

HOW TO MAKE A GRAND INDOOR FOOTBALL GAME.

(See Page 473.)

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The Boys' Herald 1d

EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.

No. 237, Vol. V.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 1, 1908.

DAVID GOODWIN'S GREAT SCHOOL TALE.

The TERROR of the REMOVE.

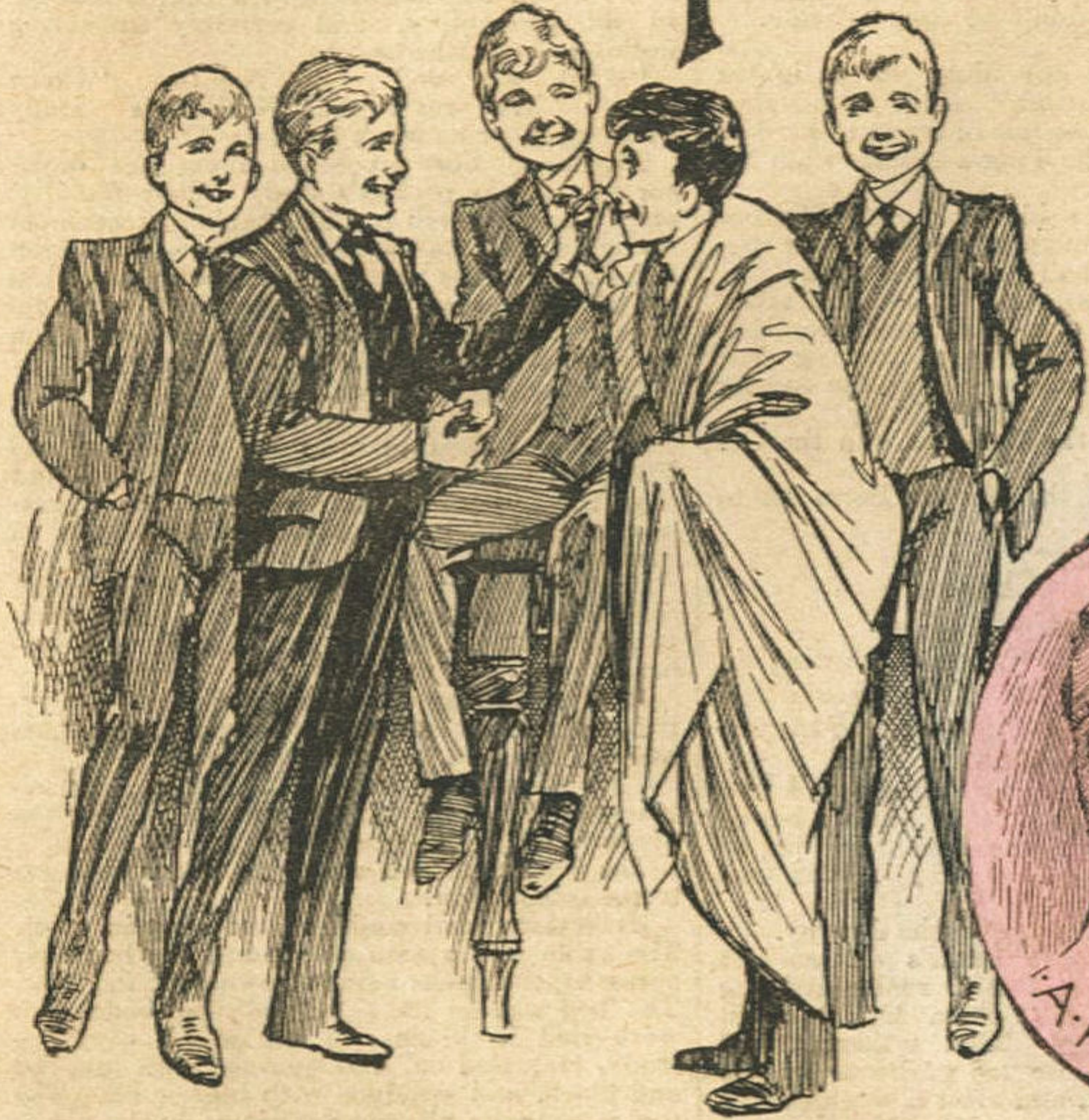


Taffy Wynne to the Rescue!

"Get out of the way!" cried the girl. "You'll be knocked down!" Taffy had no idea of shirking. As the galloping beast reached him he caught the bridle with a quick, skilful spring, and the next moment was being dragged along bodily, bruised, winded, and his arms nearly pulled out of their sockets by the jerk.

ANOTHER
RIPPING
CLIVEDEN
STORY...

Poindexter's Ghost



This most laughable story tells how the Combine and the Old Firm put their heads together and gave Grahame, the prefect, a somewhat severe shock.



thing quite like this before. Grahame was quite reckless, and he struck as hard as he could, and his arm was powerful.

"I say, Grahame, he's had enough!" exclaimed Carr, as he saw the junior's face go white and set. "Chuck it!"

"Rot!" snarled Grahame. "Look what a wreck he's made of my study! He hasn't had half enough!"

"But I say—"

"Oh, rats! Hold him!"

Thwack, thwack, thwack! Poindexter had determined that no sound of pain should escape his lips, but the torture was too great. A low groan broke from him.

"I say, Grahame, chuck it—"

"Rats! I—"

Carr released Poindexter, and the junior wriggled away, and sank to the floor. Grahame seemed inclined to start on him again, but Carr touched his arm.

"Don't be a fool, Grahame! He's had enough!"

The prefect flung the cane into a corner.

"Get out of my study, Poindexter! That's a lesson for a start, and you can tell your friends in No. 4 study that there's the same waiting for them if they don't mind their p's and q's. I'm going to keep order among you juniors, or I'll know the reason why. Now get out of my study!"

And Poindexter, feeling too used-up to even reply, dragged himself out, and slowly and painfully made his way to No. 4 study.

The 2nd Chapter.

A Plan of Vengeance!

HERE is that Chicago bouncer, I wonder?"

Dick Neville and Micky Flynn were getting impatient, and Pankhurst and Price shared their feelings. Neville, Flynn, and Poindexter were generally at warfare with Pankhurst and Price, otherwise known as the Old Firm. But on this particular half-holiday they had chummed up with their rivals for the purpose of making a skating excursion together up the river, which was frozen for miles. Under the rivalry of the foes of the Fourth there was a real good fellowship and a mutual regard, and neither side ever bore malice for hard knocks received in fair fight.

"Sure, and he's been long enough to fetch his cap, and no mistake," said Micky Flynn. "Where can the spalpeen be?"

"I suppose he's got a new consignment of potted-beef from his pater in Chicago," suggested Pankhurst, "and he's having a feed in the study."

"Oh, rats!" said Dick Neville.

"Exactly!" said Pankhurst. "Rats—canned rats! I believe they're what you get as beef from Chicago!"

"Quite so!" said Price.

(Continued on the next page.)

The 1st Chapter.

Poindexter Refuses to Fag.

UNTPUSHER!"

Lincoln G. Poindexter heard the name called as he came along the passage, but he did not stop, or even turn his head.

The American chum at Cliveden was rather sensitive about his name, and though his chums in No. 4 study were permitted to make variations upon it ad lib., so to speak, Poindexter did not permit the same liberty to be taken by others.

And so Lincoln G. was quite deaf to the call as he came up the passage, although the individual who called was no less a person than Grahame, the prefect.

"Puntbuster!"

Grahame called out again, more loudly and angrily than before. But Lincoln G. Poindexter marched straight on, with his nose in the air.

"Poindexter! Do you hear?" shouted Grahame, coming out of his study.

The American chum stopped.

"Hallo, Grahame! Did you call me?" he asked.

"Yes, I did, you young cad; you heard me call you before this."

"No," said Poindexter calmly; "I only heard you call my name once."

"Come in here, Pointbuster, or Puntpusher, or whatever your silly name is," said Grahame. "My fag's gone out for the afternoon—I'll skin him for it when he comes in—and—"

"Shows his sense," said Poindexter. "I'm going to do the same, as soon as I've fetched my cap!"

"Are you?" said Grahame disagreeably. "I think not, Puntdodger, if that's your name. You're coming to fag for me now as young Trimble's gone—"

"Can't be done!" said Poindexter, shaking his head. "I've promised Neville and Flynn, and—"

Grahame came a step towards him.

"Are you going to disobey your prefect, Poindexter?"

"I guess you're not my prefect," said Poindexter cheerfully. "If you were mine I'd drown you. Now, keep your distance!"

The American chum, keeping his face towards Grahame, backed away down the passage as the angry prefect advanced towards him.

Grahame snapped his teeth.

He knew that Poindexter was as elusive as an eel, and that if he chased him, he would have little chance of capturing the nimble junior. Grahame was a bully of the first water, and always heavily "down" upon the Cliveden Combine, of which Poindexter was the chief member. Poindexter knew very well that Grahame had picked him up now for the mere purpose of paying off old grudges, and though he would not have disregarded the orders of any other prefect, he had no intention of taking any notice of Grahame.

"Will you come here, Poindexter?" shouted the angry prefect.

Poindexter shook his head.

"I guess not."

"I tell you you've got to fag for me!"

"I guess you'll have to look further for a fag."

"I'll give you the biggest licking—"

"You'll have to catch me first, I calculate," Poindexter remarked. "Ta-ta! I'm sorry I can't stay to continue this cheerful and interesting conversation, but I must be off. You must be off, too—off your rocker—to think that you can make a member of the Cliveden Combine fag for you! Ta-ta!"

And Poindexter turned and hurried down the passage—right into the arms of a big Sixth-Former who turned a corner near at hand at the same moment. Grahame saw the collision, and gave a shout.

"Stop him, Carr!"

Carr, of the Sixth, was a chum of Grahame's, and a fellow of the same kidney. His grip closed on Poindexter's collar immediately. The American chum made a desperate effort to tear himself away, but he only succeeded in tearing his collar out, and Carr's grip remained fast upon his jacket.

"I've got him!" said Carr, with a cruel grin. "Do you want him, Grahame?"

"Yes, rather!" said Grahame, coming up, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes. "I've told him to fag for me, and he says he won't!"

"Says he won't, does he?" exclaimed Carr, giving Poindexter a shake that made the junior's teeth rattle. "I'll tell you what it is, Grahame, these kids in the Fourth are getting altogether too cheeky. Pankhurst and Price have refused to fag for me, and those young cads in No. 4 study are just as cheeky."

"I guess I won't fag for either of you," said Poindexter. "Panky and Price are not going one better than us, I reckon."

Carr shook him again.

"Not so much talk," he said. "Shall I yank him into your study, Grahame?"

"Yes, bring him along."

Grahame took one arm of the American junior, and Carr the other. Between them they marched Poindexter into the prefect's study.

"Now, you see what you've got to do, Punt-dodger," said Grahame. "There's been a lot of cocoa spilled over my grate last night, and my lazy little beast of a fag hasn't cleaned it up. You're to do it. Then you'll clean my brown boots—you'll find the stuff in the cupboard, and then I want my bicycle lamp cleaned and polished."

"Anything else?" asked Poindexter.

"Yes; after that you can dust the study, and clean the handles of the door and cupboard, and get the coal locker filled."

"Is that all?"

"No. You will have to clean the window, and lay the table for tea."

"I guess I shouldn't have any time to pare your finger-nails, or comb your hair, or clean your teeth for you," said Poindexter gravely, with a shake of the head.

Carr giggled, and Grahame turned red.

"Not so much talk, you Chicago rat! Start on the grate. Now, then!"

The two bullies released Poindexter, and Grahame put his back to the door. The American junior glanced round the study. There was no escape for him, and against the two big Sixth-Formers he had no chance in a struggle. His chums were out in the Quadrangle, waiting for him to join them. Yet the American chum was not in the least inclined to surrender.

"Well, are you going to begin?" exclaimed Grahame impatiently.

"I guess not!"

"My hat!" said Carr. "I never heard of such cheek! He will have to have a lesson, Grahame, and I'll lend you a hand to give it to him, if you like."

"Right you are!" said the prefect. "Collar him!"

Poindexter dodged round the table. Grahame followed him on one side, and Carr on the other, and the junior made a desperate spring to get over the table and escape to the door. But he had no time to take a run, and he didn't quite clear the table. He came down right upon it with a crash, and the table, which wasn't built to stand a full-sized junior crashing upon it, gave a lurch, and went over. Pens and ink, papers and books, table and Poindexter, were mixed up on the carpet.

Grahame gave a yell at the sight of the havoc wrought in his study. Before the dazed junior could scramble out of the wreckage, the prefect had seized him, and the next moment he was pinned by Carr. They dragged him to his feet, still very dazed, and Carr shoved him across a chair and held him there.

"Now, Grahame, if you've got a cane—"

"I have, rather! Hold him tight!"

"I've got the beast!"

Poindexter began to struggle. But the muscular Sixth-Former held him fast, and the prefect made rapid play with the cane. Poindexter was quite unable to defend himself from this attack in the rear, and the blows fell thick and fast. Poindexter knew what it was to be flogged, but he had never experienced any-



"Grahame!" The name came in a deep, sepulchral voice from the figure in white. "Grahame, are you prepared to pay the penalty of your crime?" The prefect fell upon his knees. He was too dazed and bewildered by the terrible vision to do anything but yield to blind terror.

Poindexter's Ghost.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"I understand that you fellows live almost entirely on Chicago canned things in No. 4," said Pankhurst. "The fellows say so, at any rate."

"More rats!" said Neville. "I say, let's go and look for Poindexter! I don't see what can be keeping him all this time."

"Nor I, unless he can't tear himself away from the canned rats!"

"Oh, come on!"

The rivals of the Fourth Form at Cliveden walked across the Close, and entered the school-house together. They went upstairs to No. 4 study, and there, sure enough, they found Poindexter.

They stared at him in amazement as they entered the study.

Poindexter certainly presented a singular spectacle at that moment.

He was standing on the hearth-rug, twisting himself about into the most remarkable and almost impossible attitudes.

"Sure, and it's off his giddy rocker he is!" murmured Flynn.

"Clean off his chump!" said Dick Neville.

"Is that a new system of gymnastics," asked Pankhurst, staring at the Chicago chum, "or a new line in jiu-jitsu?"

"Sure, and ye—"

"Ah, I've got it!" exclaimed Pankhurst, smiting his forehead. "I always knew it would come. Dear me! Horrid! But it was bound to come!"

"What was bound to come, fathead?" asked Neville.

"This was—this fearful calamity. This is the result of eating tinned beef from Chicago! He's got chicagitis of the pericardium, or something of that sort! I warned you what you had to expect. You can't say I didn't!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"How often," said Pankhurst, waxing eloquent—"how often, dear boys, have I implored you with tears in my eyes to let Chicago canned rats alone? How often—"

"Oh, dry up!" exclaimed Neville. "I say, Poin, what's the matter? Has somebody been lamming you?"

"I guess so," gasped Poindexter. "I've had it hot and hard! Oh, my word, Grahame can lay it on!"

"Grahame! Was it that brute again?"

"I reckon! He caught me in the passage, and wanted me to fag for him. I wouldn't, then he and Carr collared me, and—"

"And behold the mournful result!" said Pankhurst. "I'm sorry, Poindexter, but I'm glad to know that this painful experience is not the result of reckless indulgence in tinned beef and potted-horse, and—"

"Oh, ring off!" said Poindexter. "It hurts. I sha'n't be able to sit down for a month! All the same, I'm glad I didn't give in and fag for that brute."

"Sure, and it's a broth of a boy ye are!" exclaimed Flynn. "You've upheld the honour of the Combine, and I'm proud of ye!"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Pankhurst. "As head of the Fourth Form, I disapprove of fagging, but—"

"As what?" demanded the Combine with one voice.

"As head of the Fourth Form at Cliveden—"

"Oh, draw it mild! Don't be a red-headed ass!"

"Sure, and he can't help it, Dicky darling; he was born so. It's a case of heredity!"

"I guess that's about correct," said Poindexter. "But I say, don't start rowing now. I sha'n't be fit for a row again for days; and, besides, you're wasting the afternoon. You'll be late home if you don't start now."

"But you're not fit," said Pankhurst.

Poindexter made a grimace.

"I guess I can't come. I couldn't skate now

any more than I could fly. But don't let that spoil your little run. Be off with you! I shall feel better presently, and then I'll fill up the time doing all the impositions for the study, and I'll have tea ready for half-past five."

Dick Neville shook his head.

"We're not going out and leaving you alone, Poin."

"Shure, and that's so, Puntodger darling! We can stick here, too. Panky and Price will have to do that skate all on their lonesome."

"Not at all!" said Pankhurst. "If you chaps are staying in, we'll stay in, too; if only out of fellowship!"

"Quite so!" said Price.

"There's a practice match of the Sixth we can watch," said Neville. "That's about the only thing going on now. Unless—"

"I've got an idea," said Pankhurst.

"Get it off your shirt-front, then!"

"We're going to stay in this afternoon," said Pankhurst, looking round. "I think we couldn't do better than put in the time making Grahame sit up."

"Quite so!" said Price heartily.

"Good wheeze!" exclaimed Neville.

"Grahame will have to be taught that he can't treat members of the Fourth Form at Cliveden like this. Let's sit down and plan it out."

"If it's all the same to you," said Poindexter, with a grimace, "I'll stand."

Neville grinned.

"Yes, I suppose you'd rather, when I come to think of it. I say, does it hurt very bad, old chap?"

"Oh, it's all right! I guess I can stand it."

Pankhurst glanced from the window.

"There goes Grahame!" he remarked.

"He's playing in the practice match. Trevelyan insists on his showing up on the footer field sometimes. He doesn't like it."

"The rotter wouldn't!" said Neville disdainfully. "Football isn't much in his line. He'd rather smoke cigarettes in his study, or read sporting papers, or make bets on races. He ought to be kicked out of Cliveden, and if the Head would listen to me, he'd sack Grahame to-morrow."

"When the Head comes to the Fourth Form for advice," grinned Pankhurst, "I expect he'll come to my study!"

"Rats! Let's get on with the washing! Anybody thought of a wheeze yet?"

"I guess so," said Poindexter. "I had been thinking it over before you fellows came in, and I rather think it will work."

"Expound, my son!" said Pankhurst.

"While Grahame's out, in the first place, we'll wreck his study," said Poindexter, as calmly and cheerfully as if he were proposing a game of marbles. "That will be one for him to begin with."

"Easily done," said Pankhurst; "only there will be a terrific row about it when he finds it out. He'll guess, of course, who's done it, and he'll come to this study at once to look for our tinned-beef friend."

"I guess that's what I want him to do."

"Oh, I see! If you're looking for some more in the same place, that's all right. I should rather think you'd feel hurt if he came!"

"I intend Grahame to feel hurt," said Poindexter, with a grin. "There won't be any of us in the study, but there will be a cord stretched across for him to fall over!"

"But he won't come in if there's nobody here."

"Yes, he will; if he sees somebody he takes for me sitting by the window."

"But how the—"

"Oh, we've rigged up a dummy before now, I suppose!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Good wheeze!"

"Quite so!"

"We'll stuff a suit of my clothes," said Poindexter. "I have a wax mask to use for a face, and an old Rugger football that will make a good head. We must fix the thing up well, and take him in. I'll partly plug the gas-burner with a drop of sealing-wax, so that the light won't be good, and Grahame is

certain to think that he's got me alone, and he'll wade in."

"Ha, ha!"

"Then he'll tumble over the string, and we'll be round the corner ready, and as soon as we hear him fall we'll rush in—"

"Good!"

"And we'll collar him, and give him a taste of what he's given me," said Poindexter. "I've often thought that a bully never quite knows how much he hurts a fellow when he lams him, or he wouldn't be such a brute."

"Very likely."

"So I guess it's our duty to enlighten Grahame on that point," said Poindexter. "When he has had a couple of dozen as hard as we can lay them on, he'll know exactly what it's like."

"Perfectly clear," said Pankhurst. "It's our bounden duty, and you've made it as clear as mud. Grahame shall have the licking."

"We'll bring his own cane," said Poindexter. "It's a jolly strong one, as I have reason to know. And, as there's no good wasting time about the matter, suppose we rig up the dummy now, and then go and wreck the study!"

"Right-ho!" said the Combine and the Old Firm, with one voice.

And the chums of the Fourth Form set to work.

**The 3rd Chapter.
Poindexter's Double.**

POINDEXTER was seldom wanting in ideas when they were needed, and certainly on the present occasion his fertile brain had evolved a good one.

True, painful consequences were very likely to follow the vengeance of the juniors, but of that the chums of the Fourth recked nothing at present. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, was their motto.

They set busily to work upon the dummy.

An old suit of Poindexter's clothes was brought to light, as well as a really striking waistcoat, which the new chum had brought with him from Chicago. That waistcoat had been pronounced a little too gorgeous by the chums of No. 4 study, and after a week or two at the school the American junior had dropped it, but he was still joked about its vivid colours sometimes. It was the very thing for the dummy, as at the sight of that waistcoat Grahame would know at once that it was Lincoln G. Poindexter whom he had to do with.

The clothes were carefully stuffed out with rags, and what not, to the size of the slim and somewhat lean American. The dummy was built up round three cricket stumps, one for the backbone and one for each leg, to give erectness to its manly form. The wax mask was fitted over the old Rugger football, and made a very good face, and a wig of the same colour as Poindexter's hair was placed on top. The chums of No. 4 study frequently amused themselves with amateur theatricals, and so they were somewhat skilled in the art of make-up, and Poindexter put a few touches of grease-paint on the wax mask which brought it to a striking resemblance to his own features.

Pankhurst held the figure up when it was finished. The Eton suit was well filled out; the coloured waistcoat buttoned over the padded chest; the head well secured, and a wide collar was round the neck. The dummy was startlingly natural, and in the twilight it was certain to pass muster.

"Good!" chuckled Poindexter. "I think it's first rate."

"Ripping!" said Pankhurst. "Couldn't be improved. Of course, it's ugly; but it was necessary to make it resemble the original, and so—"

"Ha, ha! Quite so."

"What I like about it most is the waistcoat," continued Pankhurst. "Anybody would know that as Pointpusher's waistcoat at a mile distance. I—"

"Cut the cackle," said Poindexter. "It's time we did Grahame's study up for him. He may be back in a quarter of an hour now."

"Right-ho! Let's get it done."

The dummy was placed in a chair by the window of the study, artfully arranged so that its face would be shadowed by a corner of the bookcase when the gas was lighted.

The attitude of the dummy was strikingly like that of a boy who had fallen asleep in his chair, and when the light was a little dimmer it was certain to deceive the keenest of eyes. And Grahame's eyes were not likely to be very keen, as he would be rushing in in a raging temper, in all probability, and certainly suspecting nothing of the wheeze.

"That will do," said Neville. "Come along! We must do Grahame's study thoroughly, or he won't be pleased."

The five juniors proceeded along the dusky corridor to the prefect's study. They found it empty, and entered it. The table had been set up again, and the books and papers lifted upon it. Dick Neville promptly started operations by tilting it over, and this time its contents were deposited in the fire-grate. Micky Flynn considerably raked out the ashes over them.

The chums set to work. They had wrecked a study before, in their time, having bestowed that polite attention upon the captain of the Fifth on one occasion, when the Fourth and the Fifth Forms at Cliveden were at logger-heads. So they were not without experience in the matter.

Five juniors, resourceful and determined, can do a lot of damage in a short time. The study rapidly assumed the appearance of a scrap-heap.

It was growing dusk, and Poindexter, looking out of the window, saw that the footballers had left the field.

"It's about time we shifted, I guess," he remarked. "I think we've done enough for the present. Grahame won't know his old study."

The juniors looked round the room with extreme satisfaction.

Everything that could be moved was upset. The table was upside down, and the bookcase across it, the books being strewn over the floor. The bed was on its side, and the bedclothes were tied in knots and trailed all over the study, trampled on, and splashed with ink, red and black, and smudged with bicycle oil. The coal was strewn all over the room; but, to make up for that, the clock and all Grahame's clean collars and shirts were jammed into the coal-locker. His inkstand was swept bodily into the drawer which contained his ties, decidedly improving them in colour, and his silk hat was stood up and filled with water. There was little more that the juniors could do, and they felt that they had deserved well of their country.

They hurried away along the passage, very well pleased with themselves. They gathered in No. 4 study again, and the final preparations were made or the expected visit from Grahame.

A thin but strong cord was stretched across the study in the middle, from the firegrate to a nail in the wall opposite, about six inches from the floor. It was now quite dusk, and Poindexter lighted the gas. He turned it full on, but the burner being half-plugged with sealing-wax, the light was very dim.

The American chum chuckled as he glanced at the dummy in the window. Never had a dummy looked so lifelike as that one looked in the dim light of the study.

"I guess that will take the cake, kids," said Poindexter.

"I kinder guess so," said Pankhurst, grinning.

"Let's cut off. We'll wait in No. 10 study till the beast comes, and then follow him. I've got his cane here, all ready."

"Mind you don't show yourselves, or make a row, till you hear him flop down over the cord," said Pankhurst. "We must wait till he's down, and then pin him suddenly, before he has time to yell to the Sixth."

"Right-ho!"

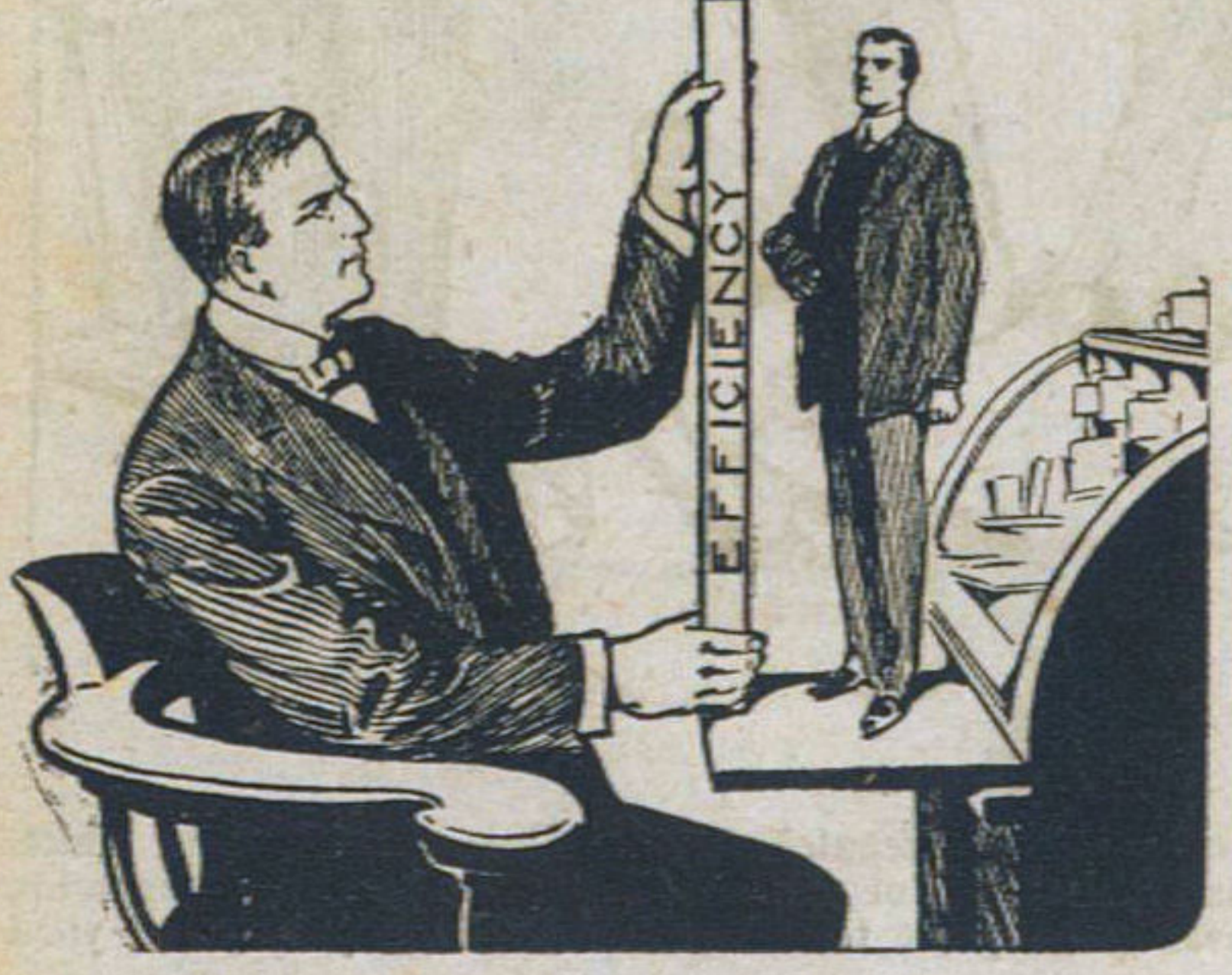
The juniors, in a mood of gleeful anticipation, left the study, closing the door. They moved along to No. 10 study, the room belonging to Pankhurst and Price, and there they

(Continued on the next page.)

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Poindexter's Ghost.

(Continued from the previous page.)

They laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks. The absurd mistake of the prefect seemed too funny for words.

"He attacked him first!" said Pankhurst, wiping his eyes. "He—that dummy—that stuffed bag of clothes—he attacked him first!"

"Sprang at his throat—" gasped Neville.

"Like a tiger," said Price.

"Arrah! Sure and it's the wonderfulest dummy that ever dummed!" murmured Micky Flynn, twisting himself to and fro. "Oh, ochone! Ha, ha, ha! Sure and me ribs are aching, that they are, wid laughin'!"

"Ha, ha, ha! The joke has panned out better than we expected," chuckled Poindexter. "This is better than licking the prefect, by a long chalk."

"Rather! But, I say, what are we to do with the body?"

"By Jove, I forgot the body!"

"We've promised not to say a word to the Head!" said Pankhurst solemnly. And the juniors went off into a fresh yell of laughter.

"The question is," said Poindexter, "whether Grahame is sufficiently punished, or whether he wouldn't be impressed with the enormity of his crime still more if he saw the ghost of the dear departed."

The juniors simply screamed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ripping!" gasped Pankhurst. "Get to work! We've got plenty of chalk here, and Price can sneak a sheet out of the dormitory."

"Ha, ha! Right you are."

"I guess it will work first-rate," said Poindexter, with satisfaction. "We must pile on the agony while we've got the chance, you see. I can't remain dead very long, for I'm getting hungry, and want my tea."

"Ha, ha! Here's the chalk."

Pankhurst set to work. Poindexter's face was chalked all over, till it assumed an absolutely ghastly whiteness. Price returned from the dormitory with the sheet, and it was draped gracefully round the slim form of the American.

"My word!" said Neville. "If I hadn't helped in the make-up, I should think it was a ghost, or a messenger from Mars, or something."

"Is it all right?"

"Right? I should say so."

"Then see if the coat is clear, and I'll nip along to Grahame's study and—"

"Wait a minute; I'll turn the gas out in the corridor."

Darkness fell upon the passages when Pankhurst had turned out the gas-jets, and then the ghost of Lincoln G. Poindexter glided from No. 10 study.

Certainly the figure looked very ghostly as it glided along the passage in the dimness.

"Mon bleu! Vat is zat! Ciel!"

It was the voice of Monsieur Friquet, the French master. He caught a glimpse of the gliding figure, and then bolted down the stairs at top speed. The ghost gave a chuckle, and hurried on to Grahame's study.

"Knock!" said Pankhurst, in a whisper. The juniors crouched back in the shadows, and the ghost solemnly knocked at the door.

Grahame was alone in the study, sitting there in a mood of fury and despair. The remorse he might have felt for his deed was swallowed up in terror, in the fear of what the consequences might be. Could he hope that the chums of No. 10 study would keep the secret? He had always bullied them; they had nothing to thank him for. Why should they screen him?

No, he could not expect it. The truth would come out. What would happen to him then?

Knock! The tap at the door came in the midst of his gloomy meditations, and he started and turned white, as if he felt the hand of the policeman already upon his shoulder.

Knock!

"C-c-come in!" said the prefect, in a shaking voice.

Knock!

The Sixth-Former rose to his feet, trembling.

What meant that mysterious knocking at his door? It could not be the police, surely, already!

Knock!

The sound smote upon his heart like a funeral knell. He went to the door with slow, dragging footsteps, and threw it open.

Then he staggered back with a yell of terror. Poindexter stood before him!

The boy he had so brutally struck down in No. 4 study stood there, his face white, his eyes wide open, his hand raised to point.

"Grahame!" The name came in a deep, sepulchral voice from the figure in white.

"Grahame, are you prepared to pay the penalty of your crime?"

The prefect fell upon his knees. He was too dazed and bewildered by the terrible vision to think—to look—to do anything but yield to blind terror.

"Are you prepared—"

"Mercy!"

"Wretch! Canst thou ask for mercy, when thou hast smitten a goodly youth with a cricket stump, and cut him off in the bloom of his youth? Canst thou ask, when thou hast destroyed the head of the Fourth Form—"

"Oh, rats!" came very audibly from the passage.

"Shut up, Pankhurst, you ass!" whispered the ghost.

"Well, you shut up about being the head of the—"

"Dry up, ass!"

"Sure, and ye'll spoil the joke, Panky—"

Grahame heard only indistinctly the whispers in the passage, but they naturally roused his suspicions. He sprang to his feet. He did not believe in ghosts, and his suspicions being once aroused, he jumped to the conclusion at once that he was the victim of a trick.

"Are you prepared—"

There was a sound of footsteps in the passage, and a hurried voice.

"Hook it! Here comes Trevelyan!"

The ghost vanished from the doorway.

**The 7th Chapter.
Brought to Light.**

"It was ze terrible sight," said the voice of Monsieur Friquet. "I see it distinctly viz my eyes!"

The captain of Cliveden looked round impatiently as he came up the passage. Monsieur Friquet, full of the ghost he had seen, had dragged the school captain to look for it, but Trevelyan did not expect to start any unearthly visitors in the corridor.

Five juniors crouched in a doorway, hoping that the searchers would pass. They had not had time to close the door, and they were afraid to do so as the captain came along, in case he should hear.

Grahame dashed out of his study.

"Have you seen anything, Grahame?" asked Trevelyan, looking at him.

"Yes," hissed the prefect. "It is a trick! They cannot be far away! Ah, this door is open!"

A figure in white rose before him. It was impossible for the juniors to escape discovery now, and they had to face it out.

"Beware," said the deep, sepulchral voice—"beware!"

"What nonsense is this?" said Trevelyan sternly. "Light the gas, Monsieur Friquet." A match glimmered, and the gas flared up.

"Ah, I thought so!" went on the captain of Cliveden. "Poindexter, what are you doing in that absurd guise?"

Poindexter grinned.

"I guess I'm a ghost," he said.

Grahame was staring at the American chum with his eyes almost starting from his head. Relief at finding that the boy was really alive overmastered every other feeling for the moment.

But Trevelyan's face was very stern.

"Explain yourself, Poindexter."

"It's a fact," said Pankhurst. "Poindexter has been murdered, and this is his ghost, got up specially for the occasion, for one night only."

"What do you mean?"

"Ask Grahame," said Neville. "He's the giddy criminal."

Trevelyan stared at Grahame.

"What does this mean, Grahame?"

The prefect drew a deep, deep breath. Poindexter was alive; he had been deceived; how, he did not know, but it was certain that the American chum was very much alive. And as he realised that clearly, rage replaced the relief in the prefect's breast. He had been "done"—hopelessly done by the juniors, and his hands clenched with fury.

"It's a trick!" he said savagely. "They tried to scare me—"

"And succeeded!" chuckled Poindexter.

"What price your going down on your knees? Ha, ha, ha!"

"You lying young rascal—"

"It's the truth. We all saw ye," said Micky Flynn. "Ho, ho, ho! Ye baste, ye, to kill an inoffensive young gentleman—"

"And ask two respectable juniors to keep the dread secret of your giddy guilt," said Pankhurst solemnly.

"I must know what this means," said Trevelyan, as the French master quitted the study. "Tell me, Poindexter, as Grahame will not."

"If you look in at No. 4 study," grinned Poindexter, "you'll see the giddy corpse-worshiper. Grahame knocked him down with a

cricket stump, and killed him—only it happened not to me, but a dummy rigged up in my clothes!"

Grahame gave a yell of rage.

"So that was it, you—you—" He sprang blindly at Poindexter, but Trevelyan dragged him back with an iron grip.

"Stand back, Grahame!"

"I will not! I—"

"Stand back!" thundered the captain of Cliveden, and the prefect shrank from his blazing eyes.

"And so," said Trevelyan, "Grahame thought he had injured a junior so severely, and was going to say nothing about it? And you were playing ghost to punish him, I suppose. Well, you can go and get that nonsense off. You have done wrong, but you will not be punished this time. The blame rests upon this scoundrel!"

"This what?" yelled Grahame furiously, as the juniors filed out of the study, Trevelyan standing between them and the enraged prefect.

"I said scoundrel, and I mean scoundrel!" said the captain of Cliveden, between his teeth. "You must have struck the dummy they speak of under the impression that it was a boy, and in such a brutal manner that you actually believed you had caused death. You have been a fool to be taken in so easily by a juniors' trick, but not half so much a fool as you are brute and rascal. That's plain speaking for you!"

"They wrecked my study."

"I don't care what they did. You had no right to act like a ruffianly hooligan!" said Trevelyan sternly. "I tell you they shall not be punished. You have done more than enough to disgrace yourself and the Form you belong to!"

"I—"

"Not a word more! You will not touch them again! Hold your tongue, I say! Another word and I will go straight to the Head and tell him the whole story!"

Grahame shrank from the study like a whipped cur.

In No. 4 the Combine and the Old Firm gathered in high glee. Poindexter had removed his ghostly make-up, and, though he still felt a pain where the prefect had caned him in the afternoon, he was in high spirits. So were the others.

Tea in the study had never been a merrier meal. The rivals of the Fourth feasted together to celebrate their victory over the common foe, and the famous dummy was seated at the table in honour of the part he had played in the affair. And for a great distance from No. 4 could be heard the shouts of laughter of the juniors as they discussed the joke on the prefect.

THE END.

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