

"BILLY BUNTER'S WINDFALL."

THE

Magnet

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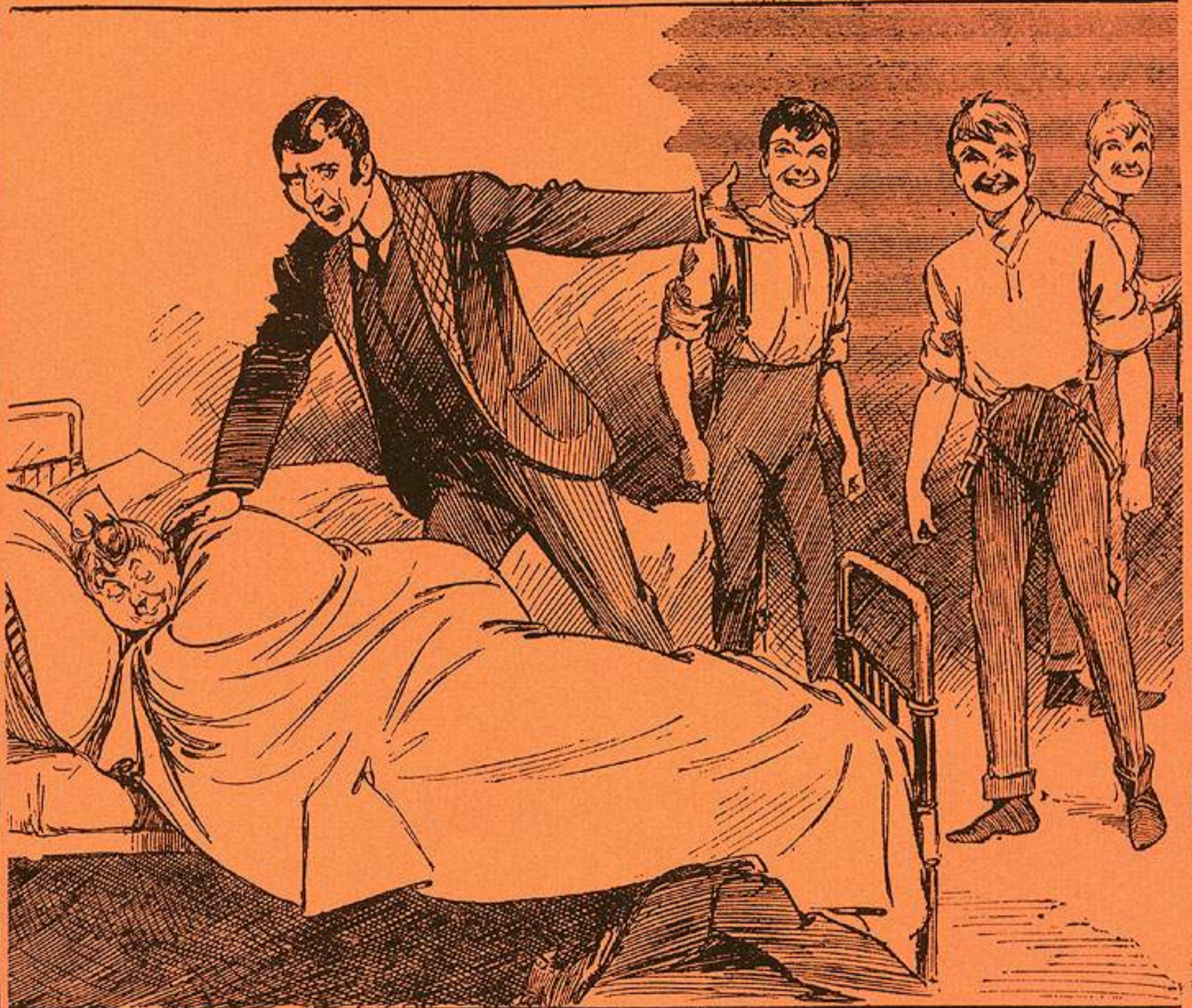
LIBRARY NUMBER 87
VOLUME 3.

Complete
Story
for All.

Grand School Tale of
THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS.

By
Frank
Richards.

BUNTER MAKES A MISTAKE.



"Bunter!" shouted Mr. Quelch angrily, giving the fat junior a shake. "Why are you not getting up?" "Gerraway!" grunted Billy Bunter sleepily.



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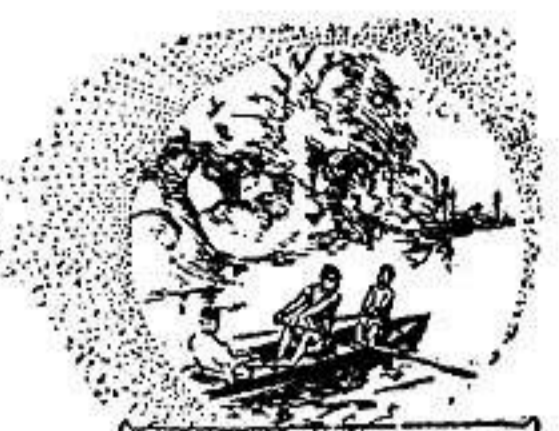
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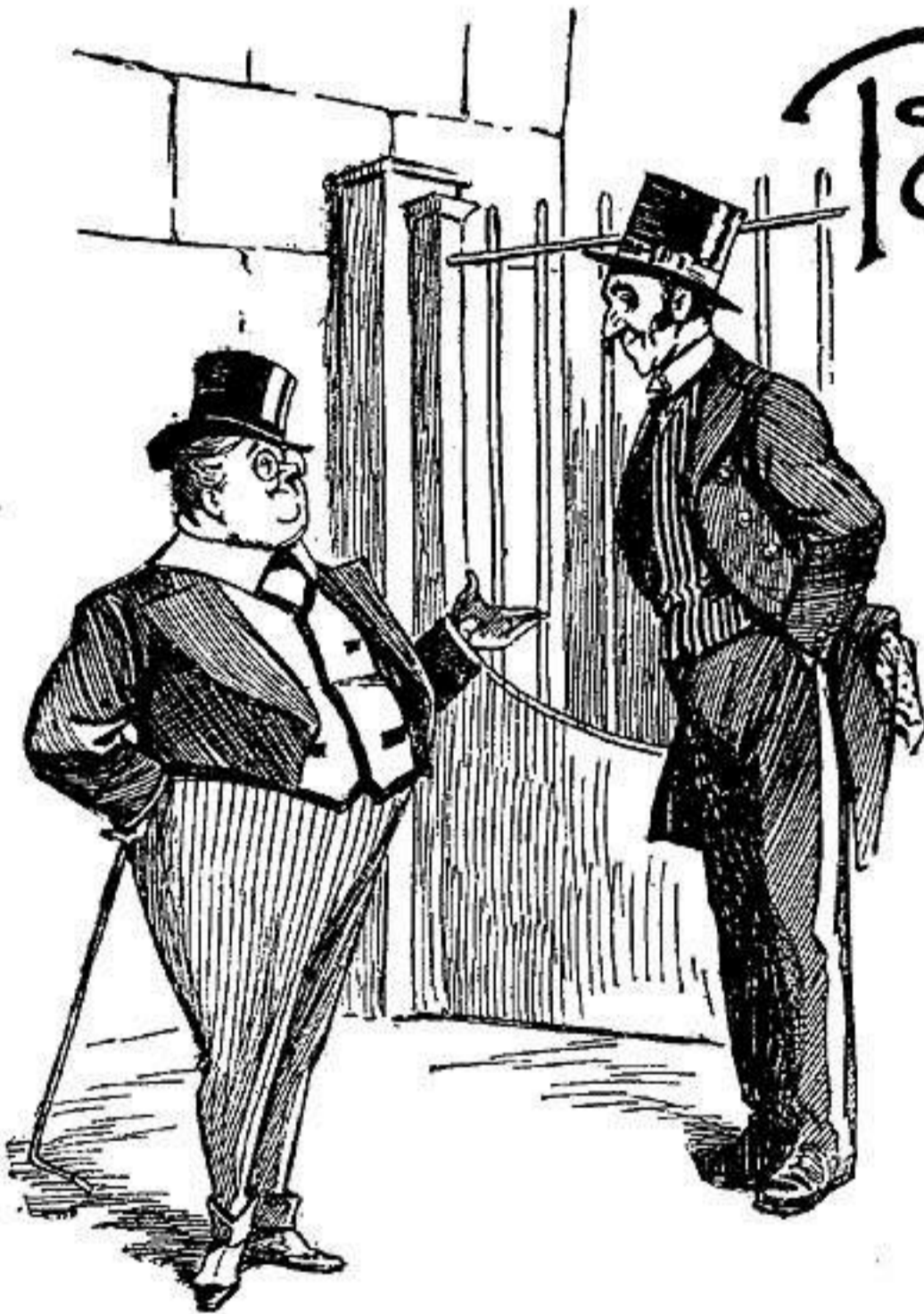


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Billy Bunter’s Windfall

A Splendid, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. — BY — FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter’s Entry and Exit.

“COME in, ass!”
 “Come in! Don’t knock!”
 Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were both hard at work in Study No. 1 when there was a rat-tat at the door, and though the two Removites had expressed their welcome to the caller, they did not look up from the impot they were writing.
 “Has I might ’ave been the ’Ead hissself, and you did not ought to haddress your helders like—”
 Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stopped work and grinned at Gosling, the school porter of Greyfriars, as he put his head in at the door.
 “Hallo, Gossy!” interrupted Frank. “Come to have a quiet chat?”
 “There be too many himps in this school for hany quiet,” grumbled Gosling.
 “What do you want, then?”
 “It’s Master Bunter this time. The ’Ead wants ’im hin ’is study. It’s somethin’ ’e’s found in the noosepaper.”
 “Ha, ha, ha!”

At this moment a terrific row was heard in the passage. There was the sound of scurrying feet, a fearful bump on the door of the study, and the form of a fat youth was precipitated into the room, landing in on the floor in a sitting position with a crash that shook the study.
 The sound of a smothered chuckle accompanied retreating footsteps down the passage.
 The fat youth, who was now sitting up, gasping and groping about for his spectacles, which had fallen off on his impact with the floor, was Billy Bunter, the fat boy of the Remove. He was also known as the Owl, as, owing to his extremely short sight, he wore a pair of enormous spectacles. He was quartered with Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh in Study No 1, and they usually put up with his little ways with a good-natured tolerance.
 “I say,” gasped Billy Bunter, “you fellows might lend me a hand to get up.”
 “Ha, ha, ha!”
 “Help me up, you grinning rotters!” continued Billy Bunter, blinking indignantly up at Gosling. “I can’t see anything to laugh at! I have seriously injured myself, and may be crippled for life.”
 He stretched out his little fat hands to be helped up, and Frank Nugent, grasping them, gave a terrific jerk.
 “Ow!” gasped Bunter. “Ow, ow! Wharton, you beast, you’ve dislocated both my arms. Ow!”
 And Bunter staggered up, only to fall forward to the floor again with a crash.
 “Ha, ha, ha!” yelled the juniors, as he sat up again, looking around him with a dazed expression on his face that made even the soured old school porter smile.

"Really, Wharton," began Bunter, blinking round with an injured expression.

"It was not I, you young ass!" laughed Harry, drawing Bunter to his feet. "Here, up you get!"

"Be careful where you are treading, 'Wharton,'" said Bunter. "My spectacles are somewhere about, and if you tread on them and break them you will have to pay for a new pair."

"Here they are," said Nugent, picking them up and thrusting them into Billy's hand. "And now what do you mean, you fat porpoise, by entering the study in such a—well, such a hasty manner, and giving Gossy's nervous system such a severe shock?" And he regarded Bunter with mock severity.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Well, what was the matter?" interrupted Frank. "Has Wan Lung, the Chinese, been frightening you with any more of his ghosts?"

"No, Nugent, he has not," said Billy Bunter. "He never really did frighten me. I only ran away to—to—well, to make him think I was frightened."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was Bulstrode who was after me," went on Billy. "I was just in the passage outside his study when he rushed out. Something seemed to have upset him, and as he made straight for me I ran away. He caught me just as I reached the door, and booted me in an excessively rough and violent manner." And Billy Bunter looked extremely injured and indignant.

Harry Wharton's brow clouded.

Bulstrode was the bully of the Remove, and before Wharton's arrival at Greyfriars had been Form captain. Harry was captain now, and had beaten Bulstrode in fair fight, but the bully still continued his old bullying tricks as far as he dared.

But this time Bulstrode was not quite unprovoked, as Bunter's next words showed.

"What were you doing outside his door in the passage?" asked Harry, after a moment's thought.

"Nothing—at least, I was only practising the ventriloquial drone for a bit, as I am rather out of practice just now."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the two juniors.

"You fellows are so jealous of my extraordinary ventriloquial powers, you know," went on Billy Bunter plaintively, "that I have to practise outside the study."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Frank Nugent. "No wonder Bulstrode came out if you were practising the ventriloquial groan just outside his door while he was doing his prep."

"It's the ventriloquial drone, not groan, Nugent, and all I was doing was just this, you know—gr-groo-groo-groo—"

"Shut up!" howled Frank Nugent.

"Groo-groo—"

"Shut up, fathead!"

Harry Wharton clapped his hand over Billy's mouth, thus stopping the ventriloquial drone by force.

Billy Bunter had taken up ventriloquism some considerable time ago, and though he had nearly driven his study mates mad with the awful rows he produced at first, he really had succeeded in ventriloquism, but the ventriloquial drone was barred now in Study No. 1.

Gosling had all this time been trying to get a word in edge ways, but Billy had been so carried away in trying to explain his sudden entrance into the study that each time Gosling attempted to open his mouth he was interrupted.

"Will you listen to what I has come 'ere to say?" spluttered the school porter at last, banging his foot to the floor to emphasise his words.

"Oh, don't get angry, Gossy!" said Frank.

"Well, wot I ses is this 'ere—Is Master Bunter going to the 'ead's study or not?"

Bunter took off his spectacles and rubbed them nervously.

"Did you say me, Gossy?"

"O' course I ses you."

"To the Head's study?"

"As I ses."

"Me-e-e?" stuttered Billy.

"Oh, sing it out to him, Gossy?" laughed Harry Wharton. "Of course he means you, you fat cormorant. It's something to do with something in the newspapers, so Gosling says."

Billy mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"Me and newspapers?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I didn't think you chaps were such rotters to play a joke like that and frighten a friend. You made me feel quite faint—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

And as for you, Gosling," continued Bunter, "you—ought to be—"

Billy was suddenly interrupted by the study door being

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flung violently open and Micky Desmond, the Irish Remove, put his head and shoulders into the study.

"Bunter! Seen Bunter, kids?" he shouted.

"Yes, I'm here, Desmond," said Billy. "What is it?"

"Sure, Dr. Locke wants you in his study, at once."

"Oh, kor'!" said Bunter, with a sickly smile. "Just give me a mouthful or two before I go down, Wharton. These affairs always make me fearfully faint, especially as I haven't had anything since—"

"Go on, you fat pig! Off you get!"

"Bob Cherry gave me—" continued Bunter.

"Buzz off!" interrupted Nugent, reaching out for the ink-pot.

And Billy went.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wanted: William George Bunter.

BILLY BUNTER put his ear to the keyhole of Dr. Locke's study-door and listened.

He heard the rustle of a newspaper within, and straightened himself up as footsteps sounded along the corridor.

It was Bob Cherry, of Study No. 13, also a junior in the Remove.

"Hallo, porpoise!" he said. "Goin' in for Swedish drill?"

"What do you mean, Cherry?"

"What I say! What are you bending for?"

"Oh," replied Bunter, with a sickly grin, "I've got to go in."

"Why don't you go, then, fathead?"

"I'm going to in a minute. Here comes Bulstrode and Stott," he added, to divert the subject.

"Yes," said Bob Cherry. "I don't know what they're doing here at all. They ought to be in Colney Hatch. Oughtn't you to be?" continued Bob, as Bulstrode and Stott joined them outside the Head's door.

"Oughtn't we to be where?" inquired the Remove bully.

"Colney Hatch."

"I'll give you a jolly good licking, Cherry, if you— Here, where are you going, Bunter?"

Billy tapped at the door of Dr. Locke's study and entered as the Head's voice hailed him to "Come in!"

"Ah, is that you, Bunter?" said the Head.

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Locke picked up a newspaper that was spread out on his desk.

"I've got something here, my boy," he said, "which I think interests you."

Billy Bunter smiled.

"I read about that boat, sir," he said. "I thought—"

"What boat is that?" interrupted the Head.

"The Glengariff, which was sunk with all those provisions on board, sir," explained Bunter.

Dr. Locke frowned, and handed his fat pupil the newspaper.

"Read that paragraph," he said, pointing to an advertisement under "Legal Notices."

Billy read the paragraph, and re-read it, and then whistled with astonishment.

The Head watched him closely and smiled.

"Read it out, Bunter," he said.

Billy took off his spectacles, rubbed them with his handkerchief, readjusted them, and read:

"Messrs. Laurie & King, solicitors, London, executors for the late Pheneas Cobb, of Cincinnati, U.S.A. (once known in England as Herbert Bunter), desire to know the present whereabouts of William George Bunter. If the said William George Bunter will correspond with the above address, he will hear of something to his advantage."

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Dr. Locke and Bunter smiled at one another.

"That certainly looks as though you were being advertised for, Bunter; and I am sure I am very glad to have been the one to have noticed the advertisement. I don't often—"

"I suppose they have some money for me, sir," interrupted Billy.

"Without a doubt. They say 'he will hear of something to his advantage.' You must certainly write at once."

"Rather—I mean yes, of course, sir!"

"You may take the newspaper with you."

"Thank you, sir!"

"And just state in your letter your whereabouts, and—"

"Yes, sir." And Billy Bunter made for the door.

Meanwhile, during the interview between the Head and Bunter, a huge crowd had gathered in the passage outside Dr. Locke's door.

Gosling had told Bulstrode and Stott that Bunter had somehow got mixed up with the "noosepapers," and the Remove bully and his crony had soon spread the tale about Greyfriars.

The incident had got exaggerated, until it now assumed fearful proportions, and the crowd of juniors, and even seniors, which had now gathered in the corridor were expecting every moment to see Billy Bunter come out of the Head's study under the escort of a police-inspector, or even two.

It was a serious story which had spread so rapidly, and the juniors were talking in whispers of the exciting arrests they had seen policemen make, when William George Bunter came out of the Head's study with a contented grin upon his fat features.

"Trying to brave it out," muttered Stott, Bully Bulstrode's particular crony.

"Yah!" shouted Skinner, another of the bully's followers.

This one word seemed to relieve the tension in the crowd, and they surged round Bunter.

The fat junior of Greyfriars grinned.

"It's all right, you fellows," he shouted. "I'll stand you all a jolly good feed when—"

"Yes—when?" said Bulstrode sarcastically.

"Oh, I shall be able to buy you up!"

"What do you mean, you fat porpoise?"

"Oh, only that I've had some money left me!" said Bunter.

"Money!"

"Yes."

"Left you, you fat—you fathead?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you chaps," shouted Bunter. "I've just heard such jolly good news that it's made me feel quite faint."

"What's the news?" said Blundell and Bland together.

"Some money been left to me."

"What for?" asked Bland.

"Buy a muzzle with!" shouted Bulstrode.

"Is this a fact, you fat—?"

"Of course it is. Dr. Locke has just interviewed me."

Blundell and Bland, the two Fifth Formers, looked at one another and winked.

"Come on," said Blundell. "Catch hold of his arm, Bland, and get him to our study."

"Ow!" cried Bunter, as he was pushed through the crowd.

"Where are you taking me to, you rotters?"

"To our study, of course."

"Ow! Leggo! What for?"

"To give you a good feed, old chap," said Blundell.

The fat junior allowed himself to be hauled along.

"Thanks! I sha'n't forget you when I get my money," he jerked out.

After a hard struggle, the two Fifth Formers managed to get their fat charge out of the crush, and they hurried up to their study to fete the fortunate Greyfriars junior.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter and His "Thousands."

"BETTER shove a notice up on the door, Harry," said Frank Nugent. "That's about the fifteenth ass that has come in to ask if it's true!"

"Think that's what I had better do. Shove us over a sheet of—"

Bang, bang!

Harry did not complete his sentence, as there was a terrific thump on the door of Study No. 1.

Bang, bang!

Frank picked up a heavy lexicon from off the table.

"Come in!"

"Ow!"

Frank Nugent had flung his missile as the door opened, and the book caught Bob Cherry with a thwack in the chest.

"Come on, Linley, and Wun Lung!" yelled the injured visitor to the two grinning juniors outside in the corridor.

"Sock into these rotters!"

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Wun Lung, the Chinese, and Mark Linley shared Study No. 13 with Bob Cherry, and they gave a cheer as their leader banged wide the door and grasped the laughing Nugent round the neck.

"Rescue, Harry!"

"Right!" shouted the Remove captain. "Out of this study, you rotters!"

Mark Linley caught up a cushion from an armchair, and hurled it at Harry Wharton.

"Well played, Linley!" gasped Bob Cherry, who was sitting on Nugent's head.

"Lemme gerrup!" came in smothered tones.

Bob rubbed his victim's face deeper into the carpet.

"I'll teach you—"

"Ouch!"

Harry Wharton, with Mark Linley and Wun Lung clinging on to him, fell with a crash on Bob Cherry and Nugent, and there was a fearful mix up of legs and arms.

"I've got you!" muttered Bob Cherry ferociously, grasping his own leg in mistake for Nugent's.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton rolled over with Mark Linley, and the table overturned with a crash.

The inkpot fell on to Nugent's head, and the flow trickled down his face.

"Yah!" roared Bob, scrambling to his feet. "That will teach you rotters!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stood against the door, panting with their exertions, but with their fists up in businesslike fashion.

"What do you kids want in this study?"

"Who are you calling kids?"

"Well, what do you want?"

"We wantee to knowee all about Bunter!" exclaimed the Chinese junior.

"Right-ho, then!" said Harry Wharton. "Pax."

Bob Cherry glared at Frank Nugent, who looked very comical with the stream of ink down one side of his face.

"I'll make it pax now," said the leader of Study No. 13; "but we'll pay you rotters out for this!"

"Any time you like to try," laughed Wharton.

"Well," said Mark Linley, "is this true about Billy Bunter having a huge fortune left him?"

"Something of the kind, I believe."

"Well, where is the porpoise?"

"Here he comes," said Nugent. "Anybody can tell that awful tramp, tramp, coming along the corridor."

There was a shuffling sound of feet without, and the juniors waited expectantly.

"Thanks, you chaps!" came Bunter's voice.

"That's all right," replied Blundell.

"Quite all right. Ta-ta, old chap!" added Bland.

And the two Fifth-Formers were heard to leave Bunter and walk on.

Billy Bunter opened the door of Study No. 1, and blinked at Nugent, who had just pulled the table up on to its four legs.

"Hallo, you fat porpoise! What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I've just had a ripping feed in Blundell and Bland's study. I had six pies, a plate of new pastries, four sausages, a bag of biscuits, and three bottles of—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter removed his spectacles and sat down.

"Look here, you chaps," he said, "you've no right to laugh at me, and I won't have it."

"Go hon!"

"No, I won't, Cherry. You'll have to treat me with proper respect now—all of you. I've come into some money."

"What! Did you carry off the first prize in an eating competition?"

"I don't know what the amount is yet," continued Billy, ignoring Nugent's remark. "It's sure to be some thousands, though."

Bunter made this startling announcement with such coolness that the Remove juniors sat back and gasped.

"Some thousands?"

"You?"

"Yes, me, Wharton."

"You fat bounder, now you can pay me back for that pen-knife and cricket bat of mine you sold to Skinner!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Certainly, Nugent," replied Bunter, polishing his glasses.

"And that camera of mine you broke," said Wharton.

"Air the tyres of my bike you burst," said Bob Cherry.

"Of course I will, Cherry. Pass me over that bag of apples. I think fruit is awfully good for you in this weather."

"Do you?" laughed Bob, taking an apple. "So do I, don't you, Wun Lung?"

"Me savvy," replied the Chinese, taking the remaining three apples and juggling them in the air, until they fell one by one into the pocket of his loose robe.

"Very well," said Bunter, taking out a notebook from his pocket. "I shall scratch your name, Cherry, and Wun Lung's from the list of chaps I intend to give a feed to as soon as I get my money."

"You fat guzzler!" growled Bob Cherry. "I don't want to come to your rotten—"

"When are you coming into your money, Billy?" interrupted Harry Wharton.

"I've got to write a letter now."

"Good! Here's some paper."

"Get off that chair, Wun Lung!" said Bunter authoritatively.

"Me savvy."

Billy Bunter sat down at the table, and drew the writing-blotter and inkstand towards him.

The Removites crowded round.

"This is quite private, Wharton," explained Billy. "I've got to write to my solicitor—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I don't want you chaps—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poking your noses into my business," finished Bunter, in spite of the hilarious interruptions.

"Fathead!"

"All right, Billy, we will leave you to yourself, but don't you commence gorging. Come on, you chaps."

And the juniors crowded out of the door of Study No. 1, and made for the playing-field, where they could practise shooting at goal.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Correspondence.

L EFT to himself, the fat junior of Greyfriars rubbed the end of his pen and pondered.

He read and re-read the advertisement of Laurie & King, Solicitors, until he was mumbling it off word for word without looking at the paper.

After a time he decided what to say in his letter, and explained to the advertisers that he was William George Bunter. He gave them his age and his whereabouts, and expressed a wish at the conclusion of his badly-written letter that they should write by return and let him know what amount of money had been left him by Phenias Cobb, of Cincinnati.

"That's a jolly good letter," he mumbled. "I think I will write to Marjorie Hazeldene now I'm at it, and invite her and Miss Clara to my feed."

Billy Bunter wrote his second letter in copper-plate writing, and when he had finished, it was certainly a credit to the worst pupil in the Remove.

Marjorie Hazeldene and Miss Clara were pupils of Cliff House, the school for girls, which was barely a mile from Greyfriars.

Marjorie and Clara were great chums of Harry Wharton & Co., and though Marjorie never took Billy Bunter seriously, the fat junior thought he was greatly admired by Hazeldene's sister, and now that he had come into some money he foresaw great possibilities.

Having finished writing, Bunter removed his spectacles and groped about in the writing case for two stamps.

"Sure to be some here," he muttered.

His search was fruitless, and he rose from his chair and pulled out the drawer in the table.

At the same moment the door of Study No. 1 opened, and a dark face looked in.

"Hallo, Inky!" said Bunter, shutting the drawer. "Have you two penny stamps?"

The new-comer was Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, and a gentle smile overspread his dusky features as he replied, in the wonderful English he had acquired at Bhanipur:

"Yes, my esteemed Bunter."

"You might let me have two, Inky!"

"The willingness is huge," said Hurree Singh, handing over to Bunter two penny stamps which he had taken from his pocket-case.

"Thanks, Inky, I will pay you for them, you know."

Hurree Singh knew his Bunter, and he held out his hand to receive the twopence.

The fat junior pretended not to see this, and fumbled the two letters he had written into the envelopes which he had stamped, and he sat down to address them.

"Of course, you have heard I've come into some money, Inky."

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"Yes," replied the Nabob. "The surprisefulness was terrific when the esteemed Bulstrode told me."

"Some thousands, you know, Inky," said Billy Bunter impressively.

"My worthy chum pays for the two stamps, then?"

"Of course, Inky."

Hurree Singh held out his open hand again, and Billy Bunter looked at it with a sickly smile.

"Can you change a bob?" he said.

"Easefully, my worthy Bunter."

"Oh, well, you can't be in any great need for tuppence if you can change a bob."

"My esteemed study-mate will hand over the—"

"Of course I will, Inky," interrupted Bunter. "Come down to the Close now, and I will post these two letters and give you the tuppence in the tuckshop."

"My willingness is terrific," assented Hurree Singh in his extraordinary English.

Bunter picked up the two letters, and, with the nabob, left Study No. 1.

The two juniors walked out into the Close where was the school letter-box, and they then adjourned to see Mrs. Mimble, the old dame who kept the school tuckshop.

Snoop and Skinner, two of Bulstrode's followers were standing in front of the counter when Bunter and Hurree Singh entered.

"Hallo, Billy!" said Skinner. "I suppose it's quite true about—"

"Of course it is! What have you got there?"

"New pastries just come in. They're ripping, aren't they, Snoop?"

"Spiffing!" agreed Snoop, cramming his third pastry into his large mouth.

"I suppose you've heard I'm giving a big feed," said Bunter, drawing a chair up to Skinner and Snoop.

"You giving a feed?" chorused Bulstrode's two followers.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Oh, as soon as I get some money sent to me from my solicitors."

Skinner and Snoop were impressed, and they each handed Billy Bunter a plate laden with pastries.

"Thanks!" said the fat junior, in a deferential manner. "I'll just have one."

"When do you expect to hear from your—er—your solicitors?"

"To-morrow morning!" gulped Bunter, as he finished his pastry and reached across for another one. "I've just written, you know."

Hurree Singh grinned as he saw Skinner's and Snoop's faces lengthen as Bunter wired into the pastries, but the two toadies recognised that it would be diplomatic to pamper the fat Removite if he had come into a fortune.

"You might pass one of those pies over, Mrs. Mimble," said Bunter, as he finished the last of the pastries.

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"Certainly, Master Bunter," smiled the old dame. Bunter took the pie and blinked across the counter at Mrs. Mimble, who stood waiting with her open hand held out.

"That's a threepenny pie, Master Bunter."
"It's all right, Mrs. Mimble," explained Skinner, throwing three pennies on to the counter. "I'm standing this feed."

"Really, Skinner, that's awfully decent of you, you know. I was just going to pay, and if you will—"

Billy Bunter was interrupted as a crowd of flushed juniors came flocking into the shop. They were all very hot and noisy as they came trooping in from practice with the football, and Billy Bunter's face brightened up as he saw the possibility of his being still more feted.

"Hallo, you fat porpoise!" greeted Bob Cherry, slapping Bunter on the back. "Still at it?"

The fat junior grew red in the face and spluttered and gasped.

"Real-ly, Ch-e-r-r-y—"
Bunter was coughing so violently that he was unable to complete his remonstrance.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Bunter staggered off his high chair in a fit of coughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You—hom, hem!—you cads, I'll—"

"Pat him on the back, Inky!" yelled Harry Wharton.

"The pat him on the backfulness is right, my esteemed friend," replied the nabob, giving the choking junior a terrific punch between the shoulders.

"Ow!"
The piece of pie was shifted, and Billy Bunter sat down and glared at the laughing juniors.

"I'll strike you all off!" he yelled. "Everyone of you rotters will be barred from my feed. Everybody here, excepting Skinner and Snoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
If Bulstrode's two cronies had pampered Bunter, there was no chance of him being spoilt by the rest of the juniors.

Harry Wharton & Co., and all the Greyfriars fellows with the exception of Bulstrode and his few followers, did not take wealth into consideration when friendship was concerned.

Mark Linley, for instance, was one of their staunchest chums, yet Linley's father had to work doubly hard in a Lancashire factory so that his son could have a good education at Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. chummed with Mark Linley because he was a good, healthy-minded Britisher—as all Lancastrians are.

So when Billy Bunter thought that his sudden good-fortune would bring the boys of Greyfriars flocking round him, he was sadly mistaken.

Of course, such boys as Bulstrode, Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, are to be found in every school, but they are in a decided minority.

Bunter glared at the grinning juniors as he finished eating his pie, and then a scheme of revenge entered his head, and he saw that he could get his own back on Bob Cherry.

"H-hem!"
A cough sounded at the door of the tuckshop.

"Cave!"
"Old Quelch!"

It certainly sounded like Mr. Quelch's cough, and the next moment any doubt that the juniors might have had that it was not, was dismissed.

"Is Cherry there?" came the Remove Form-master's voice from without.

"Yes, sir!"
"Well, please run up to my study with three bottles of ginger-beer. I have some visitors."

The juniors round the counter had a hard struggle to suppress their laughter as Mr. Quelch gave such an extraordinary order.

"Right, sir; I will!"
"Thank you, Cherry!"

They waited to hear the Form-master's retreating footsteps, but none came.

"Half a second," muttered Nugent, creeping to the door. "I'll have a boss."

"My Aunt Matilda! He must have had his slippers on," he added a moment after. "He's gone!"

Mrs. Mimble had heard the order, and she handed over three bottles of gingerbeer to Bob Cherry.

"Mr. Quelch will pay me for them in the morning, Master Cherry," said the old dame.

"Right-ho!"
Billy Bunter turned to Skinner with a broad grin, as Bob Cherry left the tuckshop with the three gingerbeer bottles under his arm.

"That wasn't old Quelch's voice," he spluttered.

"What d'you mean, fathead?"
"It was mine, don't—"

"You've had too much to eat, you gourmandiser. Of course it was Quelch."

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Bunter blinked at Skinner in a knowing manner. "I'm a jolly good ventriloquist, you know."
"Why, you—you you don't mean to say—"
"Yes," replied Bunter. "I did it to pay Cherry out for nearly—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Choking—"
"Jolly good!"
"Me!"

Bunter managed to finish his sentence, and Skinner roared with laughter as the Greyfriars ventriloquist explained how he had sent Bob Cherry to Mr. Quelch's study with three bottles of gingerbeer.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Greyfriars' Ventriloquist Causes Trouble.

CARBERRY, the bad-tempered prefect, stopped Bob Cherry on his way to the Remove Form-master's study. "What are you doing with those three bottles, Cherry?"

"Oh, I'm throwing 'em up into the air and catching them in my—"

"I don't want any of your cheek!" interrupted the Sixth-Former surlily.

"Don't you? Well, if you want to know, I'm taking these to Mr. Quelch's study!"

And Bob Cherry walked on as Carberry scowled and hesitated. The Remove junior was unable to knock with his knuckles on the master's door, so he used one of the stone bottles.

Bang, bang!
"Come in!"

Mr. Quelch was writing at his desk when Bob eventually managed to open the door and enter the room.

"Well, Cherry, what is it?"
"I've brought them, sir."

"What do you mean, my boy?"
"The gingerbeer, sir."

"Gin-ger—"
"Yes, sir. The three bottles."

Mr. Quelch looked alarmed, and he rose from his chair. "Is this impertinence, Cherry?" he demanded severely.

"It's the three bottles—"
"You had better sit down a minute, my boy," interrupted the Form-master in concern.

"Thank you, sir!"
"Is your head all right?"

Bob flushed. He had received a pretty big bump on the side of his head when he had fought with Nugent in Study 1, and he wondered how Mr. Quelch could have gained any knowledge of the fight.

"Quite all right now, sir," he explained. "It wasn't very big, you know."

"Have you been out in the sun without a hat on your head?"

"What's he getting at?" muttered Cherry to himself; and then aloud he said: "Out in the sun, sir?"

"Yes, my boy. Have you had the sun too much on the back of the neck?"

"Oh, no, sir!" replied Bob, with a sickly smile.

Mr. Quelch poured out a glass of water and handed it to the junior.

"Drink that," he said. "I'll just ring for Wingate."

Bob Cherry looked at the glass of water, and then at the gingerbeer bottles.

"Have your visitors gone, sir?" he asked.

The Form-master ignored the question, and walked across the room to ring the bell.

There was silence in the study for a minute or two, but it was dispelled by a loud knock on the door.

"Come in!" said Mr. Quelch.

Gosling, the porter, put his head round the door. "Has you rung for me, sir?" he grumbled. "Hi was just a-sitting down to my—"

"That will do, Gosling," interrupted Mr. Quelch. "I want you to go to Mr. Wingate's study and ask him if he will kindly come down here immediately. It is very important."

Gosling muttered some unintelligible remark, and banged the door to violently.

Mr. Quelch strutted up and down the room, and glanced anxiously at Bob Cherry, who, in turn, was gazing with no little concern at his Form-master.

The Remove junior was just about to ask the master a question when there came a second knock on the door, and Wingate, the big Sixth-Former and captain of the school, entered the room.

"Ah, is that you, Wingate?" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir. Gosling has just told me you want me urgently."

"Hem!" coughed the master. "I want you to—er—just take Cherry up to the dormitory and see that he gets quietly into bed. The rest of the boys will be up presently, and I shall be obliged if you will see they make no unnecessary noise. I'm afraid Cherry is not very well, and he must keep—"

Bob Cherry jumped up from his chair.
"Me! Not very well!"
"Just take him up, Wingate, will you?"
"Yes, sir," replied the prefect, catching hold of the junior gently by the arm.
"Don't be an ass, Winny!"
"Now, then, Cherry, my boy," said Mr. Quelch, "get quietly into bed!"
"Me, sir?"
"Yes. Now, go along."
"Bed!"

"Yes, you will be all the better for it—and I will come up later on and bring you some medicine."
And Wingate led the remonstrative junior out of the study.

"Look here, Winny, don't be a silly ass!"
The prefect smiled grimly, leading Bob along.
"You silly fathead! I'm as right as rain!"
"Well, Mr. Quelch thinks differently."
"Quelchy must be off his rocker!" growled Bob. "He came to the door of the tuckshop and asked me to run up to his study with three bottles of gingerbeer!"

Wingate smiled grimly.
"Well?"
"I took 'em up," continued Bob, "and he treats me as though I'd gone wrong in the onion!"

The two had now gained the Remove dormitory, and Wingate led Bob in and shut the door.

"Well, buck up and get into bed, kid!" he said good-humouredly.

"Me get into bed?"
"Yes, buck up! The other chaps will be up in about an hour's time!"

"Right-ho, I'll wait for them!"
"No, you won't—you'll get into bed now!"

"Don't be an ass, Winny! If they come up and find—"

"Look here," interrupted the prefect; "don't you see that I shall get into a row from Mr. Quelch if I don't see that you get into bed?"

"Well, if you're going to put it like that," replied Bob, taking his coat off, "I suppose I had better turn in."

Wingate chuckled with amusement as the junior explained in full how he had gone to the Form-master with the three bottles of gingerbeer.

"Someone must have been getting at you," he said, as Cherry scrambled into bed.

"My only hat!"
"What's that?" said Wingate, turning as he reached the door.

"My only Aunt Matilda!"
"Oh, shut up and get to sleep!" And the prefect left Bob Cherry to himself.

"My only hat!" muttered the junior, sitting up in bed. "It must have been that—that fat porpoise and his beastly ventriloquism! The greedy, fat, gourmandising rotter! I'll pay him for it!"

"Well, my only hat!" added Bob Cherry, as an after-thought, as he lay back on his pillow waiting for the rest of the Removites.

The hour passed very slowly, and in the subdued light and quietness Cherry was just dozing off when a wild scrambling of feet was heard in the corridor without.

The dormitory door was flung open, and Harry Wharton, who was the first of the Remove juniors to enter, staggered back as he caught sight of Cherry sitting up in bed.

"Hallo!" he gasped. "What's—what's the wheeze?"
"What do you mean, dummy?"

Harry Wharton was pushed into the dormitory by the crowd of juniors behind him, and they all showered questions on Bob Cherry.

"Great Scott!"
"What are you doin'?"

"What's the idea, Cherry?"
"Doing the Sleeping Beauty wheeze?"

Bob glared at his questioners.
"Is that fat cormorant Bunter up here?" he roared.

"Our worthy corpulent friend is not up yet," replied the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I'll—I'll smother him when he comes!" spluttered Bob.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, what's the trouble this time?"
"The trouble? Why, didn't he send me to Quelchy with three bottles of gingerbeer, and—"

"Of course not!"
"He did!" roared Bob.

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"He didn't!" shouted the Removites in chorus.
"He did, I tell you!"
"It was Quelch himself who told you to take them, and—"

"It wasn't Quelch," replied Bob, glaring at the grinning juniors; "it was that fat porpoise's rotten ventriloquising!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"And I took the beastly gingerbeer into his study—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"And he thought I had gone off my onion!" roared Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.
"And he sent me to bed to keep quiet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"When that rotten, fat porpoise of a Bunter—"

"What's that, Cherry?"
The Removites turned round to the dormitory door, to see Billy Bunter standing there, blinking through his huge spectacles.

Bob Cherry flung himself out of his bed and made a dash for the fat junior.

"So you have come up to be fizzled alive, have you?" he roared, catching Billy by the ear and pulling him into the room.

"Ow!"
"Mad, am I? Ha, ha!"

Bunter's flabby face went livid.
"Rescue!" he roared. "Rescue me, you chaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Rescue me from this mad ass, Wharton!"

Bob whisked his victim to the ground, and rubbed his face into the carpet.

"Ow!" roared Bunter.
"I'll pay you, you fat gourmandiser! I'll—"

"Lemme gerrup!"
"Cherry!"

Mr. Quelch was standing at the door with a bottle in one hand and a spoon in the other, and he rapped out Bob's name so suddenly that Bunter was able to tear himself away and scramble up.

"Yes, sir?" stuttered Cherry, as the Form-master strutted into the dormitory.

"Didn't I tell you to get into bed and keep quiet?"
"Yes, sir."

"And here I find you the chief combatant in a rough-and-tumble with Bunter!"

"Yes, sir."
"Am I to conclude that it is another symptom of your brain weakness?"

"Yes—er—I mean no, sir!"
"Then why were you attacking Bunter in that ferocious manner?"

"I—I don't know, sir."
Bunter's face brightened up considerably when he saw that Bob Cherry was not going to tell Mr. Quelch the reason of his assault, and the fat junior saw his chance of doing Cherry a good service in return.

The Greyfriars' ventriloquist cleared his voice.
"Mr. Quelch!"

It was the Head's voice on the other side of the door.
"Yes, sir," said the Remove Form-master.

"You might just go into the Fifth-Form dormitory."
"Very well, Dr. Locke," replied Mr. Quelch, surprised—as were the juniors—at the strange request.

"Thank you!" sounded the Head's voice; and Mr. Quelch left Bob Cherry and the rest of the Removites.

"Hallo!" cried Nugent. "What's the matter with you, Billy?"

The fat junior's face had gone a deep red, and he was rocking about with his arms clutched round his sides.

"Ho, ho, ho!"
"What's the joke, you fat cormorant?"

"Quelchy's—ho—gone—ho, ho—to chase my voice—ho, ho, ho!"

"Gone to what?" roared Nugent.
"That wasn't the Head. I ventriloquised his voice!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, get into bed, you chaps," said Bob Cherry at last, "and when old Quelch returns he will have forgotten my scrap-up with that fat rotter."

"Really, Cherry," remonstrated Bunter, "you've no right to call me fat. I've not had much to-day; but when I get my fortune—phew!"

And Billy Bunter clambered into bed to dream of the feeds he would have in the very near future.

ANSWERS

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter's Mistake.

HARRY WHARTON, Frank Nugent, Hurree Singh, and Billy Bunter, were seated at the table in Study No. 1. Harry Wharton, as captain of the Remove, was making out the team to play against the Fifth Form the next afternoon—Wednesday.

"I don't think it's safe to play young Tom Brown yet, especially in an important match," remarked Nugent, as Harry asked his chum's opinion of the New Zealand junior's merits on the football field.

Tom Brown had only just recently come to Greyfriars, and up to the present he had always shown a tendency to mix up Rigger on the Soccer field.

"I think he'll show all right after the practice we've given him," replied Harry Wharton.

"I don't, then!"

"Why?"

"Because he's sure to keep on handling the ball."

"Shove him in goal, then."

"Just as bad there," persisted Frank Nugent.

"Why, what's the objection now?"

"He'll only go and collar some one round the legs. Another thing, he's much too fast to be wasted in goal."

"Well, who shall we shove in?"

Billy Bunter looked up from the impot. he was working at, and blinked through his big spectacles.

"I sincerely hope you've got my name down on the list, Wharton," he said.

"Of course, Billy; you're centre-half—I don't think."

"Well," grumbled the fat junior, "that's my favourite position on the field; but I know you, as captain of the team, always grab that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a fact; but where am I playing to-morrow, Wharton?"

"In the Close, I should think!"

"What do you mean, Nugent?"

"Oh, you'd better play marbles with Snoop!"

"Look here, Nugent," said Bunter, his face very red, "I'm not going to stand this kind of thing any longer. Now I've come into some money I intend to show independence—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So if I'm not included in to-morrow's team I'll bribe the rest of the fellows to strike!"

"You silly fathead!" laughed Harry Wharton. "You haven't got your tin yet."

"Well, I'm only waiting for a letter from my solicitors."

"My esteemed fat porpoise will shut up talking about the worthy solicitors," purred the nabob, banging his book to.

"Really, Hurree Singh, I've got as much right to talk about solicitors as you have."

"Well, the shutupfulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent. "Hallo! Who is this?" he continued, as there was a loud knock on the study door.

"Come in!"

Bob Cherry, the leader of Study No. 13, put his face round the door.

"Shall I bring it in, you chaps?" he said.

"Bring what in, you duffer?"

"Well, I've heard people call it a school porter before now," grinned Cherry.

"Which you will let go o' my hear immediate, Master Cherry!"

"Ha, ha, ha! It's old Gossy!"

Bob flung the door open, and led Gosling into the room by the ear.

"Hallo, Gossy, dear! What is it this time?"

"What I ses, is this 'ere!" roared the infuriated Gosling. "The himperance hof you himps his hawful!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hand what hi ses hi do!" he continued. "Hif hit ain't put a stop to immediate, hi goes straight to the 'Ead—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hand reports the lot hof yer!"

"Oh, Gossy, dear," cried Bob Cherry, going down on his knees before the enraged porter, "don't be angry with us! We crave your pardon for our misdeeds, and if you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"Think you can forgive us, we would ask you your business, and give you leave to depart."

Gosling looked down at Cherry's serious face.

"Well, hi don't mind a bit hof fun; but himperance hi won't 'ave!"

"Then you forgive us?"

"Hi won't go to the 'Ead this time, then; but hi gives you fair warning."

"Thank you, Gossy dear!" said Bob Cherry, standing up. "And what might your mission be to this den of rotters?"

The chums of Study No. 1 jumped to their feet.

"Who are you calling rotters?" they yelled in chorus.

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"Make it pax, then!" grinned Bob, as Gosling threw two letters on to the table.

"For Master Bunter," growled the porter, leaving the study.

"Thanks, Gossy," said Bunter, reaching out a fat hand and grabbing the two envelopes. "I've been expecting these!"

Bunter cleared his throat, and readjusted his glasses.

"I thought so," he mumbled to himself, as he studied the two envelopes closely.

"Well, aren't you going to open them, ass?" laughed Harry Wharton.

Billy Bunter was very excited, and he blinked at the Remove captain.

"Certainly, Wharton," he said. "When a chap holds a letter in his hand telling him that he has had a windfall left him, it naturally makes him feel a bit funny."

"Wish you didn't look as funny as you feel, then!"

The fat junior ignored Frank Nugent's remark, and proceeded to open his penknife.

Bob Cherry looked at it closely, and then glared at Billy.

"You fat, greedy, shop-lifting porpoise!" he gasped. "I'm hanged if that isn't the knife I've been turning our study upside down to find!"

Bunter blinked at the owner of the knife.

"Really, Cherry," he said, "I only borrowed it from Study No. 13, and you can have it back as soon as I have finished with it."

"Oh, thank you, Bunter!" replied Bob, in stinging sarcasm. "That's awfully kind of you—"

"That's all right, Cherry!"

"Why, you cheeky, fat cormorant—"

"Let him get on with the washing," laughed Harry Wharton, "and I give you leave to sock into him after."

The fat junior ran the knife along the flap of the envelope which had the name of Laurie & King, solicitors, London, on the back of it.

The Removites crowded round.

"I'll read this out to you, you chaps."

"Do!"

"Thanks awfully!"

"How ripping of you!"

"Your rippingfulness is superb!"

Billy Bunter opened the sheet of notepaper, which was half-filled with typewritten matter.

"H'hem!" coughed the fat junior, putting the letter to within an inch of his nose.

"Get on with it!"

And Billy proceeded to read out the letter.

"Laurie & King, Solicitors, London.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find a letter which we presume you have sent to us in error. The letter commences 'Dear Marjorie,' and it is clearly a mistake on your part in sending it to us.—Yours faithfully,

"LAURIE & KING."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good gracious!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I must have put—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My letter to Marjorie in—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"The wrong envelope!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of Study No. 1 were rolling about, doubled up with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hazeldene, a junior also in the Remove, was attracted by the yells of laughter as he was passing the study, and he opened the door and looked in.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter was sitting back in his chair, his face flushed crimson, and his eyes blinking through his huge spectacles.

"What's the wheezo, Nugent?" laughed Hazeldene, coming into the room.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Frank. "That fat-fathead enclosed the wrong letter! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What wrong letter?"

"He wrote to your sister at Cliff House, and put it in an envelope addressed to his solicitors! Ha, ha, ha!"

Hazeldene's grin gradually broadened, and he added to the hilarious uproar the rest of the juniors were making.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you fellows—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"I don't see anything in it to make such a row about. I'll read Marjorie's—"

"Ha, ha, ha, Billy!" roared Harry Wharton. "You'll be the death of me!"

"I don't see what there is to laugh at. Perhaps Marjorie has used more sense than those solicitor chaps did, and sent the letter on."

"Read her letter out, dummy, and see," said Frank Nugent, wiping the tears from his eyes.

Bunter opened the second letter, and the juniors once more crowded round expectantly.

"Absolute nerve even daring to write to Marjorie," said Hazeldene.

"I think so, too," assented Frank Nugent, with a touch of jealousy in his tone.

"Well, shut up, now, you two."

"Get on with it, my honourable Bunter," said Hurree Singh.

The fat junior unfolded the notepaper, and read:

"Cliff House School.

"Dear Mr. Bunter,—It was very good of you to let me know so fully that your name is William George Bunter, and that you are still at Greyfriars. I do not know whether your letter is a specimen of 'Remove' wit; but, anyhow, Clara and I shrieked over it. What made you address me as 'Dear Sir,' though? May I point out to you that 'whereabouts' should be spelt as I have written it, not as you do in your letter—'wereabouts'? I'm sure I do not understand what you mean by asking me to let you know how much money Pheneas Cobb, of Cincinnati, has left you. Please give my love to my brother, and kind regards to Harry Wharton & Co.—Yours truly,

"MARJORIE HAZELDENE."

The juniors had interrupted the reading of the letter after each sentence by spluttering with laughter; but as soon as Billy had finished, they roared with laughter again.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Oh, the silly dummy!"

"You utter ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat porpoise!"

The laughing juniors held their sides as they managed to jerk out their opinion of Billy, who looked very savage now, holding a letter in each hand.

"I think you chaps are beastly rotters," he growled. "Rolling about like a lot of fatheads just because—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I put the wrong letters in—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"The wrong envelopes!"

"Well, what did you have to write to my sister at all for?" said Hazeldene.

"I suppose I can write to whom I like without asking you?"

"Not to Marjorie, anyhow."

"Oh!" sneered Billy Bunter.

"Well, what did you have to say to her?"

"I wrote and asked her if she and Clara would like to come to a feed I'm giving to celebrate my windfall."

"Then I think you've got a beastly nerve."

"Like the rest of the cheeky young bounders in this study," added Bob Cherry.

"What?" yelled Harry Wharton. "Do you hear that, chaps?"

"The hearfulness is terrific," assented Hurree Singh, as Bob Cherry was whisked off his chair by Wharton and Nugent.

"Come on, Inky!" shouted the Remove captain. "Bump him!"

"Leggo!" muttered Bob Cherry, making a frantic effort to break away.

But Wharton and Nugent had hold of him too securely.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hazeldene.

Hurree Singh clasped Bob round the legs, and they held the captive tight while they had a breather.

"What shall we do with the bounder?" panted Nugent.

"Bump him!"

"Yes, let us bump the honourable bounder," agreed the Nabob.

"Right-ho! Are you ready?"

"Yes, rather!"

"One!"

"Lemme go!"

"Two!"

"You rotters—"

"Three, go!"

"Ow!"—bump. "Oh!"—bump. "Oh!"

Bob Cherry gave a yell of pain each time the chums of Study No. 1 let him down.

"You rotters!" he roared, scrambling to his feet, and

giving Frank Nugent a push in the chest which sent him flying into an armchair.

"Come on!" cried Harry Wharton. "Out with the bounder!"

There was a short, sharp tussle, and Bob Cherry was dropped out into the corridor with a thud.

The study door was slammed to, and the key turned with a click.

"What next, I should like to know," growled Frank Nugent. "A kid coming into the study and making a disturbance like a crowd of women suffragettes!"

"Bang! bang! bang!"

Bob Cherry kicked the door violently, and Harry Wharton laughed.

"Go away!" he shouted. "Admission only on business!"

"All right, you rotters!" came the angry junior's muffled voice. "I'll—I'll pay you for this!" And he went stamping down the corridor.

Billy Bunter had all this time been sitting down, muttering to himself, and gazing at the two envelopes.

"Look here, Wharton," he said, putting the letters into his pocket.

"Oh, you can't expect Wharton to do that, Bunter."

"To do what, Nugent?"

"To look at you."

"Really, Nugent, I think you—"

"That's all right, Billy," interrupted Harry Wharton, who felt sorry for Bunter, for it was plain to see that the fat junior was feeling very disappointed with the two letters he had received.

"Well, Wharton, what do you think is the best thing for me to do? Shall I write again to my solicitors?"

"Of course, you dummy! There isn't anything else for you to do but write!"

"Oh, yes there is."

"What, are you thinking of sending a telegram?"

"No, I hadn't thought of that," muttered Billy.

"Well, what then?" said Wharton, impatiently.

"I thought I might go up to London and see them about it."

"What!" yelled the juniors in chorus.

Billy Bunter grinned at the consternation he had caused.

"You see, I could go up by the 10.30 to-morrow morning and be back at Greyfriars by half-past six in the evening. As it's Wednesday to-morrow, I should only be missing morning's class."

"Well!" gasped Hazeldene. "Of all the nerve—"

"Billy's takes the confectioner's shop," finished Frank Nugent.

"Don't you think that if I asked the Head he would let me go?"

Harry Wharton jumped to his feet.

"My only topper!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if he—"

"Oh, sit down, Wharton, and try and keep calm!"

"All right, you bounder!" said the Remove captain, grinning at Nugent; "but I've got a rattling good idea."

"No?" gasped Frank, in mock surprise. "Who've you cribbed it from?"

"This is it," replied Wharton, ignoring Nugent's remark. "Why shouldn't we all in Study No. 1 go up to London to-morrow?"

"My only aunt Matilda!" muttered Frank.

Hurree Singh leant back in his chair and smiled.

"My worthy chum forgets," he said, "that the esteemed Remove plays the mouldy Fifth Form rotters to-morrow!"

Harry Wharton's brow clouded.

"I had forgotten that for the moment," he said. "Of course, that puts the lid on that wheeze."

"Absolutely squashes it!" agreed Nugent.

"You chaps might help me out of this," grumbled Billy.

"I tell you, it's beginning to worry me, and I feel frightfully faint."

"Well, why on earth don't you eat something, you silly?"

"Because this money business makes me so excited, Nugent. Fancy, you know—thousands! Oh, crumbs, the feeds I'll have!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I sha'n't forget you chaps, you know," continued the fat junior. "I always did think I should come into some money, and now it's come I shall do everything handsome."

"Well, dummy," laughed Harry Wharton, "I'm jolly glad you've come into some tin, but you haven't got it yet, you know."

"Thanks, Wharton," replied Bunter, rising from his chair.

"I think I'll go along and ask Dr. Locke to let me have to-morrow off, so that I can go up to London."

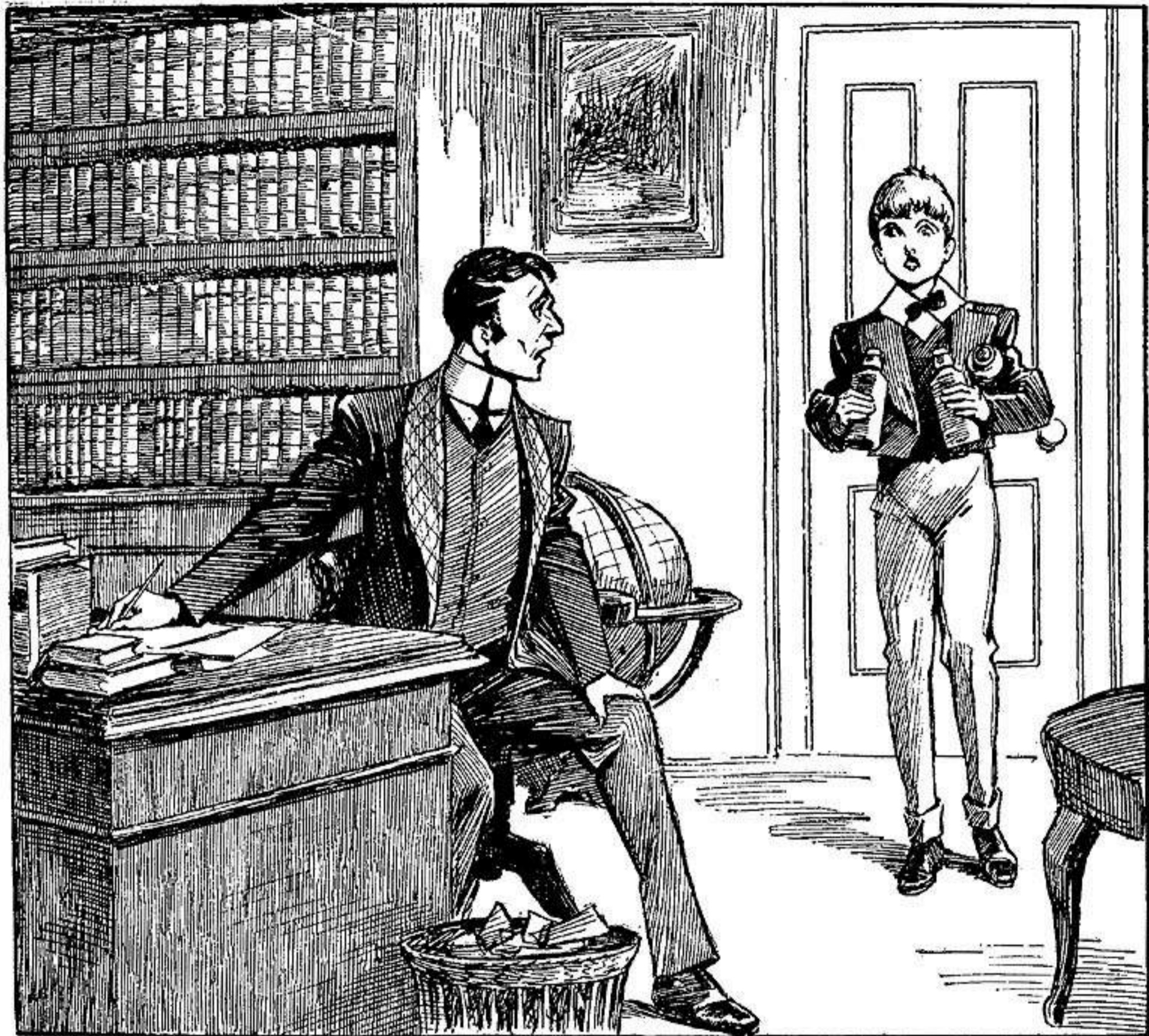
"I shouldn't write again if I were you," said Hazeldene.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy strutted across the room and opened the door.

"Good luck go with you, you fat cormorant!"

"Show your independence, Billy," laughed Nugent.



"Well, Cherry, what is it?" asked Mr. Quelch, turning from his desk. "If you please, sir," answered Bob, "I've brought the ginger-beer!"

"Your independence is terrific," added the Nabob of Bhanipur with a smile.

Bunter blinked through his big spectacles.

"You'll see, one day, you chaps," he said knowingly, and with this mysterious statement he banged the door to.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Billy Bunter's Day Off.

THE rising bell had gone, and the Remove dormitory presented a busy scene.

There was a crowd of juniors before a looking-glass, all awaiting their turn.

"Hurry up, Bulstrode!"

"Rats!"

"You've been fooling about with that tie of yours for about ten minutes now!"

"You shut up, young Linley," shouted the Remove bully, scowling at the junior from Lancashire.

"You vely slow, Bulstlode," said Wun Lung, the Chinese.

"I'll pull your beastly pigtail if you don't stop grumbling."

"Me no savvy which side the bed you gettee—"

"Cave!"

"It's old Quelchy!"

The door opened, and Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master, looked in.

"Hurry up, you boys!" he said, with a smile, then he frowned and came further in.

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"Is that a boy still in bed?"

"My only hat," muttered Bob Cherry, "if it isn't that fat boulder still asleep!"

Mr. Quelch walked down between the row of beds and stopped at the foot of Bunter's. The fat junior was still asleep and snoring heavily.

"Why hasn't anyone wakened him?" asked Mr. Quelch, giving Bunter a shake.

"Gerraway!" growled Billy in his sleep.

"Bunter!"

"Shut up, you cads!"

"Bunter!" said the Form-master, raising his voice.

Billy turned over and blinked.

"You're a rotter, Wharton!" he growled, yawning. "Why in the dickens can't you let a chap have a little extra—"

"Bunter!"

The fat junior jumped up in his bed as though he had had a pin jabbed into him.

"Mr. Quelch?"

"Yes, Bunter," replied the Form-master, "it is, and I want to know what you mean by—"

"I'm sincerely sorry, sir," said Bunter, pulling his spectacles from under the pillow, "but I didn't know it was you."

"I suppose not; but that is no excuse. Do you not know that the bell has been rung now some twenty minutes ago, and here you are still in bed!"

"Yes, sir, but it doesn't matter about me."

"What do you mean, boy?"

"I'm not going to do any work to-day, Mr. Quelch."
The Form-master coughed angrily as a distinct snigger came from the rest of the juniors.

"Oh, so you have decided not to do any work, Bunter," he said.

"Yes, sir—at least—"

"Well, I have decided you must—and a bit extra. You will take fifty lines for not being up with the rest, and you will do fifty more for making such an absurd resolve!"

"Oh, sir, but Dr. Locke has given me leave to have the day off, and—"

"The day off?"

"Yes, Mr. Quelch."

"For what reason, might I ask?"

"To go and see my solicitors, Mr. Quelch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites roared with laughter as Bunter made this announcement, and the Form-master turned with a frown.

"Silence!" he ordered. "And you, Bunter, will get dressed immediately. There will be no excuse for you not being down at breakfast to time!" And Mr. Quelch stamped out of the dormitory.

"Have you really got the day off, you fat bounder?"

"Of course I have, Bulstrode, and I want to speak to you on a serious matter before you go into class this morning."

"Oh!" exclaimed the bully wonderingly.

"Come on, chaps!" said Wharton, slipping on his coat.

"Right!"

"Half a second!"

"Me come, Hally."

"If the honourable captain will wait—"

"Very well, Inky," laughed Harry, "but buck up."

In a few minutes the dormitory was deserted save for Billy Bunter, who now stood before the wash-basin.

"Suppose I had better have a proper wash this morning," he muttered. "Ugh—ugh!"

The fat junior braved himself for the effort, and splashed himself freely with the water.

"Ugh—ugh!" he muttered again, as he dried himself. "I don't understand how those chaps do it on cold mornings."

Billy took particular care over his dressing, but he was not over-particular whose property he donned.

Bob Cherry had a very nice pair of patent leather shoes, and the fat junior eyed them covetously as they rested by Bob's bed.

"I shouldn't think Cherry would be annoyed if I wore those shoes to-day," murmured Billy, taking them in his hands. "I'll shove 'em on and see what they look like."

In Bunter's estimation they looked ripping, and he then and there decided to borrow them for the day. He likewise borrowed Frank Nugent's tie, and by the time he had finished his toilet Billy felt very pleased with himself.

"Sure, my only Molly O'Hara!" whistled Micky Desmond.

"Look at Billy!"

The fat junior came strutting into the Hall with a contented grin on his flabby face.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, boys!" snapped Mr. Quelch, rapping his knuckles on the table. "Bunter," he added, "you will give me fifty lines this time to-morrow morning for being—"

"I'm sincerely sorry, sir, but—"

"Sit down, Bunter!"

And the fat junior subsided into a chair, and attacked the rashers of bacon before him savagely.

"Go it, piggy!" said Trevor, who was sitting next to him.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's all right. I only wanted to see whether you recognised your name."

Billy Bunter blinked through his enormous spectacles.

"Well, you wouldn't waste much time if you'd had as little to eat as I have the last two days."

"Why, you fat cormorant, I watched you at supper last night, and you wolfed three times as much grub as anybody else."

The fat junior ignored Trevor's charge, and wired in with renewed vigour.

He was still munching away at toast and marmalade when the masters and prefects left the room.

The Sixth-Formers next trooped out in their usual dignified manner, and then the rest of the boys scrambled out.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stopped Blundell and Bland, the two Fifth-Formers.

"I suppose you bounders are prepared for it?" greeted Frank.

"Prepared for what?"

"For the hefty licking, Bland, dear, we're going to give you this afternoon."

Bland scowled.

"Well, I'll eat my hat if the Remove do beat us, you cheeky bounder!"

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Nugent and Wharton grinned and walked away.

"Do you think," muttered Blundell, with a frown, "that there is any chance of them pulling—"

"Seen Bunter?" interrupted Bulstrode, coming up to the two Fifth-Formers.

"Yes, saw the porpoise taking nourishment in Hall. He's in there now."

"Thanks!"

Bulstrode strode into Hall and saw Bunter still eating at the Remove Form table.

"Oh, is that you, Wharton?" said the short-sighted fat junior.

"No, it isn't, ass! It's me!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Bulstrode. I thought it was Harry Wharton—"

"Well, it isn't. You said you wanted to speak to me."

Billy Bunter rose from the table and joined the Remove bully, who was standing at the head of the table.

"Yes, Bulstrode," he replied. "I want to ask you something."

"Well, what is it, fathead?"

"I hope you won't be annoyed about it, Bulstrode."

"Have you been and sold something that belongs to me, you fat porpoise?" he roared.

Bunter started back in alarm.

"Really, Bulstrode, I hope you don't think I'm such a cad as all that. What I want you to do is to lend me twenty bob."

"Twenty bob?"

"Yes," continued Billy, quite unmoved by the consternation he had caused. "I've got six bob on me, but as I'm going up to London, and shall want something to eat when I'm there, I want you to lend me some more. Of course, I shall pay you back to-night—with interest, if you want it," Billy added, as an after-thought.

"You silly, fat dummy, how can you pay me back to night if you've only got six bob on you now?" asked Bulstrode.

"Oh, I shall get my solicitors to advance me a few pounds."

Although Bulstrode was a bully, and the most obstinate pupil in the Remove Form at Greyfriars, his redeeming trait was generosity.

Bunter was quite aware of it, and it was for this reason he had decided on asking the bully before any of his Form-fellows in Study No. 1.

Bulstrode's father was a wealthy, self-made man of the world, and he kept his only son well supplied with pocket-money. Bunter knew all this, and the fat junior smiled as the bully put his hand into his trousers pocket.

"Well, look here, you fat porpoise, if you don't pay me back this quid to-night I'll—I'll—"

Bulstrode gave a ferocious scowl, and Billy Bunter's flabby cheeks shook with fright.

"That's—that's all right, Bulstrode," he stuttered.

The bully handed over the coin, and stamped off as Billy jerked out his gratitude.

"Suppose I had better start for the station now," he muttered.

And he ran upstairs and fetched his silk hat and gloves, and walked out of the school building.

Gosling was standing outside his lodge smoking his pipe, and the Greyfriars porter's eyes opened wide as the fat Removite came towards him.

"Good morning, Gossy!"

"What I ses is this 'ere," replied Gosling, ignoring Billy's salutation, "why ain't you in class, Master Bunter?"

"I'm going up to London, Gossy."

"You?"

"Yes, to see my solicitors."

"Up to Lunnon?"

Bunter smacked his cane walking-stick against his fat leg.

"Yes, Gosling," he said. "You know, I've had a fortune left me by some American. I suppose he was an uncle or something of mine. Anyhow, I'm going up to London to-day to claim it."

The words "London" and "solicitors" impressed Gosling, and he opened the big iron gates with alacrity.

"Well, Master Bunter, what I ses is this 'ere, I 'opes you won't forget the old Greyfriars school porter when you're a rich gen'l'man. Many's the time Hi've shut me eyes when you've a' smuggled tuck into the school. That's what I ses."

"Of course, I sha'n't forget you, Gossy," replied the fat junior.

"As Hi'm n' pleased to 'ear it, Master Bunter."

"Well, good-bye, Gossy!"

"Good-morning, Master Bunter!"

And Billy strutted on, little dreaming of the colossal disappointment he was to suffer before the end of the day.

"Phew!" he was muttering to himself. "Feeds every day! Phew!"

WINGATE, the captain of Greyfriars, knocked at the door of Study No. 1, and Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh all shouted out in chorus: "Come in!"

The big Sixth-Former opened the door and smiled as he saw that the three Removites were in their Soccer clothes.

"Why isn't it up on the notice-board, Wharton?" he asked.

Harry Wharton looked puzzled.

"Why isn't what on the notice-board, Winny?"

"Your team, of course. I went to have a look just now to see what time your game starts and no notice was there."

"Oh, I took it down about ten minutes ago, as I have just made an alteration."

"What's that?"

"Lacy can't play because he's kept in, so I've decided to try young Tom Brown, after all."

"What, the New Zealander?"

"Yes," said Harry, with a smile. "I think he'll shape all right."

"Rather," agreed Frank Nugent.

"Well, I'll referee the match," said Wingate. "When will you be ready?"

Harry Wharton looked at the cheap German clock which did service in Study No. 1.

"If we start at three o'clock will that be all right?"

"Very well, then."

And Wingate left the study to tell Blundell, the skipper of the Fifth Form football eleven.

"Well, come on, you chaps," said Harry Wharton, as soon as the prefect shut the door. "Let's go and wake up Cherry and Linley, and then we can have a few practice shots into goal."

The three chums walked down the corridor and banged on the door of Study No. 13.

Wun Lung opened the door, a broad grin on his little yellow face.

"Come in and lookee," he whispered.

"Hallo!" said Harry aloud. "What's the— Why, my only hat!" he added, with a gasp.

Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh shoved Wharton into the study.

"What's the joke?" said Frank.

"Look at Cherry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry, who was engaged in lacing his football boots, looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter with you dummies?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke, fatheads?"

"That—that shirt!" roared Nugent.

"Those stockings!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The gorgeous colours are terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry stood up, blushing violently.

"You silly cackling asses!" he yelled. "What's wrong with my togs?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all!" laughed Nugent. "Only that you look as if you're advertising a colour scheme for an artist."

"You frabjous ass!" retorted Bob. "Some rotter has lifted my things since last season, and these are all I can find."

Bob Cherry stood before the glass, and surveyed himself.

He had on an extraordinary pair of stockings which had once been sent to him by an eccentric aunt whose hobby was knitting. The junior's shorts were a pair he had bought at a bazaar to run in on Sports' day, but he had been advised by Wingate "not to be an ass, but go and shove a pair of respectable white running shorts on!" Bob's shirt was an ordinary cotton one with frayed cuffs, and was of a violet hue.

"My Aunt Maitlda!" muttered Nugent. "What an eyesore!"

"Ha, ha, ha."

Bob Cherry scowled, and pulled on a coat.

"Well, come on, you—you dummies!" he said, leading the way out of the study.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob turned round angrily as the juniors roared with laughter, but as they were following him he strode on with a ferocious expression on his face.

He came in for a fearful amount of chaff from the spectators as they gained the football ground, and nearly came to blows with Bulstrode. But fortunately for the Remove bully, Wingate blew his whistle, and the two teams walked on to the field.

"Come here, kid," said Blundell, "and call to my toss."

A coin went flying into the air.

"Heads!"

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"It is!" laughed Blundell. "Which goal will you defend?"

"This one, of course, dummy," said Wharton. "We'll start with the sun on our backs."

"Won't make any difference, my lad," replied the Fifth Form captain, with a patronising air. "You're in for a proper licking to-day!"

"We'll see!" laughed Wharton.

And the two captains placed their men in their positions.

"Ready?" shouted Wingate.

"Rather!"

The referee blew his whistle, and Martin of the Fifth kicked off.

"Go it, Remove!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Walk through 'em, Fifth!"

The Greyfriars boys, lined-up on each side of the field, cheered their particular favourites.

Harry Wharton kicked the ball out to the wing to Bob Cherry, who missed it, and the next moment Blundell was pacing down the field, dribbling the ball in fine style.

"Go on, Blundell!"

"F-fifth!"

The Fifth Form captain had passed the Remove backs, and steadied himself for a shot into goal.

Swish!

Russell, who was in goal, dived for the ball, but missed, and the leather banged into the net.

"Goal!"

The Fifth had scored their first goal within five minutes of the start.

"Hurrah!"

"Well played, Fifth!"

"Give it up, you Remove kids!" shouted Dabney, of the Upper Fourth, who was amongst the spectators.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, chaps!" said Harry Wharton encouragingly to his team. "Sock into 'em!"

"Rather!"

And the referee sounded his whistle again.

Hazeldene kicked off, and the Removites made a determined rush into their opponents' territory.

Each team was determined not to let the other one score; but the Removites were now playing magnificently, and looked like equalising.

Tom Brown just managed to get in a shot at goal as Bland sent him flying with a terrific charge, and the ball went wide of the posts.

French, who was the custodian of the Fifth Form goal, kicked the ball out into the centre of the field, and for some minutes the game became a rather loose one.

Tom Brown, with a long kick, passed the ball to Harry Wharton.

The Remove captain watched the flight of the ball, and trapped it cleverly as it dropped to the ground. Charging Bland aside as the Fifth-Former rushed at him, Harry went off with the ball.

"Hurrah! Go it, Wharton!"

The Remove dashed on, dribbling the ball in magnificent style. Sheppard, the centre-half of the Fifth Form eleven, failed in his efforts to intercept the junior, and a moment later Harry was through the backs.

His foot was drawn back for the kick, and the next moment the ball went flying into the net.

"Goal! Goal! Well played, Wharton!"

Wingate blew his whistle for half-time, and the excited Removites crowded round their blushing captain.

"Well played, old chap!" shouted Frank Nugent, giving Harry a fearful smack on the back.

"Ow!"

"Jolly good!"

"Ow!"

"Ripping!"

"Ow, you bounders!" roared Wharton, breaking away from the crowd, as he found their praise so painful.

Both teams squatted down on the grass for a breather, and Bob Cherry came in for plenty of chaff.

"I'll pay the rotters!" he muttered, as Wingate blew the whistle for the resumption of the match.

A free kick was awarded to the Fifth before the game had been in progress for barely five minutes.

Blundell had got away with the leather; but the New Zealander forgot himself, and fell on to the ball in true Rugger style.

"Foul!"

The referee was unable to sound the whistle for a moment or two for sheer astonishment, and Tom Brown picked the ball up and dashed along the touch-line.

"Stop, you ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The whistle sounded shrilly, and the New Zealand junior pulled up with a laugh.

"I'm awfully sorry, Wharton," he said. "I clean forgot I wasn't playing Rugger, you know!"

Wingate smiled, and under the circumstances treated the incident leniently.

Bland took the free kick, and sent the leather flying to Desmond and Morgan, the Remove backs. The Welsh junior returned the ball with a mighty kick, which wrung a yell of praise from the spectators.

The ball was sent backwards and forwards up and down the field with irritating frequency, and the game flagged somewhat.

"Buck up, Remove!"

"F-fifth!"

The yelling of the lookers-on inspired the players to further effort, and at last Tom Brown juggled the leather from Blundell, and set off with a fine dash towards the Fifth Form goal.

"Go on!"

"Well played, Brownie!" shouted Bob Cherry excitedly, as the New Zealander dodged deftly past the backs.

"Buck up!"

"Shoot!"

The next moment Tom Brown lashed out with his foot.

Players and spectators held their breath.

Bang!

The leather struck the crossbar of the goal-posts with a crash, and came flying back straight to the Remove junior.

"Go on!" yelled a voice in the crowd, even as the ball was in the air. "Have another——"

Tom Brown flung out his arms and clutched the ball, as though making a "mark" in a game of Rugby.

"Oh-h!"

Once more he forgot the game he was taking part in, and he made a dash for the back of the goal-posts, and touched the ball down with his hands.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly fathead!"

"You absolute lunatic!"

"Well, of all the asses!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Tom Brown's face was scarlet, as the players crowded round him.

"I—I—I—I'm awfully——"

"Fathead!" interrupted Frank Nugent. "Time's up, and here you go and chuck a certain goal away!"

"Look here, chaps, I'm awfully sorry, really. It's through being brought up to play a decent game, and if you——"

"What?" howled Bob Cherry. "A decent game!"

"Yes!"

"You call that a decent game? Clutching hold of a Soccer ball, and dashing behind the goal-posts."

"Well, you ass, I thought it was a Rugger ball!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And, of course, I shouldn't have done it if I had remembered!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate joined in the laughter as he looked at his watch.

"Well, it can't be helped," he said. "It's time, and the game's a draw."

"Well played, Remove!" shouted Russell.

"What about your licking, Blundell?" said Harry Wharton to the Fifth Form captain, as the two teams walked to the pavilion.

Blundell smiled.

"Oh, I meant in a Soccer match!" he said. "I didn't know you chaps were going to play Rugger."

"You'll see Tom Brown come along all right, one day."

"Hope I shall," replied Blundell. "We must have another match soon."

"Right-ho! Whenever you like!" laughed Harry, joining Hurree Singh and Frank Nugent. "Good-bye, kid!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter's Phantom Windfall.

"THEN we must have it in Study No. 13."

"There isn't room in there I tell you!"

"There is!"

"There isn't, fathead!"

"Anyway, it's as good as Study No. 1."

"It isn't!"

The Remove juniors had changed from their football clothes, and were now standing before the counter in Mrs. Mimble's tuck shop.

Harry Wharton had suggested in the pavilion that the Remove should celebrate the afternoon's match with a study

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feed, and at the same time entertain Billy Bunter, as the fortunate receiver of an unexpected windfall.

Bob Cherry, Mark Linley, and Wun Lung had suggested Study No. 13 as the banqueting chamber, but Harry Wharton & Co. held out for Study No. 1.

The Remove captain smiled.

"Well, look here, chaps," he said. "Billy's train gets in at half-past six, and it's twenty to now, so buck up and decide."

"Right!" exclaimed the leader of Study No. 13. "It must be ours."

"In ours?"

"No, in ours!"

"Well, you said in ours."

"I didn't, Nugent; I said in ours."

"Well, I agree, in ours!"

"In ours, I tell you!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Do you mean in ours?" said Frank Nugent, in an aggravating manner.

"No, in ours, you——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites, as Bob Cherry and Nugent glared at one another.

"Well, look here," said Wharton, with a frown. "I think the feed should take place in Bunter's own study. He'll feel more at home there."

"I still think Study No. 13 is the best," growled Bob Cherry. "But, of course, if you're going to persist, I suppose I'll have to give in."

"Of course," muttered Frank Nugent.

Bob Cherry feigned not to hear the remark, and the juniors were soon engaged in making purchases for the great feed.

All the juniors were pretty flush, and soon a huge pile of "grub" had accumulated on the counter.

Mrs. Mimble smiled.

"Think you'll be able to carry all this?" she said.

"Yes, rather!"

"Not half!"

"It's very heavy, though, with all those pies."

"The weightfulness is terrific," assented Hurree Singh.

"Look here, chaps," laughed Wharton. "Each take as much as you can. We needn't take 'em up on a tray."

"No, rather not. Come on, kids."

And the juniors trooped out of the tuckshop heavily laden. The table in Study No. 1 literally groaned with the weight

by the time the last of the packages had been put on to it.

"By Jove! Doesn't it make your mouth water?"

"Rather!"

Harry Wharton grinned, and set light to the fire, which was already laid.

"Come on!" he said. "Bustle to!"

Bob Cherry untied the two parcels containing sausages, and slapped them into a frying-pan.

"Here you are, kids," he said. "Shove 'em on!"

By the side of the frying-pan there was only just room for the kettle, but the water was soon boiling, and Hurree Singh made some cocoa.

Six large dishes were required to display the buns and pastries to advantage, and with the addition of the jam-jars and butter-dish the table looked fit for a king to sit down to.

Wun Lung had been sent up to Study No. 13 to bring down some toffee which the Chinese had made earlier in the day, and when he entered the door he eyed the table with satisfaction.

"Lipping, you chapees," he said.

"It does look all right, doesn't it, kids?" agreed Bob Cherry. "Hallo!" he added. "I hope that fat porpoise won't keep us waiting much longer, for it's a quarter to seven now."

Frank Nugent looked at the clock which was ticking out so loudly.

"It's more than that," he said. "That rotten dial is slow. It's nearly five to."

Harry Wharton tipped the fizzling sausages on to a hot dish.

"These are done to a turn, chaps," he announced.

"They do sniff all right, don't they?" said Bob Cherry. "It'll be a beastly shame——"

"Listen!" interrupted Mark Linley, holding up his hand for silence.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

"That's our fat porpoise's shuffle!"

"Yes, here he comes!"

Bob Cherry pulled out a comb from his pocket, and wrapping a piece of paper round it, put it to his mouth.

He made an excellent attempt to play the first few bars of "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Billy Bunter opened the study door.

Buzz-z-z-z, buzz-z-z-z, buzz-z-z-z——

"Whatever is that fearful row?" asked the fat junior, blinking through his huge spectacles.

"Come on, you chaps!" shouted Bob Cherry, taking the comb from his mouth for a moment. "Come on, altogether: 'See the—'"

Giving his chums the start, Bob put the comb to his mouth once more.

Buzz-z-z-z, buzz-z-z-z, buzz-z-z-z—

Billy Bunter came into the room and took off his silk hat.

"What's the matter with you, Cherry?" he said, in concern. "Don't you feel well?"

The leader of Study No. 13 continued his buzzing, but glared ferociously at his fat questioner.

Buzz-z-z-z—

The torturing music stopped suddenly, and Bob Cherry dropped his comb to the floor.

"My only hat!" he gasped.

"It isn't, Cherry," replied Billy, looking at the lining of his tall hat. "It's mine!"

"Well, my only Aunt Matilda!"

"What's up?"

"That fat cormorant! That overfed porpoise! That gourmandising rotter's got my best patent shoes on, or I'll eat 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry rose from his chair and clutched hold of Bunter's left leg.

"I know them by a mark on the instep!" he roared.

"Come on, up you come!"

"Ow! Look out, you cad!"

Bob gave a vicious pull, and the fat junior's leg came up.

"Ow! Look out, I'm—I'm going to—"

Thud!

Bunter crashed to the floor with a mighty bang, and the table shook dangerously.

"Great Scott!"

"That's smashed something!"

"It's sure to bring Quelch!"

Billy Bunter lay on his back, gasping, as the juniors muttered in alarm.

"My only hat! Here comes some one!"

The door was flung violently open, and Mr. Quelch put his head into the room.

"What has happened, Wharton?" he said. "Has a chimney come through the roof?"

"A chimney, sir?"

"Yes. What was that fearful crash?"

"No chimney has fallen into this study, sir. It must be in Study No.—"

"Oh-h-h!"

"Why, whatever's the matter with Bunter?"

"Oh-h, I believe I am dying, sir!"

"What do you mean, boy? Get up—"

"Mr. Quelch, has anything happened up here?" interrupted Dr. Locke's voice.

"Great Scott, the Head!"

The Remove Form-master opened the door wider to allow the Head to enter the study.

Bob Cherry had meanwhile been kicking Billy Bunter, who still obstinately refused to get up from the floor.

"Bunter!"

"Oh-h! Yes, sir?"

"Get up immediately!"

"Certainly, sir!" groaned the fat junior, scrambling to his feet.

"What is the meaning of all this food on the table, Wharton?" demanded Dr. Locke severely.

"Oh, the food, sir?"

"Yes. Why is the table filled up with all this food?"

"Oh, yes, the grub, sir?"
"Answer me, Wharton, and don't be silly!"
"Well, sir," stuttered Harry, "we thought we would like to entertain Billy—er—I mean, Bunter, on the occasion of his windfall—"

"Is that the terrible noise I heard just now?"

"No, sir; I mean the windfall Bunter has had left him."

"Oh, yes; of course!" said the Head, turning to Billy.

"You have been up to town, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir."
"And you found the solicitors all right?"

"Yes, sir."
"That's right," smiled Dr. Locke. "And how much money are you the fortunate possessor of now, my boy?"

Billy Bunter put his hand into his trousers-pocket, and drew out three coppers.

"Just threepence, sir," he said.

"No, no; I don't mean that, Bunter. How much money has that American man left you?"

"N-nothing, sir!"

"What?" shouted the Head, Mr. Quelch, and the juniors in chorus.

Billy Bunter blinked nervously.

"No, sir; nothing?"

It was plain to see that the fat junior was terribly disappointed, and the Head took him by the shoulder in his usual kindly manner.

"Tell me, my boy," he said.

"Well, sir," explained Bunter, "I went to my—to these solicitor chaps, and they laughed at me, and said that the William George Bunter they had advertised for was found in a workhouse. He was seventy-three years of age, and he has been left three thousand pounds."

Billy ended his explanation jerkily, and tears blurred the big spectacles of the fat youth.

"Well, never mind, my boy," said the Head. "I never ought to have raised your hopes as I did. We ought to have found out whether your father knew of any relations of his who had ever gone to America. I am very sorry I allowed you to go all the way to London to be disappointed like that—I am very sorry indeed, my lad!"

And Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch walked out of Study No. 1.

There was an oppressive silence in the room for a moment or two; but Harry Wharton at last dispelled it.

"Come on, Billy!" he said, slapping the fat junior on the back. "We've got a ripping feed ready for you!"

Bunter readjusted his spectacles.

"Well, that's jolly decent of you, you chaps," he said huskily.

"Not at all!"

Frank Nugent picked up the plate of sausages from before the blazing fire, and Bunter's eyes brightened at the sight of them.

"Come on, you fellows," he said; "I haven't had much to eat to-day."

And the Removites set to.

The topic of conversation while the feast was in progress was the football match between the Remove and the Fifth, and poor Tom Brown came in for a fearful amount of chaff.

But Harry Wharton & Co. did not at that festive table, or ever after in Study No. 1 or in Study No. 13, mention any incident connected with Billy Bunter's Windfall.

THE END.

Next Tuesday.

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Ronald Chenys is forced to leave Sandhurst through the treachery of his step-brother, Ian, and enlists in the Wessex Regiment under the name of Chester. Unfortunately for Ronald, Ian joins the Wessex as a subaltern, and, assisted by Sergeant Bagot and Private Foxey Williams, does his best to further disgrace Ronald. The unscrupulous Bagot, however, gets caught in his own toils, and is publicly degraded to the ranks. During a field-day, a raw young private named Augustus Smythe determines to disguise himself in civilian clothes and gain information of the enemy's plans. To this end he gains entrance to a wayside cottage.

(Now go on with the story.)

Grandma Gussie!

But Gussie's luck was out again. There were only feminine garments to be seen. The absent owner of the cottage must have been a woman, and an old woman at that. Gussie jibbed at first, but a few minutes' reasoning convinced him that really this was an advantage. A woman would be less difficult to settle with on his return, and the disguise would be more complete.

Gussie, be it said, had no moustache. When he first joined the Army a few stray hairs had graced his upper-lip, lending him, he prided himself, a distinctly martial air; but Sergeant-Major Tozer had thought otherwise.

Demanding, with a roar, what he meant by parading with "a dirty scrub like that!" he had ordered him to shave again before next parade. So Gussie had sawn off the precious hairs, and was quite surprised and hurt that no one noticed the least difference in his facial looks.

The disguise, when he had exchanged his tunic and cap for a print skirt, a black silk bodice, and a poke-bonnet, was certainly effective. Armed with a market-basket, which he found to be full of eggs, and an enormous gamp, and leaving his uniform, belts, and rifle behind in a cupboard, he sallied forth boldly to beard the lion in his den.

He had proceeded quite half a mile when he discovered that he had forgotten to roll up his trousers, six inches of which, with the broad red stripe, were plainly visible under the rather skimpy skirt.

The discovery sent him into a cold sweat, for he had already passed two small girls and a tramp, all of whom, he noticed, had stared uncommonly hard after him. The defect, however, was soon remedied.

"Wot cher, mother! Why, blowed if it ain't grandma as has come all this way to see us!" sang out a voice suddenly from behind a hedge.

Gussie gave such a jump of surprise that he nearly dropped his egg-basket in the road.

It was a patrol of the enemy seeking brief solace from the anxieties of mimic warfare in a pot of beer, smuggled to them through the hedge at the back of the roadside inn.

Gussie, who had indulged formerly in amateur theatricals on "early closing" nights, recovered his nerve quickly. Ignoring the running fire of ribald chaff, he pattered on, shaking his head and mumbling, like an old dame of seventy:

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So far so good. If he could deceive one he could deceive all.

The next sign of the enemy he stumbled upon was a sentry-group crouching in some fern, and beyond, a picket in a gravel-pit. He knew now that he was in their outpost line. Here more chaff awaited him; but he shook his gamp at the officer, who, he screamed, ought to be ashamed of himself to let a "pack of owdashious young warmints insult a poor old woman so," and struck to the left, along the ridge, which he knew was likely to be the line of the Reds' position.

Really, Gussie was doing it very well, and Fortune, as if recognising his genius, began to play into his hands.

He had barely gone a hundred yards than he came across the colonel of the South Kents, who commanded the Red forces.

Colonel Cobbett was one of the fussy and furious type, rather like Colonel Conger in his manner. Moreover, he was anxious to cover himself with glory before the day was out, for he and Conger of the Blues were old opponents, and not the best of friends.

Colonel Cobbett was inspecting his own dispositions to see that no stone had been left unturned, and was demanding of every officer he came to if he knew what he was, where he was, why he was, and who else was where?—all in such a loud voice that Gussie's heart rejoiced, for his task, he could see, would be made very easy. All he had to do was to stick to Colonel Cobbett and drink in the words of wisdom which fell from his lips.

The colonel was rather like a jumping-jack that morning, and Gussie, in his eagerness, erred on the side of sticking too close.

"Here, confound you, old woman!" snorted Colonel Cobbett, stepping suddenly back, and barking Gussie's shin with his spur. "What do you want here? Why don't you get out? Can't you see there's a battle on?"

"Ple-please, your honour," croaked Gussie, who wanted to rub his leg, but daren't, for fear of displaying his regimental trousers, "will you buy some fine new-laid eggs off a poor old woman?"

"New-laid—eggs!" yelled the commander of the Reds, while the Tommies around began to titter. "Confound and hang it all, what next? Why, bless my soul! New-laid! Poul!" And he danced off, as red about the gills as a gasping codfish.

Gussie gave him thirty yards' start, made a sporting offer of a dozen eggs for sixpence to the subaltern in charge of the picket, while he noted his own bearings; then hobbled off in pursuit.

To the delight of the Red Army he chased its commander from one end of his line to another, telling him that he had a dear, kind face, that he was quite sure that he had an old mother at home just like him, and that times were bad, and the eggs only a shilling a dozen.

Colonel Cobbett stormed and swore aloud, but it was no good. Gussie was not to be baulked. He was acquiring invaluable information at every yard. Finally, just when he was thinking of releasing his victim, the latter presented him with five shillings to "go away, and be hanged!"

Gussie spat on the coin, wished his honour all the luck in the world, blessed his dear, kind face and his old mother

several times over, and then made tracks, hugely delighted with the success of his expedition.

"Now, I'll bunk back to the cottage," he promised himself, "change these duds, and astonish old Conger into fits with the finest bit of scouting the flariny ever heard of. 'Ang it all, if they made Chester a lance-corporal for a silly idea like his, they ought to make me a sergeant to-morrow!"

A shot from the valley beneath made him hurry along in dismay. Surely that could not be his own side advancing so early! Yet there was another and another.

Evidently Colonel Conger was pushing forward, determined to wait no longer, but feel his way as he went.

Gussie was panic-stricken. Here was his grand stroke of strategy going for nothing. By the time he had reattired himself in his own garments the advancing Blues would be engaging the foe all along the line, and Colonel Conger would ascertain their whereabouts quite well enough without Gussie's assistance.

Gussie could have wept. Rather than lose all the fruits of his cunning, he would rush up to the colonel dressed as he was, proclaim himself as Private Augustus Smythe, and risk the chaff which would be hurled at him to the end of his days.

He was scrambling along at a very unladylike gait, making for the road, when a pippin-faced dame, who had been trying to sell apples and sherbet along the line of troops in cheerful defiance of all regulations, suddenly clapped eyes on Gussie as he strode her way.

"Well, I never!" she screeched, in a shrill voice, as the unconscious scout bore down upon her. "Well, I never! Did ye ever see the like? If that ain't my best, go-to-meeting skirt she's wearing, the varmint!"

She began to open and shut her by no means wrinkled fingers, as if sharpening hidden claws.

"An' my bonnet, the wagabond hussey! An' my blue bodice, an' shawl, an' umbrella, an' basket!" she screamed, her voice rising higher and higher, as she totted up every item of the inventory. "Hi, you thievin' owd hag. I'll teach you to come burglin' my cottage while I'm out! Stop, thief! Stop her!"

Only at that instant did it occur to Gussie that this irate little body was addressing him, and not only addressing him, but making for him as fast as her dumpy legs could carry her.

Pursued—The Last Lap—A Mysterious Conversation—Collared.

Utterly flabbergasted by the sudden turn which events had taken, Private Augustus Smythe wheeled about and ran helter-skelter.

From the scene which ensued during the break-neck pursuit, it would never have been supposed that England was in the throes of an invasion, and that the Red Army, through which Gussie and the apple-woman were so gaily trampling, was actually at death-grips with a foreign foe.

The defence of hearth and home was forgotten for the moment in the cause of chivalry. The warriors who should have been pumping imaginary bullets into the serried ranks of the invader, now actually advancing up the hill, whooped encouragement to the pursuer, and did their best to trip up Gussie with their rifles as he tore past them.

Gussie still clung to his basket of eggs and his umbrella, though why, he had not the ghost of an idea.

"Confound and hang it all, we can't have this! Stop those old hags, someone!" yelled the commander of the Reds, furious at the way his defence was being disorganised by their wild career. To make matters worse, a pack of yokels who had gathered to gape at the mimic battle had joined in the hunt.

A dapper young colour-sergeant of the South Kents jumped up to carry out his colonel's commands, and Gussie, doubling, ran full tilt into a young subaltern, who had also risen to lend a hand.

The sub. grabbed at Gussie, and promptly got a welt round the back of the head from the enormous gamp, which sent him headlong into the heather again. The colour-sergeant came dancing up next. Gussie threw the gamp at him and dodged, to the joy of the troops, who relished the proceedings hugely.

Then a bright idea seized Gussie. Clutching his egg-basket as if it were a coal-scuttle, he twisted round, and hove the whole of the fresh-laid contents full in the sergeant's face, making him recoil gasping and choking.

One yokel, fleetest than the rest, now dashed up, and was just reaching for Gussie, when the latter sent him spinning over the prostrate subaltern.

Clapping the basket, with the remains of the omelette, down on his head, Private Augustus Smythe picked up his skirts and fled on again like a hare.

The main mob of pursuers was close at his heels now, but fickle Fortune smiled upon him for just one fleeting moment.

The Red artillery, which had been ordered to the front

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to open fire on the advancing Blues, suddenly dashed out of a sheltering dip and bore down at a gallop on pursuer and pursued.

Gussie put on a sprint to get ahead of them, and the yokels halted and turned tail. That gave the hunted scout a quarter of a mile start, and in five minutes he was hidden in a belt of woodland, safe, at any rate, for a time.

His prospects, even now, were not exactly cheerful. The Red Army and the hungry pack of pursuers lay between him and his masculine attire. As, no doubt, his kit would be confiscated meantime and handed over perhaps to the police, it did not seem much use wasting thought on this line of retreat.

The safer plan would be to wait until it was dark, sneak back through the byways of Woolchester, divest himself of his feminine disguise at some convenient point, and then boldly give himself up to his own guard in trousers and shirt-sleeves. Then he could explain matters.

Crouching in a ditch, peering through a dense screen of brambles and blackthorn, Gussie smoked a pipe or two, and watched the battle roll away across Kit Heath; for the Blue Army, having turned the right flank of the Reds, was busily crumpling up their lines; stuffing their opponents down into a valley, and then pushing them up over the hill beyond.

Later on, the bugles sounded the "Assembly," and the fight was over. But the heath was still by no means deserted. The apple-woman and the yokels had not yet given up the chase, and reinforced by a couple of country policemen, they continued to make a careful search of every sheltering copse and hollow.

This compelled Gussie to shift his hiding-place twice in the afternoon. At last darkness fell, and he was left in peace.

As soon as everything seemed quiet, he stole out and headed cautiously for the lights of Woolchester, now twinkling in the valley. He was strongly tempted to discard his feminine garments now, but the night was cold; and, moreover, if he were caught by the Redcaps—Military Police—in shirt-sleeves, he would be summarily arrested.

By sticking to muddy footpaths, deserted in winter time, he managed to gain the outlying streets and alleys of the garrison town undetected. His appearance seemed to attract such small attention from the scattered passers-by that his spirits began to rise, and he stepped out quite jauntily, whistling a tune.

By cutting through Little Turnstile Lane, up Carter Street, then to the right along Coronation Cottages, he could slip through the yard of the Bunch of Grapes, and this would bring him out within fifty yards of the barrack gate.

The thing was as good as done. He knew an empty stable-loft at the Grapes where he could get rid of his disguise and come back for it later if necessary.

At Carter Street, though, he got a shock which sent his heart into his mouth. Just beyond the rays of a street lamp he detected a glint of silver buttons, and the outline of a burly form pressed against a wall.

The next instant the figure had disappeared—evidently into a convenient doorway. Gussie did not have to think twice to decide that this was a policeman in ambush.

With amazing presence of mind he turned into the front garden-gate of a cottage, and went up the walk as if the place belonged to him. Once behind the shelter of the house he scrambled over a low fence into a turnip field, and ran like a stag, in case the ruse had failed to deceive the lurking constable.

In five minutes he was safe in the yard of the Bunch of Grapes. The place was deserted, though a light in one of the stables showed that the osler was about somewhere.

Diving stealthily into the doorway leading to the empty loft, he tiptoed cautiously up the stairs. He scarcely noticed that a brand-new handrail had been fixed along the wall, and that new treads had been added to the steps where the old planks had rotted away.

He was awakened to a realisation of these improvements, however, by finding a partition confronting him at the top and a closed door, beneath which, to his horror, he could see a bright light streaming.

Moreover, he could hear voices, almost as distinctly as if the speakers were beside him, where he now crouched on the narrow landing at the stairhead.

He was so utterly flabbergasted by this fresh catastrophe to his plans, that it was a minute or two before he realised that one of the voices was strangely familiar. Yet, for the life of him, he could not think who the speaker could be.

"That is the first instalment on account," this man was saying, and then followed a chink of money. "The rest will be paid when the job is done. But, mind—no bungling!"

There was a hoarse laugh at this, and the money chinked

again as if someone were sweeping it up after counting, and transferring it to his pocket.

"Bungling!" said the second voice. "I do not bungal, as you call it. It shall be done, never fear—wiz zat!"

There followed a heavy thud on the plank floor, which made Gussie start in his skin. It was not the blow of wood or iron. It sounded soft, yet heavy as lead.

"It neffer fail yet. It lief no mark. Only a blue—"

"Sh!" cautioned the other in a startled hiss. "I don't want to hear any particulars—curse it! How you like and when you like—only, the sooner the better. That is all I have to say; and now I must be going."

The tread of feet sounded on the boards, and the streak of light under the door was broken by a shadow. Gussie screwed himself tighter into the dark corner where he had shrunk, and hid his face and hands.

The door opened. The man with the foreign accent called out "Good-night!" but the one who stumbled down the staircase did not answer. His contemptuous silence seemed to half amuse the other, half infuriate him. He came to the head of the staircase also, and stood grinning down after him. Then, when the other had got out of ear-shot, he spat viciously, and cursed in his own tongue.

"Pig-dog of an English soldier!" he snarled. "You fool to pay me for vot I vould haf done for lofe—ja, for revanche! Still, I duke your gold an' laf at you, English pig-dog! I vill do ze chob. Oh, yes! I 'ate you! I 'ate 'im! I 'ate you all; but I vill do ze chob!"

He stood so silent for the next two minutes that Gussie was hoping he had retreated. He even ventured a peep at him from under the brim of his bonnet, and his heart turned cold at the sight.

Looked at from the level of the floor as Gussie crouched, and, standing in the full light of the lamps within, the man bulked as wide and big as a haystack, while his face was as dark and ugly as a thundersquall. He was still scowling down the staircase, lost evidently in his own dark meditations. Nor did his eyes lift once to the shadow of the landing where Gussie was hidden.

At last a step sounded in the yard, and the gigantic fellow returned into the room. Someone mounted the staircase, but Gussie dared not look to see who it was. It might be the policeman he had just eluded, who had tracked him over the field of turnips. He almost hoped it was, for the prospect of falling into the clutches of this elephantine foreigner who had such an evident dislike to English pig-dogs of soldiers was positively appalling.

He would regard him as an eavesdropper—a spy; and Heaven only knew what dark secret he had been unwittingly compelled to share!

Whatever the man meant by the "chob" he could not imagine, but it was something with a ghastly bump in it, and it left something behind that was blue, and there was money to be paid for the doing of it. It did not sound at all right, somehow.

The new-comer entered the loft, and shut the door behind him. Still Gussie dared not stir from his hiding-place.

Five minutes later the loft began to shake to a series of most blood-curdling thuds and heavy falls, interspersed with slaps, sobs, grunts, and gasping sentences which were quite unintelligible to the terrified scout.

Was this the "chob"? Gussie's hair rose at the thought.

Taking advantage of the din, he fled for his life.

As he dashed out into the street, barcheaded and in his shirtsleeves, he ran full tilt into the arms of three Red-caps, or Military Police, who seemed not in the least surprised to see him.

While one clawed him round the neck in an unsympathetic way, another knocked his heels

from under him, while as soon as he had been flattened out upon the road, the sergeant in charge of the arrangements snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. There was never so much as a word, or "by your leave!" in the whole business.

"Why, what's this for, you blinkin' pirates?" gasped Gussie, when everything seemed ready, and the heaviest man had risen from his chest, where he had seated himself.

"What, don't you know?" inquired the sergeant, with exaggerated affability, as he was hoisted on to his feet. "P'raps you'll remember a little bit about it at the court-martial."

"Court-martial!" yelled Gussie, horror-stricken.

"Yes, for desertion," said the sergeant, unmoved.

"Desertion!" bleated Gussie feebly.

"That's it!" continued the sergeant. "For attirin' of yourself in female clobber like Charley's aunt, and trying to do a bunk for liberty."

"Great Jumping Jemima! Here's a go!" moaned Gussie.

So this is what all his slimness threatened to lead him to. Not promotion, but a further dose of prison. Now he would have to convince his thick-headed superiors, to say nothing of his chums, that he had effected his temporary disguise with the very purest motives; and he could easily imagine the asinine looks of unbelief with which the explanation would be received.

Meantime, he was being tramped up the street to Woolchester Barracks.

On the way every errand-boy and street loafer had a word of chaff for the unfortunate Gussie.

"What-ho, Charley's Aunt!"

"What'll the general say?"

"'E ain't 'arf a good actor! What?"

"Cheer-oh, Privit Jemima!"

To these and many other salutations of a like nature, Gussie turned a deaf ear. He held up his head and strode along between his captors in the vain effort not to appear so undignified as he felt.

To his relief, he remembered that the corporal of the guard that night was Ronald Chester. Possibly he would be able to convince him of his bona fides, and get his sympathetic advice.

Mouldy Mills was sentry on the gate, and he nearly choked himself into a fit at the sight of the bedraggled and muddy Augustus.

As for the guard, they howled with laughter as he was marched in and handed into Sergeant Kedge's custody.

"Why, bless me 'eart if Charley's Aunt ain't stopped running at last!" said someone; while another wag demanded: "'Allo, Gussie! Where 'avo you bin? To Brazil, where the nuts come from?"

Gussie, however, was too busy trying to steady his wits and arrange his defence to pay any heed to these gibes.

The sudden silence which fell upon the guard-room as a new-comer entered made him raise his eyes. It was Lieutenant Ian Chenys, who had looked in out of curiosity on his return to barracks.

"Oh, so you've captured the deserter?" he said to the Military Police, with a sneer, for Gussie's particular benefit.

Gussie gave an imperceptible start of astonishment. It was the voice he had heard through the partition—the voice of the "pig-dog of an English soldier," who was paying good money to a murderous-looking foreigner for a "chob" with an ugly, sickening bump at the end of it—a bump which only left a blue something behind.

(Another instalment of this fine serial next Tuesday.)

FOR Next Week

The Editor, "MAGNET" Library, 23-29, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, will be glad to hear from you.

"The Lancashire Junior's Resolve."

Mark Linley, the boy from the North, makes up his mind, after certain events, and, with the true Northern spirit, sticks to his guns.

For the time the unconquerable Billy takes a back seat.

N.B.—"Pluck" is jolly good this week.

The Editor

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A smart, manly moustache grows in a few days at any age by using "Mousta," the only guaranteed Moustache Forcer. Remember, Money returned if not entirely successful. Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) for 6d. Stamps (1d. ones preferred).—**J. A. DIXON & CO.,** 42, Junction Road, London, N. (Foreign orders, 9d.).

THE BUFFALO AIR RIFLE.

Shoots death-dealing bullets with terrific force, killing Birds and Rabbits easily at long range. Round shot, darts, or slugs used. Send for list. **LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD.** Crown Gun Co., 66, Great Charles Street, Birmingham.



Send 4/6 for the world-famed "ROBEY-PHONE," with 24 selections and massive 17-inch horn, sumptuously hand-painted, powerful steel motor, 10-inch disc, and loud-tone sound-box, which I sell at HALF shop prices.

I control the largest stock in the world of GRAMOPHONE, ZONO-PHONE, EDISON, COLUMBIA, ODEON, PATHE, RENA, EUFON (hornless), CLARION, and EXCELSIOR Phonographs, and offer you over 350 magnificent models to select from.

Thousands of the very latest records of all the well-known makes always in stock.

Write for List 10.

Robey
The Worlds Prevalent, Covetted.

ASK FOR LISTS



DELIVERED ON PAYMENT OF

4/6 DEPOSIT

I GIVE CREDIT

A WATCH FOR SKILL



In the centre of the Diagram you see Fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares, so that the columns add 15 up, down, across, and from corner to corner. If correct, and you comply with the simple condition we shall send you, a **HANDSOME WATCH** (Lady's or Gent's, guaranteed 5 years) will be sent you **Entirely Free of Cost.** Send your answer NOW, enclosing stamp for reply to

(Dept. B), **INVICTA WATCH CO.,** 100, High Street, Northfleet (Kent).

18 PENNY CARDS
WIN A PRIZE

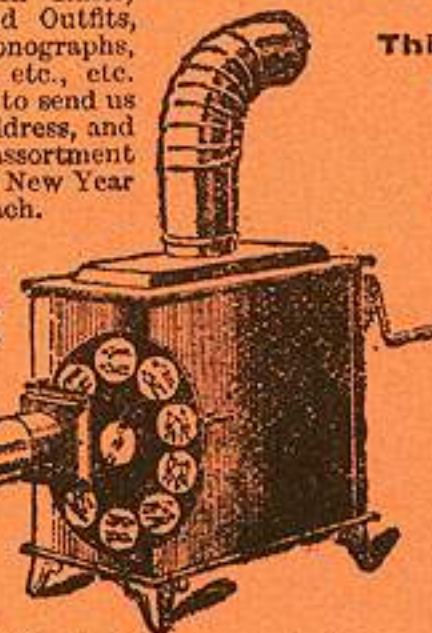
£1,400 CASH PRIZES.
Xmas and New Year Cards.
£15,000 XMAS GIFTS.

18 PENNY CARDS
WIN A PRIZE

Grand Birthday Contest SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.

We give each person a **Free Prize** for selling or using 18 Penny Xmas and New Year Cards; besides, you can enter the grand Birthday £1,400 Cash Competitions. We also give, absolutely free, real Watches, Air Rifles, Boys' Scout Suits and Outfits, Roller Skates, Phonographs, Musical Instruments, etc., etc. All you need to do is to send us your full name and address, and we will send you an assortment of Beautiful Xmas and New Year Cards at One Penny each.

This Lovely **CINEMATOGRAPH,** with Film, Slides and Fittings, **FREE! FREE!**



This Grand Machine with moving pictures Given Away Free for selling or using our Penny Cards.

Full instructions sent with each machine.

We trust you with the Cards. Sell or use what you can within 28 days at One Penny each, and we will reward you according to Xmas List we send you. With the Cards you will receive full particulars of our £1,400 Cash Birthday Contest. Write at once (postcard will do).

NEW CARD CO.
6,
"Byron House,"
Fleet Street,
LONDON, E.C.

£100 TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN CASH—NO ENTRANCE FEE.



Here is a chance for clever readers of this paper to win cash and other prizes with a little effort. Count the hairs upon the head in illustration, and to those who send us THE CORRECT NUMBER (or nearest correct) we will give £100 cash. Do not reckon the eyebrows, ONLY the hair you can see upon the head. It is not so easy, but try carefully. If more than one correct solution be received the prize will be awarded *pro rata*, so every correct count wins. We also offer other handsome prizes, but about these we will write when we receive your solution. The cash and other prizes are absolutely GIVEN AWAY on the most straightforward, genuine conditions.

It is FREE TO TRY. Write your count on a postcard. We tell you at once whether you win. If you send a stamp we will tell you even if you lose, so you can try again. **TRY AT ONCE. THIS OFFER MAY NOT BE REPEATED.—CONTEST JUDGE** (Dept. 7), **THE IMPERIAL SUPPLY CO.,** 42, Junction Road, London, N.

Applications with regard to advertisement spaces in this paper should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

5/- SUITS ON EASY TERMS
A MONTH

Good Suits for 5/- monthly. Don't delay buying the clothes you need because you lack the ready cash. Take advantage of our liberal credit terms and have your Suit now. Every Suit made to your own measure. Good Cloth Lining, Buttons, &c. Everything good. Write for patterns and self-measure form, free. We guarantee fit, style, and finish. Prices 34/6, 36/6, &c.; 5/- monthly. Write for Patterns NOW. Boots 13/6; Tan Willow, 17/6; or 2/6 monthly. Boot Booklet FREE.

MASTERS', Ltd., 97, Hope Stores, RYE.

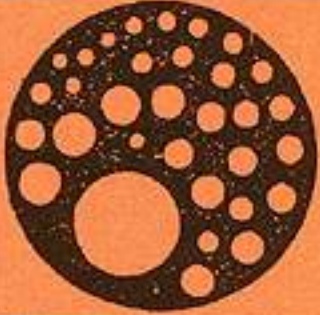


A SILVER WATCH FREE

For Postal Order 1s. (or 13 stamps) we will forward a massive 18-ct. Gold Simulation Chain, together with our generous offer of a Solid Silver Watch Free per return post (lady's or gent's). These watches have solid silver cases, reliable movements, and are guaranteed time-keepers. We are simply giving them away to introduce our goods. — (Dept. C), **EUREKA WATCH CO., 31, Eglinton Road, Swanscombe, Kent.**

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£200



This prize will be given to the reader of this paper that counts these circles correctly, or *pro rata* according to the number of competitors. Now is your chance to win a magnificent prize. All you have to do is to fulfil our conditions and send your answer, together with 1/- P.O., for 72 beautiful Pictorial Postcards. Send 1/- now and win your prize.—**UNIVERSAL TRADING CO., (2 Dept.), 43, Blenheim Road, Hornsey Road, London, N.**

“PLUCK”

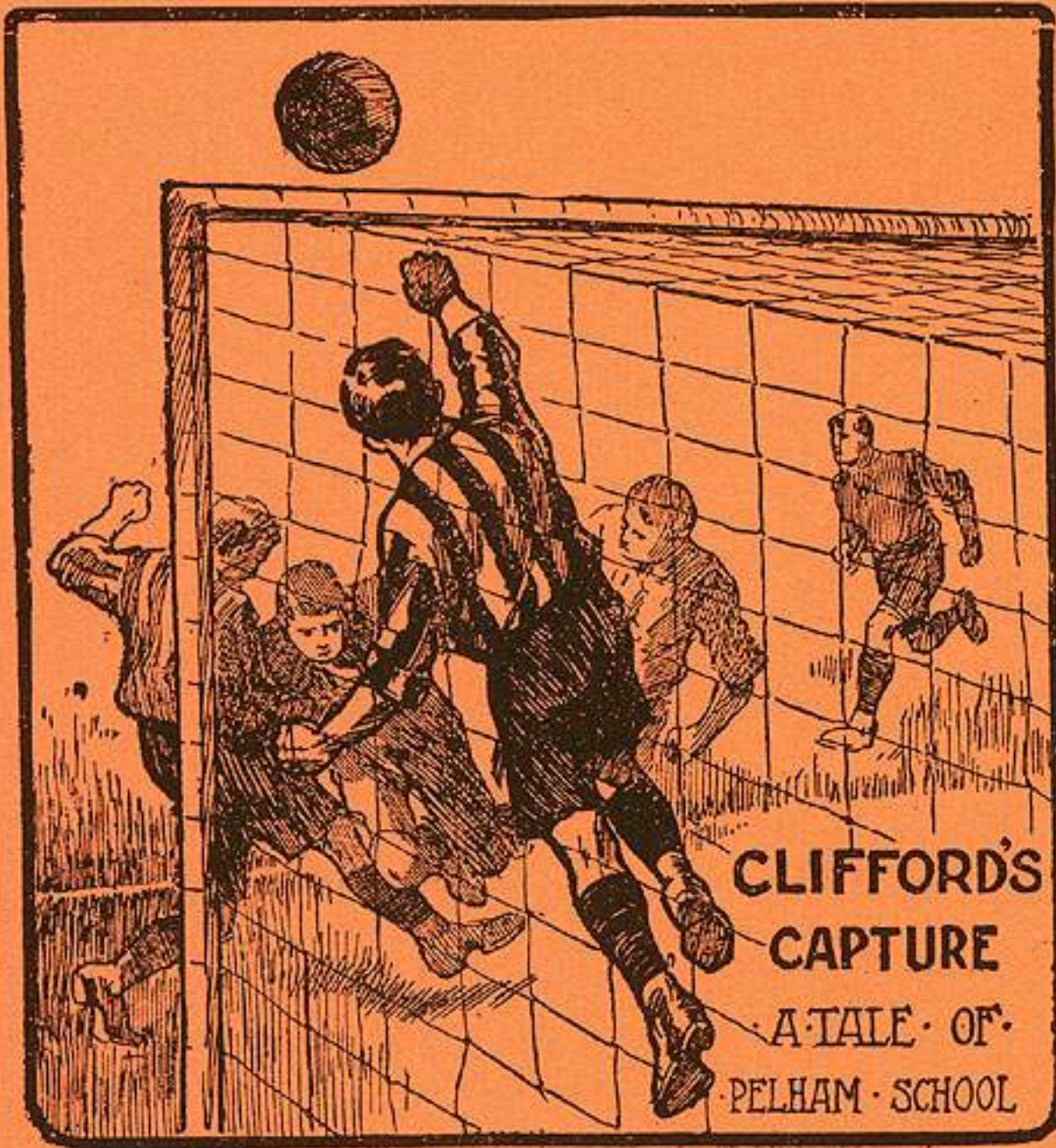
containing
Two Long Complete Stories and Tales of the Ring,
FAMOUS FIGHTERS,
 is Now on Sale.

The
“Boys’ Realm”
FOOTBALL
LIBRARY.

The All-Football
 Story Paper.

Now on Sale.

1d.
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CLIFFORD'S CAPTURE
 A TALE OF
 PELHAM SCHOOL