

SPLENDID, LONG COMPLETE STORY—INSIDE!

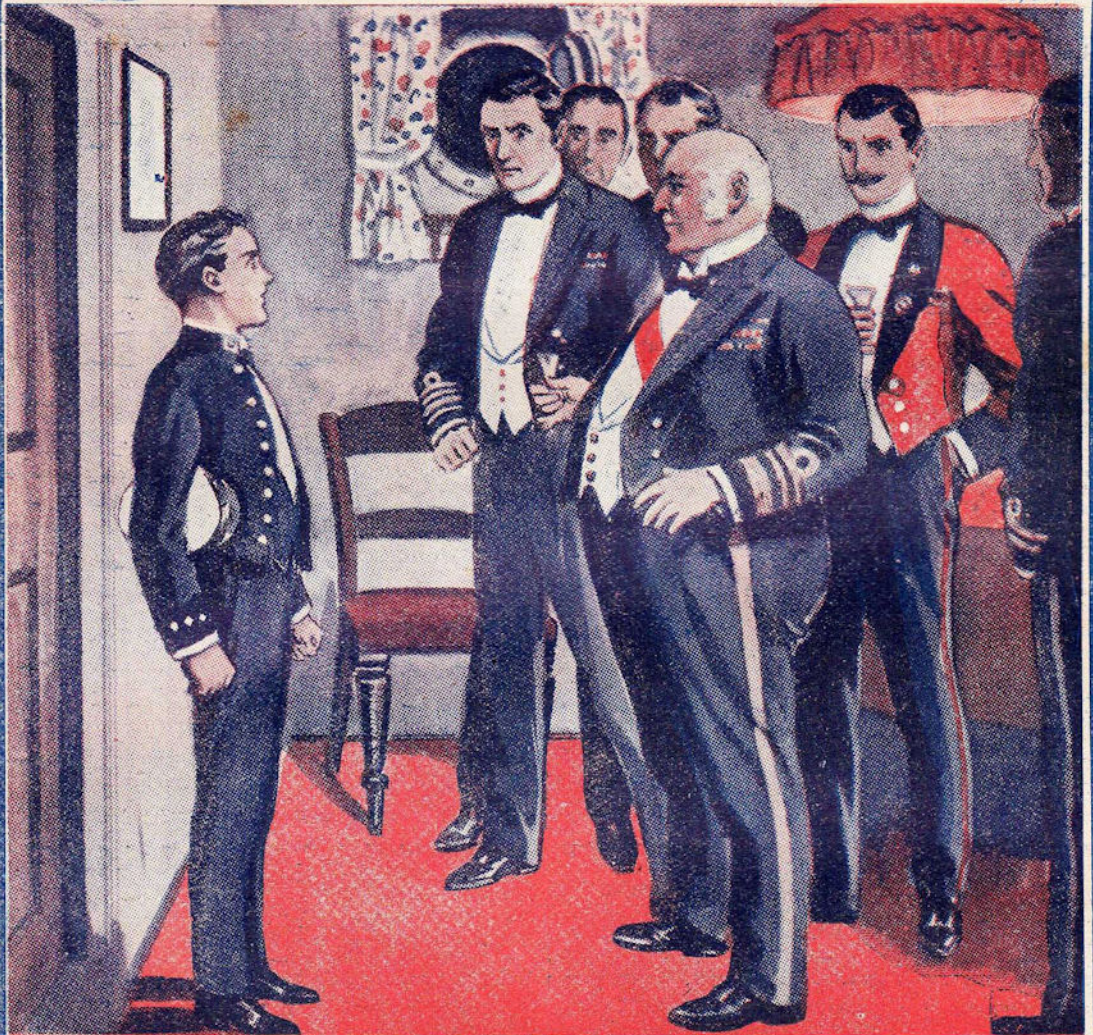
The BOYS' HERALD

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ON SALE EVERY TUESDAY.

June 18, 1921.



THE VICTIM OF A JOKE.

Through the open door of an anteroom Frank caught sight of the blue, gold, and red of uniforms, and heard the chatter of voices and the tinkling of glasses. He stopped at the threshold of the room, hesitating to intrude. Among the number he caught a glimpse of Admiral Benbow, ruddy of face and beaming with good humour. Taking his courage in both hands, Frank stepped firmly into the room. The captain took a quick pace forward, his keen eyes surveying the youngster with a look of disapproval. "What do you want, my boy?" he demanded. By this time the eyes of the rest of the company were turned on the stocky figure of the young midshipman. "Please, sir," said Frank, "I've come to dinner with the admiral." A dead silence fell over the admiral's anteroom. Then somebody gave a slight titter, and Frank flushed furiously red to the roots of his hair. "Is—is this your idea of a joke, Sturdy?" demanded the captain. "How dare you enter the admiral's quarters!"

Another Splendid Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars School!



Nugent Minor's Luck!

Another splendid school story
here next week.

Nugent Minor says "No!"

"DICKY'S coming!"

"Oh!"

Four voices said "Oh!" in various tones—and not one of them displaying any pleasure. Frank Nugent flushed.

"If you don't want my young brother—" he began.

"Hem!"

"Hum!"

"Of—of course, he's very welcome," said Harry Wharton.

"In fact, he can steer for us. All right."

"The wantfulness is terrific, my esteemed Franky," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, soothingly.

"In fact," said Bob Cherry, with an effort, "we—we'll be glad to have your minor, Frank. We don't really see much of him."

"Enough though," murmured Johnny Bull; but he did not let Frank Nugent hear that murmur. Even Johnny Bull could be tactful sometimes.

Nugent looked moody.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove had settled what was to be done that Saturday afternoon; they were going up the river. It was quite at the last moment that Nugent mentioned the fact that his young brother, Nugent minor, of the Second Form, was to come. It was a pill for his chums to swallow, and they manfully got it down.

It was a case of "Love me, love my dog!" Anybody who chummed with Frank Nugent had to be tactful on the subject of his minor.

Not that the Co. disliked Dicky Nugent in any way. They rather liked him—at a reasonable distance. He was a good enough fag, in his way. But he was spoiled, he was wilful, and he was often cheeky. And Remove fellows did not yearn for the company of Second Form fags at any time.

"Dicky will steer," said Nugent. "He—he will want to make himself useful, if we take him on the river."

"Righto!" said Bob, with great heartiness. "Let him come! May keep him out of mischief."

Nugent gave a sort of impatient shake. That was the very reason why he wanted to take Dicky in the Remove boat; but somehow he did not like to hear the remark from Bob.

"Well, where is he?" asked Harry Wharton, hastily.

"It's time we got off, Frank."

"He's about somewhere," said Nugent. "We'll find him in a few minutes."

"Oh, all right."

The Famous Five proceeded to look for Nugent minor. In the opinion of at least four members of the famous Co., that proceeding was utter rot. The Famous Five were great men in the Lower School of Greyfriars; and a Second Form fag was nobody and nothing—less than nobody and less than nothing, if possible. And here they were wasting a glorious summer's afternoon rooting around for Nugent minor!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry, as Drake and Rodney came by. "Seen Nugent minor?"

Jack Drake paused. He was careful not to look at Frank Nugent. At that moment he seemed to feel again the blow Nugent had struck him, in the Remove dormitory a few days ago—the coward's blow, which he had not returned. Since that incident, Jack Drake had had little to say to the Famous Five. It was not an incident to be forgotten; though Bob Cherry had forgotten it for the moment.

"Don't talk to that cad, Bob!" muttered Nugent.

The words were muttered low, but they reached Drake's ears. The colour stole into his face.

"Shut up, Frank," whispered Wharton.

Nugent shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"We're looking for Nugent minor, Drake," said Bob Cherry, unheeding Nugent. "Seen him about anywhere?"

"I saw him go out ten minutes ago," answered Drake, curtly, and he walked on with Rodney.

"Out of the gates?" called out Bob.

"Yes."

"Which direction?"

"Towards Friardale," answered Drake over his shoulder.

"Thanks, old scout."

Drake and Rodney walked on rather quickly.

"Well, if the kid's gone out—" began Johnny Bull, tentatively.

"He can't have gone far," said Frank.

"Do you want us to go after him?"

"You can please yourselves, of course," said Nugent, tartly. "I'm going after him, anyhow."

"Oh, all right."

Four juniors looked very resigned as they followed Frank Nugent out of the gates.

It began to look as if the trip up the Sark would be indefinitely postponed.

They walked very quickly down the lane towards the village, in the hope of sighting Dicky Nugent. They passed Drake and Rodney in the lane, and Nugent gave the two juniors a dark look.

Nugent had not lost his bitterness towards the fellow he regarded as his enemy.

He had had the best of the trouble, in a way, as Drake had taken the coward's blow, and still refused to fight him.

But Nugent knew—as all the Remove knew—that Drake could have handled him with ease, and that it was a generous forbearance that had caused him to take the insult quietly. The fellow who had defeated Bolsover major in a terrific combat, was not likely to be called a funk. Nugent had been spared, and he knew it, and it irked him bitterly to know it; the incident in the dormitory did not rebound to his credit in any way. Even his own chums condemned him for it, though they did not say so.

"Doesn't Dicky know he's to come with us this afternoon, Frank?" asked Wharton, after a long silence.

"I told him."

"He must have forgotten, then," said Johnny Bull gruffly.

"If he doesn't want to come—"

"I want him to come."

"Oh, all right!" said Johnny, with deep resignation. Nugent bit his lips.

"Look here, you fellows," he said, in a low voice. "I've a reason for wanting my brother to come. I—I'm afraid he's getting himself into trouble again—there's talk among the fags that he's been seen with that blackguard Banks, of the Bird-in-Hand. Sammy Bunter's seen him, and talked about it. I've got to keep an eye on him, somehow. But I don't want to bother you fellows. You get off to the river."

"We're sticking to you, old bean," answered Bob Cherry, loyally. "It's all right, we'll spot young Dicky soon."

Bob Cherry spotted him a few minutes later. Nugent minor was sighted ahead, trudging along towards the village with his hands in his pockets, and his head drooping a little. The Famous Five broke into a run and overtook him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are!" exclaimed Bob. "You're wanted, young 'un!"

Dicky stared round.

"Who wants me?" he snapped.

"We do, dear boy."

"We're going on the river, Dicky," said Frank Nugent.

"We want you to come and steer for us."

"I don't want to steer for you."

"Well, you needn't steer," said Frank patiently. "We'll let you pull an oar if you like."

"I don't want to."

"Come on, Dicky; it will do you good, a run on the river," said his brother.

"I don't want to go on the river."

"Do come, Dicky."

"I won't!"

Four juniors, elaborately unconscious of that brotherly argument, looked attentively at the scenery. It was for Nugent major to settle matters with Nugent minor.

The Co. had nothing to do with it; and they nobly restrained a keen desire to thump Nugent minor. It was a great honour for a fag to be asked out in a boat with Remove fellows; and Dicky Nugent was utterly scornful of that honour and indifferent to it. In the opinion of at least four fellows present, what Nugent minor wanted was a hiding, and any of the four would have been happy to administer it.

"Where are you going, then, Dicky?" asked Nugent in a low voice.

"Eriardale."

"What for?"

"That's my business."

"I told you I wanted you to come out in the boat this afternoon, kilt."

"And I told you I wouldn't."

There was a pause. Harry Wharton and Co. still admired the scenery.

Nugent's face was flushing deeply.

"Dicky kid, do come," he urged. "We—we want you."

"Rot!" said Dicky.

"Then tell me what you are going to the village for?" exclaimed Nugent, showing signs of anger at last.

Dicky Nugent looked obstinate.

"There's been some talk among the fags of your meeting that bookmaker rascal Banks," said Nugent, compressing his lips. "If you're getting yourself into trouble, Dicky—"

"I suppose Drake has told you—"

"Drake?" repeated Nugent. "Drake has told me nothing. What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"I don't speak to Drake," said Nugent, frowning. "It's not likely, since I found him bullying you, Dicky."

Dicky grinned slightly.

"You're an ass, Frank," he said. "What have you got your knife into Drake for? You pitched into him and got licked. I could have told you you'd be licked. Now I hear that you wanted to fight him again, and gave him the coward's blow. Do you like being licked?"

"Dicky!"

"Jolly lucky for you Drake let you off, I think," pursued Dicky. "Don't you go around as the champion of the oppressed, Frank. You ain't hefty enough for the job."

Nugent's face was quite pale.

"I fought him on your account, Dicky," he said, in a low voice. "It was because he was pitching into you—"

"More fool you!" said Dicky coolly. "Now you buzz off, and give me a rest. I've got no time to waste."

"Tell me what you are going to the village for, then?"

"Find out."

"Dicky—"

"Ask Drake, if you want to know," sneered the fag. "He could tell you, I fancy. Now let me alone."

Dicky Nugent swung away down the lane.

Frank made a stride after him, as if to stop him by force. But he restrained himself.

"Shall we get off?" asked Bob Cherry, turning his attention from the scenery at last.

"I'm ready," said Nugent, in a choked voice.

The Famous Five turned their steps in the direction of the river. But it was not a happy party that pulled up the sunny Sark that summer's afternoon.

The Sure Snip!

"THAT young ass again!" growled Rodney.

Drake and Rodney had strolled along the towing-path by the Sark, down the river. Near the village the towing-path ran by a gate of the Bird-in-Hand garden which reached nearly to the Sark. As the chums of the Remove came along, chatting cheerily, they caught sight of a diminutive figure stopping at the gate, half hidden by trees.

Drake glanced round as his chum spoke, and recognised Dicky Nugent. He frowned.

"The blithering little donkey!" said Drake. "Suppose a prefect had been coming along the tow-path—"

Dicky Nugent was fumbling with the latch of the gate. He had cut through the fields from the lane, after leaving his brother.

Drake hesitated a moment, and then he ran forward.

"Don't go in there, Nugent minor!" he called out.

The fag started, and spun round.

"Oh—you!" he ejaculated.

He stared defiantly at the two Remove fellows.

"You awful young ass!" said Drake. "You know that den is out of bounds for all Greyfriars chaps. Don't play the goat!"

"Are you going to meddle again?" sneered the fag. "It didn't turn out so jolly well last time, did it?"

"What the thump do you want to shove into such a den for, kid?" asked Drake. "It means a flogging for you if you're found out."

"That's my bizney."

"By Jove!" said Drake, with a gleam in his eyes. "I've a jolly good mind to take you by the scruff of the neck, Nugent minor, and march you straight home to Greyfriars!"

"I'd jolly well kick your shins!" retorted Nugent minor.

Rodney caught his chum's arm.

"Let's get away, Drake," he muttered. "What's the good of chipping in? Last time you interfered between that young cad and Banks, you had a fight on your hands with his brother. Let him alone."

"You'd better!" sneered Dicky.

Drake hesitated.

A fat man in a gorgeous waistcoat, with a big cigar in his mouth, loafed down the garden through the ill-kept shrubberies. It was Mr. Joseph Banks, who honoured the Bird-in-Hand by residing there.

"Arternoon, Master Dicky!" he said affably. "Been expecting you."

Then Mr. Banks' eyes fell on Drake, and he scowled. He had not forgotten the handling Jack Drake had given him.

"Ho, you 'ere—hay?" he exclaimed. "You give me any of your sauce now, my young game-bird, and I'll call the stable-hands to deal with you!"

"Come on, Drake!" urged Rodney. "For goodness' sake, don't get mixed up in a row at a pub!"

Drake reluctantly assented, and the chums went on by the towing-path, followed by a hoarse chuckle from Mr. Banks. That gentleman unlatched the gate, and Dicky Nugent went in, grinning. The fag appeared to be in high feather that afternoon.

"Glad to see you, sir!" said Mr. Banks. "Come and sit down."

He led the way into an untidy arbour, and squatted upon a bench, breathing hard. He breathed an aroma of mingled rum and tobacco, and the fag shrank away a little. It seemed to the reckless young rascal very daring and "sporting" to meet the bookmaker in the forbidden precincts of the Bird-in-Hand; but Mr. Banks' close proximity certainly was not pleasant to fastidious nerves.

"Ave a smoke?" continued Mr. Banks hospitably.

"I don't mind a cigarette, Banks," said Nugent minor.

"Elp yourself," said Banks, extending a box.

Nugent minor helped himself and lighted a cigarette. Mr. Banks eyed him with a covert grin. Dicky would probably have been surprised if he could have read Joseph Banks' real opinion of the sportsman of the Second Form. All was grist that came to Mr. Banks' mill; but he could not help feeling a cynical contempt for his foolish victim.

"Now about that race?" said Nugent minor, with quite the air of a man of the world, as soon as his cigarette was fairly going.

"Yes, about the race," said Mr. Banks genially. "'Orrid surprise that was, for heverybody that backed your 'orse, Master Nugent."

Dicky started.

The brightness in his face fled at once, and he stared at Mr. Banks with startled eyes.

"You—you don't mean to say that May Morning hasn't won, Mr. Banks?" he exclaimed shrilly.

"You could 'ave seen it in any evening paper."

"I never see any evening papers. Hasn't May Morning won?" exclaimed Dicky Nugent excitedly.

"Lost by a length," said Mr. Banks.

"Oh!"

"Sportsmen has their ups and downs," said Mr. Banks philosophically. "You has to take the bad with the good. Better luck next time—what!"

"But—but you told me he was certain to win!" stammered Nugent minor, with wide eyes fixed on the bloated face before him.

"I told you I was sure," corrected Mr. Banks. "So I was—put a tenner on 'im myself. I did, and it's gone. It was a dead sure snip, too."

"Straight from the stables, you told me," mumbled the fag.

"So it was," said Mr. Banks. "But they was keeping

a dark 'orse up their sleeve, and there you are, Master Nugent."

Dicky Nugent gasped for breath. His cigarette had dropped unheeded to the ground. He was not feeling dog-gish now.

"Then—then—then I've lost my money?" he said blankly. "Course you 'ave, when the geegee's lost the race," said Mr. Banks. "You backed 'im to win. I'm glad to see you this afternoon, Master Nugent, 'cause we've got to settle. Short reckonings make long friends, I say. Now, you put four pun on that 'orse, at three to one agin."

"I—I was going to win twelve pounds," said Nugent minor faintly.

"So you would 'ave, and fingered the money spot-cash, if the 'orse 'ad pulled it off. But, you see, he didn't."

"Oh!"

"You 'anded me two quids cash," said Mr. Banks. "I put on four for you, and that leaves you owing me two. That's square, ain't it?"

"I—I haven't got two pounds," stammered Nugent minor. "You—you told me—"

He broke off. An extremely nasty look was coming over Mr. Banks' bloated face.

"You ain't got the money to pay your debts!" ejaculated Mr. Banks, in a tone of surprise and horror.

"I—I thought—"

"Debt of honour, too," said Mr. Banks, shaking his head. "There ain't no law to collect a debt of honour. 'Sides, you're a minor, too. I couldn't get that money out of you in the law courts, Master Nugent."

"No, of course," assented Dicky, a little reassured.

"I could only come up to your school and ask the 'ead-master's advice about it," said Mr. Banks sorrowfully.

Nugent minor jumped.

"I dessay Dr. Locke would pay, rather than see a poor man done out of his money," suggested Mr. Banks.

"He wouldn't!" gasped Dicky. "He—he'd flog me; I know that. He might turn me out of Greyfriars! You—you can't come up to the school!"

"I don't want to, I'm sure," said Mr. Banks. "Between friends, there's no need to be nasty. If you ain't got the money on you—why, bless your boots, I'll wait a day or two."

Nugent minor gazed at him almost wildly. A day or two! Where was he to get two pounds in a day or two? It was an unexpected tip from a wealthy uncle that had already gone into Mr. Banks' pocket. Certainly there was no prospect whatever of a Second Form fag raising the sum of two pounds in a day or two.

Mr. Banks looked at his watch, and rose.

"I've got to see Cobb," he remarked. "Don't you worry, Master Nugent. You jest drop in in a day or two with the money. If you can't manage to come, I don't mind calling at the school, say, Wednesday. 'Arternoon, Master Nugent!"

Dicky Nugent sat dumb. He recognised the veiled threat in the bookmaker's words. Mr. Banks walked away up the garden-path, breathing stentorously. The hapless fag sat for a full ten minutes before he dragged himself to his feet and limped out of the garden to the towpath. His face was white and strained.

His castles in the air had been suddenly shattered. His "sure snip" had turned out remarkably unsure—as sure snips so often do. The net result of his little gamble was that he owed Mr. Banks two pounds, and towards that sum he had two halfpennies jingling in his pocket. What was going to happen now?

He tramped miserably along the towing-path. There was only one gleam of light in the shadow that had fallen upon him—the thought of his brother. Frank could help him; Frank must help him—somehow! Frank had saved him from scrapes before; Frank must save him again—somehow! The thought of Frank came like balm to his troubled mind.

Nugent Major Makes a Discovery!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" There was a tramp of feet in the Remove passage, and five ruddy-faced juniors poured into No. 1 Study. A pale-faced fag started up, out of the arm-chair.

It was Dicky Nugent. He was waiting for his brother to come in; he had been waiting a couple of hours. Frank Nugent was looking a good deal more cheerful as he came in than he had looked when they left Dicky in the lane. The pull up the river had done him good.

"Hallo, Dicky!" he said, with no trace of resentment, as if he had forgotten the terms on which they had parted.

"Stay to tea, kid?"

"Do!" said Wharton politely.

"Oh, do!" said Bob Cherry. "We've brought in the tuck with us, and we—we'll be glad of your company."

"The gladfulness with be terrific."

Johnny Bull gave a faint grunt. What it was meant to express was known only to Johnny.

"I—I haven't come to tea." Nugent minor's manner was very subdued; there was no trace now of his cheeky flippancy. "I—I wanted to speak to you, Frank."

"Right-ho!" said Frank. "Go ahead!"

Dicky cast a glance at the other fellows. Apparently what he had to say had to be said in private.

"You fellows can confab while we're poaching the eggs," said Bob Cherry. "Don't mind us."

Nugent drew his minor out of the study. But there were numbers of the Remove fellows about, coming in to tea.

"What's the matter, Dicky?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I'm in a scrape."

"Can't you tell me before the fellows?"

"No."

"Come along, then."

In the deep window-seat at the end of the Remove passage they were out of hearing of others, though several fellows glanced at them in passing, coming from the stairs. Dicky sank wearily into the seat, and Frank stood before him, watching him anxiously. The lines of trouble in the fag's face told him that there was indeed a "scrape" at last, and he could guess that it was in connection with Master Dicky's recent plunge as a sportsman.

But Nugent's manner was very gentle, as he said: "Get it off your chest, kid."

"Can you let me have two pounds, Frank?"

"Two pounds! Of course not!"

Dicky's lip trembled.

"I've got to have two pounds," he said. "I—I must! I—I shall get into awful trouble if I don't."

"Is it that man Banks?" asked Nugent, compressing his lips.

"I owe a man some money."

"Is it Banks?"

"Yes," muttered Dicky half defiantly.

"What do you owe him money for?"

"What does that matter? If you can't lend it to me, I shall have to get it somewhere else."

"Have you been betting?"

"Suppose I have?"

"I know you have!" muttered Nugent.

"Then you needn't ask."

Dicky Nugent seemed to be recovering some of his old manner now that he was aware that his brother could not help him financially.

"The rotter has swindled you, of course," said Nugent.

"Nothing of the kind. I backed a horse and it lost, if you want to know. He only put the money on for me."

"You young ass, he pocketed your money and never put it on a horse at all!" snapped Nugent. "What you've given him he's robbed you of, and you owe him nothing."

"I owe him two pounds, and if I don't pay he's going to see the Head."

"I don't believe he would dare come near Greyfriars."

"He says he will. And he's not robbed me. He gave me the tip about the horse, and offered to get the bet put on; he made nothing out of it himself," said Dicky. "I gave him two, and I owe two more—the bet was four pounds. I should have bagged twelve if the horse had won."



"I'm sorry!" said Nugent, holding out his hand. "If I'd known what you did, I'd have thanked you, and instead of that, I—I— broke off. "All serene, old top!" said Drake cordially.

"You little ass, he tipped you a horse that couldn't possibly win, and pocketed the money."

"Rot!" said Dicky.

"Do you think he would take you seriously as a sporting man, you young owl?" exclaimed Nugent. "He was laughing at you in his sleeve all the time."

Dicky gave his brother a bitter look. Nugent's words were true enough, but Dicky did not believe it, or did not choose to believe it. And he was deeply wounded at the suggestion that he, the reckless young plunger, should have been regarded as a noodle by Mr. Banks, and laughed at in that gentleman's sleeve.

"If that's all you've got to say, you may as well shut it, Frank. You're always bothering me—always telling me to come to you if I want help, and now I've come you've got nothing better than that to say. Go and eat coke!" Nugent minor turned away, and then stopped. "But—but I've got to have the money somehow; I've got to pay. I'll let you have it back, Frank—I will, honour bright! Can't you manage it somehow?"

"You know I can't."

"You could borrow it from your pals."

"I can't!" said Nugent savagely.

"There's Drake," muttered Dicky. "He's got tons of money. His father's a millionaire, I've heard—owns gold-mines in Nigeria. Drake could lend it to you without missing it."

Frank Nugent flushed scarlet.

"Drake! You—you think I'd borrow of Drake, after—after—"

"Oh, you're such an ass!" said Dicky scornfully. "What did you want to row with Drake for, the only fellow who's soft enough to lend a hand to a fellow for nothing? You needn't have fought with the chap, and kept it up, too, as you did! Look here, he's an awfully good-natured chap, and if you went to him—"

The look on his brother's face stopped Dicky's tongue.

"You young cad!" said Frank Nugent, between his teeth. "Haven't you a rag of decency left? Drake, the fellow I gave the coward's blow—"

"More fool you!" snarled Dicky.

"The fellow who was bullying you only the other day—"

Dicky gave a scornful laugh.

"More of your rot!" he sneered. "Why can't you have some sense like other chaps? Drake pitched into me because I chucked a stick at his head. I've been pitched into before, I suppose, and I'm not made of putty or glass. I never asked you to make a fool of yourself. Drake was a silly meddling ass, just like you! I chucked the stick at him because he knocked Banks down and stopped me—"

"What!" yelled Nugent.

"So now you know!" sneered Dicky.

Frank Nugent stared at the fag. He made a sudden movement forward, and caught Dicky by the arm, so forcibly that the fag gave a howl.

"You young rascal!" His voice was almost hissing in its

intensity. "You never rightly told me what happened that day. I found Drake pitching into you and tackled him, and now you tell me— Is it true, you young sweep?"

"Let go my arm!"

"What did Drake do?" In his excitement Frank shook the fag roughly. "Tell me the truth, or I'll shake it out of you!"

"He found me talking to Banks in the wood, and chipped in and made Banks clear off—knocked him down and made him go," said Dicky sullenly.

"And that is all?"

"That's all."

"And—and you let me pitch into him!" Nugent panted. "I never asked you to. You're always meddling in my affairs, and making a fool of yourself!"

Nugent released the fag and leaned on the wall. He was almost overcome for the moment. So that was Drake's offence—that was why he had earned Nugent's hatred, and a bitter insult before all the Form! Because he had tried to keep this reckless young rascal from falling into trouble and disgrace!

"And I—I struck him—I gave him the coward's blow!" muttered Frank huskily. "I wouldn't let him explain. I—I—never thought—never imagined—"

His voice trailed off.

"What does it matter?" grunted the fag. "Look here, Frank, you can help me with the two pounds somehow."

Nugent was not even listening. Dicky looked at him angrily and bitterly. His last resource had failed him. There was no help to be had from his brother.

He turned and tramped away savagely and sullenly. Nugent looked after him for a moment or two, and then turned; and it was towards Jack Drake's study that he went.

Making Amends!

JACK DRAKE knitted his brows as the door of No. 3 Study opened and Frank Nugent came in. His natural thought was that the visit meant further trouble, and he was fed-up with trouble from Nugent's direction. Rodney and Ogilvy and Russell were all in the study, and they looked on grimly, in anticipation of a "row." There was a hurried footstep behind Nugent in the passage, and Harry Wharton looked in.

"Frank—"

"It's all right, Harry!" Nugent smiled faintly. "It's not a row this time."

"Oh, good!" said Harry, rather puzzled, however.

"The goodfulness is terrific," murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur, over Wharton's shoulder.

Nugent turned to Jack Drake. His cheeks were burning.

"I—I want to ask your pardon, Drake," he said, in a faltering voice. "I—I'm awfully sorry—"

Drake's expression changed.

"What's up?" he asked.

"I—I've just found out from my minor what—what

Continued on page 19.

ANSWERS

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NUGENT MINOR'S LUCK—Continued from page 16

happened the other day when—when I thought you were bullying him," said Nugent haltingly.

"Oh!"

"I—I know now—"

"I'm afraid I didn't do much good," said Drake. "I meant it all for the best, though."

"You found him with that blackguard Banks—"

"That was it," said Drake. "I chipped in, and there was some trouble with Banks; but he was too fat and boozy to give much trouble. Then Nugent minor heaved a stick at my napper." Drake rubbed the back of his head. "Perhaps I overdid the spanking part of the bizney—"

"You didn't!" grunted Rodney.

"I—I was a hasty fool!" muttered Nugent painfully. "I—I came up and saw you pitching into my minor, and I never guessed what had happened, and Dicky didn't tell me. Of—of course, he would have, only he's rather thoughtless. I was a fool. I've done worse since." His cheeks burned. "I—I can only say I'm sorry, Drake."

"All serene, old top!" said Drake cordially. "Don't worry about it. I'm glad you can see I'm not such a rotter as you thought."

"I was a fool to think so," said Nugent repentantly.

Drake held out his hand with a smile, and Frank Nugent took it in rather a shamefaced way.

Then he left the study quickly.

Drake's face was much clearer as he turned back to the tea-table. The trouble with No. 1 Study was over, and he was very glad of it.

"I told you Nugent was a good sort, Rodney."

"You did," said Rodney, with a smile.

"And I'm jolly glad I didn't take on that scorp with him when he wanted me to."

"You were right, old chap," said Rodney quietly. "There aren't many fellows who would have acted as you did; but you were right."

When the Remove fellows came into the common room that evening, a good many of them were surprised to see Drake greet Frank Nugent with a cheery nod, which was returned with a smile.

Evidently the trouble between No. 1 and No. 3 was over.

And the next morning they were seen walking amicably in the quadrangle together. Dicky Nugent, coming along with a moody brow, stopped to stare at them, evidently in surprise. When Nugent came away to join his chums, Dicky came up to Drake.

"You seem to be jolly friendly with my major, all of a sudden," he said.

"No thanks to you!" answered Drake, rather gruffly.

"Well, it's not my fault Frank's a bit of an ass," said the fag. "I'm always telling him of it."

"And I suppose it's not his fault you're a bit of a rascal," remarked Drake.

Dicky Nugent eyed him. He was wondering whether Drake's new friendship with his major offered him grounds enough for "touching" Drake for the two pounds he so sorely needed. He reflected that he had nothing to lose by trying.

"Will you lend me two quid?" he asked.

Drake laughed.

"I'm in an awful hole," muttered Dicky, his lips quivering. "I—I—I can't get it out of Frank. He says he's hard-up. He'll have to find it somehow, though. If there's a row, the pater will rag him, I know that."

"Tell me about it," said Drake quietly.

Nugent minor told him hopefully. In the Remove passage that evening, Frank Nugent came up to Drake with a flushed face.

"I owe you two pounds," he said quietly. "I'll settle by the end of next week."

"But—" began Drake.

"I'm much obliged," said Nugent. "It was jolly decent of you to help the young rascal out. He—he's more sinned against than sinning, you know—a bit wild, but there's no real harm in him. I'll settle next week; and it's worth the money if it's a lesson to him. And I think it will be."

And Drake, who had his own opinion on that subject, did not give it utterance. He liked Frank Nugent too well to tell him what he thought of his minor.

THE END.

There will be another Greyfriars story next week. Look out for it.



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