

"THE SCHOOLBOY PROTECTORS!"

A Magnificent Long Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co.

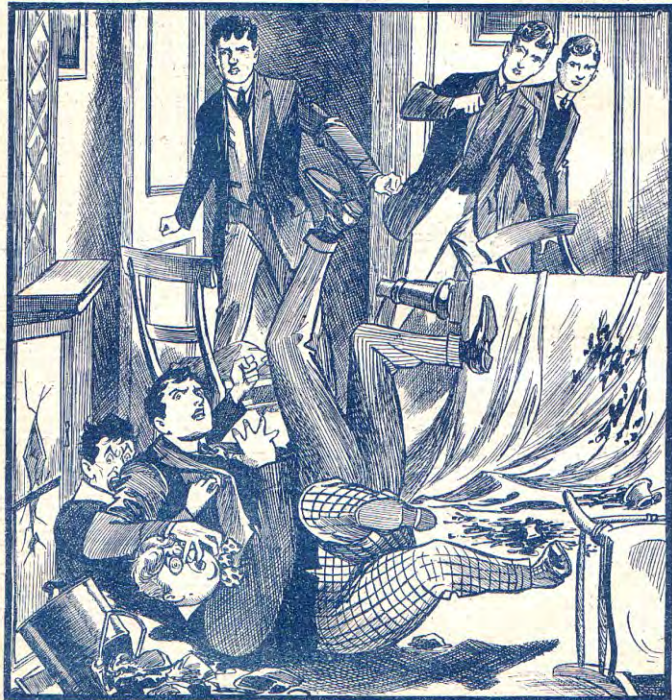


The Magnet Library

With which is incorporated
The Greyfriars Herald.

No. 683. Vol. XVIII.

March 12th, 1921.



RUCTIONS IN COKER'S STUDY!

(A Surprise for the Great Horace.)

The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

For our next week's issue we have another magnificent long complete story of Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars, entitled:

"BUNTER THE SWOT!"

By Frank Richards.

In this story we have Billy Bunter in yet another scrape. He has lied to his uncle so often that he is the best scholar in the Remove, that one day uncle takes it into his head to visit Greyfriars and see his wonderful nephew. He writes Billy to this effect, and Billy naturally gets alarmed. There is only one thing to do—and Billy has to do it. He avows.

But, unfortunately for him, he is unable to keep it up for long. The swotter therefore turns his brains from his books to schemes. You'll read all about the result in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY.

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" SUPPLEMENT.

There will also be another supplement in next week's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY. It will, as usual, be packed full of fun and fiction, contributed by the boys of Greyfriars. There will be at least one short complete story, and many other interesting features. Billy Bunter has his "kollum" all to himself, as he is promised to contribute to the "Herald."

While on the subject of supplements, I will take the opportunity to answer many correspondents who have asked for another edition of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

I am afraid the great William George finds it all he can do to prepare the supplement he is running in our companion paper, "The Popular." Harry Wharton & Co., needless to say, are glad to see Billy has found a "home" for his "Weekly" in another paper, for it leaves the way clear for themselves. Readers who like "Billy Bunter's Weekly" supplement are therefore advised to get this week's copy of "The Popular."

"THE POPULAR!"

This week's issue of our companion paper, "The Popular," contains two grand long complete school stories. One of them deals with the early days of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, and should greatly interest all readers of the MAGNET. For they tell of the coming of different boys to the school.

The other complete school story is of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood. The story also deals with the early days at Rookwood—when Jimmy Silver & Co. probably had their best time at the school. The yarns are packed full of fun.

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and adventure, and are bound to appeal to all school-story lovers.

Then there is a magnificent supplement—old readers of the MAGNET have sampled it. It is entitled "Billy Bunter's Weekly"—and contributors are found from St. Jim's, Greyfriars, and Rookwood.

A simple competition for money prizes, and a splendid detective serial help to make the

"POPULAR!"

second only to the MAGNET LIBRARY in excellence. Look out for the cover

This is Next Friday's Cover of



PRESS DAY IN THE EDITOR'S DEN!

MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY!

reproduced above—and get a copy on Friday.

NOTICES.

Special Football Notice.

As it is getting late in the season, I am putting this reader's notice under a special heading.

Matches wanted for junior boys under 16, home and away, Sheffield district preferred.—Write W. E. Hill, Secretary, Longden's A. Football Club, 62, Bramwell Street, Sheffield.

The members of this team are been readers of the MAGNET and "Popular."—so here's a chance for the boys of Sheffield to know who's who! Write to the secretary, and even if you don't get a chance to play this season, doubtless

there will be some football played next season. The earlier you join or get up a team to meet the Longden Club—well, the nicer it will be for all concerned!

Football.

J. Warrington, age 14, 153, Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, N.4, wants place in good team; right winger or back; radius two miles.

R.A.F.C., medium; average age 14; have vacancies for matches, home and away.—F. Clare, 65, Union Street, Rotherhithe, S.E. 16.

Wilfred Read, 103, Nicander Road, Selson Park, Liverpool, requires correspondence with readers anywhere, aged 12-15.

Austin J. Cleary, 12, Woodland Avenue, Higher Broughton, Manchester, would like to correspond with readers (16-19), in Australia, America, and Canada.

John French, 850, Rochdale Road, Manchester, England, would like to correspond with readers (16-19), in Australia, America, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa.

Amateur Magazine's.

S. G. Cusley, 95, Rodenhurst Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W., would like to hear from readers who are interested in amateur magazines.

F. J. White asks for more members for his Comet League Correspondence Club.—Address, 46, Black Lion Lane, Hamersmith, W.C. 6. Over 200 readers of the MAGNET enrolled.

H. E. Percival, c/o Dock P.O., Southampton, asks for correspondents in South Hants, Guernsey, or Isle of Wight.

Will Ruth Vinos, of Johannesburg, write to Wally at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, London, as he has mislaid her address?

Replies in Brief.

David Anderson (Dundee).—Welcome, new reader! Glad you like the MAGNET LIBRARY. It is very good of you to send me such kind wishes—when you've only known me a few weeks. Write again soon, and let me have your address. I will write to you then.

Dorald Whiting (Hull).—Thanks for your letter, my chum. It's just fine reading, such helpful, interesting communications. Best of luck in your studies!

Your Editor



The Schoolboy Protectors!

A Magnificent Long Complete School Story dealing with a strange adventure which befalls the Famous Five . . . and Blundell of the Fifth. . .

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Fish, the Detective!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! There's something doing on Big Side, chaps!" said Bob Cherry. "Well, no, and have a look!" said Harry Wharton.

"The lookfulness will be terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

A dozen or so Remorites, led by the Famous Five, had just come from Little Side, where Harry Wharton & Co. had been spending the hour before tea at looter practice. Sounds of cheering smote their ears, coming from Big Side, and thither they bent their steps.

The mighty men of the Sixth were playing the Fifth Form team this afternoon, and to judge by the shouts of the spectators, there was, as Bob Cherry had remarked, "something doing."

Great interest centred round the progress of Wingate's First Eleven, for Greyfriars was competing in the championship for the County Cup.

The Greyfriars team had passed through the first three stages, and only one more match—the Cup Final, taking place at Luxford, on Saturday—remained for them to play, and decide whether they should win the magnificent silver cup, so coveted by every amateur football team in the county.

Harry Wharton & Co. crowded round the ropes, and watched with keen interest the progress of the match between the Fifth-Formers and Wingate's men of valour.

"What's the score, Temple, old chap?" asked Harry Wharton, addressing Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Upper Fourth Form, who was standing there with his chums, Dabney and Fry.

"Three—two," replied Temple, with a grin. "The Sixth are leading, of course; but they've had a tussle. Blundell seems to be out for blood this afternoon. He's already scored both goals for his side, and— Look at the beggar!"

Harry Wharton's eyes sparkled as he watched Blundell. The Fifth Form

skipper was covered in mud, but he seemed to be also covering himself with glory.

"Goal!"

"Played, Blundell!"

Wingate's face was not rueful, as the teams lined up again. He looked across at Blundell with sparkling eyes, and Blundell, meeting his glance, flushed with pleasure. He knew what the skipper of Greyfriars was thinking.

The remainder of the game was uneventful, and when Mr. Prout blew his whistle, the teams were level.

"A giddy draw, by jingo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "My hat, old Blundell's warning up, and no mistake!"

Loud cheers arose for Blundell, as he strode off the field with his fellow Fifth-Formers.

Wingate came up to him, and patted his arm.

"I say, Blundell, you played splendidly this afternoon!" he said admiringly. "I thought you'd like to know that you'll be playing in the Cup Final match against Luxford, on Saturday."

Blundell's eyes glistened, and his face flushed with pleasure.

"Thanks, Wingate!" he said. "I—I'll do my best!"

Wingate nodded kindly, and rejoined his companions.

"Good old Blundell!" said Bob Cherry, slapping the captain of the Fifth on the shoulder. "If you play on Saturday like you have done this afternoon, that giddy cup is ours!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, make way there!" piped a well-known voice. And next minute the fat form of William George Bunter was shoved through the throng of Blundell's admirers.

"Letter for you, Blundell, old chap!" said Billy Bunter breathlessly. "A fellow at the gates handed it to me, and said you should have it at once. I—I simply tore over here, Blundell, and—feel quite faint after my exertions!"

Blundell laughed, took the letter, and "tipped" Bunter a shilling. The Owl

of the Remore immediately made a beeline for the tuckshop.

Blundell, with a look of curiosity, ripped open the envelope, and drew forth a folded sheet of paper. He opened it, and commenced to read.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not mean to be curious, but they could not help noticing the change that Blundell's face underwent, as he read the letter. The happy smile faded, and his rugged, healthy cheeks seemed to go quite white. Blundell staggered a little, and then looked straight before him, like one in a dream.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, in a low voice.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at the Fifth-Former in consternation.

"Anything wrong, old chap?" asked Smith major, one of Blundell's chums.

Blundell seemed to recover himself with a start. He crunched the letter in his hand, and then hastily thrust it into his pocket. Then he looked round with a forced smile.

"N-no; it's all right!" he muttered. "Coming indoors, you fellows?"

The Fifth-Formers walked away in a party, leaving the juniors looking quite dismayed. It was evident that Blundell had received bad news of some kind, and the hearts of Harry Wharton & Co. went out to him. It was hard luck on a fellow, who had been so happy just before.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Bob Cherry seriously. "Poor old Blundell! Perhaps there's somebody ill at home. Jolly rotten, I call it!"

"Say, you fellows—"

It was Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, who spoke. Fish pushed his way through the juniors assembled on Big Side, and stood before Harry Wharton & Co.

"Look here, you fellows, I kinder reckon, guess, and calculate that there's something wrong—just a few!" said Fish, in his thin, nasal accent. "I've got a hunch that Blundell's been up to something—robbery, or, maybe, something worse!"

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The chains of the Remove stared at Fish in amazement.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What are you gassing about, Fish?"

"Poor old Fishy, he's gone clean off his onion!" said Bob Cherry, with a solemn shake of the head.

"He must be balmy!" said Frank Nugent.

"The balmyfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous Fish is terrific!" murmured Linky.

Fisher T. Fish, from New York, U.S.A., gave an emphatic snort.

"I guess I've got my eye-teeth skinned, you jays!" he said. "I'm not woozy, I guess—nope, not this fyer galoots! I'll nail Blundell, or my name's not Fisher T. Fish!"

"My hat!"

"He's clean up the loop!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at Fisher T. Fish in growing amazement.

"Look here, Fishy, if this is a joke, you'd better chuck it!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "You're a silly ass, anyway, to think anything bad of Blundell. What the dickens do you want to sail him for?"

"Ah," said Fish, with a knowing wink. "I guess I won't tell you fellows what I know, but don't let this escape you—I'm taking up detective work. I'm a real, live wire, I guess, and there's a mystery connected with Blundell that I'm going to get right down to the bottom of."

"You—you blithering fathead!" said Harry Wharton, looking disparagingly at the "live wire."

"You chuckle-headed jesser!" said Bob Cherry.

"You scatter-brained duffer!" growled Johnny Bull.

Fisher T. Fish slugged his lean shoulders.

"I guess you galoots can tell me what you like; it cuts no ice with me, sirs—nope, I guess not," he said. "I've got evidence against Blundell, and—"

"Bump him, you fellows!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in exasperation. "The silly ass seems to have got something on his brain about Blundell, and we'll make him tell us. Bump him!"

"Yaroooooh!" roared Fish, as many strong hands grasped him and whirled him off his feet. "Let up, you jays—Yawp! Oh, Jehosophat!"

Bump, bump, bump!

The lean body of Fisher T. Fish rose and fell, and each time he smote the hard, unsympathetic ground, the amateur detective of Greyfriars gave a wild yell.

"Now then, Fishy!" said Harry Wharton, as they held Fish on the ground after a few preliminary bumps. "Are you going to tell us what mad idea you've got hold of?"

"None!" roared Fish furiously. "I guess I'm keeping the information to myself—Yowp! Leggo, you jays! I—I'll make little bits of you, if I get my mud up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yaroooooh! On-ow-ow!" howled the luckless Fishy, as his form-fellows again proceeded to bump him. "Look here, you jays, give over and I—I guess I'll tell you!"

"Good!" said Harry Wharton with a chuckle. "Hold his legs, Bob; get hold of his hair, Franky! Now, Fishy, you cad, what's this giddy evidence you've got against old Blundell?"

"Grooooooh!" moaned Fish, trying to jerk his head up, but finding that Frank Nugent had hold of his hair. "Oh, you gollared galoots! I guess I saw the

man who gave Bunter that letter just now! He—he was a young fellow, not much older than Blundell himself, I reckon. He seemed in no end of a furore—fairly tearing his hair! He was saying all kinds of things about Blundell, too. I guess I got on his trail, and put a few questions to him, but all I could get out of him was—'I'll pay him out the board! I'll ruin him, the same as he's ruined me!' I guess that chap was labouring under a grievance, and Blundell is the galoot who's at the bottom of the affair—just a few!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other in consternation.

"You—you're not romancing, Fishy, are you?" asked Bob Cherry.

Fish snorted.

"I guess I'm telling you the real, hard truth!" he said. "But look here, you slab-sided mugs, don't you go nosing around on this case; it's my lay. I kinder calculate that I'm out to nail Blundell some!"

Harry Wharton looked uneasy. What Fisher T. Fish had heard the stranger say was certainly very unusual and mysterious, but what did it mean? The Removees found themselves wondering, in spite of themselves. Blundell, they knew, was one of the best, and it seemed incredible to them that he could have done anybody so great a wrong or injury as to evoke such venomous words as Fish had heard the stranger utter that afternoon. That Fisher T. Fish's curiosity had been aroused there could be no mistake. Fish was a youth who was always on the alert, and he had unbounded zeal, now that he had constituted himself the amateur detective of Greyfriars. He meant to discover what was the mystery attached to Dick Blundell of the Fifth. Wild horses would not have dragged Fish from his determination.

"Look here, Fishy, what you heard was all rot, of course!" said Harry Wharton, when they had allowed the Yankee schoolboy to rise. "Blundell couldn't have harmed anybody, so get that right out of your head, and keep off the grass!"

"Yep, I should say!" snorted Fish indignantly. "I guess none of your talk stuff gets there with me. I reckon on nailing Blundell, or my name isn't F. T. Fish!"

And Fisher T. Fish hopped away, dusting himself down, and gasping at frequent intervals.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged uneasy glances, and followed their Yankee form-fellow indoors. They could not help thinking of what Fish had told them. What had Blundell done to the stranger to cause him to utter those bitter words?

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Slight Mistake!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

It was William George Bunter who spoke. He leaned in at the doorway of Study No. 1 in the Remove passage next evening, where, seated round a well-spread table, Harry Wharton & Co. were indulging in the cup that cheers, and partaking of some of Mrs. Minnie's famous strawberry-jam-tarts.

Nobody deigned to look up.

"I'm speaking to you fellows!" said Billy Bunter peevishly.

Bunter might have been addressing a brick wall for all the response he received. Bob Cherry was pitching into the jam-tarts as though his very life depended upon getting rid of as many

as he could in the shortest time: Harry Singh was making short work of a banana; and Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Saugus Quincey, after Field-Squid for short, went on chatting on the subject of the great Cup Final match that was to take place next day at Laxford; as if blissfully unconscious of the presence of William George Bunter.

"I say, you fellows!" exclaimed the Owl of the Remove, his voice raised almost to a yell.

Bob Cherry looked up.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That you Bunt? Run away and play, there's a nice chap! We've no tuck to give away!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!" expostulated Billy Bunter, blinking indignantly. "As though I'd come to cage a few pearly tarts!"

"Perish the thought!" said Bob Cherry solemnly. "You never do cage, do you, Bunt? It's only a rumour!"

"Buzz off, Bunter!" said Johnny Bull, reaching for the poker.

"Oh, really, you might allow a fellow to speak!" exclaimed Billy Bunter wrathfully. "I want some old clothes—"

"Eh?"

"Some old clothes!" persisted Bunter warmly. "Any old things will do, you know—overcoats, jackets, trousers—anything, so long as they are not all holes."

Harry Wharton & Co. regarded the Owl of the Remove in considerable astonishment.

"Well, I'm flattered to—" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Are you going to start an old-clothes-shop, Bunt?" inquired Bob Cherry sweetly.

"No, I'm not!" replied Billy Bunter, glaring at Bob through his huge spectacles. "The fact is, you fellows, I'm hard up—"

"You usually are, Bunter!" remarked Frank Nugent, with a grin.

"I'm hard up!" reiterated Bunter, with a touch of pathos in his voice. "None of you fellows will trust me so far as to let me have a small loan until my postal-order arrives—"

"No, Bunter; we heard about that postal-order terms long ago!" said Harry Wharton. "That yarn has become quite a legend now, you know. I expect when the postal-order does arrive, it will come complete with beard and side-whiskers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you know, this is no laughing matter!" said Bunter. "Everybody at this school is mean. Even Mrs. Minnie won't let me have anything on tick, so what is a fellow to do?"

"Why not apply for the unemployment dole, Bunter?" suggested Bob Cherry. "You are a proper old wanderer, and it's so easy to spoof our dear old Government, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Billy Bunter. "Look here, you fellows, what about those old clothes? A shop in Friar-church-alley that they pay good prices for old clothes. There are plenty of old clothes knocking about. I'm hard up, and I want some to sell. I must raise the wind somehow, you know. Have you got any to spare, Wharton?"

"There are one or two old jackets up in the dorm," chuckled the Remove captain in amusement. "You can have 'em, Bunt, with pleasure. I'll hunt 'em out for you."

"Same here," said Bob Cherry. "We'll get you some old clothes, Bunter. But why not try old Coke? He's getting quite batty now, you know. He got a new rig-out last week, so I expect there are heaps of old clobber in his



Blundell of the Fifth was kneeling down at Coker's study cupboard, searching through a box of clothes. He looked up in surprise as the Owl of the Remove came into the room. "What do you want, Bunter?" he demanded curtly. "Buzz off; you've no business here!" "I've as much right here as you!" replied Bunter. (See Chapter 2.)

study he'd be only too pleased to get rid of.

"Why, yes!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "That's not a bad idea. Thanks, you fellows. Don't forget about those old clothes, will you? I must do something to raise the wind!"

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled when Bunter's fat form had retired from Study No. 1. The Owl of the Remove's latest idea for raising cash was novel, and it rather amused them.

Billy Bunter rolled along to the Fifth Form passage. He passed Fisher T. Fish at the corner. Fish had been hovering in the region of the Fifth Form quarters all day. Billy Bunter did not see Fish—he was too shortsighted. He went up to Coker's study, and tapped. He did not get an answer, so Bunter opened the door, and rolled cautiously inside.

Blundell of the Fifth, who was kneeling down at the study cupboard, searching through a box of clothes, looked up in surprise as Bunter entered.

"What do you want, Bunter?" he demanded curtly.

"Really, Coker," said Bunter, "Oh, is that you, Blundell?"

Bunter looked inquisitively at Blundell. Blundell saw the look, and went red.

"Buzz off, Bunter!" he growled.

"You have no business in here!"

"Oh, really, Blundell, I have as much right as you!" said Bunter, his bosom swelling with indignation. "What are you doing in here, anyway? Going through Coker's cupboard? Suppose I told Coker?"

"Why, you little rotter!" exclaimed Blundell, rising quickly to his feet.

Billy Bunter raised one fat hand warningly.

"Don't touch me, Blundell, or I shall yell out!" he said softly. "What are

you doing in Coker's room, rummaging through his clothes-box? Mind, Blundell, I don't want to get you into trouble by splitting to Coker, but—"

"Why, I—I'll give you a thundering good flogging, you little toad!" exclaimed Blundell, striding towards Bunter.

"Take that, and that, and that!"

"Yaroooooh! Yah! Leggo, you rotter!" yelled Bunter, as Blundell's heavy grip descended upon him, and Blundell's big hand boxed his ears. "I'll tell Coker—Yoooooh! Hello! Thieves! Fine! Murder! Yaroooooh!"

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

There was a sound of hurrying feet outside, and next minute Fisher T. Fish burst into the room. His eyes glinted when he saw Bunter wriggling in the Fifth-Formers' grip. The cupboard door open, and a number of Coker's jackets scattered over the floor.

"Gee whizz!" said Fish. "A rough house, by gum! Blundell's caught in the act, by Jehoshaphat! All right, Bunter, I'm coming!"

And Fisher T. Fish, with the arduity of Sexton Blake, flung himself upon Blundell, bearing him backwards with the suddenness of the attack.

Crash! Thud! Whack! Wallop!

A wild and whirling struggle was soon taking place in Coker's study. Fisher T. Fish lunged on to Blundell's back like grim death, and Billy Bunter, grabbing Blundell round the waist, pulled energetically, and yelled lustily at the same time.

Crash!

The table went over, the inkstand which was on it overturned, and a flood of ink surged over Fish's trousers, and on the study carpet. Chairs were overturned, Fisher T. Fish jammed his elbow through the glass door of Coker's bookcase, the coal-stove was upset, and the coals trod all over the floor.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

"Why, what the merry dickens—Great Scott!" came a voice from the doorway, and Horace Coker himself strode in, followed by Potter and Greene, his studymates.

The Fifth-Formers stared at the combatants and at the ruin in their study with eyes that almost started from their heads in amazement.

"Wh-wh-what the—" gurgled Coker in a faint voice.

"Look at our study!" howled Potter.

"The awful villains!" spluttered Greene.

Blundell managed to fling Fish from his back at last, and then, hurling Bunter into the fireplace, he stood by the overturned table, and looked at Coker, Potter, and Greene in dismay.

"Oh, crumbs!" he gasped breathlessly. "I'm awfully sorry, Coker, old man, but I—"

"You—you've mucked up my study!" roared Coker in his lustiest tones. "Look at the carpet—look at the bookcase! Why, I—I—I—"

Words failed Horace Coker of the Fifth.

Fisher T. Fish struggled up from the ink-soaked carpet, and dabbed at his nose, which was streaming red.

"Yow!" he moaned. "Don't let Blundell beat it, Coker! Hold the thieving galeot! I guess we discovered him at your study cupboard. Ah! that so, Bunter?"

"Yes, I saw him first!" groaned Bunter, rising painfully to his feet from the fireplace. "Yow! I'm hurt! My collarbone is broken, and several of my ribs are out of joint. I shall expect to be given something for this, Coker. I—"

"Yes, I'll give you something, you interfering young trout!" bellowed Coker.

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"I gave Blundell permission to look in my cupboard for some old clothes!"

"Oh, Jehosophat!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish, giving a start.

"You—your noisy little cads!" roared Coker. "I'll teach you to come in here and mess my study up. Grab them, you fellows!"

"Hyer, let up, you galoots!" roared Fish, backing away as Coker, Potter, Greene, and Blundell came towards him and Bunter. "I guess I didn't know that—"

"We'll soon make you know!" panted Potter, grabbing at Fish, and yanking him round. "Bump the rotters, and then beat them out!"

"Yaroooooh!" Help! Murder! Yoooooh!" wailed Billy Bunter.

"Yoooooh!" Leggo! I guess—Ooooooh!" roared Fisher T. Fish. Bunter went through the door first, and Potter and Greene disabled him right down the passage. Coker was propelling along the luckless Fish at the foot of his boots.

"Yaroooo!"

"Ow, ow, ow! Let up, you slab-sided mugwump!" Yoooo!"

When at last Fisher T. Fish and William George Bunter were allowed to crawl away, they felt that life really was not worth living. Bulstrode, Hazeldene, and Trotter met them as they were crawling along the Remore passage. They inquired sympathetically what was the matter. But neither Fish nor Billy Bunter had the heart to reply. Each went into his own study, and slammed the door. And from behind those doors, for quite half an hour afterwards, there came a long sequence of heart-rending moans and groans and grunts!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

No Luck for Fishy!

"YOW-OW!" Fisher Tarleton Fish was still growling, and an hour had passed since his ally with Horace Coker & Co. of the Fifth, Johnny Bull, who was seated at the table in Study No. 14, doing his prep, glared up at his Yankee study-mate.

"Diy up, Fishy!" he said, in tones of exasperation. "How can I do my prep with you snuffling and moaning round me?"

"Grooogh!" moaned the luckless amateur detective of Greyfriars. "I guess you've no sympathy for a sick galoot, Bull. You jays at this hyer school make me discouraged. If I wasn't so busy trailing Blundell, I guess I'd like out for Coker, and make potato-scrappings of him! Yey, sir, I guess so!"

Bang!

The study door opened without ceremony, and Horace Coker himself strode in.

"So, you'd make potato-scrappings of me, Fish, would you, you—your cheeky cad!" roared Coker. "Why, for two pins, I'd vipe up the floor with you! Look here, I've lost a valuable gold ring my Aunt Judy gave me for a birthday present. Do you know anything about it? You were in my study a little while ago."

Fisher T. Fish's eyes glistened.

"Jumping Jerusalem crickets!" he exclaimed. "You don't say, Coker! Want, I kinder reckon that Blundell was in that hyer study before me. Have you tapped him?"

"What!" said Coker.

"I guess Blundell is the guy you're after, Coker," said Fisher T. Fish.

leisly. "I guess I've been watching out for him these last few days some! Better leave the whole shebang in my hands, and I guess—"

"Why, you—your libellous little sweep!" roared Coker wrathfully. "Blundell's all right! D'you think I'd dream of him robbing my study for a ring? More likely you've got it, you thirty-eyed Yankee!"

"Hyer, I guess that's a defamation of character, Coker!" exclaimed Fish indignantly. "Hark out, Coker, and don't let this escape you—I guess I know nothing about your ring! But I figure that it's worth something—that so, Coker?"

"It's worth at least fifteen pounds!" said Coker wrathfully. "Look here, Fish, are you sure?"

"Don't worry, Coker!" said Fish, waving a skinny hand. "I guess you can rely on me to recover that hyer ring for you. All I want is ten per cent. of the full value—that's thirty bob, I reckon. Now, Coker, is it a deal?"

Horace Coker looked hard at Fisher T. Fish.

"If you've got that ring, Fishy, and mean to swindle me out of thirty bob—" he said threateningly.

"I guess I haven't got that ring, you jay!" exclaimed Fish indignantly.

"Detective! You go around swiping their clients' goods. Nope, sir, I guess nix! I've kinder got a feeling that I can locate that hyer ring of yours by the end of this week. My fee is thirty bob. I guess you can make it a deal, Coker."

"Well, if you find the ring for me, Fishy, I'll give you thirty bob," said Coker grudgingly. "But, mind, you leave Blundell alone: he's as right as rain. Any tricks, and I'll give you the biggest wallop you've ever had!"

With that, Horace Coker departed, slamming the door. Fisher T. Fish rose to his feet, and took a notebook from his desk.

"What about your prep, Fishy?" inquired Johnny Bull, as his study-mate was about to leave.

"Prep!" sneered Fish. "Prep! I guess I've a more important stunt to work than prep. I guess I'm a real, live detective, and I'm goin' out to make inquiries—just a few!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Johnny Bull. The amateur Sherlock Holmes of Greyfriars walked out, and Johnny Bull went on with his prep.

Fisher T. Fish tapped at the door of Study No. 7, and Peter Todd's voice called out to him to enter.

The Todds, and Billy Bunter, and Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, were all busily engaged upon their prep as Fish came in. Bunter was sitting on a cushion on the seat of his chair, for that portion of his anatomy where Coker & Co. had belaboured him was still very tender.

Peter Todd glared at Fish in quite an unweelcome manner.

"Cut off, Fishy!" he said curtly.

"I guess I've come to interview Bunter," said Fish, entering and closing the door. "Look, hyer, Bunter, Coker's lost a ring—"

"Yes, Fishy; Coker's already been in here," gasped Billy Bunter, blinking through his spectacles. "The rotter seemed to think that I'd pinched it, and—"

"Don't worry, Bunter: I guess I don't suspect you," said Fish magnanimously. "What I'm after is that ring. I kinder reckon, guess and calculate that Coker has entrusted the case in my hands. I'm a detective, sir, and I mean business—straight from the word 'go!' Now, Bunter, just a few questions, if—"

Fish had his notebook out, and he

sucked the end of his pencil in a business-like manner.

Peter Todd glared at him.

"Run away and eat coke!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Can't you see we are doing our prep?"

"Oh, you make me tired!" groaned Fish. "Don't you know, you galoot, that it's the duty of the public to assist detectives in every way?"

"Detective rats!" snorted Peter.

"You're a silly, chortling clump, Fishy! Buzz off!"

"I guess I'm goin' to interrogate Bunter!" snapped Fish. "Now, Bunter, what was Blundell doing at Coker's cupboard when you went in?"

"My hat!" said Peter Todd, looking in amazement at Fish. "You surely don't think Blundell has robbed Coker of the ring?"

"I guess I've got a few theories, sir!" replied Fish, with a knowing look at Peter. "Now, Bunter—"

"You idiot, Fisher!" exclaimed Peter Todd, rising in great wrath. "For two pins—"

Fish waved a bony hand.

"Don't interrupt, you galoot!" he said. "For the love of Mike, Toddy, how can I make investigations with you yapping like an all-fired dog on a bonder!"

"Like a which on a what?" gasped Peter.

"Blessed if you don't make as much hocus-pocus as a greaser in a shabang with a bun on!" snarled Fish, in his picturesque American language.

"Oh, my hat!"

Fish treated Peter with withering scorn, and turned to Billy Bunter. But he did not have time to put any questions to that fat youth. Peter Todd's heavy hand descended on Fisher T. Fish, and that worth, dropping his notebook and pencil, was whirled off his feet.

Tom Dutton obligingly opened thy door, and Fisher T. Fish went whizzing through, and landed on the linoleum in the passage outside with a jolt that shook the breath from his body.

"Oh, Jehosophat!" he groaned.

Sham!

Fish struggled to his feet, and blinked dolefully at the closed door of Study No. 7. But he did not attempt to enter that apartment again. The doughy Peter was too tough a nut for the amateur detective of Greyfriars to crack.

So, gasping and rubbing the back of his head, Fisher T. Fish limped down the Remore passage, and made his way towards the Fifth Form quarters. "Never say die," was one of Fisher's mottoes, when he was engaged upon an enterprise where the "ducks" loomed ahead.

Ten minutes later, Harold Skinner, walking up the stairs with Snoop and Stiff, was surprised to see the form of Fisher Tarleton Fish come whirling down the stairs with a series of heavy lumps. Fish was howling at the top of his voice, and Dick Blundell of the Fifth stood at the top, his sleeves rolled up and a warlike look upon his face.

"Hallo!" said Skinner, grinning. "Has Blundell chucked you down the stairs, Fishy?"

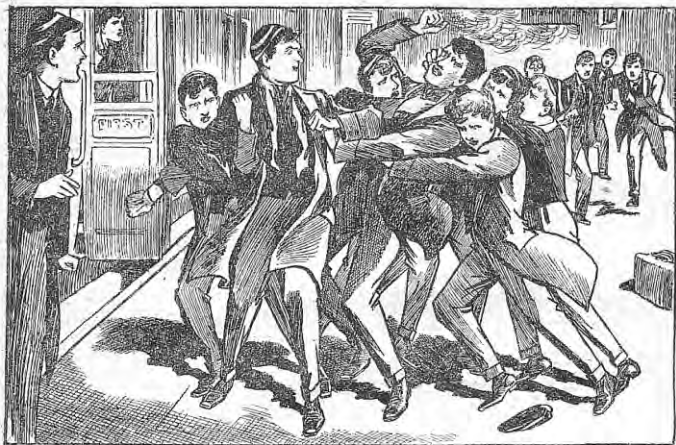
"Yow-ow! Oh, great snakes!" moaned Fish, after he had bumped heavily upon the landing below. "I guess I'm hurt! Grooooooh!"

Blundell glared down at the prostrate Fish and shook his fist.

"Let me catch you nosing round my study again, you young cad, and I'll wring your scrappy neck!" he exclaimed.

Blundell stamped wrathfully away.

"Yoooooh!" groaned Fish, struggling to his feet. "Jumping Jerusalem crickets! The slab-sided mugwump!"



The Removites flung themselves at the man, and dragged him from the Fifth-Former. "Let me get at him!" screeched the stranger. "I've come for my revenge!" (See Chapter 4.)

guess if I got my mad up, I'd come down on him like a greased cyclone, and mop up the floor with him! You-ow-ow! I guess a slick detective gets no encouragement at this hyer school! Yah! Ow-ow-ow!"

Skinner & Co. grinned as Fisher T. Fish limped away, groaning and muttering things in his weird American dialect. Fish went into Study No. 14, and remained there for the rest of the evening. All his defective and/or had been damped—for that day, at any rate.

Soon all Greyfriars knew of Horace Coker's loss. They also knew of Fish's activities as an amateur detective, and they chuckled. Harry Wharton & Co., when they heard of Fish's suspicions of Dick Blundell, were very indignant, and voted Fisher T. Fish a "drinking ass."

The Famous Five liked the Fifth Form Skipper, and resolved to keep an eye on Fish, so that he shouldn't bother Blundell with his unreasonable "investigations" in the case of Coker's ring.

was dropped by common consent. Holson & Co. of the Shell had already made up their minds to see the match at Luxford. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth had the same intention, and Coker of the Fifth was getting up a party in his Form. Indeed, so many Greyfriars fellows had determined to accompany the first eleven that the school was likely to be deserted that afternoon.

The railway fare to Luxford was an item, and fellows who were short of funds had saved up very carefully. Fortunately, the Famous Five were in funds. Billy Bunter, as usual, was stingy, but he announced his intention of coming along with his old pals. His old pals did not seem to relish Bunter's company, and when Bunter promised to repay them when his postal-order arrived, they openly scoffed.

Only Skinner and Smeep in the Remove stood out. Fisher T. Fish was going. His intention was to shadow Blundell.

A crowd of Greyfriars fellows started for the station after the first eleven. Wingate & Co. were in fine form, and roasting cheeks were given them as they went out of the gates in a party.

Billy Bunter joined the Famous Five and Squiff as they were starting. Those youths hurried on at top speed.

"I say, you fellows, don't walk so fast!" gasped Bunter, his fat little legs going like clockwork to keep pace with the long strides of the chums of the Remove. "I'm not a long-legged camel, like you, Bob Cherry! Slow up, you beast! After pressing me to come with you—"

"What?"

"Lord, Manleover was urging me to go with him, but I said I'd stick to my old pals!"

"You needn't have troubled," grinned Bob Cherry. "Go and tack on to Manly."

if he'll have you, Bunt! We shall be most pleased!"

"Ahem!" coughed Bunter. "I'll come with you chaps. I don't mind your little joke! He, he, he!"

"Oh, ring off, Bunter!" growled Johnny Hall.

When they reached the High Street, Billy Bunter was still trusting along with them. Friarale seemed to be full of Greyfriars fellows, all making for the station.

"I say, you fellows!" gasped Billy Bunter. "Is there time to stop at the tuckshop? I'm getting jolly hungry! Is there time for me to stop?"

"Lots," grinned Harry Wharton.

"Good!" said Bunter, halting outside Uncle Clegg's tuckshop. "Here, I say, you fellows, stop! Where are you going?"

"To the station."

"But you said there-for time for me to stop!" yelled Bunter.

"So there is," said Frank Nugent. "Stop as long as you like, Bunt. We're going to catch the train."

"Ho, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked daggers at the chums of the Remove, but he did not enter the tuckshop. He rolled on to the station with Harry Wharton & Co., who good-naturedly bought his ticket.

The station platform was crammed with Greyfriars fellows, waiting for the Luxford train. Wingate and his fellow footballers were congregated outside the waiting-room, chatting cheerfully.

Fisher T. Fish was hovering in the background, keeping a wary eye on Blundell, though what Fish's reason was it was hard to say.

There was a cheer as the train rattled into the station, and a rush was made for the carriages. Coker & Co. of the Fifth, and Temple, Dabney & Co. backed The Macker Library, No. 682.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Offer!

"WELL make up a big party," said Harry Wharton.

"What?" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "The golden Cup Final will be worth seeing, and I wouldn't miss it for a whole term's pocket-money!"

"No fear!" said Frank Nugent.

"The no-fearfulness is terrific!" said Maurice Singh. "The esteemed and worthy Blundell will be playfully present."

"Yes, rather!"

It was Saturday morning—the day of the great Cup Final at Luxford. There was a Form match fixed between the Remove and the Shell, but the Form match

The second-class carriages. Wingate and the team were travelling first-class, as beforesaid those mighty men of valour.

Blundell was standing by the carriage door, chatting with Smith major and Fitzgerald of the Fifth, when a commotion sounded on the platform. There were still plenty of Greyfriars juniors standing there, searching for carriages. A roughly-dressed young man had come through the barrier, and was dashing along the platform like one demented.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the excited stranger dashed past. "Who's this merchant? He looks as though he might be off his rocker! My hat! He's going for Blundell!"

The stranger had sought out Blundell and made a mad rush at him.

Blundell turned at the cries of warning that arose from the others. He fell back as he saw the dishevelled, wild-eyed man before him. Next minute the two were locked in each other's embrace, struggling desperately.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Harry Wharton, springing from his carriage, followed by the rest of the Famous Five, and Squiff, Vernon-Smith, Bidstrove, and Peter Todd. "Who is that fellow, I wonder? He must be mad! Oh, great Scott! He means to do Blundell some injury!"

Blundell and his mysterious assailant were fighting desperately—Blundell striving to thwart the other's mad attempt to throttle him.

The Removies flung themselves at the man and dragged him from the Fifth Formers.

"Let me get at him!" screeched the stranger, trying desperately to wrench himself free. "I'll do for him, the rotter! Dick Blundell, I have come back to get my revenge on you! I'll kill you if I get the chance!"

Blundell's face was cut and bruised, and his nose was streaming with blood. He looked in horror at the man who had made that fierce attack upon him.

"Take him away!" he muttered thickly. "He's mad!" He doesn't know what he is talking about!"

"You lie!" screeched the other, his eyes aflame with rage, his face livid with rage as he looked upon Blundell of the Fifth. "I am not mad—you know I'm not! You are afraid of me—afraid of the vengeance I seek! Let me go, hang you! I'll make the racial sorry for the wrong he has done me!"

Harry Wharton & Co. hung on grimly to the man. A great crowd had gathered round, looking at the scene with scared faces. Wingate thrust his way through the crowd, and stood before the stranger. The Greyfriars skipper's face was hard and stern.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Blundell, do you know this fellow?"

Blundell flushed a deep crimson.

"Yes," he said slowly. "But I have no idea why he wants to do me such injury. I have done him no wrong."

"You lie—you lie!" screeched the other, in the voice of a madman. "You don't tell the truth! Let me get at him!"

"Here, you have no business to make such a scene!" said Wingate sternly. "Wharton and you others, take this fellow away, and turn him out of the station. Come on, Blundell, get into the carriage with me."

Blundell turned away, and the Famous Five took their prisoner, struggling violently, to the barrier. He seemed to have quietened down.

"Now, you racial," said Harry Wharton sternly, as they hustled the man into the station yard, "if you don't clear off, we'll hand you over to the police!"

"I—I meant to get on that train! I wanted to get at Blundell, my cousin!" the other replied sulkily.

"Your cousin?"

"Yes," replied the man, now in a subdued voice. "I am Leonard Blundell."

Years ago, when Dick and I were at St. Agar's school together, one of the masters was nearly killed. He—the master—was in a conspiracy of ours, always getting us into trouble. Dick and I were out one night in the woods, when Macey, the master, came along. I—I went for him in a fit of madness, and—and I hurt him. But I did not do him the injury that caused his illness. Dick did that. Yet I was the one expelled, and Dick got off. They said that I was mad. They all still say that I'm mad. I've been kept in a lunatic asylum ever since, until a few days ago, when I escaped. And now I've come to be-revenged on Dick Blundell for the trick he served me! He accused me of being mad, too. It was mainly through him that I was put away into that awful asylum, where I've spent five years of my life—five horrible years!"

The man passed a hand across his forehead, and shuddered.

Harry Wharton & Co. were looking at him, astounded. The story rang true, and yet—Looking at Blundell's cousin, it was apparent that he was not in his right senses. His attack upon Blundell on the platform proved that.

"I am not mad!" said Leonard Blundell, regarding the claims of the Remore fiercely. "It was only an excuse to shift the blame off Dick's shoulders on to mine! But I'll be revenged upon him yet! I swear! I determined that, if ever I got out of that asylum, I'd pay him for the misery I have suffered, and now that I am free I mean to keep my word!"

Harry Wharton gripped the man's arm tightly.

"Look here," he said, not unkindly, "you think that Blundell did you an injustice, but you were mistaken. Perhaps you were ill—"

"Then, do you think I was mad—that I still am mad?" demanded Leonard Blundell, turning fiercely upon the captain of the Remore.

Harry did not reply.

The Removies could see that this man was mad—that he was labouring under a delusion. In his tortured mind, he was convinced that Blundell had done him wrong. Though Blundell was innocent of the charge his cousin made against him, a very serious state of affairs existed. The madman's rage in Leonard Blundell might vent itself at any time, and while the man was at large Dick Blundell's life at Greyfriars was not safe.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances. They understood everything now. The letter that had been handed Blundell was from his cousin, and Fisher T. Fish had seen him in the lane outside. Blundell had gone to Coker's cupboard for an old suit to give to somebody. Evidently Blundell had wanted the clothes for his cousin, wishing to help him all he could.

"You're mistaken about Blundell," said Harry Wharton uneasily.

"I'll kill him!"

With that Leonard Blundell strode away, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. The Famous Five looked at each other. The same thought was passing through the mind of each.

"No, we'd better not give him into custody," said Harry. "We—we must think of old Blundell, you know. He's done nothing to be ashamed of—I'm convinced of that!"

"Blundell's all right!" said Johnny Bull, in his blunt way.

"The all-rightfulness of the esteemed Blundell is truly terrific!" said Harry Singh, with emphasis.

"Train almost off!" announced Bob Cherry. "Come on, chaps—Smithy and Skiff have got a compartment ready for us!"

The Famous Five returned to the station platform, and took their seats. Just as the train was about to start, Blundell looked in at the carriage door. His face was a trifle drawn and haggard.

"Thanks, Wharton, and you others, for driving that maniac away just now!" he said quietly. "You may think it queer, but, believe me, he's rambling. I've done him no injury—that I swear! Do you fellows believe me?"

"Yes, rather, Blundell!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "Of course we shouldn't dream that you'd do anybody an injury willingly!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. Blundell looked gratefully at the chums of the Remore.

"Thank you very much, you fellows!" he said. "I—I'm glad you believe in me!"

He went back to his own compartment, feeling more cheerful. And soon the train had started, and was speeding on its way to Luxford, bearing over a hundred Greyfriars boys, eager to see the great Cup Final match.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Played, Greyfriars!

THE football-ground at Luxford was crowded. Practically all the male inhabitants of the town had turned out to see their heroes team play the visitors.

Harry Wharton & Co. managed to obtain good positions in the stand, Coker & Co. and Temple, Dabney & Co. were there in good force.

A rousing cheer rose for the Luxford men as they filed into the field—a babel of voices, in which sundry rattles and "squeakers" took part.

Harry Wharton & Co. and the rest of the Greyfriars contingent cheered lustily when Wingate and his men took the field.

The captains tossed for ends; Wingate won, and the match commenced, Greyfriars playing against the wind.

From the commencement of the game the Luxfordians attacked boldly, and as they had an excellent forward line the Greyfriars fellows had very grave fears as to the ability of Wingate & Co. to stem the attack. But the Greyfriars Eleven played up right nobly. Wingate had drilled into them the art of "pulling together," and they worked in perfect harmony this afternoon.

Again and again the Luxford forwards attempted to break through the defences, but each time they were thwarted. Loud cheers arose for the Greyfriars fellows, and there were two notices that were shouted frequently with joyous acclamation—Wingate and Blundell.

The former was putting up a magnificent game.

Luxford had some big, sturdy men, but none so doughty or as swift on their feet as Wingate. Wingate's passing was classic, and his fellow-forwards backed him up wonderfully well. Blundell, too, on the outside-left wing, played up as Greyfriars had hardly ever seen him play before.

Cheer after cheer arose for him as, by means of almost magical cunning, he eluded the burly Luxford forwards, and

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars Herald

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The

Staff

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR
and General Editor

FRANK NUGENT
Sub-Editor

TOM BROWN
General Correspondent

VERNON SMITH
Sports Editor

LEON HINLEYER
Fashion Editor

MARK LINDLEY
Sub-Editor

BOB CHERRY
General Editor

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

Over ten weeks have passed since the "Greyfriars Herald" was launched in its new form. They have been ten weeks of hard work and tireless endeavour, and I am happy to say that the labour has not been in vain. Of course, we have had a certain amount of opposition to contend with. Billy Bunter came on the scene with his "Weekly," and he fully intended to wipe the good old "Herald" out of existence. Billy is annoyed to find, however, that we are still very much alive, and that we have no intention of lowering our flag.

Billy came to me the other day with a most generous offer.

"I'll tell you what, Wharton," he said. "If you'll drop your silly little paper, the 'Herald,' and hand the space over to me, so that I can run two 'Weeklies' instead of one, I'll make it well worth your while!"

"Nothing doing!" I chuckled.

"Oh, really, you know, I'm making you a jolly sporting offer! If you'll stand down, as I suggest, and give me a clear field, I'll take you on the staff of my 'Weekly.' What's more, I'll make you a director of the concern. Think how ripping that will be! You'll be able to strut about Greyfriars in a far-dined overcoat, with a fat cigar between your lips!"

"My name isn't 'Loder,'" I said.

Bunter ignored my interruption.

"And you'll be able to buy a new bike, and have glorious feeds at the tuckshop every day. You see, my 'Weekly's' a very paying concern. There's no end of profit in it. Only last week, after deducting all expenses and paying the salaries of my four fat subs, I made a clear profit of two-and-fourpence!"

"Wonderful!" I said.

"Yes, isn't it? It just shows you how popular my 'Weekly' is. It's read in every mansion, cottage, caravan, and dug-out in the United Kingdom, whereas your silly old 'Herald' is a drug on the market! You're losing money on it, I understand!"

"Certainly not, you—you pouting-faced porpoise!"

"Keep your wool on!" said Billy. "You needn't be put out about it!"

"I'm not going to be!" I said. "You're the one who is going to be put out!"

And I made a signal to the Fighting Editor.

The next moment there was a noise like a dozen earthquakes rolled into one. You'd have thought that it was raining thunderbolts.

But it was only Billy Bunter sighting on the line in the passage!

Harry Wharton.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(NOTE.—The Editor does not necessarily share the views of silly asses who do not know what they're talking about.—Ed.)

BILLY BUNTER'S SPORTING OFFER!

To the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Wharton,—It is high time the "Greyfriars Herald" clucked up the spurs. Now, I ask you, what is the use of publishing any sort of paper in opposition to my "Weekly"? It is simply asking for trouble.

To give credit wear credit is dew, sum of yore issues aren't bad; but they're not a patch on mine, my dear fello! You would never make a satisfactory editor—not if you lived to be as old as Methuselah!

Close down the "Greyfriars Herald," and resign from the editorship thereof, and then I will give you a place on the staff of my wonderful "Weekly." I have a vacancy for a fello with a nodding of shorthand and interviewing.

Your salary will be a tanner a week, free of income-tacks, and if you make good progress you nite become a director.

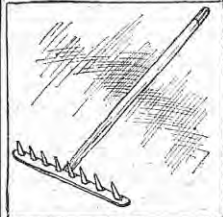
Hopping you will give this matter your Ernest consideration.

Yours truly,

W. G. BUNTER.

(It is easy to see what Billy is driving at. He wants an entirely clear field for his "Weekly," and he secures the "Greyfriars Herald" as a big thorn in his side. His princely offer is rejected with scorn, and his salient "y" of a tanner a week is hurled back in his teeth!—Ed.)

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.



"RAKE!"

PRESS DAY!

Described in Very Blank Verse by that Pudding-Headed Poet, DICK PENFOLD.

Chairs and tables upside-down,
Wharton's chivvy wears a frown,
Johnny Bull begins to bellow,
"What about my yarn, old fellow?
It's attractive, thrilling, clever
Use it now, or use it never!"
"Here's my yarniness!" says Jock,
Woe Long murmurs, "What you think
Of the story by Wm. Lingo,
Litten in the Chinese tongue?"
Nugent cries, "You noisy scatches!
How can I complete my sketches?"
Then Bob Cherry, looking solemn,
Praises up his Comic Column,
Door flies open. With a grin,
Fighting Tardion Fink blows in.
"Say, I guess I've done a story
That will win me fame and glory!
Give me twenty dollars, or—"
Fink goes sailing to the door.
Many well-to-do feet heated him.
In the passage you will find him,
Seeing stars and constellations,
Uttering savage exclamations,
Peter Todd comes on the scene!
"Here's my pirate yarn, old bean!
Just see how the plot unravels!"
Through the window Toddy travels!
"Then comes that amazing joker,
Becky, browner, brainless feller.
When he shows his constellation,
There's a public execution!
Coker, in a towering rage,
Sees us burn up every page,
Cherry grins a red-hot grin,
And Jolly hearty burns up Coker,
"Mark: I hear the telephone!"
Wharton mutters, with a groan,
"Are you there? Is that the printer?"
What! You've waited all this winter
For our "copy"? Don't get miffed!
I'm send it right now by Gatty,
Lh—you say I'm in disgrace?
Go and fry your ugly face!
Wharton lingers, receiver down,
Then surveys us with a frown,
"Get a move on, everybody,
Or you'll share the fate of Toddy!"
So we slog with all our might,
Working till the blessed night,
Hearing midnight in pairs,
Writing articles and tales,
Tolling till we get the lump,
Tired on by a cricket-stump!
Wharton is a heartless chief!
If we slack, we come to grief.
If we turn out yards of stuff
We are seldom paid enough.
Fourpence-halfpenny's all I'll get
For this ripping rhyme, you bet!
Help! To think that all our toils
Is rewarded by such meanness!
Why, it makes a fellow blint
Who would be a "Herald" sub!

MY DIARY FOR THE WEEK!

By Mr. "Pussyfoot"
Gosling.

MONDAY—Woke up with a shockin' headache. Bunter not cawed it, behave I sinned the pledge long ago, and never touches no spirit. Must have been the Gaverment ale I drank overnight. Never again! Felt out of sorts all day, but managed to crawl down to the village to drink my old Aye Penicillin.

TUESDAY—Berried alive in my coal-celler by that yung raskil Skinner. I went down to retrieve a fresh supply of coal, and by the time I'd sorted myself out I was as black as black jenson! Wot I says in this here—I'll report him! The same recollection! Hay called me to take my first hot bath for weeks!

WEDNESDAY—I was a-sitting in my lodge, enjoying a quiet pipe of stout and a glass of hooey, when I rushed that yung skatlawd Cherry. "Gosky!" says he. "Hallo!" says I. "There's a fire!" says he. "Where?" says I. "In Mr. Prout's study!" says he. "My boy!" says I. I rushes out, and gets the fire-broom, and sets off at a gallop to Mr. Prout's study. "Keep cool, sir!" I shouts through the window. "Don't let nothing damp yer spirit!" And then I turns the hose on, and Prout comes to the window snail. "Gosling!" cries he. "Sir!" says I. "You are demented!" yells he. "Wot?" says I. "You have drenched me to the skin!" roars he. "My parents are dodden!" "Never mind, sir," says I soothingly. "I've put yer fire out." "The fire!" yells he. "You are intoxicated, man! There is no fire!"

Well, there seriously wasn't a fire, excepting in the grate. But things had got pretty warm by the time Prout finished with me!

Brat that yung rip, Cherry! He'll bring down my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, as ever was!

THURSDAY—Times is erod bad. I gets precious little in the way of tips nowadays. To-day, though, while I was a-washing of my broom in the bowl of the fountain, that yung raskil Bolsover gave me a good tip, and I went right in! Me bel's a man of advanced years, I cudden swim, and Master Wharton and Master Nuncat had to hawl me out. When I belahered Bolsover with my broom, he eride out that it was a pure accident!

FRIDAY—New boy arrives. "Porter!" says he, stepin' down from the station track. "Yes!" says I. "Y'Yat's yer trunk?" says he. "Rikst, if I know you was an elyphant!" says I. "Don't tork rot, man!" says he. "Here's my trunk. I want you to carry it into the bilbing." "Sertingly, sir," says I. And I staggers right across the Close with that there trunk, wick was as heavy as Mrs. Mumble's pastry. I dumps the thing down in the hall, and the new boy he says to me, says he, handing me a brite gold coin. "Here's a narf-suffering for your pains." "Thanked kindly, sir," says I. "This will buy me a whole bottle of gin—" "Wot?" cries he. "—ger-beer!" I konkloons. "Good!" says he. "I'm glad to see, porter, as 'ow you ain't addicted to intoxicating likkers. Bravo, Mr. Pussyfoot!"

I tramps all the way down to the Cross Keys, and then I finds that the coin that was given me wasn't a narf-suffering at all. It was a farthing!

SATURDAY—Wot I says in this here—how can a man be respected to make entries in his Diary on pay-day when he's had several till' glasses of linchew and soder? My head's a-roarin' round and round. I must pull myself together, and go and lock them gates. I can seem to see fifteen bunches of keys. I wonder wick is the rite one!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 663.

A REVIEW OF THE LATEST BOOKS!

By Our Literary Critic.

"MY EXPLOITS IN THE ROCKIES." By Paul Prout, M.A. Messrs. Shute & Missitt. 6s. net.

This is a fearfully fascinating book, and will hold its readers entranced to the very beginning. (The reason I say this is that most fellows start reading a book at the end.) Mr. Prout is well known as a big game slayer—only the other day I saw him crush a blackbeetle in the Fifth Form passage—and his marksmanship is in a class by itself. If Mr. Prout is to be believed, he has killed buffaloes, bears, badgers, Red Indians, and other wild animals. He tells us, in the course of his reminiscences, that he was known as the "man who never missed." We suggest that a better description of him would be the "man who never missed missing." Mr. Prout claims that his story is true in every detail, and we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be one of the best works of fiction we have ever read.

"MEMORIES OF MONTE CARLO." By Gerald Loder. Messrs. Rev. Lett & Co. 4s. 6d. net.

Mr. Loder is undoubtedly one of the cleverest gamblers of modern times, and he has handled his subject well. In the course of his narrative, Mr. Loder describes several "systems" for breaking the bank. Unfortunately, he was unable to give the systems a trial, he himself being "broke" at the time. A new work on gambling, by the same author, will shortly be published by Messrs. Poker and Knapp.

"THE KOMPLETE KOOKERY-BOOK." By W. G. Bunter. Messrs. Stuff & Gorge. 6s. net.

As an authority on cooking, Mr. Bunter stands alone. His magic genius has made all the difference between success and failure of many a study feed. We confess that many of the recipes in Mr. Bunter's book fairly made our mouth water. Mr. Beeton's standard work on cooking will now have to take a back seat. We congratulate Mr. Bunter upon having given us a literary feast, which everybody will digest with relish.

"THE ART OF PRIZE-FIGHTING." By Percy Bolsover. Messrs. Power & Punch. 5s. net.

Mr. Bolsover has long been recognised as one of our greatest hefty-weight boxers. He writes in a style no less vigorous than his punch. Particularly thrilling is the chapter in which he describes how he laid out fifteen fags in the course of a single afternoon. After reading his book, we have decided to call on the author, and swear eternal friendship. It's the safest plan.

OUR WEEKLY LIMERICK.

No. 11.

- A chap at St. Jim's, known as Wym,
- Said, "I'm getting remarkably thym!"
- To the tuckshop he rolled—
- For a shaked of gold
- He obtained a delightful tuck-ym!

OUR SKATING CORNER!

By Tom Brown.

As the president of the C.S.S.S.—Greyfriars Society of Skidders and Sliders—I have been asked to contribute an article on the manly but somewhat slippery topic of skating.

As a rule, Friar-dale Lake is only frozen over once a year, and that's in July or August, when the weather is piercingly cold. But this year, as luck would have it, the jolly old lake became ice-bound on the 1st of March; and ten of us sallied forth to enjoy ourselves.

You shall now hear the tale of the ten jolly skaters. Are you ready? Then here goes!

"Ten jolly skaters assembled in a line,
Bunter borrowed Bulstrode's skates
—Biff!—then there were nine!"

Of course, you can understand old Bulstrode losing his temper. He'd been chasing round all the blessed afternoon for his skates, and when he discovered that Billy Bunter had bagged them, there were ructions. Bulstrode hit out straight from the shoulder; and what remained of the victim was tenderly conveyed to the sanny.

But let us proceed.

"Nine jolly skaters glided to the gate,
Cherry glided into Quelch, and then
there were eight!"

"Eight jolly skaters tried some fancy tricks,
Bake and Russell came to grief, and then
there were six!"

"Six jolly skaters to 'make a splash' did strive,
Johnny Bull succeeded, and then
there were five!"

Poor old Johnny! He ought never to be allowed on the ice, you know. He's as clumsy as a blessed hippopotamus. He made a whacking great hole in the ice, and disappeared from mortal view.

"Five jolly skaters back to Greyfriars lore,
Skinner skidded shockingly, and then
there were four!"

Just like Skinner, to start swerving into a steamroller. They bore him gently away, and meanwhile:

"Four jolly skaters sped beside the sea,
One gave Peter Todd a shore, and then
there were three!"

"Three jolly skaters murmured 'How d'you-do!'
To Phyllis Howell, who captured
one, and then there were two!"

Harry Wharton strolled away with Miss Phyllis, and the sadly-diminished party continued its weary way.

"Two jolly skaters—I, of course, was one—
Fought like tigers on the road, until
there were none!"

(You deserve to be exterminated, Brownie, after telling such fearful whoppers!—Ed.)



By DONALD OGILVY.

LIKE the soul in the parable, Dick Russell had fallen in stony places. Dick's people aren't particularly well off, and by the time they've paid income tax, telephone tax, rent, rates, and subscriptions to about five hundred different funds, they're not in a position to send liberal lumps of pocket-money to their son.

Russell went about in a cheerful and uncomplaining way; but we knew that he felt the position acutely. It hurt him not to be able to stand as an occasional gilet-pou in the tuckshop; and he felt jolly sore at being unable to pay his subscriptions to the Remove Football Club and the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society.

I offered to lend him some cash one day, but he shook his head.

"It's no use, I don't," he said. "I shouldn't be able to pay you back."

"But you can't pay on like this," I protested. "It's simply awful being without money!"

"I shall have to hang on until better times come."

The situation soon became absolutely desperate.

Poor old Russell was broke to the wide, and he saw no prospect of getting any cash until the end of the term.

Then Fisher T. Fish came on the scene. He buttonholed Russell in the Close.

"I sorter calculate that you're on the rocks, Russell," he said.

"Oh boy! I didn't think it needed much calculation to deduce that," said Dick.

"Well, if you'll cast your optics on the Agency Column of the 'Greyfriars Herald,'" said Fish. "You'll see that I've set up in business as a moneylender. I'm prepared to advance any amount, from a penny to a quid, on note of hand only. No references required, no awkward inquiries made concerning your habits and your pedigree. Now, can we do business together?"

And Fish rubbed his bony hands, and eyed Russell keenly.

Dick said nothing.

"Would you like to borrow a quid?" asked Fish persuasively. And he produced a rustling Treasury note.

"I wouldn't mind borrowing it," said Russell. "If I didn't have to pay it back at about five hundred per cent. That's the worst of your moneylending jollinies. A fellow never gets out of your clutches. You lend him a quid, and he has to pay you about five bob a week for the rest of his life."

Fish saw that there was nothing doing. But he was not dismayed.

"I guess you'd have to raise the wind somehow," he said. "And I'll tell you how it can be done. You'll have to dispose of your property by public auction."

"My hat!"

"Yes, your hat, and everything else that's likely to fetch a good price. You can put the matter in the hands of the celebrated auctioneers, Meers, Fish, Fish, Fish & Fish—managing director, Fisher T. Fish."

Russell looked thoughtful.

"Supposing I decide to do this," he said, "how much will you collar out of the proceeds of the sale?"

"A modest fifty per cent.," said Fish.

"You—yes swindler!"

"Waal, as you're a pal of mine," said Fish. "I'll be generous. I'll only take twenty per cent. of the proceeds. If the sale realises two quid, I'll take eight bob."

In the ordinary way Russell would not have dreamed of selling up his stuff. But he was in a jolly tight corner, and he simply had to raise the wind somehow. The thought of parting with his most treasured possessions was gall and wormwood to him; but he realised that the sacrifice would have to be made.

"What do you say?" asked Fish eagerly.

"Oh, carry on!" growled Russell. "You've got my permission to sell me up, lock, stock, and barrel."

"And you'll give me a free hand?"

"Yes."

Fish lost no time in getting to work. That same afternoon an announcement appeared on the noticeboard to the effect that the personal belongings of Richard Russell, Esq., were to be put under the hammer at eight o'clock that evening, in the Rag.

Long before the appointed time the Rag was packed to overflowing.

Tom Brown, Bulstrode, and I, who have always been jolly with Russell, begged seats in the front row, so that we should be able to catch the auctioneer's eye.

Dick Russell was present, and I'd never seen him look so miserable. After all, it's not nice to see one's most treasured possessions disappearing before one's eyes.

At the first stroke of eight the auctioneer got to business.

"Lot number one," he announced, "is a gentleman's bicycle, in topping condition, fitted with patent rheumatic tyres—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And guaranteed to stand any amount of wear and tear. What am I offered for this bike, gent?"

"Five bob," said Rob Cherry.

"Ten," said Nugent.

"Fifteen," said Johnny Bell.

"The offered quidfulness!" said Inky.

The auctioneer's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

As a matter of fact, Dick Russell's bike was a very battered and weather-beaten affair. It would have disgraced a scrap-heap, and Fishy only expected it to realise a few bob.

"A quid I am offered!" he shouted. "Any advance on a quid? Going—going—"

"Twenty-five bob!" came a voice from the back.

"Thirty," said Tom Brown quietly.

"Thirty-five!"

"Two quid," said Tom Brown.

And the bike was knocked down to him at that figure.

"Lot number two," said the auctioneer, "is a gill-edged, eighteen-carat cricket bat, with this bat, gentlemen, Dick Russell's RITA could score a century against Australia in the last Test Match."

"Fifty," said Tom Brown.

"Sixty," said Tom Brown.

"Seventy," said Tom Brown.

"Eighty," said Tom Brown.

"Ninety," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and one," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and two," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and three," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and four," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and five," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and six," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and seven," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and eight," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and nine," said Tom Brown.

"One hundred and ten," said Tom Brown.

"No fairy-tales, Fishy, please!" said Russell, rising to his feet.

"Nobody's ass enough to believe what I say," said Harry Wharton. "Anyway, I'll start the bidding at ten bob."

"Ten bob I am bid. Any advance on ten?"

The bat eventually passed into Bulstrode's possession. He gave assented bob for it.

Lot number three was a violin. Hoskins, the musician of the Shell, had got his heart on getting that violin, but Tom Brown outbid him at every turn. And everybody was surprised. They couldn't understand what an unusual fellow like Browney wanted with a violin.

The next lot consisted of a complete set of the Waverley novels, and I thought poor old Russell was going to break down when they were put under the hammer. He loved his books, and it was a cruel wrench having to part with them. I got them myself for twenty-five bob.

The sale was going much better than Fish had dared to expect.

Apart from Bulstrode, Browney, and myself, nobody was able to buy anything, for we ran up the prices in such a way that the others had to drop out.

The last thing to be sold was Russell's stamp-album. He simply couldn't bear the sight of his precious stamp collection going under the hammer, and he got up and went out of the Rag.

"We have here," said Fish, "a most valuable and unique collection of stamps. There are stamps in this album, gentlemen, that you'd have to pay over fifty quid for if you got 'em from a dealer. Altogether, there are eight hundred stamps in the album. Now, what am I offered for the whole lot?"

"I'll go up to thirty bob," said Bulstrode.

Nobody seemed to have the cash or inclination to go beyond that, and the stamp-album was handed over to Bulstrode.

I had made a note of the amounts that the various items had realised. The total came to just over seven pounds.

Dick Russell came back into the Rag at that moment.

I turned to the auctioneer.

"I'll trouble you to hand over to Russell the sum of seven pounds two shillings," I said.

"What about my commission?" howled Fish.

"You sha'n't get a single penny commission, you blessed Shylock!" growled Bulstrode.

"Look here—"

"You'll hand over the full proceeds of the sale to Russell: If you don't, we'll give you the bumping of your life!"

"He'll hear."

Everybody was on our side, and Fishy had no alternative but to forgo his commission, while Dick Russell was over seven pounds to the good.

But the matter didn't rest there.

When Dick Russell went along to his study some time later, he found that the whole of his belongings had been restored to him. The cricket bat, the stamp-album, the violin—all were in their usual places.

For some moments, Dick stared at them blankly. He was unable to speak. Then he turned to me.

"I've got you to thank for this, Don."

"I've got you," I replied. "I'm not guilty. If you want to fall on anybody's neck, go and see Browney and Bulstrode. It was they who suggested going to the sale, buying up all your stuff, and landing it back to you."

"It was jolly decent of you all, anyway," said Russell. "I'll never forget it—never."

Curious how some fellows go into heroics over trifles, isn't it?

THE END.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 608.

MY FOOTBOWL KOLLUM.

By Billy Bunter.

I have a very thrilling antidote to relate to you this week, dear readers. It concerns Me, 1st of all; it concerns the boys of Kent Football Cup, which has been won for eight seasons running by Greyfriars, and kept in the Head's study; and it also concerns, in an indirect way, Tom Brown.

They have been numerous attempts on the part of knaves, knacksmen, and criminals, to kollar the Cup. And the latest attempt, which was made only this week, would have succeeded, but for my great bravery and presents of mind.

"I'll tell you how it happened. While we were undressing in the Remove dorm I heard Tom Brown remark that he'd been trying his hand at kooling.

"What have you maid?" I inquired. "Sum delishful, delishus rock-cakes," said Brown. "Far nicer than the sort you get at the backshop. They fairly melt in the mouth."

"Have you got one hear?" I asked. "No; they're in the cupboard in my study."

I got into bed in a very cheerful mood. I was simply ravenous, and I decided to get up in the middle of the nite, steel downstares, and sample sum of Brown's delishus rock-cakes.

After Wingate of the 6th had distinguished the lites, I remained awake, propped up on the pillows.

Boon! Midnite whistled gaily from the old blacktower.

"You fellows awake!" I asked, slipping out of bed.

"Sertingly nid!" said Bob Cherry. Relevered to no that everybody was in the arms of Morphia, I leavited the dorm, and tript liely down the staires.

I found my way to Brown's study without mishap, and on the table was the obijekt I sori—a bag of rock-cakes.

I took one of the cakes, and tript to bite it, but without avale. "Try as I would, I could make no impreshun on it with my teeth."

"The beasty things are as hard as bris!" I growled.

Kramming the bag of cakes into my pocket, I rolled out of the study. As I did so, I fancied I herd a sound of foot-marks.

I hurried along to the box-room window, and glanced out. Then I gave a gasp of horror.

A desprit-looking man, maraled from head to foot, was in the act of krossing the Cloze. And under his arm was a magnificent silver cup.

"A barglar!" I muttered. "He has just raided the Head's study!"

Flinging up the window, I heried one of the rock-cakes at the man with all my might. It struck him fool in the face, and he went down like a log. The rock-cake had completely stunned him!

I rushed up to Quetchy's room, and woke him, and told him of my kaptcher. He came down in his dressing-gown, and telephoned for the perlice.

Shortly afterwards, the orful rough 'un was taken away under arrest, and we herd neckst mourning that he was lying in Courtfield Hospital in a kritical kondishun.

Of course, I was the hero of the hour, although Brown declared that it was his rock-cake that did the trick.

OUR AGONY COLUMN.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to acknowledge the receipt of two-and-sixpence conscience money, being the amount of income tax due from Gerald Lohet, Esq., in connection with his winnings at "poker."

GEORGE POTTER.—Kum back, kum back to yore hartbroken study-mate. I didn't mean to lose my temper and throw you at the bookcase! And I'm sorry I heried you out of the window. You dropt considerably in my estimation at the time, but I can now see my folly.

Don't treat me, George, with cold distaste. Kum back, and let's be friends again! —HORACE C.

BLUSHING positively lured by BILLY BUNTER'S BAITING PROCESS! Don't lose three life like a frightened rabbit, blushing to the roots of yore hair! Send ad. in stamps for my famous receipt, and even the site of yore own ugly chivvy in the mirror won't make you blush any more! This may seem a bold statement at first blush, but it's perfectly true. Now, you nervous people, roll up in yore milliums, and try my wonderful remedy!—W. G. B., Study No. 7.

IF you are thinking of getting married and furnishing a home, attend our famous Auction Sales, held in the Rec twice weekly. Chairs, tables, mouth-organs, peashooters, and other articles of furniture going cheap! Catalogue from Messrs. Fish, Fish, Fish & Fish, Auctioneers, Study No. 14.

IN THE HIGH COURTS OF JUSTICE (Greyfriars' Division). TO PERCY BOLSOVER. TAKE NOTICE that you are hereby warned to appear before Mr. Justice Wharton on Wednesday afternoon next, at two o'clock, to answer a charge of maliciously wounding the special representative of "The Greyfriars Herald" by striking him with a cricket-stump. Unless you can show cause or just impediment why you should not be sentenced to a Form-ficking, you will go through the hoop!

HANDSOME MEN ARE SLIGHTLY SUN-BURNED. Try Todd's Twopenny Tubes of Tint! No more ugly complexion! You may be ugly at present, but my wonderful tint will put quite a different complexion on you! Apply for a sample to P. TODD, Experimental Chemist, Study No. 7.

BEILA BROWN (Conciliator). So sorry shall be unable to see you on Saturday, dear gal, I've been detained by Quetchy, and I've got to write out a hundred blags. I must not compose love-sonnets in the Form-room. Never mind, dear heart. We shall meet again soon. Next Monday evening I will take you to the pictures—if it isn't too much lag! Your own MAUX-WAULE. VENTILATIONISM IN SIX LESSONS. BY PROFESSOR BUNSTER. Take a course of hutchback at wance, and learn how to sing like a dog, wile like a canary, bark like a blowtooth, wistle like a nellyfart, and squeak like Bolsover's mup's new boots! Terms—five bob, an hour, payable in advance. (No checks received, the last one I had from that rotter Skinner having been returned by the bank, marked "No Account.")—W. G. B., Study No. 7.

CHRISTIAN.—An old time hero and last Christian! A TEN-POUND NOTE! Owner had been using same as a bookmark. It was lost either in the Cloze, the eldsters, the expt, the gym, the junior Common-room, the Remove passage, the Form-room, the dorm, or the cool-cellar. Anyone returning same to "Noblemen," care of this paper, will receive nine pounds nineteen and sixpence reward!

HARRY WHARTON REPLIES TO HIS READERS.

Address all communications to: The Editor, c/o The Muses, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Frank Morris (Guildford).—"I was in London last Monday evening, and I kindly called at the Fleetway House to see you."—Your luck would have been out, old chap—and so would we. At that time we were doing our prep at Greyfriars.

"Fed-up" (Finchley).—"I have read your rag ever since it came out in simplement form, and I consider it to be the worst paper I've ever struck!"—I might mention that our Fighting Editor has "struck" many a worse fellow than yourself!

"Bella" (Harrogate).—"Let's have some more stories in Dicky Nugent's quaint spelling."—Your wishes, dear lady, are being complied with in a later issue.

"Whartonite" (Gloucester).—"You don't seem to have had many pillow-fights in the Remove dorm lately, Harry."—No; but there will be war to-night. "Whartonite"!

Alfred Ball (Birmingham).—"I could easily lick all the so-called fighting-men of the Greyfriars Remove!"—You appear, Master Ball, to have plenty of "bounce"!

Dulcie W. (Hammersmith).—"Would you like me to write some 'Hints on Knitting' for the 'Greyfriars Herald'?"—No, thanks. The members of our staff are already experts at knitting their brows!

Bert Toulley (Whitechapel).—"It would be absurd to say that you had the makings of a journalist."—But it would be quite safe to assume, judging by the fact that your letter is full of meat, that you would make an admirable pork-butcher!

Edgar C. (Liverpool).—"I must supplement you upon your compliment." You appear to have got things a trifle mixed. We should advise you to take more soda with your limejuice!

Alec Mathieson (Glasgow).—"How old is Goshing, the porter?"—Think of a number, multiply it by six, take away the number you first thought of, add the number of Scotch lasses of your acquaintance, and that will give you Gossy's exact age.

John Roberts (Chester).—"I have sent Billy Bunter a topping article for his 'Weekly.' What do you think about it, Harry?"—My dear fellow, you are eating pearls before swine!

Fred R. (Kennington).—"I am keeping myself on two-and-sixpence a week."—Good gracious! It costs more than that for the upkeep and maintenance of our white mice!

T. Jenkins (Cardiff).—"In a moment of weakness, I gave away a month-long belonging to my big brother. What shall I do?"—Afraid there's nothing for it but to "face the music!"

"Tame Poet" (Southsea).—"Your supplement is simply splendid! I shall be sorry when it's ended."—Your sorrow won't be required for many moons!

J. K. (Peterborough).—"Arden Roadside" (Kennington), Stanley Dell (Dublin), and others.—Very many thanks for your good wishes and expressions of loyalty.

HARRY WHARTON.

"The Schoolboy Protectors!"

(Continued from page 8.)

took the leather down into the enemy country. Blundell had banished all thoughts of his luminate cousin for the time being. He was bent upon justifying Wingate's choice of him in the team. And Wingate chuckled with delight when he saw the Fifth-Former's play, and the worried looks of the Luxford captain. "Foul!" roared Bob Cherry suddenly, as two burly backs, one at each side of Blundell, who had the ball, charged at him, thus performing one of the most deadly and subtle of all footer fouls, called "sandwiching." Blundell went down with a sharp cry of pain. The referee had his eye on the Luxford backs. He blew his whistle at once. "Foul!"

Wingate darted a black look at the Luxford captain, who was scowling. In the previous matches they had fought, Luxford had earned for themselves the reputation of being very shady players. Fortunately, Blundell was not seriously hurt. The penalty kick was booted out by the Luxford goalie, who was a champion in his way, and the game proceeded, Wingate & Co. keeping a wary eye on the Luxford men.

The home team did not attempt any more foul play, but the sandwiching incident had evidently nettled them. This was greatly in the Greyfriars' team's favour, and for the rest of that half most of the play took place in the home portion of the field. When the whistle blew for half-time, each side had a goal to its credit, Wingate scoring from a goal to its credit, which Walker snapped up, heaped to Wingate, who sent in a hurricane shot that fairly dazzled the Luxford goalie. Luxford's goal had been scored by their centre-half, a lanky giant, who was, perhaps, the cleverest player on his side.

Speculation ran high during the interval as to which side would bear off the cup. The mayor and Colonel Wimbury were in the grand-stand, keen spectators of the play. The colonel was to present the cup to the winning side at the end of the match.

Fisher T. Fish received a decided setback when he tried to interview Blundell in the dressing-room. Wingate and Valeous both helped Blundell get rid of the amateur detective—whom they did by kicking Fish across the field, much to the amusement of several thousands of spectators!

"Here they come again!" roared Bob Cherry, as the players filed back again into the field. "Give them kip this time, Wingate, old man! We'll love you for ever if you bag that giddy cup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate's choice of ends had been wise, for a stiff breeze had blown up, which Luxford had to fight against during the second half.

The whistle went, and Wingate's men surged forward, bearing the Luxfordians before them. Some brilliant passing took place, ending in a scramble in mid-field. Blundell again took the ball in a breakaway and dashed down the field, with only the backs to encounter. He dodged one stumpy fellow, and charged another, retaking the ball after the collision. Then he took a reckless shot for goal. The ball was fisted out by the goalie, and Wingate, who had sped down eagerly, snatched the leather, tricked two opponents, and then kicked the ball along the ground. It spun forward, and the goalie made a clumsy attempt to save

it. A howl of laughter and cheering arose as the ball went rolling gracefully into the net.

"We're one ahead!" chorled Harry Wharton gleefully. "Go it, ye cripples!"

"Greyfriars for ever!"

"Play up, Luxford!" bawled the townspeople, now rather anxious on behalf of their patron team.

Both teams put all they knew into the game after that goal. Laxford roused themselves to superhuman efforts, and, though some of their methods were not far aboveboard, they put up a splendid game. They quite baffled the Greyfriars' defence line, when the captain scored a good old goal at last.

"They're equal!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "Oh, crumbs! There's not much longer to play. I hope to goodness Wingate pulls it off!"

Every player on the field wore a grim look as the teams faced each other again. Hardly had the referee blown his whistle than the forwards had pounced upon the leather. To and fro it went, first perilously near the Greyfriars' goal, and then in the home quarters. Blundell was mainly instrumental in getting the ball up to the Luxford back line, eluding the half-backs in a manner that elicited howls of delight from the watching Greyfriars' fellows. Wingate and Valeous and the other forwards dashed up eagerly, and then some lively play ensued. Wingate & Co. did not have it all their own way, and several times they suffered rebuffs. But on each occasion they rallied.

Blundell was now on his mettle.

There followed a series of hurricane shots for goal. The sentinel between the posts had the busiest time of the whole season, booting and fisting and throwing out the ball. Wingate took a good shot; but it came out, and was pounced upon by the lanky Luxford giant who had scored the first goal. North charged him, robbed him of the leather, and passed again to Wingate. Wingate saw some enemies coming, and waiting until the most opportune moment, sent the ball to Dick Blundell.

Blundell responded nobly. The goalie was not watching him when his boot struck the ball, and the leather was in the net in a twinkling.

Then a hurricane roar rent the air.

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Blundell!"

"Played, Greyfriars!"

Wingate shook Blundell offensively by the hand on the way back to the centre line. The Greyfriars' fellows were looking jubilate. Their opponents' faces were gloomy and churn.

The players desperately for the rest of the game, but desperation was their undoing. Wingate & Co. did not attempt any more goals, but concentrated on defensive tactics. These tactics proved highly successful; and when at last the whistle blew, the score was still three-two for Greyfriars.

"Hurrah!" yelled Bob Cherry, seizing Billy Bunter's cap and hurling it high in the air. "Greyfriars wins the cup! Hooray!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, you rotter!" gasped Billy Bunter foolishly.

"Rejoice, can't you, image?" roared Bob. "We've won the cup! Three cheers for our first eleven, boys! Hip, hip—ho!"

When the cheers had subsided Wingate & Co. filed before the mayor and Colonel Wimbury, who presented the Greyfriars' skipper with the silver cup—the trophy of their magnificent victory.

Harry Wharton & Co. were wildly jubilant, and their joy was shared by all the visitors.

Peter Todd and Bulstrode and Lord

Maulverver formed a band between them. They aided a music-shop in Laxford High Street, and bought up its stock of tin whistles, mouth-organs, and hooters. Combs and paper were also bought into play, and a noisy mob, vigorously attempting to play, "See, the Conquering Heroes Come," preceded the winning Greyfriars team to the station.

Wingate and Blundell were the heroes of the hour. The Greyfriars' fellows raised the echoes in Laxford, and held quite a demonstration on the station platform.

"Greyfriars scores again!" gasped Bob Cherry, when they were all enclosed within the train and proceeding on their return journey to Greyfriars. "My hat! Wasn't it a good game?"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter pathetically, "you're quite forgotten to lay in some tuck for the journey! Beasly thoughtless, I call it! Why, I'm famished! It will be all your fault, Wharton, if I expire before we reach Farnside!"

"Oh, I'll risk that, Porpoise!" chuckled Harry. "Fancy letting grub worry you when Greyfriars has won the cup! Dry up, Bunter!"

"Look here—"

"Ring off!"

And Billy Bunter subsided into seditious silence.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

- Night Surprises!

HARRY WHARTON sat up in bed, and yawned.

His clock had just chimed a quarter to twelve. As Harry sat up Bob Cherry sat up also, and then Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Hurro Singh followed suit.

"Are you chaps ready?" asked Harry, jumping out of bed.

"Ready, ay, ready!" was Bob Cherry's cheery response.

Everybody in the Remove dormitory was awake now. Even Billy Bunter's deep bass snore had ceased, and the Owl of the Remove was sitting up in bed, blinking in the dim light of the candles that Frank Nugent had lit.

"What's on, Wharton?" asked Harold Skinner curiously. "A raid on the Upper Fourth?"

"Not much!" chuckled the captain of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows, is it a feed?" exclaimed Bunter eagerly. "Jolly good idea to have a dormy feed. We haven't had one for a long time!"

"There isn't going to be a dormy feed, Porpoise!" said Bob Cherry.

"Then what is thunder are you up to?" demanded Muldoon majestically.

The Famous Five, who were now dressed, chuckled.

"We're going to celebrate the first eleven victory!" said Harry Wharton. "Quickly turned us out of the Rag when we held a singsong this evening, and forbade us to make any more demonstrations. But such an auspicious event—"

"Good word, that, Harry!" said Bob Cherry approvingly. "Chaps, on this auspicious event—"

"Dry up, Bob!" said Harry. "As I was saying, such an auspicious event demands a celebration in a fitting manner. Therefore—"

"Ernst, that's Latin!" put in Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Ring off, you ass!" exclaimed Wharton witheringly. "Therefore, you fellows, we have hit upon a novel method of celebrating the winning of the cup by Greyfriars' first eleven!"

"What is it, Harry?"

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"Tell us the where?"

"We are going to rattle the school clock strike thirteen at midnight!" said Harry Wharton impressively.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"We're going to climb up into the clock-tower and make the giddy old clock strike thirteen!" chuckled Harry. "That will mark the great occasion in a novel and befitting manner, don't you think?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites seemed quite tickled by the idea.

"But I say, you fellows, what about a darning bell?" chimed in Billy Bunter. "I consider—"

"Go to sleep, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "Chaps, not a word of this, if inquiries are made! There aren't many fellows asleep in the school, and everybody will wonder when they hear thirteen strike, instead of twelve. You must keep cave, and don't make a row. Are you ready, you chaps?"

Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Inky were quite ready for the midnight venture. Rope was taken from underneath Harry Wharton's bed, and the window softly opened. Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, Sniff, and Pat Dealey paid out the rope, and one by one the Famous Five descended.

All was dark in the quadrangle, which was as deserted and as silent as the grave at that late hour of the night. One of two lights twinkled in the windows, showing that not all the inhabitants of Greyfriars had retired.

"Coast clear!" came the Removite's voice from the Remove dormitory window above.

"All serene!" responded Harry Wharton. "Don't forget to let the rope down again when we throw a pebble at the window!"

"Right-ho! Good luck!"

The Famous Five sped off across the dark quadrangle on their nocturnal errand.

They went underneath the old elms, whose rose gaunt and mysterious against the night sky. Heavy black clouds that had come up from the sea obscured the moon most of the time. From the cloisters the heroes of the Removites reached the old clock-tower. They had already left the door open. Winn Lung, the Chinese janitor, having been able to secure the key from Gosling, the porter.

"Mind how you go!" cautioned Harry Wharton, switching on a pocket torch, and leading the way up the steep stone stairs. "We haven't too much time to spare—It's nearly twelve!"

"All serene!"

They climbed up the narrow, winding stairs that led up to the clock-chamber. At last they stood on the platform of the clock-chamber, where the dull throb of the clock mechanism filled the air in an eerie murmur.

Just then the moon came out, and its mystic rays penetrated into the clock-chamber, showing up the intricate mechanism, the weights and the bells.

"One minute to twelve!" breathed Harry Wharton, consulting his luminous wristlet-watch. "My hat, won't we surprise the school! There go the works!"

There was a whirring noise from the clock mechanism, and the chimps sounded. To the Removites standing up there in the clock-chamber, the noise was deafening.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The great hammer was striking the gong, and Harry Wharton, a heavy steel spanner in his hand, waited by the gong in readiness, timing each stroke of the hammer as it fell.

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Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Nine-ten-eleven!" counted Bob Cherry.

Boom!

It was the last stroke of twelve, and Harry raised the spanner over the gong. Then after a few seconds' pause he brought it down crashing upon the gong, causing another dull boom to echo in the night air.

"Thirteen!" chuckled Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha! We've worked the trick, Harry. I wonder what the chaps over in the school are thinking!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton glanced through the wooden lattice of the clock-tower's window, and as his glance wandered down to the quadrangle, he gave a sudden start and chuckled Frank Nugent's arm.

"Look!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

The others looked in the direction indicated by their leader, and saw the figure of a man creeping stealthily across the quadrangle, looking something under his arm.

The moon's rays shone upon the object the man was carrying, causing it to scintillate brightly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "The silver cup! That man has stolen it!"

"The cup's stolen!"

Harry Wharton & Co. dashed down the stairs as quickly as they could, bent upon stopping the man who had robbed Greyfriars of the cup.

"Oh, hang!" exclaimed Johnny Bull when they reached the quadrangle. "The moon's gone in! But—look, you fellows—there he is!"

They could see a figure lurking among the old elms, and they dashed over there in pursuit. There was silence for a while, and then they could hear laboured breathing near them. Wheeling round, Harry Wharton discovered a shadowy figure crouching behind a tree.

"There he is!" he muttered tensely. "Don't let the rascal escape!"

As with one accord, the Famous Five flung themselves upon the prowler. They landed on top of him together, sent him crashing to the ground, and then sprawled all over him.

"Yah! Good heavens! Rascals, release me!" came in a muffled gurgle from their victim.

Harry Wharton & Co. roared him as though he had become suddenly red-hot. Just then the moon came out from behind a bank of cloud, revealing a short, portly gentleman, lying prostrate on the ground.

"My old Sunday topper!" ejaculated Harry Wharton in dismay. "Mr. Prout!"

Mr. Prout Pontifex Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, struggled to his feet, rubbing his back. Harry Wharton & Co. gaped with dismay when they realised that they had committed summary assault and battery upon a master.

"Rascals!" rumbled Mr. Prout in a voice of fear. "This is an outrage—a preposterous outrage! How dare you attack me in that brutal manner!"

"We—we're awfully sorry, sir!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "We took you to be a thief we saw prowling in the school grounds with the silver cup."

Mr. Prout looked astounded.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "Then you saw him, too! I was sitting in my room, cleaning my Winchester repeater, when I heard the school clock strike thirteen. Yes, it actually struck thirteen! My ears did not deceive me, my lady. I looked out of the window at the clock, and there in the quadrangle I saw somebody, with a parcel beneath his arm, making his way in this direction. The

rascal was a pupil of this school—Blundell, of my own Form!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Harry Wharton; and the others looked equally astounded.

Mr. Prout pointed suddenly in the direction of the school wall, and, looking over there, they could see somebody in the act of clambering over the school wall.

"It is Blundell! The rascal is escaping with his ill-gotten spoil!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "Good heavens, I must arrest the young miscreant! Wharton—Cherry—Nugent—Bull—Hurree—Singh, do not leave the school premises. I command you to return to your dormitories! Leave me to deal with this rascal alone!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked miserably at each other, but there was no gaining a master's commands. So they reluctantly hung back while Mr. Prout ran, as fast as his plump legs would allow him, over to the side-gate. Mr. Prout opened the gate with his key, and dashed out into Friarale Lane, in search of Blundell of the Fifth.

The Famous Five looked uneasily at each other.

"Oh, ermate!" exclaimed Bob Cherry lugubriously. "The fat's in the fire now, and no mistake! If Prout catches Blundell—"

"I don't believe it was Blundell!" blurted out Johnny Bull. "The fellow we saw in the quad did not look at all like Blundell."

"N-no," said Harry Wharton slowly. "But it was dark, you know, and we cannot say for certain. But it's impossible that Blundell could have stolen the cup! There must be some horrible mistake somewhere! Let's get back to bed, you chaps. Not a word to the others about this!"

"No fear!"

Vernon-Smith, Sniff and other Removites admitted the Famous Five into the dormitory. They had been wondering when and how detained the midnight marauders; but Harry Wharton & Co. did not tell them of their adventure with Mr. Prout and of Blundell's escapade.

The Remove dormitory was agog with excitement over the success of the scheme projected by Harry Wharton. The clock had struck thirteen, and Greyfriars would be mystified.

Only the Famous Five were quiet and subdued. When the chatter had subsided, and lights were blown out, they laid in bed thinking, and wondering what was befuddling Blundell, out of bounds, and with Mr. Prout in search of him.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Blundell's Sacrifice!

"LEONARD, it's you!" Dick Blundell of the Fifth uttered those words in a hoarse voice.

Friarale Lane was dark and still; but, running on the grass bank, Blundell had discerned a man standing by the bushes, panting for breath. He had gone over to him and made that startling discovery.

"Leonard, what are you doing here? Good heavens! That's our school cup!"

The eyes of Blundell's lunatic cousin gleamed.

"Yes, Dick Blundell: I took it from your school!" he said snarlingly. "I got into Greyfriars to-night meaning to get at you. But when I got inside the school I did not know where to go. I found myself in a room—this cup was standing on the sideboard. Then the clock struck thirteen, and—and I got

frightened. I took the cup and escaped. So you have followed me? I've got you now!"

"I did not know it was you," said Blundell, in a voice throbbing with emotion. "I was coming to your lodgings, Leonard, to give you food and more clothing. Here they are, in this parcel. You must give me back that cup. I would rather you took anything than that. Give it to me!"

The other gave a cackling laugh that grated on Blundell's ears.

"You ask me for favours—no, whom you wronged and sent to a living hell!" exclaimed the lunatic passionately. "Dick Blundell, I swear I'd get even with you, and now my time has come! Drop that parcel! I'm not mad now—I'm not mad, I tell you! I'm going to have my revenge!"

The light of unnatural hatred flashed from his eyes. Blundell looked round him hesitatingly. Heedless the look in his cousin's eyes. Leonard was still mad—he had always been mad. It was not until after the incident at St. Agn's that he had been put away. That incident had caused Leonard to bear his cousin a deep and bitter hatred—a madman's hatred of a man whom he believed had wronged him.

"Leonard, old chap—" began Blundell hoarsely.

"Fight me! Try your strength against mine!" screamed his cousin; and next minute Blundell found his cousin's arms encircling him.

Then began a great, grim struggle on the grassy bank bordering Friarale Lane—a fight between a madman driven to desperation by long confinement and by brooding over an imagined wrong, and a Greyfriars senior schoolboy fighting not only for his own safety, but for the silver cup that belonged to his school.

To and fro they swayed, then fell and rolled on the grass together. Blundell struggled fiercely, and put all his strength into his fighting. At that hour of the night he could not hope to obtain assistance, unless P. C. Tozer happened to come along.

At last, by a superhuman effort, he managed to get his cousin under him. The silver cup had rolled far away from the combatants. Blundell looked down into the flushed face of his cousin, and saw deep, relentless hatred written there.

"Hang you!" snarled Leonard Blundell. "You shan't do me! I'll have you yet—Ah!"

He gave a gigantic heave and pitched Blundell from him. Then he flung himself again upon his schoolboy cousin. Blundell grappled with him and swung him over to the hedge. There was a short struggle and then a sickening thud.

The form of Leonard Blundell went limp in his arms, and Blundell then saw what had happened. In his struggles the madman had struck his head heavily against a milestone, and the blow had rendered him unconscious.

"Oh, thank Heaven—thank Heaven!" breathed the Greyfriars senior, struggling to his feet and peering down into the impassive face of his cousin. "He is only stunned, and will soon recover. I—I must get away before he comes round!"

Blundell of the Fifth looked round him swiftly and picked up the stolen cup. Then, replacing his cap upon his head, and with a last look at his cousin, Blundell ran back in the direction of Greyfriars.

It was not a coward's action on Blundell's part to run away from his cousin. Leonard's madness had endowed him with great strength, and Blundell knew that if they again came to grips, Leonard would do him a great injury. Heave men have quailed before a madman's fury, and Blundell was doing the best thing pos-

sible by leaving his cousin, stunned for the time being, on the grassy bank of Friarale Lane.

Blundell's first thoughts, too, were for the safety of the silver cup which he had helped Greyfriars win that very afternoon. With the trophy held firmly beneath his arm, he ran as fast as he could back to the school.

"Blundell! Stop! I command you!" The short, dapper figure of Mr. Proot stood in Blundell's path. The Fifth-Former stopped, and looked at his Form-master in dismay.

"Oh, crumble!" were the first words that came to his lips.

"Blundell," exclaimed Mr. Proot, in a stern voice, "are you not ashamed of yourself, that you rob the school of a sports trophy and seek to abscond with

A great and noble resolution entered Blundell's soul. He would not implant his cousin. Leonard could go free. He would leave how Blundell was accused of stealing the cup, and that probably would suffice for his vengeance. Blundell of the Fifth meant to sacrifice his good name and honour for the sake of his lunatic cousin.

"Well?" Mr. Proot's odd voice broke in upon his thoughts. "Have you nothing to say, Blundell?"

"No, sir," replied Blundell, biting his lip.

"Very well, Blundell! You will kindly follow me back to Greyfriars. Mr. Locke shall be acquainted of this affair in the morning!"

With hands clenched tightly by his side, Blundell followed his Form-master



The juniors looked in the direction Wharton indicated, and saw the figure of a man creeping stealthily across the quadrangle holding something under his arm. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "The silver cup—the man has stolen it!" (See Chapter 6.)

it under cover of darkness? Give me that silver cup at once!"

Blundell mechanically handed his Form-master the cup. Mr. Proot's face was hard and stern.

"I am shocked, Blundell—astounded and shocked—that you, a boy whom I have always regarded as being the soul of honour, should dare to do this thing!" he said. "Have you no explanation to give—nothing to say concerning this—this miserable affair?"

Blundell was silent. A multitude of harassing thoughts raced through his brain. He was innocent of the theft of the cup, and had only to acquiesce. Mr. Proot of the facts and his name would be cleared. But that meant that his cousin would be accused—Leonard, whom he had left stunned by the roadside.

Suppose Blundell were to give away his cousin? Leonard's hatred would become more bitter than ever. Leonard had undoubtedly suffered these last years

lack to the school. Mr. Proot opened the side gate, and they entered.

Blundell went miserably to his dormitory. All was still and silent in there, and very quietly he undressed and slumbered into bed.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Standing by Blundell!

BILLY BUNTER spread the news. According to Bunter's own version, he had stopped outside the Head's study door that morning to do his shoelace, and while he was doing so, he overheard the conversation that was taking place inside that apartment. Mr. Proot accused Blundell of stealing the cup last night, and had caught Blundell in the act, outside the school, at half past twelve, and Blundell did not deny the charge. Blundell was now in the punishment room, awaiting THE MASTER LIBRARY.—No. 655.

the Head's further consideration, for Dr. Locke could not make up his mind at once what Blundell's punishment should be.

The news spread like wildfire all over Greyfriars, and after morning lessons Blundell's shame was the sole topic of conversation among juniors and seniors alike.

Harry Wharton & Co. were deeply dismayed at the news. They did not for a moment believe that Blundell was guilty of the charge laid against him.

"There's only one explanation, you fellows," said Harry in Study No. 1 that afternoon. "There was another thief, and Blundell had taken the cup from him when Pont caught him."

"Yes, of course," said Bob Cherry, his usually sunny face now clouded. "But why the merry deacons couldn't Blundell say so?"

"Don't you understand?" said Harry quietly. "It was Blundell's cousin who took him the cup last night. Blundell followed him, and got it back. And old Blundell is taking the blame to shield his cousin."

"Good Scott!"

The Famous Five looked at each other seriously.

"I reckon you've about got to the truth of the matter, Harry," said Johnny Bull. "Blundell is taking the blame for what his cousin did. Oh, the chump!"

"Blundell's a brick!" said Harry Wharton earnestly. "But we cannot allow him to be expelled from Greyfriars for a crime he didn't commit. Chaps, we've got to find out where Leonard Blundell is, and make him own up!"

"By Jove!"

"That's the ticket, Harry!" exclaimed Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "We'll take up the cudgels for old Blundell, and clear him from blame. But how do we know where Blundell's cousin is?"

"That's just the difficulty," said Harry quietly. "He may have cleared out of the neighbourhood, after this affair. Let's go along and have a jaw to Blundell, if we can manage it."

Conversing with a fellow in the Punishment-room was strictly forbidden by the Head, but Harry Wharton & Co. resolved to risk it.

"They met Fisher T. Fish on the stairs. Fish was looking quite elated. Blundell's predicament all went to show that he—Fisher T. Fish—had been correct in his suspicions regarding the Fifth-Former."

"Say, Wharton," said Fisher T. Fish, buttonholing the Remove Form captain, "I kinder reckon, guess, and calculate that my words have proved keener—just a jaw! I've just made a search of Blundell's study for the ring he swiped off Coker. It's not there, so I sorter figure out that the galoot disposed of it elsewhere! See how I deduce these yer things?"

Harry Wharton looked at Fish with lips curling with scorn.

"You matterable idiot, Fish!" he said. "For two pins I'd throw you down the stairs!"

"Here are two pins, Harry!" said Bob Cherry, extracting those articles from his waistcoat, and sticking them in his chum's coat. "Now, I'll do the job for you, old son!"

As Bob Cherry, pushing back his cuffs, advanced, Fisher T. Fish backed down a stair, his lean, bandied face the picture of alarm.

"Look hyer, Cherry, I guess—"

"I guess you're going down the stairs—head first!" said Bob grimly, and he laid violent hands on the Yankee school-boy.

"Yaroooh! Hands off, you mug!"

wump! Yab! I guess—Yarooop!"

Bump, bump, bump!

Fish landed at the bottom with a wild yell, and collided with somebody. That somebody was Gerald Loder of the Sixth. The Famous Five chuckled, and, leaving Fish to explain matters to Loder, continued on their way upstairs.

They reached the door of Nobody's Study, and Harry Wharton tapped softly. "Are you there, Blundell, old chap?"

There was a gasp from inside the Punishment-room.

"Who is that?" said Blundell's voice.

"Wharton of the Remove," said Harry. "I say, Blundell, you are a silly chump to let yourself suffer for something you didn't do. I don't mean to pry into your affairs, but I know enough to believe you are innocent!"

"What!" ejaculated the imprisoned Fifth-Former in amazement.

"Blundell, old son, things are going to be put right!" said Harry Wharton through the keyhole. "At the station yesterday your cousin told us his story. Of course we believe there's nothing in it. He's dotty, and is brooding on an imaginary wrong. It was he who stole the cup last night, wasn't it?"

"Good heavens!" came Blundell's voice from behind the closed door. "You—you know everything, Wharton! How—how—"

"We know it wasn't you who stole the cup," said Harry quietly. "Give us your cousin's address, old man, and we'll see that things are set right."

Dick Blundell drew a deep breath.

"Thanks, Wharton—thanks ever so much," he said fervently. "But—but I cannot do as you ask. I'm accused of stealing the cup, and I mean to go through with it!"

"But, you chump, you didn't steal it—"

"Cave, Harry!" called Bob Cherry, from the end of the passage. "Here comes Loder, and he's in a tearing rage!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

The Famous Five had to bent a rapid retreat from the Punishment-room—there was no help for it. They gathered in the quadrangle, and surveyed each other lugubrously.

"Blundell, innocent!" said Harry Wharton between his teeth. "Let's have tea, you chaps, and then go down into the village, and see if we can't run across that lunatic cousin of his."

"Good idea, Harry!"

Tea in Study No. 1 was a hasty and cheerless ceremony. As soon as it was over, the Famous Five put on their caps and left Greyfriars, making their way down to Friarale.

They were walking along the sleepy old High Street, when, passing a side turning, they heard yells in a familiar voice.

"Yaroooh! Hands off, you galoot! I guess I'll call the police—Oooohh!"

"It's Fish in trouble again!" said Harry Wharton, with a grin. "Come on, you fellows, we might as well be in at the death!"

The Famous Five ran down the side turning, and burst through the throng of mechanics and villagers who had gathered round Fisher T. Fish of the Remove, and the man who was causing him to utter those yells.

"Fish, you idiot, what have you been up to now?" demanded Harry Wharton, grabbing Fish, and whirling him out of his assailant's hands. "You—Mum—my only lad! Leonard Blundell!"

The man who had been belabouring Fisher T. Fish was none other than Blundell's cousin, the man they had come down to the village to find.

"Yowp!" moaned Fish, nursing his chin quite lovingly. "I guess this galoot didn't get my meaning, when I asked him about Coker's ring. I guess I didn't accuse him of stealing it!"

"The little rascal practically accused me of stealing it!" said the other fiercely. "The noisy little brat! I'll wring his neck!"

"But—but—" gasped Harry Wharton in mystification. "What's this about Coker's ring, Fish? Have you found it?"

"Yep, sir; I guess I trailed that ring to this yer pawnshop!" growled the amiable detective of Greyfriars, indicating with a skinny thumb a humble pawnshop on the corner of the street. "I guess I saw the ring in the window, and went in and asked the shopkeeper where he got it from. Just then this guy passed the shop, and the pawnbroker pointed him out. So then I hit out after him, and put a few queries. The all-fired mugwump got his rag out, and started on the rough stuff like a greased cyclone! Yaroooh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at Blundell's cousin in astonishment.

"So you—you pawned the ring!" ejaculated the Remove captain.

Leonard Blundell was looking curiously at the Famous Five.

"Do you boys belong to Greyfriars—Oh, yes, I remember you!" he said. "Well, look here, will you come along to my lodgings, and I'll explain. I don't want to shout out my business in the street here."

"Right-ho!" said Harry Wharton eagerly.

The Famous Five could not help thinking that there was something different about Leonard Blundell. The mad, unnatural light they had seen in his eyes the day before had gone, and his cheeks, though paler, seemed more healthy.

They followed Leonard Blundell along the narrow street. Fisher T. Fish essayed to follow, but Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull grasped him, and took him back into the High Street, threatening him with all manner of dire calamities if he dared to follow again.

Bob and Johnny ran back after the others, and after traversing several narrow streets in the poor district of the village, Leonard Blundell led them into a humble lodging-house. They climbed up a flight of narrow stairs, and at last found themselves in a tiny bed-sitting-room, neatly though poorly furnished.

"There is only one chair, so most of you will have to sit on the bed," said Blundell's cousin, with a smile that was

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totally different from his smile of yesterday. "You are the Greyfriars fellows who turned me out of the station, aren't you?"

Harry Wharton & Co. nodded.

"I—I'd like to ask you some questions concerning my cousin," said the other in a serious voice. "You know everything—I told you. I realise now that I was mad—I have been mad ever since I was a youngster. In the school gymnasium one day I fell off the vaulting-horse, and hurt my head. Since then my brain has been affected, although, in my own mind, I was quite sane. I had frequent lapses of memory, and used to imagine all sorts of mysterious things. My story about my cousin Dick, which I told you yesterday, was all imagination. I have been thinking that Dick wronged me, and swore to be revenged on him. Luckily, I have come to my senses in time!" Here Leonard Blundell shuddered.

Harry Wharton & Co. were looking at him in amazement.

"But—but how did you come to know all this?" asked Harry Wharton. "Have you suddenly—?"

"Yes, I have suddenly come to my senses," laughed the other happily. "Listen, and I'll explain how it happened. Last night, after having been baffled at my attempts to injure Dick at the station, I resolved to get at him while he was asleep at Greyfriars. So I climbed over the school wall, and managed to get into the school. But I did not know where his sleeping-quarters were, and lost my way. I found a silver sports cup in a room, and knowing that Greyfriars had won it in the afternoon, I took it. The clock struck thirteen, and—and well, it frightened me."

"I got out of Greyfriars as soon as I could. When I reached Friarale Lane I heard somebody coming, and hid among some bushes. It was my cousin Dick, and he discovered me. We had a fight, and I bashed my head against a milestone. The blow stunned me, and Dick escaped with the cup. I expect he took it back to Greyfriars."

"Well, now comes the most curious part of the story. That bash on the head, as I say, knocked me clean out. When I recovered consciousness I was in the cottage hospital, by Courtfield Heath. Somebody had picked me up in a car, and taken me there. A small bone at the back of my neck had been dislocated, and a surgeon from London, who happened to be at the hospital last night, performed a small operation on me. And, do you know, the very fact of that bone being dislocated, revealed to that doctor the cause of my insanity. The operation was a trifling one—it took only half an hour—and at the end of the time I was well again, and my brain was as clear and sane as yours is! That blow I received proved the greatest of all blessings to me—I have recovered my reason!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Harry Wharton, in breathless wonderment.

"It's true—it's wonderfully true!" said Leonard Blundell. "And, as I said before, I realise now how wrongfully I have accused my cousin. I want to see him—to explain to him!"

Harry Wharton's eyes were dancing with delight.

"Dick Blundell is at Greyfriars, in the Punishment-room," accused Leonard Blundell, "and I expect he's sleeping the cup last night!" he said swiftly. And then proceeded to explain the circumstances.

Leonard Blundell listened gravely. He drew a deep breath when Harry had finished.

"Good heavens! So Dick is taking the blame for the crime I committed!" he exclaimed. "I must go to Greyfriars

at once, and explain to Dr. Locke. If he needs any proof of my story, he has only to ring up Courtfield Cottage Hospital, and he will get all particulars. Let us go back to Greyfriars now!"

"Yes, rather!"

And the Famous Five, leaving Leonard Blundell's lodgings, piloted him back to Greyfriars.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

All Serene!

LEONARD BLUNDELL explained to Harry Wharton & Co. how he had come to sell Coker's ring to the pawnshop. Dick Blundell had left clothes and money for him at his lodgings, and in one of the coat pockets Leonard had found the ring, which he immediately disposed of to the pawnbroker. The coat, of course, was the one Coker had given Dick Blundell.

Gosling was about to look up when the claims of the Remove and Blundell's cousin arrived at the gates of Greyfriars.

They did not wait to listen to the ramblings of Gosling, but made their way swiftly indoors.

Harry Wharton & Co. went up to the Head's study, and entered in response to Dr. Locke's call.

The Head was amazed to see the Famous Five, with a stranger in their midst. Still more surprised was he when Harry Wharton & Co. and Leonard Blundell unfolded their story to him.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Locke, when all details had been given him. "This is a most extraordinary affair! Thank Heaven that events have transpired so successfully, otherwise I should have expelled a noble and honourable lad!"

He rang the bell for Trotter, the page, and instructed that youth to ask Wingate to release Blundell from the Punishment-room, and bring him there at once.

Blundell came into the Head's study five minutes later. He almost fell down with amazement when he saw his cousin.

Swiftly matters were explained to him. The furrows and lines of care that had come upon Blundell's face during his confinement in Nobody's Study vanished, and there was a smile of radiant happiness on his face, as he gripped his cousin's hand.

"I'm glad, Leonard—more glad than I can say!" he exclaimed huskily. "Forgive me! Why, old chap, you have done so wrong intentionally!"

He shook Harry Wharton by the hand, too. The Remove captain needed no thanks. The happiness that had been brought to Dick Blundell and his cousin was all sufficient for him.

When the Famous Five returned to their study they were feeling jubilant.

"Good old Blundell!" said Bob Cherry, stirring the fire. "Everything is clear now, my fellows. And his cousin, now that he's got over his dotiness, is one of the best!"

"Hear, hear!"

There was a tap at the door, and next minute the faust head of Fisher T. Fish looked in.

"Hallo, fishy!" said Harry Wharton, with a grin. "Are you still on the detective stunt?"

"Waal," said the Yankee Remove, coming right into the study, "I kinder reckon, guess, and calkew-late that there's a litch somewhere! Blundell's just come away from the Head's study, and I guess he looks about as happy as a flea on a dog's back! What's the idea?"

(Continued on next page.)

THE FIGHT WITH THE FIFTH!

(With apologies to "The Battle of Blenheim.")

By DICK PENFOLD

It was a summer evening.

Old Gosy's work was done.

And he, before his cottage door,

Was sitting in the sun;

And by him sported, all alive,

Bob Cherry, of the Famous Five.

He saw his comrade Harree Single

Roll something large and round,

That he beside the old school wall

In playing there had found.

He ran to see what lucky found

That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Gosy took it from the boy,

Who stood expectant by;

And then the old man shook his head.

And, with a deep-drawn sigh,

"It's one of them there stones," said he,

"They clucked in that great victory."

"I find 'em in my garden, too,

There's many hereabout;

And often when I dig up spuds

The spuds it turns 'em out.

For many thousand stones," said he,

"Was clucked in that great victory."

"Now, tell us of the Fightfulness,"

Young Iuky loudly cried;

And little Bobbie glances up

With wonder-waiting eyes.

"Now, tell us all about the war,

And what they scragged each other for."

"It was the Sixth Form," Gosy cried,

"Who put the Fifth to rout;

But not they stoned each other for

I couldn't quite make out.

But everybody said," quoth he,

"It were a famous victory."

"They say it was a shockin' sight

After the fight were won.

For many despic' willains 'ere

Lay bleedin' in the sun!

And some poor fellers couldn't see

After that famous victory."

"Great praise the rival leaders won

When they 'ad done the job."

"Wily, 'twas a very wicked thing!"

Cried terror-stricken Bob.

"No fear, my little boy," quoth he,

"It were a famous victory!"

"And everybody praised the lokes

Who this great fight did win."

"'Jat what good came of it at last?"

Asked Iuky, with a grin.

"I'm blest if I can tell," said he;

"But 'twere a famous victory!"

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THE SCHOOLBOY PROTECTORS!

(Continued from page 13.)

"Fishy, old son, you've got lost again!" said Harry Wharton blandly. "Blundell's innocence has been proved, and you've been on the wrong way all the time!"

Fish's jaw fell.

"Oh, Jehosophat!" he ejaculated, in dismay. "You don't say!"

Fisher T. Fish was discouraged. Blundell was innocent. There had been a mistake! All the school knew it within the space of half an hour, and there was widespread satisfaction.

Coker recovered his ring, per Blundell of the Fifth, who explained that the ring had been left in the jacket Coker had given him.

Coker was very gracious over the affair, but he did not treat Fisher T. Fish graciously, when that alert youth applied for payment of thirty bob!

Fish went away vowing that he'd never again attempt to do Coker a service!

Blundell's cousin stayed at Greyfriars that night, pending a communication from his father. Dr. Locke agreed to overlook Leonard's theft of the cup, for he knew that he had not been master of himself at the time.

Leonard Blundell went home next day, and took a warm farewell of Harry Wharton & Co. at the gates of Greyfriars.

Dick Blundell of the Fifth saw his cousin off at the station, and returned to the school, feeling happier than he had been since he had first known that Leonard had escaped, and was seeking vengeance on him for an imaginary wrong.

And for this happy ending to what might have been a tragic affair, Blundell was more than grateful to Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove, who had rendered him such noble service as his friends in need.

THE END.

A GAME OF GOLF.

As Played by MR. PROUT, M.A., A.S.S., etc.

Described by ARTHUR COURTNEY, Sixth Form.

I DARE say I shall bring down on my head an avalanche of remarks from Mr. Prout that might well be applied to a midnight rat, but the fact remains that our respected master has no more idea of playing golf than a pig has of flying.

As physical exercise, golf doubtless has its good points. But I can't see the object of so much walking. It isn't as if there were a free feed and a charming waitress at the other end. When you're got to that end, you simply have to turn round and do it all over again.

It was on a half-holiday that Prout asked me to accompany him to the links. Wingate had been compelled to scratch the footer match with Redcliffe Albion, and I had nothing much to do, so I consented.

Prout is a man who is possessed of a grim countenance, a Lee-Metford rifle, and an idea that, like Napoleon, he can walk round anything or anybody. Having achieved some local fame at billiards, principally obtained by squaring the marker and shaking the table, he began to consider himself a sportsman.

We arrived on the battlefield shortly after dinner. Prout was dressed as if he wasn't quite sure whether he was going to play footer, or was simply on his way to a fancy-dress ball.

A small youth loitering in the vicinity politely offered to act as caddy. He doubtless thought that Prout would out-Roby Roby for funniness. And he was right!

"Give me a club, boy!" snarled the Form-master.

The kid handed him a long stick with a bulge like half a pear at the end of it, and Prout began to swing it about.

He then stooped down and laid a small white ball on a little heap of sand. Then he kept on swinging his stick and trying to hit it.

"Why don't you let me have a shot, sir?" I asked. "I might hit it, and then we could start a free game. Do you got anything if you hit it first time, or what?"

Prout made a fourth effort, and nearly swung himself bodily into the air. The caddy laughed all over his chivvy.

"Look here, sir," I said obligingly. "You're evidently all at sea. Tell me exactly where you want the ball to go."

"Over there, imbecile!" shrieked Prout, waving his stick wildly towards the horizon.

"Then let me give you a start, sir. Not much good wasting time with that stick, that I can see."

And with the very best intentions, I picked up the ball and chucked it as far as I could.

Old Prout fairly went on the warpath at that. He threatened me with all sorts of things—kicks and lines included, as if I were a beastly fag.

I apologised, and suggested that as it seemed impossible to hit the ball, it wouldn't be a bad idea to put it in his pocket and walk the distance, if exercise was the thing he wanted.

Prout was about to go for me hot and strong, when the local curate came along. He smirked at me, and asked Prout if there was any chance of a game.

Prout beamed, and said he would be only too pleased to show the ecclesiastical gentlemen how it was done. So the caddy recovered the lost ball, and the game commenced.

The curate smote his ball after a dozen tries, and then Prout, by a miracle, managed his. He hit his ball almost as far as the curate's; and now I thought I'd got the hang of the game.

We tramped across the links, Prout puffing and blowing like a grampus.

Then for a couple of hours those two maniacs smote little balls in various directions, and never seemed to be any better off for it.

Once I could not restrain myself. After wiping away at the ball for two-and-a-half hours Prout's ambition seemed to be to get it into a little round hole. The ball's ambition, on the other hand, seemed to be to go the other way. Prout had about twenty shots, and the curate suggested that he'd have a chair sent for, and sit out the next dance, as it were.

At last I could keep it in no longer. I fairly chuckled with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you are so clever, Courtney," snarled Prout, "do it yourself!" And he fairly hurled the stick at my head.

I grabbed both of them and tried no less than twelve times to knock that wretched ball into the hole. But every time the hole won, and in my rage I snarled the ball away as hard as I could, and explained to the curate that at any rate I had hit it!

The ball came to a halt beneath the nose of a grazing cow. The intelligent animal promptly swallowed it; and then Prout came at me like a tornado. I turned tail at once, and only just escaped with my life.

And I have come to the conclusion that of all the idiotic games, I only know one sillier than golf. And that is looking on!

THE END.

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