter!"

"I—I say, Toddy!" gasped Bunter, who had a wholesome dread of the cricket-stump Peter kept in the study. "I—I say, don't you believe him!"

"What?" roared Peter.

"'Taint true!" gasped Bunter. "The fact really is, I—I went in to fetch Wharton out. I—I was shocked, you know—"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton.

"You see how it is, Toddy," gasped Bunter.

"Yes, I see how it is," agreed Peter Todd. "Come along! I've got something in the study for you."

But Bunter guessed what was in the study for him, and he bolted across the Close. Harry Wharton went out of gates again, to meet his chums on their way home from Cliff House. Meanwhile, Cecil Reginald Temple found Dabney and Fry on Big Side, watching the finish of the First Eleven match.

"Hallo! Lost your friend?" asked Fry, as he joined them.

"I've left him," said Temple briefly.

He did not offer to explain further, and Dabney and Fry, though they eyed

him rather curiously, forbore from asking questions. They could guess that their chum was fed up with Aubrey Angel, and they were not altogether surprised at it—and certainly they were not displeased.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Keeping It Up!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here you are, then!"

"Here I am," assented Wharton.

"What did you buzz off so quietly for?" asked Frank Nugent, as the party from Cliff House joined Wharton in the road.

Harry Wharton explained.

"Fathead!" was Johnny Bull's comment.



GET ONE OF THESE CARDS.

It is mostly on the impulse of the moment that we fritter away our money. If we stopped to think we should remember that we are asked to save so that our money may make things easier for the brave boys "out there."

If you carry a War Savings Card in your pocket it will be a very useful reminder.

You won't mind going without your little pleasures when you remember for whom it is that you are saving.

If you haven't one of these War Savings Cards, get one to-day from any post-office.

Each card is divided up into thirty-one spaces. Whenever you have 6d. to spare you just buy a coupon at the post-office and fix it on one of the spaces. As soon as all the spaces are filled up you can take the card to a post-office and exchange it for a 15s. 6d. War Savings Certificate.

In five years' time that certificate will be worth £1.

This is the best way for a patriotic boy to put money by. Won't you try it?

"I don't see—" began Wharton.

"Why didn't you tell us, and let us go with you?" demanded Johnny.

"Well, a crowd of us might have been seen about the place," said Harry. "I thought I could get Bunter away all right."

"And you got chucked out on your neck!" grinned Hazledene.

Wharton coloured.

"Well, I got Bunter away, so it's all right," he said.

"I shouldn't have fancied Temple was such a silly ass," remarked Bob. "I shouldn't have thought you'd find him there."

"It was that new fellow at the bottom of it, I think. Dabney and Fry seem to have got fed up with Angel soon enough, but Temple's an ass," said Wharton. "He played up rather well, too, keeping the cad off me while I was scrapping with

the marker and old Hawke. He left when I did, too, and helped me to get that fat idiot home."

"And Angel stayed there?" asked Bob.

"Yes."

"Precious sort of rotter to come to Greyfriars!" growled Johnny Bull. "I'd like to see a prefect catch him there. He must be the same chap that Jimmy was speaking about."

"Wot to!" said Sir Jimmy. "I knowed it! I reckon Master Temple knows it now, too, and he won't call me a liar agin."

"Let's see him when he comes in," suggested Bob. "I think a licking will do him good, Harry, and he can pick whichever of us he likes."

Wharton shook his head.

"But he rowed with you, Harry."

"Yes; but I don't want to hammer him on his first day at Greyfriars. Let the cad go!" said Wharton. "After all, he's nothing to do with us, as he's in the Fourth. I'm jolly glad he's not in the Remove."

"The gladfulness is terrific!" observed Hurree Singh. "He would not do our esteemed Form any credit."

"By the way, Vivian—" began Harry, as the party of Removites walked on towards Greyfriars.

"Allo?" said Sir James.

"Might be just as well not to talk about what you know of Angel. It won't do him any good at Greyfriars, and—and—" Wharton hesitated. "No need to say anything about the fellow."

Sir Jimmy nodded.

"I don't want to talk about 'im," he answered. "I 'appened to know that he came to old Punchielli's dive with the captain, but lots of young toffs did that. I ain't got anything agin him."

"I don't believe the Head would let him into Greyfriars if he knew," grunted Johnny Bull.

"Very likely; but it's not Jimmy's bizney to dish him."

"Oh, that's all right, of course!"

"I ain't saying nothin'," said the baronet sagely. "I never meant any 'arm when I mentioned it to Temple. 'Taint my business. Only that fellow Angel was a regular corker, he was. You should have seen him chuckin' his money on the green cloth, an' going to the sideboard for champagne."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. "Champagne!"

"You bet!" said Sir Jimmy. "He was fair squiffy when the captain took 'im 'ome. I 'ad to get a cab at the end of the street for 'im."

"Phew!"

"He kicked when we was gettin' 'im into the cab," said Vivian, grinning at the reminiscence. "He was fairly rorty that night, he was!"

"And that's a new chap for Greyfriars!" exclaimed Hazledene, who had been listening with great interest. "Something a bit out of the run of new kids. I should say!"

"It wouldn't be fair to bring it out against him at the school," said Harry.

"Oh, no; least said soonest mended!" agreed Hazel.

But there was a glimmer in Hazledene's eyes. Sir Jimmy's story did not shock him so much as the others. He was interested in the new fellow, and apparently admired him to some extent for the extreme "rortiness" he had displayed in London.

Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing joined the party in the road, and went in with them. The Bouncer spoke to Wharton as they crossed the Close, and to Harry's surprise the subject was the new Fourth-Former.

"Seen anything of the new kid to-day?" Vernon-Smith asked. "Chap

named Angel—coming into the Fourth, I understand?"

"Yes, I've seen him!" answered Harry. "I didn't know you knew him. I'd never heard the name before Temple mentioned it to-day."

"Oh, he's never been here!" said the Bounder. "I had the honour of making his acquaintance one vac, and he came down to my place."

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton.

The Bounder laughed.

"That was at the time when I used to paint the town red on vacs, in my humble way," he explained. "Angel was a bit of a sport, and we pulled very well together. I don't think we shall pull so well here. I'm glad he's in a different Form. He wrote to me the other day telling me he was coming. He knows Temple of the Fourth, and he wanted me to meet him the day he came at the station. So—"

"So?" asked Harry, as Vernon-Smith paused.

"So I went over to Hawscliff with Redwing," said the Bounder, laughing. "I wanted another engagement. I'm afraid my meeting with Angel won't be a very pleasant one, since I've given up playing the goat. If you've seen him, what sort of an impression did he make on you?"

"Rotten!"

"Well, I suppose he would. He will get a warm welcome here in some quarters, though. Skinner and Snoop will greet him like a long-lost brother; and Kenney of the Fourth—I fancy he'll pull better with Kenney than with Temple, as a matter of fact. Do you know why he left his last school?"

"I didn't know he was at school before."

"Oh, yes; at Lyncroft!"

The Bounder seemed about to speak further on that topic, but he stopped himself, and went into the School House.

The Famous Five went to their quarters. It was time for prep now. Wharton and Nugent, in Study No. 1, had nearly finished, when there was a tap at the door, and Cecil Reginald Temple came in. Temple looked worried.

"Sorry to interrupt!" he said. "But—but—of course, you haven't seen anything more of Angel, Wharton?"

"No. Hasn't he come in?"

"Not yet."

"Phew!"

"The silly ass seems to be keeping it up!" said Temple uneasily. "Of—of course, I thought he'd be in by calling-over at latest. He's not come in, and it's getting near bed-time."

"The awful ass!"

"Blessed if I know what he's up to all this time!" muttered Temple. "Old Capper's been talking to me; he knows I know him. I—I told him I'd met Angel at the station, and parted with him in Friardale. I didn't say where."

"I suppose not!" said Harry, smiling.

"The fellow must be potty to keep it up like this," said Temple. "There's sure to be a row; but I suppose he will spin some yarn. He's rather a dab at spinnin' a yarn. Lyin' is the plain English of it. I don't want him to get bowled out his first day here. I can't go and fetch him, though."

"He may come in any minute," said Harry.

"I wish he'd come, confound him!"

Temple left the study, evidently in a very uneasy mood. The new boy's utter recklessness alarmed him a little. And perhaps Temple had some fear of being dragged into it if there was trouble. By that time Temple was repenting most sincerely of having undertaken to show his friend "round the town" that afternoon.

By half-past nine, the bed-time of the



Angel is wild! (See Chapter 8.)

juniors, the new fellow had not arrived. Both Mr. Capper, the Fourth Form master, and the Head, seemed disturbed about his non-arrival, as was natural. But for the fact that Temple had met him in Friardale, they would have supposed that some accident had happened on the way to Greyfriars.

Temple was glad enough to get off to his dormitory without being questioned further; but he could not sleep. He could not help thinking of Aubrey Angel, and wondering what would happen when he did turn up. It was past ten o'clock when the door opened and the light was switched on; and Temple, sitting up in bed, saw Mr. Capper at the door with Angel. The latter looked very fatigued.

"This is your dormitory, Angel," said Mr. Capper. "Your bed is next to Temple's. As your bag has not arrived, Temple will doubtless lend you anything you require for the night."

"Certainly, sir!" said Temple.

"I will return in ten minutes to see the light out," said Mr. Capper.

Angel came yawning into the Fourth Form dormitory. Several of the Fourth were awake, and they looked at him very curiously.

"Goin' to lend me some pyjamas, Temple?" he asked.

"Help yourself from my box; there it is!" said Temple, without getting up. "Old Capper doesn't seem ratty. How on earth have you explained to him?"

"Easily enough! Why should he be ratty?" grinned Angel. Having arrived in Friardale without the tutor man, I felt it my duty to take the train back and look for him. Trains are slow and uncertain. I didn't find the man, but looking for him at the junction made me arrive late here."

Temple gasped.

"You—you've told the Head that string of lies?" he ejaculated.

"I don't think he would have been pleased if I told him the facts," said Angel coolly. "You were an ass to leave so soon, Temple. Some sporting men came in after you were gone, and we've had a rippin' game of poker. I can settle up the quids you lent me."

"Yes; I was lucky!"

"Great Scott!"

"I've had a really good time!" smiled

Angel. "And that yarn was good enough for the Head. Seems a rather innocent old bird, your headmaster. Mr. Capper was quite sympathetic; my sense of duty in goin' back for the tutor man seems to have impressed him rather favourably."

"But you didn't go back for the tutor man!" exclaimed Dabney.

"It was necessary to say somethin', dear boy!"

"I suppose that's what you'd call a clever yarn?" said Fry.

"Yes. I thought it rather neat!"

"We call it something else at Greyfriars."

"Really?" yawned Angel. "Thanks for the pyjamas, Temple. Hallo! Here comes the Capper bird!"

Angel dived into bed as Mr. Capper came into the dormitory.

"I have telephoned to your father, Angel, informing him of your safe arrival," said Mr. Capper. "It appears that Mr. Sanders got into a Canterbury train by mistake, and returned, as it was too late to come on here. Your father was very pleased that you had taken so much trouble to find Mr. Sanders again."

"Thank you so much, sir!" said Angel meekly.

"Good-night, my boy!"

"Good-night, sir!"

The light was turned off, and Mr. Capper quitted the dormitory. Angel chuckled softly as he laid his head on the pillow. Temple did not speak. That day he had been rather annoyed because his chums were not keen on knowing Angel. Now he was wondering how he could most easily drop the acquaintance of the new Fourth-Former. Cecil Reginald Temple had had enough of Aubrey Angel.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

An Old Acquaintance!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came upon the new junior the following morning when they went out into the quadrangle after breakfast.

"You don't mean to say you won playing at cards among that gang?" exclaimed Temple, in amazement.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 546.

Angel was alone, sauntering in the quad with his hands in his pockets, his seedy-looking face showing plain traces of his adventures the day before.

An afternoon and evening in the smoky atmosphere of the Cross Keys had told upon him, as well as the unhealthy excitement of his occupation there. His fatigued looks were attributed by Mr. Capper to his dutiful journeyings to and fro upon the railway in search of his lost tutor. But the Famous Five were a little better informed than Mr. Capper.

Angel glanced at them, and a dark look came over his face at the sight of Harry Wharton. He had not forgotten the encounter at the inn, and it was plain that he had taken a keen dislike to the captain of the Remove—a feeling that was fully reciprocated on Wharton's part.

He came towards the chums of the Remove, evidently with some unpleasant remark to make; but they walked on without heeding him, and Angel scowled after them. Lord Mauleverer and Sir Jimmy Vivian came into the quad, and Angel glanced at them carelessly, and then his look became suddenly fixed on the face of the schoolboy baronet.

"By gad!" he ejaculated.

Sir Jimmy grinned as the new Fourth-Former came up. Lord Mauleverer glanced at him indifferently.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before, kid?" asked Angel, his eyes fixed on Vivian's face.

"Wot!" answered Vivian.

"Where was it?"

"Punchelli's dive," grinned Sir Jimmy. "I never knowed that you had noticed me, though."

"I never forget a face," said Angel.

"You were the boy who helped me into the cab."

"Along with the captain," assented Sir Jimmy.

"By gad!" yawned Lord Mauleverer.

"What's all this, Jimmy? Do you know this new kid?"

"Wot! I know 'im!"

Lord Mauleverer strolled away, leaving his relation with Angel. The latter watched Sir Jimmy's face with a rather unpleasant expression.

"And what are you doin' here?" he asked.

"Walkin'."

"I mean, how did you come to Greyfriars? You're not the bootboy, I suppose, as you're in Etons."

"I ham not!" said Sir Jimmy emphatically.

"Well, I want to know what this means," said Angel. "When I saw you last you were a shabby little scoundrel in a low den in Soho. They called you Jimmy, if I remember correctly."

"Lots of things 'appened since then," answered Sir James cheerfully. "Old Brooke—that's Mauly's uncle—come and fished me out of that. And it may interest you to 'ear," continued Sir Jimmy, with dignity, "that I am a baronet!"

"What?"

"Sir James Vivian, Bart.!" said the Removite loftily. "That's wat I ham, and don't you forget it, Master Rorty Angel!"

"Don't spin me a silly yarn like that!" snapped Angel.

"Ask any of the fellers," retorted Sir Jimmy. "Fre, young Bunter, ain't I Sir James Vivian, Bart.?"

Billy Bunter came up. He was looking for Angel.

"That's right," he said. "You wouldn't think it to hear him talk, would you, Angel, old chap?"

"I jolly well shouldn't!" answered Angel, with a stare. "Well, you seem to have risen in the world, young shaver."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 546.

Anytin' you happened to see or hear under other circumstances had better be forgotten. Understand?"

"Oh, I savvy!" grinned Sir Jimmy. "It wouldn't do any good to you to 'ave it talked about 'ere, jest as Wharton said."

"Have you been jawin' to Wharton, you young fool?" exclaimed Angel angrily. "By gad, if you dare to mention my name I'll give you the lickin' of your life!"

Sir Jimmy sniffed.

"You try it on!" he answered truculently. "I ain't goin' to talk about you, because it ain't my business; and besides, Wharton said I'd better not. But if you give me any of your old buck, Mister Angel, I'll shout it all out in the quad for all Greyfriars to 'ear, so you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

And Sir Jimmy swung away independently, leaving Angel biting his lip. Billy Bunter had listened in wonder, and with great curiosity.

"I say, Angel, old chap—" he began.

Angel stared at him.

"Who are you?" he snapped.

COMICS' CORNER.

"COMIC CUTS," 1½d.

(War-time Price Only.)

Three hundred laughs for three-ha'pence! That is how "Comic Cuts" can be described. And then there are the thrills in the tales. It is what our gallant lads in khaki call a Posh (that means A1) paper, produced in a Pukka (that is tip-top) manner. "Comic Cuts" is the favourite of our Forces on sea and land, and voted champion! And it's a national necessity, for, despite rations, it makes you laugh and grow fat. The stories, like the comic pictures, cannot be beaten!



No other paper like it! A chum who always keeps you cheerful! Yes, it's indeed champion! So get a copy to-day, and place a regular order for "Comic Cuts," and you'll be wise in war-time.

"Oh, really, old fellow, you haven't forgotten me? Bunter, you know. We were at the Cross Keys yesterday, having a great time, when that beast Wharton came in, you know. I say, old sport, can—"

"I don't know you," said Angel, with a cold stare. "I've never seen you before to my knowledge. Don't bother me!"

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"Oh, if you put it like that," he exclaimed angrily, "perhaps you'd like me to mention to Wingate where you were yesterday?"

Angel walked away without replying. Bunter gave a snort of wrath, and he was greatly inclined to seek out a prefect and give away the new fellow's secret on the spot.

But even his obtuse mind realised that he would involve himself in the exposure, and he was not looking for a flogging. So he rolled after Sir Jimmy instead.

"I say, Vivian, what's that you were saying to Angel?" asked Bunter eagerly. "You know something about him before he came here—what? Something that's against him!"

"P'raps so, and p'raps not," was Vivian's non-committal reply.

"Well, tell a chap what it is?" said Bunter eagerly.

"Go an' eat coke!"

"Look here, you can tell a pal, Vivian, old chap!" said Bunter.

"P'raps I could; but you ain't a pal," answered Sir Jimmy; and he left Bunter, who blinked with wrath.

The Owl of the Remove had to remain unsatisfied. He joined the Famous Five when the Remove were going in to lessons.

"I say, you fellows, that new chap's an awful bounder," he confided to them. "A stuck-up cad, you know. I say, Vivian knows something about him—"

"Dry up!" growled Bob Cherry.

"I say, Wharton, considering how he acted yesterday, you ought to give him a jolly good licking!" urged Bunter. "I'll hold your jacket if you like. I say, suppose you pull his nose as he comes in?"

"I'll pull yours instead!" answered Wharton.

"Oh, really— Yurrrgh! Led go by dose!" spluttered Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

William George Bunter was rubbing his fat little nose furiously as he came into the Remove Form-room. He felt a very injured party. The wealthy new Fourth-Former declined his charming acquaintance, and Wharton declined to be urged into a quarrel with the "stuck-up" new-comer, and the wrong nose had been pulled. Bunter's luck was out that morning.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Smithy Is Not Taking Any!

"NO!" Dabney and Fry uttered that emphatic monosyllable together.

Cecil Reginald Temple looked worried. "The chap will expect to dig in this study," he said. "He knows me—"

"You can tell him we don't play poker, or drink whisky-and-soda, or tell thumping lies in this study!" said Fry sarcastically. "Then he won't want to come."

"Oh, rather!" agreed Dabney.

"After all, we're three," said Temple. "Capper won't shove him in here unless I specially make a point of it."

"You'll get scalped if you do!"

"Sure you don't want him?"

"Quite sure!" Fry looked at Temple suspiciously. "Blessed if I believe you want him either, if you come to that!" Temple coloured a little.

As a matter of fact, he did not want Aubrey Angel to share the study. He had wanted it before Angel arrived. Now he didn't. That was the effect Angel had had upon his Greyfriars friend.

The chums of the Fourth were at tea, and Temple had apparently forgotten to ask Angel whether he would like tea with them. But at that point they were interrupted by the door opening without a knock. The new junior looked in.

"Oh, here you are!" he said. "I was told this was your study, Temple."

"Come in," said Temple uncomfortably. "Had your tea?"

"I've had tea in Hall," said Angel. "I missed you after lessons somehow, Temple."

"D-d-did you?"

"I've no doubt you were looking for me!" remarked Angel, with a sarcastic inflection in his voice.

"These chaps rushed me off to cricket," stammered Temple. "You'd have found me if you'd come down to Little Side."

"I dare say. Still, I've found a chap in the Fourth who was willin' to take the

trouble of showin' me about a bit," said Angel. "I suppose you know him—chap named Kenney?"

Oh, yes, we know the chap!" answered Temple, with great discomfort. Philip Kenney of the Fourth was not a friend of Temple, Dabney, & Co. He was a follower of the ways of Loder and Carne, the black sheep of the Sixth, and he had much in common with Skinner of the Remove; but with Temple & Co. he did not pull well. The three were not surprised to hear that Angel had made friends with him already. It was a case of birds of a feather.

"Not a friend of yours, I take it?" remarked Angel, with a sneering curl of the lip.

"Well, no."

"Too jolly shady to be welcome in this study!" said Fry bluntly.

"Really? He struck me as rather decent," said Angel calmly. "Tastes differ, I dare say. This chap Kenney seems to have a study all to himself in the Fourth, from what he has told me."

"Yes; his study-mate changed out a few weeks ago," said Temple. "Scott used to dig with him, but he got fed up with smokes in the study, an' that sort of thing. Lots of room in Kenney's study for a new fellow, if you take to the chap, Angel. I dare say you'd like it better than bein' crowded here with three others."

"I should!" said Angel.

"Oh, good! I—I mean, I hope you'll be comfy with Kenney," stammered Temple. "Has Capper told you—"

"Capper told me you'd asked for me to be put in here."

"I—I did a—couple of days ago," muttered Temple, while his study-mates looked daggers at him. "But—but on second thoughts it would be a bit of a crowd, and—and—"

"That's why I've looked in to speak to you," said Angel coolly. "Sorry I can't come into this study. I'm diggin' with Kenney."

"Oh, all right!"

"By the way, I mentioned Vernon-Smith to you. Where can I find that chap?"

"No. 4 in the Remove," said Temple.

"And where the merry dickens is the Remove?"

Temple half-rose, but he sat down again.

"Down this passage, turn by the big window, down a few steps, and across a landin'," he answered. "Anybody will point out the Remove passage to you."

Angel gave him a rather curious look. Temple kept his eyes on his teacup. The new junior left the study without speaking, closing the door with rather more force than was necessary.

"Blessed if I can stand that chap!" grunted Dabney restively. "But why didn't you show him the way to that fag's den, Temple?"

"Oh, he can find his way!" answered Temple indifferently. "The fact is, you chaps, I came jolly near scrappin' with Angel yesterday, and I'm fed up. His ways ain't mine. I'd have dropped him like a hot potato, only I don't like to feel I'm desertin' a new fellow who was relyin' on me. But now he's found a friend he doesn't want me. And—and I don't want him!"

"Temple, old chap, you're not half such an ass as you look!" said Fry.

"Oh, rats!" said Cecil Reginald crossly. "You ought to know that I didn't savvy what an out-and-out bounder the fellow was. Playing poker up to ten at night at the Cross Keys is a bit too thick for me. Why, I shouldn't wonder if the fellow's sacked before the end of the term. I knew he was a bit wild, but—but what that kid Vivian said

is true. And a chap who gambles at low dens in London during the holidays can give this study a wide berth. Still, I think he's fed up with me, as I am with him, so we're quits."

It was evidently a relief to Temple to have done with the new fellow in the Fourth. In point of fact, he had been rather uneasy inwardly lest Angel should decline to be done with, what would have been awkward. But it was pretty clear that Angel had had enough of Temple & Co.

There was a sneering smile on the new junior's face as he made his way to the Remove quarters. The Remove passage was not far away, but it was not easy for a stranger to find, Greyfriars being a rambling old place, full of unexpected turns and windings and ups and downs. But he met Squiff of the Remove on the way, and the Australian junior politely directed him. Angel arrived at Vernon-Smith's study and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" sang out the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith and Skinner were in the study. The latter examined Angel very

CADET NOTES.

One of the most striking results of the war has been the growth and expansion of the Cadet Movement. It is estimated that since the war broke out the numbers of members of various forms of Cadet Corps has nearly doubled. Before the war not more than about 60,000 boys belonged to Cadet Corps altogether, and it is now stated that the present strength of the Movement is about 120,000. This is very good so far as it goes, but there is still plenty of room for further expansion. Out of the million and a half lads in the country of suitable age for the Cadet Movement at least half a million ought to be enrolled in the corps.

Every boy between 14 and 18 years of age ought to belong to some recognised Cadet Corps. In such times as these it is necessary that all should prepare for the possibilities of the future. Nor need it be supposed that the membership of the Movement involves nothing more than tiresome and monotonous exercise in military drill, etc. The movement provides all kinds of other relaxation, and this side of its work will be enormously extended in the near future. All our readers should join the Cadet Force, and any desiring to do so should apply to the Central Association of Volunteer Regiments, Judges' Quadrangle, Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, London, W.C. 2, who will send them full particulars of the nearest corps, etc.

curiously with his sharp eyes. Billy Bunter had been chattering, as usual, and most of the Remove had heard of the previous day's proceedings at the Cross Keys. Aubrey Angel's reputation was already spreading in the Lower School.

Angel sat down, and crossed one leg towards the Bounder. He held out his hand, with a smile, and Vernon-Smith took it lightly.

"Had your tea?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks!"

"I suppose Temple's lookin' after you a bit?"

Angel shrugged his shoulders.

"I find Temple a bit of a bore," he answered. "I don't fancy I shall have much to do with Temple here. I've only seen one chap in the Fourth I think I shall pull with. You know Kenney?"

"Oh, yes; quite your sort!"

"Well, you're my sort, too, Smithy," remarked Angel. "It seems you're in the Form below me, but that's no reason why we shouldn't get on. We had some rather good times on holiday once, and

at your place, too. You haven't said yet that you're glad to see me at Greyfriars."

"Squat down, old sport!" said Vernon-Smith.

Angel sat down, and crossed one leg over the other. He had not taken the slightest notice of Skinner, and that youth's eyes were beginning to glitter.

"Anythin' to smoke, Smithy?"

"Better ask Skinner," said the Bounder, with a nod towards his study-mate. "He goes in for smokin'."

"Don't you?"

"No."

Angel gave him a sharp look.

"What are you drivin' at, Smithy? Have you changed your spots since I was at your place?"

"Yes."

"Given up smokin'?" sneered Angel.

"Quite."

"And playin' poker?"

"Entirely."

"And you never have a sov on a gee-gee now—what?"

"Never!"

"Are you funnin'?" asked the Fourth-Former impatiently. "If this is a joke, Smithy, I don't see the point."

"But it's not a joke, old nut!" answered the Bounder calmly. "Havin' sown my wild oats—in other words, havin' made a silly ass of myself—I've turned over a merry new leaf, an' set up as a model. At present I am offerin' a shining example to the youth of Greyfriars. Prefects speak well of me; masters look on me as a model youth; headmaster's reports are distinctly flatterin'. I spend my spare time in tryin' to reform Skinner. That's how it stands, Angel. Sorry!"

Skinner burst into a chuckle. The expression of utter disgust on Angel's face tickled him.

The Fourth-Former rose to his feet, his brows knitted.

"I suppose you're trying to pull my leg!" he said savagely.

"Not at all."

"You mean all that rot?"

"Every word."

"Then I needn't waste any time here!" growled Angel. "I was goin' to ask you if you were game for a run out to-night after lights out."

"Game enough, but too good," answered the Bounder calmly. "Skinner will take you under his wing, I'm sure."

"Then I'll clear, and be hanged to you!"

"Oh, don't hurry away!" said Vernon-Smith, unmoved. "Let's have a pleasant chat. I'll tell you about our cricket-matches, and the debatin' society—"

Slam!

Aubrey Angel was gone.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Trouble Ahead!

HARRY WHARTON frowned as he looked out of the window of Study No. 1. Frank Nugent glanced at him.

"Anything up, O King?" he inquired. Wharton turned from the window.

"That fellow Angel!" he said. "I wish he'd never come to Greyfriars. Hazel's out there with him, and they seem to be getting chummy. Not my business, of course, but—" He made an angry gesture.

Nugent smiled.

"My dear man," he said, "it's weeks and weeks since Angel's last reformation! Another outbreak is due! Let him rip!"

"I don't like to see Marjorie's brother getting thick with that rascal," said Harry. "And he is a precious rascal; there's no mistake about that. His own

pal, Temple, has chucked him, though he's only been here a few days. He's made friends with every chap in the school who's a bit rotten, whatever Form he belongs to. He doesn't care about that so long as the chap's a rotter."

"Nice boy!" murmured Nugent. "I've noticed it."

Wharton took a turn up and down the study, still looking disturbed. The new fellow in the Fourth got on his nerves.

Aubrey Angel had been four or five days at Greyfriars now, and he had fallen into his place, as it were. Temple & Co. had nothing to say to him. His only friend in the Fourth seemed to be Kenney, the black sheep. But he had made friends with Skinner and Stott and Snoop of the Remove. He was known to be on friendly terms with Loder and Carne of the Sixth—not much in public, of course; but he visited their studies, and not as a fag. He seemed to have a wonderful instinct for finding out any fellow who was at all shady, and he got on with such fellows wonderfully well.

It was exasperating to Wharton to see him making friends with the weak-willed and reckless Hazeldene, who had a way of running straight only when he was not under the influence of fellows worse than himself. The acquaintance would certainly do Marjorie's brother no good; and it was, of course, impossible for the captain of the Remove to interfere.

"I believe I shall hammer that chap before long," said Wharton at last. "Perhaps I ought to have done it the day he came. I had a reason, in the row we had at the Cross Keys. I believe he thinks I'm funking it because I haven't picked a row with him since."

Nugent did not answer that. He was aware that Angel lost no opportunity of making sneering remarks concerning the captain of the Remove, but he did not wish to add to trouble.

"Of course, a chap can't take any notice of what one fellow says another says," said Wharton, flushing. "I hate listening to tattle, and I'm not going to let Skinner or Bunter drag me into a scrap with Angel. All the same—"

He broke off angrily.

"You can't scrap with Angel just because he's made friends with Marjorie's brother, old man," said Nugent quietly. "Let him rip!"

"I know."

The door opened, and Billy Bunter's fat face and glimmering glasses came into view. The Owl of the Remove was grinning.

"I say, Wharton—"

"Well?" snapped Wharton.

"Is it true that you're afraid of Angel, old chap?" asked Bunter agreeably.

"You silly Owl!" roared Wharton.

"Oh, really, you know, I was only asking you a civil question!" said Bunter. "Angel says you're afraid of him."

"Oh, shut up!"

"I heard him say so," persisted Bunter. "He said so to Kenney. He said you were a meddling cad—his very words—"

"Get out!"

"He said he was going to wallop you the day he came," continued Bunter, unheeding. "And ever since then you've been avoiding him, he says."

Harry Wharton started towards the Owl of the Remove with an expression on his face that made Bunter skip hurriedly into the passage. Wharton slammed the door after him.

"Don't mind that silly idiot, Harry," said Nugent. "Bunter's up against Angel for snubbing him, I believe."

"I know he is. All the same, Angel does talk like that," said Wharton, setting his lips. "I keep on hearing a word here and a word there. The cad took a

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 546.

dislike to me, just as I did to him, and I suppose he really thinks I've funk'd him, as I've kept out of his way since. I'll jolly well—"

He broke off. "No, I won't, though. It would be ridiculous to throw myself in his way, and look for trouble."

"Of course it would. Let him rip!"

"Hang him!" growled Wharton. "It's silly to let him bother me at all. Let's get on with prep."

Prep was interrupted soon afterwards, however. Hazeldene came in. He had a rather sheepish and uneasy expression, which the chums of Study No. 1 did not fail to note.

"Interrupting you?" he asked, glancing at the table.

"That doesn't matter," answered Wharton. "Lots of time for prep. In fact, I wanted to see you, Hazel, about the match on Saturday."

Hazel coloured.

"I hope you're not putting me down," he said. "I was thinking that you would give Rake a chance. The—the fact is I've booked up Saturday afternoon, Wharton."

"All right. I'll put Rake in. It's time he had a chance again," said Harry.

"I—I came in to—to ask you something," said Hazel, his colour deepening. "Could you lend me half-a-quid till next week?"

There was a pause.

"I've run out of tin," remarked Hazel casually. "It will happen at times, you know."

He avoided meeting Wharton's glance as he spoke.

Wharton opened his lips, then closed them again. He took a red ten-shilling note from his pocket, and handed it to Hazeldene.

"Thanks! I'll settle this up to-morrow, perhaps—anyway, next week," said Hazel.

He left the study. Wharton's eyes met Nugent's, but neither of them spoke. As well as if Hazel had told them they knew that the weak and wayward fellow was heading for Angel's study with the loan, and they knew how it was to be spent.

In the Remove dormitory that night Hazeldene was looking depressed and glum. Billy Bunter, with a fat chuckle, asked him how he had got on with Angel that evening, and whether he had won; a question that Hazel affected not to hear.

The next day, after lessons, he joined Wharton as the latter was on his way to Little Side.

"Coming down to cricket?" asked Harry.

"Not just now; too jolly hot," said Hazel. "I—I was going to ask you whether—whether you could lend me another ten bob, old fellow?"

Wharton looked at him steadily.

"I didn't ask you what you wanted the other one for, Hazel," he said; "but I will ask you what you want this one for."

"I—I'm short of tin."

"You haven't been out of gates since you borrowed ten shillings of me yesterday," said Wharton bluntly. "Hazel, old chap, wouldn't it be better for you to leave that new fellow in the Fourth alone? He won't do you any good."

"You heard what Bunter said, I suppose," said Hazel sullenly.

"Isn't it true?"

"Well, suppose it is?" said Hazel angrily. "The new chap is all right. I like him well enough. If you don't want to lend me ten bob you can say so. I didn't ask for a sermon!"

"Well, I sha'n't lend you any money to gamble with, that's a cert," answered Wharton. "You can't quite expect it."

"Oh, don't get on the high horse!"

growled Hazel. "I know you don't like Angel. He doesn't like you, if you come to that."

"Very likely," said Wharton drily. "He probably saw pretty plainly what I think of him the day he came."

"You don't care to tell him what you think of him, anyway," said Hazel sullenly. "He's there to hear it, if you want to, and you're not bound to slip round a corner every time you see him coming."

"That's not true," said Harry very quietly. "Does Angel say that?"

"Yes, he does; and it is true," sneered Hazel. "I've seen you avoiding him myself. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

And Hazel stalked away. Wharton did not go towards the cricket-ground. He stood where he was, his cheeks burning.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry greeted him as the Co. came along. "Taken root, old scout? Come along!"

"I'm not going down to cricket just now, Bob," said Wharton quietly. "I've got something else to do. You fellows can come with me if you like."

"Whither bound, old man?"

"I'm going to look for Angel of the Fourth."

"Looking for trouble?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Bob.

Harry Wharton glanced at his chums with a flushed face.

"I've kept out of Angel's way," he said. "I didn't want to pick a quarrel with the fellow. You've told me yourselves that I'm too ready to take offence, and I was keeping my temper. Angel misunderstands it, and I'm going to let him see how the matter really stands."

"My dear man, I've been wondering how long you'd take to think that out," said Bob. "Let's go and look for Angel."

And the Famous Five proceeded to look for Angel of the Fourth, whom they found in his study.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Thrashed!

AUBREY ANGEL glanced up as a knock came at his study door, and Wharton entered, his companions remaining about the doorway. Kenney, his study-mate, was in the room with him, and Skinner of the Remove. Angel's lip curled in an insolent smile at the sight of Wharton.

"I don't remember askin' you to my study," he said. "Shut the door after you, will you?"

Skinner and Kenney chuckled.

"I've come unasked," answered Wharton quietly. "We had a row the day you came to Greyfriars, Angel—"

"Do you want another?" sneered the Fourth-Former.

"That's what I've come here for."

"Oh, by gad!"

"There's been a good bit of tattle, and I've taken no notice of it," said Wharton. "But it seems pretty clear now that you've been talking like an insolent cad."

"By Jove!"

"According to Hazeldene, you said that I slip round corners when I see you coming, and rot like that."

"Quite so."

"Oh, you admit it?"

"Why not?" said Angel coolly. "You do slip round corners when you see me comin', don't you?"

Skinner and Kenney chortled again. Wharton did not heed them. His eyes were on Angel's mocking face.

"I've avoided you," he said quietly, "partly because you're a measly cad, and

I want to have nothing to do with you, partly because I didn't want mischief-makers to drag me into a row."

"Any excuse is better than none," said Angel. "Why not be quite candid, and admit that you've avoided me because you don't want a lickin'?"

Wharton compressed his lips.

"Will you come into the gym, or have it here?" he asked.

"Have what?"

"The biggest hiding I can give you," answered the captain of the Remove.

Angel laughed.

"By gad! Have you really screwed up your courage to the stickin'-point?" he inquired. "I wondered whether you ever would!"

Wharton breathed hard. He had acted rightly, he knew that, but the cad of the Fourth had quite mistaken him. But the matter was to be settled now, without the shadow of a doubt.

"Will you come down to the gym?" he asked.

"No. I'll kick you out of my study, though, if you don't go!" answered Angel.

"If you'd rather have it here, I don't mind. Come in, you chaps, and close the door."

"What-ho!" said Bob Cherry.

The four Removites came in, and the door was shut. Angel was on his feet now.

"Is this a rag?" he sneered. "Five to one—what?"

"One to one," said Harry. "My friends will see fair play. Are you ready?"

"If you want a lickin', I suppose I can give you one," answered Angel.

"Shove back the table, Kenney, and give us room."

"Have you any gloves here?" asked Nugent.

"I have, but I don't intend to use them!" retorted Angel. "If Wharton doesn't want to be hurt he shouldn't have come here."

"You measly cad!" roared Bob Cherry, unable to contain his wrath any longer. "You haven't a dog's chance, you slacking rotter, if you weren't too conceited to know it!"

"Would you mind yellin' in some other study?" asked Angel. "It rather gets on my nerves."

Bob Cherry made a stride forward; but Wharton pushed him back. He threw his jacket to Nugent.

"Come on, Angel!" he said. "One of your friends can keep time, if you like."

"Not worth while; you won't last out two rounds," said Angel carelessly.

"Well, I'm ready."

The table had been pushed back, and the juniors stood round the walls and the door, as Wharton and Angel met face to face in the middle of the room.

"Time!" said Skinner.

And they started.

Angel was older than Wharton, and taller, and he showed at once that he knew something about boxing. But he was not nearly so fit as the captain of the Remove, and that, too, showed at once.

It was plain that he expected an easy victory; but in a couple of minutes his eyes had been opened on that subject. As he had chosen not to have rounds, the fight went on, ding-dong, without a pause, and ere long Angel had bellows to mend.

A savage expression came over his face, and he fought with concentrated fury. Wharton received a good many hard blows. But what he received in the way of punishment was little to what he gave. His knuckles crashed again and again on the Fourth-Former's face, and

Angel went down at last, with a crash, full length on the floor.

He lay there, panting, his eyes gleaming like a cat's.

Wharton waited quietly for him to rise.

Skinner helped him up, and Angel gasped for breath for a full minute before he toed the line again. Wharton gave him plenty of time.

"You cad!" muttered Angel, as he came on again. "I'll lam you till you can't crawl!"

Wharton made no reply to that.

The fight started again, and went hammer and tongs. The Co. looked on in full confidence, and, as a matter of fact, Skinner and Kenney both shared their opinion that Wharton would prove the victor.

Angel was beginning to think so himself by this time. He was already regretting that he had refused gloves.

But he fought on savagely, taking his punishment—and there was plenty for him to take. One of his eyes was closed now, and the other was blinking, and a stream of red ran from his nose, which did not look so handsome as before.

There were signs of combat on Wharton's face, but not to the same extent.

Angel went down again, crashing, before a straight drive from the shoulder which fairly knocked him out.

Wharton dropped his hands, and waited. The Fourth-Former sat up dazedly. He gasped and gasped, as if he would never cease gasping.

"Go it!" murmured Kenney, helping him up.

Angel made a furious rush at the captain of the Remove. Wharton did not recede an inch. He drove aside the furious blows aimed at his face, and struck out with equal fierceness, and the impetus of Angel's rush added to the force of the blow he received fairly between the eyes.

The Fourth-Former went down as if he had been shot.

He groaned as he lay on the floor. Kenney stepped forward, and helped him into a sitting posture.

"Goin' on?" he asked doubtfully.

A groan was the only reply.

"Looks like the finish," remarked Bob Cherry.

"The finishfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bob!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "The lessonfulness may also be useful and a stitch in time."

Wharton looked down at the groaning blackguard of the Fourth.

"Are you done?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, hang you!" panted Angel. "I'll make you suffer for this! Hang you!"

Wharton smiled contemptuously, and took his jacket from Nugent.

"We're finished here," he remarked.

And, without another glance at Angel, the captain of the Remove quitted the study with his chums.

Angel crawled to his feet, and sank, gasping, into an armchair. He dabbed his handkerchief to his nose, and it came away crimson.

"By gad, you'll look a sight, after that!" remarked Skinner.

"Oh, shut up!"

Skinner shrugged his shoulders, and left the study. And Kenney was soon driven away by the string of curses that poured from Aubrey Angel's lips.

Kenney had his limits, and he drew the line at that. Angel rose at last, and looked at his face in the glass, and a torrent of savage exclamations broke from him. He left the study, to seek a bath-room and bathe his damaged features.

"Great pip!"

Temple, Dabney, & Co. were coming

up the passage, and they stopped to stare at him.

"How on earth did you get like that?" asked Temple.

"Wharton!" said Angel, between his teeth.

Temple laughed.

"Oh, you've found out that Wharton wasn't funk'n'?" he grinned. "Angel, old man, you've got exactly what you wanted, an' I hope it will do you good!"

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

Which was all the sympathy Aubrey Angel received from his former friend, and, doubtless, all he deserved.

(Don't miss "KICKING OVER THE TRACES!"—next Monday's grand complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

The Editor's Chat.

For Next Monday :

"KICKING OVER THE TRACES!"

by Frank Richards.

We hear more of Aubrey Angel in this story, and think worse of him after hearing it. He takes up Sir Jimmy Vivian in order to rook him, takes him into bad company, and then—but I must not give away too much of the story. Sir Jimmy is deaf to all argument. Wharton and others try to keep him off, and Mauly is very anxious indeed about it all; but the schoolboy baronet from the slums is ready to quarrel with even his best friends for the sake of Angel, who exercises over him a tremendous fascination. I think you will all like this story, and more particularly the end of it, where Sir Jimmy, for all his roughness and his wretched early life, shows what an essentially decent little chap he is.

LIST OF GREYFRIARS STORIES IN THE "MAGNET" (continued).

- 325.—"Coker's Plot."
- 326.—"The Uninvited Guests."
- 327.—"Rough on Coker!"
- 328.—"Cornered!"
- 329.—"The Boy from the Farm."
- 330.—"The Wrong Sort."
- 331.—"The Missing Master."
- 332.—"The Greyfriars Trippers."
- 333.—"The Dark Horse."
- 334.—"The Shadow of the Past."
- 335.—"Looking After Uncle."
- 336.—"Wun Lung's Wheeze."
- 337.—"My Lord Fish."
- 338.—"The Match With St. Jim's."
- 339.—"Self-Condemed."
- 340.—"Harry Wharton & Co.'s Holiday."
- 341.—"Wild Women at Greyfriars."
- 342.—"Coker's Conquests."
- 343.—"A Cool Card."
- 344.—"Ructions at Highcliffe."
- 345.—"Spirited Away!"
- 346.—"Hard Up!"
- 347.—"Changed by Adversity."
- 348.—"The Greyfriars Spy-Hunters."
- 349.—"Won by Pluck."
- 350.—"Foiling the Foe."
- 351.—"The Photo Prize."
- 352.—"Looking for Alonzo."
- 353.—"The Reign of Terror."
- 354.—"The Black Footballers."
- 355.—"Fagging for Coker."
- 356.—"The Snob of the Remove."
- 357.—"The Return of the Prodigal."
- 358.—"Billy Bunter's Uncle."
- 359.—"The Patriotic Schoolmaster."
- 360.—"Skinner's Scheme."

NOTICES.

Miscellaneous and Amateur Magazines.

E. A. Cowle, c/o T. J. Hosking, Dockhead Ironworks, S.E. 1, wants readers and contributors for "Clerks' Own Magazine." Contributions paid for after second month's issue.

F. Rosenberg, 70, Southfield Road, Broadwater, Worthing, Sussex, wants a small printing-machine.

E. Issalene, 41, MacAlaine Street, Glasgow, wants small printing-machine.

YOUR EDITOR.

A Great New Serial Story.**THE BROWN TORRENT.****BY SIDNEY DREW.****A Thrilling Story of Adventure, in which Ferrers Lord, Ching-Lung, Gan-Waga, the Eskimo, and other Popular Characters, play their parts.****NEW READERS START HERE.**

Rupert Thurston buys an idol bearing the inscription, "I am Sharpra the Stumberer, and at my awakening the world shall tremble!" Ferrers Lord, Ching-Lung, Gan-Waga, Maddock, Prout, and O'Rooney arrive. The idol's eyes are seen to open, and with a terrific crash the hotel collapses.

A lank Indian, named Gadra Singh, is employed as cook; and the one-time rebel, Larput Raj, is the shikari. While watching the idol he sees its eyes open, but they quickly shut.

Duke Payton arrives and joins the expedition to the cactus country. They are out hunting a tiger, and Ching-Lung manages to shoot it. They find a blue-eyed native who has been killed by a python, and bury him. Maddock, Gan-Waga, Barry O'Rooney, and the cook are left in camp. Some rebelling natives fire on them. The natives are beaten, and the party proceeds in peace to Dandu's village. Barry accidentally releases Rosti, the python. Barry, Maddock, and Prout go to get Gan-Waga's fowl. Through his field-glasses Ferrers Lord sees a horde of natives advancing. Gadra Singh's rifle goes off, and is a signal for the attack. The natives are badly beaten.

(Now read on.)**The Fight (continued).**

"I was just coming to relieve you, Ching," he said. "There is nothing new, I suppose?"

"There's a lot of hammering going on, chief," said the prince. "It started a couple of hours ago, and they are still at it. We can't make out what the beggars are up to. It seems to be a good way off. You'll hear it directly you get outside."

The first gust of wind that met him as he left the tent brought the sound to the millionaire's ears. Prout was leaning against the parapet. He had made a fire in a leaky bucket borrowed from Gadra Singh.

"Just like a machine-gun drumming away," he said, saluting Ferrers Lord. "There seems no end to it."

Payton's figure loomed up in the ruddy glow of the fire.

"They're pretty busy out there, sir," said Duke Payton, "preparing some sort of mischief for us. I wonder what it is?"

"Probably knocking together some wooden tanks, hoping they will stop bullets after the hide ones proved such a failure," said Ferrers Lord. "Is the Eskimo still up there?"

"No, sir; it's O'Rooney," said Prout. "That's Gan-Waga snoring in the corner there, sir. He would have stuck it all night; but the prince fetched him down."

Ferrers Lord made the climb and joined O'Rooney. A few star-shells failed to reveal the cause of the mysterious hammering.

The weather grew worse. The vagaries of Sharpra seemed to have upset it completely. Towards morning a heavy downpour set in. This time the blue nose belonged to Mr. Barry O'Rooney, and Maddock did not forget to tell him about it in scathing terms. And still the strange hammering went on.

"I'd give something to know what they're doing, chief," said Rupert Thurston. "They can't be knocking rafts together all that distance away from the water."

"Larput Raj offered to go over and see last night, but I thought it too risky," said Ferrers Lord. "It would not do to lose the shikari, for it would upset the bearers. He has them well in hand. How do you find them, Payton?"

"Oh, I think they are staunch and loyal enough!" said Payton. "They don't mind the cold, but they are like cats in the rain—pretty miserable. A bit of sunshine would hearten them up; but we don't look like getting any," he added, glancing at the threatening sky. "It's this volcanic business playing ducks and drakes with things."

The bearers were not the only members of the expedition who were under the influence of the unkindly weather. Mr. Thomas Prout encountered Gadra Singh. The cook was attired in a sack. He had thrust his arms through two holes cut in the corners and drawn the garment over his lean body. The sack was marked "One shilling charged on this if not returned." The cook was carrying some dried fish, and he reminded Prout of an eel in a bag.

"By honey, who's your tailor, Gad?"

grinned Prout. "You look elegant! I'd return you quick and get that shilling if I had half a chance. Hallo! Let me look a minute. Is that stuff any good?"

He examined the cord thrust through the gills of the fish, and tried to break it, but failed, though his hands were very powerful. Prout cut the line, tossed the fish to the cook, and made for the tent. Ching-Lung was there.

"Look at this stuff, sir!" said Prout. "It's the sort of fishing-line Dandu's chaps use, and, by honey, it's as light as a feather and as strong as steel wire! I can't smash it. If we could get enough of it I'd soon find out what the brown polishes were hammering about. This stuff would hold a team of wild horses. I'd rig up a kite, sir."

"Not a bad notion," said Ching-Lung. "You'd better speak to the chief, Tom. The wind looks like backing at last."

Ferrers Lord despatched the shikari to Dandu, and Dandu sent humble respects to Azada. His brother had great quantities of fishing-lines, all sound and new, and these would be sent to the sahib without delay.

So Prout, Maddock, and Barry O'Rooney were busy. With needle and thread the three mariners were as expert as tailors. For the framework of the man-lifting kite Dandu provided the same wood as his warriors used for their bows. It was as tough and springy as lancewood, but much lighter. They had plenty of thin, strong canvas. And just as the kite was ready the wind dropped to a calm, and the sun shone down bright and warm through a widening rift in the grey clouds.

"Did ye ever see the loike of ut?" grumbled Barry O'Rooney. "It's as contrary as ould Weepin' Willie, the mule. Av we was to tear the thing up O'll wager noinepence ut would sthert blowin' great guns and tornadoes. A koite widout wind is about as useless as a bunghole widout a barrel. Och, ut's nearly as useless as that candle-chewin' Iskimo who squats there grinnin' at us. Away, ye haythin, afore Oi jab a needle into your leg!"

Barry's lamentations were unnecessary, for, half an hour later, a fairly stiff breeze sprang up from the south that deadened the noise of hammering, as it carried the sound away from them.

A trial flight was made with a sack of earth instead of a human passenger. The kite flew well. Every inch of the line had been carefully tested. Prout and Maddock rigged a windlass. At last the kite was hauled in and sent up again. This time it carried an observer in the person of Ching-Lung, to the vast wonder of Dandu and his warriors, and also of the enemy.

Ching-Lung balanced himself in the swaying trapeze. Harmless arrows that fell short were fired at him as he soared high over the ravine. His binoculars hung beside him. He signalled for more line, and reached for his camera, exposing several films in quick succession. He was not interested very much at the moment in what was happening more immediately below him. He took up his binoculars and looked ahead.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed. "What's this circus? What are they letting loose on us now?"

He let the glasses swing back on their cord, and grasped a couple of flags. His message was startling:

"Big wooden fortress on the move—a sort of Juggernaut car. They're rushing it up at full speed."

The prince looked again. The structure was being dragged over the grass by dozens of straining ponies and hundreds of men. It was mounted on clumsy wheels. There was a lofty tower in front that swayed so violently that the whole thing threatened to overturn. Then, as the top of the tower came into view above the ridge, and advanced no farther, Ferrers Lord glanced up at the pace of the thin clouds. The kite lurched, and sank a dozen yards.

"Haul in!" cried the millionaire. "We are losing the breeze! There won't be enough to hold her up in a few minutes!"

They wound at the windlass, but the pace was not fast enough.

"Quick, old wolf, and bring thy bearers!" said Ferrers Lord to the shikari. "We need more speed than this!"

He sprang up and grasped the line. At a shout from Larput Raj the bearers came bounding out of the trenches. The brief spell of sunshine had made new men of them. They took their places and backed away swiftly, paying in the line from hand to hand. It was an anxious moment. Losing the breeze, the kite wobbled, and came down with a run. Ching-Lung hanging from the trapeze with both hands.

"Jump, sir—jump for it, souse me!" roared Maddock, spreading out his brawny arms.

The prince let go. The shock was too much for Maddock. He staggered, and stumbled backwards with Ching-Lung in his embrace just as the kite dived and struck the ground.

Ching-Lung was not hurt, but the gallant bos'un was knocked out for several seconds. O'Rooney comforted him with a tot of brandy.

"He smokes wance more," said Barry, "and the light comes back to his swate blue oies and the blush of health to his cheeks and nose. Did he fall or was he pushed? Ben, bhoy, ut's out of sorts you must be, or you wouldn't let a thrifle loike that upset you. We must give you a tonic—cod-liver oil, or something tasty and strengthening."

"Oh, push off!" growled Maddock. "Push off, or, souse me, I'll give you something you'll be able to taste for a whole week! It shook me up. I didn't think the prince was so heavy. What's the sense in—"

"Thanks very much, Ben!" said Ching-Lung, holding out his hand. "I should have come down with a bit of a bump if it hadn't been for you. I've not hurt you very much, I hope? You were as good as an air-cushion to me."

"Oh, I'm not hurt, sir!" said Maddock, springing to his feet. He felt in his pocket, and grinned as he took out a clay pipe. "Souse me, that's all right! It's just starting

to colour a treat, and if I'd broke that I should have been wild! It smokes as sweet as a nut. What's that rabbit-utch for?"

They were all watching the wooden structure, or as much of it as was visible above the ridge.

"Describe it, Ching," said Ferrers Lord.

"What is the lower portion of it like?"

"I can't describe it very accurately, chief," said the prince, "as I saw it mostly end on. It's on wheels, nine or ten on each side, I fancy. So it's a pretty good length and fairly high, not counting that tower thing. At the base of the tower I think there are a couple of big boulders fastened with ropes. Look! It's wobbling again, and on the move."

They could hear the structure grunting and squeaking. Yard by yard it travelled on behind the ridge, accompanied by a clamour of yells and shouts and cracking whips.

"Take your men along, Payton," said the millionaire. "They are finding it too heavy to bring up the rise. They mean to attack at the bridge we blew up, I think. They may be able to run it down the slope there."

"Shall we take the machine-gun up there?" asked Thurston. "That's evidently their plan."

"Better not, Rupert. We can easily hurry it up if it's wanted. They may attack in two places at once, and this is the real danger-point. And yet, I don't know."

It was a rare thing for Ferrers Lord to hesitate. They were surprised, for he was generally so swift in judgment and quick in action. He stood with wrinkled forehead, watching the swaying top of this crude and curious engine of war.

"They will be half an hour getting that thing up into position," he said. "Evidently it does not run on ball-bearings."

"She was moving fast enough on the flat when I first saw her, chief," said Ching-Lung—"quite at a canter."

"Yes; but the thing is on the slant now, and unless they are very careful they'll overturn it. Was the camera smashed?"

O'Rooney handed it to him, and the camera did not appear to be damaged.

Ferrers Lord turned to Prout.

"Yes, take the machine-gun up," he said. "I have discovered what that arrangement is for. Make a few bombs."

Ferrers Lord developed the photographs, dried the films in alcohol, and took a few prints. He studied these for some time, but they were of little value at the moment.

The tower had shifted on its way by slow and laborious degrees. The millionaire knew quite well why it had been built, and for what purpose. He walked along the trench, the shikari following him like a shadow.

The motion of the tower quickened. Horns blared. And then suddenly in the gap that led to the shattered bridge hundreds of brown figures appeared, dragging ropes, and vanished into cover to the left of the gap. It was a rush that only the machine-gun could have checked with a quick burst of fire.

Ammunition was not scarce, but the millionaire had wisely decided not to waste a single cartridge, but to save them to repel attacks. Ponies followed in little bunches at a quick gallop, each with a rider on its back. Then horns blared again, and the ropes tightened and strained. It was not enough. More brown figures raced past to give their aid. Rumbling, swaying, creaking, and groaning, the queer structure rolled into view on twenty lumbering wheels.

"A bridge!" cried Payton.

"By the rifle the Viceroy gave me, sahib," said Larput Raj. "those brown rabbits are worthier of my bullets than first I deemed them!"

The Fall of the Bridge.

IT was a monstrous affair, roughly but strongly built. That they should have collected the materials and put it together in so short a space of time was a constructive feat worthy of admiration. The rear portion was a vast double-decked waggon, the roof folding back on itself. They could see that the lower portion was crowded with men, while the upper portion was empty. On either side of the tower, as Ching-Lung had reported, were two enormous boulders, firmly roped, balanced on a platform of un-barked, rough-hewn logs. From his watch-tower Maddock was signalling. The millionaire waved his handkerchief, and the flags began to talk.

"They're coming over the top," said the flags, "and lining up right and left at right-angles to the ravine. Ten thousand men easy. Spears flashing back of ridge. Serious posi-

tion. Dying for a smoke. Prout has got my matches."

Prout searched his pockets, and he looked back over his shoulder and read the hos'un's statement.

"By honey, what a lovely liar, Barry!" he said indignantly. "I ain't got his matches. I lent 'em to Gan-Waga."

"Bedad, Oi belave ye!" said Mr. O'Rooney, with a grin. "It's about the only thing ye'd lend to anywan—something you'd borrowed. Heads, heads! Moind yours especially, Tom, for we're purty short of glue to patch up the wooden sthuff. Duck, ould son. And very loike you'll be wantin' a hair-cut wid a saw av ye got ut full of arrows. Heads, heads!"

Prout snorted, and gave his machine-gun a friendly pat. The arrows came in buzzing, whistling clouds. Settling his pipe firmly between his strong teeth, Prout waited for the tap on the shoulder from the millionaire's cane—the signal to let loose his bullets. The signal was not given. The great machine wobbled, obeying the strain of the rear ropes, pulled by invisible hands. It was jointed in the centre, and the back portion slowly straightened till the tower was facing the ravine.

Faster and faster came the arrows, till the timbered barricade bristled with them. The bearers were holding their breath, and excitement made the rifles tremble in their hands.

Payton glanced wonderingly at the millionaire. They had all sunk like trained pointers at the wave of his hand. He and Larput Raj alone stood erect, careless of the arrows.

The shikari's chest heaved up and down, every muscle quivering. Then he whirled round, and clapped the Viceroy's rifle to his naked shoulder. He fired one shot into the scrub on their own side of the ravine.

The next moment unseen knives and hatchets severed the ropes, and the whole of the structure moaned and squeaked. The porous ground had dried swiftly and hardened sufficiently to carry the great weight.

Prout was an old fighting-man, seldom troubled by nerves, but the perspiration oozed from his forehead. Still the poised cane did not drop on his shoulder. Instead, the millionaire tucked it under his arm, and took a cigarette from his case. He bent down and lighted it from the glowing bowl of Prout's pipe. Down the slope rolled the timber monster, as if to hurl itself into the ravine.

The shikari glanced with flashing eyes up and down the trench.

"The man who fires until the great sahib gives consent I slay!" he shouted to the bearers. "Hearts of mud! Do you fear this wooden box? Do you fear those brown muskrats? Hold, I say! Does not the great sahib know best?"

The pace of the cumbersome machine quickened. They watched with fascinated attention. Hard as the ground was, the many wheels cut deep furrows. Rocking from side to side, it rumbled close to the brink of the chasm. The boulders toppled from the platform, and, feeling the terrific weight, the tower dropped into a perpendicular position, half bridging the ravine.

At once the upper deck of the great car lifted clear, and slid forward over the half-bridge to complete the span. It was twelve feet short. Out of the car swarmed the warriors with their gleaming spears and a thud of sandalled feet, and behind them crowded hundreds more, rushing along the platform.

Too late the foremost realised what Ferrers Lord had already realised so unerringly as he had measured the ungainly machine with his eye. The bridge was far too short. Dozens of the warriors attempted the leap. They could not afford to take prisoners, for they could spare no men to guard such dangerous people, and had no food to spare. It was grim war.

The millionaire flicked his cane, and rifles barked at the jumping figures, while the machine-gun remained silent. And then, under the press and weight of human bodies, the bridge collapsed with a splintering noise, and the whole structure, as the bank crumbled, went hurtling into the ravine, piling its shattered bulk below the masses of rock displaced by the explosion. The next instant Prout felt a tap on his shoulder, and the machine-gun rattled its war-song across the chasm and poured death into the ranks of the brown warriors who had gathered to follow up the first charge. The luckier ones fled right and left. It was over.

"Didst thou slay thy fox, old wolf?" asked Ferrers Lord. "He was a big fox to miss."

"What is it, sir?" asked Duke Payton. "I saw Larput Raj fire back."

"Zapra, the priest," said Ferrers Lord. "The shikari has been watching him. The treacherous old medicine-man has been signalling to these brown chaps. No doubt there are some snake-worshippers amongst them, and that is how he got in touch with them. He has been busy trying to persuade Dandu's brother to turn the Dahrans against us and cut our throats. Let us see if your rifle failed thee, old wolf. Zapra, the priest, had great witchcraft against bullets."

All Zapra's witchcraft had failed him at last. He was lying on his back behind a bush, his fleshy face and fishy, sightless eyes turned towards the cloud-flecked sky. Beside him were three earthen pots filled with glowing charcoal, and three boxes containing some kind of powder that threw up smoke of different colours when a pinch was sprinkled on the charcoal.

"It was a green smoke I saw," said Larput Raj. "Its reason I could not read, sahib, but for us I knew it meant treason and evil. See where my bullet struck him—right through his false heart." The shikari made the sign that guards against the evil eye. "The upper earth will be cleaner when we have put him beneath it. Truly I am no lover of fakirs and witch-mongers. I will send my men and put him out of sight. It was a good bullet, and well aimed."

"The sooner you get him out of sight the better," said Payton. "If you place any value on your own skin keep it a profound secret. It's no joke to kill a priest, and some of these Dahrans may resent it and be after your blood, shikari. Let the old man disappear mysteriously. That is my advice to you. I warn you because I wish you well."

Larput Raj frowned. Ferrers Lord was well aware that there was an enmity between the shikari and Duke Payton, though he did not know the cause of it. He was also well aware that they respected one another. They had been at strife—the shikari a rebel, Payton Sahib the representative of law and order, whose duty it was to suppress rebels and rebellions. On that account a fighting-man like Larput Raj would scarcely bear malice, even if he had been defeated.

"What is this trouble between you two, Payton?" asked the millionaire when they were alone.

"It's rather curious," said Payton, with a laugh. "With all my experience I can't get right under the skins of these people to understand them properly. When Larput Raj and his tribesmen were up in arms I had to give them a very bad hammering. After an astonishing lot of trouble I persuaded the shikari to make an honourable peace. He was hard hit, and very bitter at the time. He promised that my fate would be the fate of his tribesmen—that is, to be killed fighting. He put a kind of curse on me to that effect. Though he pretends to scoff at fakirs and wizards, he's really as superstitious as the rest of them. He was always a clean, honest fighter, and after the Viceroy had made a bit of a fuss of him I think he was sorry for what he had said to me. It's the sort of thing that, from his point of view, cannot be taken back. I believe he would do it if he could. And you know that with these people it is always bad luck to be in the company of a man with a curse on his head. The bearers obey me, but they are rather afraid of me."

"Yes, they are very difficult to understand," said the millionaire thoughtfully. "To us it is a very foolish thing, and yet they take it seriously. It's beastly having to kill these brown chaps, but when it comes to a matter of killing or being killed, there is only one choice. If Nacha and the boy fail us, the shikari's curse looks like being widely distributed, Payton."

"Or if they break through, sir. They've had a couple of nasty lessons, but I don't think they are likely to stop. Compared with their numbers, they were only a couple of skirmishes. We're not out of the wood yet. These chaps are triers."

Payton went back to the camp to shave and polish his boots and finger-nails and brush every spot of mud off his clothes. There was a lot of water in the ravine dammed up behind the fallen rocks and the wreckage of the wooden structure, and a good deal was pouring over. If more rain came the bottom of the ravine would soon be a torrent.

All was quiet until after midnight. Ching-Lung passed up the lines under a gray-blue sky ablaze with stars. The night was filled with noises that he did not understand, but the sounds told him that the enemy was busy. Gan-Waga was with him. The fighting did not alarm or interest the Eskimo very much.

He objected to it chiefly because in such stern times he could not very well play any jokes on Prout, O'Rooney, Maddock, and the cook.

"They makes a lots of rows, Chingy, old dears," he said. "What they doings now, hunk?"

"I'm sorry I can't enlighten you, Wagtail," said Ching-Lung. "Arranging some sort of a birthday-party for us, I expect. It sounds as if they were throwing pianos downstairs, doesn't it? Are you there, Payton?"

"Here I am, prince!" answered Payton's voice. "You'll fall over me if you aren't careful. It's dark, in spite of all that show of stars, isn't it? We'll put one of our own up, and see what the beggars are doing. 'Ware arrows!'"

The star-shell soared up and burned clearly. The warriors were building a mound not far from the opposite edge of the ravine. It was rising as if at the touch of a magic wand. From the higher ground that sheltered them on either side they came in countless streams, carrying shields, piled with soil, on their heads. So swiftly had they worked, and so great were their numbers, that the mound was already breast-high and perfectly bullet-proof. At the flare of the shell there was a rush for cover behind the bank of soil.

"What's this latest trick?" asked Payton. "I don't like it."

In the fading glare of the star-shell he looked round, and saw Ferrers Lord standing behind him with folded arms.

"We must stop this, gentlemen," said the millionaire, in his deep, quiet voice, "or it will soon be all over with us."

A New Ruse.

CHING-LUNG broke the momentary silence that followed.

"I don't quite know how we're going to stop it without high-explosive," he said; "and that's what we haven't got. When they get that mud-heap high enough I suppose they'll start building another of those fancy bridges behind it. Their chief engineer—if they have one—is a sort of prehistoric genius."

The work was going on again in spite of the darkness.

"It strikes me that it will be something more substantial than a wooden bridge next time," said Ferrers Lord.

"They intend to fill in the ravine, sir?" asked Payton. "That's what they are after, I'm certain."

"That is my opinion, Payton."

It seemed a terrific task, but, with thousands of men at work, not at all an impossible one. It was plain to all that if they succeeded the end could not be far off.

A second star-shell and a few rifle-bullets caused another stoppage.

"Send along to the camp for the rock-drill and tackle, Ching," said the millionaire, taking off his coat. "Keep them as quiet as you can for an hour or two, Payton. You might rig up some kind of a trench-mortar and drop a few bombs over the mound. Use up the empty bully-beef tins and anything else suitable for the bombs."

"I'll take that in hand, chief," said the prince—"that is, unless you want me to go down with you."

Ching-Lung let no grass grow beneath his feet. He brought back a dozen of Dandu's men with him, the pick of the chief's javelin-throwers, and a tin of paraffin. He set the warriors to unravel a sack and to tie the bunches of tow to the top of the spears.

Dandu quickly understood what was wanted. In the gloom he lined his warriors up behind the trench.

Ching-Lung struck a match and ignited the tow, which had been saturated with paraffin. The blazing spears went whirling across the ravine. Several of them embedded themselves in the mound.

"While we keep that up and put a few bullets over there won't be much done, Payton," he said. "Now it's my turn."

A number of rough bombs had already been prepared—disused tins with wooden handles. They were somewhat crude. Ching-Lung lighted the fuse of one of them, and flung it, hissing, across the ravine. It exploded behind the mound with a crash, a flash of red flame, and a gush of smoke. It could not have been very deadly, for it was only loaded with pebbles and chips of granite, but the novelty of it caused a stampede.

(Next week's instalment is a specially exciting one, and you must not miss it on any account!)

THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 82.—PATRICK GWYNNE.

G WYNNE cannot be left out of the Gallery. It would be counted as an injustice to Ireland if he were omitted; and one must avoid any suspicion of that sort of thing. No, I am not sneering—it is hardly in my line. As I have said before, some of the dearest friends I have had were Irish. I was about to say Irishmen, but they were not all men. I recall one dear old lady, transplanted in her age from Galway to South Wales, who treated the Sassenach youth like a son; and memories of more than one fair, frank Irish girl linger with me. As for the men—bless them!—there were at least half a score whom I counted at one time or another among the friends of a wandering life; to whom I would have gone in trouble, and who would, I know, have come to me in trouble. For their sake I have always had a very soft spot in my heart for green, fair Ireland—isle of saints and heroes, as well as of Sinn Feiners and Land Leaguers. If I see her faults, so also do I see the faults of my own country, and love neither the less for them.

An Irish fellow at an English public school is usually popular. Few people can resist the charm of the right sort of Irishman. He has a keen sense of humour; he is plucky, with a

They appreciate his easy-going good humour, and know that he can always be relied upon for fair play. But Skinner and his set do not precisely love Gwynne. The story in which the Irish prefect was most prominent turns partly upon this dislike of theirs.

Skinner and Snoop had been caught by Gwynne smoking behind the wood-shed, and he had given them a hundred lines each—quite a light penalty. In revenge, they were sewing up the sleeves of his overcoat—a coat of marked pattern, difficult to mistake for any other at Greyfriars—when the Famous Five came upon the scene. At Bob Cherry's suggestion Skinner and Snoop were sewn together down the trousers, and sent out thus into the passage for the amusement of Greyfriars. Wharton took the coat back to its owner's study, and Carne saw him with it, and accused him of playing tricks. Gwynne took Wharton's word that he had not been the trickster, and forbore to cane him, as he had at first intended. Outside, Carne taxed Wharton with lying himself out of a scrape. There was a scuffle, and a box of cigarettes was dropped—by Carne. Mr. Quelch came up, and Carne lied himself out of that scrape by saying that the cigarettes were Wharton's. Mr. Quelch found it hard to credit; but Loder backed up Carne, averring that he knew Carne to be the soul of honour—but Loder's notions as to the meaning of that phrase are doubtless all his own. The Famous Five plotted to get even with Carne by locking him out when he broke bounds at night, as they knew well he was in the habit of doing.

They watched out for Carne. But the breaker of bounds, the gay dog, the blade, turned out to be Gwynne!

So, at least, it seemed to them. There was little light; and that Carne should try on such a mean dodge as going out in Gwynne's conspicuous overcoat, thus throwing blame upon the Irish prefect instead of upon himself, if he were seen, did not occur to them, well as they knew Arthur Carne.

They were badly upset. "How rotten it was that an honest, honourable fellow like old Gwynne should have fallen a prey to the tempter!" they thought.

Skinner heard them talking it over in the dormitory, when they thought him asleep, and fancied that he had the whip-hand over Gwynne. He told the five, sneeringly, that they had better go and preach to Gwynne, as their moral homilies had brought about the reformation of the Bounder. He blackmailed them, and they submitted to his extortions for Gwynne's sake. He tried to force Wharton to put him into the Remove footer team. But he carried the business much too far when he smoked under Gwynne's nose. The cane came into play then.

Skinner threatened to go to the Head and sneak. Gwynne, quite innocent of anything he was ashamed of, wanted to know what Skinner was going to tell the Head. The Famous Five were brought into the matter. They did not split upon Carne; they did not know that it was Carne. But Gwynne, for all his easy, good nature, is shrewd enough. He guessed. Carne was fetched, and the truth was brought to light. The punishment Gwynne inflicted upon the fellow who played him so dirty a trick was characteristic. He did not report him; he did not make him take a flogging, as he might well have done. He simply insisted upon his going to Mr. Quelch and owning up that the cigarette were his, not Wharton's.

Carne hated it, of course; but he went. There is a good deal of the cur in Carne; and he was getting off more lightly than Wingate, for instance, would have let him off. But you may be sure that he has not forgotten or forgiven that humiliation; and it is likely enough that some day he will try to get his own back upon Gwynne.

He will hardly succeed. The Irish prefect is pretty well able to take care of himself; and even false accusations, backed though they may be by what seems like absolute proof, fall to the ground when made against a fellow whose record is clean—as is Gwynne's. They may meet with success at the outset; but soon something or other happens to show their falsity.



Patrick Gwynne.

pluck that has often a tinge of recklessness about it; and there are not many who really dislike genial recklessness, even though they may exclaim against it when it is manifested; he is good-tempered in the main, if apt to be fiery on occasion; and, though he may frequently do foolish things, you don't catch him doing mean ones.

That is the sort of fellow Gwynne is. He has not the qualities of leadership that distinguish that other fine Irish prefect, Kildare of St. Jim's. Gwynne's office sits lightly enough upon him, I should say. That does not mean that he neglects his duties; but he does not take them quite as solemnly as some of his colleagues.

Now that poor Courtney—but it may be that the adjective is a wrong one, for there is nothing for which one need mourn in so fine a death as Arthur Courtney died—has passed from Greyfriars for ever, Patrick Gwynne is Wingate's closest chum. This is in itself a recommendation. For you may be sure that the closest chum of a fine, high-spirited fellow like George Wingate will be all right.

Gwynne is on the best of terms with the majority of his own Form—the Sixth—though it is not probable that Loder and Carne are at all fond of him. He is also particularly popular among the juniors of the right sort.