

"RALLYING ROUND CARBOY!"

This week's fine school yarn of Greyfriars.

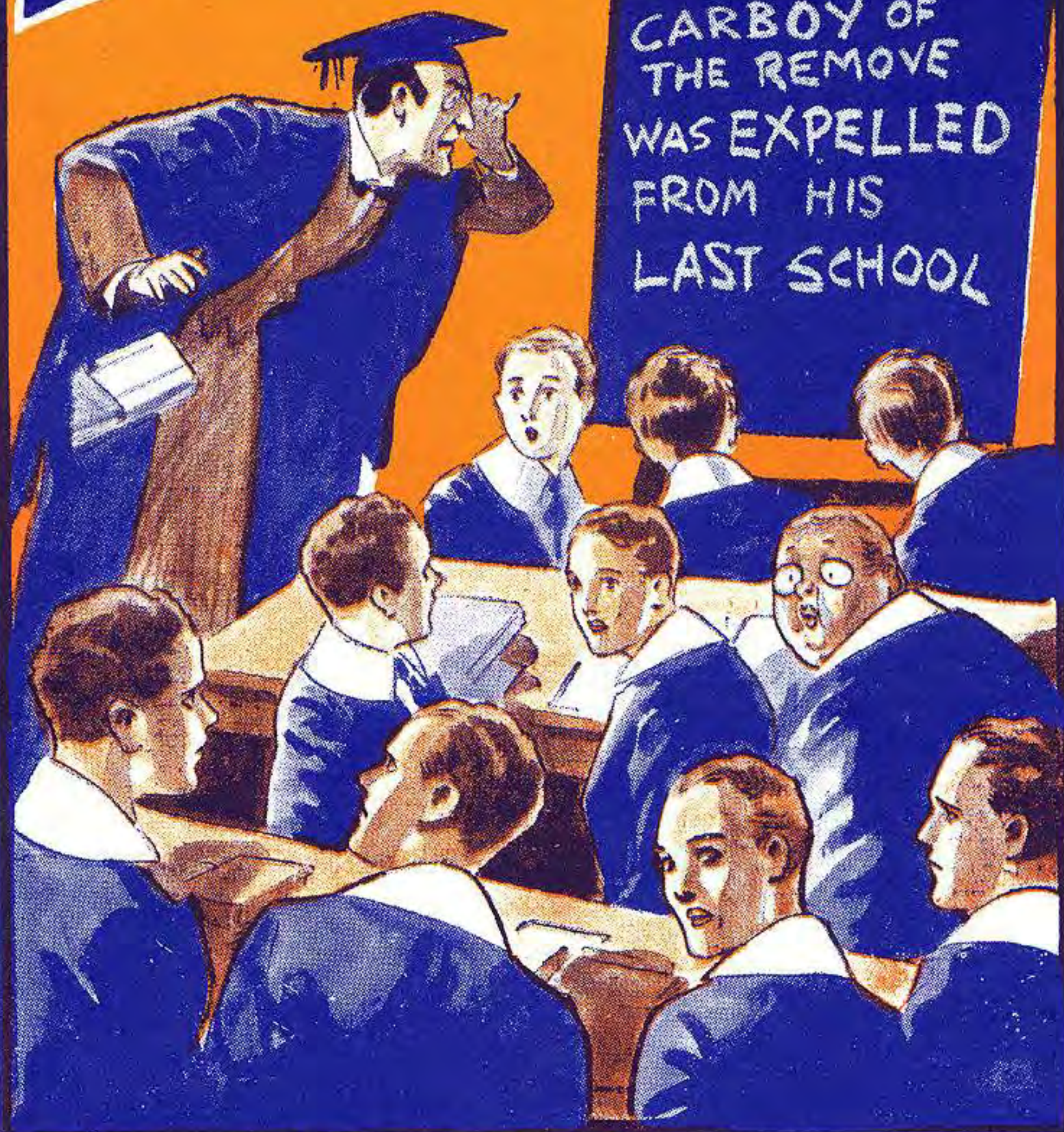
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The Magnet 2^d

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THE WORK OF AN ENEMY!

(An amazing incident from this week's grand yarn of Harry Wharton & Co.)

Our Special Football Feature!



STARS AND THEIR METHODS!

"Speed is essential in an extreme wing player these days," says "Referee." This week he tells us all about the fleet-footed Jimmy Ruffell, the famous English International and outside-left of West Ham.



THERE is talk of ten thousand pounds having been offered since the start of the present season for a star footballer. And in at least two cases as much as six thousand pounds has certainly been paid by clubs in desperate need of additional strength.

There is at least one First Division football club, however, which stands aside and lets others do the bidding for the stars. That club is West Ham United. They don't believe in big transfer fees. What they do believe is that, around the playing fields of the East End of London there are promising lads who only need to be encouraged, coached a bit, trained a bit, and can then be put into the League side. The policy of West Ham right down the line has been just this: Give the local lads a chance. And it has been a policy which has certainly paid. Would that more clubs followed the West Ham line, our lads would then have a greater incentive to improve their game.

Encourage Young Talent!

An outstanding instance of the way West Ham find them is outside-left James William Ruffell. Though he was born in Yorkshire, he was taken to London as a baby, and went to a school at Manor Park. If the rules of football did not prevent it, I believe the officials of the West Ham club would send the schoolmasters of the district a nice fat cheque. They encourage the lads to play football, and what is more, know enough about the game to teach the lads to play football as it should be played.

The master at Jimmy Ruffell's school certainly taught Jimmy how to play outside-left; and the master, whom I have seen more than once at West Ham's matches, has had a happy smile on his face as he watched Ruffell performing. And to see the lads grow up into tiptop players is, in the schoolmaster's own words, sufficient reward.

This outside-left of West Ham was always a bit on what might be called the frail side. He doesn't look like a footballer when you see him in "civvies," for even as a grown man, he only stands five feet seven inches, and has never yet bumped the scale down at eleven stone.

But wise people don't judge a footballer by his size; they judge him by his ability on the field, and on this standard Ruffell is to-day one of the best outside-lefts in the game, and perhaps the very best in England. Anyway, during the first month of the present season, he was chosen to play for the Football

League against the Irish League, and he has also played for England in "proper" International matches.

The Rough with the Smooth!

Personally, I think there is only one thing wrong with Ruffell, and that is his name. He should have been called Jimmy Unruffled, because if ever there was a player who took things as they come—the good luck with the bad; the hard knocks, and so on, then it is the West Ham outside-left who cost the club, not five or six thousand pounds, but actually—nothing!

This temperament which enables him to take the rough with the smooth is one of the secrets of his success. Modesty is another. There are some players who have to buy a new hat every time they make any advance in the game; the old one won't fit them because their head swells. But not so Jimmy Ruffell. He puts across a perfect centre from which a goal is scored, and then turns back to the centre-line without any fuss. When he cuts in and scores a goal himself, the same sort of "that's what I am here for" expression is on his face. Doing the job to the best of his ability, and no bones about it, is the motto on which Ruffell works and thrives.

Frail, but Fearless!

I have said that he is on the small

side, but this does not prevent him from having contact with the enemy when the situation demands it. If you watch Ruffell charge, however, you will realise that he doesn't believe in wasting energy.

In a certain match last season the onlookers at West Ham—among whom Ruffell is a prime favourite—had a very good laugh when, with a shoulder charge, Jimmy bowled over an opponent who was nearly twice his size. After the game was over I asked him how he managed to do it. "Quite easy," said Jimmy. "When you charge a player, see that you do it when he is off his balance—on one leg. And then he goes over without much weight being behind the charge."

Speed is essential in an extreme wing player in these days, and Ruffell has it. But it is not the speed of the running track. It is the pace at which he can travel with the ball under complete control. He runs with the ball so close to him that you have a feeling that he is going to tread on it every second, but when you have seen him often enough, you know that he won't tread on it, and you then come to the conclusion that he must have the ball tied to his bootlace. At least, you think that until you see him shoot—and then you know the ball isn't tied to anything.

Don't Try to Beat Your Man Twice!

For West Ham last season he was the leading goal-scorer—an exceptional honour for an extreme wing man—with eighteen goals scored in thirty-nine League games. He cuts in with the ball close to his feet, and then, if there is no one to whom he can give a good pass, he just hits it with that left foot, and, unless the goalkeeper is in the direct line of flight, he hasn't much chance.

Directness—getting on towards goal—characterises all his play. "I don't believe in trying to beat the same man twice in one movement," he told me some time ago, "because it isn't necessary. Also trying to beat the same man twice gives him the feeling that I am showing him up, and this might not be good for me." In the foregoing is a bit of advice which young players might do worse than take to heart.

Like most footballers in these days, Ruffell plays golf, and he isn't at all a bad player, either. But in golf, even more than in his football, he refuses to be orthodox. He holds the clubs with the left hand below the right, which, according to the expert, is not the right method. But he gets the right effect.



JIMMY RUFFELL,
the idol of the "Hammers."

THEY CAN'T BEAT CHRISTOPHER! Being sent to Coventry would upset most new boys at a school. But it doesn't worry Christopher Carboy, the champion japer of Greyfriars. With his usual aplomb, and disregard of public opinion, he springs a top-hole, first-class, gilt-edged jape on his unsuspecting Form-fellows which leads to surprising results!

RALLYING ROUND CARBOY!



By
FRANK RICHARDS.

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, with Christopher Clarence Carboy, the practical joker of the Remove, well in the limelight.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Cheek!

"CHEEK!"

That was Bob Cherry's opinion.

Bob never had any hesitation about stating his opinion. He stated it now in a voice that was heard all over the Rag.

Bob Cherry had come along to the Rag after tea, to look for his chums there. They were not present; but half a dozen Remove fellows were gathered in a group, looking at a notice that was stuck on the wall just inside the door. In that spot notices concerning the Remove were generally posted.

There was one, in Harry Wharton's hand, giving time and place of games practices for the week; another signed by W. Wibley, relating to a rehearsal of the Remove Dramatic Society. But it was at neither of these papers that the group of Remove fellows were looking. There was a third notice, in the small, neat, rather finicky hand of Harold Skinner, and it was upon this that the general attention was concentrated.

Bob strolled along to look. Then he announced his opinion.

"Cheek!" he repeated emphatically. "Who the thump is Skinner to call a meeting of the Form?"

"Echo answers, who?" said Peter Todd.

"But what's it all about?" asked Squiff.

"It doesn't matter what it's about," said Bob. "It's only Skinner, and Skinner doesn't matter. But it's cheek."

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Bunter knows everything! What is Skinner calling a meeting of the Form for, Bunt?"

"It's about that new chap, Carboy," said Bunter. "Skinner wanted Wharton to call a Form meeting; and Wharton wouldn't! So Skinner's calling one himself."

"Cheek!" repeated Bob.

He read through the notice again. It was brief:

"All Remove men are requested to turn up in the Rag after prep, for a special meeting of the Form. Important!"

H. SKINNER.

Bob Cherry stretched out his hand to the paper to jerk it down. But he lowered his hand again.

"Leave it for Wharton," suggested Squiff.

And Bob nodded.

"I say, you fellows, here comes Wharton!" said Billy Bunter, as four juniors entered the Rag together.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry. "This way, you men! This way for the latest!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh came over to the group. Bob pointed to the notice on the wall.

"Cheek!" said Johnny Bull.

"The cheekfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Neck!" observed Frank Nugent.

Harry Wharton made no remark. As captain of the Remove he was chiefly concerned by Harold Skinner's "cheek" in taking it upon himself to call a meeting of the Form. But he did not seem to mind.

"I say, you fellows, I know it's about that man Carboy!" said Billy Bunter.

"Ever since it came out that he was sacked from his last school——"

"Has that come out, fathead?" said Bob.

"You jolly well know it has!" exclaimed Bunter warmly. "Haven't I told you what I saw in that letter from his pater, which I happened to see by chance on the floor of his study——"

"A fellow who read another fellow's letter would tell whoppers about what he read in it!" remarked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"All the same, it's pretty certain that Carboy was sacked from Oldcroft," remarked Hazeldene. "We don't want fellows who are kicked out of other schools here."

"That's true enough," agreed Bob. "We don't! But it isn't proved, by any means, that Carboy was sacked; and it isn't Skinner's bizney to call a meeting of the Form!"

"Well, somebody ought to take it up!" said Snoop. "I know Skinner asked Wharton to take it up as head of the Form."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"There's nothing to take up!" he said. "That man Carboy is a japing ass, and he's got nearly everybody's rag out with his idiotic japes; but there's nothing else against him that I know of."

"I've told you——" hooted Bunter.

"Fathead! I dare say you got it all wrong when you spied into his letter. Anyhow, what you say doesn't count!"

"Beast!"

"If there's anything wrong with Carboy it's for the headmaster to deal with it," went on the captain of the Remove. "I dare say they were glad enough to be shut of him at Oldcroft, if he carried on there as he has done here. But that's no evidence that he was sacked."

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"Rot!" said Bolsover major. "Every man in the Remove knows that he was expelled from his last school."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Every man in the Remove knows that he tricked you into smashing your Sunday hat, thinking it was his!" he answered. "That's what you've got on your mind!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm backing up Skinner!" snorted Bolsover major.

"Back him up all you like!" answered Wharton indifferently. "That won't mend your Sunday topper, though."

"I say, you fellows, I'm backing up Skinner!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "I'm jolly well backing him up all along the line!"

"That does it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Skinner needn't worry about the rest of the Form, if he's got Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a cheek on Skinner's part to call a meeting of the Form," said Johnny Bull. "Take the paper down, Wharton."

"Oh, let him run on!" answered the captain of the Remove. "I don't suppose the fellows will turn up. If they want to, let 'em. Carboy put pepper in Skinner's smokes, and he must have known the chap would be annoyed."

"The esteemed Carboy is a preposterous japer!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "He had the execrable cheek to send me a whitewash brush for a present, which was an excellent and idiotic jest!"

The juniors chuckled. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was called "Inky" in the Remove, on account of his beautiful complexion. But the present of a whitewash-brush had not pleased him.

Christopher Clarence Carboy, the new fellow of the Lower Fourth, had, as a matter of fact, put up many backs by his extraordinary propensity to practical joking. Japing was all very well, but there was a limit; and Carboy seemed to have no idea at all of a limit.

The story, spread by Bunter, that he had been "bunked" from his last school had found many willing hearers. Carboy had been challenged to take the matter before the Form master, and he had refused. That settled the matter, in the opinion of most of the Remove.

Harry Wharton turned away, leaving the notice where it was, rather to the disappointment of his friends. They would have preferred to see him take down the notice, and punch Skinner's head if he raised objections. But the matter was not to end there.

There was an unpleasant snigger from Sidney James Snoop.

"Wharton's just as much down on that japing rotter as other fellows," he said. "Only he doesn't choose to take the lead against him. He's willing to leave it to Skinner to play his game for him!"

Harry Wharton turned back.

He did not look at Snoop or speak to him, but he jerked the notice down from the wall, tore it across into four pieces, and tossed the fragments into the fire.

"So much for Skinner!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Carboy Does Not Mind!

CHRISTOPHER CLARENCE Carboy was standing at the window of Study No. 1 in the Remove, looking out.

It was time for prep; and Wharton and Nugent, at the study table, were busy.

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Carboy, however, was giving no attention to prep. He had finished rather quickly—taking chances for the morning. Other matters occupied his somewhat too active mind.

It was a calm, peaceful, autumn evening, and the stars glistened over the old buildings of Greyfriars School. Seen from the window of Study No. 1, the old walls and ivied tower, the mass of dusky buildings, and the wide quadrangle, were well worth looking at. Possibly Christopher Clarence Carboy was admiring the scenery. But there was a twinkle in his eyes, which was always visible when Carboy was planning a jape.

He looked round from the window when Harry Wharton pushed his books away.

"Finished?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry.

"Going to the meeting?"

"What meeting?"

"Isn't there a special meeting of the Remove, specially called by Skinner, to take place in the Rag after prep?"

"Oh! Yes. Skinner can have it all to himself," answered Harry carelessly. "I shall keep clear of the Rag till it's over."

"Same here," concurred Nugent.

"I think I shall give the Rag a miss, too," remarked Carboy. "It seems to be an open secret that the meeting is called on my account. Fellows seem to have their back up somehow."

"You can hardly wonder at that," answered Wharton dryly. "There's hardly a man in the Remove that you haven't made a fool of, one way or another; and you can't expect fellows to like it."

"They don't!" sighed Carboy regretfully. "They didn't at Oldcroft. Still, I was rather liked there; though it may surprise you to hear it."

"It does!" said Wharton.

Christopher Clarence Carboy laughed. "Anyhow, I'm keeping clear of this study when my sense of humour gets out of control," he said. "I haven't japed you fellows for a long time. I've even begun to think that you're getting over your dislike of me."

"I don't dislike you," said Nugent. "But if you really were sacked from your last school, I think it was like your cheek to come here."

"I've told you I wasn't sacked from Oldcroft."

"You could prove it, then, if you liked. Why don't you?"

"Oh, a fellow might have a lot of reasons," said Carboy carelessly. "Doesn't Shakespeare say that it's wise to let sleeping dogs lie? Anyhow, it's my own bizney, I suppose."

"Oh, quite! But you'll most likely be sent to Coventry by the Form, if you leave them believing that you were expelled from your last school."

"Dear me!" said Carboy, without seeming much perturbed. "That will be rather rough on a fellow who's so fond of talking as I am. Still, I may be able to survive it. By the way, I was looking out of the window just now, and I thought that a fellow going along the parapet below could get to the roof of the Rag. Is that so?"

Wharton and Nugent stared.

"It is so!" said Harry. "But a fellow doing such a stunt would risk breaking his neck."

"Well, I don't want anything to happen to the most valuable neck at Greyfriars," remarked Carboy. "But I think I could do it."

Bang!

There was a knock at the study door, and Skinner of the Remove looked into the study, with several fellows behind

him. Harold Skinner had rather an aggressive look.

"You fellows coming to the meeting?" he demanded.

"There isn't any meeting," answered Wharton.

"I put up a notice in the Rag——"

"I know; I took it down."

"Like your cheek!" said Skinner. "I put it up again; and I can jolly well tell you that most of the Form are coming."

"I've no objection," yawned Wharton.

"I'm willing to leave the matter in your hands, as head of the Form, if you like to take the lead," said Skinner. "Most of the Remove are agreed that a fellow who's been sacked from another school isn't wanted here. That's what the meeting is about. It's going to be put to the vote whether Carboy shall be sent to Coventry by the Form."

"Thanks!" drawled Carboy.

Skinner paid him no heed. He was affecting not to notice that the japer of the Remove was present.

"Well, are you coming?" he demanded. "We'd like you to take the chair at the meeting."

"No!" answered Harry curtly.

"And why not?" roared Bolsover major from the passage. "You've been more down on Carboy than any other fellow in the Form. You gave him a black eye a week or two ago, and he gave you one."

"He did me a good turn after that."

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, I'm not taking a hand in it," said Harry. "Let him alone. Any fellow who doesn't want to speak to him needn't! Let it go at that."

"That's not good enough," said Skinner. "He's going to be sentenced to Coventry at a regular meeting of the Form."

"Get on with it, then; but leave me out."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Skinner; and he departed from Study No. 1 with his friends.

Wharton turned to Carboy. He had made friends with the new fellow, more or less, but he could not like him: Their natures were too different for that. Wharton was quiet and thoughtful and rather reserved; Carboy was talkative and irrepressible, and an incurable practical joker. There had been a fight in Study No. 1 which had landed both the juniors into serious trouble with the Remove master; and most of the Remove had rather condemned Wharton for losing his temper over a jape.

But opinion in the Form had changed since then. It was believed all through the Lower Fourth that Carboy had been expelled from his previous school, and that the Head had somehow been hoodwinked into letting him into Greyfriars. But Wharton, though he shared the general opinion, would not take part against Carboy. The fellow had done him a good turn; and that was enough to disarm the captain of the Remove.

"Look here, Carboy," he said quietly, "you seem to be able to think of nothing but japing; but this matter is serious. It's not pleasant to be sent to Coventry by the Form. When you've had a sample of it, you'll feel it. If you can really explain to the fellows why you left Oldcroft you'd better go to the meeting in the Rag and do so. Why shouldn't you?"

"Lots of reasons."

"I won't inquire what they are; it's no business of mine. But you saved me from getting into a row the day I cut detention and went over to Highcliffe



From the bottom of the study cupboard Carboy withdrew a folded blanket which he tied over his shoulders for convenience of carriage. Then he climbed out of the study window on to the stone parapet below. There was a fall of fifty feet if Carboy missed his footing. But the junior was as cool as ice as he worked his way along. (See Chapter 2.)

for the football match, and I don't want to see you cut by the Form. I shan't answer for them, of course. But if you can set the matter right, why not do so, and save trouble?"

"Oh, let 'em rip!" said Carboy. "It amuses them, and it doesn't hurt me."

"I think you're an ass!" said Nugent. "Same to you, old bean, and many of them!"

"Well, I've given you good advice," said Harry. "If you won't take it, it's your own look-out. Come on, Frank; we'll go along to Bob's study till they've done cackling in the Rag!"

"Right-ho!" assented Nugent. And the chums of the Remove left the study.

Carboy glanced after them, with a smile, and shut the door. Footsteps were passing the study on the way to the stairs. Harry Wharton & Co. did not intend to take part in the Form meeting; but there was no doubt that most of the Remove would be there. A fellow who had been turned out of another school in disgrace was not wanted in the Greyfriars Remove; and the juniors intended to make that officially clear to Christopher Clarence Carboy.

Carboy, judging by his looks, did not feel concerned. Other matters occupied his mind.

He locked the study door, and then crossed to the window and opened it. He stood looking out in the starlight for a few minutes, following with his eye the stone parapet that ran below the window. It was possible for an

active fellow, with plenty of nerve, to get along that parapet; though why Carboy was thinking of such a proceeding was rather a mystery.

He turned back into the room at last, and from the bottom of the study cupboard drew a folded blanket, evidently placed there in readiness. This he tied over his shoulders, for convenience of carriage. Then he climbed out of the study window and reached the stone parapet.

There was a fall of fifty feet, if he had missed his footing. But he was cool as ice as he worked his way along.

In ten minutes he was standing, rather precariously, by the chimney-stack in which was the chimney from the Rag; and the chimney was sending forth a steady volume of smoke. With reckless heedlessness of the danger of his position, the japer of Greyfriars proceeded to stuff the blanket into the opening of the chimney. And the smoke ceased to pour out.

A few minutes more and Carboy was back in No. 1 Study, had unlocked the door, and strolled downstairs.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. An Unexpected Interruption!

"GENTLEMEN—" "Hear, hear!" "Go it, Skinner." Harold Skinner stood on a chair in the Rag, surveying the meeting.

It was quite a numerous meeting. Hardly more than half a dozen of the Remove had remained away.

Skinner was feeling rather elated. He had his own little following in the Remove: but the fellows who liked him were few, and it was quite unusual for Skinner to take any prominent part in the proceedings of the Form. Now he had found his opportunity of assuming leadership. Certainly, had the captain of the Remove cared to take the lead in the move against Carboy, Skinner would have fallen back at once into his usual obscurity. But Wharton steadily declined to have anything to do with it: and so Skinner, for once, was able to figure as a leader. As he was going to voice the sentiments of the whole Form, they were willing to give him a hearing and back him up. Skinner was not the man to take up any unpopular cause; but he could be successful in leading fellows the way they wanted to go.

"Gentlemen of the Remove—"

"Go it!"

"This meeting has been called to discuss what is to be done with that rotter, Carboy—"

"Hear, hear!"

"The question before the meeting is this—do we want at Greyfriars a man who has been kicked out of another school?"

Skinner paused, like Brutus, for a reply. Unlike Brutus, he got the reply at once.

"No!" roared Bolsover major.

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"Never!" shouted Snoop and Stott together.

"Sure we don't intirely!" said Micky Desmond.

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, he ought to be kicked out of Greyfriars, same as he was out of Oldcroft," howled Billy Bunter.

"I guess so!" said Fisher T. Fish emphatically. "He's sure a pesky scally-wag. I can tell you he's got my goat."

"It's a dead cert that he was expelled," said Skinner. "He's afraid to take the matter before Quelchy. He knows jolly well that if he does, Quelchy will get suspicious and will get in touch with Oldcroft to inquire why he left. That's his reason."

"Yes, rather."

"Clear enough," said Hazeldene.

"I guess some galoot ought to put Quelchy wise to it!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, rats!" growled Bolsover major. "We're not going to give the man away to a master, whether he was sacked or not."

"I guess——"

"Shut up, Fishy!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Gentlemen," resumed Skinner. "The fellow is an absolute outsider. It's a disgrace to the school to have him here."

"Hear, hear!"

"I'm going to put it to the meeting that he shall be sent to Coventry by the whole Form, so long as he stays at Greyfriars."

"Good!"

"Fellows who refuse to back up the sentence of the Form will be sent to Coventry along with him!" went on Skinner.

"Oh, draw it mild!" interjected Tom Brown. "That will hit Wharton."

"Well, who's Wharton to stand out against the sentence of the Form?" demanded Skinner.

"Well, he happens to be captain of the Remove," grinned the New Zealand junior. "He happens to be a friend of mine, too. Chuck it."

"You'll jolly well get sent to Coventry yourself, Browney, if you don't jolly well take care!" roared Bolsover major.

"Go ahead! At this rate there will be more fellows in Coventry than out of it," said Tom Brown. "Take care that you don't end by sending yourself and your crowd to Coventry, Skinner."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better draw in your horns a little, old bean," grinned Squiff. "I'm standing by Wharton, for one."

"Same here," said Peter Todd.

"And here!" said Ogilvy. And six or seven more voices chimed in.

Skinner bit his lip: he was quick to see that he was going a little too far. He was the kind of leader who is careful never to get in advance of his followers.

"That can be left over," he said. "I fancy that all the fellows will fall into line, in the long run. I don't suggest forcing anybody. If Carboy is sentenced to Coventry by a majority of the Remove, that will make the matter clear, and that's good enough."

"Hear, hear!"

"Now I put it to the meeting—Groogh! How that beastly chimney's smoking! I put it to the meeting—Oooch!"

A volume of smoke rolled out from the firegrate, and almost filled the Rag. There was coughing and gasping on all sides.

It was an unexpected and disconcerting interruption.

"Bother that chimney!" growled Bolsover major. "Get on with it, Skinner."

Skinner coughed. He was standing on the chair rather near the fire, and he had the full benefit of the eddying volume of smoke.

"Gentlemen, I put the motion to the

meeting—— Oooooooh!" A heavy mass of smoke rolled out and fairly enveloped Skinner.

"Grooogh!"

"Oooch!"

"Atchooh-atchhoo-h!"

"Oh, my hat! That blessed chimney wants sweeping!"

"I say, you fellows, the chimney must be on fire! Oooch!"

"Open the windows, somebody!" roared Bolsover major.

There was a rush to the windows to open them. It was impossible to carry on now: the Rag whirled and reeked with thick smoke. In a few minutes it had become difficult for the meeting to see one another. Fellows coughed and sneezed and spluttered wildly.

But the opening of the windows afforded little relief. Something obviously was wrong with the chimney. The smoke poured out in thick volumes, as if there was no longer any outlet above. Like a dense fog it filled the Rag, and rolled from the open windows into the quad in clouds.

"Gentlemen——" gasped Skinner.

"I put it to the meeting—— Oooch!"

"Oh, my hat! Grooogh!"

"I'm fed up with this!" gasped Peter Todd. "I'm going."

He rushed to the door and dragged at it. But the door remained shut. Toddy dragged at it again, but the door did not stir.

"It's locked!" he yelled.

"Locked!" hooted Bolsover major.

"Rot! Let me get at it!"

Bolsover major pushed Peter aside and grasped the door-handle, turned it, and dragged with all his strength. But the door remained immovable. The key was missing from the inside. Evidently, while all attention was concentrated on Skinner, someone had quietly opened the door from the outside, abstracted the key, and locked the door—in the passage. The meeting was imprisoned in the Rag.

"We're locked in!" yelled Bolsover major.

"Grooogh! Oooch!"

"Atchoo! My hat! Oooooop!"

"I say, you fellows, we shall be suffocated!" shrieked Billy Bunter. "I say, we shall all be choked! Help! Murder! Fire!"

"Get that blessed door open!" yelled Squiff.

"It won't open, you silly ass! It's locked!"

"Oh, crumbs! Oooch!"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Oh, jiminy!"

Thicker and thicker the smoke poured from the chimney. The Rag was black with it. Smoke whirled and eddied and rolled and surged through the long room and poured out of the open windows.

The windows were crammed with fellows now, gasping for air. The meeting had come to a sudden end.

Peter Todd was the first fellow to clamber out of the window and drop into the quad. He was followed by others.

Christopher Clarence Carboy and all his works were forgotten now. The gasping juniors were only thinking of getting out of the suffocating smoke.

Removite, after Removite dropped into the quad from the windows, till only Billy Bunter was left. The Owl of the Remove clung to a window-sill.

"I say, you fellows, help me down!" he yelled.

"Drop, you fat dummy!" snapped Toddy.

"Ow! Wow! It's too far to drop! I shall break my neck!" yelled Bunter.



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"Good—do!"
"Beast! Yaroooh! Help!" roared Bunter.

"You howling ass, you'll have all Greyfriars here in a minute—"

"I don't care. Yarooogh! Help!" shrieked Bunter. "I'm falling! Help! Fire! Murder! Yarooogh!"

Bolsover major, with an angry snort, grasped the fat junior and jerked him away from the window-sill. Bunter dropped, then. But as he dropped, he threw his arms wildly round Bolsover major's neck, and the bully of the Remove was dragged down with him.

Bump, bump!

"Ow! You fat idiot—"

"Groogh! You beast—"

Thump, thump!

"Whooop! Help! Yarooogh!"

"Here comes Wingate!" gasped Russell, and the juniors fled. Only William George Bunter remained sprawling and gasping, when Wingate of the Sixth arrived frowning on the spot.

"What the thump does this mean?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars, stirring Bunter with his foot.

"Yooooop!"

"What's all this smoke?"

"Ooooooch!"

"My hat! I'll jolly well— Stop!" roared Wingate, as Bunter scrambled to his feet.

But William George Bunter did not stop. Like the guests in Macbeth, he stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once. Wingate of the Sixth was left staring at the smoke pouring and eddying from the windows of the Rag in great astonishment.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Sent to Coventry!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Jolly old meeting over?" inquired Bob Cherry, with a cheery grin.

The Famous Five were chatting in a group in the Remove passage, when a crowd of fellows came up the staircase. They looked excited and untidy, and they smelled strongly of smoke. Christopher Clarence Carboy, who was lounging in the doorway of Study No. 1, with his hands in his pockets, looked at the smoky crowd with a smile. He seemed entertained.

"We've been smoked out!" gasped Skinner. "Something went wrong with the chimney in the Rag! Groogh!"

"Stuffed up, or something," gasped Snoop.

"We had to get out of the windows—"

"Why not the door?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Somebody locked it on the outside!" snorted Bolsover major.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" roared Bolsover.

"Thanks—we will! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"The cackleness is terrific," chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "This looks like an esteemed jape."

"Who set the chimney smoking, and locked the door?" asked Nugent, laughing. He understood now why Carboy had made that inquiry about reaching the roof of the Rag from the window of Study No. 1.

"How could anybody start the chimney smoking, fiddlehead?" snorted Bolsover major. "Something's gone wrong with it, I suppose."

But Skinner's eyes glittered.

"The door was locked on us!" he exclaimed. "That wasn't an accident, and couldn't have been. It's a jape!"

"Something's been stuffed in the chimney!" yelled Stott.

"I guess it was that scallywag, Carboy!" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"A rotten jape to dish the meeting!" shouted Skinner. "That's it!"

Carboy grinned. He did not seem alarmed, as the angry crowd of Remove fellows gathered about Study No. 1.

"Was it you?" roared Bolsover.

"Which?" asked Carboy.

"Did you stuff up the chimney in the Rag, you rotter?"

"Ask me another!" yawned Carboy.

"Yes or no?" roared Bolsover.

"Both, if you like, old bean!" answered Carboy affably.

"He did it to dish the meeting!" howled Skinner. "Rag him!"

"Hold on!" interposed Harry Wharton quietly, and he stepped between Carboy and the enraged Removites.

"Mind your own business, Wharton!" shouted Skinner.

"But this is my business, old bean! Head of the Form is supposed to stop ragging in the studies," said the captain of the Remove. "Hands off Carboy."

"I'm going to smash him!" roared Bolsover major.

"You're not!" said Wharton coolly.

The rest of the Co. gathered round the captain of the Form. Bob Cherry waved his hand soothingly at the exasperated juniors.

"Take it calmly," he suggested. "You were holding a meeting to send a chap to Coventry. You can't complain if he interrupted it!"

"The japing ass ought to be jolly well lynched!" growled Peter Todd.

"I'm fed up with his japing."

"I'm fed up with your jolly old meetings!" drawled Carboy.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Peter crossly.

He tramped on up the passage. But an angry crowd remained outside Study No. 1, and only the intervention of the Famous Five saved Carboy from a ragging. There might be a comic side to the disconcerting happenings in the Rag, but if so, it was quite lost on the juniors who had been smoked out.

"I say, you fellows, rag the beast!" howled Billy Bunter. "And if those other beasts butt in, rag them, too!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You lead the way, Bunter! Come on, old fat pippin! This way!"

"Yah!"

"Well, we've been smoked out," said Skinner savagely. "That grinning ass has japed us, and mucked up the meeting. You'll be sent to Coventry just the same, Carboy. That's settled."

"Thanks!" said Carboy. "You really are going to send me to Coventry, Skinner?"

"Yes!" snapped Skinner.

"You won't speak to me again?"

"No!"

"Thanks once more! This is really kind," said Carboy. "It will be no end of a relief not to hear your voice again. It's not musical, you know."

Skinner glared, while some of the other fellows grinned.

"I say, you fellows—"

"You, too, Bunter?" asked Carboy.

"Et tu, Brute," as jolly old Julius remarked. "Won't you really ever speak to me any more?"

"Never!" said Bunter.

"Shan't I ever hear again that you are expecting a postal-order?" asked Carboy sadly. "Won't you ever ask me to lend you anything on it in advance, because it's sure to come by the next post?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

"Well, we mean it!" said Skinner

savagely. "You're sent to Coventry by the Form, and you'll be cut by all the Remove. You won't find it so jolly funny when you get it. Come on, you men, and leave that cad alone."

And the Removites tramped away up the passage.

Carboy yawned.

"The fellows mean it," said Johnny Bull, staring at him. "And I must say you've asked for it, Carboy. You seem to like getting fellows' backs up."

"Well, they're rather entertaining with their backs up," smiled Carboy.

"Besides, they'll come round."

"Not likely!" said Nugent. "You can't expect fellows to have anything to do with you here, if you've been expelled from another school."

"But I haven't."

"You're letting the fellows believe so, and if it isn't so, you could make it clear if you liked."

"Exactly! But I don't like!" yawned Carboy.

And he went into the study whistling. The sentence of Coventry evidently had not ruffled his serenity to any great extent.

But on the following day it became quite clear that Skinner had succeeded in carrying his point. Fellows who might have stood out had been convinced by the smoking out of the meeting in the Rag. The fact that Carboy obviously did not care whether he was sent to Coventry or not had an irritating effect on the Form. They resolved to make him care.

When the Remove turned out at the clang of the rising-bell on the morning the sentence was in full force. Certainly the Famous Five and two or three other fellows did not take part in it. Still, they did not exactly yearn for Carboy's conversation, and were not likely to speak to him unless spoken to. They did not care to back up Skinner; but they did not conceal their opinion that a fellow who had been expelled from another school was out of place at Greyfriars, and that the sooner he went the better. Carboy sat up in bed and glanced round him, and met many trigid stares, and noticed the turning away of many heads. And he smiled.

"Nice morning, Skinner!" he remarked.

No reply.

"Got your Sunday topper mended yet, Bolsover?"

Bolsover major scowled without speaking.

"Bunter, old fat bean, are you still expecting a postal-order?"

"Oh, really, Carboy—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" snapped Bolsover major.

"I'm not speaking to the beast! I was only saying—"

"Shut up!"

"I say, this is really ripping!" said Carboy, addressing the Remove generally. "I've often wondered what it would be like if Bunter ever shut up. Now he's done it. Isn't it nice?"

"The niceness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Shut up, Inky!" hooted Bolsover major.

"My esteemed and preposterous Bolsover—"

"Shut up!"

"Why not shut up yourself, Bolsover?" inquired Carboy. "That would really be a boon and a blessing to the whole Form."

Bolsover major opened his mouth for a wrathful reply; but closed it again. Carboy yawned and turned out of bed.

"Hallo! Who dropped this pound

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note?" he asked, suddenly stooping to the floor.

"I did!" exclaimed Bunter at once.

"Sure it's yours?"

"Yes, rather! Hand it over!" said Bunter eagerly.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Snoop. "I had a pound note! I fancy that pound note is mine, Carboy. Let me see it!"

"It's mine!" roared Bunter. "Look here, Snoop—"

"I guess it's mine," said Fisher T. Fish. "I had a pound note in my trousers pocket, and I remember seeing something drop when I went to bed, only I didn't take any notice. Let's see that pound note, Carboy."

"Sorry," answered Carboy politely. "There isn't any pound note."

"Wh-a-at!"

"At least, I haven't seen one," yawned Carboy. "Only pulling your leg, old bean! But if three fellows have lost a pound note each, you men had better look through the dorm. It ain't safe to leave so much money lying about."

"Why, you beast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three claimants of the non-existent pound note looked at Christopher Clarence Carboy as if they could have eaten him. The rest of the Remove grinned. Carboy was in Coventry now; but he seemed to be making even Coventry entertaining.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Startling!

BOB CHERRY was the first Remove man who saw it.

Bob could scarcely have failed to see it, because it was in the same column of the "Friardale Gazette," as the report of a Greyfriars first eleven match. Bob had little use for newspapers, as a rule; but he never failed to read the reports of Greyfriars matches in the local paper. Thus it happened that Bob was the first to see the remarkable and interesting paragraph that was soon to be known all over Greyfriars.

Bob naturally mentioned it to his friends—especially to Wharton and Nugent who were Carboy's study mates.

Other fellows saw it in the same paper, or in other copies of the paper.

When Billy Bunter heard of it he started in search of a copy of the "Friardale Gazette," as hungrily as if he had been in quest of a bag of jam-tarts.

It was on Friday that Bob first saw the remarkable paragraph—several days after Christopher Clarence Carboy had been sent to Coventry by the Remove. By Friday evening all the Remove knew about it. Never, even when the most exciting football match had been reported, had the "Friardale Gazette" been in such request. The original copy of the paper was worn almost threadbare. Other copies were imported into Greyfriars. Fellows in other Forms than the Remove were keenly interested. Fifth Form men and Sixth Form men were seen perusing the "Friardale Gazette." And they glanced at Christopher Clarence Carboy with unusual interest when he came their way.

In all the Lower School Carboy himself was the only fellow who seemed to know nothing about it.

Yet it closely concerned Carboy, and really did not concern any other fellow at all.

For several days now Carboy had been in the cold shades of Coventry. He did not seem to mind.

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As his study-mates and several other fellows were still on speaking terms with him—though not very keen on speaking to him—the sentence was not so severe as it might have been.

Still, it was severe enough, and any fellow might have been expected to feel it deeply.

Nobody ever asked Carboy to his study. Nobody ever dropped into No. 1 Study to speak to him. Nobody greeted him in the passages, or nodded to him in the quad. In the Form-room an icy silence surrounded him. At the dining-table his presence was ignored. Fellows who did not join in barring him had no sympathy to waste on him, considering that he deserved what he had got, or, at least, had brought it on himself by sheer perversity. The life of Christopher Clarence Carboy in those days could not have been merry or bright. Yet personally he seemed as merry and bright as ever. It seemed as if his jesting nature made it impossible for him to take anything seriously, and he appeared to take the sentence of Coventry as a joke.

No doubt, owing to his exclusion, the news of that remarkable paragraph in the "Friardale Gazette" was long in reaching him.

He seemed profoundly ignorant of the deep interest that was thrilling all the Remove.

Certainly, the paragraph was deeply interesting. It afforded information concerning Carboy, which he himself had never revealed. With all his faults—and the fellows agreed that their name was legion—he had never been assuming, swanky, or anything of that sort. Yet a fellow who was a millionaire was surely entitled to think well of himself. Or if not exactly a millionaire, he was son and heir to a millionaire, which came to much the same thing. He had never talked about money as the Bounder often did. He had never appeared to be reeking with it like Smithy. Yet it was suddenly revealed that he was richer than the Bounder could possibly be—richer than Lord Mauleverer—rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It was surprising news for the Remove, and extremely interesting. The paragraph which caused so much excitement—leaving only Carboy himself unmoved—ran as follows:

"We understand that Master Christopher Carboy, the only son and heir of Mr. Clarence Carboy, the multi-millionaire, is now a pupil at the neighbouring scholastic establishment of Greyfriars. Master Carboy, we are told, is a very quiet and unassuming youth, and no one would guess from his manner that he was heir to a fortune exceeding, it is stated, £7,000,000."

That was all; but it was enough. The Bounder was wealthy. Lord Mauleverer was supposed to be a millionaire. But 7,000,000—seven millions! It made fellows gasp to think of it.

Who would have thought it of Carboy? The chap never put on any airs. He never mentioned money perhaps because he was so used to it. He dressed quietly like any other fellow. None of the Bounder's gorgeous jewellery or fancy waistcoats. Possibly his father, multi-millionaire as he was, was wise enough to place him at school on precisely the same footing as other fellows. Still, it would have been natural for the chap to mention what was coming to him some day. And he never had. But for the fact that the local reporter had nosed out his presence at Greyfriars, and duly reported it as an interesting item of news in his paper, Greyfriars

would never have known that they were entertaining a gilt-edged youth unawares.

Harold Skinner turned almost white when he read that paragraph. Snoop and Stott read it, and said to Skinner simultaneously:

"You ass!"

Skinner had nothing to say! He felt an ass! Skinner, who worshipped money, who accepted any number of snubs from Lord Mauleverer because Mauly was rich, who hung about the Bounder to pick up the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table—Skinner, who prided himself on his sagacity and his worldly knowledge—Skinner had taken the lead in barring the son and heir of a multi-millionaire, a fellow who could ask a fellow to expensive holidays, who would be of the greatest possible use to a fellow in after life, if he could only be cultivated with success—

Skinner could have kicked himself.

What did it matter if the fellow had been expelled from Oldcroft? Besides, he couldn't have been expelled; no headmaster would be ass enough to expel the son and heir of a multi-millionaire. That was unthinkable. Expelled or not, the heir to seven millions sterling would have had access to the most exclusive school in the kingdom. Headmasters would have fallen over one another to bag him. Boards of governors would have competed to get hold of him. Such a chap, Skinner realised, might have punched his Form master in the eye or dropped an egg down his headmaster's neck without being expelled. It was all rot—utter rot! Carboy hadn't and couldn't have been expelled from Oldcroft! And if he had been, what the thump did it matter, anyhow, if he was coming into seven million pounds some day?

"You ass!" repeated Snoop.

"You chump!" said Stott.

Skinner could have groaned aloud. He, the clever and cunning and rapacious, had taken the lead, made himself prominent in barring the fellow whose boots he would have been glad to clean—had he known! Christopher Clarence Carboy was in Coventry, and it was chiefly due to Harold Skinner that he had been put there! And some day he would be worth seven millions!

Fisher T. Fish suffered from similar emotions when he read that startling and intriguing news.

"Gee-whizz!" gasped Fishy. "Seven millions—that's thirty-five million dollars in real money! Jerusalem crickets! And I've been giving that jay the frozen mitt and the marble eye! Oh, shucks!"

But William George Bunter, probably, felt it most deeply. Bunter gazed at the paragraph as if he could scarcely believe either his little round eyes or his big round spectacles. But he had to believe them—there it was in plain print! Bunter assimilated the news at last, jumped up, and rolled along the Remove passage to Study No. 1. He put a red and excited face into that celebrated study.

"I say, you fellows," he gasped, "is Carboy here?"

"No, ass!" answered Wharton.

"You don't want Carboy," grinned Nugent. "Carboy's in Coventry, and you're not speaking to him."

"That's all a mistake!" gasped Bunter. "A silly mistake! The fact is, I think a lot of Carboy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! You fellows are jealous—that's why you can't see what a splendid chap he is."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton and Nugent.

They had wondered what would be the effect of the revelation. This change of heart in William George Bunter was one of the first effects.

"Not that I've seen anything about him in the local paper, you know," added Bunter cautiously. "I never see the local rag."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As for his being a millionaire, I know nothing about it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up cackling!" hooted Bunter. "Where's Carboy? You fellows are jolly well not going to keep me away from my old pal, I can tell you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

And Billy Bunter rolled away in search of his old pal, leaving Wharton and Nugent yelling.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Let O7

CHRISTOPHER CLARENCE CARBOY glanced round the Remove dormitory.

He seemed puzzled.

Hitherto he had not seemed to observe that there was anything unusual toward in the Remove.

Perhaps he could not help noticing it now that he was in the dormitory, in the presence of the whole Form.

Certainly, only a very unobservant fellows could have failed to see that something was "on."

Fellows looked at him on all sides. Even Lord Mauleverer displayed some slight interest in his existence for a moment or two, before he relapsed into his usual sedate nonchalance. The fellows who had been keenest on sending him to Coventry looked conscious and awkward. Skinner and Snoop and Stott, Hazeldene and Bolsover major and Fisher T. Fish had been the keenest—and Billy Bunter.

They were not the best fellows in the Form by any means. They might have been called the worst. Still, they had taken up an attitude of high moral condemnation of a fellow who had been expelled from school.

Perhaps it was rather their bad qualities than their good ones that had made them so "down" on Carboy. Perhaps they liked to be "down" on somebody, and were not very particular who it was. Undoubtedly they were irritated by the japes Carboy had played on them. Having condemned Carboy on high principles, it was rather difficult for them to withdraw from that lofty attitude, merely because they had discovered that he was tremendously rich. Nevertheless, they all wanted to withdraw from it. It was the "how" that worried them.

Excepting Bunter. William George Bunter was far too obtuse to think or care about what other fellows thought of him. Bunter gave Carboy a friendly grin—grinning all over his fat face.

Carboy looked round perplexedly. Fisher T. Fish gave him a nod. Skinner, feeling that he must break the ice sooner or later, and that it was not much use putting it off, met his eye and smiled.

Bob Cherry broke into a chuckle. As he never had sent Carboy to Coventry he could speak to him without withdrawing from any lofty position of high-principled condemnation. He spoke now.

"It's out, Carboy," he said.

At any other time Bolsover major would have hooted "Shut up!" Now he

said nothing. Bolsover also was feeling the irresistible glamour of seven millions sterling. Bolsover was not so mercenary as Skinner & Co., and he was much more obstinate and surly and disposed to stick to a position he had taken up. Still, he could not help feeling that perhaps this chap had been treated with some injustice. Bolsover considered that, if that was the case, it was up to him to admit it in a frank and manly way.

"What's out?" asked Carboy, looking puzzled.

"About the millions."

Carboy gave a start.

"What on earth do you mean?" he exclaimed. "I've never said a word about any millions."

"I say, old chap, it's in the paper," squeaked Bunter.

"Rubbish!"

"It really is, old fellow," gasped Bunter. "The Friardale reporter has got hold of it."

"Bother the Friardale reporter!" snapped Carboy. "What has he got hold of? Some rot, I expect."

"About your father—seven millions—"

stuttered Bunter.

"Oh, rot!"

Carboy kicked off his boots.

"You've been hiding your light under a bushel, old bean," said Frank Nugent, laughing. "Now it's all come out."

"It's absolutely rotten for a fellow's private affairs to be shoved into a newspaper," growled Carboy. "My pater would be waxy if he knew. Anyhow, it's nobody's bizney but my own."

"But how did they come to turn you out of Oldcroft if you're rolling in giddy millions?" asked the Bounder.

"They didn't turn me out of Oldcroft."

"Oh, really, Smithy," squeaked Bunter, "I think it's rather rotten to make out that Carboy was bunked from Oldcroft. Just like you, I must say."

Vernon-Smith glared at him.

"Why, you fat villain, it was you who started the yarn," he roared. "You got it out of a letter from Carboy's pater, that you spied into."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"And I dare say Bunter got it all wrong," said Snoop. "Or made it all up, very likely. We all know Bunter."

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"I say, you fellows," yelled Bunter, clinging to the window-sill, "help me down!" "Drop, you fat dummy!" said Peter Todd from below. "You'll have all Greyfriars here in a minute, you howling ass!" "I don't care! Yaroooh! Help!" shrieked Bunter. "I'm falling! Help! Fire! Murder!"

(See Chapter 3.)

"It was a bit fatheaded to take any notice of Bunter's yarns," remarked Frederick Stott.

"Gammon, from beginning to end, I believe!" said Hazeldene.

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

"I say, you fellows, I never said anything of the sort!" howled Bunter. "I mean I never thought so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The changefulness of the esteemed Bunter's mind is terrific," chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"Well, I don't really believe that Carboy was sacked from his last school," said Sidney James Snoop. "No headmaster would sack a millionaire. They're too jolly scarce."

"It never was proved certainly," ventured Skinner. "I don't mind owning up to that. We might have waited for proof."

"That's all rot!" said Peter Todd. "I never took much stock in Bunter's yarns; but Carboy refused to take the matter before Quelch. That settled it, to my mind, and I haven't changed my opinion."

"Same here!" remarked the Bounder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What about the seven millions?" roared Bob. "Don't the seven millions prove that Carboy is a little tin angel?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Skinner thinks so!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"A fellow may make a mistake and own up to it," said Skinner sullenly. "I don't see anything in that."

"Only you didn't make a mistake, and you jolly well know it!" said Peter Todd coolly. "I bar Carboy, unless he explains why he left Oldcroft."

"I dare say Carboy won't mind you barring him!" sneered Skinner. "You're nobody in particular, you know."

Christopher Clarence Carboy, giving no apparent heed to the discussion, turned in. Wingate of the Sixth came into the dormitory to put out the lights, and the talk ceased till he was gone.

Then it ran from bed to bed. Carboy did not join in it. When Skinner ventured to call out "Good-night, Carboy!" there was no answer; apparently the new junior had gone to sleep.

When the rising-bell rang in the autumn morning Carboy turned out of bed with the rest of the Remove, as cheery as ever. He was still in Coventry, so far as a good number of the Form were concerned. But the number of fellows who barred the japer of Greyfriars had diminished considerably.

Billy Bunter bestowed an affectionate grin on him.

"I say, Carboy, old chap—" he said.

Carboy stared at him without answering.

"I say, old fellow—"

Carboy turned his back on the Owl of the Remove. Bunter blinked at him, puzzled and annoyed.

"I say, Carboy, are you deaf?" he demanded.

No answer.

"He's in Coventry!" growled the Bounder. "Shut up, Bunter!"

"I'm letting him out of Coventry!" said Bunter loftily. "I've let him off."

Carboy looked round.

"Don't!" he said.

"Eh? Don't what?"

"Don't let me off! You undertook not to speak to me again. I hold you to it! You can't think how nice it's been."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Carboy—"

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"Shut up!"

Skinner, who had been about to speak, closed his mouth. Bolsover major, on the point of nodding to Carboy, did not nod. They realised that it would be, perhaps, more judicious to proceed slowly and tactfully.

But when Carboy left the dormitory Hazel joined him and went down with him and walked into the quad with him.

Carboy, apparently unconscious of his company, walked on with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

"Lovely morning, isn't it?" said Hazel at last.

No reply.

"Look here, Carboy," said Hazel, colouring uncomfortably, "the fellows seem to have made a lot of asses of themselves—jumping to a silly conclusion. You needn't keep your back up about it."

Carboy did not speak.

"If you're going to be stuffy—"

Carboy walked away. Hazel was left with a very red face.

But as Carboy came into the House to breakfast Fisher T. Fish met him with a beaming countenance.

"Looking for you, old tulip," said Fishy affably. "I say, I guess I was rather mad with you; you do pull a galoot's leg, you know, just a few. But I calculate I never was a guy to bear malice. Let it drop, and let's be friends."

Carboy walked into the House.

"Well, I swow!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish.

It had been easy enough for Skinner & Co. to send Carboy to Coventry. But it really seemed a more difficult matter for them to get him out of Coventry again.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Rallying Round Carboy!

HARRY WHARTON glanced from the window of Study No. 1 into the quad and laughed. It was Saturday afternoon, and what the captain of the Remove beheld in the quad seemed to amuse him.

"Carboy's growing popular!" he remarked.

Frank Nugent grinned and joined him at the window.

Carboy of late had generally walked alone when he took his walks abroad. But he was not alone now.

Skinner was on one side of him, Stott on the other. Apparently Carboy had relented and condescended to come out of Coventry.

Perhaps he was too good-natured to resist the blandishments of Skinner & Co.; perhaps he thought they ought to be rewarded for their repentance. Anyhow, he had ceased to be stand-offish. After keeping Skinner & Co. on tenterhooks for a considerable time, Carboy had smiled on them, greatly to their satisfaction.

Now, it seemed, all was calm and bright. Carboy, a talkative fellow, was talking; Skinner and Stott, though not very patient listeners as a rule, were listening, as if to words of the deepest wisdom. Sidney James Snoop hovered round. Skinner had linked an arm in one of Carboy's; Stott had hooked on to the other. There was, of course, no arm left for Snoop to hook on to, so he drifted round unhooked. He was annoyed; but whenever Carboy happened to glance at him he smiled.

In the offing was Fisher T. Fish, regarding the successful captors of the

multi-millionaire with a malevolent eye, and the multi-millionaire himself with a friendly smile—rather a difficult feat to perform, leading to rather strange contortions of Fishy's bony countenance.

From a distance Bolsover major nodded in a very friendly way to Carboy; but Bolsover had a little more dignity than the others, and did not join the group. He only wanted to make it clear that he understood, at long last, what a really decent chap Christopher Clarence Carboy actually was.

Nobody, looking at Carboy now, could have guessed that less than twenty-four hours ago he had been lonely and solitary in the cold shades of Coventry.

As he walked and talked Hazeldene passed and gave him a nod and a smile. Micky Desmond stopped for a minute to speak and offer a whack in a bag of bullseyes. Other fellows nodded to him.

Indeed, it was the fellows who had not cut him at all who were least effusive now.

"He won't stay in Coventry long at this rate," said Frank Nugent, laughing.

"No. I'm rather glad of it," said Wharton. "I can't say I like the chap much; but he's decent enough."

"You don't believe he was sacked from Oldcroft?"

Wharton hesitated.

"Blessed if I know!" he said. "There's something fishy about it, or he would speak out on the subject. He's got something to hide, I suppose. All the same, I can't believe that he ever did anything rotten. He may have been turned out for some fatheaded jape."

"Well, that's possible," said Frank. "He's done nothing shady since he's been here, at all events; and he seems all right. But who'd have thought that he was a multi-millionaire?"

"Is he?" said Harry, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, his father is, at least, from what was in the paper."

"Things get into newspapers that aren't true," said the captain of the Remove. "In fact, truth is stranger than fiction—in a newspaper. The Friardale reporter may have got it wrong."

Nugent stared at him and then burst into a laugh.

"Oh, my hat! What a game, if that's so! Skinner will want to lynch that reporter, if there's nothing in it."

"Hallo, there's Bunter joining the admiring circle!"

Billy Bunter rolled up to the group in the quad. The juniors in Study No. 1 could not hear what he was saying, but they could see the fat ingratiating grin on his face.

With some of the Remove, at least, Christopher Clarence Carboy was undoubtedly growing popular.

"Queer thing about money!" said Nugent, laughing. "Carboy doesn't show it off here—he doesn't spend more than any other chap. Those fatheads can't expect to touch any of it. Just his having money is working the oracle! I suppose a fellow who's coming into seven million pounds some day is worth knowing."

"No end of a catch!" said Wharton. "Shall we go down and compete with Skinner & Co.?"

"Hardly!" grinned Nugent.

"My hat! There's Hilton of the Fifth."

"Phew!"

Cedric Hilton, the dandy of the Fifth Form, had stopped in the quad to speak to Carboy. Carboy answered him brightly and cheerily. Carboy's companions eyed him very morosely. The

fame of the millions had evidently spread to the Upper School.

"Loder!" ejaculated Nugent.

Loder of the Sixth, sauntering loftily across the quad, paused to speak to Carboy, and gave him a friendly nod as he passed on.

Nugent, who had lines to write, turned back to the study table. Wharton, who was waiting for his chum, stood at the window while Nugent wrote. Carboy left his friends, and went into the House at last. A few minutes later his footsteps were heard in the Remove passage, and he came into Study No. 1. Skinner followed him in. Harold Skinner was evidently on his way to becoming an inseparable chum.

"Sure you don't mind, Skinner?" Carboy was asking, as he came into the study.

"Pleased, old chap," answered Skinner.

"You're awfully good!"

"Not at all, old fellow."

"Well, here's a sample of my fist," said Carboy, sorting out a paper. "Make it as much like mine as you can. You know Quelchy is a wary old bird."

"Rely on me," said Skinner. "Quelchy won't spot it! A hundred, you said?"

"That's right."

"I'll have them done before tea-time."

Skinner, with a sample of Carboy's handwriting, left Study No. 1, taking no notice of Wharton and Nugent. Carboy smiled at them.

"That's a jolly good-natured of Skinner, isn't it?" he remarked.

"What is?" asked Nugent.

"I had a hundred lines from Quelchy this morning. Skinner is going to write them out for me."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I never noticed before what an obliging chap Skinner was," remarked Carboy. "You live and learn, don't you?"

"You do!" assented Nugent, with a chuckle.

"It's nice for a new fellow in a school to find such kind friends, ain't it?" said Carboy.

"Awfully nice! Quite a change in Skinner since yesterday!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Oh, you're here!" Fisher T. Fish put his bony countenance into Study No. 1. "Carboy, old tulip, you had lines this morning. Look here, if you want to get out this afternoon, leave them to me. I'll write them for you with pleasure."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton and Nugent.

Fisher T. Fish stared at them.

"I guess I don't see where the cackle comes in!" he snapped. "Can it, you pesky jays. What about those lines, Carboy?"

"Awfully obliged, old chap," said Carboy gravely, "but—"

"My dear chap, don't mench! Jest give me a sample of your fist, and I'll run those lines off for you."

"Skinner's doing them for me."

"Gee-whiz!"

"Much obliged, all the same, Fishy."

"Jest like that scallyway Skinner to butt in!" said Fisher T. Fish crossly. "You want to watch out when you're dealing with Skinner, old bean. He's not a chap to trust. I'm warnin' you because you're new here, you know."

"Thanks. Skinner's given me the same warning about you," remarked Carboy innocently.

"Why, the pesky guy!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, can that cackle!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "I say, Carboy, are you coming out for a walk this afternoon?"

"Stott's asked me already."

Fisher T. Fish snorted.

"Like his cheek, butting in. Look here, are you fixed up for tea yet?"

"Not yet."

There was a pause.

Evidently it was in Fisher T. Fish's mind to ask Carboy to tea in his study. But he hesitated.

A study spread cost money. Fisher Tarleton Fish hated parting with money. To his Transatlantic mind money was the beginning and end of all things. But he made the effort, and made the plunge.

"Tea with me, old fellow?" he gasped.

"Thanks!" said Carboy.

"It's fixed, then?" asked Fisher T.

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Fish. Perhaps he hoped that Carboy might change his mind.

"Yes, rather!"

"It's a go, then!"

Fisher T. Fish drifted away, with a very thoughtful expression on his face. He had bagged the multi-millionaire for tea; but he would rather have done lines for him, or taken him for a walk. Certainly he was glad to get Carboy to his study for tea. On the other hand, there was the unavoidable expenditure to be considered. Fishy's satisfaction was rather mixed.

"You'll be the most popular fellow at Greyfriars soon, at this rate!" said Harry Wharton, a little sarcastically, as Carboy smiled after the retreating form of Fisher Tarleton Fish.

"Yes, it's nice to be popular, isn't it?" said Carboy. "It's quite surprising how fellows are rallying round me now. Quite a change from Coventry—and much more amusing."

And Christopher Clarence Carboy strolled out of the study, whistling cheerily.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Carboy Brings a Friend!

FISHER TARLETON FISH groaned.

He could not help it. The situation was excruciating.

The pangs that went to the heart of Fisher T. Fish were sharper than a serpent's tooth.

It was tea-time. In Study No. 14 in the Remove, the festive board was spread. Johnny Bull and Squiff were teasing out, so Fishy had the study to himself and his expected guest. That, at least, was a relief. His study-mates, had they remained present, might have encroached on the supply of good things he had laid in for Carboy.

Fishy was very pleased to see them go. With a separate pang for every shilling, Fishy had made his purchases at the school shop, and there was quite a good spread on the table. But Fishy still hoped. Carboy had never appeared to be a greedy fellow—nothing like Bunter, for instance. His appetite was quite normal. It was very probable that he would eat only a reasonable portion of the spread, and the rest would remain Fish's property.

Fishy hoped, too, that some of Carboy's other devoted friends would stand him cakes or buns before tea, and thus diminish his appetite. It was quite probable. Fishy, who was a calculating youth, calculated that it was quite likely that he would produce all the effect of standing his friend a handsome spread, and yet get off with a very slight expenditure of actual cash. That was a happy prospect. But now—

Even on the cheapest possible lines, a spread cost something. That "something," howsoever small, was likely to give Fishy a sleepless night or two. But he guessed that it was worth it. There was an heir to thirty-five million dollars in his Form, and he knew very well that his popper, in New York, would expect him to get on the right side of that golden youth if he could. His popper would calculate that it was worth something to do so.

Indeed, his popper would be apt to get mad with him if he failed to do his level best to ingratiate himself with a guy worth thirty-five million dollars. Feeling that he was sure of parental approval, Fishy had nerved himself to the ordeal, screwed up his courage to the sticking-point, and spent money. A handsome spread graced the study table, and there was a reasonable prospect that most of it would remain after Carboy had gone—to be sold later among the fags by Fisher T. Fish—perhaps even at a profit to hard-up fags who would have to buy on "tick." And then—

Carboy came into the study.

William George Bunter rolled in with him.

There was a happy expression of anticipation on the fat face of the Owl of the Remove as he rolled in.

Obviously, he had come to the spread.

That, of course, cut no ice with Fisher T. Fish. He was quite prepared to kick out the uninvited guest. But—

"I've brought a friend," said Carboy.

"Eh?"

"You don't mind my bringing a friend to tea?"

"Oh!"

It was then that Fisher T. Fish groaned. In the circumstances, no citizen of the United States could have helped groaning.

Carboy, a fellow with a moderate appetite, who did not care particularly for tuck, might have left that spread

hardly touched. The expenditure of Fishy's dearly-loved cash would, in that case, have been merely temporary. With Bunter present, the matter was quite different—awfully different. If there was one thing that was certain about Bunter it was that he would never quit so long as anything eatable remained on the table. Yet it was difficult for Fishy to object to a fellow bringing a friend. The spread was being stood for the sole purpose of currying favour with the multi-millionaire. Refusing to entertain Carboy's friend would not serve that purpose.

Fisher T. Fish, in his agonised state of feeling, was tempted to wash the whole thing out—to bundle Bunter out of the study, and Christopher Carboy after him. But that would mean leaving the multi-millionaire to the mercenary fellows who, as Fishy was only too well aware, were after him. He felt that his popper in Noo Yark would not approve of that. On the other hand, with Bunter to tea, the table was certain to be left in the same state as Mrs. Hubbard's cupboard. It was an awful situation!

"No objection to Bunter coming to tea—what?" asked Carboy, with cheery and breezy geniality.

"Oh! Nope! Oh dear! I mean, not at all."

"Not feeling well, old chap?" asked Carboy, looking at him.

"Nope—I mean, yep! All O.K."

"I thought I heard you groan."

"Only—only a twinge!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "It's all right. Sit down, old chap."

Carboy sat down.

Bunter pulled a chair to the table. Fisher T. Fish eyed him, and felt that it was too much for Transatlantic flesh and blood to bear. He made a desperate effort.

"The—the fact is, Carboy—" he gasped.

"Yes, old fellow."

"The—the fact is, I—I wanted a quiet chat over tea. If you wouldn't mind having Bunter another time—"

"Oh, really, Fishy—"

"Shut up, you fat clam!" hissed Fisher T. Fish ferociously.

He had no politeness to waste on Bunter.

"The fact is, I really want Bunter," said Carboy. "But if you don't want him, of course, I won't land him on you. Come on, Bunter."

"I—I say, don't go!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, as Carboy rose from his chair. "I didn't mean—I mean, I'll be glad to have Bunter—in fact, I'd like him to stay no end!"

"Sure?" asked Carboy.

"Oh dear! I mean, yes."

"Right—ho, then! Sit down, Bunter."

Bunter grinned and sat down. Carboy sat down again. Fisher T. Fish did not sit down. He felt that he could not keep still.

Tea began.

Carboy, as Fishy had fervently hoped, ate little. Indeed, he hardly seemed to taste the good things on the table. Perhaps he had already had his tea, and was only affecting to eat as a matter of form. He not only fulfilled the hopes of Fisher T. Fish, but more than fulfilled them. Had Carboy come alone, the spread would hardly have been diminished at all.

But what was the use of that, as Fishy bitterly reflected, when Bunter was there?

It was no use at all.

Bunter had come in hungry. He had had nothing since dinner, except tea in his own study, and a cake he had found in Study No. 4. So he was more than

prepared to do justice to the most extensive spread.

Carboy, a talkative fellow, talked. Fisher T. Fish, suffering like a member of the noble army of martyrs, answered in dreary monosyllables. Billy Bunter, also talkative, was too busy to talk now. His jaws moved swiftly and incessantly, but not in speech. Bunter made a frontal attack on the spread, and carried all before him.

Item after item vanished. Carboy merely pecking, as it were, while Bunter took the goods aboard in bulk. Every item was followed by a mournful glance from Fisher Tarleton Fish. When Bunter started on the big cake, Fishy had difficulty in repressing a shudder. It was a three-pound cake, and Fishy had reasonably expected that it would remain almost intact after tea with Carboy. Under Bunter's hefty attack it grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less, till only crumbs remained. Bunter finished up the crumbs.

Fishy ate hardly anything himself. He was too wretched to eat. All his efforts were required to keep something resembling a hospitable grin on his face.

Carboy drank weak tea, with only a little milk and no sugar. That would have been splendid, had he come alone. Now it mattered nothing. Bunter drank tea till all the milk was gone. Then he ate the sugar, lump by lump. Being short-sighted, he left a lump, and Fishy hoped that that lump, at least, would escape. But Bunter took another blink, and the last lump vanished. There was now nothing left on the table, and Bunter blinked round in vain for fresh worlds to conquer.

"Anything in the cupboard, Fishy?" he asked cheerily.

"Nope."

Carboy rose to his feet.

"Thanks awfully for the spread, Fishy. This really is hospitable of you. Come on, Bunter!"

Fisher T. Fish mumbled a farewell. When his guests had departed, he eyed the table and groaned dismally. He could have wept.

"Well, I swow!" he gasped. "That fat clam! Oh dear! Oh crikey! Seven shillings and ninepence-halfpenny! Oh, great Christopher Columbus! Ow!"

Fisher T. Fish sat and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Walking Party!

COVENTRY, for Christopher Clarence Carboy, was a thing of the past.

Some of the fellows had never been in it at all. Some had not been very keen about it. Those who had been keenest had not only given it up, but gone to the other extreme. So the "sentence of the Form" died a natural death within the next few days.

Whether Carboy had or had not been sacked from his last school remained an open question. To most of the fellows it now seemed improbable. Skinner's opinion, that no headmaster would be ass enough to sack the heir of seven million pounds, gained ground. Such a fellow, Skinner pointed out, when he became an Old Boy, might do lots of things for his school, and boards of governors were well known to be jolly keen after endowments, and so on. Besides, wasn't Carboy all right? Wasn't he a really fine fellow? A bit given to japing, perhaps; but that was simply high spirits, rather in his favour than otherwise.

Skinner admitted that he had been wild when Carboy introduced pepper into his cigarettes. But he further admitted that he had been hasty, and a

fellow could do no more than own up to having been in the wrong. Bolsover major took a similar view with regard to the smashing of his Sunday-topper. He had intended to smash Carboy's hat. Carboy had pulled his leg, and led him to smash his own by mistake. A joke was a joke, and Percy Bolsover was not the fellow to bear malice for a joke.

As for Carboy having been sacked from Oldcroft, Bolsover major scouted the idea. A headmaster might not care about the millions, as Skinner supposed, but he would think twice before he sacked a fellow who was a credit to any school.

Carboy's bitterest detractors had become his most enthusiastic admirers and supporters. Fellows, who had spoken of Carboy as a fellow with a past, now only cared to remember that he was a fellow with a future.

The whole story against him had been founded on what Bunter had seen in a letter from Mr. Carboy. But Bunter was now certain that he had misapprehended that letter—indeed, his opinion now was that that letter, rightly construed, would have proved that Carboy never had been sacked.

Certainly, at the time when Carboy had been dared to take the matter before the Remove master, he had refused, and his refusal had condemned him in the general opinion. But that was easily explained now. It was due, as Hazeldene was the first to discover, to pride—a very proper pride. The chap had felt insulted at being suspected, and had very properly disdained to submit to any investigation. It was, in fact, plucky of the chap—showed an independent nature that ought to be admired. And Skinner & Co. agreed that it was so.

If many of the Remove still regarded Carboy with doubtful eyes, they were not the fellows to make themselves unnecessarily unpleasant. The fellows who liked making themselves unpleasant were now all his enthusiastic friends.

But a feeling was growing up in Carboy's new circle of friends that, while seven million pounds in the bush were undoubtedly glorious, a few actual pounds in the hand would not have come amiss.

It was very right and proper for Mr. Carboy, multi-millionaire as he was, to place his son at a school on a precisely equal footing with other fellows. It was in every way to Carboy's credit that he did not splash money about as the Bounder did. Nevertheless, a fellow with such gorgeous expectations might spread himself a little—just a little—in the way, for instance, of standing little treats to chaps who really liked him and refused to hear a word against him.

Bunter saw no reason why Carboy should not cash a postal-order for him occasionally. Fisher T. Fish, who always had a number of articles to sell, opined that Carboy might naturally be expected to purchase some of them, without inquiring too closely into their value. Bolsover major could not help thinking that a party for a matinee at Courtfield Theatre on Wednesday afternoon would be a really good idea. Skinner and Snoop and Stott were rather surprised at not being asked to handsome spreads in Carboy's study. Hazel was really hurt when Carboy declined to lend him a fiver to put on a horse that was absolutely certain to win in a certain race at Wapshot—though he was, perhaps, a little consoled when the horse came in eleventh.

The feeling grew among Carboy's friends that something tangible ought to accrue from their friendship.

Of course, he was a fellow worth



"There's something fishy about that news of Carboy in the 'Friardale Gazette,'" said Harry Wharton. "The reporter must have made a mistake." "Oh, my hat! What a game, if that is so!" said Nugent. "Skinner'll lynch that reporter, if there's nothing in it!" Billy Bunter rolled up at that moment, an ingratiating grin on his fat face. (See Chapter 7.)

knowing and cultivating, anyhow. Christmas holidays at a multi-millionaire's house were worth considering. Carboy had asked nobody as yet; but there was plenty of time for that. Skinner, who was a fellow to look ahead, envisaged a future after school-days were over, when a chap rolling in money would be extremely useful to a needy fellow with his way to make in the world. Still, the feeling grew that a bird in hand was worth two in the bush, and Carboy's friends were undoubtedly of the opinion that something ought to be seen of the family millions at Greyfriars.

On Wednesday afternoon, which was a half-holiday, Carboy's friends looked for him, with the intention of giving him a friendly hint on the subject. They found him speaking to Harry Wharton near the House. Possibly Carboy knew what was in their minds.

"Like a walk this afternoon, Wharton?" he was saying, as his many friends drew near.

"Booked," answered Harry.

He was a little surprised by the question; for although he had made it a point to be civil to Carboy, and they were friendly enough in a way, they certainly were not at all chummy, or likely to be. Carboy did not seem rebuffed by his answer.

"I'm for a jolly good walk," he said, smiling. "I was the best walker at Oldcroft. Sure you won't come?"

"I'm going over to Highcliffe with the fellows," answered Harry.

"You see, I'd rather not go alone

when I'm going to the bank," remarked Carboy.

"The bank!" repeated Wharton.

"Well, footpads and things aren't quite unknown, you know," said Carboy. "A fellow with a hundred pounds in his pockets can't be too careful."

Skinner and Snoop and Stott had stopped close at hand. They exchanged a glance.

"A hundred pounds!" repeated Wharton. "Yes, I should say you'd better be jolly careful if you've got a sum like that about you."

"That's what I think," agreed Carboy.

"I don't know about footpads, but I know that Quelch would jump on you if he heard of it," said the captain of the Remove. "A fellow here isn't allowed to have sums of money like that."

"I suppose not," assented Carboy. "It was the same at Oldcroft, of course. A fellow has to be careful. I'm not going to call on Quelch and tell him that I've got a hundred pounds in my pockets."

"I shouldn't!" said Wharton dryly.

"Well, if you won't come I'll ask some other chap," drawled Carboy, and he turned away, leaving the captain of the Remove staring.

He had not, apparently, noticed Skinner & Co., and he almost ran into them as he left Wharton.

They joined up at once.

"Going out this afternoon, old fellow?" asked Skinner affectionately.

"Yes; I've got to run over to Lantham."

"There's a train from Courtfield—" Carboy shook his head.

"I'm walking it," he answered. "None of your stuffy local trains for me. Besides, I want the exercise."

"It's a good ten miles to Lantham."

"I'm good for more than that."

"After all, we could take the train back," remarked Snoop.

"You fellows like to come?" asked Carboy blandly. "The fact is, I've got a reason for not wanting to go alone." Apparently he was unaware that Skinner & Co. had heard his remarks to the captain of the Remove.

Skinner smiled.

"I heard what you were saying to Wharton," he answered. "You can't be too jolly careful, with a hundred pounds in your pockets. I say, why didn't your father put it in the Courtfield bank for you? It's quite near."

"I dare say my pater has never heard of Courtfield. Anyhow, I've got to go to Lantham. Anybody coming?"

"Yes, rather!"

Three fellows, at least, were coming. But Carboy was not ready to start yet, and before he was ready the news had spread farther. By the time Carboy was ready to walk out at the gates he had quite a numerous party—quite numerous enough to make it safe to carry about a hundred, or indeed a thousand, pounds. Bolsover major and Hazeldene and Fisher T. Fish joined up, and Billy Bunter came rolling up breathlessly. Nobody wanted a ten-mile walk except Carboy. But all Carboy's

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(Continued from page 13.)

friends wanted to go to the bank with him. They were indeed eager to do so. The richest fellow at Greyfriars never had a hundred pounds in his pockets, or anything like it. The millions were materialising at last!

"You chaps all coming?" asked Carboy cheerily. "I say, this is jolly kind of you!"

"I guess we're going to see you safe home, old bean," said Fisher T. Fish.

"We'll come back by train," said Hazel.

"Or car," suggested Skinner. "I dare say Carboy would like to stand a car and make it a joy-ride."

"Ripping!" said Carboy heartily. "I like a joy-ride as much as any other fellow."

"We shall be late for tea," remarked Snoop. "But there's a jolly place in Lantham—the Pagoda—"

"I'm new here, of course," said Carboy; "but you fellows will show me where the Pagoda is."

"Yes, rather, old chap!" said Bunter. "Can you get a really good feed there?" asked Carboy. "None of your twopenny teashops, I hope?"

"Ripping place!" said Skinner. "Best in Lantham! The bills come rather high, but that won't matter to you."

"Not in the least," said Carboy. "I don't see why a fellow shouldn't spread himself a little, just occasionally. What?"

"What-ho!"

Beaming faces surrounded Carboy as he started. The ten-mile walk was rather discouraging—Bunter especially hated the idea of it. But what was to follow was very attractive. At long last, Fisher T. Fish felt comforted, and almost ceased to mourn over the expenditure on that tea in Study No. 14. After all, it had been a sprat to catch a whale, and now the whale was about to be netted.

In high spirits the party started. Those high spirits, however, were not destined to last.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Tired!

CHRISTOPHER CLARENCE CARBOY was a good walker. In games practice he had shown that he could run, and that he had a good and steady supply of that useful article, wind. He did not shine particularly at Soccer; but Harry Wharton had noticed that he would look as fresh as paint after a hard and slogging practice.

In such respects he was extremely unlike his new friends—especially the special friends who were going with him to Lantham. A ten-mile walk on a fine autumn afternoon was little or nothing to Carboy. To his companions it was a tremendous feat, if not an impossible one. Bolsover major was the only member of the escort who was likely to

be in at the death, as it were. And he was likely to be extremely tired and winded.

The weird sense of humour that had haunted Carboy at Greyfriars, and caused him plenty of trouble there, was probably still active. It had led him to bring Bunter to Fishy's feed in Study No. 14—the varying expressions on Fishy's face during that repast having been vastly entertaining to Carboy. No doubt it was the same humorous spirit that led him to take a collection of the frowniest slackers in the Remove on a long country walk.

There was a twinkle in his eye as he started, and he was in great spirits. So were the others—at the start. As a matter of fact, most of them had their own ideas about that walk. Bolsover was able to get through with it alive; but Skinner & Co. did not mean to walk the distance if they could help it. And if there was no help for it, and they had to walk, at least there were to be plenty of long rests by the wayside—if they could contrive it.

It was under half a mile from Greyfriars that Billy Bunter had bellows to mend. A half-mile to Bunter was "some" walk. On the earliest slopes of Redclyffe Hill Bunter lagged behind, and his gasps were frequent and painful and free.

"Buck up, slacker!" jeered Snoop. Even Sidney James Snoop was not fagged yet.

"Groogh!" gasped Bunter.

He lagged further and further behind. But he made great efforts. He wanted to be there when Carboy drew the enormous sum of a hundred pounds from the Lantham bank. Still more, he wanted to be there when the feast took place at the Pagoda.

Still, he knew that he couldn't walk to Lantham. He shuddered at the idea. Really, he would hardly have attempted it in earnest for all the seven millions that belonged—or were supposed to belong—to Carboy's father.

"I say, you fellows, wait for me!" he called out.

"Rats!" retorted Bolsover major.

"Carboy, old chap—"

"Oh, hang on a minute or two for Bunter," said Carboy good-naturedly.

The party halted, and Bunter plugged painfully up the hilly road and rejoined them. He stopped and wiped his perspiring fat brow.

"I say, you fellows, we could get a train at Redclyffe," he said. "What about getting it?"

The party looked at Carboy. They had no objection to a train; indeed, they greatly preferred a train, or any other means of locomotion, to walking. Walking had a resemblance to work.

But Christopher Clarence Carboy shook his head.

"We're walking," he said. "Why, I wouldn't miss this walk for anything! What ripping air, fresh from the sea!"

"Oh, bother the air!" said Bunter.

"What lovely views of the woods—look at the wood on that hill turning a beautiful autumnal brown—"

"Rubbish!" said Bunter. "Look here, if you fellows want to walk, all right; but I'll take the train. See?"

"Just as you like," agreed Carboy. "Come on, you men."

He re-started after the interval.

"Hold on!" yelled Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! What is it now?"

"I've come out without any money," explained Bunter. "Left it all in my study. You'll have to lend me my fare to Lantham."

Carboy ran his hands through his pockets.

"What a rotten coincidence!" he exclaimed.

"Eh? What's a coincidence?"

"I've come out without any money, too," said Carboy blandly. "Left it all in my study, like you."

"Oh, really, Carboy—"

"Some of these fellows—" suggested Carboy, glancing round at his friends.

The suggestion was sufficient to start the whole party into action again. They walked on.

"I say, you fellows!" howled Bunter.

The fellows walked on regardless. Christopher Clarence Carboy followed them.

Billy Bunter stood in the dusty road and blinked after them through his big glasses, with feelings too deep for words.

He plugged on a few more steps, and then stopped again. It was useless to proceed.

Nobody in the party, it was evident, was going to lend Bunter any money. If he went to Lantham that day he had to go afoot. He could almost as easily have walked to Lands' End or John o' Groats, as to Lantham, on his own unaided limbs. The game was up—for Bunter.

He thought of Carboy at the bank; he thought of the whole party at the Pagoda, and groaned. That glorious prospect was not for him. He was out of the race in the first lap.

In deep dismay and indignation, William George Bunter sank down on a grassy bank by the roadside, to take a rest before he tramped wearily back to Greyfriars. And the remarks he made concerning Carboy hinted that his friendship for that youth was undergoing a very severe strain.

Meanwhile, the party proceeded on their way. They were quite cheery as they passed over the top of Redclyffe Hill, and did not waste any sympathy on the fellow who had been left behind. Nobody wanted Bunter—the whole party thought that Carboy was an ass to have let him butt in; and Bunter was now disposed of to the general satisfaction.

Carboy swung along with elastic freshness on the further slope of the hill. On the downward path Skinner & Co. did fairly well. But in the fourth mile to Lantham came another long rise in the ground, and Sidney James Snoop proposed a rest.

Skinner and Stott backed up the suggestion; Hazel and Fishy agreed that it was a good idea; Bolsover major nodded assent. But Christopher Clarence Carboy looked impatient.

"Look here, I've come out for a walk," he said. "You fellows rest if you like—I'll keep on."

"I don't want a rest," said Bolsover major at once. "Let those slackers sit around while we go on."

"I guess I'm good for ten miles, and a few over," declared Fisher T. Fish. "I should smile!"

"Oh, get on!" said Hazel, rather sulkily. It was Hazel's way to grow sulky when he was tired, as if his fatigue was somebody else's fault.

Carboy was going on, as fresh as ever. Skinner & Co. followed, but their high spirits had evaporated by this time, and they seemed to be suffering from a pessimistic outlook on life.

At a cross-roads Sidney James Snoop stopped. He pointed to a signpost.

"Bridgewood is only a quarter of a mile off the road," he said. "There's a station there."

"After all, we've walked nearly half the distance," remarked Skinner. "May as well train the rest."

"Why not, if you like?" said Carboy. "I'm walking!"

"We'll wait for you at Lantham Station."
 "But I am not going anywhere near Lantham Station."
 "The bank is opposite the station."
 "Not the bank I'm going to."
 "Well, look here, we'll meet you at the Pagoda, then," said Skinner, who was getting very restive. "What time?"
 "I may not go to the Pagoda—depends on whether I like the look of the place," said Carboy. "Can't make arrangements about a place I've never seen."
 "Oh, let's keep on!" said Bolsover major. "We're wasting time—and getting tired standing about."
 "I'm tired!" grunted Hazel.
 "You shouldn't start on a walk if you're not fit!" Bolsover major was getting tired, too, and, as a consequence, quarrelsome.
 "I don't see why we can't make arrangements to meet somewhere in Lantham!" said Skinner surlily.
 "Well, I do," said Carboy impatiently. "If you're coming with me to the bank, you're coming with me to the bank. If you don't care for the walk you can back out. There's nothing to stop you."
 And Carboy marched on.
 His friends followed; Snoop trailing more and more to the rear. Snoop realised that he could not stand it and sat down on a stone at last.
 "I'll follow you fellows!" he called out.
 They disappeared along the country road, while Snoop took a rest. But Snoop, when he had rested, did not follow. Nothing would have induced him to attempt to negotiate the other five miles. He knew that if he did he would not arrive at Lantham in time for anything but taking a train home. He limped away to Bridgewood Station. There he could have taken a train on to Lantham, but as Carboy had refused to appoint a meeting-place, he would not have had much chance of finding the party there. Snoop took a train back to Friardale and returned to Greyfriars—in a most unpleasant temper. At the gates of the school he came on Billy Bunter, limping in. Bunter blinked at him.
 "Where are the other beasts?" he asked.
 "The rotters have gone on!" grunted Snoop.
 "I hope they'll get jolly tired!" said Bunter charitably.
 "Blow them!" said Snoop.
 "That beast Carboy—" said Bunter.
 "That rotter Carboy—" snarled Snoop.
 "I shouldn't wonder if he was sacked from his last school, after all," said Bunter.
 "I'm jolly sure he was!" growled Snoop. "I wish he was sacked from Greyfriars, too!"
 The two juniors went in, grouching.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Left Behind!

"LOOK here!" said Skinner.
 "Well?"
 "Oh, nothing!"
 The walking-party plugged on. Christopher Clarence Carboy was feeling no strain. Evidently he was enjoying the walk—with a heartless indifference to the lack of enjoyment on the part of his friends. Possibly he appraised their friendship at its true value, and did not think that they mattered very much.
 Bolsover major was tramping along in silence, with grim endurance. He was the heftiest of the party, and was good for the walk, though he did not like it. But Skinner and Stott were aching and weary, and Hazel had a settled expression of enmity and bitterness on his face. Fisher T. Fish had to drag his feet from the ground at every step. But Fishy kept on heroically. Fishy was prepared to walk his legs almost off, rather than part with a galoot who was going to draw five hundred dollars from the bank.
 Hazel stumbled and almost fell. He gathered himself up again, with an expression on his speaking countenance that revealed a bitter hatred of the whole human race in general, and Christopher Clarence Carboy in particular.
 "Look here, I'm fed-up!" he snarled.
 Carboy glanced round.
 "Tired?" he asked.
 "I'm jolly well worn out!" said Hazel savagely. "Hang you and your ten-mile walk! Couldn't we take a train?"
 "I haven't stopped you from taking a train, have I?" asked Carboy, raising his eyebrows.
 "Well, I'm not going on."
 "Sorry to lose you!" said Carboy politely. "I am! Ta-ta!"
 Hazel leaned heavily against a tree and watched the walking-party trail out of sight, with a bitter stare. Loans of fivers, feasts at the Pagoda, did not appeal to Hazel now. His legs felt as if they would drop off. His only feeling towards Carboy was a desire to punch him hard—if he had had strength enough left to punch anybody.

(Continued on next page.)



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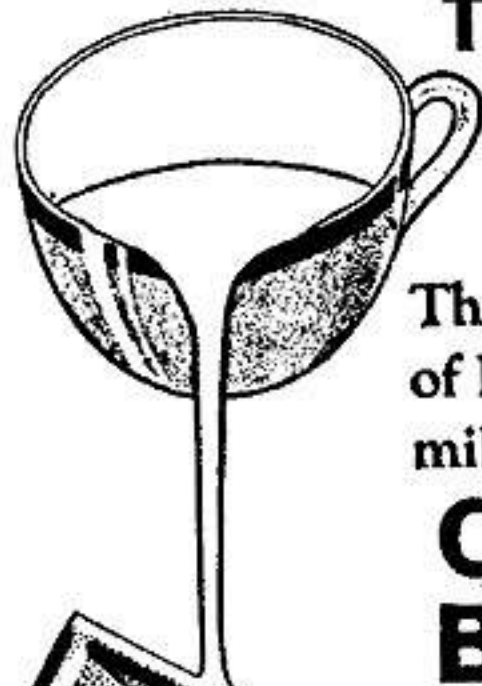
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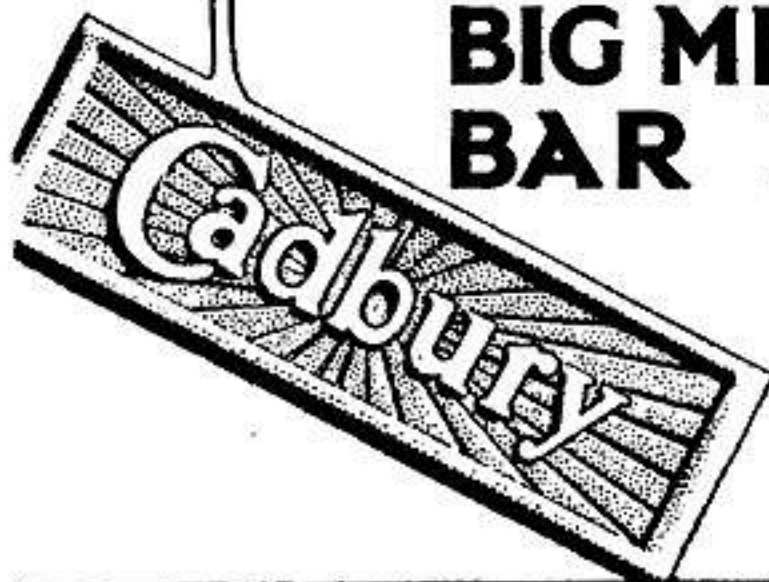
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He leaned on the tree and groaned and gaped. Unless he got some sort of a lift back he did not know how he was ever going to get to Greyfriars again.

The reduced walking-party walked on. It was soon reduced still further. Frederick Stott, without taking the trouble to announce his intention, dropped behind, and sat down, and made no attempt to rejoin the party.

Only three members of the walking-party remained with Carboy now—Bolsover major still going fairly strong, Skinner and Fishy limping painfully, and mumbling dolorously.

Fisher T. Fish was the next to break up—only two miles out of Lantham. But those two miles might as well have been two hundred, so far as Fisher Tarleton Fish was concerned.

"I guess I'm chucking this, you galoots!" gasped Fishy. "I ain't tired—I don't mean that! But I'm fed-up, I can tell you! The roads in this pesky old island ain't fit for a guy to walk on! Br-r-r-r!"

And Fisher T. Fish tailed off. His bony legs were nearly dropping from his bony body.

"Lovely afternoon, isn't it?" remarked Carboy, as he passed out of Fishy's sight with Bolsover major and Skinner.

Neither of his companions replied. Skinner had no breath for speech, and Bolsover major was tired and sulky and angry.

"No good keeping on by the high-road," went on Carboy. "Too jolly thick with cars! There's a lane—"

Skinner found his voice.

"The lane's a mile longer round!" he gasped.

"That's all right! What's a mile?"

"What's a mile?" stuttered Skinner.

"A mere step to a good walker!" said Carboy breezily. "Come on! We turn off the road at this corner!"

"Look here—" shrieked Skinner.

Carboy seemed deaf. He turned the corner, and walked up the leafy lane with his elastic step.

Bolsover major and Skinner halted at the corner. They cast inimical glares after Carboy, and then looked at one another.

"He's pulling our leg!" hissed Skinner. "He knows we can't walk all these miles. Goodness knows how he can do it himself!"

"Well, I can do it!" said Bolsover major. "I'll walk that brute off his legs, and chance it! I'd rather punch his head, though!"

"I'd like to lynch him!"

"Well, he's gone on! We shall lose him at this rate! Come on!"

"I'm not coming any farther! I can't!"

"Slacker!" jeered Bolsover major.

And he hurried along after Carboy.

Skinner sat down and gasped and groaned. He had made his mind to do the other two miles into Lantham somehow. But when the two miles extended into three Skinner was done—done to the wide. He felt that he would not have walked those three miles, even to be given, as a present, the hundred pounds that Carboy was going to draw from the bank. He sat and moaned; and it was a good hour before he picked himself up, to hunt for some sort of a lift back to Greyfriars.

Carboy was going strong, and Bolsover major had to put on speed to overtake him. But he did overtake him, and they walked on together.

Carboy was whistling merrily, and Bolsover wondered where he got the

wind for it. Bolsover certainly had no wind to spare.

"What about taking a short cut?" asked Carboy suddenly.

Bolsover major brightened up. They had done a mile of the lane; and a short cut was about the happiest suggestion that anybody could have made, in Bolsover's opinion.

"What-ho!" he said.

Carboy vaulted lightly over a stile into a field footpath; Bolsover clambered over it slowly after him.

By a grassy path they pursued their way. A mile—which seemed at least a league to Bolsover major—passed under their feet. By that time the roofs of Lantham should have been in easy sight. But only fields and woods surrounded them.

Bolsover major stared round him with growing alarm.

"I say, are you sure about this short cut?" he asked. "I don't know much about the paths, so far from Greyfriars. Are you sure this leads to Lantham?"

"Not at all!"

"What?" gasped Bolsover major.

"I'm new here, of course," said Carboy. "I know less of the country than you do."

Bolsover stared at him.

"You said it was a short cut!" he gasped.

"Well, a fellow can't be too sure about these things, without even a signpost about," said Carboy. "I dare say it's all right. Let's keep on and see."

"You silly ass!"

"Thanks!"

"You footling chump!"

"You're wasting your breath, old chap, and you haven't much to spare. Come on!" said Carboy encouragingly.

He accelerated a little, and Bolsover major panted after him.

"Stop, you dummy!" hooted Bolsover. "I'm jolly well not going on till I find out whether we're going right."

"My dear man, I came out for a walk, and I'm not keen on going straight to Lantham. In fact, I'd rather go round a bit to see the country."

"Well, I don't want to!" roared Bolsover major. "I want a rest."

"Suit yourself, old bean."

"Hang on, I tell you, till we find out where we are."

"Oh, put it on!" said Carboy.

He swung on his way. Bolsover major limped after him. They came out into a lane at last, after what seemed to Bolsover miles, and miles, and miles of weary tramping across fields. In the lane was a signpost, which gave the inspiring information that it was five miles to Lantham. Obviously, the short cut had not led in that direction.

Bolsover major sat down at the foot of the signpost.

"Five miles!" said Carboy thoughtfully. "It will be quite a walk—quite! Still, it's no good grousing. Come on!"

He swung away towards Lantham.

Bolsover major did not follow.

He couldn't.

He sat on the grass, leaning back against the signpost, weary to the bone. He did not stir when Carboy glanced back over his shoulder.

"Coming?" called out Carboy.

Bolsover did not answer.

Carboy stared at him and walked on by himself. He had dropped the last member of his escort. He had left Greyfriars with seven friends, and he walked into Lantham alone.

Which, possibly, was what Christopher Clarence Carboy had intended all along.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Golden Youth!

HARRY WHARTON glanced very curiously at Carboy when that youth came into Study No. 1 for prep. that evening. Frank Nugent regarded him with equal interest. Carboy seemed very fresh and cheery. His long walk that afternoon had not, apparently, told on him at all.

Seven miserable fellows in the Remove had limped in to call-over, looking as if they found life hardly worth living, but Carboy had turned up as bright as a new penny.

He strolled into the study and sat down at the table and pulled out his books. All the Remove knew, by this time, that Christopher Clarence Carboy had gone over to Lantham that day to draw a hundred pounds from the bank, and that a party of friends had gone with him, to see him safe home with it.

Such a sum as a hundred pounds made Lower Fourth fellows gasp, though it was, of course, a mere trifle in comparison with the seven million pounds to which Christopher Clarence was heir. If a man had seven million pounds it was quite possible that he might give his son a hundred to spend. Still, it was a stupendous sum to fellows who counted their pocket-money by shillings and sixpences. A fellow with a hundred pounds in his pockets was sure of the kindest regards of quite a large number of his schoolfellows. Indeed, it was only Carboy's gilt-edged state—or supposed gilt-edged state—that saved him from the vengeance of some of the members of that unhappy walking-party.

"Had a nice walk this afternoon?" asked Frank Nugent, with a grin.

"Ripping!" said Carboy heartily. "Beautiful scenery round about here. You can't beat Kent for scenery."

"You must have seen a lot of it, from what I hear."

"Quite a lot," agreed Carboy.

"Bunter's nearly dead."

"Poor old Bunter! He would come."

"Snoop's limping."

"I suppose he would be," agreed Carboy. "He's not much of a walker, I wonder why he started on such a jolly long walk?"

"Hazel's in the worst temper I've ever seen him in."

"I dare say he got tired," said Carboy tolerantly. "Some fellows get cross when they're tired."

"Bolsover's like a bear with a sore head."

"I thought he was more like an ass with sore feet."

Nugent chuckled.

"I suppose you walked them off their feet for a lark. One of your fat-headed japes—what?"

"The whole party crocked up, I hear," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Yes; they seemed to get a bit tired," agreed Carboy.

"And you lost your escort, after all?" said the captain of the Remove. "I hope you got the hundred pounds safe to Greyfriars. Hardly safe for a fellow to walk about alone with a sum like that on him."

"I wasn't robbed coming back," answered Carboy cheerfully. "I say, lend me a Latin dic, will you?"

Carboy gave his attention to prep. Apparently he did not want to discuss the hundred pounds.

"You'll have to keep it pretty dark," remarked Nugent.

"Eh, what?"

"I mean, having such a sum as a



Bolsover major sat down at the foot of the signpost. "Come on!" said Carboy. "It's another five miles yet, but it's no good grousing!" He walked on. But Bolsover major did not follow—he couldn't. He sat on the grass, leaning back against the signpost, weary to the bone. (See Chapter 11.)

hundred quid. Quelchy would be down on you like a ton of bricks."

"I'm not going to mention it to Quelch."

"The whole Form's talking about it," said Wharton. "When a thing's talked about a lot it has a way of getting round to the masters."

"My hat! What would Quelchy do if he knew?"

"He would make you hand the money over, to be returned to your father. He wouldn't let you keep more than five—or ten, at the most," said the captain of the Remove. "And he would write your father a jolly stiff letter on the subject, too. Fellows aren't allowed to roll in money in the Lower Fourth. Blessed if I see what you want such a sum for in a lump. A fellow can't spend a hundred pounds at school."

"Oh, money goes," said Carboy. "I'm not unpopular now, as I was last week, you know. I've a lot of friends. I'm sure they'd be willing to help me spend more than a hundred pounds."

"I've no doubt about that," said Wharton dryly.

Carboy grinned and went on with his prep. Prep was not finished when Skinner looked into the study.

"Coming down, Carboy, old chap?" he asked.

"When I've finished prep."

"I'll wait."

"Do, old bean!"

Skinner lounged in the doorway and waited for his friend. Skinner was still horribly tired—too tired for prep. His face was more pasty than usual, and he was extremely bad tempered—inwardly. But no sign of bad temper showed in his face. Skinner was not the fellow

to display resentment towards a chap with a hundred pounds in his pockets.

He leaned on the door while he waited. He simply could not stand without leaning against something.

Carboy rose from the table at last. He slipped his hand into an inside pocket and drew out a sealed envelope. It gave a crisp and rustling sound as he handled it. Skinner's eyes fastened on that envelope with a greedy gleam in them.

Carboy slipped it back into his pocket.

"Only seeing that it's safe," he remarked. "I'm coming down now, Skinner."

"Come on, old fellow!" said Skinner affectionately.

They went down to the Rag together.

In the Rag that evening Carboy was the cynosure of all eyes. His friends, recovered a little from their fatigue, rallied round him like one man. Had Carboy been a lover of solitude he would have found it difficult to gratify his taste in that direction. He could not move without at least two or three attached friends surrounding him.

Once or twice he was seen to slip his hand into his inside pocket, obviously feeling the envelope there to make sure it was safe. When Skinner thought of the amount of banknotes that that envelope must contain he felt that he could forgive Carboy everything.

When the Remove went to bed that night Carboy was seen to place the envelope carefully under his pillow. Billy Bunter's eyes followed it longingly.

"I say, Carboy, old chap," he squeaked, "if you'd like me to mind that envelope for you—"

"Thanks; it's all right where it is."

"I shouldn't open it, of course, old fellow. Besides, there's no harm in just looking at the banknotes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carboy went to bed with the envelope under his pillow. If he dreamed, he certainly did not dream of what was in that envelope. But many other fellows did. Bunter dreamed of unlimited feasts stood by the golden youth of Greyfriars. Dollars and dimes danced before the sleeping vision of Fisher T. Fish. Skinner no doubt had his own happy visions, for he smiled in his sleep, and assuredly it was not a clear conscience that made him smile.

In the morning, when the Remove turned out, Carboy's first action was to transfer the sealed envelope to his pocket. So many friends went down with him that he looked as if he were leading an army. The love of money is said to be the root of all evil. But in this case it had produced a large number of touching and devoted friendships, and won Christopher Clarence Carboy golden opinions from all sorts of people.

That day Carboy was, as Fishy would have described it, the "goods." He was "it"! Other fellows were merely also rans. For the first time on record a Greyfriars junior was walking about the school with a hundred pounds in his pocket—or, at least, was believed to be doing so. Skinner could scarcely credit, when he looked back on his asinine conduct, that he had ever taken the lead in sending this splendid chap to Coventry—a chap who walked over to a bank and drew out a hundred pounds, just as any other fellow might draw ten bob from the Post Office.

The mere possession of that sealed THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1.081.

envelope was like a halo round Carboy's head. But satisfactory as it was to contemplate the contents of that envelope, in their thoughts, Carboy's friends could not help thinking that it was time for the envelope to be opened and the banknotes to be placed in circulation. But the envelope, so far, reposed unopened in Carboy's inside pocket. No doubt there was a good time coming; but it had not yet come.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Carboy's Bank 1

MR. QUELCH came into the Remove Form-room that afternoon with a somewhat severe expression on his face.

Fellows who noticed his look guessed at once that something was "up." They knew what Quelch's various expressions meant, and they had no doubt that somebody was "for it."

When it was observed that his gimlet eye fixed on Christopher Clarence Carboy the juniors knew what was the matter.

Quelch had heard!

It was scarcely possible for the Form master to remain in ignorance of the excitement in his Form. A matter that was breathlessly discussed throughout the Lower School was bound to come, sooner or later, to the knowledge of masters or prefects. Indeed, many fellows had expected Quelch to get on to it sooner.

Now it appeared that at last he had got on to it, and the Remove wondered what was going to happen.

Skinner & Co. were deeply annoyed. It was absolutely certain that if the Remove master discovered a Remove man in possession of such a sum as a hundred pounds he would descend on that Remove man like a wolf on the fold, and call him to strict account. If he left the fellow with a tenner out of the hundred the fellow would be lucky. The rest would be returned to the fellow's father with a very stiff letter from Quelch, pointing out the injudiciousness of bestowing such sums on a schoolboy. As soon as Quelch's attention was drawn to the matter it was all up with the hundred pounds, and with the schemes that Skinner & Co. had laid regarding it. And now the chopper was coming down.

"Carboy!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Stand out before the Form."

Carboy stood out before the Form.

All eyes were fixed on him, but Carboy did not seem at all confused or put out. He was cheery and smiling.

"A most extraordinary story has come to my ears," said Mr. Quelch in his deepest voice.

"Indeed, sir."

"I cannot believe that it is correct, but it is a matter that I must investigate without loss of time. From what I have heard, Carboy, it would appear that you are in possession of a large sum of money—a much larger sum than any Greyfriars boy, even a Sixth-Former, is allowed to possess while at school."

"Oh, sir!" said Carboy.

"The sum that has been mentioned," said Mr. Quelch, "is a hundred pounds."

"Indeed, sir."

"You will tell me at once, Carboy, whether you are in possession of any such sum!"

"No, sir."

Carboy's answer was immediate. The Removites stared harder, and Skinner grinned a little.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

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Wharton's lip curled.

Every man in the Remove knew that Carboy had a hundred pounds in banknotes in the sealed envelope in his pocket. Yet with complete coolness he denied the well-known fact. Even William George Bunter would have hesitated to tell such a whacking whopper as that. Carboy did it without turning a hair. Skinner & Co., who were not very particular about veracity themselves, hoped that he would get away with it.

"You have no such sum, Carboy?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"I require to know how much money you have in your possession at the present moment, Carboy."

"Two shillings and sevenpence, sir."

"That is all?"

"That is all, sir."

"I make it a rule," said Mr. Quelch, "to accept the word of any member of my Form, unless I should have grave reason for doubting it. In the present case I am bound to go farther, though you must not take this as implying any doubt of your honour, Carboy."

"Thank you, sir!"

"The matter appears to be the talk of the school," said Mr. Quelch. "Several Sixth-Form prefects have mentioned it to me, as well as some other masters in Common-room. It is extraordinary if such a story has spread about the school with no foundation whatever."

"Oh, quite, sir!"

"Have you a sealed envelope in your pocket, Carboy?"

I · SEE · ALL

"Yes, sir."

"What does it contain?"

"A folded sheet of tissue paper, sir."

There were gasps of astonishment among the Removites.

"I scarcely understand this, Carboy. For what possible reason can you be carrying about with you a sealed envelope containing a folded sheet of tissue paper?"

"Because tissue paper rustles like banknotes, sir."

"What?"

There was another sensation in the Remove.

Mr. Quelch eyed Carboy as if he would penetrate that youth's innocent face with his gimlet eyes.

"Am I to understand, Carboy, that you have been playing a trick, giving your schoolfellows the deliberate impression that you have a large sum of money, when such is not the case?"

"Yes, sir."

"And for what reason?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch sharply.

"Only a lark, sir!" answered Carboy meekly. "I've never said that I had any money in the envelope. If fellows jump to conclusions it's not my fault, is it, sir?"

"A most absurd trick, Carboy. I have noticed before this absurd tendency to practical joking on your part, and I do not approve of it."

"Oh, sir!"

"That, however, is a matter into which I have no desire to enter," said Mr. Quelch. "A foolish practical joke on your schoolfellows is no concern of your Form master. But I must ascertain that what you state is correct, Carboy. Place the envelope on my desk."

"Certainly, sir."

Carboy drew out the sealed envelope and placed it on the Form master's desk. All eyes in the Remove followed it.

Skinner & Co. were the prey of mingled feelings. They hoped that the truth was that Carboy, foreseeing inquiry, had prepared for it, and was "stuffing" the Remove master. But they could not help feeling a very deep misgiving. Billy Bunter's jaw dropped, and he watched Carboy through his big spectacles, with his mouth agape. If there was nothing but tissue paper in that famous envelope, where were all the glorious feeds that Bunter had anticipated?

Mr. Quelch glanced at the envelope, but did not touch it. He fixed his eyes on Carboy again. Possibly he suspected—as Skinner hoped was the case—that a dummy envelope might have been prepared for his official inspection.

"I must question you further, Carboy! Did you go to Lantham yesterday afternoon?"

"I did, sir."

"Did you inform a number of boys that you were going to a bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go to the bank?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Did you go alone, or with others?"

"I started with a lot of fellows, sir," answered Carboy; "but they all seemed to get tired, and I got to Lantham alone."

"You will be very careful in answering my next question, Carboy. Doubtless you are aware that, although you went alone, I can ascertain the precise facts by telephoning to the bank?"

"No, sir, I was not aware of that."

"Indeed! You are aware of it, at least, now that I have told you."

"I suppose it must be so, sir, as you have told me; but I should not have thought it possible," answered Carboy.

"Very well! Take care to answer my question correctly," said the Remove master. "Did you draw money from the bank?"

"No, sir!"

"Then why did you go there?"

There was a pause, and the Remove watched Carboy breathlessly. If he was lying to the Form master, it seemed difficult for him to produce any untruth that would pass muster now. Even Billy Bunter would have been at a loss.

"I went chiefly for the walk, sir," replied Carboy at last. "I'm fond of walking, sir."

"Possibly. But that was no reason for going to a bank. What did you do at the bank?"

"Just looked round, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"To admire the scenery, sir."

Mr. Quelch started, and the Remove fairly gasped. Carboy spoke quite calmly and sedately, as if he considered it quite a natural proceeding for a fellow to go to a bank to admire the scenery. What "scenery" there could be to admire at the Lantham bank was rather a mystery.

"Are you speaking seriously, Carboy?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch at last.

"Quite, sir."

"You have the effrontery to tell me that you went to the bank at Lantham to admire the scenery?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

"And what scenery, boy, is there at the bank at Lantham?"

"Lots, sir! Trees and woods and fields and the downs in the distance, and—"

"What?"

"I thought it ripping, sir."

"Carboy! To what bank did you go at Lantham yesterday afternoon?" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"The bank of the river, sir."

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Dark Doubts!

DEAD silence fell on the Remove Form-room.

Mr. Quelch was bereft of the power of speech.

The Removites sat dumb.

For some moments a pin might have been heard to fall.

The Remove master found his voice at last.

"The—the bank of the river! Did you say the—the bank of the river, Carboy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Carboy sedately.

"The—the bank of the—the river!" repeated Mr. Quelch, in a dazed sort of way.

"The river Sark, sir," said Carboy, with cheerful calmness. "It's quite a small stream so far inland as Lantham; but the scenery is very pretty, sir. There's an old bridge—"

"You walked to Lantham yesterday to visit the bank of the river there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Either there is some very strange misunderstanding or you have been deliberately misleading me and others," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, sir!"

"Did you lead other boys to believe that the bank you were going to was the Lantham bank?"

"I can't say what they believed, sir. I certainly never mentioned the Lantham bank. I said I was going to the bank there. That's what I did, sir—the bank of the Sark—"

"Did you state that you were going to draw a hundred pounds from the bank at Lantham?"

"Oh, no, sir! Never!"

"What did you say on this subject, Carboy?"

"I said that a fellow with a hundred pounds in his pockets couldn't be too careful, sir. I made the remark to Wharton. He will bear me out."

Wharton gasped. He remembered Carboy's remark—from which he had certainly drawn a wrong impression.

"It was merely a remark, sir," continued Carboy blandly. "Such a remark as any fellow might make."

"I fear, Carboy, that you made this remark with the deliberate intention of misleading those who heard you."

"I often get misunderstood, sir," said Carboy meekly. "It's not my fault, sir, if fellows misunderstand a perfectly ordinary remark."

There was a pause.

"In short, Carboy, I am to understand that there is nothing whatever in this extraordinary story I have heard concerning you?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"You will open that envelope in my presence."

"I've no objection, sir."

"Do so at once!"

Carboy picked up the famous sealed envelope, slit it with his penknife, and turned out the contents. A folded sheet of stiff tissue paper came to light. It rustled crisply as Carboy took it out of the envelope, with the soft, banknote-like sound that fellows had heard before when Carboy handled that envelope.

Mr. Quelch knitted his brows.

"Throw that rubbish into the waste-paper basket, Carboy!"

"Yes, sir."

There was another long pause. Mr. Quelch's hand strayed to his cane; but he did not pick it up.

"The matter turns out to be an absurd practical joke," he said slowly. "You have wasted your Form master's time and the time of the class, Carboy."

ALL THROUGH BUNTER!

SPECIAL
FOR
NEXT
WEEK.



FULL
OF
SURPRISES!

By
FRANK
RICHARDS

There's something fishy about Christopher Clarence Carboy. He was sacked from his last school. He must have done something disgraceful to be sacked.

But—

What?

Billy Bunter, the Paul Pry of Greyfriars, has got this bee in his bonnet, and he won't be satisfied till he's found out WHY CARBOY WAS SACKED!

Once Bunter gets on the track of someone else's private business, then that business doesn't remain private long.

The surprising events that follow Bunter's inquisitiveness you will read in:

"ALL THROUGH BUNTER!"

By FRANK RICHARDS,

next week's rousing long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

ORDER NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE TO DAY, CHUMS!

You will take a hundred lines of Virgil. Go to your place!"

Carboy went to his place.

Skinner's eyes met his as he passed with a glare of fury. Skinner's misgivings had been justified. The whole affair had ended in smoke; it was one more of Carboy's leg-pulling stunts. Skinner, thinking of that awful walk to Lantham—from which his legs still ached—breathed fury.

But Carboy, as he passed him, winked.

Skinner started.

That wink seemed to imply that it was all right, after all. Was it possible, then, that Carboy had only been "stuffing" Mr. Quelch all this time, and that the hundred pounds had a real existence, tucked away somewhere far from the Form master's ken? That sly wink certainly seemed to imply as much. On the other hand, Carboy might only be stuffing Skinner. Harold Skinner did not know whether to glare at him threateningly or to wink back in a friendly manner. It was most uncomfortable.

Carboy sat down again.

The afternoon's work proceeded, but Skinner & Co. did not give Mr. Quelch very much attention. They couldn't. Their minds were filled with dark and troubling doubts. Had Carboy been stuffing Quelch, or had he been stuffing their noble selves? If there was a real hundred pounds, they were still his loyal and devoted chums, prepared to go through fire and water for him. If, on the other hand, the hundred pounds was all "gammon," they could not help suspecting that the famous paragraph in the "Friardale Gazette" might be "gammon," too—in which case they hated Carboy with a deadly hatred, and yearned to lynch him in the Remove passage.

Such a doubtful state of mind was very disconcerting. Not to know for certain whether you loved a fellow like a brother, or hated him like poison, was

quite upsetting. It made it difficult for a chap to know how to act. Snoop, who was sitting next to Carboy, did not know whether to pass him a packet of toffee because he liked him so much, or to hack his shins under the desk because he hated him. Bolsover major could not decide whether when class was over he would link arms with Carboy in the passage, or bang the fellow's head on the passage wall. Hazeldene, who had intended to take Carboy to tea at Cliff House on Saturday and borrow a fiver of him on the way felt all at sea, quite unable to make up his mind.

Fellows in the Remove were generally eager for class to come to an end. On this particular afternoon some of the fellows were uncommonly eager. Skinner & Co. could scarcely endure the prosing of old Quelch that afternoon. They longed to get out of the Form-room, and settle the matter of Carboy one way or the other. They still hoped for the best; but their misgivings were stronger than their hopes. They remembered that Christopher Clarence Carboy was an incorrigible japer—and they could not help feeling that the Carboy millions were just one more of Carboy's weird japes—merely that, and nothing more.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Carboy Loses His Friends!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But I say—"

"We've got to settle it!" said

Snoop.

"I'll smash him!" said Bolsover major.

"I'll pulverise him!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I won't leave so much as a grease-spot of that perky guy if I—"

"If!" said Stott.

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"That's the trouble! There's an if!" hissed Skinner.

It was a meeting in Skinner's study after class. All Carboy's new friends were there. They met to debate the doubtful matter. Questioning Carboy was no use. The fellow would only pull their leg. Besides, they could not question him without implying want of faith. That would never do, if he was a multi-millionaire, and they were to remain his loyal pals.

But they had to know. It was obvious that they had to know. They could not go on like this.

Carboy, for instance, had a hundred lines. If all was well his friends were keen and eager to do those lines for him. If all wasn't well, naturally, they were not keen or eager.

"It's all gammon!" growled Bolsover major. "He's taken us in, as he's taken in every man in the Remove some time or other. It was just a trick to get us to let him out of Coventry."

"It looks like it," said Hazel slowly. "I suppose he was, as a matter of fact, sacked from Oldcroft."

"Bet you he was!" said Snoop.

"Wash that out!" grunted Skinner. "We can't rake that up again, and send him to Coventry after—"

"I'll smash him!" hissed Bolsover major.

"We want to know how the matter stands," said Skinner. "He may be stuffing Quelch in the Form-room."

"If so, he was telling a thumping lot of lies!" said Snoop.

"Well, very likely he was."

"He ain't that sort," said Stott. "He's a japing beast; but he's no liar. He was giving it straight to Quelch."

"That means that there's nothing in it, if you're right," said Skinner. "But—but there was that paragraph in the paper. Of course, the reporter may have made a mistake—mixed him up with somebody else of the same name, or something. Reporters make lots of mistakes."

"If you read a thing in a newspaper you can generally depend on it that it isn't true," said Snoop. Snoop's opinion of journalism seemed to have fallen to a very low ebb.

"Still, the man must have had something to go on," said Hazel. "Of course, Carboy may have inserted that paragraph himself."

"What?" roared all the study.

"Well, they'd print anything in the local paper if it was paid for," said Hazel. "They have a regular charge for reports of social events and so on. They don't advertise you for nothing."

Skinner gasped.

"My only hat! I never dreamed of that! Of course, that utter rotter may have put in the paragraph, paying for it to be inserted. May even have got it in for nothing, as they'd believe it was true. Smithy could get a paragraph in about his pater's rotten millions if he liked. Is it possible—"

"Quite!" snarled Hazel.

Fisher T. Fish groaned.

Seven shillings and ninepence half-penny had Fisher Tarleton Fish expended on a study spread to ingratiate himself with the son and heir of a multi-millionaire. Ninety-three pence and a halfpenny. The halfpenny alone would have given Fishy a pain. The ninety-three pence overwhelmed him with gloom and woe.

"He fixed it up!" said Snoop bitterly. "It was a dodge to get out of Coventry, and make fools of us for being down on him. He knew the kind of fellows who'd rise to such a bait."

"Oh, cheese it!" growled Bolsover

major. "I don't care anything about the chap's money, and never did."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"It makes us look as if we were after the fellow's money," said Snoop.

Skinner sneered bitterly.

"Oh, cut all that out!" he said contemptuously. "We were after his money. And what's the good of gammon among ourselves?"

"Look here—" snorted Bolsover major.

"Oh, keep to business!" snapped Skinner. "We've got to find out. We're going to do the brute's lines for him if he's rolling in money. We're going to scrag him if he isn't. Don't gammon!"

The whole meeting glared at Skinner. No doubt his observations were well-founded. But all the meeting felt that this brutal frankness was in the very worst of taste.

"We can find out by asking at the local paper office," said Hazel sullenly.

"If they printed that stuff as an ordinary news item in good faith, as I've no doubt they did, they won't mind letting us know where they got it. I know that reporter chap. He's the brother of one of the Form-mistresses at Cliff House, and I've seen him there. I can cut down on my bike and ask him."

"Pity you didn't think of that before," growled Bolsover.

"Did you think of it?" jeered Hazel.

"I say, you fellows, I thought there was something fishy about that paragraph all the time."

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"In fact, I thought all along. Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter, as Bolsover major hacked his fat shin.

"Now, shut up!" snarled Bolsover ferociously.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bunter shut up.

"Plenty of time to cut down to Friardale before lock-up," said Skinner.

"You get off, Hazel, and let's know how we stand."

Hazel nodded, and left the study. The meeting broke up. It broke up in the very worst of tempers.

Skinner & Co. rather wanted to avoid Carboy. Until Hazel came back from Friardale with definite news, they really did not know how to treat Christopher Clarence. Skinner, and Snoop, and Stott remained in their study after the other fellows went out to keep out of Carboy's way.

But Christopher Clarence Carboy was not to be avoided. Perhaps he knew that he was on the verge of what Fishy called a show-down, and was desirous of making hay while the sun still shone. There was a tap at the door of No. 11 Study, and Carboy's cheerful face looked in at three scowling countenances.

"You fellows here!" said Carboy brightly. "I was wondering if any of you would care to help with my lines. Quelch gave me a hundred, you know."

Skinner & Co. gazed at him. If they had only known what Hazel was going to report—

But they did not know.

"Right ho," said Skinner after a pause. "I'll take them on for you after tea, Carboy."

Carboy shook his head.

"They've got to be handed in by tea-time," he said.

"Well, you see—"

Carboy stiffened.

"Of course, if you don't care to oblige a chap—" he said, and he was turning away from the door.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Snoop hastily.

Carboy turned back.

"You see, I'm going to punt a ball about with some fellows," he said. "I'd really like a chap to do those lines for me."

"You were stuffing Quelch in the Form-room, I suppose?" asked Skinner desperately.

Carboy winked.

"What do you think?" he answered.

It was a non-committal answer, and left Harold Skinner in as much doubt as before.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, you coming. Carboy?" bawled Bob Cherry from the Remove staircase.

"Yes! What about those lines, you men?" asked Carboy. "Of course, if you don't want to write them for me I—"

Skinner breathed hard. In an hour, he would know for certain, one way or the other. But he did not know yet. He was almost sure, but not quite sure. A possible multi-millionaire had to be given the benefit of the doubt. Skinner realised that and made up his mind to it.

"I'll do the impot, old man," he said.

"Thanks."

"I hope you're taking good care of those banknotes," said Skinner, in a last effort to get information.

"My dear chap, I'm always careful with money, especially banknotes," answered Carboy. "Thanks for doing the impot."

Again the reply was non-committal. Carboy went whistling down the passage, and Skinner & Co. looked at one another.

"Pulling our leg," said Snoop.

Skinner gritted his teeth.

"Going to do the lines?" asked Stott.

"Yes, may as well. But if he's spoofing us—" Skinner did not finish, but his look was that of a basilisk.

When Carboy came in just before tea-time, the impot was ready—in Skinner's skilful imitation of his hand, quite good enough to satisfy Mr. Quelch. Skinner, as he handed it over, longed to hear Hazel returning: but it was not time yet. Carboy thanked him very politely and walked away with the lines.

A quarter of an hour later, Hazel put up his bike and walked into the House. Skinner & Co. were waiting in the doorway: and Christopher Clarence Carboy was at hand. Hazel came in with a black brow and gave Carboy a bitter look.

"Hallo, old bean," said Carboy amiably.

"Don't speak to me," snapped Hazel.

"Eh? Why not?"

"I don't care to be spoken to by a fellow who was sacked from another school before he came here."

Carboy raised his eyebrows.

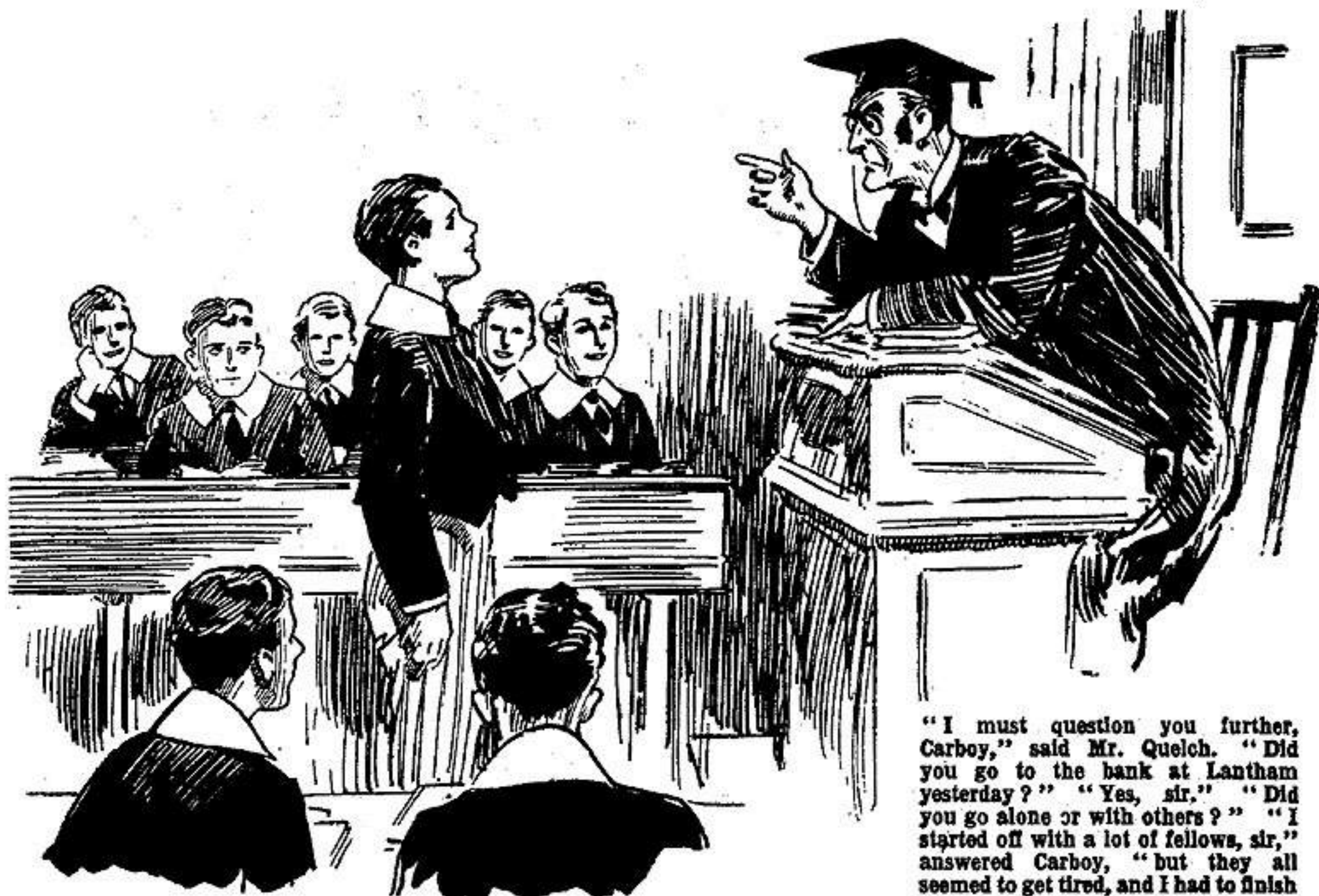
"You're not dragging that up again, surely! I thought you were quite satisfied about that."

"Go and eat coke!"

Hazel walked away with Skinner & Co.

"Well?" gasped Skinner, as soon as they were out of hearing of the other fellows.

They knew the truth already. Hazel's words to Carboy had told them enough. Fisher T. Fish was quite pale. Seven shillings and ninepence-halfpenny—seven shillings and ninepence-halfpenny—the words hummed in his head like some horrid refrain. He had spent seven shillings and ninepence-halfpenny for nothing! In American history there have been many great disasters, such as the earthquake at San Francisco, the



"I must question you further, Carboy," said Mr. Quelch. "Did you go to the bank at Lantham yesterday?" "Yes, sir," "Did you go alone or with others?" "I started off with a lot of fellows, sir," answered Carboy, "but they all seemed to get tired, and I had to finish the journey alone." (See Chapter 13.)

Great Fire of Chicago, and the Declaration of Independence. But Fisher T. Fish felt that he had hit the greatest disaster of all! Seven shillings and ninepence-halfpenny—spent for nothing! Fishy could have cried.

"Well! You've found out——" gasped Skinner.

"Yes!" growled Hazel.

"And——"

"They got that news paragraph from——"

"From whom?"

"Carboy."

"Carboy!" repeated Skinner & Co.

"Yes."

"Then it's all gammon?"

"Of course."

"I'll slaughter him!" gasped Skinner. "I've just done a fresh lot of lines for him! I—I—I'll slaughter him!"

Christopher Clarence Carboy had lost his friends.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Out at Last!

"UPON my word!"

Mr. Quelch stared at the black-board in the Remove Form-room.

It was the morning following the painful discovery made by Skinner & Co. There had been much laughter in the Remove studies over that discovery.

The feelings of Skinner & Co. towards the golden youth—who was not golden after all—were deep and bitter.

The japer of Greyfriars had japed once more—once more he had pulled the legs of the Remove fellows: and it was the most tremendous jape of all.

Skinner & Co., for very shame's sake, could not revive the proposal to send Carboy to Coventry. It was they who had rescued him from Coventry—under a misapprehension. Even Skinner did not like to advertise in

public that he was turning bitterly against the fellow because he had supposed him to be rich, and found out that he wasn't rich. There was some limit even to Skinner's effrontery.

Carboy had spoofed them, made fools of them, and got away with it. Skinner & Co. could do nothing—only make themselves more ridiculous still, if they liked, by constituting themselves once more Carboy's enemies.

But, if fair means were unavailable, there was at least one of the black sheep of the Remove who was not above foul means. That much was testified by the chalked inscription on the black-board, at which Mr. Quelch was now staring.

All the Remove fellows saw it as they came into the Form-room. Mr. Quelch stood fixed to the floor, his eyes glued on it. Evidently, he was taken greatly by surprise.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "The jolly old cat's out of the bag now."

"Some cad's given the chap away!" said Nugent.

"Skinner, I suppose," said Wharton, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Not that there will be any proving who was the sneak."

In large chalked letters on the black-board, a sentence stared the Form and the Form master in the face. It ran:

"CARBOY, OF THE REMOVE, WAS EXPELLED FROM HIS LAST SCHOOL."

That startling piece of information, obviously, interested Mr. Quelch very deeply. He gazed at it, and gazed again. The Removites looked at it, and looked round at Carboy.

Christopher Clarence Carboy was looking at the blackboard. For once, his smiling serenity was ruffled. Some of the fellows thought that they could read dismay in his face.

"I guess Quelch's on to it, now!" murmured Fisher T. Fish, and Snoop nodded, and grinned with satisfaction. "That's your work, I suppose, Skinner?" said Squiff.

"Eh? Not at all!" said Skinner airily. "I assure you that I know nothing about it."

"Somebody did it!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, quite! Was it you?" asked Skinner blandly.

Mr. Quelch turned round to his Form.

"Silence!"

There was silence.

"This extraordinary message has been chalked on the blackboard, evidently for my eyes!" said the Remove master. "Who chalked it there?"

No answer.

"I demand to know who wrote those words on the blackboard?"

Mr. Quelch's demand remained unsatisfied. There was a dead silence in the ranks of the Remove. Certainly; the fellow who had chalked on the blackboard was there. Equally certain, he did not intend to make himself known.

"A matter like this cannot be passed over," said Mr. Quelch, after a pause. "Carboy, you are new at Greyfriars—you came here from another school. No doubt, your headmaster was perfectly satisfied when he admitted you to Greyfriars. No doubt, that statement, chalked on the board by a surreptitious hand, is a falsehood and a calumny."

"Quite so, sir!" said Carboy.

"You were at a school called Old-croft before you came here, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father's reason for removing you, and placing you at Greyfriars, concerns him alone," said Mr. Quelch.

(Continued on page 28.)

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SETTLING DAY! The boys of the Athletic have put paid to the accounts of several leading footer clubs, but despite the tremendous odds in their favour they can't settle the hash of Ferrers Locke. In fact, the famous 'tec, playing a lone hand, puts paid to their account!



The concluding chapters of this great football and detective serial.

The Tables Turned!

CHARLES—meet an old friend of mine—Lal Begwum!" Ferrers Locke bowed slightly and smiled in the weak way of the man he was impersonating. "Delighted, I'm sure!" he said, in the shrill accents of Charles St. Leger Boothroyde.

Samuel Bigways touched him on the shoulder, and whispered in his ear: "Doesn't really understand a word of English. He'll do anything I tell him. Thinks I'm a philanthropist!"

Bigways gave the Baker Street detective a surreptitious dig in the ribs. Locke advanced a limp hand for the Hindu to shake. But Lal Begwum salaamed, after the fashion of the East, and stood stock still waiting, apparently, for some word from Bigways.

It was the morning following the party at which Locke had been fortunate enough to secure the fingerprints of the entire Sparsdale first eleven. As Bigways had stated, for safety sake, it was necessary for "Charles St. Leger Boothroyde" to be hidden in the secret room in case of any surprise raid by the police. Locke had willingly enough allowed Bigways to escort him there. His surprise was very manifest when he saw the still figure of Harold Wentworth, one-time the crack outside-right of the Athletic.

Drawing Locke on one side, Bigways had explained all that had led up to Wentworth's present condition—as diabolical a story as the famous detective had ever had to listen to. His revulsion of feeling at what Bigways had disclosed had almost led to Locke's undoing, for the detective was sorely tempted to seize Bigways by the throat. He had conquered that impulse, however, for now, with average luck, it was only a matter of time before Bigways was placed in the dock, to answer for his many sins against mankind.

"You don't speak Hindustani, Charles, I know," said Bigways, "and that's all Lal Begwum understands. He thinks that Wentworth is profiting by his hypnotic treatment—so he is in a way," added the rascally Bigways. "Certainly his memory will never take him back to events that occurred before he was shot."

Locke, controlling his feelings with a great effort, nodded and smiled weakly.

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"That was a cunning wheeze of yours," he said. "Bigways, you get more of a master crook every day of your life."

It was the sort of compliment the director of the Athletic liked. He gave Charles—as he thought—a friendly pat on the back, and then turned to Lal Begwum. Although Bigways spoke in Hindustani, Locke understood every word. Translated, it ran as follows:

"Lal, the poor patient is progressing wonderfully under your treatment. Repeat the same hypnotic advice, and he'll be cured before the week is out, never fear."

Lal Begwum's glittering eyes sparkled their delight at Bigways' encouragement. The "advice," of which Bigways spoke so glibly, did not now come as a surprise to Ferrers Locke.

The Hindu salaamed deeply before Samuel Bigways, and then advanced on the still figure in the bed.

Wentworth stirred faintly as he felt the dread personality, which was surely but gradually changing his life, approach. Had he possessed the physical power, Wentworth would undoubtedly have shrunk away from those piercing, all-compelling eyes. But he possessed no such power. Something like a low moan escaped his lips as he felt Lal Begwum's luminous orbs fix upon his own. It was the moan of surrender.

Locke waited, every muscle taut.

"You must forget!" said Lal Begwum, in very creditable English. "You must forget! You must forget, you understand!"

The figure in the bed gestured a submission.

"You must forget!" Again came Lal Begwum's monotonous voice.

Locke could see through it all now. Unknowingly the Hindu, as putty in the hands of Samuel Bigways, was compelling Harold Wentworth to forget the past—the past which had brought him in contact with Samuel Bigways and his gang of crooks—the past that had brought him a bullet wound in the memorable match with the Arsenal.

The detective ground his teeth in helpless rage. Dearly would he have liked to put a stop to this devilish business. But the time was not yet ripe.

Bigways plucked him by the arm and chuckled softly.

"That's the stuff to give 'em—what?" he whispered. "I persuaded Lal to put

the 'fluence on Drake—Locke's assistant, you know. And it worked—it worked like a charm. Back home went that cub Drake and promptly committed a murder; killed his own guv'nor! Can you beat it?"

Locke, playing his part well, grinned. "It was a master-stroke, Bigways. But there, nothing you do would astonish me now!"

Bigways seemed pleased.

"Ah, I could tell you a few yarns, my dear old boy, that would make you gasp. But some other time. Some other time. You'll excuse me, I must attend to some business matters for a little while. You won't mind the company of Lal Begwum—he won't hypnotise you, I'll promise."

"Don't worry about me," returned Locke easily. "We'll have a chin-wag after you've attended to your business. Is it a question of dividing up the spoils from the latest crib?"

"Ah!" Bigways laughed lightly and shook a playful finger at the detective. "You never know."

And with that the rascally Managing Director of the Sparsdale Athletic strode to the lift of the secret room, entered it, and then passed from view.

For a few moments the detective stood staring at the secret door. Now that Bigways was gone there was no longer need to play the part of Charles St. Leger Boothroyde. Locke's one thought was for the helpless sufferer on the bed.

"Lal Begwum, I command you to stop!" Ferrers Locke spoke excellent Hindustani—much better, in fact, than did Bigways.

Lal Begwum wheeled sharply, apparently astonished that the gentleman to whom he had been introduced a short time ago should only just remember that he spoke Hindustani.

"Stop!" commanded the detective authoritatively. "Do you know that you are torturing that man? That you are killing him? That you have stopped him making his peace with the world?"

Lal Begwum looked amazed, as well he might. For some time past now he had been the protege of Bigways, in whom he placed implicit trust. To be told by a stranger that he was, in effect, killing Bigways' patient, angered him beyond measure.

"You say that?" blazed the Hindu. "I kill this poor fellow? You are mad!"

You are another patient of my good friend Bigways!"

There was deadly enmity in Lal Begwum's eyes, and Locke, seeing the danger signals, tried another plan. For half an hour or more he spoke quietly but convincingly to Bigways' dupe. His own identity was disclosed and the reason of his presence in the house. Lal Begwum listened to it all with the interest and amazement of a child. Certain it was that no tale so strange out of the East had moved him so deeply.

"You believe me?" asked Locke at the finish. "I swear that what I have told you is true? Who do you think shot that poor devil Wentworth? Why, Bigways! And why does that scoundrel wish him to forget?"

Lal Begwum shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"So that Bigways' life of crime will never come to light. So that Bigways will never stand in the white sahib's place of judgment and receive his just sentence."

"Very clever indeed!"

Both Lal Begwum and Ferrers Locke wheeled sharply as that familiar voice broke in on their conversation.

There in the doorway stood Samuel Bigways. There was a blaze of demoniacal fury in his face as he gazed upon Lal Begwum and the Baker Street detective.

Locke stiffened. He knew now that it was touch-and-go. The levelled revolver in Bigways' hand was ready to dispatch its messengers of death at the whim of the impassioned fiend who held it.

"So," said Bigways harshly, "you plot and conspire against me, you two! Two, whom I counted good friends! As for you, Charles St. Leger Boothroyde—the revolver rose to a level with Locke's head—"I'll shoot you like the dog you are! Traitor! Would you betray the friend who took you in? Or is it that the police sent you here to bring about my downfall?"

"I came of my own free will," said Locke coolly, still in the disguised voice of the plastic surgeon. "I came to bring about your downfall, even as you have said."

"You traitorous dog!" hissed Bigways. "You'll never leave this place alive! And neither will that yellow cur Begwum!" He jerked his head in the direction of the Hindu as he spoke.

"Begwum has acted in ignorance of your fiendish plans," said Locke in Hindustani. "You have had the power over him for some time past now, because he acted in good faith. He trusted you. But that very power you have misused is going to strike at you in return, for Begwum, once your slave, is now your master!"

Lal Begwum, watching the two men as a cat watches a mouse, saw more daylight then, so to speak, than he had ever seen before in his dealings with Bigways, the "philanthropist." For Bigways' ugly, heavy face broke into a snarl, and his revolver shifted slightly towards the Hindu.

"We'll see what power he's got!" rasped the master criminal. "Ha, ha! We'll see just how much hypnotic power Begwum has over his master. He shall be the first to reach his happy hunting-grounds!"

The revolver now covered Lal Begwum's heart. Bigways' finger curled round the trigger.

"And you, Charles St. Leger Boothroyde—you Judas!—shall join him within three seconds!"

Slowly—devilishly slowly—the trigger finger began to compress. Locke

hurriedly whispered three words to Lal Begwum:

"He'll kill you!"

Three words, fraught with great meaning—three words, which Bigways understood, as well.

"Yes, I'll kill him!" he hissed.

Lal Begwum's dark eyes glittered, the muscles of his face became set as all the powers of suggestion he possessed were brought into play. Locke, looking on, felt a wondrous thrill pass through him. His eyes, like those of the Hindu, never left Samuel Bigways' heavy face.

"Put that gun down!"

Lal Begwum's voice was like the hissing of a snake.

And Bigways, the strong man, the ruthless master criminal, obeyed the Hindu, like a cur obeys its master.

Slowly the gun was lowered.

"Give it to me," again came the purring words in Hindustani.

The gun changed hands, as commanded.

Bigways, the terror of the underworld, the man who was "wanted" by the police for at least a dozen crimes, obeyed that order like a lamb.

"Now go to sleep!" said Lal Begwum.

With a strange expression on his face, Bigways found a chair, and sank wearily into it. A moment more, and he was breathing deeply, a victim of the fluence of the man he had deceived.

Then, and only then, did Lal Begwum take his glittering eyes from Samuel Bigways.

Locke shook him warmly by the hand.

"Well done, Lal Begwum," he said heartily. "Well done!"

Lal Begwum's face was impassive as he bowed.

"I see now, Sahib Locke, that you were right."

Locke gave one more glance to Bigways, sprawled there in the armchair, and then he turned his attention to Wentworth. The Sparsdale winger was in a serious condition, that was obvious at a glance. It was expedient that he should be given the best medical treatment as quickly as possible.

"You will try and remove the spell from this poor fellow," said Locke to Lal Begwum, in the latter's own language.

Then, as the Hindu stated his willingness to do anything that Locke bade him, the detective gave his instructions in English, for that was the only language which Wentworth knew:

"You must remember—you must remember! You must remember everything! You must get well—you must! Ferrers Locke wants you—wants to see you!"

Time and time again Lal Begwum repeated these words into the ears of Wentworth, Locke watching for any sign of recognition in the pallid face of the stricken man in the bed.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Convinced that the Sparsdale Athletic Football Club is composed of a team of criminals under the leadership of Samuel Bigways, their Managing Director, Ferrers Locke, signs on as a playing member of the club with a view to rounding up the gang. Realising shortly afterwards that he has blundered in signing on Locke, Bigways resolves to get the sleuth out of the way. Accordingly he enlists the services of Lal Begwum, a clever Hindu hypnotist, who puts Jack Drake, Ferrers Locke's boy assistant into a trance, and then orders the youngster to go and shoot his master. The diabolical plot fails, however, although Bigways is led to believe that it has succeeded. Subsequently Ferrers Locke, disguises himself as Charles St. Leger Boothroyde, a clever plastic surgeon who is serving a sentence for embezzlement. He visits Bigways' house as an escaped convict, and by a clever ruse succeeds in getting finger-prints of the whole gang.

(Now read on.)

Recognition came at last, just when Lal Begwum, the sweat standing out on his brow, had almost exhausted his powers.

Wentworth half-raised himself on his elbow. Immediately Locke's arm went out to support him. Next, Wentworth passed a hand across his brow, in the manner of one who is just awaking from a dream.

"Gently does it, Wentworth!"

As Locke spoke Wentworth turned and saw him for the first time since he had received that deadly bullet shot during the match on the Sparsdale ground. It had taken Locke only a second or so to whip away the disfiguring wig of Charles St. Leger Boothroyde, the bushy eyebrows, and the built-up nose. It was not the usual picture of Ferrers Locke, to which Wentworth had been accustomed, but it was sufficient.

"You are with a friend. Take it gently," said Locke. "All will be well soon!"

A flicker of a smile crossed Wentworth's wan face, and then, with a happy sigh, he sank back on the pillows.

Once more the sinister power of Samuel Bigways had been turned to nought.

The Round-Up!

HIST!" Ferrers Locke plucked Lal Begwum by the arm.

The couple had just vacated the secret room, the Hindu's knowledge of the hidden mechanism proving a boon.

They were standing now in the big, well-appointed lounge. The door was slightly ajar, and faintly to Locke's ears came the soft padding of feet.

Tap!

Neither Locke nor his companion uttered a sound, but the former waited with his hand on the gun that had once belonged to Bigways.

The knock was repeated, and then Bigways' butler entered the room. He seemed surprised at seeing Lal Begwum with a complete stranger. But he had no time or inclination to utter a word, for the next second he was staring down the muzzle of a gun.

"One word of alarm and you're a dead man!" snapped Ferrers Locke.

But the portly butler had no intention of giving the alarm. For one thing, he was in mortal terror of the gun going off. For another, he was experiencing the shock of his life in seeing Ferrers Locke, whom the world believed to be dead, in the room of his master, Mr. Samuel Bigways.

With mouth wide open, like that of a codfish, the butler stared first at the revolver, then at Ferrers Locke, thence to Lal Begwum, whose impassive face expressed no emotion at all, and back again to the man who should, by all rights, have been dead.

"Just keep this gun pointed at our friend here," said Locke to Lal Begwum in Hindustani, "whilst I get on the phone to Scotland Yard."

The Hindu nodded and took charge of the gun. The butler eyed him in terror, for he had a wholesome fear of the dark-skinned protegee of his master. In a moment Ferrers Locke was through to Inspector Pyecroft. In a few words he explained what had happened.

"Oh, great Scott!" exclaimed the C.I.D. man, in admiration. "If you aren't a marvel! But there, I'll keep all that until I see you. Now, what have you done with Bigways?"

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"He's asleep in the secret room," answered Locke. "He's quite safe, for I've shoved the bracelets on him. If you'll bring a cordon round here quietly within half an hour I'll guarantee to have the whole gang safely delivered. I will give you the signal—three notes of the gong. Got me?"

"What-ho!" came Pyecroft's cheery voice. "So-long!"

Locke rang off for a second, after which he asked the exchange for the number of the Athletic Football club.

Clifford Morgan, the ex-convict, and the groundsman for the Sparsdale Athletic, answered the call.

"I want to speak to Bulsome," said Locke.

"Who's speaking?" came Morgan's gruff tones.

Locke chuckled.

"Why, the plastic surgeon the boys have been telling you about this morning," he said, relying on the fact that the "boys" would, of a certainty, have put their accomplices wise to what was going on.

There was a hoarse chuckle over the wire.

"I've got you. Fred was telling me about it all. I say, Mr. Boothroyde, when are you going to do me?"

Locke considered for a moment before replying.

"Look here, Morgan," he said. "I've heard all about you, and I'm willing to treat you like the rest of the boys. Come along with them in a quarter of an hour's time—the whole crowd of you—and I'll fix the lot of you up. I promise you!"

"You're a deep 'un!" came Morgan's guttural voice. "I've always wanted fixing up like the rest of the troop. Shall I call Fred?"

"Oh, don't bother now," said Locke. "Just give him the wheeze. Tell him the guv'nor an' I have a surprise for the boys. Special occasion. Guv'nor's taking forty winks, you know. He's been experimenting with me for some time, and he's got a bit sleepy."

"With the finger-print stunt?"

Locke laughed lightly.

"Something like it," he returned.

"Cheerio!"

Again he rang off, and then he turned and faced Lal Begwum, speaking quickly in Hindustani:

"I've fixed it all up. The police are spreading the net already. Just keep that bladder of lard covered a little while longer, will you? I want to become Charles St. Leger Boothroyde again."

Lal Begwum flashed a smile in return.

To the butler's further amazement, Locke brought into view the sandy-coloured wig that had been mistaken for the natural locks of the plastic surgeon. Standing before a large, ornate mirror, the famous detective began to make himself up again. In the remarkably short space of ten minutes he was once more Charles St. Leger Boothroyde.

He turned to Lal Begwum for inspection. That individual nodded in satisfaction, whilst the expression on the bloated face of the butler told Locke eloquently enough that he had successfully resumed the role he had adopted the previous night.

"Thompson," said Locke to the butler, "I am now going to accompany you to the cellars. We are going to lay in a special treat of champagne—the best in the house. You understand?"

Thompson blinked, but said nothing.

All this was beyond his comprehension, although he had a feeling that his own misdeeds of the past, when he had practised the gentle art of picking pockets, were going to come to light very shortly.

"I shall accompany you to the cellars," went on Locke, "just to make sure that you don't play any tricks. You will not let the other servants question you. If you play me false—well, there's a loaded pistol about an inch from your back all the time. Savvy? Now, get busy."

He spoke rapidly to Lal Begwum and bade him wait a while. Then, slightly in the rear of Thompson, Ferrers Locke moved off.

He and the butler were gone five minutes. When they returned the latter was carrying an armful of bottles—the pick of Bigways' cellar.

Glasses were laid on the long table. Then, having no further use for Thompson, the detective bound and gagged him and dumped him unceremoniously in a large cupboard.

The Baker Street detective and Lal Begwum were smoking two of Bigways' choice Havanas, when from outside the house, twenty minutes later, came the screeching of brakes as three taxicabs drew up to the pavement.

From the window the two saw fifteen men, all well-known to the fans who supported the Athletic, alight. Locke rubbed his hands with satisfaction as he saw them.

"Four more than I expected in the net," he muttered. "Now for it!"

Next came a hearty peal at the door-bell, which Locke answered himself.

Fred Bulsome welcomed him with a cheery grin, and the rest of the visitors did likewise.

"Come in, you men!" said Locke in the shrill accents of Charles St. Leger Boothroyde. "The fizz is all ready for you!"

"Bravo!"

Like a procession of schoolboys the members of Bigways' gang trooped in and seated themselves round the long table. In a moment corks were popping.

"Here's a health to Mr. Boothroyde!" said Bulsome, rising, glass in hand. "May our fingerprints never let us down again—what?"

"Hear, hear!"

Locke smiled grimly. He had a good idea that it would be a long, long time before those incriminating fingerprints did let any of them down again.

"Speech, Charles!" called out Bulsome; and the call was greeted with roars of applause from his followers.

Locke, smiling, rose to his feet. His hand reached out for the gong he had placed on the table.

"Order, please!" sang out Hebbel.

Gong, gong, gong!

Three loud-toned notes rang through the library—the agreed signal. They echoed and re-echoed in the grounds outside the library window.

"Hands up!"

As if by magic, policemen in uniform, all armed, appeared in every direction. Half a dozen appeared at each open window, three stalked in at the door of the library, closely followed by half a dozen more.

"Hands up!"

The fifteen choice specimens of humanity who had gulled the public with their sporting activities in the colours of the Sparsdale Athletic sat like fifteen stunned beings.

Fred Bulsome was the first to recover himself. He started to his feet, his face aflame with anger.

"What does this mean?" he demanded hotly.

"It means, Fred Bulsome, alias Jerry Verrington, that the game is up!" said Locke icily.

At mention of the name of Verrington, Bulsome cowed back, his face a picture of mingled rage and astonishment.

"Boothroyde—you traitor!" he snarled.

Ferrers Locke laughed.

"Your little mistake, Verrington," he said coolly. "Boothroyde is happy—or, otherwise, in Blaxton Prison. Your little mistake—"

While he was speaking the detective was removing his disguise. Then, as his identity became revealed, a combined cry went ceilingwards:

"Ferrers Locke!"

The detective bowed mockingly.

"The same!" Then to Inspector Pyecroft: "Take them away!"

The "Sparsdale Athletic" looked a sorry crowd as the armed policemen bore down upon them. Resistance was useless, and not one of the gang offered it. Apart from that, the action of the constables was too sudden for them; they had yet to recover from the double shock of discovering that Ferrers Locke, who, far from being dead, was very much alive and kicking, and that Charles St. Leger Boothroyde had never been outside the bars of his prison, as they—together with the rest of the public—had been led to suppose.

"That's the lot," said Pyecroft, who looked mighty pleased with himself.

"You've forgotten the most important merchant," smiled Ferrers Locke. "You'll find Bigways asleep upstairs. Lal Begwum will conduct you to him."

"Good man!" exclaimed the C.I.D. man. "Jove! What a day's work!"

He accompanied Begwum to the secret lift, and was about to ascend, when Locke called him back.

"By the way, there's another one," he said, with a grin. "I had to shove him in that cupboard yonder. He's the butler—at least, he's got a butler's wig on; but I fancy he bears some resemblance to a certain Liverpool pick-pocket who suddenly 'retired' from business about a year ago. Better take him, too."

"And what about you?" asked the C.I.D. man. "Where are you going?"

"To see poor old Jack Drake," replied Ferrers Locke. "The kid must think I'm the worst guv'nor on earth. You explained everything to him?"

"Of course!"

"Good man! See you later. On the way home I'll get Sir Harry Revers, the specialist, to attend to Wentworth here. Have him moved—gently, mind you—to another room. Don't expect he'll be allowed to be taken from the house for a day or so yet. You'll do that for me?"

"Sure thing!"

"See you later, then," smiled Locke. "Gentlemen"—he turned to the sullen-faced fifteen, all with handcuffs upon their wrists—"I'll bid you adieu, too!"

"A thousand curses on you!" hissed Bulsome in a sudden burst of rage.

"Thank you!" smiled Locke. "Au revoir!"

And, with a light laugh, he left the house and was soon speeding in a taxicab to Baker Street, there to greet and make his peace with Jack Drake.

The Unexpected!

THE trial of the Sparsdale Athletic caused a sensation throughout the world, for the various members of that rascally team were wanted by the police in practically every civilised country. Robbery, violence, arson—every crime in the calendar could be traced either to one or other of them.

It was the fingerprints that sealed their doom, apart from any further evidence Locke had to offer, for they were damning and irrevocable.

Yet for sensation the trial of the fifteen paled into insignificance beside that of their leader.

Like the grasping, unscrupulous cur he was, Samuel Bigways had left his followers to get out of their troubles as best they could. For himself he had briefed some of the leading counsel of the land, regardless of expense.

It was the day after Bigways heard the sentences of his associates that he was tried, and, needless to say, the court was full.

Samuel Bigways, neatly dressed, stood in the dock, amazingly calm and confident for one whose conscience must have been heavy with guilt. He sobered down somewhat, however, as he caught sight of Ferrers Locke, Jack Drake, and Lal Begwum in the front of the court, and a pucker crossed his brow.

How was it that these people still lived? He remembered that Locke had been reported dead—killed by the hand of his own assistant. He remembered covering Lal Begwum with his revolver. He remembered—But there memory failed him. Beyond waking from a sleep to find handcuffs upon his wrist, and Inspector Pycroft, of the C.I.D. at his side, Bigways remembered nothing.

But he felt strangely troubled now as he felt Lal Begwum's eyes bent upon him.

The robed judge entered, and the court rose. In a few moments the law and its machinery was in full swing. It was just when Bigways' counsel was interrogating him that Bigways found himself gazing at Lal Begwum. The eyes of the Hindu attracted him, compelled him. They were the outward and visible form of a message. A message? What was the message?

Clearly through Bigways' brain it came:

"TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!"

Then came what is perhaps unparalleled in the history of a trial. Samuel Bigways, the "sportsman," the "philanthropist," the man in the dock on trial for his life, the man who had briefed the most expensive counsel in order to save his skin, told the true story of his life.

Lal Begwum, in a manner truly Oriental, was avenging himself. Like a child reciting a lesson, Bigways told the hushed court of all he had done since he had embarked on a life of crime.

It made thrilling, but most sordid hearing. But that which affects this narrative must not be passed over. With childlike simplicity, Bigways told how he had hired Clifford Morgan to assassinate Locke in his Baker Street flat on the first day Locke had agreed to take up the case; and how he had failed. How, soon after that, Tiger Wilson had been ordered to "fire" the detective's quarters; of Wilson's miser-

able failure; of the man Richard Templing the recluse who had taken rooms opposite Locke's flat—who had hit upon the ingenious idea of secreting a bomb in the grandfather clock.

In hushed voice, the astonished magistrate beckoned to one of the warders to give Bigways a glass of water, for it was evident that he needed it. Perspiration was streaming from the man's brow, and his face was deathly white. His eyes, never to be forgotten, stared straight ahead, appar-

activities of the gang, besides, did Samuel Bigways recount to a court in which a pin could have been heard to drop.

"Enough!" whispered Ferrers Locke to Lal Begwum sharply.

And Lal Begwum, with the magnetic eyes and super will, broke the spell.

Bigways passed a hand across his forehead, and then stared stupidly at the court, at his amazed counsel, at the judge, at Ferrers Locke, at Lal Begwum!



*Where the dead man lies, his staring eyes
Look out to the Westward—ho!
And none can tell where the dead men dwell
With their treasure down below—
With a ho, and a heave yo-ho!*



ROGER.

Out of the storm-swept night, when most honest folk of merrie England are snug abed, comes the eerie chant of those whose flag is the dreaded Skull and Crossbones!

Young Roger Bartlett, cold, wet, and cheerless, feels the blood coursing fiercely through his veins as the pirates' chant stirs his spirit of adventure. Home he has not, but adventure is not denied the homeless, for the hearing of that old sailor song involves Roger in what is to prove the adventure of his life.

Gold is at the beginning of it . . . gold, hidden gold, is at the end of it, but full many perils and laughs with death lay 'twixt the one and the other.



ONE-EYE.

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ently seeing nothing, yet their mental vision explored the past with a thoroughness unequalled in the evidence of any trial.

Without emotion, Bigways touched upon his one-time crack winger—Harold Wentworth. How he had shot him when it had reached his ears that Wentworth had tumbled to the Athletic's double game, and was about to denounce the gang; how he had employed Lal Begwum to wreck, by hypnotic process, the wounded man's memory. All that, and the burglarious

"You idiot!" whispered Bigways' counsel. "You've done it now. There's not a counsel in the world who could get you off or lessen your sentence! You've hanged yourself!"

Bigways stared stupidly at the man. The judge broke in.

"Did you say, Samuel Bigways, that you pleaded not guilty at the beginning of this trial?"

Bigways nodded dully. His counsel was whispering in his ear:

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"You're done! Done! Why, one would think you were hypnotised!"

Bigways started as the word pierced his brain.

"Hypnotised!"

One look he gave Lal Begwum, and then, before any of the warders could stay him, Bigways' thumb flicked open a tiny, secret compartment in the heavy gold ring he wore on the third finger of his right hand.

Out into the palm of his hand dropped a small, white capsule.

"Stop him!" commanded the judge sternly.

Two warders leaped—too late!

Bigways bared his teeth and laughed.

"Sorry to—disappoint you all. Sorry to—to—"

His words trailed off into an unintelligible mutter, then into silence. His head lolled forward on his chest.

Samuel Bigways, one of the greatest figures the world of criminology had ever known, was no more.

Three weeks holiday was a long holiday for Ferrers Locke to take, the famous detective as a general rule being well content with one full week's fishing and an occasional week-end. But after the round-up of Bigways' footballers he considered that he was entitled, likewise Jack, to a longer rest than usual. As was his fashion Ferrers Locke soon ceased to display any interest in the "job he had done," beyond inquiring at intervals after the welfare of Harold Wentworth who was progressing favourably; for Locke's was a nature that preferred to look ahead. But many months passed by before the world ceased to discuss the amazing affair of the Toughest Team in the League.

THE END.

(Now look out for the grand opening instalment of "WOLVES OF THE SPANISH MAIN!" a grand old-time yarn of romance and adventure, commencing in next week's MAGNET.)

RALLYING ROUND CARBOY!

(Continued from page 23.)

"Nevertheless, as this disgraceful imputation has been made publicly, Carboy, it is well that it should be refuted publicly. Some boy in this Form, apparently, believes that you were expelled from your former school. Can you tell me why?"

"Only a rotten, suspicious mind, I think, sir," answered Carboy cheerfully. Some of the Remove grinned, and Skinner turned red.

Mr. Quelch coughed.

"I know nothing of your antecedents, Carboy, though doubtless Dr. Locke is well acquainted with them. I think you had better state, before all the Form, that there is no truth in that statement."

"There is no truth in it, sir."

"I was sure of it," said Mr. Quelch. "The accusation is absurd. I shall endeavour to discover who has made it, and punish him accordingly. Had you been expelled from another school, certainly you would not have been allowed to enter Greyfriars, and that fact should be apparent to everyone."

Mr. Quelch took a duster, and wiped the chalked inscription from the blackboard. He turned to the class again.

"I am shocked to find that there is a boy in my Form, capable of making such an unfounded accusation against

his schoolfellow!" he said severely. "Once more I ask that boy to stand forward."

Nobody stood forward.

With that, the incident closed—to all appearance. But observant fellows could see that Mr. Quelch's eyes rested on Christopher Clarence Carboy several times during the morning, with keen scrutiny. Possibly, the Remove master remembered the old adage, that there is no smoke without fire, and wondered whether there was anything "in" it. When the Form was dismissed for morning break, Skinner loafed about in the passage to keep an eye on Mr. Quelch, and was not surprised to notice that the Remove master went direct to the Head's study. Skinner smiled as he went into the quad.

Christopher Clarence Carboy was there, looking unusually thoughtful. Fellows who noted his thoughtful looks, thought that they could guess the cause of them.

"Well, it's out now," Bob Cherry remarked to the Co. "Quelch won't say much, but he will jolly well worry out the truth, whatever it is. If Carboy really was sacked, it will all come out now. That means good-bye to Greyfriars for him. We shall know soon."

"I don't believe he was sacked," said Harry Wharton slowly. "But—but there was something—"

"There was something," agreed Bob, "and whatever it was Quelch will get hold of it before long."

That opinion was shared by all the Remove; every fellow felt that the matter was not at an end yet. And the Remove fellows waited with much curiosity to learn what the end would be.

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss the concluding story in this grand series, entitled: "ALL THROUGH BUNTER!" You'll vote it the finest yarn you've ever read. Order next week's MAGNET Now!)

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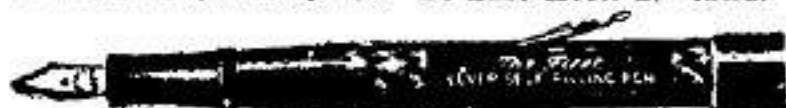
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SPOOFING THE HEAD!

NO FIREWORKS FOR JACK JOLLY & CO. . . . CAUSE THE HEAD'S PINCHED 'EM!

A Guy Fearless Day without any fireworks is about as bad as a plain cake without any plums in it. But Jack and his merry pals aren't beaten yet; they go all out to win back their fireworks. Explosions follow as a matter of course, for their latest wheeze fairly takes the cake!

I.

"ROT in, old bean!" yelled Jack Jolly, the captain of the Fourth at St. Sam's, as a thunderous crash sounded on his study door.

Frank Fearless galloped in, leading Bangs, the fireworks manufacturer's son, by the ear.

"Here's a spying 'worm I've just caught eavesdropping," eggshelled Fearless. "I always suspected that he was an outsider, and now that I've found him outside your study, I know it for certain."

Jack Jolly & Co. glared wrathfully at the sneak of the Third.

"They themselves were mainly British boys, and consequently detested eavesdroppers."

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked Jack Jolly fiercely.

"Did you listen to our secret plotting to get back the fireworks the Head pinched from us?"

"Certainly not!" answered Bangs, a whopper springing natchorally to his lips.

"I believe you did!"

"You did!" barked Jack Jolly doggily.

"Here, draw it mild!" remonstrated Frank Fearless, after this little duet had continued for five minutes or so.

"What about bumping the young rotter on suspicion?"

"Good idea!" grinned Jack Jolly. "I never thought of that! Collar him!"

The juniors closed round Bangs, and ranked him off his feet, then bumped him again and again.

Crash! Bang! Thump!

"Woopoo! Yarooooo! Yow-ow!"

Bangs yelled in anguish as his anatomy met the floor repeatedly with terrific force, but the juniors paid no heed to his cowardly cries, and carried on the good work until they were finally eggshelled.

"Now buzz off, and never darken our keyhole again!" shouted Jack Jolly, as they slung Bangs out of the study on his neck.

"Woopoo! Groooo! Rotters! Beasts! Villains! Doxies!" yelled Bangs, as he picked himself up and trotted away down the passage. "You wait and see! I'll have my own back, if I have to wait till Guy Fawks Nite for it! Yah!"

With that sinister threat, Bangs turned on his heel and did a bunk, while Jack Jolly and his pals returned to the study.

Bangs was in a beastly temper as he limped through the passages towards his own quarters, and his mean brane was buzzily occupied with thoughts of revenge.

It didn't take him long to think out an eggcellent way of getting his own back. While he had been eavesdropping outside Jack Jolly's study, he had heard the heroes of the Fourth plotting to raid the cellars underneath the skool on the eve of Guy Fawks Nite, and recapture the fireworks which the Head had deprived them of.

"I know! I'll give the rotters away to the Head!" Bangs muttered venomously, a nasty grin spreading over his dle. "Old Birchmell will simply pulverise them if he finds they're after his fireworks!"

Which was perfectly true. Dr. Birchmell had confiscated the fireworks so that the Masters' Firework Club could have an enjoyable time on Guy Fawks Nite, free, gratis, and for nothing. It was quite certain that the mere thought

of Jack Jolly & Co. taking them back again, would be sufficient to drive him into a frightful wax.

So Bangs sneaked off to the Head's study and insinuated himself into that dreaded apartment.

"Well, Bangs?" cried Dr. Birchmell, nodding pleasantly at his toady. "I judge by the eggpression on your fiz that you bring me tidings. Open your potato-trap and coo it up, my boy!"

Bangs glanced round the room suspiciously, and sunk his voice to a whisper.

"I suppose it's safe to talk here, sir?" he asked. "If the chaps get to know I give their little games away like this, there'll be the very dickens to pay."

"Have no fear, Bangs!" said the Head, frowning severely. "If the young scamps ever rumble you, and tear you limb from limb, I'll see that they are suitably punished afterwards. Speak out like a man, Bangs, or I'll start lay-

ing my birch across your new brows."

"All right, sir!" gasped Bangs. "Well, the fact is, Jack Jolly and his pals are going to raid your fireworks the nite before Firework Nite!"

"Never!" cried the Head incredulously.

"Honer bright, sir!"

"Why, the cheeky young 'whops!" gasped Dr. Birchmell. "Never in the hole of my skollastic career have I heard of such audacity. How do you know this, Bangs?"

Bangs described how he had listened outside Jack Jolly's study, and Dr. Birchmell's heady eyes gleamed as the speak of the Third unfolded his tale.

"Thank you, Bangs!" he said, when the junior had finished. "This information is indeed valuable to me. You have done well—one might even say very well. Your services will not pass unrecognised. In fact, here is a licorish all-sort to go on with."

Bangs gratefully accepted the proffered sweetmeat, and transferred it immediately to his enormous mouth.

"What do you propose to do about it, sir?" he asked curiously. "If I were you, I should give Jack Jolly & Co. a jolly good flogging. Take my advice, sir, and sock it into 'em!"

But Dr. Birchmell had other ideas on the subject for once in a way.

"I don't think I will, Bangs—yet!" he said, with the accent on the last word. "Perhaps it would be as well to catch these dastardly young robbers in



the act, and give them a lesson they will never forget."

"What! Surely, sir, you don't intend to hide in the fowl, musty dungeons till they turn up?" cried Bangs.

"Why not? It will be worth it to watch their eggpressions when they find I am waiting for them," grinned the Head.

"Of course, you'll flog them afterwards, sir?" said Bangs anxiously.

"Leave it to me!" said the Head, leering. "And now, Bangs, you'd better buzz off—or, as the vulgar would put it, you may go!"

Bangs buzzed off, grinning contentedly.

Meanwhile, Jack Jolly & Co. had not been idle.

After Bangs had been slung out of the study on his neck, Jack Jolly, Merry, and Bright and Frank Fearless proceeded to put their heads together.

It was easy to see that Bangs would sneak to the Head, in the first place. And the Fourth-Formers knew Dr. Birchmell well enuff to anticipate what he would do.

Having thus decided the probable course of events, they were wondering what they ought to do, when Jack Jolly stepped in with a really brainy suggestion.

"Got it!" he eggshelled suddenly. "The wheeze of the century, by Jove!"

"Trot it out, then!" said Frank Fearless.

"Algy Actwell is the man to help us out of our dilemma," said Jack Jolly.

"Algy Actwell? The theatrical jennius of the Fourth?" eggshelled Fearless.

"How the dickens can he help us?"

"By dressing up as Guy Fawks," answered Jack, and then he went on to eggplain his wheeze.

Briefly, the idea was for Actwell to disguise himself as Guy Fawks, and with

Frank Fearless helping him, to lie in wait for the Head, when the Head came into the cellars to catch Jack Jolly & Co. Seeing the first favourable moment, Guy Fawks and Fearless were to spring on the Head and chain him up. After that, Guy Fawks—alias, of course, Actwell—was to terrify the Head by saying that he was going to blow up St. Sam's.

After leaving him tied up for the nite Guy Fawks was to return in the morning and pretend to prepare for the grate explosion. Natchorally, the Head would by this time be in a state of panick—not of the skool would worry him so much as the thought that he would go with it!

Then just in the nick of time, Jack Jolly & Co. would appear on the scene, rescue the Head, and put Guy Fawks to flight. Dr. Birchmell would be so overcome with gratitude at his deliverance, that he would ask them to name a way in which he could repay them. Jack Jolly would then ask for the return of the fireworks and a jenneral pass-out for Guy Fawks Nite. And all would be well again.

"Grate pip! What a wheeze!" eggshelled Merry and Bright and Fearless, almost stunned by the brilliance of their pal.

"Pretty good, isn't it?" said Jack Jolly modestly.

"Now, what about seeing Actwell?"

"What-ho!"

All four trotted out there and then to see Algy Actwell, the grate actor of the Fourth. They found that junior in his study, filling in an odd half-hour by learning Shakespeare's works off by heart. Actwell, who was a decent sport, gladly fell in with the idea, and plans were discussed immediately he had given his consent. The outlook for the St. Sam's Junior Firework Club was now distinctly brighter.

II.

RASH!

The first stroke of midnight clundered out from the old clock tower at St. Sam's.

It was the eve of Guy Fawks Day, and a sinister silence brooded over the old skool, making the occasional nite-birds who broke bounds, think with a shiver of very mysterious things.

What is that? Is it some garatly specter that slinks stealthily through the passages towards the entrance to the cellars? No; it's Dr. Birchmell, going to lie in wait for Jack Jolly & Co. when they make their midnite raid on the fireworks.

The Head was grinning cheerfully as he centered along the deserted corridors. He fully eggpected that he was going to catch Jack Jolly & Co. right in the act, and the thought filled him with

glee. Little did he dream that he was walking into the trap that Jack Jolly & Co. had laid for him.

At the bottom of the steps, waiting patiently for him, were Frank Fearless and Algy Actwell. Fearless, who hoped to avoid being recognised in the darkness, was in Brown, but Actwell was rigged out in a Guy Fawks costume—so sinister in appearance that it would have struck terror into the boldest hart.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! Nearer and nearer came the harsh, metallic ring of the Head's hobnailed boots on the steps.

Frank Fearless gripped Actwell by the arm.

"Go for him as soon as he reaches the bottom!" he whispered hoarsely. "Don't give him time to realise what's happening. Bowl him over and chain him to the wall before he knows where he is. I'll attack from the rear."

"Good egg!" nodded the actor of the Fourth.

At last, the Head reached the level of the floor. Immediately he had done so, the two juniors, with a terrifying yell, jumped at him.

"Yarooooo!" shouted the Head, as Frank Fearless embraced him round the neck, and Algy Actwell grabbed him round the naze and brought him crashing to the floor.

"The chains!" his Frank Fearless. Actwell hastily began to fix heavy manacles on to Dr. Birchmell's arms and legs, while Frank Fearless held him down.

As soon as he saw that the chains had been firmly fixed, Frank Fearless disappeared, leaving Actwell to do the rest.

The actor of the Fourth then lit a tall candle which cast a weird, flickering light over the scene, and faced the Head, who was now vainly trying to tear himself away from his iron shackles.

"Birchmell!" he cried, in wringing accents. "Prepare to meet thy doom! I am Guy Fawks, and I'm here for the purpose of blowing up St. Sam's!"

"Yarooooo!" Help!" roared the Head, as he saw the sinister figger of Guy Fawks, and heard those dreadful words.

"To-nite, I am going to leave you here to languish, while I go and fetch some gunpowder," went on Guy Fawks. "To-morrow I will return and eggscute my fowl desine!"

"Merry!" howled the Head. "Take my wealth, and everything I possess, but for Hevan's sake, spare my life!"

"Rats!" replied Guy Fawks, with a brootal larf. "To-morrow morning, you dye!"

"Yarooooo!"

"And now, for the prezant, good-bye! In a few hours I shall return and blow St. Sam's to smithereens! Keep a brave hart, Birchmell. Your end will be sudden and painless!"

"Grooooo!"

Leaving the Head groaning and moaning at the thought of his approaching doom, Guy Fawks then buzzed off and rejoined Frank Fearless at the top of the stairs. After that, chuckling aloud at the success of their wheeze, they returned to their dormitory and slept the sleep of the just.

THE END.

(There's heaps of fun, frolic, and big bangs in next week's grand story of St. Sam's: "GUY FOKAS NIGHT AT ST. SAM'S!" Make sure you read it, chums, by ordering your MAGNET WELL IN ADVANCE!)

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