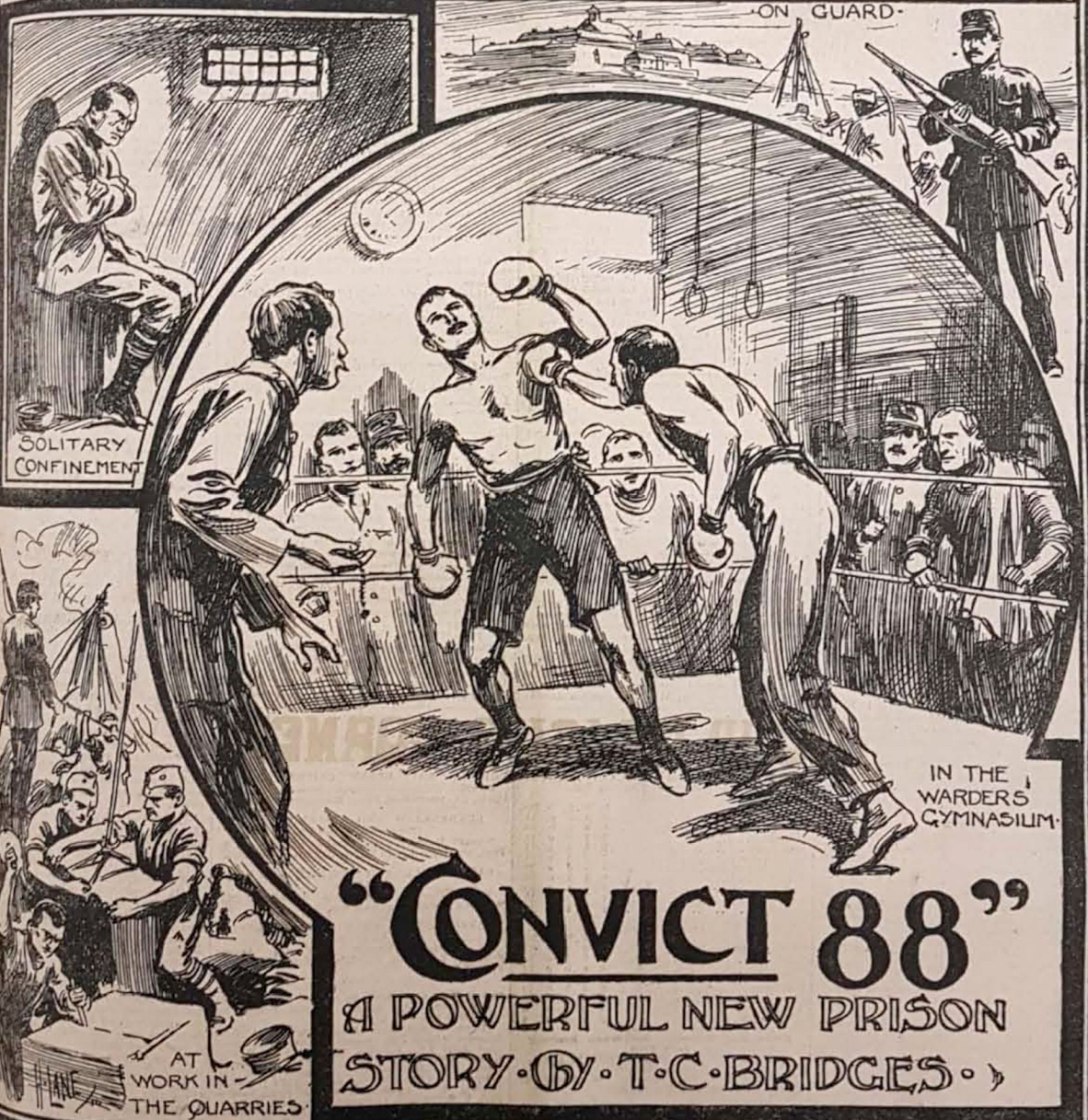


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THE GIDDY GOAT

A Tale of Pelham School.



THE 1st CHAPTER. New Arrivals at Pelham.

"A fine lot of things!" "I wish we had a goat." "I wish we had a goat." "I wish we had a goat."

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So long as they kept the animals moving they were satisfied.

Round and round the quad they went, the hares always dodging in time to prevent their getting headed for the gates.

At length, seeing how distressed the man was, Noble took pity on him.

"I was Clifford and Byrne let 'em in!" piped up a First-Form kid.

But Clifford, who was trying to hold together the two sides of a tear in his trousers, where a bug-billy's horns had made a draughty entrance, only scowled.

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"I'll get even with you for this!" he said venomously.

So babbling was the threat that all Clifford's hearers broke into a guffaw.

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"Don't be a silly kid! And, anyway, it was you they were after, according to the kid here. Talk sense, man!"

"I don't know," said Noble, as the crowd melted away, hot and flushed after their exciting experience.

"Ideas are scarce," complained Russell, picking up the hat he had left fall, and tucking it under his trousers.

"There's a few old hats in the cyclshed. Let's go and find them. It's no good pounding new ones about."

The three chums adjourned to the cyclshed. Unthinking, Russell opened the door, but he had no sooner done that than he fell back, his hand to his nose.

"That goat must have got shut in by mistake," chortled Russell.

"Two hours before, there had been a matter of a hundred and twenty bikes in that shed, all neatly arranged."

"Gin away, you chucklehead!" he said angrily to Russell.

"That's my own bike! You've smashed it to bits with that giddy goat."

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The goat, lowering its horns, gave an angry blast and butted M. Gerard, the French master, vigorously in the waistcoat.

in my private apartments. Those who may see him may see him... I think I suspect a practical joke... Was there anyone else besides you in the room?



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JAMES WILSON, the popular full-back of the champions... MAINHAM, BOYLE, and DOLLY. Things come to a head when the manager of the Rovers absconds with all the club funds.

SIDNEY ALPERT, the managing-director of the Rovers... Jim's first action as manager is to suspend Mainham and his companions for their insubordinate conduct.

Mainham and a couple of hooligans, who are in his way, break into Jim's lodgings... The police arrive on the scene, and Mainham is arrested.

Jim is confined to his bed through the blow he has received... The following day Mainham and his cronies, holding over with rage and resentment, make their way round to the house where Boyle lodges, and proceed to smash all the windows.

Just as they have battered the door in, and are about to lay hands on Boyle, Jim Wilson appears on the scene and bars their way.

MURPHY BRINGS HOLD IN THE NICK OF TIME. The crowd stood in a wide circle inside the gate and outside it, and looked at Jim in awe.

For a moment not one of the cowardly gang could stir a step. Then one of them raised a cry. "Stone them—stone them!" he cried.

There was an exultant answer to the brutal suggestion, and half a dozen flints came flying through the air.

Boyle was standing, pale, but fearless, by Jim's side; but almost the first stone struck him, and, with a sobbing cry, he fell into Manager Wilson's arms.

The weight of his body was almost more than Jim could stand, and then, as the stones crashed and banged against the door and walls, Jim backed into the passage of the house, and drew the door to.

Thud, thud, thud, thud! came the flying flints, awakening the echoes as they hit the wood panels of the door.

Jim placed Boyle on the ground, and shot the bolts home. But the windows were open to the crowd, and one of the more daring of the gang drove a catch back, shot the window-frame up, and, with a yell of triumph, clambered into the room, an example which was at once followed by half a dozen others.

Jim knew that all retreat was cut off now. He was surrounded by the brutal mob. They were in front of him and behind him. He could hear them clattering towards the passage, and he picked up his crutch, and took a firm stand.

He meant to sell his life dearly before he went down. It would be touch and go if they once got hold of him.

The next moment the first of the brutes sprang into the hall.

"There he is—there he is!" he shouted. And they came at Jim with a rush.

As Jim Wilson saw the enraged crowd through the angle of the passage, and came with a rush towards him, he braced himself together for the ordeal which faced him.

Foremost amongst them was Murphy, Jim's enemy.

Murphy's face could not be readily distinguished; but Jim could just imagine the expression of triumphant hate which distorted it.

"Come on," cried the scoundrel—"all together! Don't give him a chance. Knock him down!"

Jim stooped, and, picking up the unconscious form of Boyle, he set him against the wall, so that he should not be in the way.

"Where are Noble and Russell?" he asked. "I don't know, sir," said Mac truthfully. "I suppose they're in bed."

"There'll go and see them. I'm sure they'll tell me about it. I'll go and see them. I'll go and see them. I'll go and see them."

"Allow me to present it to you, along with the other slippers, which must be handed with the other slippers, which must be handed with the other slippers, which must be handed with the other slippers."

"Noble and Russell were lying quite innocently in bed when the door opened. They were fast asleep when Dr. Hillingford entered their room. But when he shook the slippers, they sat up, with their eyes wide open."

"Noble and Russell were lying quite innocently in bed when the door opened. They were fast asleep when Dr. Hillingford entered their room. But when he shook the slippers, they sat up, with their eyes wide open."

"I'm going to propose a vote of thanks, to be passed on Russell and Noble for going in the soup. Also, I vote we make do our lines."

"But up!" snapped Russell. He was somewhat heartbroken at the failure of his plot. "I'll say your head, Scotty! But... I'll say your head, Scotty! But... I'll say your head, Scotty! But..."

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shall not give in without a struggle, and I shall leave my mark on some of you!" That was just what Jim Wilson was the sort of man who would leave his mark upon some of them, and, crippled though he was, he was more to be feared than many a sound man with but one half his nerve and pluck.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Stanley, joining the group. "Are you all afraid of one man?"

"Let's show them a good example, Stanley," said Murphy. "I'll do it all, we know Jim Wilson! We were not afraid of him when he had two sound legs. Why should we be afraid now that he has only got one?"

Stanley launched bravely. "You're right!" he cried. "Come on!" But, all the same, he advanced cautiously, followed by Murphy and Doyle, who had now made their way into the foremost ranks. He had seen Jim do execution with that crutch of his, and he was half afraid.

"You never fired, did you?" he asked. "You're right!" he cried. "Come on!" But, all the same, he advanced cautiously, followed by Murphy and Doyle, who had now made their way into the foremost ranks.

It was not only on his own account he longed for them to go, but for Boyle's sake. Boyle, who lay there so white and still, and bleeding from the wound caused by the stone.

Jim kept his eyes fixed on his enemies, and a sudden flash came to his mind, and they rushed madly at him.

Jim swung his crutch about his head, and scored Doyle; but the others were under his guard like lightning, the crutch was wrenched from his grasp and flung away, and Jim found himself reduced to the ordinary means of defence—the fist.

Murphy and Stanley, however, did not intend to give him a chance of hitting at long range. One of them grappled him, the other tried to drive heavy blows at Jim's head, Jim, finding himself helpless, raised the right hand, and seized Stanley by the throat, closing the fingers and thumb hard.

He had no idea of his own strength; but Stanley lunged, and a second later he relaxed his grip of Jim's body, and tried to wrench the manager's hand away.

Holding Stanley by the throat, and using him as a sort of buttress against the others, Jim drove his right fist into Murphy's face, sending him back a pace.

Jim instantly thrust Stanley's body between himself and his enemies, and though the wretch kicked and fought and struggled, Jim would have none of it, and presently, as the footballer's strength died away, and Jim knew that he had almost strangled him, he flung the fellow almost senseless to the floor, and prepared to make a fight of it.

The enraged Murphy, as he sprang at Jim again, fell over something which lay upon the floor of the hall.

It was the crutch which had been wrenched out of Jim's hands. He picked it up, and uttered a shout of triumph.

"I'll now settle him with this!" he cried. "I'll raise it above his head, but Jim, taking every risk, dashed forward, and with left and right sent Murphy staggering back, and tore the crutch from his grasp. Then he stooped with it at bay once more.

The rest of the crowd had not been able to take part in the combat, for the passage was narrow, and now they stared at Jim Wilson aghast.

This wasn't the sort of job they cared about. Jim Wilson was altogether too desperate for them. They hesitated before advancing to the

(Continued on the next page.)

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