

BONFIRE NIGHT AT GREYFRIARS!

Read the amazing school story of Harry Wharton & Co.—inside.

No. 1,029. Vol. XXXII.

Week Ending November 5th, 1927.



... AND BUNTER THOUGHT THE CUPBOARD CONTAINED GRUB!

An incident in this week's topical tale of Greyfriars that will send you into explosions of mirth!



LOTS of people say that the age of miracles is past. They may be right. I don't know. But if I were asked for evidence to the contrary—to prove that in a football sense, at any rate, the age of miracles is not past, I should just whisper the words Huddersfield Town. They have indeed performed miracles—they are the wonder-team of post-War football.

In theory this Huddersfield Town football team hadn't really a chance of doing much. First of all, they started in a town which was "mad" on the Northern Union Rugby game. They have never had really big gates; not more than half, on the average, for instance, compared with such clubs as Newcastle United, Aston Villa, Everton, and Tottenham Hotspur. And as money talks in football, we should have said, in the ordinary way, that no club could gain the real honours of football on an average attendance of something less than twenty thousand at their home games.

Hats off to Huddersfield!

Yet look what Huddersfield Town has done. In the first season after the War they gained promotion to the First Division, along with Tottenham Hotspur. In that season they also got to the Cup Final, only to be beaten—during extra time, by Aston Villa. Two years later they improved on this performance—they actually won the Cup, beating Preston North End in the final tie.

But that is by no means the end of the story: in fact, it is only the beginning, really, of the tale of miracles. This moderately supported club then went on to win the championship of the First Division three times in succession. Now, what do you think of that? The feat had never previously been done by any club in the whole of the fifty years of Football League history. Other teams had won twice in succession; Huddersfield did it three times, in a period of such fine equality between the teams in this section that all the experts said the feat would never be accomplished. Last season Huddersfield did not win the championship, but they did the next best thing: they finished in the second position. I take off my hat to the players—and my coat as well.

It may be said that now they are going back; that the team is not so good as it was during the championship-winning years. That is probably true. King Canute did not attempt a greater feat in trying to push back the tide than any set of football club directors attempt in trying to keep their club always on top. It is just

as well that the task should be impossible. Football would get very dull from the point of view of the other twenty-one clubs in any League if a particular side was always on top, wouldn't it?

Huddersfield Town may not be the force they were; but they are not dull yet, by any means, and they will make some of their opponents sit up before the end of the campaign, unless I am very much mistaken.

A Man of Valour!

For the going back of Huddersfield there is the usual explanation: certain players have grown old. One of them is Clem Stephenson, the inside-left, who did more than any man to "make" the championship side. Nowadays Clem only plays in an occasional game. In the early days of this season I asked Alec Jackson, the outside-right, of Huddersfield Town: what was the matter with the team. They had then lost three matches running. Jackson gave me this reply: "The matter with the team is this: we want another Clem Stephenson." Of course, you know that Clem, alone of modern footballers, has three times been on the winning side in a Cup Final. There isn't room for any more medals on his watch-chain.

Stephenson, though, has been merely the outstanding star among a wonderful collection. Without much money Huddersfield Town club boasts the record number of real football personalities: the sort they have a right to boast about. I have mentioned Alec Jackson. He cost a lot when he came from Aber-

This Week:

HUDDERSFIELD TOWN

The Famous Yorkshire Team which has won the Championship of the First Division three times in succession.

deen to Huddersfield, but he is high up among the best outside-rights that Scotland has produced. And, of course, he has played for Scotland. Alec doesn't drive his motor-cars any faster than he dashes down the wing.

Another forward is Bob Kelly—an English International. He went to Huddersfield via Burnley and Sunderland. "The game's greatest swerver," is one way to describe him. Then there is outside-left Billy Smith, another man with many English International caps in his wardrobe. He it was who scored the Cup-winning goal in 1922. Billy is perhaps not so captivatingly artistic as Jackson on the other wing, but in his own way he is equally effective.

Still, we must go on talking about the Internationals in this Huddersfield Town team: the side is just full of them. George Brown, centre-forward, or inside-right—it's all the same to him—is a fellow who was picked up young and developed at Huddersfield, and he helped England to beat Scotland at Glasgow last spring. There is no half and half about the way George hits them when the goal is in sight. Dent is another promising young forward who, when appearing at centre, enables Brown to move over to an inside wing position.

A Barrier of Strength!

The half-backs are just workers, every one of them. When Clem Stephenson isn't in the side Tom Wilson, the centre-half, takes on the job of skipper. Tom hasn't played for

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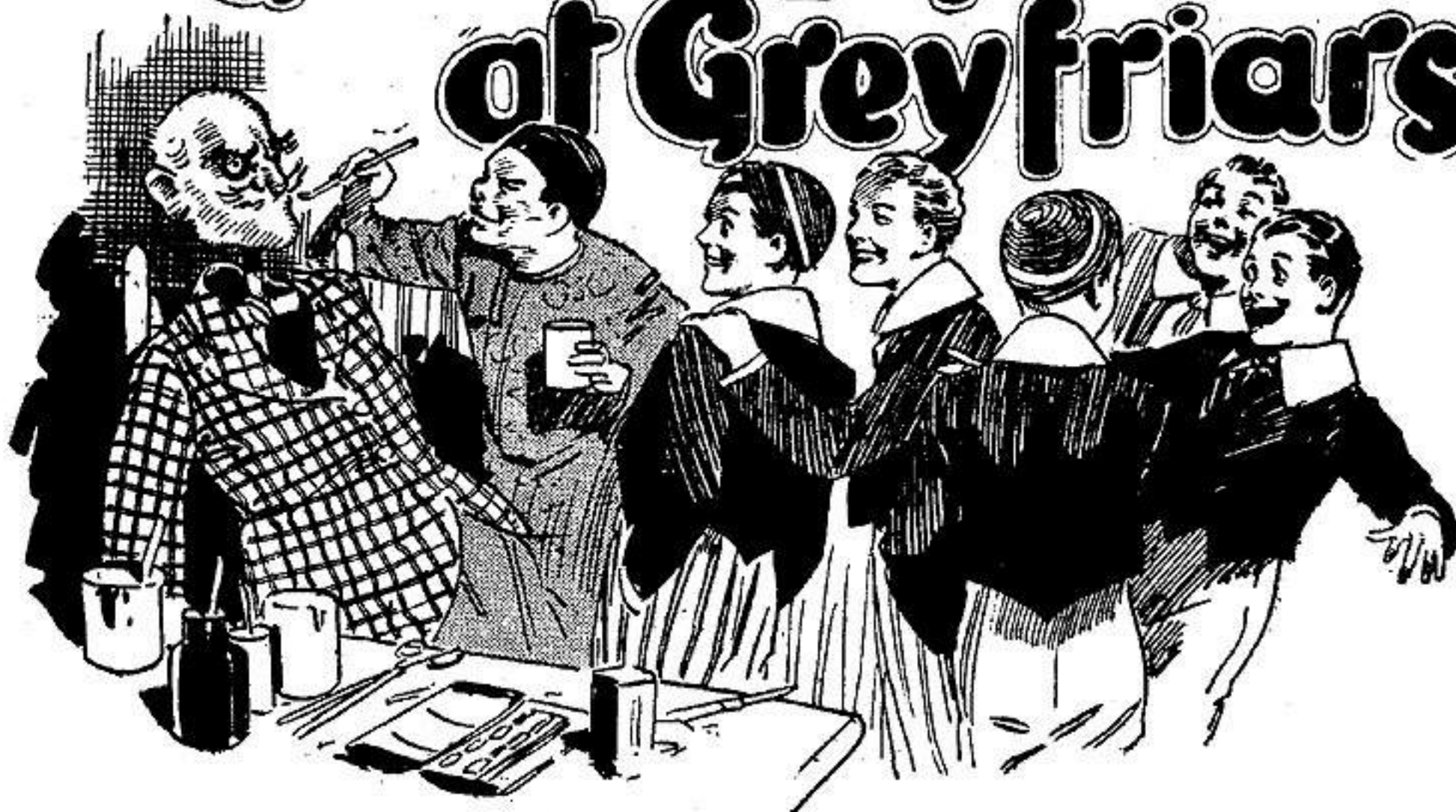
THE HEROES OF HUDDERSFIELD!



Reading from left to right (back row) photo shows: Barkas, T. Wilson, Taylor (the trainer), Carr, Goodall, Turner, Jackson, Wadsworth. Front row: Steele, Kelly, Meads, Brown, Stephenson, W. H. Smith.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER! They remember it at Greyfriars, all right, and an extra special guy is made in honour of the occasion. But that guy doesn't share the fate of the original Guy Fawkes, owing to a rotten trick played by Edgar Bright—a new boy at the school who quickly earns the nickname of the Toad!

A Great 'Fifth' at Greyfriars!



A Grand Long Complete Story dealing with the thrilling Bonfire Night Experiences of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. By Frank Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Wonderful Wheeze!

"PLEASE to remember——"

"What?"

"The Fifth of November."

"What about it?"

"The gunpowder treason and plot!" explained Bob Cherry. "I see no reason why gunpowder treason should ever be forgot."

To which four voices replied in unison:

"Fathead!"

Bob Cherry grinned cheerily. Harry Wharton & Co., over tea in No. 1 Study, had been discussing the football match with St. Jim's, which was coming along at an early date. Bob's thoughts, however, had been running upon a still earlier date—the anniversary of Mr. Fawkes' celebrated attempt to cut short the never-ending flow of Parliamentary eloquence.

"You see, I've got an idea," said Bob.

"Gammon!"

"A really ripping idea——"

"Whose is it?"

"Mine, ass! We're going to celebrate the Fifth, of course! We're going to have a record bonfire, and all that. We shall want a guy. I've been thinking that out. You fellows can rely on me to supply a really original guy."

"Well, that's all right," remarked Johnny Bull. "I admit that you're suited for the part."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bob. "I don't mean anything of the sort. We're going to make an effigy, all ready for the Fifth of November. We're going to make it represent somebody we're all

down on, so as to show what we think of him. See?"

"Oh!" said Harry Wharton.

"Don't you think it's a jolly good idea?" demanded Bob warmly.

"Well, that depends," said the captain of the Remove. "If you're thinking of Quelchy, cut it out. Quelchy's too jolly dangerous to have his leg pulled in that way."

"Do you think I'm thinking of guying my own Form master, ass? Nothing of the kind!"

"Not the Head?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Ass!" said Bob witheringly. "I'd jolly well punch any fellow's nose for guying the Head!"

"Well, who, then?" asked Wharton. "Who's to be the happy victim? We're not going to let you get yourself flogged, with your brilliant ideas!"

"Sir Hilton Popper!" answered Bob impressively.

"What?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"A governor of the school!" yelled Nugent.

"Well, he's a governor of the school, and an Old Boy, and all that," admitted Bob. "But there's lots of reasons. He's an interfering old ass——"

"Yes, but——"

"He butted in the day Smithy and Redwing came back to the school, and got them into a row."

"Yes, but——"

"He got us into a row with the Head once for picnicking on his island in the river, which really isn't his island at all!"

"Yes, but——"

"The butfulness is terrific," remarked

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, shaking his dusky head.

"And he's a chap that simply lends himself to caricature," went on Bob. "He's not an ordinary man to look at, you see. With his long legs, and his big beak of a nose, with an eyeglass stuck on one side of it, anybody could make up an effigy that would be recognised as Sir Hilton Popper at the first glance. We can get an old shooting-suit secondhand. A couple of broomsticks will make the legs—and they will be quite lifelike. We can make the face out of a Guy Fawkes mask; it won't want much alteration for the purpose."

The juniors chuckled.

Encouraged by that sign of applause, Bob Cherry went on cheerily:

"You see, it's not so jolly easy to make an effigy that will be recognised as the chap it's meant to represent. In old Popper's case it's easy. He's a striking-looking man. Everybody will enjoy the joke; there's hardly a man at Greyfriars that he hasn't bothered in one way or another. The masters don't like him butting in, any more than the fellows do. If he should happen to butt in on bonfire day and see his double being shoved on the bonfire it will do him good. It will show him what Greyfriars thinks of him and his nosey interfering."

"You frabjous ass!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "And what shall we get for guying a governor of the school?"

"Oh, never mind that!" said Bob.

"Six each, if not the sack!" said Nugent.

"Oh, rot!"

Bob Cherry, greatly taken with his

wonderful idea, had evidently given no thought to the possible consequences.

But his comrades were evidently thinking of the consequences, and very seriously.

Guying that irascible and unpopular governor of the school might be a great jest. But being called before the Head, to answer for the same, was not likely to be a jesting matter. It was likely to be most awfully serious.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"It's a good idea," he admitted, "but it won't wash, old chap. Too jolly risky!"

"Blow the risk!"

"But the riskiness will be absolutely terrific, my esteemed Bob," urged Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Bosh!"

"It isn't likely that old Popper himself will butt in and see it," remarked Nugent. "But any of the masters or prefects may get on to it."

"They think just the same of old Popper as we do," said Bob.

"Yes, but they can't own up to it. A governor of the school is a governor of the school!"

"Wash it out, old chap!" said Harry. "It's a ripping idea, but it would mean a row with the Head."

"Rot!"

"Now, look here, old chap—"

"Of all the funky, fatheaded, frabjous, footling, foozlers!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in great exasperation. "Here, I take the trouble to think out the best stunt of the term, and all you can do is to throw cold water on it. Blow the risk! Bother the Head! I can jolly well tell you that the effigy on the Fifth is going to be Sir Hilton Popper's double, and made so like him that a cow with a glass eye would recognise him. There!"

Bob Cherry spoke with heat.

"Put it to the vote," suggested Nugent pacifically. "It's our rule, you know; it goes by the majority in this Co."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hands up for Bob's terrific wheeze!" said the captain of the Remove, looking round.

Bob's hand went up promptly.

It remained alone in the air. Four members of the Famous Five were evidently against the scheme.

"Vote in favour, one; votes against, four!" said the captain of the Remove. "I call upon the honourable member to withdraw the motion."

Bob Cherry rose to his feet.

"I withdraw the motion, so far as this funky, fatheaded Co. is concerned!" he declared. "I'll take it along to some other study, where the fellows aren't suffering from cold feet."

"Bob, old chap—"

"Rats!"

And Robert Cherry, of the Remove, departed from Study No. 1, closing the door after him with a bang.

"Oh, my hat!" said Harry. "Now old Bob's got his rag out!"

"His esteemed back is terrifically up," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "But the barkfulness of the worthy Bob is more terrific than the bitefulness, and his ridiculous wrath never lasts long. The serenity will soon return to his infuriated countenance."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the four members of the Co., knowing that Bob's wrath would not last more than a few minutes at the most, resumed their discussion of the coming football match at St. Jim's, which really was a more important matter than any number of Guy Fawkes celebrations.

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Bounder Catches On!

"GOT 'em again?"

Herbert Vernon-Smith asked that question sarcastically.

Tea had been going on in Study No. 4 in the Remove. The Bounder had been talking a good deal; but his study-mate, Tom Redwing, answered only in monosyllables.

There was a cloud on Redwing's brow. Vernon-Smith pushed back his chair at last and rose from the table, frowning.

"Got 'em again?" he repeated. "You're a jolly cheerful sort of chap in the study, Redwing!"

Redwing coloured.

"I'm sorry, Smithy! But—"

"You've hardly said a word all through tea. I dare say you think I've talked enough for two," grunted the Bounder.

"Well, I didn't mean to be a wet blanket, old chap," said Redwing. "But I'm feeling a bit worried, and that's a fact."

"What about?"

"I think you know. Mr. Quelch—"

"Hang Mr. Quelch!"

Redwing was silent again. His chum was irritated, and he did not want to enter into any dispute.

Herbert Vernon-Smith stood leaning on a corner of the mantelpiece regarding his chum with a lowering brow.

"What's the worry?" he snapped.

"You're in Quelch's black books. Well, so am I; but I don't go around looking like the chief mourner at a funeral."

"You don't care," answered Redwing.

"Why should you, either?"

"Well, it's rather different with me. Mr. Quelch has always been thoroughly decent to me. You set up as the rebel of the Form, up against the masters and prefects. I don't! I want to stand well with a man who has always been kindness itself to me. It's rather rotten to be thought careless and ungrateful."

"And it's all my fault?"

Redwing did not answer that. It was all the Bounder's fault, or mostly; but his chum was not the fellow to put the blame on him.

"I kept you late in rejoining the school after the vac," said the Bounder.

"I made you hang round on the journey here, instead of coming direct to school like a good little boy. All my fault! Why can't you say so, as you're thinking so?"

"Well, it wasn't all your fault, Smithy," said Redwing. "Quelch was waxy with me for getting into a fight on my way here. It wouldn't have happened if we'd stayed in the train, as you know jolly well we ought to have done. Still, I'm glad I walloped that cad Bright in Lantham Chase, where we found him tormenting a rabbit. I'm glad of that. Still, all Quelch knew was that we played truant on the way to school and that I turned up looking as if I'd been in a prize-fight. I can't blame him for being down on me."

"Do you ever blame anybody for anything?" jeered the Bounder. "You're a bit too soft for a Public School, Redwing."

"Possibly!"

"Quelch's down on me, too; and I take it out of him by ragging in class and pulling his leg whenever I can and giving him all the trouble possible. Why can't you do the same and make a feud of it?"

"We're not built the same way, Smithy," said Redwing, with a faint smile. "Ragging in class isn't in my line. I'm not at Greyfriars to rag."

"Well, I am!" grunted the Bounder. "And you'd have a jollier time if you followed my lead. But I suppose you're not still in mourning because Quelch was waxy the day we came back?"

"I've tried to set the matter right," said Redwing. "But it doesn't seem any use. Sir Hilton Popper complaining of us made the matter worse. And now the fat's in the fire."

"What's happened now?" grunted Vernon-Smith.

"That cad Bright—the fellow I walloped—turned up at Greyfriars to-day."

"What on earth was he doing here?"

"It seems that he's coming to the school, and he was mooching about in the quad while his father was in Quelch's study, and I came on him. He knew me at once, of course, and he's full of malice. We had a few words, and he struck me—"

"Oh! Why didn't you smash him?"

"I'm afraid I lost my temper—"

"You're afraid you lost your temper—when a chap hit you!" jeered the Bounder. "Oh, how naughty!"

"Well, I wish I hadn't," said Redwing. "The miserable worm scuttled into Quelch's study, with me after him. I got him at Quelch's door, and, of course, I never supposed he would open the door. But that was his game. He rushed into the study; and you can fancy Quelch's feelings when he saw me—"

The Bounder grinned.

"What did you get?"

"Six!"

"Well, dash it all, you asked for it if you chased a fellow right into your Form master's study!" chuckled the Bounder. "My hat! I wonder Quelch didn't explode!"

"I had put myself in the wrong, of course. Quelch called me a young ruffian."

"So you are!" chuckled Smithy.

"You thrashed the chap the day you met him at Lantham and you chased him into Quelch's study when you happened to spot him here. Quelch must think you're a regular hooligan, always hunting for trouble with inoffensive strangers."

Redwing winced.

"I'm afraid he does think something of the sort," he answered. "It's pretty rotten for me, when I want to stand well with him."

"Chuck up standing well with him, old bean, and join me in ragging him," suggested the Bounder.

Redwing shook his head.

"So he's coming here, is he?" said the Bounder. "And his name's Bright. He won't have a good time at Greyfriars if he plays his dirty tricks here. You'd better give him a thrashing his first day at school."

"I shall let him severely alone," answered Redwing. "The fellow's a beastly sneak. He landed me in that row with Quelch, practically leading me by the nose into it. I shall keep away from him if I can."

"Is he coming into the Remove?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"I don't know—I hope not. I only know that he's coming to Greyfriars—at least, he was here, and he said so. I shall try to keep clear of him, whether he's in my Form or not. And I suppose that will be easy enough; he's not the fellow to look for trouble with any chap who can handle him. But—"

Redwing broke off, with a clouded brow.

"But you're in Quelch's black books and it's all my fault," said the Bounder. "You'll never be a master's favourite so long as you chum with me. Chuck me up and stick to Quelch. He will

come round if you suck up to him long enough."

"I don't think I deserve that from you, Smithy," said Redwing quietly. "I hope I'm not the fellow to suck up to anybody, or to want to be a master's favourite—if Mr. Quelch was the man to make favourites, which you know jolly well he is not! But I do wish you'd chuck playing the goat a little and give me a chance."

Thump!

There was a heavy knock at the door and it flew open, and Bob Cherry came in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Interrupting you?" he asked.

"Yes—and many thanks for the same!" answered the Bounder, with a grin. "Redwing is giving me a sermon, and he was just getting on to seventhly when you butted in. Don't go, for goodness' sake!"

Bob Cherry laughed, while Redwing flushed uncomfortably.

"Well, never mind sermons now," said Bob. "You may as well chuck it. Reddy; Smithy is past praying for, you know. I've come to tell you a stunning wheeze I've thought of for the Fifth, Smithy."

"Honoured!" said the Bounder, with a bow.

"I want somebody to help, you see."

"Honoured again! But what about your pals?"

"They turned it down as too risky," said Bob.

"Then you've come to the right study!" said the Bounder heartily. "No cold feet in Study No. 4!"

Bob Cherry frowned a little. He was rather wrathful with his chums for turning down his great wheeze, and it was true that they had turned it down as too risky. But he did not like to hear "cold feet" attributed to his comrades.

"It's not exactly that," he said hastily. "The fact is, they don't think much of the wheeze. No reason why they shouldn't please themselves; but I'm going on with it all the same. The idea is to guy old Popper on the Fifth."

"Bravo!"

"Oh, you like the idea?" exclaimed Bob.

"My dear man, it's great! Why didn't I think of it myself?" exclaimed the Bounder.

"Well, this is a bit better reception than I got from the other fellows," said Bob. "My idea is to make an effigy that anybody could recognise as Sir Hilton Popper, and parade him round on the Fifth, you know, and wind up with burning him on the bonfire. I think it will show everybody what we think of the fussy old duffer."

"Splendid!"

"Then you're on?" asked Bob.

"Yes, rather! You, too, Reddy?" The Bounder glanced at his chum with a rather mocking expression.



"You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself," shouted Bob Cherry, his eyes blazing. "If Smithy had been injured, I'd jolly well have reported you at the police-station." "Good gad!" gasped Sir Hilton. He grasped his riding-whip, and made a cut at Bob. "Ow!" The Greyfriars junior gave a yell as the whip cracked across his shoulders. (See Chapter 4.)

Redwing had not spoken, but Smithy could guess what he would think of Bob's wonderful wheeze.

It was sheer thoughtlessness on Bob's part that made him blind to the objections to the scheme; but the Bounder was not thoughtless, and he saw in that scheme the reckless defiance of authority that was meat and drink to him. Guying a governor of the school, bringing ridicule upon that august and venerable body, the Governing Board of Greyfriars, was an idea exactly in accordance with the Bounder's lawless nature. It was not likely to appear in the same light to a steady and thoughtful fellow like Redwing.

"I say, isn't it rather thick?" asked Tom mildly. "Sir Hilton is a governor of Greyfriars. We can't respect the man much, but we ought to remember his position."

"Seventhly!" said the Bounder.

"Oh, don't be an ass, Smithy!" exclaimed Tom, rather sharply. "I don't think Bob's thought the matter over very carefully, that's all. Such a game is bound to come to the masters' notice, and that will mean jolly serious trouble. Whatever they think of old Popper themselves, they can't allow the governing board to be made fun of."

"Well, I don't mean that, of course," said Bob, rather slowly.

"I know you don't old fellow; but that is what it will look like, and that is what the Head will think."

Bob Cherry had a thoughtful expression on his rugged face now. He was not much given to reflection, but he was reflecting now. But the Bounder broke in quickly.

"Wash all that out, Reddy!" he said. "If you feel nervous, you can keep out of it. I'm in it, head and ears! Why, it's the stunt of the term! The whole school will roar!"

"After all, it's only a joke!" said Bob.

"And a ripping joke!" said the Bounder. "Best thing I've heard of this term! We're on to this. We'll make a giddy effigy that will look like old Popper's twin brother! Look here, there's time before lock-up. Let's cut down to Courtyard on our bikes, and get the things we want from old Lazarus. We'll do the thing in style!"

"Let's!" said Bob, at once, catching the Bounder's enthusiasm. "An old shooting suit and an eyeglass, and a few other things."

"Bob, old chap—" began Redwing.

"Come on, old bean!" exclaimed the Bounder, catching Bob's arm. "Give your chin a rest, Reddy. If there's any risk in the stunt, we'll show all the Remove that there's two fellows in the Form, at least, who haven't got cold feet! Come on, Cherry!"

And the Bounder fairly dragged Bob from the study, perhaps realising that if he were given time to think, the

great wheeze would be "off," after all. Redwing was left alone, with deep trouble in his brow. It was not easy for him, as the Bounder's chum, to keep clear of the Bounder's wild escapades, though he was determined to do so as far as he could. Now the thoughtless and unsuspecting Bob was being dragged into one of the wildest of them; and Tom, if he refused to join in, was placed in the position of a fellow who drew back from his friend's side because there was danger ahead. Truly, there was but a thorny path for any fellow who chummed with the Bounder of Greyfriars!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Unlucky Meeting!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Buzz off, Bunter!" snapped the Bounder.

William George Bunter appeared in the offing, as Smithy and Bob Cherry were wheeling out their bikes.

"I've been looking for you, Smithy."

"Look for somebody else!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Cut it short, old fat man," said Bob Cherry good-naturedly. "We've none too much time to get to Courtfield and back before lock-up!"

"If you're going to the bunshop—"

"We're not, fatty!"

"If you are, I'll come!" said Bunter.

"I said we're not, ass!" said Bob frowning.

"I'm not going to ask you to pay the bill," said Bunter loftily. "I'll stand the racket for all three. I happen to be in funds." And Billy Bunter jingled something metallic in his trousers pocket.

As a matter of fact, Bunter was jingling a penknife, a French penny, and a bunch of keys. But the sound was quite wealthy. Certainly, Bunter could not have paid for a feed at the Courtfield bunshop with a penknife, a ten-centime piece, and a bunch of keys. But that feed once consumed, Bunter would have left the trifling matter of settlement to his companions, according to the use and wont of the Bunter tribe.

"But we're not going out for a feed, ass!" said Bob. "We're going to see old Lazarus at the secondhand shop, to get something for the fifth. We're—we're—"

"Don't shout!" said the Bounder testily. "Do you want it all over Greyfriars?"

Bob stared at him.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Lots of reasons why not. Get out of the way, Bunter."

The Bounder pushed the Owl of the Remove aside, and wheeled on his machine.

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter rolled after the two juniors. "Stop a minute, Smithy!"

"Rats!"

"I say, it's important!" roared Bunter, panting after the Bounder. "I say, Smithy, it's really important!"

The Bounder stopped impatiently for the fat junior to come up.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped.

"I'm expecting a postal-order—"

"What?" yelled Vernon-Smith.

"A postal-order! It hasn't come by the last post, so if you wouldn't mind lending me five bob till the morning, I'll let you have the postal-order when it comes."

The Bounder gave Billy Bunter a glare of concentrated wrath.

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"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"You've stopped me, when I'm in a hurry, to tell me about your postal-order, you frabjous fathead!" howled the Bounder.

"Yes, old chap! You see—Yarooooogh!"

Billy Bunter assumed a horizontal position with such suddenness that it took his breath away. The two cyclists had disappeared by the time the Owl of the Remove resumed the perpendicular.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Wow! Beast! Wow!"

"Put it on," said the Bounder, as he rode away with Bob Cherry. "We don't want to be late back for lock-up. No good asking for trouble with Quelch when we've got a wheeze on."

"No fear!"

Bob's rugged face was thoughtful. Since the Bounder had entered so heartily into his scheme of "guying" Sir Hilton Popper, Bob had put in some thinking, which it was rather unfortunate that he had not put in earlier. Bob was thoughtless and a little reckless, but he had never dreamed of being surreptitious, and he had been about to tell Bunter of the wheeze when Smithy had stopped him. Certainly, telling Bunter was a quick way of telling all Greyfriars; but Bob had no objection to all Greyfriars knowing.

"Look here, Smithy, we're not keeping this dark," he said, as they rode across the common.

"We jolly well are!" said the Bounder emphatically.

"But why?" persisted Bob.

"Oh, you're dense, old chap," said Vernon-Smith. "If it gets out that we're guying a governor of the school, the Head will come down on us like a clap of thunder, of course. A licking won't matter much—we're not soft—but it will knock the scheme on the head. We can't carry it out if the Head gets on to it and forbids it."

"I should jolly well say not!"

"Well, then, we've got to keep it dark."

Bob looked uneasy.

"You really think the Head would be awfully waxy?" he asked.

"Oh gad! Don't you?"

"Well, I hadn't thought about it much," confessed Bob. "It seemed to me no end of a joke to guy that fussy old fellow Popper. But I shouldn't like to offend the Head."

"All serene if he doesn't know."

"But all Greyfriars will know on Bonfire night, even if we keep it dark till then," said Bob, puzzled.

"That won't matter; it will be done then, and all the school will be laughing over it. We shall be licked, of course; but it's worth a licking to carry out a stunt like this."

"Oh!" said Bob, rather blankly.

"You're not afraid of a licking, I suppose?" exclaimed the Bounder scornfully.

"You know I'm not," rapped out Bob. "But—"

"Oh, come on! We're wasting breath."

The Bounder shot ahead, turning from the road into a bridle-path that was a short cut to Courtfield. Bob Cherry rode after him rapidly. He was beginning to have his doubts about his wonderful wheeze; and, left to himself, he would probably have dropped it. For Sir Hilton Popper and his opinion he did not care two straws; but it was a very different matter to offend Dr. Locke, whom he greatly respected. The prospect of a licking would not have deterred him; but he valued the good opinion of the Head, for which the Bounder cared nothing.

But to back out of the scheme now seemed impossible. It was obvious that the Bounder intended to go ahead with it, and that he would attribute Bob's retreat only to fear of the consequences.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the Bounder suddenly. "Talk of angels and you hear the giddy rustle of their wings."

He made a gesture towards a horseman riding on the bridle-path a little distance ahead.

"Oh, my hat! Old Popper!" said Bob.

The tall, angular figure, the beak of a nose, the gleaming eyeglass jammed into the eye under the shaggy grey brows, were easily recognised. It was Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper Court, looking, as he generally looked, severe and grim. He was looking, indeed, unusually grim at the present moment, perhaps thinking of the mortgages on his property which were held by Mr. Bright of Lantham.

The bridle-path was narrow, with thick trees on either side, and Sir Hilton was riding down the middle of it. He seemed to be regarding his horse's ears with gloomy meditation, and had not observed the two schoolboys in front of him.

Buzzzzzzzz!

The Bounder rang his bell loudly and sharply.

"Easy does it, old man!" murmured Bob.

Buzzzzzz—clang—jingle—buzz!

It was impossible for the cyclists to pass Sir Hilton unless he drew to the side of the bridle-path, and the Bounder was quite within his rights in ringing his bell as a warning—indeed, it was necessary to do so. But it was not necessary to make an incessant, jarring din—that was done for motives of sheer impertinence. Sir Hilton Popper was, in his own opinion, too great a man to be warned out of the way by common mortals, and for that reason it delighted the Bounder to clang his bell at him as a dig at his lofty pride.

The baronet looked up, and stared at the cyclists. They were coming on at a good speed, the Bounder's bell clanging madly, in an imperative manner that might have annoyed a less lofty gentleman than Sir Hilton Popper.

Sir Hilton frowned darkly.

He did not draw his horse aside. He kept to the middle of the path, and came steadily on, as if the cyclists were not in existence at all. Evidently his idea was that they could dismount and crowd into the trees till he had passed them.

Bob Cherry jammed on his brake.

"Better jump down, Smithy."

"Rot!"

"You don't want to bang into the horse."

"Hang the horse, and the horseman, too! This is a public path, and we've as much right here as that old fool has."

"I know; but—"

"Come on!"

"What's the good of hunting up trouble?" said Bob. "The man's an old donkey, but give him his head. We shan't lose a minute or two."

And Bob Cherry jumped off his machine, and drew it to the edge of the bridle-path, under the thick trees, to leave a clear path for the oncoming horseman.

The Bounder did nothing of the sort. His own nature was arrogant, and arrogance in another roused all his angry determination. He rode straight on.

"Smithy!" shouted Bob.

The Bounder did not heed. He was on the left side of the path, and quite within his rights according to all rules

of the road. It was for Sir Hilton to draw to his own left.

But the lofty gentleman did not. He gave the Bounder a grim glare from under his shaggy eyebrows, and rode directly on down the middle of the path. Two obstinate and arrogant natures were in conflict, and neither intended to give way. It was for the Bounder to give way, from respect for age; but such considerations as that did not appeal very much to the reckless Bounder.

He had put on speed and fairly whizzed onward. Bob Cherry stood holding his machine, staring after him in dismay.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bob Means Business!

CRASH!

"Good gad!" gasped Sir Hilton.

No doubt he had taken it for granted that the reckless schoolboy would dismount and get out of the way,

"Good gad!" repeated Sir Hilton.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Smithy.

"You're hurt, old man?" panted Bob.

"Ow! I feel hurt! Oh, crumbs!"

The Bounder sat up dizzily in the grass. Then, with Bob's assistance, he rose to his feet.

"No bones broken?" asked Bob anxiously.

The Bounder grinned faintly. He was bruised, and severely shaken, and dazed by the crash; but there was no serious injury.

"No; I'm all right, I think."

Sir Hilton had his horse in control again now. He sat in the saddle and glared down at the two juniors.

"You young rascals!" he thundered.

"Oh, shut up!" shouted Bob, his eyes blazing. "Why couldn't you give a chap room to pass, you road hog?"

"What? What?"

"There might have been a serious accident," exclaimed Bob. "Do you want all the roads in the county for yourself?"

him with clenched fists and blazing eyes. It was some minutes before he calmed down.

"The jolly old limit, isn't he?" drawled the Bounder. "I shouldn't wonder if this means a row with the Head."

Bob unclenched his fists at last, and laughed rather ruefully.

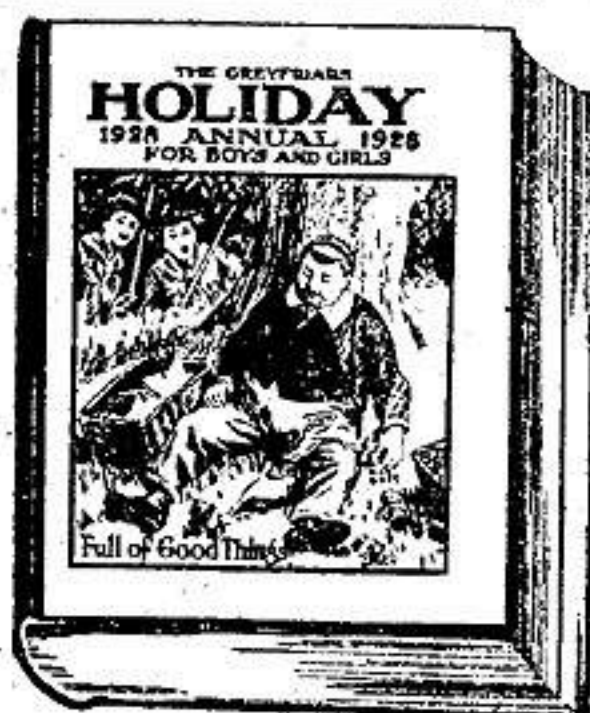
"My hat! He put me into quite a bate," he said. "Cheeky old ass! Look here, Smithy, we're going on with that guy stunt, and we're going to let that bully know that he's being guyed. He can come along and see the show if he likes."

The Bounder whistled.

He was well aware that Bob had already been thinking of giving up the great wheeze. But the encounter with Sir Hilton had altered all that. Bob was more determined than the Bounder now.

"We'll let him see what we think of him at Greyfriars," said Bob savagely. "I'll ring him up on the phone on the

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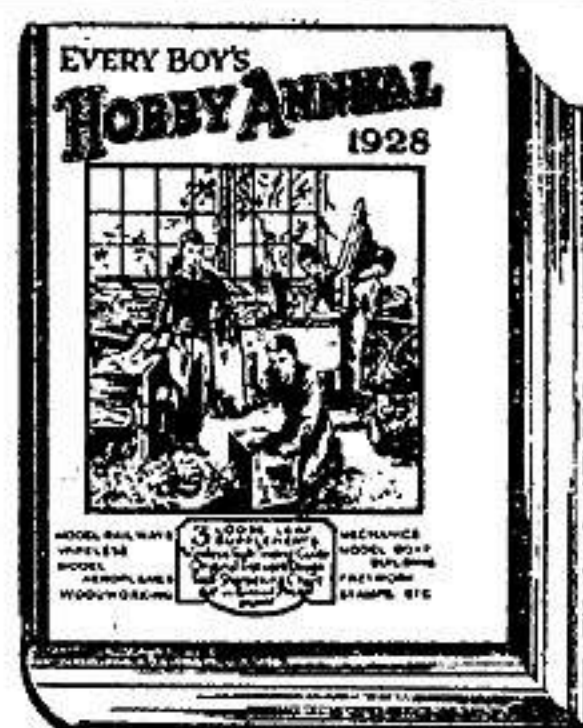
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as Bob had done. But the Bounder, his face grim and his teeth set, held on his way, according to the right of the road. The startled horse threw up its head, and the equally startled baronet dragged on the rein. Between the horse and the trees was barely a foot of space, and into that narrow space the Bounder crashed at great speed. There was not room for him to pass, and something had to happen.

What happened Vernon-Smith hardly knew.

One of his handles scraped on a tree, the other tore at the flank of the horse. The next moment the Bounder was sprawling, and Sir Hilton was frantically dragging at the reins of an excited horse, now prancing and in danger of trampling on the junior sprawling beside his bicycle.

"Good heavens!" panted Bob.

He rushed on to the scene.

"Smithy!"

The Bounder was sprawling dazedly and breathlessly. There was blood on his face, but it was only from the scratches of the brambles. Bob barely escaped being knocked down by the curvetting horse as he rushed to the fallen junior's side.

"Good gad! You young rascal——" spluttered Sir Hilton. "How dared you get in my way, eh? How dared you, I say? I shall report this to your headmaster. You hear me? What? What?"

"Report, and be hanged to you!" retorted Bob. "If Smithy had been injured I'd jolly well have reported you at the police-station. You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself."

"Good gad!" gasped Sir Hilton.

He grasped his riding-whip and made a cut at Bob. The Greyfriars junior gave a yell as the whip cracked across his shoulders.

"Ow!"

"There!" panted Sir Hilton. "Let that be a warning to you, you young rascal! Huh!"

"Why, you—you—you cheeky rotter!" roared Bob, his face flaming with rage. "If you weren't an old man I'd have you off that horse and mop up the ground with you!"

Crack! rang the whip again. Bob jumping back just in time to escape the lash.

Then Sir Hilton rode away up the bridle-path. Bob Cherry glared after

Fifth, and tell him that we're guying him, and that he can come and see the show if he likes. That will be something for him to put in his pipe and smoke, confound his cheek!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bounder. "Good egg! You're full of ripping ideas this term, old bean. We'll do it!"

The Bounder picked up his machine. There were several bends and twists about it, but it was still rideable, and he prepared to mount it.

"Going on to Courtfield?" asked Bob.

"Why not?"

"You're rather knocked about."

"I'm not made of putty," answered the Bounder coolly, though he winced as he put his leg over the machine. "Get your jigger, and come on!"

Bob went back for his bicycle and speedily overtook the Bounder. After his crash Vernon-Smith was in no state for riding, but he was determined to make light of it. He set his teeth hard as he rode, aching in every limb.

The juniors rode into Courtfield and stopped at the shop of Mr. Lazarus, at a corner of the High Street. Mr.

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Lazarus kept an emporium of second-hand goods of all sorts, and descriptions, and conditions. From "ready-to-wear" garments—otherwise known as "reach-me-downs"—to second-hand clothes in every stage of disrepair, Mr. Lazarus' stock was almost inexhaustible. It was easy enough for the Bounder to select the articles that were required for the intended effigy of Sir Hilton Popper. Certainly, they were not of the quality of the clothes that the lord of Popper Court was accustomed to wear. But the general appearance was all that mattered. Mr. Lazarus probably supposed that the juniors were shopping for the Remove Dramatic Society. He rubbed his oily hands with satisfaction as he attended to these excellent customers. The Bounder did not count the cost when he was carrying out a scheme, and he was in the fortunate position of having plenty of money. Bob, certainly, had not intended to spend so much on the stunt; his financial resources were not unlimited, like Smithy's. But he had to give the Bounder his head. Smithy would have taken it, anyway.

Mr. Lazarus promised delivery of the articles the following morning, and the two juniors left the shop.

"Fireworks next!" said Smithy.

"Hold on!" said Bob. "We're not allowed to have fireworks in the studies."

"Dear me!" said the Bounder, sarcastically.

"We're not supposed to get them in till the fourth, at least," said Bob. "Dash it all, what's the good of kicking against the rules for nothing, Smithy?"

Vernon-Smith did not take the trouble to explain that he preferred to kick against the rules, simply because they were rules.

He led the way to a shop where an endless variety of fireworks were for sale.

"Leave your little lot till the fourth, if you like," he said. "I'm laying in my stock now."

"It's rot!" said Bob. "Queelch's jolly strict about it. Fellows have had accidents with such things—"

"Every man to his taste," said the Bounder, and he went into the shop, leaving Bob Cherry waiting with the machines.

He came out again with a large bundle, which he fixed to the handle-bars of his bicycle.

"Now we'd better put it on again," he said. "We shall just do it before lock-up—if we don't meet old Popper again."

Bob Cherry grinned and mounted his machine. The two juniors rode hard and fast back to Greyfriars, and were fortunately in time for lock-up.

As Bob Cherry came up to the Remove passage four fellows met him on the Remove staircase. They met him with smiling faces. By this time the Co. had no doubt that the tempest had passed, so to speak, and that Bob was in his usual sunny temper again.

"Been out, old chap?" asked Wharton affably.

"Yes," said Bob, rather shortly.

"Bunter said you went out on your bike with Smithy," remarked Nugent.

"I did. Any law against it?" asked Bob.

"Dear old bean! Not ratty, are you?" asked Frank.

"No, ass!"

"Let not the frownfulness of the execrable temper dim the sunny brightness of the smile of friendfulness," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

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Bob Cherry chuckled.

"The frownfulness is not terrific, old scout," he answered. "It's all right! You fellows are rather asses, but, after all, I daresay you were born so, and can't help it."

"All serene!" said Wharton amicably. "That was a really ripping stunt of yours, Bob!"

"Oh, was it?" said Bob.

"Yes; really a corker! Only, it wouldn't quite do, old chap."

"It will have to do, then," said Bob grimly, "because I'm going on with it, and it's coming off all right on the Fifth. Smithy's on it with me, and you fellows can keep clear, if you like."

"There'll be a row," said Johnny Bull.

"That's a cert!" assented Bob. "There's bound to be a row when old Popper hears that he's being guyed."

"Well, old Popper's not likely to hear of it, at any rate," said Harry.

"He's jolly sure to."

"But why?"

"Because I'm going to tell him," answered Bob.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Bob!"

"It might mean the sack, you ass!" exclaimed Nugent, aghast.

"Not likely."

"A flogging, at least—"

"Well, I'm not so afraid of a flogging as some fellows seem to be," retorted Bob sarcastically, and he tramped on to his own study, leaving his chums staring.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Does It!

BILLY BUNTER blinked into the Rag.

There was a buzz of voices in that celebrated apartment, where the Remove and the Fourth Form were wont to congregate.

The Bounder was relating the incident on the bridle-path on the way to Courtfield to an interested crowd of Remove fellows.

The comments of the Removites on the high-handed proceedings of Sir Hilton Popper were many and various, and none of them complimentary.

Indeed, the governing board of Greyfriars would have been astounded had they heard the comments which the Lower Fourth ventured to express upon a member of their august body.

Bunter was not particularly interested in the Bounder's narration.

He was thinking of other matters—more important matters.

He had seen the Bounder convey a rather bulky parcel into his study after returning from Courtfield.

Bunter had not the slightest doubt that Smithy had gone to Courtfield for tuck. Bunter's thoughts ran incessantly on tuck. In the hours of slumber he dreamed of it. That a fellow should take the trouble to bike into Courtfield, return with a parcel, and dispose the same in his study cupboard, could only mean one thing to William George Bunter—that a special supply of tuck had been laid in for a special spread.

Bunter had no expectation of being invited to that spread—if any. He was not popular in the Bounder's study. He was not very popular anywhere—and at meal-times his popularity was at its lowest ebb.

But there were more ways of enjoying a spread than by being invited to partake of it. Bunter knew other ways.

He was scouting now. The parcel was in the study cupboard; he knew

that. The Bounder was in the Rag—evidently engaged for some time to come. Redwing was not to be seen there—and if the beast was in Study No. 4 it was useless to think of raiding the spread. But was he? That was the point that Bunter had now to settle.

Having assured himself that the Bounder, at least, was safe for a time, Billy Bunter rolled off to the Remove passage.

Fortune favoured him.

Tom Redwing was seated in the window-seat on the Remove landing, so obviously he was not in the study.

Bob Cherry was seated beside him there, and they were talking. Neither of them glanced at Bunter as he passed.

The Owl of the Remove rolled on with such an air of elaborate carelessness and indifference that it certainly would have awakened the suspicion of the two juniors had they observed him at all.

He stopped at Study No. 4.

There he glanced back. Neither Redwing nor Bob was looking in his direction, and there was no other fellow in sight.

Bunter hastily rolled into Study No. 4.

All was dark there.

But that did not deter Bunter. He knew his way in the dark to every study cupboard in the Remove. He could have found his way to any of them blindfolded.

He grinned in the darkness as he opened the cupboard door.

The Bounder was telling the tale in the Rag, Redwing was talking to Bob Cherry on the Remove landing—and Billy Bunter was standing with the spread within his reach! Everything was just as it should be.

Bunter did not venture to turn on the light in the study. He did not want to draw Tom Redwing's attention in that direction. Redwing's boot was not so hefty as the Bounder's; but Bunter had a natural dislike of being kicked out of a study even by a light foot.

Standing before the open cupboard in the dark, his little round eyes glistening greedily behind his big spectacles, Billy Bunter groped over the interior with fat, greedy hands.

No large parcel met his fat fingers, however, and he concluded that Smithy must have unpacked the parcel.

But if so, where was the tuck?

A number of loose packets and articles were under his touch. What they were Bunter did not know, but he knew they were not comestibles. And it was comestibles he was after.

Bunter was puzzled and annoyed.

Surely the tuck was there—the Bounder could hardly have placed it anywhere else. But if it was there, he did not seem to be able to discover it. He gave an angry grunt.

"Beast!"

Then he groped in his pocket for a box of matches.

The light of a match would be sufficient to reveal the contents of the study cupboard, and was not likely to attract any attention from outside the study.

Bunter found his match-box and struck a match, and held it in the cupboard while he blinked round him.

The flickering light of the match revealed the interior of the cupboard, and it revealed, also, the unpacked contents of the parcel the Bounder had brought in with him and smuggled into his study.

The expression on Bunter's face changed.



Bob Cherry grasped the stranger by the collar, and dragged him into the study, shaking him as he did so, a good deal like a terrier shaking a rat. "Ow! Leggo! Ow! Chuck it!" gasped the newcomer. "You silly fool, let go my collar!" "You spying cad!" hissed Bob, shaking savagely. (See Chapter 7.)

He looked utterly disgusted.

Bundles of squibs, Roman candles, crackers—all sorts and conditions of fireworks lay before him. But not a vestige of tuck!

"Of all the rotters!" gasped Bunter in indignant disgust. "Giving a fellow all this trouble for nothing!"

It was only too painfully clear that there was no tuck! It was fireworks that the Bunder had smuggled in—and even Billy Bunter could not eat fireworks. He could eat almost anything, but there was a limit even for William George Bunter.

"Beast!"

Bunter glared at the extensive array of fireworks; then all of a sudden he gave a howl of anguish.

The match had burned down to his fingers.

"Yarooogh!"

Bunter dropped the still burning match and jammed his fat fingers into his mouth and sucked them frantically.

"Ow! Wow! Ow!"

And then—

What happened Bunter hardly knew. A volcanic eruption, a couple of earthquakes, and two or three air-raids seemed to happen in Study No. 4 all at once.

Certainly, any fellow but Bunter

might have foreseen some startling result of dropping a lighted match into a stack of fireworks; but Bunter was thinking only of his scorched fingers. The next moment, however, he ceased to think of his scorched fingers, or of anything else.

Bang! Whizz! Fizz! Squizz! Bang! Bang! BANG!

"Whoop!" roared Bunter.

He staggered away from the cupboard. The cupboard seemed to be full of exploding bombs.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Crack! Crack! Bang! Whizzzzzz! Fireworks, as if imbued with volition of their own, leaped from the cupboard and banged and roared round the terrified Owl.

"Ow! Wow! Yow! Help!" roared Bunter.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Sparks flew in myriads in the cupboard, setting fire to the fireworks in whole bundles.

The explosions were incessant and terrific.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! BANG!

"Help! Murder! Fire! Yarooogh!"

Bunter staggered across the study to

the door, with exploding fireworks whizzing and cracking round him.

There was a shout in the Remove passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What on earth—"

"Yarooogh! Help!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bunter staggered out of the study and collapsed in the Remove passage, gasping for breath, utterly bewildered. In Study No. 4 the whizzing and fizzing and banging went on merrily. Smithy had spent several pounds on his supply of fireworks, and they were all going off in unison. The study reeked with smoke and the smell of gunpowder; smoke rolled out into the passage after Bunter, sparks flew in dazzling clouds. Bunter sprawled on the floor and gasped and yelled for help.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What on earth—is the study on fire?"

"Help!"

Bang, bang, bang!

"The fat idiot has been letting off fireworks in my study!" exclaimed Redwing.

"Yarooogh!"

Bang, bang, bang! Whizzzz!

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"My hat! There'll be a row about this!" gasped Bob.

"Whoop! Help!"

There was a rapid footstep in the Remove passage. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came hurrying up, his brow dark with wrath.

"What is this? What—what— Who is letting off fireworks in the House? Who—what—what wretched boy— Oh, bless my soul!"

One of those entertaining contrivances known as jumping or repeating crackers careered out of the study doorway and dropped at the Remove master's feet. Thrice it had cracked, hopping as it cracked; but there were three more bangs left in it. It banged as it landed at Mr. Quelch's feet, and the Remove master jumped clear of the floor. It banged again as he came down, and he jumped again. Then Mr. Quelch landed on it, and it was fairly under his feet when it gave its last expiring bang.

Mr. Quelch staggered against the wall.

The jumping cracker, fortunately, was the last of the lot, extensive as it had been. The last bang was followed by silence—a silence that could be felt.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Vials of Wrath!

MR. QUELCH gasped.

To say that he was enraged would be to put it mildly.

He had been startled, and he was conscious, too, that he must have cut a rather absurd figure jumping along with the jumping cracker, as if he and the cracker had been doing a modern dance together.

The expression on his face was terrifying.

He found his voice at last.

"Redwing!"

"Yes, sir?" gasped Tom.

"Are you responsible for this outrage?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"The fireworks were in your study."

"I—I think so, sir—"

"Redwing wasn't in the study, sir," said Bob Cherry. "He came up along with me when we heard the row."

"Yow-ow-ow!" came as a contribution from Bunter.

"Bunter!" thundered the Remove master.

"Wow!"

"Get up at once!"

"I—I can't, sir! I'm killed."

"What!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"I—I mean, I'm injured, sir! Blown to bits!" gasped Bunter. "I think my arms are blown off, sir, and—and I've lost a leg or two—and—and—"

"You stupid boy, get up at once."

Bob Cherry grasped the fat junior's collar and jerked him to his feet. Bunter made the discovery then that none of his fat limbs had been blown off by the explosion. He was scorched here and there, but he had had a lucky escape; certainly the result of exploding two or three pounds' worth of fireworks at one fell swoop might have been more serious.

"Did you do this, Bunter?"

"No, sir," answered Bunter promptly.

"You did not explode these fireworks in the House?"

"Oh, no, sir! They exploded all by themselves," gasped Bunter. "Made me jump, sir! I didn't drop a match among them, sir! I never had a match in my hand at all, and my fingers weren't scorched, sir—you can look at them and see the marks, sir."

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"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch. "It seems that this obtuse boy dropped a match among a number of fireworks."

"I—I said I didn't, sir," gasped Bunter.

Bunter never could understand why people so often drew quite opposite conclusions from his statements.

"It was an accident, I presume?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, yes, sir, quite! Just an accident, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I didn't blow myself up on purpose, sir! I wouldn't."

"To whom did the fireworks belong?" demanded Mr. Quelch. "Were they yours, Bunter?"

"Not at all, sir. I never knew they were there. I thought that beast had brought in tuck—"

"What!"

"I—I mean, I—I was just looking into the study cupboard, sir, to—to—to see whether Mrs. Kebble's cat had got at Smithy's things, sir. That cat comes up to this passage sometimes, sir, and—and—"

"Redwing, these explosives were in your study. You are perfectly well aware that it is strictly forbidden to keep such dangerous things in the studies."

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"They were mine, sir!" said the Bounder's voice. The uproar in the Remove passage had drawn the crowd there from the Rag, as well as a mob of other fellows from different directions. The Remove passage was crowded now.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the Bounder.

"You brought these fireworks into the school, Vernon-Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"Knowingly disregarding the strict rules on the subject?"

"Yes, sir."

The Bounder answered in the affirmative in a matter-of-fact tone, just as if the Remove master had asked him if he had done an exercise. Mr. Quelch's eyes gleamed.

"You are aware, Vernon-Smith, that the boys are not allowed to lay in supplies of fireworks until the day before the Fifth of November, and that they are not allowed to keep such things in the studies at all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice, "I shall deal with you, Vernon-Smith, as you deserve. A fire might have been caused, even with loss of life—this stupid boy, Bunter, might have been injured—"

"I am injured, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Frightfully injured."

"Silence."

"Oh, really, sir!"

"You will take five hundred lines, Bunter, for causing this explosion—"

"Oh crikey!"

"You will come to my study, Vernon-Smith. There seems no proof that Redwing was associated with you in this reckless defiance of an important rule of the House—"

"I knew that the fireworks were there, sir!" said Tom Redwing quietly.

"Then you will take five hundred lines, Redwing."

"Very well, sir."

"Follow me, Vernon-Smith."

"Certainly, sir," drawled the Bounder.

He followed the Remove master, as Mr. Quelch rustled away towards the stairs. He winked at the crowd of fellows as he went, and left some of them grinning. The Bounder was "for it," there was no doubt about that; but he was game.

"I say, you fellows, he ought to be

flogged, you know," gasped Bunter, "making a fellow jump like that, you know."

"You fat villain!" growled Bob Cherry. "You've landed Smithy in a row. What were you doing at his study cupboard?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Let's mop up the passage with him," said Bolsover major.

"I—I say—"

"Leave him to Smithy," said Peter Todd, with a grin. "After Smithy's got through with Quelch he will be ready to deal with Bunter. You'd better make your will, Bunter."

"Yarooogh!"

The prospect of meeting Smithy after the Bounder had got through with his Form master seemed to have a dismaying effect on the Owl of the Remove. He rolled away in search of a hiding-place.

The crowd had dispersed, and Tom Redwing was tidying Study No. 4—which needed it—when the Bounder came back. He tramped into No. 4 with a rather white face. Redwing glanced at him anxiously.

"Had it bad?" he asked.

The Bounder nodded without speaking. He stood leaning on the mantelpiece, breathing hard and deep, for some time, while Redwing went on clearing away the traces of the explosions. It was clear that the Bounder had been through it severely. The exasperated Form master had not spared the red.

"You've got five hundred lines?" the Bounder asked at last, as Tom Redwing sat down to the table with a sheaf of impot paper before him.

"Yes, Smithy."

"Rotten injustice!"

Redwing made no reply to that.

"You had nothing to do with the fireworks being here; you groused at me for bringing them in."

"Mr. Quelch doesn't know all that," answered Tom quietly, "and I should not be likely to tell him."

"So you don't blame him?" sneered the Bounder.

"No. It wouldn't make much difference if I did; I've got the impot to do," said Tom, with a faint smile.

"You'd better change into another study!" jeered the Bounder. "You'll always be getting landed for my iniquities so long as you're here with me!"

"It looks like it!" said Tom, suppressing a sigh.

"You can change out."

"Rot!" said Tom cheerfully. "I'd rather share the study with you, Smithy, than stand well with Mr. Quelch, much as I'd like to. Don't let's row."

The Bounder's face softened a little.

"You're a good old ass, Tom!" he said. "It would pay you better in every way to chuck me!"

"Fathead!" said Tom, smiling.

"Well, I can't help you with the lines; Quelch would spot my fist, confound him! I'll take it out of Bunter! I want a stump!" said Vernon-Smith, looking round the study.

"Oh, let Bunter rip!" said Tom.

"The fat duffer hasn't the sense of a rabbit! He thought you had brought in tuck, of course, when he saw you smuggling that bundle into the study. He's got five hundred lines. Let it go at that."

"He's got you five hundred lines, too!" growled the Bounder.

"Never mind that."

"And me a licking!"

"Well, you asked for it; you can't

kick against the rules without paying the piper!"

The Bouncer had picked up a stump. He threw it down again, with a grunt.

"You're an ass," he said—"a silly ass! But let the fat idiot go! I don't care!"

Billy Bunter did no prep that evening. He had no time for prep. All through the evening till bedtime the Owl of the Remove lay quaking in hiding, in terrified expectation every moment of hearing the footstep of the avenger. But he did not hear it; and when he had to turn up at last for dormitory, he turned up in fear and trembling—to discover that the Bouncer had apparently forgotten his existence. And for once William George Bunter was glad to find his worthy and important self forgotten.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Spy!

"ROT!"

"Bob, old chap——"

"Rot!"

"But do listen——"

"Rot!"

What Bob Cherry's remarks lacked in variety, they made up in emphasis.

He looked round Study No. 1, with a frowning brow.

Probably by this time, tardy reflection having helped, Bob realised that his chums were right on the subject of "guying" a governor of the school on Bonfire Day. But Bob had several reasons for sticking to his point.

"Well, if you're determined to hunt for trouble——" said Johnny Bull, rather tartly.

"I'm not asking you to share it!" snapped Bob. "If I land in trouble, have I asked you fellows to stand by me?"

"That makes no difference, because we shall stand by you, anyhow, old chap!" said Nugent.

"The stand-byfulness will be terrific!" assured the Nabob of Bhanipur. "If the excellent advice is rejected, and the esteemed Bob lands himself soupfully, we shall all be in the excellent soup together!"

Bob Cherry tried not to smile, but he could not help it. It was not easy to resist the nabob of Bhanipur's remarkable flow of English.

"Well, look here," said Bob, more placably. "I don't say you fellows are wrong. But it's settled now, and there's an end."

"The unsettlement would be the proper caper," suggested Hurree Singh.

"I'm not going to tell Smithy that I funk carrying out my own wheeze!" said Bob shortly.

That was the difficulty, and Bob's friends knew it. It was his own wheeze, and he had taken the Bouncer into it. To back out now was to face the sardonic sneer of the Bouncer, and Bob did not like the idea.

"Besides, the old brute wants a lesson!" exclaimed Bob indignantly. "You know he cut me across the shoulders with his dashed riding-whip yesterday! Is a fellow going to stand that sort of thing?"

"Bother the old donkey!" growled Wharton.

"It was too jolly thick!" said Johnny Bull. "It was a dirty trick, in fact! You couldn't hit a man old enough to be your grandfather! The man's a bullying brute!"

"That's right enough," said Wharton. "But——"

"I'd have had him off that horse fast enough if he hadn't been an old man!" said Bob, with gleaming eyes. "Not that he understands that; the old donkey thinks he's too high and mighty for a fellow to think of touching him! I'd have touched him hard but for his age! Well, am I going to stand it? I can get back on him by making him look a fool to all the school, and that will touch him on the tenderest spot, as he thinks so much of himself! I've told Smithy that I'm going to do it, and he's as keen as mustard!"

"He would be!" grunted Harry.

"The more he checks the Head and the masters the better he likes it!"

"That isn't checking the Head!" muttered Bob. "It's only checking that old donkey Popper!"

"You can't check a governor of the school without checking the Head," said Wharton. "It's bringing authority into contempt, and that's what Smithy's as keen as mustard about!"

"Well, I dare say it is, if you come to that," said Bob. "But I'm in for it now! You fellows can keep clear!"

"Oh, rats! Do you think we care about that?" snapped Johnny Bull.

"Well, I suppose you don't," admitted Bob. "All the same, I want you to keep clear. I know that it will mean a row—no end of a row. But I'd be bunked from Greyfriars before I'd tell Smithy that I funk it! I suppose I'm not a fellow to say I'll do a thing and back out because it's risky! I leave that kind of stuff to Bunter!"

"You might back out because it's wrong?" suggested Nugent.

"That's all very well. But a fellow whose conscience wakes up just when danger comes along isn't good enough! I'm going through with it, and taking what comes to me!"

"It can't end with a caning. It will be a flogging at least—perhaps bunking."

"It's settled now!"

"Bob, old man——" urged Frank Nugent.

"Smithy's taking the same risk," said Bob. "He doesn't care. He's got all the stuff from Lazarus now for making the effigy. He's spent a lot of money on it. He's working at it in the box-room now. Wun Lung's helping him; you know that Chinese can model in clay. He's making up a face that old Popper would think was his own. If I backed out, Smithy wouldn't. I tell you he's as keen as mustard on it. Think I'm going to him to say that I'm afraid, or that my jolly old conscience has got up on its hind legs, so he's to take the risk alone? No fear!"

The juniors were silent.

They realised that the position was a difficult one. The Bouncer was "on" to the stunt like a dog with his teeth in a bone; no consideration whatever would have made him abandon it. It really was impossible for Bob to back out now and leave Smithy to carry on alone.

The Famous Five had gathered in Study No. 1 that afternoon to talk it over; four members of the Co. hoping to induce Bob to "chuck" it. But it was clear to them now that the stunt was not to be "chucked."

"Well, if you're in it, we're in it!" said Harry Wharton at last. "This Co. always sticks together."

"Like glue!" assented Nugent.

"The gluefulness will be terrific."

"No, that's rot," said Bob uneasily.

"I want you to keep clear. What's the good of floggings all round—or bunking all round, if you come to that?"

"Lots of good—the Beak can't bunk a crowd of us," said Johnny Bull. "We can stand lickings."

"Bother the lickings," said Wharton. "I'm not a fellow for sucking up to the masters, I hope; but I don't want the Head and Quelch to think that we're a lot of disrespectful and impudent bounders like Smithy. That's what they'll think. Still, it can't be helped, and so far as Popper himself is concerned, I'm glad to give him a guying. Redwing's as much against it as we are, but he's gone into it with Smithy—he wouldn't leave his pal in the lurch."

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ON SALE FRIDAY.



Can't be helped! There's a proverb that says that one fool makes many."

"It will be a lark, anyhow," urged Bob.

"Oh, no end of a lark, when we're standing in a row before the Head on the Fifth, with old Popper raging like a tiger," said Johnny Bull.

"I wish you fellows would keep out of it."

"Oh, rot."

"Anyhow, keep it dark till the date," said Bob. "It would be jolly well stopped if it was known."

He broke off suddenly, and stepped quickly and silently to the study door and threw it open. A slight sound there had caught his ears, and he thought of Bunter at once. If the Owl of the Remove was eavesdropping at the keyhole of Study No. 1, there was not much prospect of keeping the wheeze dark till the Fifth of November.

"You rotter!" roared Bob, as a thin, hard-faced youth almost tumbled into the study, with the sudden opening of the door.

Evidently the hard-faced youth's ear had been glued to the keyhole.

It was not Bunter. It was a stranger, and the sight of him in the Remove quarters astonished the juniors.

Bob Cherry grasped him by the collar and dragged him in, shaking him as he did so, a good deal like a terrier shaking a rat.

"Ow! Leggo! Ow! Chuck it!" gasped the newcomer. "You silly fool, let go my collar."

Shake, shake, shake!

"Oh! Groogh! Oh!"

"You spying cad!" hissed Bob, shaking savagely.

"Who on earth is it?" asked Harry Wharton. "He doesn't belong here. I've never seen the fellow before."

"Groogh!"

"Chuck it, Bob—you don't want to choke the cad, whoever he is."

Bob Cherry chuckled it—and the hard-faced youth at the same time. The latter went sprawling along the floor.

"Who are you?" demanded Wharton. "Gerrroooooh."

"I know the cad, now," said Bob. "It's a fellow named Bright—the fellow Redwing thrashed for tormenting a rabbit in Lantham Chase. He's coming to Greyfriars, and this looks as if he's coming into the Remove. Nice for the Remove!" added Bob, with a snort of disgust.

Edgar Bright, the new junior at Greyfriars, picked himself up, and stood panting and staring at the five contemptuous faces with glittering malicious eyes.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bright, of the Remove!

BRIGHT panted for breath for several minutes, and then set his collar and tie straight, with a shaking hand. Bob Cherry's energetic handling had left him as limp as a rag.

"This is a precious sort of a reception to give a new chap!" he gasped at last.

"What do you expect, when you're caught listening at a door?" said Wharton contemptuously.

"I wasn't listening."

"Oh, can it," grunted Johnny Bull. "You nearly fell into the study when the door was opened."

"I—I was trying to make out the number on the door. I couldn't make it out."

"And what did you want with the

number on the door?" demanded Wharton.

"I was looking for Study No. 1."

"And why?"

"It's my study."

"What?"

"My study," said Bright. "Mr. Quelch has just sent me up here, and he says I'm to share Study No. 1 with two fellows named Wharton and Nugent—two of you chaps, I suppose."

"Oh crumbs!" said Nugent.

"Oh, rotten!" said Wharton.

Bright favoured them with a sneering grin.

"You two fellows?" he asked. "You don't seem to like the idea? Is this the sort of welcome Greyfriars generally gives to a new fellow? If so, I don't think much of the school."

"The school won't think much of you if you go as you've started," said Nugent. "Greyfriars fellows are not supposed to listen at keyholes."

"I've told you I wasn't listening."

"You can tell me so till you're black in the face, and it won't make any difference," answered Nugent.

"Hold on," said Bob. "If he was really looking for the number on the door—it's possible—barely possible—"

"The number seems to have been rubbed out," said Bright. "I couldn't find it. I stopped at this door because it's the first in the passage, so I supposed it would be No. 1."

"Most of the Remove numbers have to be taken for granted," said Harry, with a slight smile. "If—if that is the truth—"

"I've said it's the truth," answered Bright sullenly.

"Then you did not hear what was being said in the study?"

"Not a word."

The juniors eyed him doubtfully.

They did not like his looks, his hard, thin face, his shifty eyes, his gash of a mouth. They remembered now why Redwing had thrashed him, and they heartily approved of Redwing's action. But it was barely possible that, in this case, appearances were against him, and that he had not been listening at the keyhole, but scanning the door for an obliterated number as he said.

"You see, you made a little mistake," said Bright. "No harm done, if you come to that—we all make mistakes."

"Well, if I made a mistake, I'm sorry," said Bob Cherry slowly. "I don't believe you, and that's a fact; but I admit you may be telling the truth, and if that's so, I'm sorry I handled you."

"Anyhow, if he heard, it doesn't matter so long as he doesn't sneak," said Nugent. "If the matter we were talking of gets out, we shall know who told about it."

"That's so," assented Wharton.

"It won't get out from me, as I know nothing whatever about it," said Bright. "Let it drop; but I'll thank you not to be so ready with your hands another time, you, whatever your name is."

"My name's Cherry," said Bob, "and if you're not satisfied with me, I'm ready to put the gloves on any time you like."

Bright eyed him.

"You look rather too hefty for me," he remarked. "I've no doubt that you could make rings round me, as you're inches taller and nearly twice my weight. It's easy enough to brag when you're above a fellow's weight."

Bob Cherry flushed.

"You outsider," he said. "I know I'm over your weight, but if you want to scrap, I'll give you all you want with

my left, and my right tied up. How does that strike you?"

"Declined with thanks," said Bright. "The fact is, I haven't come here to scrap. I've come here for my education. I've looked through the curriculum and there's nothing about prize-fighting in it. I'm not taking on any extra subjects."

Bob Cherry laughed.

"Goodness knows I don't want to scrap!" he said. "I'll try to believe that you weren't listening at the door, though I advise you not to be so jolly quiet next time you're looking for a number on a door. You're liable to be misunderstood. See you later, you fellows!"

And Bob left the study.

Bright eyed Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"You fellows don't belong here?" he asked.

"No!" grunted Johnny.

"The belongfulness is not great," said Hurree Singh.

"Oh, my hat! Do they teach that kind of English here?" asked Bright, staring at the nabob.

"I learned my esteemed and execrable English from the wisest moonshee in my own country, Bhanipur," answered the nabob quietly. "If it does not please you, the regretfulness is great, but the survivfulness of my esteemed self will be terrific!"

"Well if you two fellows don't belong here, nothing's keeping you!" said Bright.

"You cheeky cad!" exclaimed Wharton, his eyes flashing. "These fellows are my friends, and will stay as long as they choose. If they're enjoying my company, I'm not the man to deprive them of the pleasure."

"You fellows ought to go to Quelch and complain about this," said Johnny Bull. "He's no right to stick this toad in any decent fellow's study. I'll get off, you chaps—I shall be mopping up your study with your new study-mate if I stay here."

And Johnny Bull departed, in choler; and the nabob quietly followed him from the study. Both of them had had enough of the new denizen of Study No. 1 in the Remove.

"Well, this is a go!" said Nugent dismally. "They might have put him in along with the Bouncer and Redwing."

"Or along with Skinner," said Harry. "It would have served Skinner right. We've done nothing to deserve it."

"Jolly polite, aren't you?" sneered the new junior.

"You won't get much politeness here, until you mend your own manners!" snapped the captain of the Remove.

"I'm quite satisfied with my own manners, thanks. If you fellows don't like my company—"

"We don't!"

"You can go along to your friends' studies, and leave me alone," suggested Bright. "I'd like a study to myself."

Wharton looked at him.

"We shan't do that," he said. "And as you're a new chap, and don't seem to know how to behave yourself, I won't jam your head on the door for your cheek, as I feel inclined to do. I'll just warn you that if you set out to make yourself unpleasant, you'll be taught manners before you've been in the Remove long, and you won't like the process. Come on, Franky—I want some fresh air after talking to that chap."



"Now, you rotter, you're going to have it!" panted Redwing. The stump rose and fell with mighty swipes. Crack, crack, crack! "Ow! Oh! Yaroooh! Help!" The frantic yells from the wretched Bright brought Mr. Quelch rustling upon the scene, his face crimson with anger. "Redwing!" he almost shouted. "How dare you? Release that boy at once!" (See Chapter 10.)

Wharton and Nugent left the study, and Bright watched them go, with a sneering grin on his face.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Second Baronet!

"**L**IFE LIKE, what?"
"Yes, rather!"
"More natural than life!" declared Peter Todd.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It's Popper's jolly old twin!" said Bob Cherry.

There was a little crowd of Remove men gathered in the Remove box-room—rather an unusual place of meeting. But it had the advantage of being somewhat secluded; and seclusion was much to be desired in the present circumstances. The effigy which was to represent that unpopular member of the Greyfriars Governing Board, Sir Hilton Popper, was growing under skilful hands, and its progress was really striking.

Little Wun Lung, the Chinese, was skilled in modelling in clay and wax, and his services had been called upon.

Under Wun Lung's skilful fingers the wax face of the effigy had developed not merely a striking likeness to Sir Hilton Popper—it was really Sir Hilton's own face in a second edition.

Had the old baronet seen it suddenly he might have supposed that he was staring into a looking-glass.

The tough old face, with its high cheekbones, the fierce, shaggy grey

brows, the eyeglass jammed on one side of the beak of a nose, the square chin and the hard, obstinate jaw—all these details of Sir Hilton's attractions lent themselves to caricature.

Bob Cherry gazed at the figure in great admiration.

His own ideas, taken up by the masterful Bounder, had been developed and improved upon; Smithy was the man for such things.

Bob had thought of a stuffed effigy bearing some resemblance, more or less remote, to the original. But the Bounder, like a true artist, was satisfied with nothing short of perfection. Everything that was needed, that could be bought with money, the Bounder had supplied—and it was he who had remembered little Wun Lung's skill with wax, and called him in. The result was really surprising.

The stuffed figure that stood in a corner of the box-room now was Sir Hilton Popper to the life. Its glass eyes stared at the juniors from under shaggy brows that seemed Sir Hilton's own. They almost expected it to open its mouth and ejaculate "Huh!"

"Some dummy!" grinned Peter Todd.

"Terrific!" said the nabob of Bhanipur.

"My hat! There'll be a row!" said Russell.

"Oh, Smithy likes rows!" said Bolsover major. "He thrives on 'em. May as well be flogged for one thing as another."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But fancy the models of the Form

being in a game like this!" said Skinner, with a grin at the Famous Five. "The Head will be quite shocked. I'm rather shocked myself, come to think of it."

"Oh, rats!" granted Johnny Bull. "Chuck it, Skinner!"

"Bringing contempt on the governing body!" said Skinner. "Holding up authority to contempt and contumely! Oh dear! What have you fellows done with your consciences?"

"Shut up!" growled Bob Cherry.

Some of the juniors laughed, but many of them looked rather curiously at Harry Wharton & Co. Really, it was not a wheeze in which the Remove would have expected to see the Famous Five taking part. It was quite in keeping with the Bounder's character, certainly; he thrived on trouble, as Bolsover major put it.

A good many of the Remove were in the secret now, and all of them were enjoying the joke. But they made no secret of their belief that there would be a fearful row.

That was a foregone conclusion.

All the Remove, or nearly all, intended to be present at the celebration on the Fifth; though it was fairly certain that every fellow who joined in "guying" a governor of the school would get, at least, lines. But it was worth lines.

As for the ringleaders, they would be discovered by careful inquiry, and there was no doubt that an example would be made of them.

(Continued on page 16.)

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A Great 'Fifth' of Greyfriars!



(Continued from page 13.)

Bob Cherry and the Bounder were admittedly the leaders; but their close friends were certain to share the distinction with them. Wharton, as captain of the Form, could not fail to be held responsible. Redwing, already in his Form master's black books now associated with Smithy in this disrespectful stunt, was indubitably booked for trouble when the crash came. The rest would be dealt with according to their degrees of guilt, as ascertained by inquiry. Everybody, as Skinner observed, would get something—it was a lottery in which every fellow was certain to draw a prize. The chief prize, in Skinner's opinion, would be expulsion—and at least Smithy and Bob Cherry would be bunked—probably Wharton as well. Skinner discussed those happy probabilities very cheerily with his friends.

Still, all the Remove agreed that it was no end of a lark; and that Sir Hilton Popper would fairly writhe. Bob Cherry's intention of letting him know in time to see the celebration quite took their breath away. There was no doubt that a mere hint of such a stunt would bring the baronet hot-foot to the school. There was still less doubt, if possible, that he would rage with fury if he saw his double being paraded and consigned to the flames as a guy. Bonfire night was certain to be the most exciting Fifth ever known at Greyfriars.

"It's no end of a stunt!" said Peter Todd. "But I'm blessed if I think it's worth what you'll have to pay for it, Smithy. No good advising you to chuck it, what?"

"No good at all," answered the Bounder coolly.

"I say, you fellows——"

It was Billy Bunter's voice on the landing outside the box-room. Billy Bunter, needless to say, was not one of the fellows who had been admitted to the secret. A secret imparted to William George Bunter was a secret imparted to all within range of Bunter's chin.

But evidently the fat junior had learned that something was "on" in the Remove box-room and had come to investigate.

Smithy promptly turned out the light.

He was only in time; Bunter was heard groping at the door on the dark landing and the door opened.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, blinking into the dark room through his big spectacles—"I say—I know you're there, you know. No good keeping mum—I know you're there! Is it a feed?"

There was a chuckle in the darkness. Bunter could imagine no reason for a meeting in the box-room, excepting a surreptitious feed.

"If it's a feed, I'm on, you know!" said Bunter. "Look here, what have you put out the light for? I say—Yarooooop!"

William George Bunter suddenly found himself seized by several pairs

of hands in the darkness and lifted from the floor.

He gave a wild yell.

"Ow! Leggo! Wow!"

Bump!

William George gave another wild yell as he smote the landing with a heavy smite.

"Whoop!"

"Now roll him down the stairs!" said the Bounder.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bunter struggled wildly. He grabbed the Bounder round the neck in the gloom and with the other hand caught Bob Cherry's hair. At the same time he slipped over the edge of the landing, and as the fat junior no longer had any visible means of support the ordinary law of gravitation asserted itself and he rolled down the box-room stairs. Smithy and Bob Cherry—quite unintentionally—went with him.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, as wild howls and gasps floated up the shadowy staircase.

"Ow! Leggo! Wow-ow!"

"You fat idiot! Yooooop!"

"Oh crumbs! Whoooooop!"

Bunter, Smithy, and Bob, in a wild tangle, rolled down the narrow stairs to the Remove passage. A shadowy figure lurking on the stairs, taken by surprise by that sudden descent, was overwhelmed by the rolling trio and went spinning down before them and under them. Frantic yells came from that shadowy figure as he went. The fall of the falling juniors was broken, and, to judge by the yelling of the fellow who had broken it, he was broken, too.

"Oh scissors!" gasped Bob Cherry, as he landed in the Remove passage, where there was a light, and picked himself up breathlessly.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter. "I'm killed! I'm injured! Wow!"

Smithy clung breathlessly to the banisters.

"We—we fell on somebody!" he stuttered.

It was not necessary to ask who that somebody was. Edgar Bright, the new junior, lay sprawling and spluttering on the floor. All the wind had been knocked out of him, and he could do nothing but splutter and gasp helplessly.

Bob glared down at him.

"Spying again!" he snapped.

"Groogh!"

"You spying cad!" hissed the Bounder.

"Gug-gug-gug!"

The other fellows streamed down from the box-room. Redwing carefully locked the door before coming down.

"Anybody hurt?" grinned Peter Todd.

"Yaroooh! I'm hurt! The spinal column in my leg is broken! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! I'm fearfully injured——"

"Can't you get up?" demanded Peter.

"Yow! Ow! No!"

"Then I'll injure you some more!" said Peter cheerfully. "Stand clear, you fellows, and give me room to kick Bunter!"

Billy Bunter found that he could get up, after all. He got up quite suddenly. His fearful injuries did not prevent him from departing down the Remove passage as if he were on the cinder-path. Possibly his injuries were not so fearful as he had fancied.

"That's what I call a remarkable recovery," said Peter. "What is this fellow Bright doing here?"

"Spying!" said Bob savagely.

Bright sat up dizzily.

"You rotters! I can go up to the

box-room if I like, I suppose? What were you up to there? Perhaps you'd like Mr. Quelch to look in!"

"Perhaps you'd like a sample of what you'll get if Mr. Quelch does look in!" said Bob Cherry.

And, taking the new junior by the collar, Bob brought his head into contact with the floor of the Remove passage.

Edgar Bright was a hard-headed youth. But the floor of the Remove passage was harder.

Crack!

There was a fiendish yell from Bright. "That's a sample of what you'll get if you sneak, you cur!" growled Bob, and he dropped Bright on the floor and tramped away.

"And the rest of the goods will be up to sample," said Peter. "That's a tip, my inquisitive young friend!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors went to their studies, leaving Bright sitting on the floor gasping, with rage and hatred and all uncharitableness running riot in his breast.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bad For Bright!

"M I-AU-AU-OOOOOOW!"

Tom Redwing started.

It was the prolonged and mournful wail of a cat, and it proceeded from Study No. 1 in the Remove.

Redwing, coming up the Remove staircase, stopped outside Study No. 1.

It was morning break, and hardly a fellow was likely to be in the studies at that time. Redwing was coming up to Study No. 4 to have another "go" at the heavy imposition he had to write out for Mr. Quelch. The howl of a cat from Study No. 1 astonished him. Mrs. Kebble's cat—rather a privileged animal in the House—sometimes wandered into the Remove passage, being rather encouraged by some of the juniors, who fed it with a reckless disregard of dietary rules for cats. No doubt the plump tabby had wandered into Study No. 1—but why it should be howling there so wildly was a mystery to Redwing.

But as the animal was evidently in dire trouble the junior stopped and opened the study door to see what was the matter.

A glance showed him what the matter was and brought an angry frown to his face.

The cat was tied by the leg to the leg of the study table with a strong cord. Edgar Bright, keeping out of the reach of scratches, was poking the animal with the sharp end of a cricket stump.

The cat jumped and squirmed and writhed to escape the cruel jabs, but without success, howling wildly all the time.

Redwing was said to be the best-tempered fellow in the Remove. But he did not look good-tempered now. There was black rage in his face as he ran into the study.

"You vile rotter!" he panted.

Bright span round in alarm.

His peculiar nature found some kind of hideous pleasure in the infliction of pain. But he was well aware of what the other fellows would think of it, and he had cause for alarm.

He jumped back and swung up the stump as Redwing ran at him.

"Keep off, or——"

Unheeding the stump, Redwing rushed right at him. Bright struck at him desperately, and Redwing received, without heeding, a blow across the head.

The next moment Bright was in his grasp and the stump was wrenched away from him.

"Now, you cur!" panted Tom.

"Let me go!" shrieked Bright.

With an effort of absolute terror, he tore himself loose, and darted out into the Remove passage. Tom Redwing, gripping the stump, rushed after him. Fear seemed to lend the young rascal wings; he fairly flew to the Remove staircase, and dashed down. Tom Redwing, taking the stairs three at a time, overtook him on the next landing, and grasped him again.

This time there was no escape for the new junior. He struggled and yelled and scratched and even bit, but Tom's muscular grasp bent him over on the landing, and held him there as in a vice.

"Now, you rotter, you're going to have it!" panted Redwing.

The stump rose and fell with mighty swipes.

Crack, crack, crack!

Frantic yells came from the wretched Bright, ringing far and wide. The uproar would have been described by Hurree Janset Ram Singh as terrific. Tom did not heed it. He had forgotten everything but his determination to punish the young scoundrel. So far, he had kept to his resolution of avoiding Bright and any trouble with him. But he had quite forgotten that now.

Crack, crack crack!

"Ow! Oh! Yaroooooh! Help, help!" yelled Bright.

Crack, crack crack!

"Redwing!"

It was Mr. Quelch's voice.

Bright's frantic yells had reached the Remove master's ears, and many others as well.

Mr. Quelch came rustling up the lower staircase, his face almost crimson with anger.

"Redwing!" he thundered. "How dare you! Release that boy at once!"

Tom Redwing panted.

He was disinclined to desist, even at the order of a Form master. But he held his hand.

Bright still lay yelling and howling on the landing. Mr. Quelch stood looking at Redwing with basilisk eyes. Behind him, on the lower staircase, a crowd was gathering.

"This is almost beyond belief!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Redwing, I shall take you to the Head; you will be flogged! You seem to be determined to ill-use this boy—to have become a reckless bully! How dare you!"

"The cur asked for it!" panted Tom.

"Ow, ow! I never said a word to

him!" wailed Bright. "I was in my own study, and he rushed in at me."

"Is that true, Redwing?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"For the third time you have attacked this boy, a stranger to you, without provocation," said Mr. Quelch. "The first time he was not even a Greyfriars boy, but a perfect stranger whom you met by chance in Lantham Chase. I cannot understand this, Redwing. I never supposed that you were a brutal and quarrelsome bully. But you will receive a severe lesson. You will be flogged for this, and if anything of the kind should occur again, you will be expelled from the school."

Redwing stood panting for breath.

In the silence that followed the Remove master's angry words, there came a loud and penetrating sound from the Remove passage above.

"Miau-iou-iou-ooo!"

It was the wail of the cat tied up in Study No. 1. Mr. Quelch started as he heard it.

"What is that? What—"

"Look in this fellow's study, sir, and you'll know why I was thrashing him!" exclaimed Redwing passionately.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, startled.

Without waiting for an answer to his question, he swept across the landing, and rustled up the Remove staircase.

Bright picked himself up. He was hurt, there was no doubt about that. But he was more alarmed than hurt.

Mr. Quelch turned back from the door of Study No. 1 with an expression on his face that was positively terrifying.

"Bright! Redwing! Come up here!"

The two juniors ascended to the Remove passage—Bright with dragging footsteps. The young rascal was wishing fervently now that he had not yelled so loudly under his punishment. A crowd of fellows followed them.

"Bright, did you fasten that cat up in your study?"

"I—I—"

"Answer me!" thundered the Remove master.

"It—it was only a lark, sir," stammered Bright.

"The cat shows signs of injury—of cruel treatment. It is in an almost frantic state. What were you doing?"

"Only—only making it jump, sir," gasped Bright.

"You rotter!" bawled Bob Cherry from the mob of fellows who had crowded up the stairs.

"Silence! Redwing, it seems that you found this wretched boy tormenting an animal here?"

"I heard it howling as I came up, sir. I was coming up to do my lines before third lesson. I—I lost my temper—"

"You acted quite rightly, Redwing. I had no suspicion of this. Bright, you are a young rascal—an iniquitous young rascal!"

"It—it was only a lark, sir," mumbled Bright.

"Silence!" exclaimed the Remove master, in a formidable voice. "How dare you attempt to defend your wickedness! Redwing, you should have told me of this at once—you had no right not to tell me. If I had not heard the cat crying out, I might never have known, and you would have been punished. Now, tell me. On the occasion when you found this wretched boy in Lantham Chase, and attacked him, as I believed, without provocation, was he engaged in anything of this kind?"

Redwing was silent.

"I command you to answer me, Redwing!"

"He was tormenting a rabbit that time, sir," answered Tom. "I—I couldn't stand it."

"I hope that no Greyfriars boy would endure to see such a thing without interference. You should have told me all the circumstances, and I should not have dreamed of blaming you."

Mr. Quelch paused.

"I quite understand your motives in not telling me, Redwing; but you should not have left me in ignorance, causing me to form—very unjustly—a bad opinion of you. It was not fair to me."

"I—I'm sorry, sir," stammered Tom.

"But—but—"

"Fortunately, my eyes are now opened," said Mr. Quelch. "You are exonerated from all blame, Redwing. I am glad to see that, with the other good qualities I have always known you to possess, you have a kindness for animals, and a desire to protect helpless creatures from cruelty. With regard to the lines you have mentioned, they are cancelled. Bright, you will follow me to the Head."

"I—I—"

"Silence! On this occasion you will be flogged. On any recurrence of such wickedness you will be expelled from Greyfriars. Redwing, please release the cat and take it to the housekeeper's room. Follow me, Bright."

Mr. Quelch rustled down the stairs, the wretched Bright cringing after him, under the scornful stare of countless eyes. A few minutes later wild yelling was heard from the Head's study. Bright of the Remove was finding the way of the transgressor hard.

(Continued on next page.)



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A GREAT FIFTH AT GREYFRIARS!

(Continued from previous page.)

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Secret Out!

"THE Toad's done you a good turn."

Herbert Vernon-Smith made that remark, rather sarcastically, after class that day in the Remove Form room. The new fellow in the Remove was nicknamed the "Toad," a distinction he owed to the Bounder. The other fellows had caught on to it at once. The name expressed the estimation in which the Form held Bright of the Remove.

"How's that?" asked Redwing.

"You're all right with Quelch now."

"Oh! Yes, I noticed he was rather decent in class."

"The giddy storm has blown over," said Smithy, still sarcastic. "Now, if you want to keep on the right side of the old bird, all you've got to do is to turn your back on me."

"Oh, rats!"

"It's the only way, as the Johnny says in the play," grinned the Bounder. "Quelch understands now that he was down on you for nothing, and he's trying to make up for it. That's what his ghastly grin was for."

"I didn't notice any ghastly grin."

"He calls it a smile, I believe."

"Oh, chuck it, Smithy!" said Tom, smiling, but uneasy. "I wish you wouldn't talk about Mr. Quelch like that!"

"Shocks you, and all that?" jeered the Bounder.

"Well, I don't like it, and that's the truth," said Tom honestly. "Isn't it rather bad form, old chap?"

"Certainly it is; and that's why I do it!" answered the Bounder unmoved. "My way, you know. Haven't you heard yet that the fellows named me the Bounder when I came to Greyfriars, and haven't you noticed that the name fits me—just as the Toad fits young Bright?"

"Oh, rot!" said Tom.

"Quelch was jolly gracious this afternoon," went on Vernon-Smith. "He gave me the marble eye and you the glad grin. I'm still in his black books, but you are on the right side of the ancient bird. Do you want to keep there?"

"Yes, I do," said Redwing.

"Then, let me give you a tip. To-morrow afternoon's a half-holiday. Go up to Hawkscliff and see your old friends there, and get leave from Quelch to stay out till dawn."

"To-morrow's the Fifth of November."

"That's why!"

"But the celebration—"

"You're not too proud to speak to your old sailorman friends, I suppose, now you're well off and a Greyfriars man?"

"Fathead! You want me to keep clear of the celebration and your Popper stunt," said Tom.

The Bounder nodded.

"That's what I want," he said, and his hard face became serious. "Look here, Tom, I'm up against the masters and every other sort of constituted authority, because it's my giddy nature. You're not. I've landed you into rows with Quelch—without really meaning to, of course—but now it's set right again, owing to that toad Bright getting himself found out. Keep right with Quelch now you've got the chance. You were against the Popper

stunt from the beginning; well, leave it alone."

"I wish you'd leave it alone, Smithy."

"No jolly fear!" said the Bounder emphatically. "It's the stunt of the term, and I'm in it to the neck."

"Then I'm in it, too."

"I want you to keep clear of it. Look here, Tom, it will mean a fearful row. There will be floggings—there may be bunkings. It will knock on the head your idea of keeping in with Quelch, if you have anything at all to do with it. Go up to Hawkscliff for the day."

Tom Redwing shook his head.

The Bounder was unusually serious. Not for a moment did he think of backing out of the dangerous game himself; but it was clear that he wanted to save his chum from the possible consequences.

"I can't do that, Smithy," said Redwing steadily. "All the Remove are in it, and I can't funk it. It's a mug's game, but I'm not going to show the white feather. Let it drop."

"But you were against it," argued the Bounder.

"I'm still against it; but I'm standing in with you."

"Oh, you're an ass!" said Vernon-Smith irritably.

"Let it go at that, then," said Tom, with a smile.

The Bounder's face was moody as he strolled on with his chum. He had wanted Redwing to join in the escapade, and had jeered at his objections. But better thoughts had prevailed; the Bounder realised very clearly that he did not really want to drag his comrade into his own lawless ways and his own incessant rows and punishments.

"Hallo, there's the Toad!" said Vernon-Smith abruptly.

Bright of the Remove was going down to the gates. He glanced at the two juniors with an expression of malicious dislike, and there was something else in his look, too, that made the Bounder gaze after him fixedly. It seemed to him that he had read a threat in Bright's malicious face.

"That cad has somethin' up his sleeve," said the Bounder. "He's up to somethin', Reddy!"

"Not worth a fellow's notice a reptile like that!" said Tom.

"Reptiles bite!" said the Bounder.

Bright's peculiar look lingered in his mind for some time before he dismissed the thought of the fellow. But he would not have dismissed the Toad so easily from mind had he known the direction that Edgar Bright was taking after leaving the school gates. Bright of the Remove was heading for Popper Court.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" called out Bob Cherry. "You fellows coming to lend a hand with the bonfire?"

"Yes, rather!"

The Bounder and Redwing joined a crowd of the Remove in the Cloister Field, the spot where the celebration was to take place on the Fifth. The bonfire, which was to be a great affair, was already in the course of erection.

There had been a collection of cash among the Removites, every fellow contributing according to his means, or according to his meanness, as Peter Todd expressed it—a remark called forth by the halfpenny which Skinner dropped into the hat alongside Lord Mauleverer's pound-note.

Fireworks galore had been laid in, and were stacked in the woodshed. Even the Bounder did not venture to take any up to the studies.

A pyre was rising in the middle of

the Cloister Field, all sorts and conditions of fuel being carried to the spot. Old lumber from the lumber-rooms, furniture that was in the final state of disrepair, old exercises and dog-eared books, old packing-cases and boxes—everything, in short, that was inflammable and portable.

Skinner suggested bringing Mr. Quelch's "History of Greyfriars," an imposing pile of typescript, but he did not suggest bringing it himself, though undoubtedly it would have been very useful for the purpose.

In the midst of the pyre was an ancient chair, propped up with care. This was to be the seat of the "guy" after it had been paraded round the school on the evening of the Fifth. From that high position the second baronet would dominate the bonfire, and be a conspicuous object for a great distance before the flames consumed him.

Wingate of the Sixth strolled down to the field, while the Removites were busy stacking up the pile for the bonfire.

"Getting ready for to-morrow—what?" asked the prefect.

"Yes, we shall be busy to-morrow, of course," said Harry Wharton. "It doesn't look like rain, luckily."

The Bounder winked at the fellows near him, and they grinned. Wingate evidently had some reason for strolling along to look at the scene. In spite of the care with which the secret was kept, some hint had leaked out that the Remove fellows were planning some very unusual sort of a celebration of the Fifth.

But there was nothing to excite Wingate's suspicions—so far. He exchanged a few cheery words with the juniors, and strolled back to the House.

"The beaks are beginning to smell a rat," remarked the Bounder, as the juniors went in to tea.

"Wharton!"

As if to confirm the Bounder's words, Mr. Quelch came out of his study and called to the captain of the Remove.

"Here, sir!" said Harry.

"I have just received a telephone message from Sir Hilton Popper," said Mr. Quelch, with a very keen look at the juniors. "He has made a statement to me which is, I think, founded upon some mistake. He tells me that he has received information that there is a scheme afoot in my Form to hold him, a governor of the school, up to ridicule in some manner on the Fifth of November."

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton.

"I cannot believe that any boy in my Form would be so foolish, so disrespectful, so wanting in all sense of the fitness of things, as to lay plans for ridiculing a governor of the school," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, sir!" murmured Wharton.

"Neither can I understand how any such information can have reached Sir Hilton Popper, as he can scarcely be in communication with anyone in the Remove," said the Form master. "But his statement is very explicit. He has the impression, at least, that an effigy has been made resembling him in appearance, or, at least, labelled with his name, and that this effigy is to be used for what you call, I believe, a guy."

"Is it possible, sir?" asked the Bounder.

"That is his belief, Vernon-Smith, though how he had been informed of such a thing I cannot understand. You are all aware, of course, that nothing of the kind would be allowed—that any boy taking part in a scheme to ridicule

a governor of the school would be severely flogged by the headmaster, even if a whole Form were concerned in it."

"Oh, sir!"

"As head boy of the Form, Wharton, I leave it to you to ascertain whether such an effigy is in existence," said Mr. Quelch. "If so, it must be immediately destroyed! I need not say that if I find such an object in the House I shall take the matter very seriously. I am sure Sir Hilton is misinformed; but you will make a search at once, Wharton, and see whether there is any foundation for this complaint."

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Wharton.

"If there is anything of the kind in existence, you will be able to find it, Wharton?"

"I—I think so, sir."

"Very well. Lose no time."

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

Mr. Quelch, after a very keen and searching look at the Removites, went back to his study. Perhaps the expressions on some of the faces made him suspect, after all, that Sir Hilton's latest complaint was not wholly unfounded. The juniors saw that his lips were very tightly compressed as he left them.

In silence the Removites went up to their own quarters.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Insulting!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH gritted his teeth savagely. There was dismay in a good many faces among the juniors gathered in the Remove passage. They had come in to tea, but they were not thinking of tea now.

"The game's up!" said Bob glumly.

"How did Popper know?" hissed the Bounder.

"Goodness knows! But he did."

"Somebody must have given it away to him."

"Never mind how he knows; he does know," said Peter Todd. "The sooner that jolly old effigy is got rid of the better."

"Some rotten sneak has given it away," persisted the Bounder. "We were going to let old Popper know to-morrow, in time to bring him here to see the guy put on the bonfire. That's knocked on the head now he knows. Quelch will be up here soon, looking for it."

"He thinks that Wharton may be able to find it," grinned Skinner.

Some of the juniors laughed.

"Instead of requesting you, sir, to quit these premises," shouted Mr. Quelch, "I order you to do so. You hear me, sir?" Mr. Quelch's angry voice rang out loudly, audible in every study in the Remove passage. But still the "second baronet" remained silent. (See Chapter 12.)



"Well, he's put it up to me," said the captain of the Remove. "If I don't find it, Smithy, Quelch jolly soon will. The box-room is about the first place he will look in. It's got to go."

"And the soonerfulness the quickerfulness," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The Bounder's face was almost pale with anger. He was prepared to take a flogging for ridiculing Sir Hilton Popper on bonfire night, if it came to that. But the parading of the effigy, the burning of the "second baronet" on the bonfire, was evidently "off" now. The discovery of the effigy meant floggings, without the celebration—the reckoning without the feast, as it were. Certainly, the moment Mr. Quelch's eyes fell upon it he would order it to be destroyed, and the punishments would follow, without the satisfaction of having "guyed" Sir Hilton at all.

"We've got to chuck it, Smithy," said Bob Cherry. "No good getting flogged for nothing."

"We may be able to hide it," muttered the Bounder. "If we can keep Quelch from finding it—"

"Whoever has told old Popper that we've got it has told him where it's to be found," said Peter Todd. "Quelch will be nosing into that box-room pretty soon."

"We can shove it somewhere else—"

"Oh, don't play the goat, old man!"

Getting licked after the celebration is one thing, but getting licked before the celebration, with no celebration to come off at all, is quite another. Let's chuck it."

The Bounder compressed his lips.

"You fellows can chuck it if you like; I'm not going to."

"Smithy, old man—" urged Tom Redwing.

"Oh, rats! I tell you I'm sticking to it," said the Bounder savagely.

"It's a mug's game," said Wharton. "The game's up now. You can never keep the thing hidden till to-morrow night, now that Quelch knows."

"I'm going to try."

"Look here, Smithy, you ass—"

"Leave it to me," said Vernon-Smith.

"You can all back out, if you like; I'm not backing out. It will stand in the alcove in my study, and I can fix up the screen to hide it. Quelch will draw the box-room, but he won't root about the corners of the studies."

The Bounder strode away to the box-room stair. Bob Cherry and Redwing followed him at once. The Co. followed on promptly, and several other fellows. The Bounder's perverse obstinacy irritated them; but if he was determined to keep on with the stunt they were not the fellows to back out. Nine or ten juniors mounted to the box-room, to carry the effigy down to the Bounder's study and hide it there.

With many hands to bear it, the second baronet was brought out of the box-room and carried down the stair to the Remove passage.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter from the direction of the Remove staircase.

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"Cave!" squeaked the Owl of the Remove.

"What?"

"Quelch's coming up the stairs."

"Oh, my hat!"

Like rabbits bolting into their burrows the crowd of Removites dived into their studies. Smithy and Redwing and the Famous Five were left with the figure.

"Hook it!" said Bob Cherry. "If we're caught with it—"

"Oh crumbs!"

There was no time to think of concealing the effigy now—no time to get it to Smithy's study, or to get it back to

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the box-room. Leaving it standing by the wall in the Remove passage, the juniors darted into the studies as the footsteps of Mr. Quelch were heard on the staircase.

When Mr. Quelch arrived on the Remove landing the passage was deserted, save for the one tall, angular figure that stood there leaning back against the wall.

But every study door was half an inch ajar, and within the rooms the juniors were waiting and listening breathlessly.

"My hat! This is a go!" muttered the Bounder, with a grin on his face. "We've fairly done it now!"

Redwing nodded without speaking. There was no doubt that the Bounder's obstinacy had done it. The juniors had had time to break up the effigy and conceal the fragments in the box-room, had they lost no time about it. But it was too late to think of that now.

Mr. Quelch advanced into the Remove passage, which was dimly lighted, glancing about him. On first hearing from Sir Hilton Popper on the telephone, Mr. Quelch had almost taken it for granted that it was some new bee in the fussy old gentleman's bonnet, so to speak. But the looks of the Remove fellows had "put him wide" on that point. Whether Sir Hilton was right or wrong, there was evidently something "up" in the Remove—something that it behoved a dutiful Form master to look into. And Mr. Quelch had not been long in coming to the conclusion that the captain of the Remove was probably "in it," whatever it was, in which case Wharton was hardly the person to undertake the search assigned to him. Hence Mr. Quelch's own invasion of the Remove quarters.

Mr. Quelch was not exactly angry; but he was prepared, as it were, to be angry at a moment's notice. Guying a governor of the school might seem no end of a lark to the Lower School boys, but to Mr. Quelch it was an awfully serious matter, and it would place him personally in a very painful position if it was his Form that was guilty of such a flagrant mockery of authority. If Mr. Quelch discovered, in the Remove quarters, an effigy bearing even a remote resemblance to Sir Hilton Popper, something like a hurricane would inevitably follow.

Glancing round him, Mr. Quelch discerned the tall figure at the other end of the passage, and caught the gleam of the eyeglass in the second baronet's eye.

He gave a start.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed.

He frowned portentously.

"Sir Hilton Popper, may I inquire what you are doing here?" he demanded.

There was no answer from the tall figure in the passage.

In the studies the Removees gazed at one another, and fairly gasped.

Mr. Quelch's mistake was natural enough.

He was there to search for some dummy figure that was intended to resemble Sir Hilton more or less. It had never even crossed his mind that such a work of art as this might be produced—that the effigy was so exactly like Sir Hilton Popper, down to the slightest detail, that the baronet himself might have taken it for his twin-brother.

The second baronet leaned against the end wall of the Remove passage near the foot of the box-room stair.

It faced Mr. Quelch, therefore, as he entered the passage, with the whole length of that passage intervening.

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But even at that distance, and in the dim light of a single burner that partially dispelled the November dusk, no one could have mistaken the identity of the figure—or, rather, no one would have failed to mistake its identity.

Had Sir Hilton Popper himself been standing where Mr. Quelch stood, he would undoubtedly have imagined that a tall glass at the end of the Remove passage was reflecting his full figure.

So Mr. Quelch had not the slightest doubt on the subject. He was only surprised at one thing—at finding Sir Hilton there!

That fussy and almost irrepressible member of the governing body was given to incessant interference. His calls upon the headmaster were frequent and painful and free; he often talked to the Form masters and gave them his views, straining their politeness and patience to the utmost limits. But it was a new thing—a very new thing—for even Sir Hilton Popper to penetrate unasked, unannounced, into the junior quarters in the School House. It was really unheard of for any governor of the school to do anything of the kind; so it was no wonder that the Remove master was surprised—and angry, too.

He was still more angry when he received no answer from the second baronet.

Common politeness demanded that Sir Hilton should answer his question. Sir Hilton, indeed, was more bumptious than polite at the best of times. But he had his manners, such as they were. The second baronet had no manners at all. He did not speak.

"Sir Hilton Popper!" repeated Mr. Quelch, in a rising key.

No reply.

Mr. Quelch made a few more steps along the Remove passage, his eyes fixed upon the tall figure facing him, the eyeglass gleaming directly at him as he advanced.

"Sir Hilton Popper, I have inquired what you are doing here!" he said, his voice trembling with suppressed anger. "You are a governor of this school, sir, but you have no right—no right whatever, as you must be fully aware—to penetrate into these precincts without my knowledge or permission!"

The Remove fellows, in their studies, gasped. There was something really weird in this one-sided conversation carried on between Mr. Quelch and a figure of stuffed rags with a wax face.

"Will you answer me, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

Silence—contemptuous silence, as it

seemed to Mr. Quelch. His scholastic countenance grew redder and redder.

"I presume, sir, that you have not suddenly become afflicted with deafness?" Mr. Quelch inquired, with angry sarcasm.

"Deaf and dumb, if Quelch only knew it!" the Bounder whispered to Tom Redwing, in Study No. 4.

Redwing made no answer. He was waiting, with something like horror, for what would happen when Mr. Quelch discovered that, during his majestic progress up the Remove passage, he had been addressing his remarks to a dummy figure. All the Remove were in a state of high tension now.

Mr. Quelch whisked along the passage, his gown rustling behind him. He was angrier and angrier. Lofty pride and scarce-veiled insolence he had had to bear from this disagreeable governor of the school before; but this scornful silence, this contemptuous refusal to answer a word to him, was past all bearing.

He halted a few feet from Sir Hilton, expecting some movement, some word from the tall figure leaning carelessly against the wall, the eyeglass gleaming fairly into Mr. Quelch's face now.

But there came neither movement nor word.

In absolute silence, the second baronet stared straight at Mr. Quelch, and utterly ignored him.

The Remove master drew a deep, quivering breath.

"Sir Hilton Popper!"

Silence!

"I am accustomed, sir, to disregard of the common rules of courtesy from you, sir!" said Mr. Quelch, in a trembling voice. "But this, sir—this conduct surprises me, sir, and I will say, sir, that it disgusts me and excites my contempt, sir!"

That should have drawn the second baronet, if anything could have drawn him.

But the second baronet was not to be drawn. He only stared at Mr. Quelch with utter indifference.

"On the telephone, sir, only a short time ago you made a complaint to me," continued Mr. Quelch. "Although I regarded it as an absurd and unreasonable complaint, I took measures immediately to inquire into the matter. I presume that you are not deaf, and that you can hear me, sir?"

The second baronet gave no sign of hearing Mr. Quelch.

The Remove master went on, his voice rising:

"You said, sir, that on previous occasions your complaints had not received sufficient heed, and that on this occasion you would look into the matter yourself, unless I could report to you promptly that the delinquents had been punished. I presumed that to mean that you would come here on November 5th. It appears, however, that it meant that you would come here immediately following your telephone call and enter the precincts of my Form unknown, unseen, unpermitted! Sir Hilton Popper, such conduct is outrageous!"

Mr. Quelch paused for breath.

"Outrageous is the word," he repeated—"absolutely outrageous! It will not be allowed, sir! You may tell me that you are a governor of Greyfriars, sir—"

The second baronet told Mr. Quelch nothing.

"But, sir, governor or no governor, you will not be allowed to act in this manner! I will resign my position at

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Greyfriars rather than endure it!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Sir Hilton Popper, I request you to depart immediately from these precincts, sir—immediately!"

The second baronet did not stir. "Will you answer me, sir?" almost shouted Mr. Quelch.

The figure did not answer. Only its steady stare was fixed on Mr. Quelch, indifferently, ignoring him as if he were not there—which was enough to exasperate a more patient gentleman than Henry Samuel Quelch.

"You do not choose to speak, sir! You prefer to keep up this insulting silence! You choose, sir, to treat me with disdain, with scorn, with contempt? Very well, sir! Very well, indeed! Instead of requesting you, sir, to quit these precincts, I order you to do so! You hear me, sir? I order you to leave this passage at once!"

Mr. Quelch's angry voice rang out loudly now, audible in every study in the Remove passage.

Still the second baronet was silent. Mr. Quelch's just wrath had absolutely no effect upon him.

"You hear me, sir?" roared Mr. Quelch, quite in a passion now. "Do you wish to tempt me, sir, to remove you hence with my own hands?"

The juniors almost trembled. If the Remove master, in his wrath, proceeded to that length, there was no doubt that he would discover the real nature of the second baronet.

But Mr. Quelch had too much regard for his own dignity to proceed to such a length.

"I will not treat you as you deserve, sir!" he exclaimed. "I will not, as you apparently wish, enter into a disgraceful scuffle here! If you refuse to go, sir, I will summon Dr. Locke to the spot! No doubt the Head will be able to prevail upon you to act, sir, with common decency—if there be any in your nature, sir!"

And with that Mr. Quelch turned his back on the second baronet, whisked away along the Remove passage, and disappeared down the Remove staircase.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Sudden Disappearance!

"OH, my hat!"
"Oh, lor'!"
"Great pip!"
"Did you ever?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Well, hardly ever!" said Peter Todd, with a breathless chuckle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"And he never said a word!" gasped Squiff. "What manners! Sending poor old Quelch to Coventry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"The wrathfulness of the esteemed Quelch is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "and he has gone to fetch the worthy and ridiculous headmaster. A stitch in time saves ninepence, my esteemed chums."

The Remove passage was crowded again now that Mr. Quelch was gone. But the juniors knew that he was gone to fetch the Head, from what he had told the second baronet. There was evidently no time to lose.

Even the Bounder realised that it was time for the second baronet to cease to exist, and that he could not die too suddenly.

If Mr. Quelch ever discovered that he had talked as he had done to a lay figure, with the juniors listening in

THE LAUGH OF THE WEEK!

There are very few things that William George Bunter can do really well, but it's admitted on all sides that, as a ventriloquist, he has no equal—at Greyfriars, at any rate! And Bunter's latest ventriloquial "spasm" brings about some astonishing results. "Magnetites" will thoroughly enjoy

"A Ventriloquist At Large!"

next week's stunning long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., by Frank Richards. Don't miss it, whatever you do.



their studies to his extraordinary discourse—if Mr. Quelch ever discovered that, what was likely to happen?

Floggings, probably expulsions, unending wrath from Mr. Quelch for the rest of the term. Indeed, it was hardly possible to imagine what would be the outcome in that case. His wrath was certain to be terrific. The famous wrath of Achilles to Greece, the direful spring of woes unnumbered, would be merely an "also ran" in comparison.

There was not a moment to lose. Even the Bounder was keen now on making an end of the second baronet before the Head could interview him as Mr. Quelch had done.

The juniors surrounded the effigy, upon which no labour and expense had been spared, and which was such a remarkably successful achievement. It had been a little too successful, in fact. Many hands make light work.

The second baronet was grabbed on all sides. In a moment he was in a semi-detached state; in a minute he was wholly detached.

Fragments of him were carried away by all the juniors, to be hidden in the studies, and not a spot was left to mark the place where he had been standing.

In three minutes at the most Sir Hilton the Second had ceased to exist, and all the various parts of him, reduced to the smallest possible compass, were jammed into waste-paper baskets or coal-lockers or cupboards in the Remove studies.

Then the juniors waited anxiously. Swift as they had been, they had not been too swift. Footsteps and voices were heard on the Remove staircase.

With doors ajar, the Remove listened. "Extraordinary, my dear Quelch."

It was the Head's voice. "Only just in time!" the Bounder murmured to Redwing.

"Thank goodness we were in time!"

breathed Tom. "What on earth would Mr. Quelch have done if he'd found out—?"

The Bounder chuckled. "Fancy his face when he found out!" "I'd rather not," said Tom.

"The sack for half a dozen fellows, and floggings all round for the whole Form! Quelch would never have forgiven any fellow who had a hand in it, after he'd made such an ass of himself with the whole Form listening," chuckled the Bounder.

"Hush!"
The footsteps and voices were coming up the Remove passage.

"I do not wonder, my dear Quelch, that you are angry," said the Head in a soothing tone. "Such conduct on the part of Sir Hilton Popper is inexplicable—and, of course, unpardonable!"

"He refused to speak one word to me, sir; he ignored me utterly," said Mr. Quelch in a trembling voice. "I spoke to him at some length, sir, and you will scarcely believe that he refused to speak a single word—a single syllable, sir."

"Extraordinary!"
"He is here, sir! He—he was here! Bless my soul, he has gone!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Certainly he does not appear to be in the passage, Mr. Quelch," said the Head, glancing round over his glasses.

"In one of the studies, perhaps. I can hardly believe that he has gone," said Mr. Quelch. "His manner, sir, was most determined—determined and contemptuous. He was evidently resolved to disregard my authority in my own Form absolutely."

The Bounder looked out of his study. "Is anything the matter, sir?" he asked meekly.

"Have you seen Sir Hilton Popper?"
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here, Vernon-Smith?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Sir Hilton Popper, sir? No, sir."

"See if he is in any of the studies, Vernon-Smith."

"Certainly, sir."

The Bounder went along the passage, looking into the studies. In a minute all the Remove fellows were in their doorways.

It was obvious that Sir Hilton Popper was not there.

"I cannot understand it," said Mr. Quelch. "He must have gone, sir, the moment I turned my back."

"No doubt," said the Head, evidently greatly relieved to find that Sir Hilton Popper had gone.

"He did not venture to wait till you arrived here," said Mr. Quelch. "He was aware, sir, that you would not allow a Form master of Greyfriars to be openly flouted in his own Form."

"Quite so, Mr. Quelch," said the Head. "But I am glad that he decided to go—it has saved a very painful scene. I am very glad."

Mr. Quelch did not look so glad. He would have preferred to see the Head deal with the interfering gentleman; indeed, he would not have been displeased to have seen Gosling called in to remove Sir Hilton by force.

"Sir Hilton Popper is not in any of the studies, Wharton?" he asked the captain of the Remove.

"No, sir," said Harry.

He did not feel called upon to add that the second baronet was in all the studies—a little in each!

"Did you see him, Wharton?"

"Sir Hilton Popper, sir?"

"Yes, yes."

"No, I've not seen Sir Hilton Popper here, sir."

"Fortunately the boys were all in their studies, and were not witnesses of Sir Hilton's unseemly conduct, Dr. Locke," said the Remove master. "You did not see him go, Wharton?"

"I haven't seen Sir Hilton Popper to-day at all, sir."

"We heard you speaking to him, sir," said the Bounder demurely. "In the circumstances, sir, we thought we ought to stay in the studies."

"Very right and proper, Vernon-Smith," said Mr. Quelch.

"Very right and proper indeed!" said the Head with approval. "In these unusual and painful circumstances, Mr. Quelch, your boys have behaved very well indeed."

"I quite agree with you, sir, and am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Quelch. "My boys, an unusual and disagreeable incident has occurred, of which the less said the better. Your headmaster thinks, and I think, that you have all behaved with great tact in the unusual and painful circumstances."

"Thank you, sir!" said Vernon-Smith.

And the two masters departed, leaving the Remove fellows staring at one another.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob.

"What an escape!"

"The escapefulness is terrific!" breathed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But it is grateful and comforting to learn that we have all behaved with terrific tactfulness and rightfulness and properfulness."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Wingate."

Wingate and Loder and Gwynne of the Sixth came up the Remove staircase. Without explaining what they had come for, they proceeded to make

a search of the studies and the box-room. The juniors watched them with smiling faces. They knew what the prefects were looking for—any effigy that the Remove had prepared for the morrow; any effigy of which the appearance would justify in the least the complaint that had been made over the telephone by the irate lord of Popper Court.

But so far from discovering any effigy of Sir Hilton Popper, the searchers failed to discover any effigy at all.

"Wharton!" called out Wingate at last.

"Yes, Wingate," answered the captain of the Remove meekly.

"Have you got any guy here to be used to-morrow?"

"No, Wingate."

"No effigy at all of any sort?" demanded Loder.

"No, Loder."

"Look here, you're supposed to have some sort of a guy," said Gwynne.

"Old Sir Hilton Popper thinks you're guying him. You can cackle, you young rascals, but it's a jolly serious matter. If you've got any guy here at all, trot it out and let us see it."

"But we haven't any guy at all!" said the Bounder.

"You've been up to something, though," said Wingate gruffly. "What have you been up to?"

"Snuff!" answered Smithy.

"What?"

"We've been up to snuff."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate stared at the Bounder, and then grinned.

"If there was anything I expect the young sweeps have destroyed it," he said. "If that's so, it doesn't matter a straw. Let's get out."

And the prefects departed, leaving the Remove grinning.

A hard-faced junior, with a malicious grin on his sallow face, passed them on the stairs. Edgar Bright came up to the Remove passage. He gave quite a start as he looked at a crowd of grinning faces. The "Toad" had not expected to find the Remove grinning.

He stared at them in perplexity.

So far as the Toad knew, his scheme for causing severe trouble to the fellows he disliked had gone without a hitch. He had told his tale to Sir Hilton Popper, the angry baronet had rung up Mr. Quelch immediately, and there was no doubt that the Remove master would inquire into the matter at once—and Bright had not doubted for a moment that he would discover the second baronet. That he had discovered him and taken him for the genuine baronet the Toad was not likely to guess.

Bright had come back to Greyfriars with the happy anticipation of finding weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth all through the Remove, from one end of the Form to the other, and two or three fellows under sentence of expulsion.

Instead of which, he found the Remove grinning and chuckling, as if over some huge joke. It was a surprise and a disappointment for the Toad, and he went into his study with an angry, bitter face.

Wharton and Nugent "tea'd" in Bob Cherry's study that day—a rather late tea, owing to the extraordinary happenings in the Remove passage. Over tea Bob's rugged face was unusually thoughtful.

"I'm rather glad, you fellows," he said at last. "The fact is, it was a mug's game, and it wasn't worth the candle. I'm jolly glad, in fact, that it's been knocked on the head."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent.

"The gladfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "We shall hold our excellent celebration of the esteemed Guy Fawkes to-morrow, without terrific trouble to follow. The sneaky person who gave us away to old Popper has done us a good turn."

"Looks like it," agreed Bob.

"But who could it have been?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Bright has just come in," said Wharton, with a curl of the lip.

"The Toad!" exclaimed all the juniors together.

"I've no doubt about it."

Bob Cherry clenched his hands. But he unclenched them again, and grinned.

"The rotten sneak meant to land us all in trouble," he said. "But as a matter of absolute fact, what he's done is the exact reverse; he's saved us all from landing into it. Let him rip."

When Wharton and Nugent went back to their study for prep, they found Bright there, and he looked at them rather uneasily. He was well aware that his treachery might be suspected, and as his scheme had been a complete failure he was rather apprehensive of trouble to follow. But his study-mates took no heed of him, and their contemptuous indifference was a relief to the Toad of Greyfriars.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Bright Idea!

THE Fifth of November dawned upon Greyfriars School.

The Bounder was in rather a surly temper that morning. The sudden disappearance of the second baronet had been the only thing possible in the circumstances; but the Bounder was disappointed and exasperated. He had set his mind on the scheme of "guying" Sir Hilton Popper, and that scheme had to be abandoned. There was no time for another such elaborate effigy to be made, even if the Bounder, with all his nerve, had thought of it, after what had happened. Every other fellow concerned in the scheme was glad that it had been "ky-boshed," as Bob Cherry expressed it, and probably the gladdest of all was Bob Cherry himself. He would not have backed out of it, at any cost; but undoubtedly he was greatly relieved to see the end of it. And his chums were relieved, too, and most of the Remove shared their feelings. It would have been, as Peter Todd said, no end of a lark, but a lark that had to be paid for in floggings and perhaps expulsions, was too much of a good thing. Quite unintentionally the Toad had done the whole Form a good turn in causing the sudden disappearance of the second baronet, and the abandonment of the intended celebration.

But the Bounder, at least, was sore.

He gave a good deal of thought to the matter that day, and the result of his cogitations was the conclusion that Bright of the Remove had been the informer.

He remembered that Bright had been out of gates, and remembered the look that Bright had given him as he went—a look that Smithy understood now. The quashing of the great stunt, on which so much trouble had been expended, was due to the Toad.

Smithy having thought the matter out, had no doubt about it, and the other fellows had no doubt, either.

Bright, short as was the time he had been at Greyfriars, had made himself thoroughly unpopular in his Form, and

Bright, of the Remove, was stuck up on high, the ancient chair being hoisted on the shoulders of the sturdy Removites. "March!" called out Harry Wharton. "Guy Fawkes, guy, stick him up on high!" roared Bob Cherry, as the procession began to move. (See Chapter 14.)



few fellows had much to say to him at any time. But that day, if the Removites did not talk to him, they talked about him. And the Toad would have been rather alarmed had he heard their talk.

At dusk that day there was considerable excitement in the Lower School. All the junior Forms were celebrating the Fifth. The Remove celebration, which was to have been a record in its way, was "off." But the active mind of the Bounder had thought of something to take its place.

"Where's Bright?" was the question after tea.

Bright was found in Study No. 1.

"Turn out, Toad!" the Bounder called in at the doorway.

Bright gave him a sneering look.

"I'm not taking any part in your kid's games," he answered.

"Your mistake—you are!" answered the Bounder coolly. "You're wanted on the scene."

"Rot!"

"Will you come?"

"No, I won't."

"I think you will," remarked Herbert Vernon-Smith, and he grasped the new junior by the collar.

Bright came!

By the time he arrived on the Cloister Field in the midst of a crowd of Removites, he found the rest of the Form there. The ancient chair had been taken down from the pyre, and Bob Cherry stood beside it with a box-robe in his hand.

"Here he is!" roared the Bounder.

"Here's the giddy guy."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Take a seat, Toad!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bright stared at him in alarm.

"What do you mean?" he snapped angrily.

"I'll tell you what we mean," said the Bounder. "You sneaked about our little game, and we've lost our guy. You're going to take its place."

"What!" yelled Bright.

"Get into that chair!"

"I won't!"

"Collar him."

Bright made a desperate rush to escape. But a dozen hands seized him at once, and he was jammed into the ancient chair. Bob Cherry proceeded to tie his arms and legs to it with the box-robe.

Bright wriggled furiously.

"Let me go!" he yelled. "Do you hear? I'll shout for help! I'll—Grooogh—oooh—oooh!"

He broke off, gurgling, as the Bounder shoved a folded duster into his mouth and tied it there with string.

"You won't do much shouting, I think," grinned Smithy. "We'll do all the shouting, old bean. You're dead in this act."

"Grooogh!"

"Where's your colour-box, Toddy?"

"Here you are!"

There were yells of laughter as Bright's face was decorated with red, and blue, and green, and stripes and circles. A beard and moustache, from the property-box of the Remove Dramatic Society, were fastened on, to conceal the gag. By that time Bright's face was truly remarkable in aspect. It was not the guy that the Removites

had intended for the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day. But undoubtedly it was some guy.

"Ready!" shouted the Bounder.

"Guy Fawkes, guy, stick him up on high!" roared Bob Cherry.

And Bright of the Remove was stuck up on high, the ancient chair being hoisted on the shoulders of four sturdy Removites.

"March!" called out Harry Wharton.

"Hurrah!"

The procession began. On the Fifth the Lower School were allowed to "process" round the quad and the Cloisters, winding up in the Cloister Field, where the bonfire was lighted. Many and various were the effigies the juniors had carried in such processions, and had the second baronet been carried on this occasion, certainly it would have made a sensation at Greyfriars such as had never been made before on the glorious Fifth. Fortunately for all parties, the second baronet had vanished for ever. But the expression on the Remove guy's face was even more lifelike than the second baronet's had been. The painted face was almost convulsed with fury, and the eyes fairly gleamed and sparkled with rage. It was not the guy the Remove had planned, but it was indubitably the most lifelike that had ever been paraded at Greyfriars on the Fifth of November.

"Please to remember the Fifth of November—"

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued on page 27.)

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THE CLAIM JUMPERS! Once more Bull Morgan and his rascally partner try to put it across Jack Orchard by jumping his claim. But, though a youngster, Jack is no greenhorn, as Morgan and Simons discover to their cost!

Gold for the Getting!



— Stanton Hope

The Story of a Thrilling Gold Rush to the Land of the Midnight Sun!

(Introduction on page 25.)

The Dogs that Jack Bought!

ALTHOUGH during the days following, Sergeant Curtis and his men scoured the country round Dawson, they found no clue to the fugitive's whereabouts. A fall of snow shortly after Uncle Dave's departure from the wigwam obliterated his tracks, and the police gradually took the view that he must have become lost and died somewhere out in the great snow wastes.

Though Jack and Terry were subjected to a keen cross-examination, their part in harbouring the prisoner was ignored by the authorities. This was due to the fact that Sergeant Curtis himself shielded them.

Chagrined though he was, the sergeant was a thorough sportsman, and he knew well enough that he would have done the same thing for a pard if he really had believed him innocent.

Sooner or later he would have Dave Orchard again, that he vowed. Scarce was it ever known for a man to get away altogether from the indomitable police trackers. Thus Sergeant Curtis buoyed himself up—that eventually he or one of his colleagues of the Force would get wind again of the wanted man, and then if need be he would be tracked to the North Pole, or beyond!

It was necessary now for Jack and Terry to find some interest in life. They found it in dogs.

Acting on the advice of Jock McLennan, who arrived in Dawson just before the New Year, they invested their gold in a team of good huskies. Jock's own shrewd idea was that the value of dogs would go up still higher, and the boys would be able to sell at a good profit. Jack and Terry, however, had a different notion in mind.

Ever since they had first talked with Sergeant Curtis at Starvation Creek, they had hoped to own a team of malamutes and one day race them in the great Dog Derby of the North. When they mentioned their idea to Jock, he did not encourage it.

"'Tis a man's game, sonnies," he said, "and I'm no thinking that either of you boys would have the stamina to last the distance. Likewise, it's a cruel race, and you'd be up against some o' the

finest mushers in the country, as well as some o' the crack dog teams."

"We could but do our best," replied Jack, "and if we lost we'd lose like sportsmen. It would be rattling fine fun."

"Bedad, ut would!" cried Terry. "And ut's a disappointment that me dud arm isn't loikely to be strong enough by the time of the race, otherwise, me bhoys, I'd shure toss wid you to see which of us should drive the team."

When the dogs had been bought, Skookum quickly established himself the leader. It took him a wonderful, hectic week of life to do this, for he fought all the other dogs in turn, and one big fellow he fought four times, and almost killed, before that hefty wolf-dog would acknowledge his supremacy.

The question of leader having been decided among the dogs themselves, Jock McLennan kindly undertook the early training of the team. He told Jack and Terry all the wrinkles he had gathered in his long experience mushing on the trail, and showed them how to get explicit obedience from battle-scarred Skookum as the leader.

Soon Jack could manage the dogs extremely well, and even Terry drove them at times, despite the fact that he carried his left arm in a sling.

Most of the practice had been done in the open country, beyond the city, and it was not until some time in the new year that the youngsters took their dog team and sledge into Dawson City.

On the first occasion they did so they passed the sporting club in White Street, run by Bull Morgan and Lefty Simons. The pair were coming out of the premises at the time, and they stared at the boys' turn-out in astonishment.

"Hi!" called out Morgan. "That's a nifty outfit you've got there, young 'uns. But if ye're wise, young Orchard, ye won't ride about much wi' it. You'll want all the exercise you can get, 'cause that li'l gala is coming off at the end of the month."

"That boxing stunt of yours?" Jack demanded.

"Guess that's so," grinned Morgan. "And don't forget you've got to meet Lone Bear, the Injun boy. He's in strict training, and if ye ain't got no gloves

up at your shack, lemme advise you to do some shadow-sparrin' and skippin' exercises. You'll need to be hard as nails when ye meet the Injun in the ring."

"Faith, there are only going to be two blows struck in that fight," laughed Terry. "One whin Jack hits the Indian, and the other whin the Indian hits the canvas."

They all laughed, Morgan and Simons rather sarcastically, and the boys drove on their way.

The fight had not been forgotten by Jack, but he had done little more than occasional shadow-sparring and punching the solid wooden walls of the Wigwam to harden his knuckles. As far as general physique was concerned, he was as hard as nails, and his stamina was excellent, owing to his strenuous work with the dog team.

A boxing tournament was a great event for overcrowded Dawson, and not only Jack and Terry, but hundreds of others looked forward to it. Scarcely, however, had the date, the value of the prizes, and other matters been arranged by its organisers, than a Government announcement was made which caused a postponement of the event and pushed boxing temporarily in the background.

The announcement was to the effect that the Government had abandoned the idea of making a certain area in the Kettle Creek district into an Indian reservation. Long before the Stewart River strike Jock McLennan and many other old-timers had reached the conclusion that Kettle Creek was rich in gold. Several attempts had been made to induce the Government to throw it open to prospectors, but because of the reservation policy, no claims had been allowed there at all.

Directly the news became public that the embargo on Kettle Creek had been lifted, and the district was to be thrown open to miners, gold again became the one absorbing topic of Dawson. Men who had succeeded in other parts of the Northland saw a chance of gleaning still more of the precious metal; those who had failed, or had spent their all in riotous living, welcomed the golden opportunity of retrieving themselves.

"Phwat about ut?" demanded Terry of Jack.

"I'm going, of course!" returned Jack enthusiastically. "You bet I'll stake a claim there, and you and Uncle Dave shall come in with me, equal shares."

"Faith, and I'm comin' wid you!" Terry said determinedly. "'Tis meself that's quite fit to travel again, even if me left arm is a bit weak. Besides, wid two uv us there, Terry, we can stake two claims, one in your name, and one in mine."

"True enough, old chap," Jack agreed. "And, anyway, you can ride on the sledge when you want to."

Among the crowd of others who determined to get in on the new district directly it was thrown open were Bull Morgan and Lefty Simons.

Thanks to Lefty's peculiar ability with the cards, they had cleared up a big pile of dollars at the sporting club, and most of these they had invested in a dog team and a new mining outfit. Even old Jock McLennan expressed his intention of mushing out to Kettle Creek, though already he had made enough in the Yukon to keep him in luxury for the rest of his life. But then, like so many adventurers in the Northland, "it was not the gold that he wanted, so much as just getting the gold."

That all men should have a fair chance, a date was arranged when permits would be issued from the Government office in Dawson to all who wished to stake claims in the new district. The issuing of these would begin at eight o'clock, and at ten o'clock, by a specially-arranged signal, the rival miners would light out together for Kettle Creek. It would then become a race of the strongest and swiftest for the staking of the best claims, which were generally regarded in this case to be those near to the head-waters of the creek.

Scores of dog teams were assembled in Dawson on the day before the official opening of the district. The men who owned these naturally had the best chances in the race. Yet, when they had all staked and returned to Dawson to record their claims, there would still be plenty of other land for the less fortunate, who had to make the gruelling journey on snowshoes.

The grey morning dawned clear but bitterly cold, and with daylight men and dogs began to congregate on a wide open space of snow just within the city limits.

Jack and Terry, with Skookum and their other dogs, were among the first arrivals, and on their sled they had more than enough provisions for the run to Kettle Creek and back, a return journey of over forty miles. In the great crowd of eager prospectors they failed to see their old friend Jock McLennan, but knew that he was somewhere to hand. Bull Morgan and Lefty Simons, who had had trouble with their dogs, did not arrive until after the energetic government officials were dishing out the permits.

The opening of Kettle Creek was a special event, and conducted in a special way. It was announced that the Government Record Office would be open day and night during the next four days for the recording of the new Kettle Creek claims. Then promptly at ten o'clock the chief government official fired a rifle into the air, and the whole great crowd of claim-seekers surged forward over the snow.

The Claim Jumpers!

IT was a wonderful sight! To the loud, echoing shouts of "Mush!" from their owners the dog teams soon began to forge ahead of the vast mob of prospectors with packs on

their backs and snow-shoes on their feet.

Amusement was caused by Morgan's dogs starting a wild fight among themselves, and it took the combined efforts of the brutal proprietors of the sporting club to lash them into cowering submission with their cariboo-gut whips.

Barking lustily, Skookum made a bee-line over the yielding snow with the rest of the team in pairs yapping at each other's heels. Jack and Terry, wearing snowshoes, ran alongside, Jack wielding the reins and the whip without which no dog-driver dare hit the trail.

Some of the other dog teams began to go ahead of them, but they kept well in front of the majority of the racing army of gold-seekers.

"Keep your weather-eye open for Jock McLennan, Terry!" cried Jack. "There isn't a man in the Yukon who can size up gold-bearing land like he can. If only we could see where he stakes and stake close beside him, we should do a jolly sight better than if we relied on our own judgment."

Terry kept surveying the dog teams and prospectors mushing through the dazzling white snow.

"Shure, there he is, Jack!" he cried at last. "A bit ahead of us and over to the right! Keep in his wake, me bhoys, and 'tis making a real fortune we'll be, for 'tis both knowledge and luck he's blessed with."

Jack shouted a sharp order, and Skookum, who understood his every word, swung sharply over and raced in the flying snow trail of McLennan's sledge.

On, on they went, mile upon mile through the rough Yukon, heading in a north-easterly direction towards Kettle Creek. Taking it in turns, Jack and Terry rode on the sledge.

Looking back, the bearded old prospector saw the boys racing close behind him, and a grim smile flickered on his weather-beaten face. His whip cracked lustily in the air, and his bony huskies strained all their iron muscles to draw away.

But the magnificent Skookum was as keen as the boys themselves. He refused to be shaken off, and the other dogs of necessity forged through the snow at a clinking speed. Never was

there a dozen sledge lengths between the two teams, and once old Jock, in spite of his sporting efforts to draw away, turned and yelled back:

"Keep-mushin', y' sons o' guns! You'll not be first to Kettle Creek, but, by gosh, you'll be a good second!"

Neither Jock nor the boys was first at Kettle Creek, as it turned out. While they were yet seven miles distant another team, in charge of Shorty Gibbs, crack dog-driver of the North, and winner of last year's Dog Derby, went skimming by at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from them.

There was no doubt that Shorty's dogs, led by a magnificent husky called Chinook, were in training as though for the great sporting event itself. Soon Shorty and his swift-footed huskies were a moving speck ahead on the carpet of white snow, and it was certain that he would get the pick of the claims in the newly-opened area.

Three miles farther on the rest of the "field" were far behind the three leading teams. The mob of men who were making the journey on snowshoes had long receded out of sight, and now there was only one other dog team to be seen to the rear. Jack thought that the men with it were Morgan and Simons, but it was difficult to see in the dazzling whiteness at that distance.

Jock now contented himself with keeping just ahead of the two chums, and the boys on their part were happy to be close up to him. Wherever Jock staked on Kettle Creek, Jack and Terry were determined that their own claim should be immediately below Jock's selection.

Keeping in Jock's trail, they swung round the base of a high and steep eminence known as Discovery Hill. Once past this it was level and fairly easy-going to Kettle Creek. Near to their objective they found Shorty already on his way back, he having nearly broken the twenty-mile record with his crack malamutes. Emitting a lusty war-whoop, he lashed his dogs on towards Dawson again, eager to be the first also to the Record Office for registering his claim.

Arriving on Kettle Creek, Jock McLennan promptly found Shorty's stakes, each marked with heavy coloured chalk. Jock himself selected a site just below Shorty's, and he was just finishing measuring up the ground and driving in his stakes when Jack and Terry came up.

"Well, I beat you to it, sonnies!" laughed McLennan.

"That's so," agreed Jack, smiling: "but if I'd been through this part of the country before, I'd have cut off some of the distance by nipping over the shoulder of that Discovery Hill."

Immediately Jock became serious.

"It would have been unwise, lads," he said. "The snow has got soft these last few days, and it's never safe to cut soft snow on a steep incline with sledge-runners. If you'd gone over that shoulder o' Discovery Hill and brought down a few tons o' snow on top of yourselves, you might soon have found yourselves in Dawson cemetery instead o' Kettle Creek. Take my advice and go the same way as you came."

In their turn the two chums got to work, measuring the legal length and width of claim to which they were each entitled. And long before they were finished Jock drove away perched on his sledge, munching at a sandwich of corned beef and biscuits as he went.

"'Tis fortunate we are having claims numbers three and four," remarked Terry, as he helped Jack, "for shure

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,029.

INTRODUCTION.

JACK ORCHARD arrives in San Francisco only to find that his uncle—

DAVE ORCHARD, is missing, having apparently absconded with a bag of gold entrusted to him. Later Jack falls in with—

TERRY O'HARA, a cheery Irish boy, and CLEM HARDY, an old prospector. The trio

join forces in a gold rush to the Yukon and are lucky enough to make a good strike. At intervals the three partners have trouble with Bull Morgan and Lefty Simons, a pair of shady camp followers and, on one occasion, Jack sees suspended round the neck of Morgan a nugget of gold—shaped like a bear's claw—that Dave Orchard is supposed to have stolen. As Jack and his partners are making the journey to Dawson—where they intend to deposit their gold in the bank, they are attacked by wolves, and Terry is badly mauled. The wolves are driven off, however, and then Jack gets the shock of his life, for Sergeant Curtis and a party of Mounted Police suddenly appear on the scene and arrest Clem Hardy who is none other than Jack's uncle, Dave Orchard, the man who is wanted for theft. "Uncle Clem," however, escapes from gaol, but clever as the disguise is he adopts, it fails to deceive Sergeant Curtis. The sergeant is in the act of arresting his man when he is felled by a left hook to the chin by the old prospector who again makes good his escape.

(Now read on.)

three and four make seven, and that's a lucky number if you loike. Here's hoping we take more gold out of ut than we did from the Yellow Horseshoe!"

They had cleared away the snow at the measured corners of their claims, and were driving the stakes into the frozen ground when Bull Morgan and Lefty Simons hove into sight. Clouds of steam were rising from their straining dogs, but though hot themselves, the rogues were jubilant in getting well to the fore of the stampede.

"Gosh, there have only been two claims staked afore these youngsters got here," grunted Morgan, with satisfaction. "I guess we'll take these two below McLennan's, Lefty."

"Better guess again," advised Jack. "Numbers three and four are claimed by me and Terry."

"Push off farther down the creek an' make way for your betters," laughed Morgan. "Me and my pard have taken a fancy to these particular claims, so beat it while the going's good."

"Look here, y' spalpeen," cried Terry, his Irish blood rising, "is ut claim-jumping that your dirty game is this toime?"

"Aw, don't argue," growled Morgan. "We got here afore ye—or, at least, we should ha' done if Lefty hadn't lost the grub, which made us stop and unload the sledge to find the bottle. Now clear off afore any of the others come up."

"You're not jumping these claims," returned Jack quietly.

"Oh," sneered Morgan, "and who's going to stop us?"

Jack's chin jutted forward.

"I am," he answered.

"Shure he is!" cried Terry. "And I'm helping him! Do you think just because I've got one dud arm I can't scrap?"

The two rogues laughed again.

They knew that Jack alone was no match for them, and their purpose was to jump the boys' claim before any of the other men arrived on the scene.

Taking a pick from the sledge, Bull Morgan plodded through the snow to the corner stake which Jack had just put up. Lefty followed him with a short, sharp-pointed stave to erect in its place.

"Let that stake alone!" Jack cried in a ringing voice.

Morgan swung the pick savagely in the air.

"Make yourself scarce," he roared, "or, by heck, I'll—"

Then he broke off in a gurgling note of alarm, as Jack reached under the tarpaulin on the sledge and produced a Winchester express rifle.

With quiet deliberation Jack snapped home a cartridge into the breech and took careful aim at Morgan's broad chest.

"Touch that stake, you crook," he said, "and you'll get the kind of pill that'll cure you of your beastly greed once and for all!"

All the bravado died out of Morgan's pig-eyes, and Lefty Simmons gave a squeal of alarm. Well they knew when a fellow was bluffing, and they knew there was no bluff about Jack and that gun.

Morgan broke a dramatic pause by giving a sickly grin.

"P-put it d-down, k-kid!" he stammered. "Y' don't want no accidents up hyer on your new claim; it wouldn't be lucky."

"Not for you, bedad!" retorted Terry, grinning broadly, "and 'tis glad I am you're gentleman enough to admit that this is our claim ather all."

"Huh, only our li'l joke," mumbled Morgan. "I should have thought that even if your English pard couldn't see a joke, ye'd have a sense of humour, Terry, bein' Irish born. Come on, Lefty, as the kids can't stand a bit o' leg-pull we'll move along farther down."

Saving what face they could, the two would-be claim-jumpers betook themselves and their dogs farther down the creek and began the work of staking out claims five and six.

Meantime, Jack and Terry fed dried salmon and frozen moose meat to their dogs and made a meal themselves before hitting the long white trail.

Other men arrived and staked on the creek, some on the same side as the original claims, and others across the ice on the opposite bank.

"Look, Jack!" exclaimed Terry suddenly. "There's Morgan and Simons getting ready to light out. We'd better be starting, too."

Evidently the pards had been talking over their unsuccessful attempt to jump the chums' claims, and as they came up the creek with their dog team they both wore smiles which were meant to be disarming.

FAMOUS FOOTBALL CLUBS.

(Continued from page 2.)

England, but he has been twelfth man on at least half a dozen occasions. Brilliant? Well, perhaps not. But I'll give you this word about him: it is the word of a player who knows him well. "I have never seen Tom Wilson play a bad game." And that's something to be going on with.

David Morton Steele—that's the full name of the right half-back. He comes from Scotland, but Tom Meads, the left-half, was brought out by Matlock Town—as a centre-forward. Stockport County turned him into a half-back, and Huddersfield Town got him from there.

More Internationals at full-back—Roy Goodall, a six-footer, found in a junior Sheffield club, and taken to Huddersfield right from under the noses of two big teams in the cutlery city. That's Huddersfield Town all over: building sometimes with the material already smoothed and perfect, and then putting in a stone in the rough.

The other regular back is Sam Wadsworth: he of the flowing locks. A failure as a centre-forward with Blackburn Rovers, Sam went to Nelson. While there he played as a full-back in an emergency. Huddersfield spotted him, paid the price, and Sam has shown the world what a really good full-back can do. England caps he possesses, of course. When Goodall and Wadsworth are fit there is no chance for any other full-back, but they have a useful standby with a useful name. Barkas. He's willing.

To stand between the posts and finish—or sit if you like—this remarkable team, there is goalkeeper Hugh Turner. A custodian in Ted Taylor kept goal during Huddersfield's most successful time, but it is doing Taylor no injustice to say that Turner is just as good. Behind the lot is the team spirit: the Yorkshire grit. That's why Huddersfield Town win.

"Say, kids," called out Morgan, "if ye're ready to start, what about a race back to the record office? Are ye willing to wager your dog-team against ours?"

"Nothing doing," returned Jack shortly. "We're having no more truck with outsiders like you, unless it's to help land you in the lock-up, where you rightly belong!"

"Aw, don't bear a grudge for a li'l joke," Simons said. "Remember you're matched against Lone Bear in the boxing gala. You gave your word, and we've got your name on the programme."

"Well, you can jolly well take it off!" Jack retorted. "If I did scrap in Dawson, it would only be for the benefit of your pockets."

"There'll be mighty good prizes to be picked up," Morgan pointed out. "Even the losers are going to get something."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's a good wan!" laughed Terry. "You don't think that Jack would be licked by that Redskin friend of yours?"

"It would be a close scrap," Morgan said, "and one that 'ud be popular wi' the sport fans o' Dawson."

"Well, I'm not taking part in your gala," said Jack. "You come here and try to jump our claims, and within the hour start talking as though you were our best pals. You've a big enough load of cheek to crack the ice on the Klondike River!"

Both Morgan and Simons looked upset. They were extremely anxious that Jack should fight in the postponed boxing gala—and for a special cunning purpose which will be apparent later.

"Look here, young Jack," said Morgan suddenly. "We can't convince you that we were only trying to give you a scare a while back by pretending to knock out your stakes. You bet, though, we can prove we're good sportsmen. We'll have a race back to Dawson right now, and if me and Lefty get to the record office first you agree to fight. If you lick us you're free to withdraw."

Two or three prospectors, passing by on their way to locate claims farther down the creek, paused to hear what the talk was about, and, unaware of what had transpired before, they applauded Morgan's offer.

"Take 'em on, Jack!" whispered Terry. "Shure, 'twill be a bit of fun!"

So Jack agreed, though rather reluctantly, and to the cheers of two or three miners who had heard of the arrangements the two dog-teams lit out for their race back to the city.

The intelligent Skookum knew by instinct that he was to beat that other team of huskies, and he set a clinking pace for the dogs behind him.

To the shouts of "Mush!" the crackling of whips, and the yapping of the dogs, the rivals swung away on their long trek back to Dawson.

Both Jack and Terry exulted in the thrill of it. The barking of the dogs and the sweet, clean-cut swish of the snow under the sledge-runners were like inspiring music in their ears. And Jack mentally vowed that by hook or crook he would train and enter this team for the great dog Derby, in spite of anything that Jock McLennan or the other old-timers might say.

(Look out for another thrilling instalment of this great adventure serial in next week's MAGNET, chums!)

A GREAT FIFTH AT GREYFRIARS!

(Continued from page 23.)

"Hallo hallo, hallo! There's old Popper!"

"And the Head!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

In the light from the House windows the tall figure of Sir Hilton Popper—the genuine baronet—was visible, standing beside the Head. Sir Hilton had evidently come to see for himself. The Head, icily polite, had made no reference to the remarkable scene in the Remove passage of the day before, and Mr. Quelch very carefully kept away from the unwelcome visitor.

"Ah! Here is the procession, Sir Hilton," said the Head. "You may now see with your own eyes."

Sir Hilton snorted.

He saw with his own eyes—not to mention his eyeglass. Lifelike as the effigy was, even Sir Hilton could not suppose that it was intended to bear any resemblance to him.

"I trust you are satisfied, sir," said the Head tartly.

Another grunt, and the baronet strode away.

"Here's another guy!" roared the Bounder, as Sir Hilton went. And there was a shout of laughter, which made Sir Hilton's ears tingle with wrath as he departed.

Mr. Quelch came out of the House and joined the Head. There was quite a benevolent expression on his face as he looked at the procession. Mr. Quelch was quite pleased, these days, with the nice boys in his Form.

"Dear me! What a very extra-

ordinary effigy!" said the Head, gazing at it.

"Most extraordinary!" said Mr. Quelch. "Very lifelike."

"Very lifelike indeed! I could almost suppose that the eyes are actually staring at me," said Dr. Locke.

And the two gentlemen approached a little closer to look at the "effigy."

"Very well done, indeed, my boys!" said Mr. Quelch. "Very clever indeed! That expression of—of almost demoniac rage in the face is very artistically rendered."

"Certainly very cleverly done," said the Head.

And the procession passed on—rather quickly. The close inspection of the effigy had rather alarmed the merry Removites.

"Guy Fawkes, guy—"

"Hurrah!"

Amid a roar of voices the procession

reached the Cloister Field, where the bonfire was already blazing. Right up to the bonfire the juniors marched the effigy, and the effigy's face expressed terror instead of rage. It really looked as if Bright of the Remove was to suffer the fate of all genuine guys, and he wriggled and spluttered wildly, in a state of awful funk, as he was marched up to the roaring bonfire.

But his alarm, needless to say, was unfounded. The procession halted, the chair was lowered to the ground, and Bright was turned loose.

He wriggled out of the chair, gasping with rage.

"You rotters! Ow! You rotters! Groooh—"

"All kick together!" roared the Bounder.

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bright, of the Remove, fled for his life. Amid the cracking of crackers, the fizzing of squibs, and the cheers of the juniors, the celebration proceeded without the Toad.

But for days after the Fifth of November, Bright could not show himself in the quad or the passages without being greeted by the shout:

"Here's another guy!"

And Bright, of the Remove, at least, was one who was not at all pleased to remember the Fifth of November.

THE END.

(Now look out for next week's magnificent yarn of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled: "A Ventriloquist at Large!" It's a scream from beginning to end. You can only make sure of reading it by ordering your MAGNET well in advance.)

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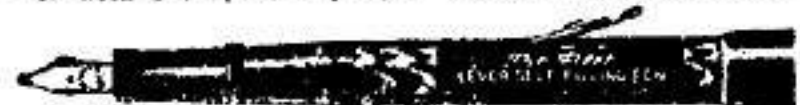
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UNPRECEDENTED! Compulsory footer practice for masters is something new at St. Sam's, and the sight of Dr. Birchmell in goal is likely to be remembered for many a long day!



TURN out, you lazy slacker!" Doctor Birchmell threw open the door of Mr. Lickham's study, and fairly bawled at him.

The Headmaster of St. Sam's was a fearful and wonderful figure. He was attired in a striped football jersey, which resembled Joseph's famous coat of many colors. A short pair of shorts, and a hefty pair of football-boots, several sizes too big for him, completed the Head's "get-up." The only other thing he wore was a fierce frown. Under his arm was hooked the inevitable birchrod.

"Do you hear me, Lickham?" thundered Doctor Birchmell. "Turn out!" Mr. Lickham, the master of the Fourth, neither heard nor heeded. He lay swooning on his study couch, wrapped in deep slumber—and his scolastic gown. Mr. Lickham's eyes were closed, and his mouth was open. He was snoring noisily.

"LICKHAM!" thundered the Head, in a voice which would have awakened the slumbering Seven Sleepers. "Wake up, you boozed chump! It's time for footer practice!"

he quoted. "I've given you ten minutes in which to beg, borrow, or steal some footer togs, and join me on Big Side. And if you don't carry out my orders, 'toot sweet,' as the French say, I'll give you a jolly good birching all round!"

The masters saw that the Head was in deadly earnest. Inwardly grinning, they hurried out of Masters' Room, and the Head gave each of them a playful flick with his birch, as they passed out.

A few minutes later—well within the specified time-limit—the masters were seen making a wild dash for Big Side. They were clad in footer togs of all sorts and sizes. Every culver of the rainbow was represented in their jerseys. There was red, white, and blue, and pink, yellow, and purple. Most of the togs had been borrowed from the seniors.

Hot on the heels of that oddly assorted procession, came a crowd of St. Sam's fellows, grinning all over their faces.

A compulsory footer practice for masters, under the Head's supervision, was something quite new at St. Sam's; and scores of fellows cheerfully braved the elements in order to see the fun.

On reaching the ground the masters found the Head and Mr. Lickham awaiting them. Mr. Lickham was looking like a drowned rat; but the Head had thoughtfully provided himself with an umbrella, which protected his bald pate from the deluge.

"Ah! So you have arrived!" said Doctor Birchmell grimly. "I am glad you realize, gentlemen, that orders is orders, and that you dare not disobey your skipper and trainer. We will now get busy!"

So saying, the Head picked up a very battered-looking football.

Inserting the tube of the bladder into his mouth, he proceeded to blow the ball up; no football-pump being available. It was a slow job, for the Head kept getting out of breath, and then the air would escape with a loud hissing noise, and the ball would become as flat as a pancake again.

as they watched their Headmaster frisking about in the goal-mouth, and using the umbrella as a weapon of defence.

"Shoot harder, gentlemen!" eggs-horled the Head. "Put your beef into it, Guggy!"

Herr Guggenheimer promptly obliged. He dribbled the ball to within a few yards of goal; then he let drive, with a kick like a mule.

Like a cannon-ball from a pistol, the leather whizzed in from the German master's boot.

Doctor Birchmell lowered his umbrella, but he was too late! The muddy ball took him full in the face, felling him like an oak!

"Yarooooop!" With a wild yell of anguish, the Head sat down in a deep puddle.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd behind the goal.

Jack Jolly & Co. simply roared as they watched Dr. Birchmell, frisking about the goal-mouth, using an umbrella as a weapon of defence.

"Ho, ho, ho!" chorled Herr Guggenheimer. "Dot vos a fery fine shot, aint it? I feel fery pleased mit minself!"

down to little midget Midget, of the First. Nine teams were entered for the Cup; and each of the nine teams was "quately confident"—or rather, noisily confident!

Doctor Birchmell's eleven had drawn a bye, thanks to the Head's cunning wiles; and the rest of the teams were paired in the first round as follows:

Sixth Form v. First Form. Second Form v. Third Form. Shell v. Remove.

Fourth Form v. Fifth Form. These matches were played off on the Saturday, amid seas of the wildest enthusiasm.

The match between the Sixth and the First—the Giants versus the Babes—was a perfect screen from start to finish.

The Sixth had piled up twenty goals by half-time; but young Midget minor, who skipped the first, was undismayed.

"Play up, you kids!" he cried. "Pull up your sox in the second half!"

And the twenty-one goals were duly got—not by the Babes, however, but by their burly opponents.

The Sixth stalked off the field with their noses in the air, winners of that amazing match by forty-one goals to nix!