

SPARKLING NEW SCHOOL SERIES

STARTS
TO-DAY!

The BOYS' HERALD



No. 78.

ON SALE

EVERY TUESDAY.

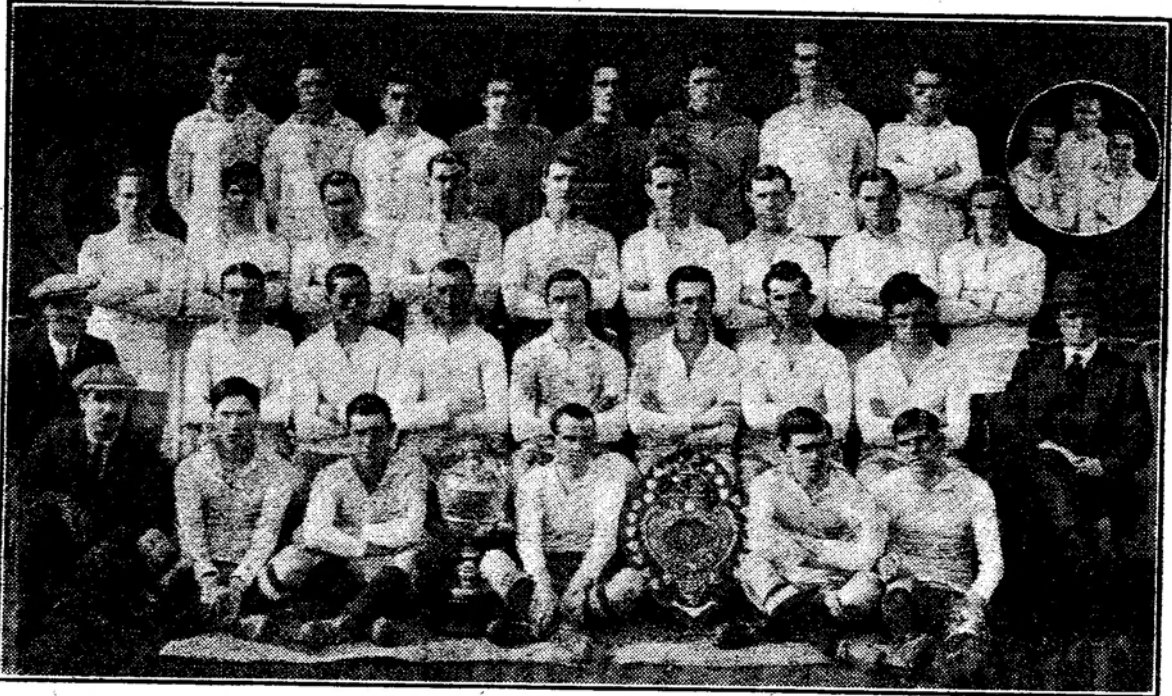
April 23, 1921.

The Boy Who Won Our TUCK HAMPER!



HAMPERS FILLED WITH TUCK, GIVEN AWAY EACH WEEK!

OUT FOR THE CUP!



THE TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR F.C.

An excellent portrait of the famous Tottenham Hotspur Football Team. Inset are shown Cantrell (centre), Walden on the left, and Lindsay, right. The trophies shown are the Norwich Charity Cup and the Championship Shield, II. Division.



THE "BOYS' HERALD" BOYS. No. 3.—SKINNER, The Sneak of the Greyfriars Remove.

Our Magnificent, Long Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars School.



The Price of Silence!

Another Splendid School Story
Here Next Week.

A Startling Secret!

BILLY BUNTER blinked cautiously up and down the Remove passage, opened the door of No. 4 Study, and stepped quickly inside.

That study belonged to Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing, neither of whom was at home. Billy Bunter was sure of that, because he had seen them going towards the cricket ground, a few minutes before. Had either Redwing or the Bounder been in the study, Billy Bunter would not have called just then. Bunter's designs could not have been carried out in the presence of the owners of No. 4.

Safely inside the study, and unobserved, Bunter closed the door, and a fat grin overspread his face.

"All serene!" he murmured.

He did not waste time. He scudded across the study to the cupboard. That was the object of Bunter's interest.

His fat fingers closed on the handle, and he jerked at the cupboard door. It did not open.

An expression of utter disgust came over Bunter's face.

"Locked!" he ejaculated.

The study cupboard was locked; and the key gone. Billy Bunter blinked at it through his big spectacles, wrathfully and indignantly.

"Beast! Awful suspicious beast!" he murmured. "Just as if he suspected somebody might bag his cake! I hate suspicious people! It's an insult to the whole Form, making out that his cake isn't safe without locking it up! Beast!"

Bunter jerked at the cupboard door, and jerked again. But it would not open. His eye travelled to the poker resting in the fender, and he debated in his mind whether it would be judicious to burst the cupboard lock.

"Serve the beast right, for being suspicious!" Billy Bunter argued to himself. "Just what he deserves! Only—only—"

The Owl of the Remove decided not to use the poker. No doubt it was just what Smithy deserved for being suspicious; but the risk was too great. With a frowning brow, William George Bunter turned away from the cupboard, disappointed and wrathful.

And just then, footsteps in the passage outside, fell upon his ears. And a voice came through the shut door.

"Hang the cricket! You can go if you like, Redwing! I'm fed-up on it!"

It was Smithy's voice!

Bunter stood rooted to Vernon-Smith's expensive carpet, his eyes

growing round with apprehension behind his glasses.

He was fairly caught.

Vernon-Smith and Redwing were coming back to the study, after all; and it was too late to escape; they would see him dodging out, and certainly they would guess what he had been after. Bunter seemed to feel the Bounder's heavy boot, already coming into contact with his person. And Smithy had been so very bad-tempered of late, Bunter did not know why—and as likely as not, Smithy would be glad of somebody to wreak his wrath upon.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Bunter.

He would have dodged under the table, but there was no cover on it—there was no refuge there. He blinked round the room in agonised alarm. The footsteps were coming towards the door—he had less than a minute to save his fat skin!

Smithy's big arm-chair stood in a corner of the study, its back to the corner; and there was a triangular space behind the high back. Billy Bunter darted to the corner, and squeezed in behind the chair.

He crouched there, gasping for breath, and fervently hoping that the Bounder would not wheel the chair out to the fire when he came in.

He stilled his stertorous gasping as the door opened.

Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing came into the study, and the latter closed the door.

Billy Bunter suppressed a groan, as he heard the door shut. Apparently the Bounder and his study-mate had come to stay.

The fat junior palpitated, as Vernon-Smith came towards the arm-chair. To his immense relief, the Bounder did not wheel it out. He sat down in it, little dreaming that the Owl of the Remove was huddled in the corner behind it.

Tom Redwing stood leaning on the mantelpiece. The window was open, and shouting voices came faintly on the breeze from the cricket field. Harry Wharton and Co. were at cricket practice, getting ready for the new season. There was plenty of light for cricket, yet—the days were lengthening out—but the Bounder evidently did not care for it. He remained plunged in gloomy silence after he had sat down, and did not raise his eyes to Redwing's.

"Smithy!" said Redwing, at last.

"Well?" snapped the Bounder.

"You won't come down to cricket?"

"No. You can go," snapped the Bounder. "In fact, I'd rather you

did. I'm not feeling like any company at present."

"All the fellows have noticed that you're not yourself lately—since the affair in No. 1 Study, Smithy!"

"Confound the fellows!"

"I wish you'd make up your mind to do the right thing," said Redwing, with a sigh. "Jack Drake's been in Coventry for a week now. Only Rodney is sticking to him—"

"I've seen you speaking to him!" sneered the Bounder.

"I'm not likely to be down on him when I know he's innocent of what he's charged with!" said Redwing quietly. "I want you to speak out, Smithy. I know it's hard. But you'll never have any ease of mind until you do. You weren't built for a rascal. And—you ought to think of my position. Knowing the truth as I do, how can I allow the Remove to go on believing that Drake is guilty?"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "You've got your remedy," he sneered. "Go to Wharton and tell him you know that I picked up the bank-note in No. 1 Study, and put it into Drake's desk in No. 3. Tell him you taxed me with it and I admitted it. That will set the matter right."

Behind the armchair, Billy Bunter's mouth opened like that of a newly-landed fish.

The fat junior could scarcely repress a howl of astonishment; he came very near indeed to betraying his presence.

"You know I can't do that, Smithy!" said Redwing moodily. "I can't betray you. But I can't let this go on. You've no right to put me in such a position. I don't know what to do."

"You shouldn't have asked questions, then," said the Bounder cynically. "You know too much now; but I'm not asking you to keep it dark. I'm ready to face the music if you give me away."

"You know I can't! And—you're my chum," said Redwing, in distress. "I'm bound to stand by you. Smithy, old chap, I wish you'd try to see this in a proper light—it's not too late to do the right thing—"

"Oh, rot!"

"You mean to keep silent, then?"

"Yes," said the Bounder deliberately.

Redwing sighed.

"I shall have to think what I ought to do, then," he said, in a low voice. "I can't let this go on."

"Please yourself!"

Redwing crossed slowly to the study door. The Bounder looked after him with a derisive grin. He knew that he could rely upon his chum's silence. The door closed behind Redwing, and

Vernon-Smith was alone—as he believed. He uttered an impatient exclamation, and rose to his feet, shoving back the arm-chair as he did so. The heavy chair rolled back on its castors, and fairly jammed the hidden Owl into the corner. An agonised gasp escaped Billy Bunter.

"Groooooogh!"

Bunter is not to be Bribed!

GROOOOOGH! Ooooooh!" Vernon-Smith spun round, with an ejaculation. That prolonged splutter effectually betrayed Bunter's presence.

The Bouncer grasped the arm-chair, and whirled it out of the corner.

Billy Bunter was revealed!

The breathless Owl blinked up at Vernon-Smith; and Vernon-Smith stared down in speechless wrath at the Owl.

"Grooogh!" repeated Bunter!

"Ooooh! Ow! Oh, dear!"

"Bunter!" panted Vernon-Smith.

"I—I say, Smithy!" gasped Bunter.

The look on the Bouncer's face alarmed him.

"You spying cad!"

"I—I wasn't spying!" gasped Bunter. "I—I haven't heard a word, Smithy! Not a syllable! I—I've been fast asleep! Sleeping like a top!"

The Bouncer gritted his teeth. He realised at once that the Owl of the Remove must have overheard every word uttered in the study. His secret was known to more than one now—it was known to the chatterbox of Greyfriars.

He came closer to Bunter, with a deadly glitter in his eyes.

Bunter squirmed out of the corner.

"I—I say, Smithy, old chap—" he mumbled. "Yaroooh! D-d-d-d-don't hit me, you beast! Oh, Jerusalem! Yoooop! Yowowwoooooop!"

Bunter rolled on the carpet as the Bouncer's boot landed on him. Another kick made him roll again, and he roared.

"Yoop! Help! Rescue! Fire!"

Kick, kick, kick!

"Yow-ow-woooooop!"

Bunter scrambled up and leaped for the door.

But the Bouncer's grip fastened on his collar and swung him back. The fat junior spun to the arm-chair, and collapsed into it, spluttering.

"Sit there!" hissed the Bouncer.

"Grooogh! Oooooop! Help!"

"Shut up!"

"Help!" yelled Bunter. "Wharton! Drake! Rodney! Toddy! Help!"

"Hallo, what's the row?"

The study door opened, and Jack Drake looked in. He had been coming along to No. 3, when the uproar in No. 4 smote upon his ears. He ran along at once to the Bouncer's study.

"Silence!" hissed the Bouncer, his eyes glittering at Bunter.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

Bunter recovered his confidence as soon as Drake was in the study. It was Drake who had defeated Smithy in a fight to a finish in the Remove dormitory, a few weeks before. And it was Drake who was most concerned by the startling secret Bunter had learned. Vernon-Smith turned to Drake.

"What do you want?" he snarled.

"I heard Bunter yelling for help," answered Drake coolly. "That's why I came in!"

"Well, you're not wanted! Get out!"

"I'm not so sure I'm not wanted!" answered Drake. "Is there anything the matter with you, Bunter?"

"You just stay," exclaimed Bunter.

"I've got something to tell you, Drake, something jolly important!" And the Owl cast a triumphant blink at Herbert Vernon-Smith.

The Bouncer compressed his lips. He had wreaked his first fury by kicking Billy Bunter round the study; but he knew that he had to come to terms with the Owl, unless he wanted his secret proclaimed from the house-tops.

"You seem to forget that Drake's in Coventry, Bunter," he said, as calmly as he could. "You'll get ragged if you jaw to him—"

Bunter's fat lips curled.

"He won't be in Coventry much longer, when the fellows know what I can tell them!" he said.

Drake looked at him sharply.

"Have you found out—" he began.

"Get out of my study, Drake!" hissed the Bouncer. "You've nothing to do here! Bunter doesn't want you!"

"Yes, I do!" said Bunter promptly. "If you talk to Drake, Bunter, I shall not lend you a pound, as I was going to," said Vernon-Smith.

Bunter's expression changed at once. The Bouncer had put it cunningly; Bunter understood that he was offered a pound for his silence.

The fat junior grinned. He had power in his fat hands now. The Bouncer was under his podgy thumb! Bunter's fat thumb was not a pleasant thumb to be under!

"Well, if you put it like that, Smithy," he said loftily.

Jack Drake interrupted.

"What have you found out, Bunter?" he demanded. "I know perfectly well that Vernon-Smith fastened the bank-note bizney on me; I've accused him of it. Have you found it out somehow?"

Bunter hesitated.

He blinked at Vernon-Smith. The latter, keeping his back to Drake, half-drew a roll of currency-notes from his waistcoat pocket. Bunter understood.

"I'm sorry, Drake," said the Owl gravely. "As you're in Coventry, I really can't speak to you. You can't expect it, you know!"

"What?" ejaculated Drake.

"You'd better go!" said Bunter.

"Why, you fat rascal, you were howling to me to help you a couple of minutes ago!" exclaimed Drake indignantly.

"Oh, really, Drake—"

"I've a jolly good mind—"

"Look here, Drake, you sheer off!" exclaimed Bunter. "What the thump do you mean by wedging into a study where two pals are talking?"

Drake stared at him. This was a change of front with a vengeance. It was the sight of the Bouncer's currency-notes that had wrought the startling change.

"You—you fat rascal!" stuttered Drake.

"You buzz off!" said Bunter, with dignity. "I'm surprised at you, coming into a study without being asked—without knocking, too! I wonder where you were brought up!"

For a moment, William George Bunter was in danger of a more severe kicking than the Bouncer had given him. But Drake controlled his wrath and turned on his heel. He strode out of the study, and the Bouncer slammed the door after him, with a grin.

"Good riddance!" said the Owl of the Remove, with satisfaction. "Some fellows have no end of cheek, haven't they, Smithy?"

"You fat rotter!"

"Oh, really, old chap—"

"You listened to what Redwing and I were saying in this study," said the Bouncer grimly. "I've a jolly good

mind to take a cricket stump to you and thrash you till you can't crawl!"

"I—I say, I—I'll yell for Drake!" gasped Bunter.

"I don't think he would be likely to come back after the sample he's had of your gratitude!" grinned the Bouncer.

Bunter, on reflection, did not think it likely, either. He blinked at the hard face of the Bouncer very uneasily.

"I—I say, Smithy, old chap," he murmured feebly. "We—we're friends, you know. I—I wouldn't give you away for anything—not an old pal like you, you know. I—I say, I'm going!" Bunter wriggled out of the arm-chair, and made a tentative movement towards the door. He backed, as the Bouncer stood in the way. "I—I say, Smithy, gerrout of the way, you know, Johnny Bull's expecting me to tea!"

The Bouncer eyed him morosely. Unless Bunter's silence was secured, the whole story would be out, as soon as the fat junior was safe outside the study. Vernon-Smith felt more inclined to give him a cricket stump than a pound-note; but evidently it was the pound-note that was needed. Slowly, savagely, the Bouncer detached one from his roll.

Bunter's eyes glimmered behind his spectacles.

In his mind's eye, he saw a whole vista of pound-notes in prospect, stretching away in dazzling perspective to the end of the term.

"Keep your mouth shut!" said the Bouncer, as Bunter's fat fingers closed on the currency-note.

"Thanks, old chap! I won't give you away," said Bunter reassuringly.

"Rely on an old pal!"

"Get out!"

"Just going, old top! But, I say," Bunter turned round in the doorway.

"Will you have this back out of my postal-order when it comes, Smithy, or shall I put it down to the account?"

"Get out!" said the Bouncer savagely.

Billy Bunter stood his ground. This was an important point, to Bunter, and it had to be settled.

"We'd better go into this, Smithy," he said calmly. "Short reckonings make long friends, you know. I mentioned to you yesterday that I was expecting a postal-order."

The Bouncer breathed hard.

"I've given you a pound to keep your tattling mouth shut, you fat cad," he muttered.

Billy Bunter shook his head.

"I'm afraid I can't accept it on those terms, Smithy." He was tucking it away safely in his pocket as he spoke.

"A chap has his dignity to consider. To accept a gift of money is quite out of the question—I simply could not think of it. I am willing to accept this as a loan, and I want to know whether you'd like it returned out of my postal-order, when it comes."

"When?" sneered the Bouncer.

"If you don't believe my postal-order is coming, you'd better not lend me this pound, Smithy," said Bunter calmly. "Now shall we leave it that you're to have it back out of my postal-order, or not? I'm not a chap to be bribed, I hope!"

The Bouncer gritted his teeth. Evidently it was up to him to enter into the little comedy that Bunter chose to play—that was one of the hard conditions of the Owl's silence.

"Yes," he gasped.

"Righto, old fellow!" said Bunter cheerily. And he rolled out into the Remove passage. But he looked back again. "I say, Smithy! It's possible—barely possible—that my postal-order

may not come in the morning! If it's delayed a little, would you mind waiting a day or two for the repayment of this loan?"

"Oh, no!" stuttered the Bounder.

"Righto, old bean!" said Bunter.

And he rolled away again, and this time he did not come back, which was perhaps just as well for him, for Smithy's fury was getting the upper hand of his prudence.

A Pig in Clover!

HALLO, hallo, hallo!" Harry Wharton and Co. crowded into the school shop—ruddy and cheery after the cricket.

Bob Cherry's stentorian greeting was addressed to Billy Bunter, who was seated on a high stool at Mrs. Mible's little counter, in a state of great and sticky enjoyment.

Bunter was in funds, that was clear. His fat face was shiny, his breathing was thick. He had done well; and he was still doing excellently. Jam tarts were piled on a plate before him, and he was taking them down like oysters. Fragments of other good things strewed the counter all around him. Evidently the Owl of the Remove had made a raid of unusual magnitude upon Mrs. Mible's store. Equally evidently, he was in possession of unaccustomed cash; for Mrs. Mible knew him too well for "tick."

"Postal-order come, Bunty?" grinned Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter blinked round amiably. "Just so!" he answered. "I told you fellows I was expecting a postal-order, some days ago—"

"Some terms ago!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"And it's come!" ejaculated Nugent.

"It has come!" said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "From one of my titled relations, you know—"

"Your uncle the duke?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Or you aunt the marquis?" queried Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My uncle, the baronet!" answered Billy Bunter calmly. "Sir Bunter de Bunter sent it along this afternoon!"

"Three cheers for Grunter de Grunter!" said Bob Cherry. "As you're rolling in money, you can stand ginger-pop all round, what?"

"My dear chap, I don't mind," answered Bunter, much to the surprise of the Famous Five. "I'm expecting some further remittances shortly—very shortly. I'm going to be in funds for the rest of the term, in fact. Ginger-beer all round, Mrs. Mible!"

Billy Bunter threw a half-crown on the counter, with the air of a prince—a very fat prince.

"My hat!" ejaculated Frank Nugent.

"The hatfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh. "The esteemed Bunter must have been visiting the Head's safe burglefully!"

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"Hallo, ginger-pop going?" said Skinner, coming into the tuck-shop with Snoop and Stott. "Count us in, Bunter!"

"Certainly, old fellow!" answered Bunter carelessly.

"My only hat!" said Bob Cherry, in wonder. "I shall begin to believe soon that Bunter really has some relations!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Anyhow, here's to the health of Sir Grunter de Grunter, and long may he wave!" said Bob Cherry

"Here comes Drake!" murmured Skinner.

Jack Drake came into the school shop, with Rodney. The Famous Five hastily finished their ginger-beer, and quitted the shop—without a glance at the two barred juniors. Skinner and Co. remained, and winked at one another, as Drake and Rodney made their purchases for tea, at the counter. The sentence of Coventry on Jack Drake was still in full force—it had not relaxed since he had been found guilty in the trial by the Form. But Billy Bunter blinked at the two chums rather uneasily.

Perhaps William George had some rag of a conscience somewhere under the layers of fat. After what he had heard in the Bounder's study, he knew that Jack Drake was innocent in the affair of the five-pound note.

Even Bunter could not help thinking that things were rather hard on Drake, and he felt rather uneasy.

"I—I say, Drake have some ginger-pop?" he muttered feebly.

"No, you fat idiot!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Now then, Bunter, you know they're in Coventry!" said Skinner.

"Have a cake, Rodney?" said Bunter, unheeding.

"Go and eat coke!" was Rodney's reply.

Bunter sniffed.

He felt that he had done all a fellow could do.

He had offered ginger-pop and a cake, and what could a fellow do more than that, to right a wrong?

So Bunter's fat conscience did not trouble him any more. He finished his feed, and felt in his pockets. There was still a shilling left; and the Owl of the Remove expended it in tarts. He simply could not leave off, while anything remained to eat.

The tarts disappeared in record time. Then William George Bunter disappeared.

He rolled off the high stool, and rolled out of the tuck-shop, with a very uncomfortable feeling underneath his expansive waistcoat.

He had "blued" Smithy's pound, not wisely, but too well!

Billy Bunter was not feeling wholly happy in his well-stocked interior, as he rolled into the School House.

When he arrived in No. 7 Study, he astonished Peter Todd by remarking that he didn't want any tea.

Toddy stared at him.

"You don't want any tea?" he repeated. "Ill?"

"No!" grunted Bunter. "I never do eat much, do I?"

"Oh, ye gods!" said Peter.

Billy Bunter toyed with his prep, that evening. His extensive spread in the tuck-shop rather weighed on him. But after prep, and as bedtime drew near, the Owl of the Remove felt better. He experienced the twinges of re-awakening appetite.

"What have you got for supper, Toddy?" he asked.

"Nothing!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"I'm going into Hall to supper," said Peter Todd. "You can come along and have some bread and cheese with me, if you like!"

Bunter snorted.

"Bread and cheese may be all very well for you, Toddy!" he said. "I'm not a poor solicitor's son!"

"You fat goat—"

"A fellow who's been gently nurtured needs something a bit more delicate!" said Bunter. "The trouble is the tuck-shop will be closed now, or I'd stand a jolly good study supper all round!"

Peter Todd chuckled.

"Mrs. Mible will let me have something if I ask her," he said. "You shell out the dibs, Bunty, and I'll undertake to get the tuck."

"My postal-order—"

"Oh, if it depends on your postal-order, old top, the tuck-shop will be open again in time!" said Peter Todd.

"I was going to say," retorted Bunter, with great dignity, "that my postal-order has come!"

"Gammon!"



Vernon-Smith grasped the arm-chair and whirled it out of the corner. Billy Bunter was revealed! The breathless Owl blinked up at the Bounder; and Vernon-Smith stared down in speechless wrath at the Owl. "Groogh!" wailed Bunter. "Ooooh! Ow! Oh, dear!"

"I've given it to Vernon-Smith to change for me!"

"Tell us another!"

"I'll go and ask Smithy if he's changed it," said Bunter. "You can come with me if you like, Toddy, as you seem to doubt my word!"

Peter Todd stared at him.

"What's this game?" he demanded.

"Come with me and see!" answered Bunter, with crushing dignity. "If Smithy says I haven't given him a postal-order to cash for me—"

"Of course, he will—as you haven't!" granted Peter.

"Come and see!"

Peter Todd rose.

"I'll come," he said, "and if you're pulling my leg, you fat spoofer, I'll boot you all the way along the Remove passage!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Come along!" snapped Peter.

"I'm ready!" said Bunter loftily.

Peter Todd marched the fat junior along to No. 4, and tapped and opened the door. Redwing was in No. 4, at prep—the Bounder was loafing in the arm-chair, with a black frown on his brow. His eyes glittered at Bunter.

"I say, Smithy," began Bunter, eyeing the Bounder uneasily, and feeling rather glad that the stalwart Peter was with him.

"Well, you toad?"

"Have you—have you cashed that postal-order?"

The Bounder stared.

"What postal-order?" he asked, between his teeth.

"I gave you a postal-order for ten shillings, to cash for me!" said Bunter, with a significant blink at the Bounder. "Don't you remember?"

Vernon-Smith seemed to gulp down something. Peter Todd looked on in astonishment. It was evident that the Bounder was simply yearning to take Bunter by the collar; Peter could not fail to observe that. But he did nothing of the kind. He felt in his pocket.

"I—I remember!" he stammered.

He handed over a ten-shilling note.

Bunter gave his study-mate a triumphant blink.

"Perhaps you believe me now, Peter?" he said, with great dignity.

"Well, seeing is believing!" said the amazed Peter. "D-d-d-did Bunter really get a postal-order, Smithy?"

"You've heard him say so!" answered the Bounder sourly.

"Well, he's such a giddy fabricator. But I suppose you wouldn't give him ten bob for nothing!" said the puzzled Peter. "Dash it all, if Bunter's really received his postal-order, it ought to be put in the 'Greyfriars Herald,' in big type! It's worth a special number, by gad! Come on, Bunt, my fat pippin, I'm not going to kick you this time; but how the thump you came to tell the truth for the first time in your life, beats me hollow!"

And Peter left the study with the triumphant Owl. When the door had closed on them, Tom Redwing looked at his study-mate.

"Bunter knows?" he asked.

Vernon-Smith nodded.

"And you're shelling out to keep him quiet?"

"Did you work that out in your head?" said the Bounder sarcastically. "Of course, I might be giving him currency-notes because he's so nice, and I'm so attached to him!"

Tom Redwing compressed his lips.

"This can't go on!" he said.

"I know it can't!"

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Ask me another!" said the Bounder, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Or rather, give me a rest! I'm sick of the subject!"

And there was silence in No. 4 Study, while Tom Redwing worked at his prep., and the Bounder of Greyfriars stared moodily and savagely at the fire.

Smithy Obliges!

"I SAY, you fellows, hold on!"

It was the following afternoon, and the Famous Five of Greyfriars were wheeling out their bicycles for a spin. Billy Bunter came along to the bike shed while they were thus engaged. All the five were looking very nice and spotless; for this was to be rather a special spin. Marjorie and Clara were to be called for at Cliff House School.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, still rolling in oof?" asked Bob Cherry. "Lend me a thousand pounds, Bunter, will you?"

"I could lend you a few bob, if you liked," answered Bunter loftily. "I'm pretty flush with money. My postal-order—"

"Must have been a jolly big one, if it isn't all gone yet," said Harry Wharton, with a rather curious look at the Owl of the Remove. "But roll away, Bunt, you're blocking the road!"

Vernon-Smith came along, with a moody brow—his brow was generally moody now—and went into the shed for his machine. He did not glance at Bunter, and did not seem to observe his friendly grin.

"I say, you fellows, I'm coming, you know!" said Bunter.

"Bow-wow!"

"Your jigger would take about a year to mend!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We'll take you for a spin next term, Bunter, if you start on it now!"

"I've often asked you to mend my bike, Cherry—"

"You can go on asking, old bean!"

"But Smithy will lend me his jigger," said Bunter. "So that's all right!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

Herbert Vernon-Smith was about the last fellow in the world to lend his handsome and expensive jigger to so careless a rider as Bunter. Nothing short of a miracle could have caused him to do it.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," said Bunter. "I'll ask Smithy. I suppose I can come if he lends me his machine?"

"If!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The ifffulness is terrific!" chuckled the nabob of Bhanipur.

Bob Cherry winked at his chums.

"We'll take Bunter, if Smithy lends him his jigger," he said. "Go and ask Smithy, Bunter."

"Agreed!" said Wharton laughing.

"All right!" said Bunter cheerily. And he rolled into the bike shed.

The Famous Five waited, grinning. They had seen the bitter scowl on the Bounder's face, and were aware that the Bounder was in one of his blackest tantrums. They fully expected that Vernon-Smith would not only refuse

to lend his bicycle in the most emphatic manner, but that Bunter's cheeky request would be followed by Bunter flying out of the bike shed with Smithy's boot as the propelling force behind him.

That entertainment was worth waiting for; so Harry Wharton and Co. waited. They heard Bunter's voice within.

"Lend me your bike, Smithy, old fellow, will you?"

"Now look out for fireworks!" murmured Bob Cherry. "The Bounder's just ripe for him, to judge by his smiling chivvy!"

But the fireworks did not come! Instead of fireworks, they heard the Bounder answer, in a loud voice.

"I'm just going out on it myself, Bunter."

"Well, I want it!" said Bunter.

There was a pause.

The Famous Five looked at one another in wonder.

Vernon-Smith spoke at last, and there was a sort of choking sound in his voice.

"You can have it, if you like!"

"My hat!" murmured Nugent, wonder-stricken.

"Put the saddle down for me, Smithy."

Another pause.

"Very well!" came the Bounder's reply, at length.

And the juniors heard him lowering the saddle of the bike to suit Bunter's short, fat legs.

"Is this a giddy dream, you fellows?" asked Bob Cherry, staring blankly at his chums.

"Seems like it!" said Harry Wharton, in amazement. "Hallo, here's Smithy!"

The Bounder came out of the bike-shed, his face pale, his lips tightly set. He passed the Famous Five without a word, and strode away. A minute later, William George Bunter wheeled the handsome jigger out, with a smirk of satisfaction on his fat features.

"Ready, you fellows?" he said cheerily.

Harry Wharton and Co. looked after the Bounder, and then looked at Bunter. They realised that there was something in this that they could not understand. But they had agreed to take Bunter on that distinguished spin if Smithy lent him his bike; and undoubtedly Smithy had lent him his bike! That was certain, at least.

"What does this mean, Bunter?" asked Wharton. "What the thump is Smithy kow-towing to you for in this way?"

"Oh, we're terrific pals, you know!" said Bunter carelessly. "Smithy would do anything for me. I'm going to be pally with Smithy this term. Of course, his people are not well-connected like mine, but—"

"Come on!" said Bob Cherry abruptly.

And six juniors rode away from Greyfriars—five of them very much perplexed—and the sixth grinning a fatuous grin of satisfaction. And the Bounder of Greyfriars, with glittering eyes, watched them go.

THE END.

Another grand long story of the chums of Greyfriars School next week. Order your copy of the "Boys' Herald" early.