

"THE LAD FROM THE LOWER DECK!" Inside.

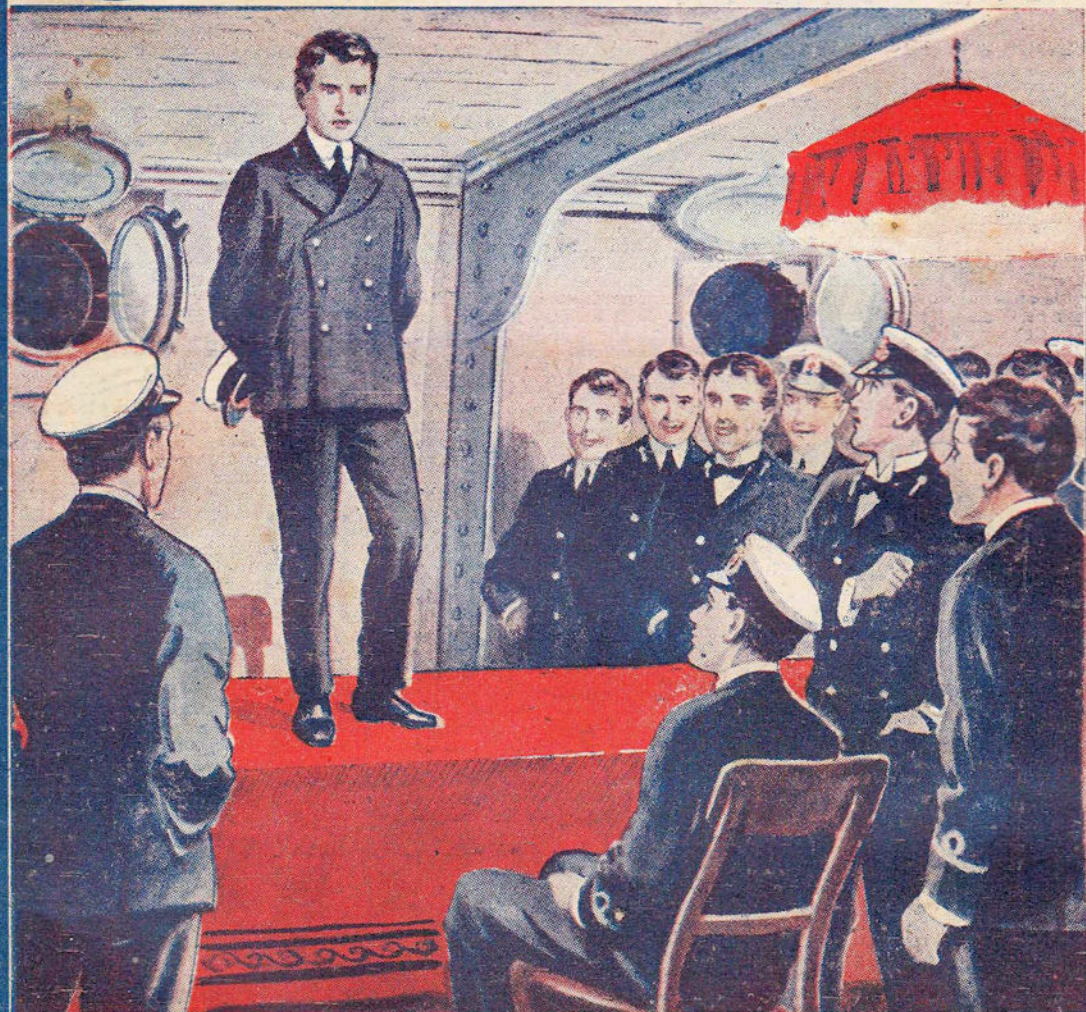
The BOYS' HERALD

1½
12

No. 84.

ON SALE EVERY TUESDAY.

June 4, 1921.



"THE LAD FROM THE LOWER DECK!"

"Get on the table and tell us all about yourself," said Fidgeon, the bully of the gunroom.

"What's your name, new kid?" demanded the sub, to set the ball rolling.

"Frank Sturdy, sir."

"What college were you at? That is to say, where were you educated?"

"In the 'University of Hard Knocks,'" replied Frank, with a smile. "In other words, on the lower deck."

"H'm!" muttered Fidgeon, somewhat taken aback by the readiness of this retort. "What's your father?"

"A fisherman—and coxswain of the Sandhaven lifeboat. He don't make as much as he used to at the fishin',

though," added Frank; "the season's been a bad one."

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Reggie Peddar, the dude, beneath his breath. "A fisherman! And note the

gwammah, deah boys!"

WONDERFUL NEW STORY STARTS INSIDE!

These Magnificent, Long Complete School Tales Can't Be Beaten!



“Looking for Trouble!”

Another splendid school story here next week.

Straight From the Shoulder!

“IT'S young Nugent!”

Jack Drake followed that remark with a low whistle.

“The young ass!” growled Rodney.

The chums of the Greyfriars Remove were sauntering along the footpath through Friardale Wood, when they came on “young Nugent.”

Dicky Nugent, of the Second Form at Greyfriars, was not alone.

He was in conversation with a fat, squat man, who sported a brilliant waistcoat, a big cigar, and a bowler hat on one side of his head.

That gentleman was not an acquaintance of Rodney and Drake; but they had seen him before, lounging about the Bird-in-Hand Inn. His name was Joseph Banks, and he followed, or had followed, the profession of a bookmaker, and had been warned off more race-courses than he could remember. The sight of a Greyfriars fag in conversation with such a gentleman naturally made the Remove fellows stare.

Nugent minor was deep in his conversation, and he did not look up as the Removites came along the grassy footpath. Drake and Rodney paused, and frowned.

“The young ass!” repeated Rodney. “What’s he got to do with a blackguard like that? His brother would be waxy, if he knew.”

Drake nodded.

He rather liked Frank Nugent, of the Remove Form, and he had noticed—as, in fact, all Greyfriars had noticed—that Frank had had a considerable amount of trouble with his wilful minor. Frank was expected by his people to keep an elder-brotherly eye on Dicky; and Dicky strongly resented having an eye kept on him. Hence the trouble that sometimes arose.

Mr. Banks knocked the ash off his cigar, and in doing so he glanced up and observed the two juniors on the footpath.

He gave a little cough.

It was quite a secluded part of the wood, and doubtless Nugent minor’s meeting with the bookmaker was very

secret. Drake and Rodney had happened on it quite by chance.

“What’s up?” asked the fag, turning his head to follow Mr. Banks’ startled glance.

Then he saw the two Removites. The colour flushed into his cheeks. Whatever might be Dicky’s business with Mr. Banks, he had the grace to feel ashamed of it.

“Come on,” muttered Rodney. “We’ve no business here, Drake.”

Jack Drake hesitated.

“I think I’d better speak to that kid,” he said. “The young ass oughtn’t to be with that blackguard.”

“You’re not his major,” said Rodney, with a faint smile. “His major has trouble enough with him. No good any other fellow butting in.”

“I’m going to try,” said Drake.

He walked on towards the two, and Rodney followed him. Rodney was quite ready to “chip in,” if it would do any good; but he doubted very much whether there was any good to be done.

“Afternoon, young gents!” said Mr. Banks affably. “Jest appened to meet Master Dicky ‘ere, jest by accident, you know.”

Drake knitted his brows.

Nugent minor’s look was proof enough that the meeting was not an accidental one. To say nothing of the deep and earnest discussion he had been engaged in when the Remove fellows came along.

“Coming back to Greyfriars now, Dicky?” asked Drake, without heeding Mr. Banks’ affable greeting.

“No!” said Nugent minor curtly.

“Better come, kid.”

Dicky stared at him.

“I’ll come when I like!” he answered.

“Look here, Nugent minor,” said Drake directly, “the less you have to say to this man the better. You’d better come along.”

“Well, I like that!” said Mr. Banks, in a tone that implied that he did not like it at all.

Nugent minor stared at Drake in surprise and annoyance.

“I don’t remember asking you for any fatherly advice, Drake,” he said sarcastically. “Suppose you keep it till it’s asked for.”

“Ear, ear!” said Mr. Banks decisively.

“If your brother saw you——” said Drake.

“Bother my brother! I have jaw enough from Frank, without another lot from you,” interrupted Nugent minor. “What the thump does it matter to you whom I speak to? Can’t you mind your own business?”

“Better come on, Drake,” murmured Rodney.

Drake’s eyes were glinting.

He was greatly inclined to take Nugent minor by the collar, and administer a sound shaking—which was probably just what Master Dicky wanted. But he restrained that desire.

“You know you’d get into a row at Greyfriars, if you were seen speaking to this man, kid,” said Drake patiently.

“That’s my bizney,” said Nugent minor. “You can go and sneak to my Form-master, if you like, of course.”

“You cheeky cub!” roared Drake, his temper giving way a little.

Nugent minor curled his lip. “Is that all you’ve got to say?” he asked. “If it is, you may as well travel. I don’t want your company.”

There was a chuckle from Mr. Banks.

“That’s the stuff to give ‘im!” he remarked. “Wot does he want comin’ buttin’ in when a young gent is talkin’ to another gent?”

Drake carefully avoided taking any notice of the bookmaker. He did not want the scene to end in a row, if he could help it. But Mr. Banks was growing more and more aggressive every moment. Mr. Banks was in one of his hard-up periods, and even the small gains he hoped to obtain from a reckless schoolboy were an object to him.

“You mind your own business,” he continued. “Buttin’ in and slanging a man! Fur two pins I’d lay my stick round you.”

“Do!” said Dicky Nugent.

“Good mind to, by gum!” said Mr. Banks.

Drake compressed his lips.

He doubted a little whether he had acted wisely in “butting” in; but, after all, Nugent minor belonged to his school,

BECOME BIG NOW The plums of business and social life go to the man who has height, and physique to match it. You can easily increase your height from 2 to 5 inches, and improve your health, figure and carriage, by the Girvan Scientific Treatment. 9 years unblemished record. £100 guarantee of genuineness. Particulars for postcard. Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.4.

“CURLY HAIR” “It’s wonderful” writes E.M. Testimonials received daily. Copies sent. Ross’ “WAVEIT” CURLS straightest hair. 1/2, 2/6, (stamps accepted). Ross, (Dept. G.H.), 173, New North Road, London, N.1.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquists’ instrument; invisible; imitate birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-. T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.1

ROYAL AIR FORCE.

BOYS WANTED between 15 and 16½ years of age. Must be medically fit and of good education. Boys receive thorough instructions in selected trade, and are paid, fed, housed and clothed during training. Write or call for descriptive booklet, etc., to R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; 298, Bath Street, Glasgow; 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; Crown Buildings, James Watt Street, Birmingham; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

and it went against the grain to see the foolish fag victimised by a loafing rascal like Joseph Banks.

"Well, what are you hanging on for?" asked Dicky Nugent. "I think I mentioned that I don't want your company, Drake."

"I'm not going to leave you with that blackguard," said Jack Drake determinedly.

"Who you calling names?" demanded Mr. Banks.

"Come on, kid," said Drake. "I'll see you home to the school."

Nugent minor gave him a furious look. "You won't, you interfering rotter!" he exclaimed shrilly. "Mind your own business! Let go my arm, you cad, or I'll kick your shins!"

Drake tightened his grasp on the fag's arm. He was angry and determined.

"This way!" he said.

Whack!

Mr. Banks chipped in at that point.

In an unfortunate moment for himself, he raised his stick and brought it down across Jack Drake's shoulders.

"Let the young gent alone!" he said.

Drake released Nugent minor instantly, and turned on the fat book-maker, with a blaze in his eyes that made Mr. Banks start back.

The stick went up again, but Mr. Banks had no time to use it. Drake came at him with a rush, and his clenched fist crashed into the sharper's flabby face.

"Yooop!" spluttered Mr. Banks.

He went over on his back with a crash, his feet flying into the air as he landed.

The stick flew from his hand, and Rodney picked it up and tossed it away among the tree-tops.

Mr. Banks lay gasping and spluttering, and Drake stood over him, breathing hard, his fists clenched and his eyes ablaze.

"Now, you blackguard, get up if you want some more!" he said, between his teeth.

Mr. Banks sat up.

"Ow Yow! Wow!" he mumbled. "You young 'ooligan! I'll 'ave the lor on you for this 'ere! Wow! Wow!"

He did not rise to his feet. He was a man against a boy; but that hefty drive, straight from the shoulder, had taken all the belligerency out of Joseph Banks. He sat and gasped, and glared up at Drake.

"You rotter!" muttered Dicky Nugent, in helpless rage. "You rotter! I—I wish I could lick you!"

Drake did not heed the fag.

"Do you want any more, Mr. Banks?" he asked grimly.

"Yow-ow! You keep your 'ands to yourself, you blooming 'ooligan," mumbled Mr. Banks.

"Then get out!" said Drake.

"What?"

"Get out! If you don't clear out of this at once, I'll begin on you with my boots!" said Drake savagely. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, making a fool of a silly kid like that! If you don't want to be kicked, get out!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Banks.

He rolled hastily away out of reach of Drake's boot. At a safe distance he gained his feet, and blinked round for his stick. But his stick was not to be seen.

"Are you going?" demanded Drake, faking a step towards him.

"Don't go, Banks!" shouted Dicky Nugent.

Mr. Banks did not answer either of them. He turned his back and tramped away, gritting his teeth, and scowling savagely, and dabbing his nose with a grubby handkerchief. Mr. Banks, evidently, had had enough for one afternoon.

Drake watched him out of sight along the footpath towards the village. Then he turned away in the opposite direction.

"Come on, Rodney."

"You rotter!" yelled Nugent minor.

Drake gave him a glance. The temptation was strong upon him again to give Master Dicky what he was asking for; but once more he restrained himself, and walked away with his chum. Dicky Nugent glared after him. All the passionate temper in Dicky was roused, and he was trembling with rage and chagrin.

"You rotter!" he yelled. "You awful rotter!"

Drake did not turn his head.

Dicky stared round him furiously, and picked up a fragment of a broken branch. He was too reckless and infuriated to care what he did.

Whiz!

"Oh!" gasped Drake.

The flying piece of wood caught him on the back of the head.

"Take that, you rotter!" yelled Dicky.

Drake staggered forward. He had received a hard knock, and it made his head ache. It was the last straw, and his good temper failed under the test. He spun round, and came striding back towards Dicky Nugent.

"You young ruffian!" he gasped.

"I'll—"

"Rotter!" howled Dicky defiantly.

"I'll kick your shins! I'll—"

Drake grasped him by the collar with his left hand, jerked him over, and smacked him soundly with his right. The smacks were hearty and heavy, and they rang like pistol-shots.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Yaroooh! Oh! Oh!"

Oh! Ah!" roared Dicky.

His yells rung through the wood.

There was a rustling in the thickets, and a hurried footstep, and an angry voice shouted:

"Stop! Stop that, you bully!"

Nugent Takes a Hand!
 "YOU'RE coming, Franky?" Bob Cherry asked that question.

The Famous Five of Greyfriars were together that half-holiday, as they generally were. Wharton and Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh, had wheeled their bicycles out of the shed; but Frank Nugent had left his machine on the stand.

Harry Wharton and Co. were looking very merry and bright that sunny May afternoon—with one exception. Frank Nugent's handsome face was rather overcast.

"Get your jigger, Frank," said Wharton. "You're coming over to Cliff House."

"I—I think not," said Nugent.

"But the esteemed Marjorie is expecting all of us," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Not to mention the elegant Clara and the beautiful Barbara."

Nugent smiled faintly.

"They won't miss me, if four of you go," he said. "The—the fact is, I don't feel very bright this afternoon, and I won't inflict it on Marjorie and Co. You fellows get off."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Wharton.

"I'll take a stroll round."

Johnny Bull gave a grunt.

"Rot!" he said.

"The rotfulness is terrific."

"Better come, old nut," said Bob Cherry.

Frank Nugent shook his head.

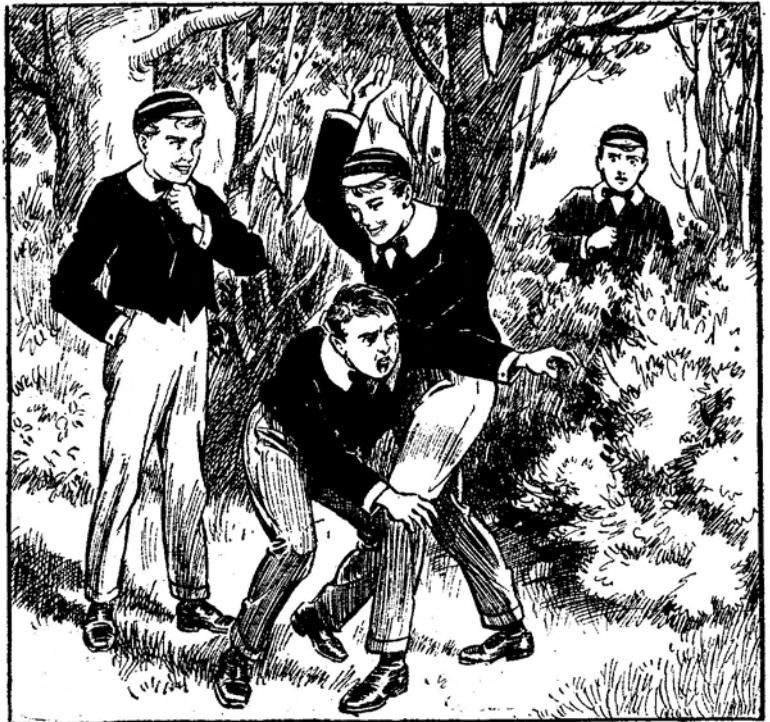
"It's all right," he said. "Leave me out. Ta-ta!"

"Rot!" repeated Johnny Bull, in his emphatic way. "Let the young rascal shift for himself."

Nugent started, and coloured.

"I don't catch on—" he began.

"Rot! You're thinking about your precious minor, and you're going to muck up a half-holiday on his account," said Johnny Bull angrily. "Think we



Drake grasped Nugent minor by the collar with his left hand, jerked him over, and smacked him soundly with his right. The smacks were hearty and heavy, and they rang like pistol shots. Smack! Smack! Smack! "Yow-ow-ow! Yaroooh!" roared Dicky

haven't noticed it, you ass? Anybody'd think you were his kind uncle, the way you bother about him. Let him rip."

"He's not your minor!" said Frank, rather tartly.

"Thank goodness for that," said Johnny Bull. "If he were my minor, I know what I'd do—I'd jolly well wallop him!"

Nugent's blue eyes glistened. "That's enough," he said. "You fellows had better get off. I'm not coming."

"But, Frank, old chap—" began Wharton anxiously.

"I'm not coming, I tell you."

With that, Nugent major turned and walked away, leaving his four chums standing by their bicycles. Johnny Bull gave another grunt, more emphatic than before.

"It's Dicky, I suppose," said Bob Cherry, after an uncomfortable pause.

"Of course it is," growled Johnny Bull. "Some kind idiot of an uncle has sent the silly kid a big tip, and, of course, the young sweep is going to play the goat with it. Nugent found him with a sporting paper yesterday, going over the tips for some swindling race. He guessed from that that Master Dicky was kicking over the traces again. He took the paper away, and never said a word when the young rogue slanged him. I'd have licked him till he couldn't have slanged a canary."

"Poor old Franky!" murmured Bob. "He's got all his work cut out to look after that young rip."

"Why don't he lick him?" demanded Johnny Bull. "That's what he wants—a thundering good hiding. That's what I'd give him."

"It's rather rotten, for Frank to spend his half-holiday looking after that young sweep," said Harry Wharton.

"The rottenfulness is terrific."

"Let's yank him over to Cliff House, whether he likes it or not!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Bow-wow! Let's get off," said Harry. "You're a bit too heavy-handed, Johnny, old man. Come on. Nugent doesn't want to be bothered now."

Johnny Bull gave another emphatic grunt, and the chums wheeled their bicycles out, and started. Frank Nugent, from the schoolhouse steps, watched them go, with a moody brow.

He would have liked to go to Cliff House—and he missed the company of his chums, too. But he was in a worried mood. When the spirit moved Master Dicky to kick over the traces, Frank felt that it was up to him to see that the fag came to no harm. It was only too probable that, without a helping hand, Nugent minor might land himself in serious trouble—and a flogging from the Head was not a light matter. Frank was well aware what a flutter would be caused in the home circle, if the news came that Master Dicky had been flogged for bad conduct. It was only too likely, too, that the blame would be laid on Frank, for not having taken better care of the fag.

Nugent's affection for his young brother had often been put to a severe strain; but it had never failed.

He was wondering now where Dicky was. He knew that the fag had scuttled out of gates after dinner, but that was all.

"Hallo, old chap! Feeling down?"

Billy Bunter rolled up, and gave Frank Nugent a friendly blink.

"Oh, rats!" snapped Nugent.

He was not in his usual good temper. Bunter blinked at him.

"Well, you needn't snap a fellow's head off," he remarked. "I was going to ask you to step into the tuck-shop and

have a ginger. Mrs. Mimble has got in some fresh tarts, too."

"Have you seen my minor?"

"Yes, he went down towards Friardale," said Bunter. "I passed him turning into the wood. I say—don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you, Nugent—I say—" Bunter started in pursuit of Nugent major, who was making for the gates. "I say, Nugent, hold on a minute—it's important—"

Nugent paused, and looked back impatiently.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped.

Bunter came up panting.

"I say, I've been disappointed about a postal order—"

Frank Nugent did not wait for any more. He turned, and hurried out of the gates, leaving Billy Bunter blinking after him wrathfully.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter. "I shall have to find Mauleverer somehow. I believe Mauly is dodging me, the beast—they're all beasts!"

Frank Nugent walked rather quickly down the lane. The Co., on their bicycles, were long out of sight. Where the footpath entered the wood, Nugent paused, with a troubled brow; but he plunged into the wood at last, and, leaving the footpath, wandered among the shady glades.

He very much wanted to see Dicky, and yet he knew the angry resentment he had to expect from the fag, at the bare thought of being "looked after." But there did not seem much chance of coming across Dicky Nugent—if the fag had had some shady object in leaving the school without his Second-Form friends, Frank was not likely to discover him. He stopped at last, and rested against a gnarled trunk, wondering whether he had, after all, been making a mountain out of a molehill.

And then, suddenly, there came ringing through the trees the yells of an angry fag, to a sound of loud smacking, and Frank started. He knew his minor's angry voice.

He ran hurriedly through the trees towards the scene, and burst out into the footpath, his eyes blazing, shouting as he ran up.

Blow For Blow!

YOU rotter! Stop it!"

Drake's hand was raised for another smack.

But, at the sight of Frank Nugent tearing up the footpath, with flaming face, he paused.

He had lost his temper—which was not surprising in the circumstances—but he was sorry enough that Frank Nugent had found him administering punishment to his minor.

"Rescue, Frank!" yelled Nugent minor, as he caught sight of his brother.

"I'm coming, Dicky," panted Nugent.

Jack Drake released the fag.

Nugent was running straight at him, evidently with the intention of hitting out, without stopping to ask questions. It was enough for Frank that he had found Drake thrashing the fag.

Dicky squirmed away, gasping. His smacking had been severe, and he was hurt, and still more enraged than hurt.

Frank Nugent stood before his young brother, facing Drake, his fists clenched, his eyes ablaze.

"You rotten bully!" he panted.

"How dare you touch my brother?"

"Here, draw it mild!" remonstrated Drake.

"Has he hurt you, Dicky?"

"Of course he has!" growled the fag. "Do you think a chap can be thumped like that without being hurt?"

"Put up your hands, Drake!"

"Look here, Nugent—"

"Don't you want to tackle a fellow as big as yourself?" shouted Nugent savagely. "Put up your hands, you coward!"

He advanced on Drake.

Dicky Nugent was grinning now.

"Good old Franky!" he said. "Go for him! Give him beans, old chap!"

At that moment Dicky was quite an affectionate minor. He would have given a term's pocket-money to see his major lick Jack Drake. He did not stop to reflect that he was probably giving Frank a task beyond his powers. Frank was no weakling, and his pluck was unbounded; but he looked very slim and light beside the sturdy junior he was bent on attacking.

Drake backed away, flushing crimson.

"Look here, Nugent, I'm not going to fight you—"

"You'll take a licking if you don't!"

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed Drake impatiently. "Let me explain—"

"There's nothing to explain. I found you bullying my minor, and that's enough."

"The precious young rascal—"

"That will do! Will you put up your hands?" exclaimed Nugent passionately.

"No, I won't!" snapped Drake, keeping his hands down. "I'm not going to fight you on account of that young sweep."

He jumped back as Nugent struck at his face.

Frank's temper was at boiling point. He had suspected his minor of wrongdoing that afternoon; and he had found him—as he supposed—being bullied by a Remove fellow. Of Mr. Banks' late departure from the spot he knew nothing. He was remorseful for having suspected Dicky—and his remorse added to his anger against Drake. He followed Jack Drake up as he retreated.

"Nugent," shouted Rodney, "have a little sense! That young rascal—"

"Mind your own business!"

"Hands off, you fool!" shouted Drake, as Nugent struck at him again.

"Well, if you will have it—"

He put up his hands in defence, and the next moment the two juniors were fighting furiously.

Dicky Nugent sat on a log to look on. Rodney watched the combat with a lowering brow.

He had no fear for his chum. Drake had defeated Bolsover major in combat; and Bolsover major could have made rings round Nugent. But Rodney was bitterly chagrined to see his chum fighting a fellow he liked and respected, and all on account of a reckless young rascal like Dicky. There was no help for it now, however.

Nugent's passionate attack drove Drake back at first, and two or three marks showed on Drake's face, where fierce blows fell.

But in less than a minute Jack Drake recovered himself, and began to put his "beef" into the combat.

From that moment the fight went heavily against Nugent.

He was a good fighting-man for his weight, but he was no match for Jack Drake, who probably had no equal in the Remove, with the exception of Bob Cherry.

Drake was angry now, and he was pressing on; and Nugent found himself receiving severe punishment.

He fought gamely, not yielding an inch when he could help it, till a drive from the shoulder laid him on his back in the grass.

He fell with a crash, and lay dazed.

"Go it, Frank!" sang out Dicky.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!

He came to help his major up. Drake dropped his hands, breathing hard.

"For goodness' sake, don't let this go any further!" exclaimed Rodney. "Nugent, do listen to me—"
Frank struggled to his feet, panting. "I'm not finished yet. Come on, you cad!"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Drake impatiently. "Can't you see you're beat? Don't be an ass."

Frank's answer was a breathless rush, and the fight recommenced. It was fought to a firtish time.

In a couple of minutes, Frank Nugent fell on the grass, and when he strove to rise again he sank back helplessly. He was done.

"You rotter!" he muttered, staring up at Drake's flushed face. "I'll thrash you yet. I'll—"

He gasped breathlessly. "I never wanted to fight you," said Drake quietly. "I don't think you'd have wanted to fight me, if you'd have let me explain. That young rogue could tell you, if he liked—"

"Don't talk to me, you rotter."
"I'll talk to you when you're cooler, then," said Drake; and he turned away.

Drake and Rodney walked quietly up the footpath. Drake was feeling the effects of the fight, though his punishment had been nothing like Nugent's. He was feeling worried, too.

"You were right, old chap," he said. "It would have been better not to meddle with the young rascal. But, who'd have supposed Nugent would bump in like that—like an unreasonable ass—"

Rodney shrugged his shoulders. "He thinks no end of that young rascal of a brother of his," he said. "It's a standing joke. It's rotten that you should have fought with Nugent. It will mean trouble with Wharton's crowd."

"Oh, bother Wharton and his crowd," said Drake. "I'm not worrying about that. But it's rotten to hammer a chap who isn't one's match; but—but I couldn't help it, could I?"

"Of course you couldn't, old fellow."
"But it's rotten, all the same!" said Drake.

That afternoon's walk in the sunny woods was not, after all, a very happy one for the chums of the Remove.

After the Fight!

FRANK NUGENT sat in the grass, feeling dizzy and almost sick. One of his eyes was half-closed, and his nose was streaming red. He dabbed it feebly with his handkerchief. He had gone on long beyond his strength, and he was feeling utterly spent and "rotten."

His minor looked at him with some sympathy, but not without a hint of derision. He felt bound to linger, as Frank had been licked fighting in his cause; but he did not want to linger. He was anxious, in fact, to get into touch with Mr. Banks again, before that boozey gentleman disappeared into the precincts of the Bird-in-Hand.

"Feeling pretty bad?" he asked.
"Yes," groaned Frank. He staggered on his feet at last, and stood leaning heavily against a tree. "I—I did my best, Dicky."

"It wasn't much of a best, was it?" said Dicky. "Drake just made rings round you."

Nugent winced.
"You shouldn't have tackled him," pursued Dicky cheerfully. "Why, he licked Bolsover major, and the Bounder, too; you hadn't an earthly, Frank."

"I did it for you."
"Well, you needn't have," said Dicky, perhaps feeling that this implied

some claim on his gratitude. "I never asked you."

"You called to me—"
"Well, just to make him let go; I didn't mean you to fight him. Why, I knew you couldn't touch one side of him," said Dicky, with good-humoured contempt. "Anybody seeing you together would see that Drake could wallop you with one hand."

Nugent drew a deep, trembling breath.

"You needn't rub it in, Dicky," he said, in a low voice. "Anyhow, I stopped him bullying you."

"I dare say he'd about finished, anyhow."
"Oh! What was he pitching into you for, Dicky?"

"Because he's a meddling, interfering rotter!" said Dicky, with a fierce remembrance of his forcible separation from Mr. Joseph Banks. "Hang his cheek! I wish I could have licked him! Of course, you couldn't! I say, Frank, you'd better bathe your chivvy before you go home—you look a regular guy like that! You don't want me, I suppose?"

Without waiting to ascertain whether his brother wanted him or not, Nugent minor cut off through the trees.

Frank looked after him, miserably, with a heavy heart and a dark brow. He would have been glad just then of some sign, however slight, of affection from his minor—some concern for him in his present painful condition. But Dicky was evidently thinking solely of his own concerns. Frank had to remember that the fag was the spoiled son of doting parents, to keep back the surge of bitterness that rose in his breast.

After all, it was not Dicky's fault; Dicky was all right. It wasn't Dicky's fault that Frank was feeling sick, and dizzy, and spent. That was the fault of Jack Drake, who had been bullying his minor. Nugent had long made it a rule never to feel resentment against his minor, whatever he did; had he broken that rule, it might have carried him too far. And for that reason his bitterness against Drake was all the sharper.

There was something like hatred in his breast, as he thought of the sturdy, careless fellow who had handled him so easily.

He limped wearily away from the spot at last, to the little stream that sang musically through the heart of the wood. There he bathed his face, and the fresh cold water made him feel better. But the reaction had set in after the exertion and excitement, and he was feeling almost ill as he set out to trudge home through the scented woods. He was conscious, too, that there was a dark shade round his eye, and that his nose was red and swollen.

He came out of the wood into Friar-dale Lane, and trudged slowly and wearily towards Greyfriars, in a black, bitter, and miserable mood. Whatever Dicky might be "up to" that afternoon, he had to be left to his own devices; Nugent was in no state to look after him further. That, too, was another item in his account against Jack Drake.

There was a sudden ringing of bicycle bells behind the tired junior, and a well-known voice hailed him, in stentorian tones.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
Nugent looked round.

Four cyclists came merrily along the dusty road, slackening down as they overtook Nugent. Harry Wharton and Co. were returning to the school, after tea at Cliff House. Wharton jumped off his machine. He had caught sight of Nugent's face as he looked round, and the state of it startled him.

"Frank, old chap, what's happened?"

"Nothing."
"You've been fighting—"

"I suppose you can see that," said Nugent bitterly. "I dare say I look a pretty sight."

"Was it the Highcliffe cads?" asked Bob Cherry, with a belligerent glance round the landscape.

"No."
"Frank, old chap—"

Wharton's face was full of concern. "Oh, don't worry," said Nugent impatiently. "I suppose I can stand a licking, as well as any other chap."

"Was it a licking, then?"
"Yes," said Nugent, flushing scarlet. "But who—"

"Drake, if you want to know."
Nugent started on again, his face bent, his eyes on the ground. There was no shame in a defeat by a superior force; but he felt a sense of shame.

The Co. exchanged uncomfortable glances, and followed him, wheeling their machines.

"Like to get on my jigger, Franky?" asked Bob Cherry, breaking a painful silence.

"No, thanks. You fellows ride on."
"Oh, we'll walk."

"The walkfulness will be a pleasure," purred the nabob of Bhanipur.

Nugent granted.
It was not a happy party that arrived at the gates of Greyfriars. A fat figure was loafing there, and there was a fat chuckle as the Famous Five came in.

The juniors passed on, and Nugent hurried into the schoolhouse and up to No. 1 Study. He was not anxious to show his disfigured face in public.

In a few minutes Harry Wharton came into the study. Wharton had the reputation of possessing a rather hasty temper, but he was very quiet and considerate now. He realised that Frank, in his present unusual mood, required treating with tact.

"Had your tea, old chap?" he asked.
"I don't want any!" answered Nugent curtly, from the depths of the study armchair.

"Better," said Harry. "I'll get it for you."
"You needn't trouble."

Wharton made no rejoinder to that, but he proceeded to get tea. Nugent found himself feeling better when he had had tea, too, and his sullen look faded away.

"Don't mind me, old fellow," he said, rather shamefacedly. "I—I feel rather rotten—I don't mean to be ratty."

"All serene, old chap. It's odd you should have fallen out with Drake," said Harry. "He's generally a peaceable chap. Of course, I know it wasn't your fault."

"He was bullying my minor," said Frank.
"Oh!"

Wharton uttered that ejaculation involuntarily; but there was a world of meaning in it. Frank Nugent crimsoned.

"Of course, you think it was Dicky that was to blame," he exclaimed angrily.

"I—I didn't say so. I—"
Wharton stammered a little.

"But you think so. You're down on Dicky, like all the rest." Nugent strode to the door. "Think so, if you like—I don't care."

"Frank, old fellow—"
Slam!

Frank Nugent was gone. And Wharton, staring blankly at the shut door, gave a low whistle of dismay.

THE END.

There will be another grand long story of Greyfriars School next week.