

THE BOY WHO WASN'T ALLOWED TO FIGHT! Read About Him Inside!

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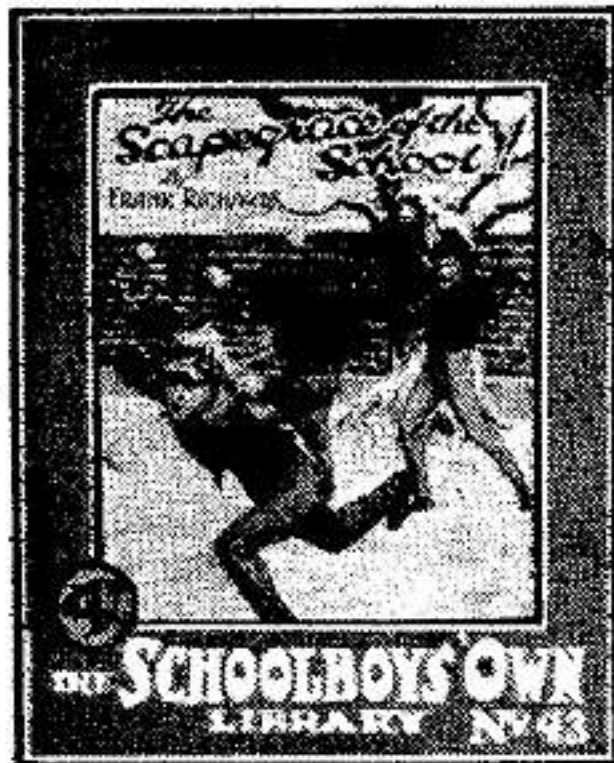
EVERY MONDAY.



THE GAME KID SHOWS OFF!

The Game Kid is under a promise not to fight anyone, but that doesn't mean he can't hold his own when the "raggers" get on his track! (See "Bound by Honour!" the grand long complete story of the chums of Greyfriars, in this issue.)

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HE WANTS TO BE A FARMER!

A STAUNCH Magnetite finds himself in a quandary. He's received a very good offer from his relations in Australia to take up farming and to make their home his home. Now he's mighty keen to be a farmer, is this chum, but he hates the idea of leaving his people in England. It isn't that he's afraid to leave his old home on his own account, but he's real worried to know what will happen to his people if he takes the trip to Australia. Apparently his mum and dad are elderly, or getting on that way, and they think the world of their boy. He in turn worships the ground they walk on, and would hate to give them a moment's pain or unnecessary anxiety. My correspondent feels that he will be sorely missed if he takes advantage of the Australian offer. His people are lonely enough as it is, he remarks. "How will they take it when I am gone? Do you think I ought to stay in England or jump at this opportunity I've longed for?" These questions of my chum are too difficult for me to answer in any definite fashion. He must know the circumstances better than I do. His peoples' one concern, I should imagine, is for his happiness and advancement. And his is for their welfare. Moreover, he's doing well at his present job. I think the best thing to do is to have a heart to heart talk with your people, my chum, and then your own common sense and good heart will help you to make a decision that you won't regret.

"MISERY!"

That's the nickname a number of fellows have given to a loyal Magnetite, and he feels rather sensitive about it. At his local school the boys chip him about his "long face." He can't help his face, he tells me, and of course he's right in that. And it gets his "goat," he declares, to be called "Misery" by the chaps. He's anything but miserable by nature, he hastens to inform me, but he was unfortunate enough to be born with a very serious chivvy. Well, what about it? If you are not miserable by nature, my chum—and I can see pretty plainly that you are not, or you wouldn't be reading the MAGNET—why worry about this trifle of a nickname? Why, every boy, practically, is given a nickname some time or another. Some of them stick to their owners like glue, others fade away. And a nickname, generally speaking, means that the owner of it is popular with the people amongst whom he mixes. Don't let this "Misery" business get you down. They used to call me "Streak" at school because I was so thin; they still called me streak when I put on weight, but I didn't get ruffled. Don't you get ruffled!

For Next Monday:

"THE GAME KID'S TEMPTATION!"

By Frank Richards.

You'll enjoy this long complete yarn of the chums of Greyfriars billed for next week. It shows the Game Kid, once of Huggins' Boxing Ring, fighting a stern battle with himself. And at this type of yarn Frank Richards is extra!

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And you'll enjoy next week's stirring instalment of this amazing Wild West detective serial, believe me. Ferrers Locke has set himself a stiff task; it's a battle of wits between him and the mysterious Wolf, and at that sort of game Ferrers Locke is all there!

"THE REBBLES OF ST. SAM'S!"

By Dicky Nugent.

Young "Dicky" piles in with another screamingly funny story dealing with the adventures and misadventures of Jack Jolly & Co., the heroes of St. Sam's. Mind you read it! Chin, chin, chums!

LOYAL TO HIS PAL! Even the prospect of a flogging, or worse still, expulsion, will not make the Game Kid budge from his promise not to "split" on his sporty friend in the Sixth. And yet in the Remove the Game Kid is the most despised of juniors!

Bound by Honour!



A Magnificent New Long Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars, with the Game Kid, once of Huggins' Boxing Ring, in the limelight.
By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

No Takers!

BILLY BUNTER rolled into Study No. 1, in the Greyfriars Remove, and closed the door after him very carefully.

Then he blinked through his big spectacles at Wharton and Nugent, the owners of the study.

Wharton and Nugent were at prep. They glanced up as Bunter rolled in, and immediately glanced down again to their work. Apparently, they had no time to waste on Bunter.

Latin prep was not, in itself, specially attractive. But it was quite fascinating in comparison with the conversation of William George Bunter. So Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent went ahead, regardless.

Billy Bunter's manner was impressive, and in fact a little mysterious. It looked as if he had come to Study No. 1 to make a very important communication. Evidently he had closed the door so carefully, in order that other ears should not hear. With his back to the door, Bunter blinked at the captain of the Remove in his most impressive manner. But it was scarcely possible to impress the top of a bent head, and Wharton did not appear to be impressed.

"I say, you fellows——" began Bunter.

"Chuck it!"

"Busy!"

The two answers came simultaneously.

"But, I say——"

"Prep, fathead."

"It's rather important——"

"Hook it!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Haven't you any prep to do, fat-head?" inquired the captain of the Remove. "Cut off and do it. Cut off anyhow."

Bunter did not cut off.

"I don't call that grateful, Wharton, when I've left prep, to come here and do you a favour," he said.

"Bow-wow!"

"I'm chancing it with Quelchby," said Bunter. "Never mind prep. This is more important than prep."

"What is, ass?" asked Wharton impatiently.

"The favour I'm going to do you, old chap," said Bunter. "If you knew what I was going to tell you, you'd jump."

"If you knew what I'm going to do if you don't clear, you'd clear!" remarked Wharton, looking round for a missile.

"Don't play the goat, you know," said Bunter. "It's about Dury——"

"Bother Dury!"

"That blessed prize-fighter that the Head has let into Greyfriars," said Bunter. "How would you like to give him a jolly good hiding, what?"

Wharton stared at the Owl of the Remove.

"Nobody at Greyfriars could do that," he said, "I fancy even Wingate of the Sixth couldn't? What are you driving at, you fat duffer?"

"I can tell you how," said Bunter, with a fat wink.

"Potty?" asked Frank Nugent, staring at Bunter.

"I know what I know!" said Bunter mysteriously.

"Wandering in your mind?" asked the astonished captain of the Remove.

"Oh, really, you know——"

"Wander in the passage instead!" suggested Nugent. "You're wasting time, Bunter."

"If you fellows don't want to hear, I'll go and tell Bolsover major," said Bunter. "Bolsover would jump at the chance. I know that. He's still got a blue chin where Dury punched him. But I'm giving you the first chance, Wharton, because you're an old pal, you know."

"First, I've heard of it."

"Look here, you beast——"

Both Wharton and Nugent gave prep a rest now. Bunter had succeeded in exciting their curiosity, at least.

"What do you mean, if you mean anything, Bunter?"

"It's a secret, you know," said Bunter. "Nobody knows excepting me, and I'm going to tell you out of friendship. Of course, one good turn deserves another. If I help you to put that prize-fighter rotter in his place, I shall expect you to treat me as a pal. I'm expecting a postal-order——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Naturally, I should expect you to lend me the ten bob till the postal-order comes," said Bunter. "Little enough, too, I think. Just think of the glory you'll get, if you give Dury a jolly good hiding—the fellow who's been a boxer in the ring, and has licked Bolsover major and Coker of the Fifth. Think of it."

"But what——"

Wharton was quite puzzled.

He was not keen on trouble with Dick Dury, the new fellow in the Greyfriars Remove. But undoubtedly there were many Removites who would have given a great deal to lick the "Game Kid."

Certainly, any fellow who had thrashed the one-time "pug" of Huggins' Ring, would have captured an immense amount of kudos. But it was equally certain that there was no man at Greyfriars who could have done it.

Dury was not popular in the Remove. Some of the manners and customs of Huggins' Ring, which he had brought with him to Greyfriars, were not exactly liked.

And it was not gratifying to the Remove, who rather prided themselves on being a fighting Form, to know that there was a new fellow among

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them who could have handled three or four of them at once with ease.

"You see, I'm the fellow that knows," explained Bunter. "I generally get on to what's going, you know. I've got on to this."

"To what?" demanded Wharton.

"This valuable secret," said Bunter impressively. "You know that Dury has licked Bolsover major, and Bob Cherry, and Coker—he could walk into this study if he liked, and take you two fellows and knock your heads together, and you couldn't touch him."

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Well, you know it, don't you?" said Bunter. "And yet, you know that Dury let Temple of the Fourth punch his nose—actually punch his nose—and never touched him for it. Temple of the Fourth is swanking no end about it—he thinks he's a terrific warrior, you know. Now, why do you think Dury let Temple punch his nose?"

"Can't make it out," said Harry. "He may have thought that Temple would break if he hit him, and didn't want to be bothered with an inquest."

Bunter chuckled.

"It wasn't that. Of course, he could chuck Temple anywhere he liked, and he's let Temple think that he's funky. I know why."

"Well, why, then?"

Wharton was undoubtedly curious to hear. All the Remove had been amazed when the redoubtable Kid had allowed Cecil Reginald Temple to tap his nose with impunity.

About two or three dozen Cecil Reginalds would have been required to handle the Game Kid, if he had chosen to cut up rusty. Yet he had taken a punch on the nose like a lamb.

Certainly it was amazing, and the Remove were still wondering about it. Apparently, Bunter knew the mysterious reason.

"It's a promise," said Bunter.

"A promise?" repeated Wharton blankly.

"That's it! Dury was called over the coals for disfiguring Bolsover major—Mr. Quelch was going to report it to the Head, and ask for him to be sent away from Greyfriars. Dury was awfully cut up about it, and he begged Quelch not to let the Head know, and promised that he would never fight a Greyfriars fellow again."

"And how the thump do you know?"

"I happened to hear—"

"You eavesdropping bounder."

"The fact is, I went along to Quelch's study when Dury was there, thinking the brute was up for a licking," said Bunter. "I wondered whether he would let out his left at Quelch. No telling what this prize-fighting ruffian might do, you know. It would have been a lark if he had punched Quelch, wouldn't it?"

"Great pip!"

"Only it wasn't a licking," said Bunter. "I heard all they said. Quelch agreed not to report Dury to the Head, on condition that he promised never to get into a fight again. See?"

"I see," said Harry, slowly.

"Of course, they never supposed that anybody would be ass enough to hunt for trouble with the prizefighter," chuckled Bunter. "Nobody but that idiot Temple would have thought of it. But for his promise to Quelch, Dury would have smashed him, of course."

"He must be a decent fellow, to keep his promise under such provocation as that," said Nugent. "Temple actually punched his nose."

"Well, if he breaks the promise, he goes up before the Head," said Bunter.

"Mr. Quelch doesn't approve of his being let into Greyfriars at all—a fellow who's boxed in the ring for a living. If Quelch put it to the Head, Dury would have to go. The way Bolsover was damaged was altogether too thick, you know. Dury knows that if he hits a fellow again, it's him for the long jump."

"If this gets out, he will have a rather lively time, I imagine," said Nugent.

"I'm telling you," grinned Bunter. "You see how the matter stands now, Wharton. This boxing beast can knock any fellow out with one finger, if he likes; no end of kudos if you wallop him. Temple never knew—he tackled him because he's a born fool. But you know now I've told you. My idea is, you corner the brute in the Rag—"

"Eh?"

"Pitch into him——" went on Bunter.

"What?"

"And thrash him thoroughly. You see, he could knock you right across the Rag, and all the fellows know it, so they'll think you no end plucky for tackling him. But, as a matter of fact, he won't lift a finger; it's the long jump if he breaks his word to Quelch. See? You don't run the slightest risk, and you put the cad in his place, and you can swank all over Greyfriars as the fellow who thrashed the prizefighter."

The expression on Harry Wharton's face, as he listened, was growing quite extraordinary.

He did not doubt Bunter's statement; it was, indeed, the only explanation of the fact that Temple of the Fourth had been able to punch the Game Kid with impunity.

It did not dawn upon Bunter's fat mind that the captain of the Remove was not the fellow to reap cheap glory by thrashing another fellow who was prevented from standing up for himself.

Nugent regarded the Owl of the Remove curiously.

"So that's the chance you're offering Wharton?" he asked.

"That's it," said Bunter. "The chance of a lifetime, really, you know. Nobody knows anything about Dury's promise to old Quelch. See? Safe as houses. Of course, I shall expect Wharton to play up, now I've told him this—my postal order——"

"I'll play up?" gasped Wharton.

"That's all right, old chap."

The captain of the Remove rose from the table. He glanced round the study, and picked up the fives bat.

"You won't want that," said Bunter misunderstanding. "Perfectly safe to tackle him with your knuckles, now I've explained how the matter stands—ow—oh—yah—wharrer you up to?"

That question was really superfluous; it was quite plain what the captain of the Remove was up to. He was grasping Billy Bunter by the collar, and bending him over a chair.

Whack!

"Yooooop!" roared Bunter, as the fives bat rose and fell.

Whack!

"Yow-ow! Help!"

"You fat villain!" roared Wharton.

Whack!

"Yow-ow-oooooop!"

"You—you—you think I would thrash a fellow who could lick me, because his hands are tied by a promise, you fat rascal! Take that!"

"Yarooooooop!"

"And that——"

"Whoop! Help! Leggo! Yarooogh!" roared Bunter, wriggling frantically.

"Oh crumbs! Oh crikey! Yaroooh!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yow-ow! Help! Fire! Murder! Rescue!"

Harry Wharton released the yelling Owl at last, and threw open the door of the study.

"Now cut, you fat villain! If you're not gone in two seconds——"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Billy Bunter was gone in one second.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Skinner Tries It On!

RICHARD DURY, of the Remove, turned out at the clang of the rising-bell in the morning. Bob Cherry gave him a cheery grin; but he was the only fellow in the Remove dormitory who took any heed of the one-time boxer of Huggins' Ring. Ogilvy and Russell, who were his study-mates, ignored his existence; they did not like their new companion in No. 3 Study, and made no secret of the fact.

Bolsover major, whose prominent chin was black and blue, gave him a scowl, and that was all. Many of the Removites disliked the Kid; most were indifferent to him; nobody, certainly, wanted to be on pally terms with him. Only Bob, whose kindness of heart was without limit, acknowledged his existence; which was really kind of Bob, for he had been roughly handled by the Game Kid, and he had fallen from his high estate as the champion fighting-man of the Greyfriars Remove. Bob, sturdy as he was, hefty boxer as he was, had simply crumpled up before the Game Kid, and it was not exactly agreeable. But Bob was not a fellow to bear a grudge.

But Dury did not seem to be much troubled by the dislike and indifference of the Form to which he belonged.

The Game Kid was, accustomed to taking the rough with the smooth, and probably in his early career as a boxer there had been more of the rough than of the smooth. And though he had no friends in the Remove, there was at least one fellow at Greyfriars whom he liked and admired, Cedric Hilton of the Fifth Form. Friendship between a Fifth-Form man and a fag of the Lower Fourth, was not a possible thing, of course; but the Kid, in whose eyes the Fifth-Form sport was a hero and almost a god-like youth, was content to admire from afar; more than content with an occasional nod or a kind word.

So long as the great man of the Fifth threw him a careless, kind word. Dury cared little what the Lower Fourth thought or did. And if they despised him as a hooligan, he on his side felt some scorn for them as milksops.

Certainly, the Remove fellows were not milksops. But to the rough and tough boxer of Huggins' Ring, they seemed what he called a "soft lot," and that opinion expressed very candidly, had irritated the Remove fellows intensely. Just because the Game Kid looked on them as soft, many Removites would have been glad to be able to "lick him," to show that they weren't so soft as he supposed. But they could as easily have licked Dempsey or Tunney, as the Game Kid.

"My hat!" exclaimed Skinner suddenly. "He's washing!"

The Kid looked round, and so did many other fellows. Skinner was staring at the Kid apparently in great astonishment.

"He's washing!" he repeated.

There was a fat cackle from Billy Bunter.

"He, he, he!"

The Kid's rugged face reddened.

"He's picking up our manners and customs, you see," went on Skinner, airily. "I dare say he will get quite civilized, if he stays at Greyfriars a couple of hundred years, or so."

Some of the fellows laughed.

Harry Wharton gave Skinner a quick look. Skinner had been "down" on the Kid from the beginning of the term, till the Kid had lost his temper, and scared the snob to such an extent that Skinner had decided to leave him severely alone.

Now the amiable Skinner was beginning again.

the Kid took no heed of Skinner. He dressed with a very red face, and left the dormitory.

"Not such a giddy champion as you men supposed, what?" yawned Skinner. "I'm not wasting any civility on the rotter, I know that."

"Blessed if I can understand him lately," said Peter Todd in perplexity. "He let Temple of the Fourth tap his boko. Now he's let you check him, Skinner. And he could mop you up with his little finger."

"Oh, rats!" said Skinner. "I'm not afraid of him, if you are, Toddy."

"I don't think I am," said Peter, "and I don't allow you to suggest that I am, dear man." And Peter Todd whizzed a wet sponge at Skinner, who

"Because he got into trouble over hammering Bolsover, and he's promised Mr. Quelch not to get into a fight again with any Greyfriars fellow."

"My hat! I shouldn't have thought he was so jolly particular about keeping a promise," said Johnny.

"He seems to be; and it's not only that. If he damages another chap he is to be reported to the Head and sent away from the school."

"Oh, that's a giddy geegee of another colour," said Bob Cherry. "Does Skinner know all that?"

"It's pretty plain that he does. Bunter found it out, and he told us in Study No. 1 last evening," said Harry. "He's let Skinner into it now."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"And Skinner's out for a little cheap glory—ragging the prize-fighter now he daren't hit out. Just like Skinner. His glory will fade away pretty fast if we tell the fellows."

"But I don't know about telling them," said Harry. "Skinner isn't the only cad at Greyfriars; and if it gets generally known that Dury is to be sacked if he hits out at any chap, he will have a lot of ragging to stand. Of course, it's his own fault—he oughtn't to have marked Bolsover as he did. But it's hard cheese."

"Yes, rather!"

Skinner and Snoop and Stott came out of the House. Skinner was looking round him, and he spotted Dury strolling by the elms, and started towards him.



The other fellows were astonished, but the captain of the Remove thought that he understood.

Billy Bunter had found no takers, so to speak, in Study No. 1. It looked as if he had imparted to Harold Skinner the valuable secret for which Harry Wharton had no use.

Indeed, that was the only way of accounting for Skinner's temerity. Evidently he was not afraid of the schoolboy boxer now.

"Shut up, Skinner!" said Frank Nugent.

"My dear man, I suppose a fellow can express his surprise at seeing a slum hooligan washing himself?" drawled Skinner.

The Kid's face grew redder and redder.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Johnny Bull.

"Why can't you let the fellow alone?"

"The let-alonofulness is the proper caper, my esteemed and ridiculous Skinner," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh gently.

"I'm not touching him," said Skinner.

"Why, I wouldn't touch him with a bargo-pole!"

"He, he, he!"

Stott and Snoop, Skinner's chums, stared at him in absolute amazement. They would as soon have stepped into a tiger's cage as have provoked the Game Kid in this way.

"You silly ass, Skinner!" whispered Snoop. "Do you want the fellow to burst your nose or knock in your teeth? Let him alone!"

"Mind your eye, you ass!" muttered Stott.

Skinner laughed carelessly. To the amazement of the Removites,

"I shall expect Wharton to play up," said Bunter. "I'll play up!" said Wharton, picking up a fives bat. "You won't want that," began Bunter, misunderstanding. "Ow! Wow! Wharrer you up to?" Wharton grasped the fat junior and bent him over a chair. Whack! "Yoooop!" roared Bunter, as the fives bat rose and fell. (See Chapter 1.)

yelled as he received it on his thin features.

Harry Wharton left the dormitory with his comrades, frowning a little. Skinner, evidently, was not so particular as the captain of the Remove, and he was taking full advantage of the information imparted by Bunter.

"Well, my hat!" Bob Cherry remarked, as the Famous Five strolled into the quad before breakfast. "Fancy a funk like Skinner starting to get the merry prize-fighter's rag out!"

"It's rotten," said Wharton, knitting his brows. "Dury can't touch him—Skinner knows that."

"Why can't he, then?" asked Johnny Bull.

Snoop and Stott looked quite uneasy as they went with him. Evidently, Skinner was rather keen to "show off" before his comrades.

Dick Dury stopped on the path by the elms, with a dogged, angry look, as Skinner came up.

"Stand aside, Dury," said Skinner.

"Look 'ere—"

Skinner raised his hand. "Don't drop your h's all round me," he said. "I don't like it. Just get out of the way and shut up."

The Kid's hand clenched hard, and Skinner felt a deep qualm. If the fellow lost his temper, and forgot or disregarded the consequences!

But the Kid did not forget.

He unclenched his hand and stepped quietly off the path, and Skinner walked past him, with Snoop and Stott grinning triumphantly.

"Well, my hat!" said Snoop in amazement.

"What on earth is the brute standin' your check for, Skinner?" asked Stott. Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, he's learning to behave himself among his betters," he explained. "The fact is, we've been too kind to him. A rotter like that ought to be put in his place, and kept in it."

"Blessed if I catch on," said Snoop.

"My dear man, the brute simply dare not raise his paw against a gentleman," said Skinner airily. "He knows better, you see."

"Um!"

Skinner grinned cheerily. It was evident that with the "sack" impending over his head the Kid dare not get into a "scrap" again. Whether it was the fear of the sack, or his promise to his Form-master, clearly the Game Kid was very anxious indeed to avoid trouble. A fellow who had powerful motives for avoiding trouble was exactly the fellow Skinner was likely to fasten a quarrel upon.

Skinner turned on the path and walked back towards the spot where Dick Dury stood, a dark, dogged frown on his face.

"Don't lounge about there," said Skinner.

The Kid eyed him like a savage bulldog restrained by a chain.

"Can't you let a bloke alone?" he demanded.

"What a giddy flow of language!" sighed Skinner. "Didn't you learn to speak English in your slum, Dury?"

"Oh, stow it!" said the Kid. "You're asking me to 'it you, and if I did, there wouldn't be much of you left, you skinny blighter!"

"Don't give me any check!" said Skinner. "I'd rather not touch you—you're not really fit to touch—but if you give me any impertinence I shall cuff you!"

"Cuff me!" said the Kid blankly. "You?"

"Yes, I, so bear it in mind," said Skinner in a bullying tone, worthy of Bolsover major at his worst. "When a fellow like you shoves himself into a decent school among his betters, the least he can do is to be civil and quiet, and mind his manners. Not that you've got much in the way of manners to mind."

"Not much," said Snoop, taking his cue from Skinner. If this fellow was to be ragged with impunity, Skinner's friends were quite ready to join in the game. "Just shut up, Dury!"

"You cheeky whipper-snapper!" roared the Kid.

"Hold your tongue!" said Stott.

"Look 'ere—"

"That's enough," said Skinner. "Just hold your tongue when you're told, and don't be cheeky!"

His promise to Mr. Quelch seemed likely to cost Richard Dury dear. And if that promise was broken the report to the Head would follow—the Head who, in the kindness of his heart, had taken up that queer youth, and placed him in the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars to give him a chance in life.

Never had the Game Kid been so keenly desirous to let out his dreaded "left."

But he did not think of doing so. There was too much at stake. The Kid breathed hard and deep, but he controlled his anger.

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"After all, what does it matter?" he murmured.

"Oh, here you are, you low rotter!" It was Billy Bunter's voice.

The Kid spun round and stared at Bunter.

William George Bunter eyed him loftily and scornfully through his big spectacles. Bunter, in spite of the knowledge he had gained at the key-hole of Mr. Quelch's door, had been doubtful about bearding the lion in his den, as it were. But Skinner's success had encouraged him. Skinner had "got away with it," and so there was no reason why the fat Owl of the Remove should not get away with it also. And it was a great delight to Bunter to slang the fellow at whose frown he had trembled.

"What's that?" rumbled the Kid.

"Low rotter!" said Bunter.

"Why, you—you—"

"Don't talk to me!" said Bunter, with crushing contempt. "I'm rather particular whom I speak to! I bar prize-fighters and low rotters! Yah!"

Bunter rolled on, with his fat little nose high in the air.

"Well, my eye!" murmured the Kid.

He tramped away savagely, with his hands deep in his pockets. Three Fifth Form men came out of the House—Hilton, Fitzgerald, and Price. The black, savage look faded from the Kid's brow as he glanced at the handsome, careless face of Cedric Hilton of the Fifth. The handsome, well-dressed Fifth-Former looked cheery and care-free. Only the Kid knew in what trouble Hilton had recently been plunged; only the Kid knew that twenty pounds, saved from his earnings as a boxer in Huggins' Ring, had helped the Fifth Form sportsman through an emergency, and saved him from debt and possibly the "sack."

There was a pride and a delicacy in the Kid under his rough exterior that few of the Removites would have suspected to exist. He made no movement towards the seniors, gave no sign of recognition. Had he done so, probably Hilton would have cut him without scruple. What the Kid had done for him had saved him from the disaster brought upon himself by his own recklessness, but such a service from a fag of the Lower Fourth was very irksome to the dandy of the Fifth. Any attempt at familiarity in consequence would have moved Hilton's deepest resentment.

But there was nothing of the kind to fear from the Kid.

He stood aside for the Fifth-Formers to pass him with a respect he never showed even towards the great men of the Sixth, and it was left to Hilton to recognise him if he liked, and pass him unrecognised if he did not like.

But the Kid's face brightened wonderfully as the Fifth-Former gave him a smile and a nod.

"Hallo! Is that young Dury?" drawled Hilton. "Gettin' on all right here—what?"

Hilton passed on with his comrades without waiting for an answer, but he left the Kid with a happy face.

The Kid was looking very cheerful when he went in to prayers. Bob Cherry gave him a grin.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life?" said Bob.

"I ain't grouching," said the Kid cheerily.

"Like Greyfriars?"

"Oh, yes!" said the Kid brightly.

And Bob wondered a little what the Kid, in his peculiar circumstances, found to like at Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Rough on the Kid!

"IT'S getting thick!"

"The thickfulness is terrific!" It was teatime, and Bob Cherry and Hurree Janset Ram Singh were chatting in the doorway of Study No. 13. Remove fellows were coming up to the studies to tea, among others Richard Dury. And as Dury came up the passage from the Remove staircase a cushion whizzed along and landed on his neck.

The Kid staggered and almost fell. In surprise and wrath, he glared round him, and his glance fell on Skinner, Snoop, and Stott—a cheery group. Skinner had "buzzed" the cushion at the new junior and very nearly bowled him over.

"You cheeky 'og!" roared the Kid.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Anybody seen an H?" asked Skinner. "There's one missing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Kid knitted his brows, and went on towards his study. He passed Billy Bunter, who turned up his fat little nose and sneered a tremendous sneer at him. Micky Desmond was coming down the passage, and the Kid brushed by him. Micky jerked away his arm and frowned.

"Keep your distance!" he snapped.

The Kid breathed heavily.

"Think I'm dirt?" he gasped.

"Yes!"

"Oh, crumbs! I'll—"

Micky Desmond gave him a contemptuous look.

"Well, what will you do?" he demanded.

"Nothing!" said the Kid quietly.

And he went into Study No. 3.

Bob Cherry and Hurree Janset Ram Singh looked at one another. Evidently the story was spreading; Bunter was not the fellow to keep news to himself. Micky Desmond plainly had heard what Skinner had heard, and was taking the same advantage of it.

The Game Kid's life in the Remove had not been pleasant hitherto. It looked like becoming more unpleasant still.

"It's too thick!" grunted Bob. "Not one of those cads would have dared to look the fellow in the face if Bunter hadn't spied out his promise to Quelch and told them!"

Hurree Janset Ram Singh nodded.

"The too-thickfulness is great!" he assented. "But it is not our esteemed business."

"I've a jolly good mind—"

"You fellows coming along to tea?"

Frank Nugent called from the door of Study No. 1.

"Coming!"

And the two juniors went, and Dick Dury was dismissed from their minds.

Dury found Ogilvy and Russell in Study No. 3. Contrary to custom, the two juniors nodded to him civilly as he came in.

As a matter of fact, they had heard of Dury's promise to his Form-master, like most of the Remove by this time, and they wanted to make it clear that they were not following the noble example of Skinner & Co. Certainly, they did not like their study-mate, but taking any mean advantage of his peculiar position was not quite good enough for fellows like Russell and Robert Donald Ogilvy.

Dury had his tea at one end of the study table, Russell and Ogilvy at the other end. The occupants of Study No. 3 were rather like oil and water, and did not mix.

There was a sound of chuckling outside Study No. 3.

Fellows were gathering there, and, from muttered and whispered words that were heard, it was clear that they were waiting for Dury to come out.

Russell and Ogilvy smiled at one another a little. There was a "rag" impending, and Dury was to be the victim of it. Skinner and Snoop and Stott, Bunter and Trevor and Desmond, Fisher T. Fish, and one or two other fellows were there. Only too plainly the news was spreading in the Remove that the Kid's hands were tied by his promise to his Form master and the dire consequences of breaking that promise. In the opinion of his study-mates, it was his own fault, and they did not sympathise very much, though certainly they would not have joined in the rag.

Dury finished his tea and rose from the table, but he seemed to hesitate to leave the study. But as he caught the subdued grins on the faces of Ogilvy and Russell he flushed, and crossed to the door.

There was a buzz in the Remove passage as he threw the door open.

"Here he comes!"

"Collar the cad!"

"'Ands off!" shouted Dury, as the raggers closed round him, laughing, and two or three grasped him at once.

"Give him the frog's-march!" shouted Skinner.

"Good egg!"

"Collar him!"

The Game Kid clenched his hands, and his eyes blazed. Skinner grinned at him mockingly. He dared not hit out, and Skinner knew it; and indeed Skinner would have been willing to take even one of the Kid's hefty punches, for the pleasure of seeing him sacked from the school afterwards.

"Leave a bloke alone, will you?" exclaimed Dury.

"Frog's-march!" shouted Snoop.

Dury gave him a push, and Sidney James Snoop went reeling. Another push, and Fisher T. Fish sat-down suddenly.

Then the Kid jerked himself away, and hurried towards the stairs.

"After him!" shouted Skinner.

There was a rush.

"Stop, you funk!" yelled Billy Bunter.

Dury went down the Remove staircase three at a time. The sight of Wingate, of the Sixth, on the lower stairs, stopped Skinner & Co.'s pursuit, and they retreated to the Remove passage again.

"I guess we'll make that galoot fed up with this hyer school, before we're through with him," grinned Fisher T. Fish.

"Yes, rather."

Skinner chortled.

"We'll jolly well rag him in dorm to-night," he said. "He won't be able to back out then. And if he kicks up a shindy, and Quelchy comes up, he will only think that the brute has lost his temper again, and broken out like a giddy hooligan as he did before."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, we'll make him run the gauntlet in the dorm, and give him the slipper," chuckled Billy Bunter.

"What-ho!"

"Mind he doesn't jolly well lose his temper and hit out, though," remarked Snoop. "I don't want a chin like Bolsover's."

"If he does, all the better—it will be the long jump for him," said Skinner. "Quelchy's a man of his word—we all know that."

"Yes, rather."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Skinner & Co. were quite anxious for dorm that night, with the prospect of ragging the Kid at their own sweet will. Owing to the peculiar circumstances, the fellow they disliked and feared was at their mercy; Skinner & Co. unexpectedly had the upper hand, and they intended to use it. It was not a happy prospect for the Game Kid.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Troubles of a Transgressor!

CEDRIC HILTON, of the Fifth, looked at his watch, and glanced from his study window. His study-mate, Price, gave him a rather curious look.

"Goin' out?" he asked.

Hilton nodded.

"I should have thought you were fed up," yawned Price. "Only the

important this evening. I've got to see Cobb, or miss a good thing."

"Better miss a good thing, than risk bein' missin' from Greyfriars for good," said Price sagely.

"Oh, rats!"

There was a knock at the study door. "Come in!" called out Price; while Hilton frowned impatiently. He did not want any callers, when he was making his preparations for slipping quietly out of the school. Reckless as he was, the sportsman of the Fifth had to be very careful to keep his visits to the Cross Keys very secret.

He started, as the door opened, and Wingate of the Sixth stepped in. It was very unusual for the head-prefect of Greyfriars to visit that study.

"Oh, you're here, Hilton," said Wingate.

"Naturally," answered Hilton, raising his eyebrows a little. "Just goin' to begin on prep."

Wingate glanced at the table. There

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other day you were grousin' and groanin' over your rotten luck."

"The other day isn't to-day."

"Blessed if I know how you got out of your scrape. How on earth did you raise the wind at the last minute?" asked Price curiously.

Hilton coloured faintly.

"Oh, the luck turned at the end," he said lightly. Hilton had no intention of confiding to his friend that he had raised a loan from a junior in the Remove.

"I say, I'd give it a miss for a bit, if I were you," said Price, shaking his head. "You're going it altogether too strong, you know. My belief is that the prefects have got an eye on you."

Hilton shrugged his shoulders.

"Old Prout, too," said Price. "I've seen him give you some queer looks. Twice lately you've been missed, and asked questions. If you pile it on too thick, you know, the way you're goin' leads to the sack."

"My luck's always held good," said Hilton carelessly, "and it's rather

were no books there for prep. Then he fixed his eyes on Hilton.

"Sorry to interrupt work—if you're going to work," he said. "I've a few words to say to you, Hilton."

"Go ahead!"

"Sit down, Wingate," said Price, pushing a chair towards the captain of Greyfriars.

Wingate shook his head.

"This is a friendly call, I hope?" said Price.

"That depends. I really came to speak to Hilton, but you may as well hear what I have to say," said the Greyfriars captain. "Your Form master, Mr. Prout, has his eye on this study, and the prefects have an eye on it, too."

"So kind of you to bother about us," drawled Hilton.

Wingate's eyes glinted; and Price gave his chum a warning look. It was not advisable to get the Greyfriars captain's "rag" out.

Hilton stood by the mantelpiece, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 937.

leaning on it, a very elegant figure. His manner was quite careless and unconcerned, and his look a little bored.

"Yesterday you were out after lock-up, Hilton," said Wingate.

"I believe I was."

"The same thing happened the day before."

"I forget."

"There's a certain amount of discretion allowed to the Fifth, as seniors," went on Wingate. "But there's a limit!"

"Then you haven't come here to tell me to bend over?" asked Hilton.

Price grinned involuntarily.

"That's meant for check, I suppose," said Wingate quietly. "But it might come to that, all the same, Hilton. A Fifth Form man who kicks over the traces is liable to be called up for a prefect's beating."

Hilton's eyes glinted.

"To put it short, it won't do," went on the captain of Greyfriars. "There's a story of a Greyfriars man—more than one—having been seen at the Cross Keys; and I've heard a yarn of some juniors who saw a Fifth Form man talking to the boxers at the Three Fishers, up the river—a place that's very strictly out of bounds for Greyfriars men. I daresay you could give me the name of the fellow concerned, Hilton."

Hilton nodded calmly.

"I daresay!" he assented.

"What rot!" broke in Price uneasily. "What could Hilton know about it, Wingate? They have boxing contests—practically prize-fights—at the Three Fishers. I suppose you don't think we'd get mixed up in that kind of thing."

"I hope not," said Wingate. "A lot of shady blackguards gather there to bet on the glove fights, and I should be sorry to think that a Greyfriars man would join them. I should like Hilton to give me his word that he never goes up to the Three Fishers."

"Might have taken a stroll that way," said Price uneasily. "Dash it all, the place is on the tow-path—anybody might—"

"I'm not speaking of strolling past the place, but of dropping in and mixing with the blackguards who congregate there," said Wingate. "Will you give me your word about that, Hilton?"

No reply.

The Greyfriars captain's face set harder.

"Very well," he said, after a pause, "it's not my business to catechise you, Hilton—"

"Just thought of that?" smiled Hilton.

"But it's my business, as captain of the school and head-prefect, to see that no Greyfriars man disgraces his school," said Wingate. "I'm jolly well going to see to that, too, if I have to report you to the Head, Hilton, and get you bunked from Greyfriars."

"Dear me!" said Hilton, unmoved.

"If you choose to play the game nothing will be said about what you may or may not have done," said Wingate steadily. "But if you keep up this game you can look out for trouble—jolly serious trouble. The next time you are missed from the school, without special leave from your Form master or the Head, after lock-up the matter will not be passed over. You will be reported to the Head for inquiry."

"Indeed!"

"If you've got any sense you'll chuck it here and now," said the prefect. "I've

warned you, and the thing's in your own hands. That's all!"

"Thanks!"

Hilton's manner was unmoved; his tone was mocking. But the prefect did not heed it; he turned quietly to the door and left the study. The door closed on Wingate of the Sixth.

Price whistled softly.

"That puts the lid on!" he remarked. "I warned you the prefects were getting restive, Cedric. You'll have to take care now. You'll have to lie jolly low for a bit if you're to risk goin' up to the Three Fishers for the fight next week."

"Hang him!" muttered Hilton gloomily. "I tell you I must see Cobb at the Cross Keys this evenin'!"

"Oh, you're a silly ass!" said Price impatiently. "If you get out of gates this evenin' you go up before the Head. Think that Wingate won't have his eyes open, and the other prefects, too—especially after the way you checked him."

"Hang him!"

"As high as Haman, if you like, and if he'll let you," grinned Price. "But toe the line, old bean. Safety first, you know!"

"I shall have to send a message to Cobb."

"Who'll take it, you ass?"

"What about you?"

"No jolly fear!" said Price emphatically. "I'm tocin' the line for a bit, as if I were settin' up to be a shinin' example to the Form. No Cross Keys in mine, thanks!"

"I tell you the message must go!" said Hilton savagely. "It's important."

"You might get a fag—"

Hilton shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He took a cigarette from his case and lighted it, and smoked moodily. Price watched him with a lurking grin. Evidently Hilton was trying to think of a possible messenger to carry that very important message to Mr. Cobb at the Cross Keys. The Fifth Form sportsman's face suddenly cleared.

"That kid!" he exclaimed.

"What kid?" asked Price.

"That new kid in the Remove. What's his name? Dury. I believe he would go if I asked him, and keep mum, too."

"I wouldn't trust him to keep mum."

"You wouldn't trust anybody," said Hilton, with a curl of the lip. "The kid's a little ruffian, but he's as true as steel. I know that. And—and it wouldn't be so rotten sendin' him as sendin' any other kid. He's been in such places before, it stands to reason. He was some sort of hanger-on in a boxin' show when the Head dug him up and brought him here. Dury's the man to do it!"

"I'd give it a miss—"

"Oh, rats!"

Hilton left the study to seek the new Remove junior. Price shrugged his shoulders and sorted out his books for prep.

It was half an hour later when Hilton came back to the study. He sat down to the table to prep.

"All serene?" asked Price.

"Quite!"

"Blessed if I catch on. Why should the kid do anythin' for you? Tipped him five bob?"

"No need. He would do anythin' for me for the askin'."

"Why?"

Hilton laughed.

"I chipped in when Coker was ragging him one evening. That's why. He's a queer little cuss. He's grateful."

"I know he knocked out Coker. He

didn't need much protecting, I should say."

"He didn't need any. It was the kindness he appreciated."

"Oh, great gad!" said Price. "What are you givin' me now?"

Hilton laughed again.

"That's it, all the same. I fancy he has rather a rough time in his own Form; I dare say the other fags make things warm for him. Anyhow, he would do anythin' for me—I've reason to know that." He checked himself. "Now for this rotten prep! May as well make a good show in the Form-room to-morrow and set old Prout's mind at rest."

It was as well for Hilton of the Fifth that he had decided to cut out the visit to Mr. Cobb that evening and devote himself to work. Half an hour later there was a tap at the door of his study, and it opened, and Gwynne of the Sixth glanced in. He grinned at the sight of Hilton working.

"Swottin'—what?" he asked.

"I generally work rather hard," said Hilton.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I'm rather keen to get on in the Form, you know, and my people want me to go in for a prize."

"Pile it on!" said Gwynne.

"Tell Wingate, won't you?" added Hilton. "Wingate's so friendly and anxious about me that I'm sure he'll be pleased to hear it."

Gwynne laughed and walked away.

"Keeping an eye on you," said Price.

"Looks like it. Gwynne didn't half expect to find me here," said Hilton, with a nod. "I dare say I should have a call from Loder of the Sixth, too, only he's most likely playing banker in Walker's study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Prep over, Hilton did not leave his study, as usual. He sorted out several Greek books and put them open on the table; and then he began to peruse a pink sporting paper. Evidently he was prepared for another caller—and he was right. There was a ponderous tread in the passage, the door opened, and the portly figure of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, loomed into the doorway. At the first sound of the ponderous tread the pink paper had vanished into a drawer, and Hilton, with puckered brows, was bending over Sophocles.

"Ah! Hem!" said Mr. Prout.

Hilton looked up with a start, as if his Form master's fruity cough had startled him out of deep study. He jumped up respectfully.

Mr. Prout glanced at Sophocles, and glanced at Hilton. His fruity countenance assumed quite a benevolent expression.

"I am glad to see you so industriously occupied, Hilton," he said.

"Thank you, sir!"

"But we are not preparing Sophocles at present," remarked Mr. Prout.

"I've finished prep, sir," said Hilton meekly. "I was just taking a shot at Sophocles to pass the time, sir."

Mr. Prout's expression grew more benign. A fellow who, having finished prep, was taking a shot at a difficult Greek poet by way of pastime was not a fellow to be suspected of slacking, and breaking bounds, and pub-haunting. Mr. Prout was quite relieved in his mind.

"Very good, Hilton!" he said. "Very good indeed!"

And the portly master of the Fifth rolled away, without mentioning what had been the purpose of his visit to the Study. Hilton did not need telling why he had looked in, however.

"My hat!" murmured Price, in great admiration. "You've bottled up Prouty, at any rate."

"Now for a smoke, as we sha'n't probably have any more callers," yawned Hilton, and he punted Sophocles across the study, with a crash, and lighted a cigarette.

Had Mr. Prout looked into the study again undoubtedly he would have modified his good opinion of Hilton of the Fifth. Fortunately, Mr. Prout did not look in again.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Breaker of Bounds!

"TROT!" said Bob Cherry.

It was dark and misty in the quadrangle, save where the light from the windows fell into the winter gloom. But the Famous Five trotted cheerfully on the shadowy path.

The chums of the Remove were taking a trot round the dusky quad before going up to prep. In a cheery row, they came along the path in the shadows.

"Butting into a bloke!" he gasped.

"Sorry!" said Wharton, peering down at him in the deep gloom. "We didn't see you, of course!"

"The sorrowfulness is terrific, my esteemed and ridiculous Dury," said Hurree Singh.

"Silly howls!"

The Kid staggered up.

"You see, we didn't know anybody else was taking a trot here after dark," said Johnny Bull. "You were jolly quiet, too. Sorry, ali the same!"

"You're not hurt?" asked Bob.

The Kid snorted.

"Hold on a minute, you fellows!" he said.

"Any old thing," said Bob. "What's the row?"

"You're not out of the House for a trot, as we are, Dury," said the captain of the Remove quietly.

"P'r'aps I ain't," said the Kid. "No business of yourn, I s'pose?"

"My esteemed Dury—" muttered Hurree Singh.

"Oh, chuck it, and 'ook it!" said the Kid gruffly. "What are you 'anging about for?"

"You're going out?" said Harry.



The Game Kid backed to the doorway as if with the intention of getting out of the room unseen. But at the same moment the man in the chair looked round and saw him. "Great Scott!" ejaculated the occupant of Mr. Cobb's parlour. "The Kid!" "You!" gasped the Game Kid.

(See Chapter 6.)

Bump!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Collision on the line!" gasped Bob.

The juniors had not expected to meet anyone on the dusky path between the old elms and the school wall. It was the unexpected that had happened.

"You silly howls!" gasped a voice.

The additional and unnecessary aspirate prefixed to the word "owls" told who it was the Famous Five had bumped into.

"Young Dury!" gasped Nugent.

Dick Dury was sprawling on the gravel. The sudden charge of the five juniors had fairly bowled him over.

He sat up breathlessly.

"'Urt? Of course I ain't 'urt. I ain't made of putty, like you fellers!"

"Thanks!" said Wharton politely.

"You startled a bloke, butting into 'im, that's all!" grunted the Kid. "No 'arm done. You can cut off."

"Trot round with us," suggested Bob Cherry.

"I ain't got the time."

The Game Kid stepped aside from the path, and stood there, waiting for the juniors to pass on their way. But Wharton stopped, still looking at him curiously. Dury had an overcoat on, and he had been approaching the school wall softly and stealthily in the darkness. It came into Wharton's mind at once that Dury was going out of bounds.

"P'r'aps!"

"No perhaps about it. You're going to break bounds," said the captain of the Remove. "You're a new fellow here, Dury, and you don't know the ropes yet. It's a rather serious matter to break school bounds after dark."

"Is it?" jeered the Kid.

"Yes, and I feel bound to give you the tip," said Harry. "Mr. Quelch would come down heavy if he found it out."

"Are you going to tell 'im?"

Wharton breathed rather hard. He wanted to save the peculiar new fellow from trouble if he could; but the Kid was not easy to deal with. Probably his experiences in the Remove that day had not improved the Kid's temper. He seemed in a truculent mood now.

"Nobody's going to tell about you, Dury," he said. "We're not sneaks in the Remove. You ought to know that."

"Some of you are!" jeered Dury. "One of you listened at Mr. Quelch's door, and 'eard him talking to me, and told all the fellers what he 'eard, too!"

"That was Bunter."

"Well, Bunter's one of you, ain't he?"

"Ho's not a credit to the Remove, certainly," said Wharton. "But it's hardly fair to judge other fellows by Bunter."

"Skinner, then, and Snoop, and Fish, and the rest—chivvying a bloke 'cause they've found out a bloke's promised not to get into a scrap!" sneered the Kid. "Coveys I knowed in 'Uggins' Ring would 'ave turned up their noses at such

a game, I tell you. Let a bloke alone. 'Tain't your business if a bloke clears out when he likes."

"I was warning you, as you're new here, Dury," said the captain of the Remove. "It's a very serious matter."

"Think I don't know that?"

"Well then, kid, don't do it," said Wharton good-temperedly. "You can't have any special business out of gates after lock-up. What's the good of asking for trouble for nothing?"

"P'raps it ain't for nothing. Anyhow, it's my business, not yours."

"Oh, come on, Harry!" said Johnny Bull impatiently. "What's the good of talking to the chap?"

But the captain of the Remove did not go on.

"Look here, Dury," he said quietly. "Do be a sensible chap. You might be flogged for breaking bounds after dark."

"That wouldn't 'urt me so much as it would 'urt you coveys," said the Kid. "I ain't soft."

"Well, it's not easy to do you a good turn, Dury," said Wharton. "But if you're being sent out by some rotter in an Upper Form—"

"Oh!" said Bob. "That's it!"

"That's it, of course!" said Nugent. "There are one or two in the Sixth who would do that. Loder, perhaps."

"I ain't spoke to Loder of the Sixth," said the Kid.

"But you're going out because some senior has asked you?" said the captain of the Remove.

No answer.

"To take a message, or get in a letter, or a packet of smokes, or something," said Wharton. "Is that it, Dury?"

"Find out!"

"You're a young ass to do it," said Wharton earnestly. "Nugent's minor got into trouble once for that kind of thing. I don't know who's making use of you like this; but, whoever he is, he won't stand by you if you get caught out. He wouldn't dare. He would have to deny all knowledge of it, for it would mean the sack for him. You're taking all the risk. For goodness' sake, kid, don't be such a goat!"

"Oh, chuck it!" said the Kid.

"The fellow must be an utter rotter, whoever he is!" said Johnny Bull, in disgust.

The Kid's eyes blazed.

"You shut up!" he said savagely. "I've promised Mr. Quelch never to 'it a Greyfriars feller agin, but if you say a word agin him, you look out for trouble!"

Johnny Bull stared at him grimly.

"I said the fellow, whoever he is, is a rotter, and I say it again," he answered. "Do you think you can frighten me, you young sweep? The fellow is a rotter—an utter rotter and cad!"

The Kid made a stride forward, his hands clenched, his eyes blazing.

Wharton interposed quickly.

"Stop that!" he snapped.

"Mind your own business, then!" exclaimed the Kid fiercely. "What call 'ave you blokes to butt in, I'd like to know. Let a covey alone!"

"We'll let you alone fast enough!" said Johnny Bull contemptuously. "For goodness' sake, Wharton, come on, and leave him to do as he likes. What thumping business is it of ours what he does?"

"I was bound to warn him, as he's new here," said Harry. "But I've said enough. Let's get on."

And the Famous Five trotted on along the shadowy path, leaving Dick Dury to his own devices. The Kid stared after them angrily and truculently. He

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might have felt grateful for a good-natured warning, though he had no intention of heeding it. But a word or a whisper against his idol, Hilton of the Fifth, roused his bitterest resentment. He stared savagely after the juniors till they vanished in the shadows, and then swung himself over the school wall, and dropped into the road.

Harry Wharton & Co. finished their trot round the quadrangle, and came back into the House. Wharton's brow was thoughtful and a little anxious.

"It's absolutely rotten," he said, as the juniors went up to the Remove passage. "Some senior is making use of that young ass, and it might mean the sack for him. Some rank blackguard—"

"Must be a pretty thorough rotter to send a kid out of bounds after lock-up!" said Nugent. "One of the sportsmen in the Fifth, or Sixth, I suppose. But I can't understand Dury going. He's got his head screwed on the right way, and he knows how to look after himself. I didn't know he knew anybody in the Upper Forms, either."

"Only Coker!" grinned Bob Cherry. "He introduced himself to Coker of the Fifth with his left, you know."

"He's heading for trouble," said Wharton.

"Well, let him, if he wants it," said Johnny Bull. "He knows jolly well he's doing wrong, and it's his own lookout."

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter met the Famous Five in the Remove passage. "I say, seen that cad Dury? I'm looking for him. I'm going to lick him, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! The rotten funk is keeping out of my way," said Bunter loftily. "Fairly dodging me, you know. You fellows are rather funky of him, aren't you?"

"You silly ass!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"So you're looking for a fellow to wallop, are you, Bunter?" chuckled Bob Cherry. "What about little me?"

"Eh?"

"You see, I haven't promised Quelch not to punch a cheeky porpoise," said Bob. "I sha'n't be sacked if I strew you along the passage. Make it little me, Bunter, and let Dury rip."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows see fair play," said Bob, pushing back his cuffs. "Come on, Bunter—"

The Owl of the Remove jumped back. "I—I say—" he stuttered.

"I'm coming for your nose," said Bob, putting up his hands and advancing on Bunter. "Here goes! Now— Why, where are you off to, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter vanished into Study No. 7, and the door slammed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

And the Famous Five went to their studies for prep.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

"The Old 'Un!"

DICK DURY hurried along the misty lane.

He kept his eyes well about him as he went.

The Game Kid was no fool, and, though he had been only a few weeks at Greyfriars, he had learned his way about there quite well. He was perfectly well aware that the school authorities took a very serious view of such an escapade as he was now engaged upon. He knew that if he was discovered to

have broken school bounds after dark a flogging was the least that he could expect. For a flogging the tough Kid cared little; but he cared very much if the Head was shocked and grieved. For that reason chiefly he was taking all the precautions he could.

He did not, personally, regard the matter as serious at all. The surroundings of Huggins' Ring were very different from those at Greyfriars. In the company of the "Old 'Un," Dury had had much more freedom than was good for one so young. Excepting when he was in training for boxing, he had kept what hours he liked; and it was only his own good sense, and his regard for physical fitness, that had kept him from smoking and even drinking. Certainly the Old 'Un was not the kind of man who should have been in charge of the training of youth.

The restrictions of life at Greyfriars appeared to the Kid both irksome and absurd, and he only respected them because he respected the headmaster. He had no scruples whatever about breaking any rules, so long as he did not, in his own phrase, "worrit" the kind old gentleman who had placed him in the school. By keeping his escapade secret he avoided "worrying" Dr. Locke, and there was nothing else to consider—from the Game Kid's peculiar point of view.

At a footstep in the misty lane the Kid dodged into the hedge, still thick with snow. P.-c. Tozer tramped by him, his lantern gleaming in the misty darkness. The Kid grinned as the plump constable went by. Had Mr. Tozer observed him, certainly Mr. Tozer would have marched him back to Greyfriars by the shoulder—unless the Kid had resorted to his "left." Mr. Tozer would have received the surprise of his life if he had come up against the Game Kid's left.

Fortunately, Mr. Tozer did not see him in the hedge, and the plump gentleman tramped on, and his light disappeared. The Kid emerged and trotted on towards the village.

The lights of the Cross Keys, on the outskirts of Friardale, gleamed into the night.

The Kid avoided the lighted front of the public-house. He remembered Hilton's directions quite clearly, and he slipped into the side lane beside the rambling building, which led down to the towing-path by the river. From that narrow, muddy lane he entered the garden of the Cross Keys, and stepped into a dark porch at the back of the house. There he groped for a door and knocked on it.

He had to knock several times before the door was opened.

It was opened at last by a beery-looking man in shirt-sleeves, who peered out at the schoolboy standing there.

"Message for Mr. Cobb," said the Kid.

"'Op in!" said the man in shirt-sleeves.

The Kid entered, and followed the beery man down a dark passage, at the end of which was a lighted room. The man threw open a door.

"Mr. Cobb'll be along in a few minutes," he said. "You can wait 'ere."

"Orlright!"

The Kid went into the little stuffy parlour, heavy with the fumes of stale tobacco-smoke.

A bright fire burned in the grate, and an armchair was drawn up before it. In the armchair was seated a man, who had his feet on the fender, a pipe in his mouth, and a glass of spirits on a

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Tale.



stool at his elbow. The Kid could see nothing of the man excepting the top of a bullet head, where a bald spot glimmered in the gaslight. But he started and stared, as if there was something familiar in the aspect of that bullet head with its shining bald spot.

"My eye!" murmured the Kid.

He backed into the doorway, as if with the intention of getting out of the room unseen and waiting for Mr. Ben Cobb in the dark passage. But at the same moment the man in the armchair looked round and saw him.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the occupant of Mr. Cobb's parlour, and he jumped to his feet. "The Kid!"

"You!" said the Kid.

"Me, you young rascal!"

"Never expected to see you 'ere, old 'un," said the Kid. "What the thump are you doing in this 'ere part of the world, Bobby Huggins?"

Mr. Huggins blinked at the Kid with his single eye and grinned cheerfully, a broad grin, which revealed the fact that several of his front teeth were missing.

"Fancy meeting you 'ere!" he said. "Give us your fin!"

Mr. Huggins held out a large hand; and the Kid, after a moment's hesitation, shook hands with him.

"Sit down, Kid," said Bobby Huggins. "My eye! You look prosperous, you do! Dressed up to the nines, and no error!" The old pugilist surveyed the Kid with keen curiosity. "Where did you get them clothes?"

"I didn't pinch them."

"Course you didn't," agreed Mr. Huggins amiably. "I 'eard from Coddler that a topping old gent had been to see you at his place. That was when you 'ooked it. Who was he?"

The Kid did not answer.

"Somebody took you up, what?" asked Mr. Huggins.

"Yes," said the Kid restively.

"And you mizzled, and left a covey in the lurch—a covey what had always been a good friend to you!" said Bobby Huggins reproachfully.

"Oh, cut it out!" said the Kid. "I told you a dozen times I'd chuck you and the Ring next time you was landed in the stone jug. Think I was going to waste my time waiting for you to come out of chokey? Not 'arf, Bobby Huggins!"

"I 'ad bad luck," said Mr. Huggins sorrowfully.

"You 'ad," agreed the Kid. "You went out hunting for it, didn't you, and wouldn't take no for answer?"

Mr. Huggins grinned.

"But what are you doin' down 'ere?" went on the Kid, with a suspicious look at Bobby Huggins. "Lookin' for me?"

"Never knowed you was within a 'undred miles of the spot," said the Old 'Un, shaking his head. "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I see you. I'm here in the way of business—boxing up at the Three Fishers on the river. Heard of the place?"

The Kid nodded.

"Boxing, and a bit in the way of making a book," said Bobby Huggins. "Some young gents come up there from a big school in these parts. Ever heard of Greyfriars School?"

"My eye!" said the Game Kid. "Yes, I've heard of Greyfriars School, Old 'Un. Just a few."

"Some sporting coves there, so Cobb tells me," said Mr. Huggins. "Strictly under the rose, of course. But what's your game down here, Kid? You ain't doing boxing stunts?"

"No!" chuckled the Kid.

"But you're doing well," said Mr. Huggins, with another inspection of the Kid's well-cut and expensive overcoat and his handsome boots. "Somebody's been spending quids on that clobber."

"Somebody has," agreed the Kid.

"The old gent who see you at Coddler's place, p'r'aps?"

"P'r'aps!"

"You ain't telling an old pal, Kid?"

"Least said soonest mended, Old 'Un. 'Ow long is that man Cobb going to keep me hung up 'ere?" said Dury. "I've got to get back."

"Where?" asked Mr. Huggins cunningly.

"Where I live," said the Kid coolly.

Mr. Huggins eyed him keenly, suspiciously, half-resentfully. A fat, squat man came bustling into the parlour by a door from the bar.

"What's that about a message?" he asked.

"You Mr. Cobb?"

"Yes," said the landlord of the Cross Keys.

"Then this 'ere letter is for you."

"Oh, all right!" Mr. Cobb took the letter and glanced through it carelessly. "Tell Master Hilton it's all right."

"That all?"

"That's all." Mr. Cobb eyed the junior. "I ain't seed you afore. You're new at the school—what?"

The Kid did not answer. He backed into the passage. But the Old 'Un made a quick movement.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. "The Kid at the school! You ain't gone back to school, Kid, at your time of life?"

"Oh, rats!" muttered the Kid. "Good-night, Old 'Un. I ain't seeing you ag'in; and I'm done with boxing stunts, and done with it all. Chew on that!"

"At school!" repeated Bobby Huggins

blankly. "My eye! You at school! The Game Kid at school! What school?"

"Greyfriars is his school," said Mr. Cobb. "He's jest brought me a note from a young gentleman at Greyfriars. You know the lad, Huggins?"

"Know him?" Bobby Huggins chuckled explosively. "It's the Game Kid what I was telling you about, Cobb, the 'andiest kid with the mittens in the three kingdoms. Him at Greyfriars! Oh, my eye!"

"The Game Kid?" Mr. Cobb was suddenly interested. "Here, youngster, don't clear off in a hurry. Come back!"

"Come back, Kid!" shouted Mr. Huggins in great merriment. "Come back and have a talk with an old pal. Or would you like me to come up to the big school so that you could inter-dooce me to your headmaster?"

The Kid stepped back into the parlour. He took no notice of Mr. Cobb, but he came across to Bobby Huggins with a grim and ugly expression on his rugged features.

"You going to give a bloke trouble—what?" he asked. "You'd better cut it out, Old 'Un. You come along to Greyfriars, and look out for my left. You'll want a new face arterwards. Got that?"

"Only joking, Kid," said Mr. Huggins, backing away. "Jest a little joke, nothing else. 'Course I wouldn't give you any trouble."

"Better not," said the Kid briefly. "It won't be healthy for you if you do, Old 'Un. Keep clear of the ring, old man!"

And the Kid went out and banged the door after him.

His face was sombre as he started for Greyfriars up the misty lane. A meeting with the Old 'Un was about the last thing the Game Kid would have desired, now that he was a Greyfriars fellow. Matters were not pleasant in the Remove now, and certainly they would not be improved by the Remove fellows seeing anything of Mr. Bobby Huggins. The Kid had desired that none of his old associates should know that he was at Greyfriars School. But for taking that unlucky message for Hilton of the Fifth he would never have met the old 'un again. Mr. Huggins would have come and gone without ever knowing how near he had been to his former protegee. Now he knew where the Kid was, and Dick Dury wondered uneasily what might come of it.

But it could not be helped; and he did not think of blaming Hilton of the Fifth for the unlucky meeting. Whatsoever came of his meeting with the Old 'Un, he did not regret that he had done what Hilton asked—he would have done much more for the Fifth Form sportsman.

The Kid reached Greyfriars and climbed in over the wall. The House was closed. Most of the Remove study windows were dark. Prep was over in the Remove. The Kid realised that it was very near to bed-time now. It would not be an easy matter to dodge into the House unnoticed; but the Kid knew where there was a window he could negotiate. He dropped from the wall into the shadow of the trees, and started towards the House, and the next moment uttered a startled exclamation as a hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Stop!" said a cool, quiet voice. "You're caught!"

It was the voice of Wingate of the Sixth.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Caught!

WINGATE held the junior's shoulder with one hand in an iron grip, with the other he flashed on the light of an electric pocket-torch. He gave a start as he recognised the new Remove.

"Dury!" he exclaimed.

The Kid looked at him surlily.

"Leggo!" he muttered.

"You've been out of school bounds."

"'Ave you guessed that?"

"Where have you been?"

"Jest out!" said the Kid.

Wingate kept the light on his face, scanning him. He had caught a breaker of bounds, but Dury could see that the prefect had not made the catch he expected to make. Wingate was astonished to find that the junior in his grasp was Richard Dury of the Remove.

Dury wondered whether the head-prefect of Greyfriars had expected to capture not a junior, but a senior. He knew that Hilton of the Fifth was under suspicion, and that was why the Fifth-Former had sent a message to the Cross Keys instead of going himself.

"Will you tell me where you've been, Dury?" said the captain of Greyfriars very quietly.

No answer.

"I suppose you know that I have a right to question you as a Sixth Form prefect?" said Wingate patiently.

"I know."

"Answer me, then."

"I ain't done any 'arm," said the Kid. "What do you think I've been doin'? 'Olding up a bank?"

"I don't want any cheek from you, Dury," said Wingate. "I want to know this—have you been out on your own account, or were you sent by an older fellow?"

The Kid caught his breath.

He knew whom Wingate was thinking of. Hilton had told him that he was under suspicion—that the prefects were looking out for him. To the Fifth Form sportsman's wrong-doing the hapless Kid gave no thought. To the poor Kid, Hilton was a sporting young gentleman, like the "toffs" he had sometimes seen making bets on the boxing contests in Huggins' Ring. Only Hilton of the Fifth was the most magnificent and admirable "toff" that Dury had ever encountered, and that magnificent fellow had been kind to him, and had condescended to accept a service from him. Not for a crown and a kingdom would the Kid have run the slightest risk of betraying Cedric Hilton. He knew, too, what the result would be if the truth came out. For himself, it was doubtless a flogging; for Hilton it would be expulsion from the school and indelible disgrace.

His rugged face set obstinately.

"I'm waiting for your answer, Dury?" said Wingate of the Sixth, his eyes still fixed on the schoolboy boxer's face. "You haven't struck me as a kid to play the goat like this of your own accord. I suspect very strongly that you've been led into it by an older fellow. Have you taken a message anywhere this evening?"

No reply.

"Very well; follow me!" said Wingate. "I shall take you to your Form master."

"I'm arter you," said the Kid.

And he followed Wingate to the House.

His thoughts were busy, as he went in with the prefect. Mr. Quelch would question him in turn, and if he refused to satisfy his Form master, he would be taken before the Head. He could not refuse to answer the Head, and he could not betray Hilton of the Fifth. There was another resource—to utter falsehoods; but that was not a resource for Dury. He knew that he could not face the Head with a lie on his lips.

Two of the Fifth were lounging and chatting by the stairs as Wingate came in with the Kid. They glanced at the prefect and the junior; and both of them started.

"Great gad!" muttered Hilton.

Price whistled softly, and strolled away. Hilton remained where he was, his eyes fixed on the Kid, the colour fluctuating in his cheeks. It was obvious that the Kid had been caught; and Hilton's heart almost died within him at the thought of betrayal. He had felt certain that he could trust the rugged young ruffian, as he regarded him; but now that the Kid was caught and up against punishment, he did not feel so sure.

But Hilton controlled his rising terror. He smiled as he met the eyes of George Wingate.

"Hallo! What's the trouble?" he asked easily. "What's the fag been up to, Wingate?"

"Caught breaking bounds!" said the prefect curtly.

"What a young sweep!" growled Hilton.

The Kid, with the eye that was farthest from Wingate, winked. It was but an instant's deflection of the eyelid; but it was a signal that the Fifth Form sportsman understood. He breathed more freely. The Kid was game, after all.

Wingate walked on to Mr. Quelch's study, and the Kid followed him. The Remove master was there, and he laid down his pen as Wingate shepherded the delinquent into the study.

"What is it, Wingate?" he asked.

"This boy, belonging to your Form, sir, has been out of bounds," said Wingate. "I have just caught him getting in over the wall."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, greatly scandalised.

"You are aware, sir, that the Head has received some reports, which have caused him to warn the prefects to be on the watch," said Wingate. "I had no idea that Dury had been out of bounds; I was thinking of quite a different person, in another Form. I think, however, that he may have been sent on a message, or something of the kind, by some fellow who could not venture to take the risk of leaving the school himself."

"I understand," said Mr. Quelch quietly.

He fixed his eyes on Dury.

"Where have you been, Dury?"

"I went down to Friardale, sir," muttered the Kid.

"For what reason?"

"I—I jest went, sir."

"You are new here, my boy, and your training has not been that of a Greyfriars boy," said the Form master kindly. "If you have acted under the influence of someone older than yourself, I should not be severe with you. But you must tell me the truth."

"I sha'n't tell you any lies, sir, anyhow," said the Kid.

"I trust not!" said Mr. Quelch dryly. "Now, do you wish me to believe that

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you broke school bounds at this hour simply to go for a walk?"

The Kid did not answer.

"You have been to some place?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"What place?"

No reply.

"Do you refuse to answer me, your Form master?" asked Mr. Quelch, with a glint in his eyes.

"I ain't got nothing to say, sir," answered the Kid stubbornly.

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch, compressing his lips. "You will be taken before your headmaster in the morning, and doubtless Dr. Locke will know how to deal with you. You may now go to your dormitory."

"Yes, sir."

And the Kid left the Form master's study, and joined the Remove fellows, who were on their way to their dormitory.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Not a Success!

"I SAY, you fellows, here he is!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"He's turned up!" grinned Skinner.

"He had to turn up for dorm!" chuckled Snoop. "Wait till Loder's gone, though!"

"Yes, rather!"

Dick Dury did not heed, even if he

deal of excitement, suppressed until the prefect was gone.

Skinner & Co. had planned a dormitory ragging, of which the Kid was to be the victim. A couple of days ago they would as willingly have ragged a grizzly bear as the Game Kid. But they felt that they had nothing to fear now, and that made all the difference.

After lights-out, and when the footsteps of Loder of the Sixth had died away, Harold Skinner sat up in bed.

"Turn out, you men!" he said cheerily.

"What-ho!"

There was a sound of half a dozen fellows turning out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's on?" called out Bob Cherry.

"What choice language!" simpered Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have him out!" chuckled Skinner.

Skinner dragged the bedclothes from the Game Kid's bed. There was a growl of wrath, as the Kid turned out.

"Stop that!" rapped out Harry Wharton. "There's been enough of that, Skinner—a little too much. Let Dury alone."

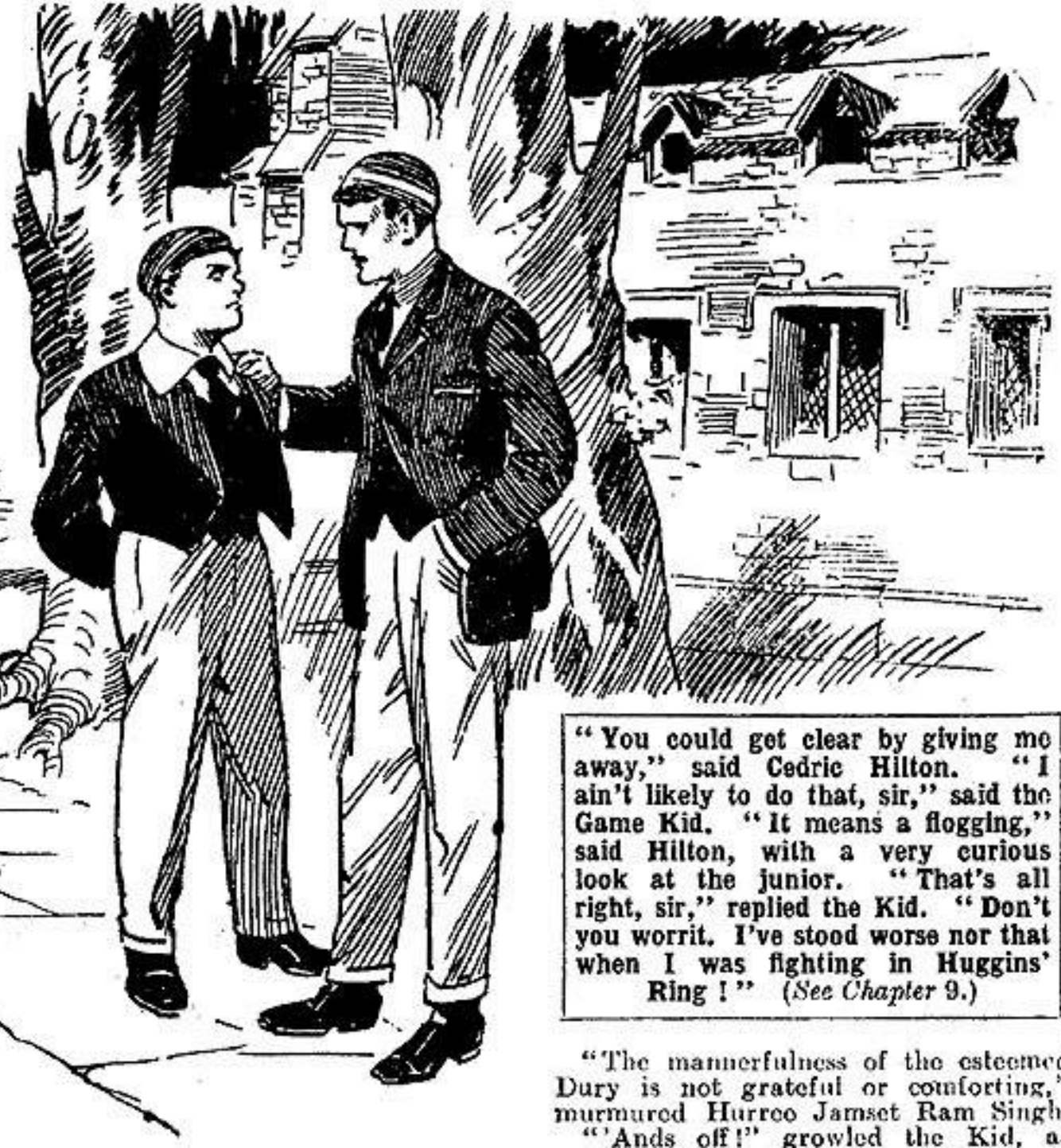
"I ain't asking you to chip in, that I knows of!" snapped the Kid.

Wharton reddened.

"If that's how you put it, Dury——"

"Jest like that!" snapped the Kid.

"Then you can take your chance, and be hanged to you!" said the captain of the Remove; and he laid his head on his pillow again.



"You could get clear by giving me away," said Cedric Hilton. "I ain't likely to do that, sir," said the Game Kid. "It means a flogging," said Hilton, with a very curious look at the junior. "That's all right, sir," replied the Kid. "Don't you worrit. I've stood worse nor that when I was fighting in Huggins' Ring!" (See Chapter 9.)

heard, the remarks of Skinner & Co. He had matters on his mind which quite banished the cads of the Remove from his thoughts.

His rugged face was very sombre.

He was booked for an interview with the headmaster in the morning, and what he was to say to Dr. Locke was still a mystery to him. To refuse to answer the questions of his headmaster, the kind old gentleman who had brought him to Greyfriars and given him a chance in life, was not easy. Punishment mattered little enough to the Game Kid; but he felt a deep pang at the thought of disappointing and grieving his kind old friend.

On the other hand, he did not even think of betraying Hilton of the Fifth. Whatever might happen, even if the Head sent him away from Greyfriars, he could not and would not do that.

Loder of the Sixth was seeing lights-out for the Remove that night. Among some of the juniors there was a good

"A jolly old ragging, dear man!"

Skinner scratched a match and lighted a candle-end. There was a glimmer of light in the big, dusky dormitory.

Snoop and Stott, Fish and Desmond and Trevor were out of bed. They were grinning with cheery anticipation.

Harry Wharton sat up.

"What's this game, Skinner?" he demanded. "You'd better get back to bed, you fellows!"

"I guess not!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess we're going to put that galoot Dury through a course of sprouts!"

"Turn out, you bruiser!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "Now, then, are you turning out, or shall I come and pitch you out?"

Dury sat up as the ragers gathered round his bed. There was a dangerous glint in his eyes under his knitted brows.

"You coveys had better let a bloke alone!" he mumbled. "I ain't asking for any trouble with you."

"The mannerfulness of the esteemed Dury is not grateful or comforting," murmured Hurreo Janset Ram Singh.

"Ands off!" growled the Kid, as Skinner & Co. closed round him.

"I say, you fellows—collar him!"

"Rag the cad!"

"Lend a hand, Bolsover!" called out Snoop.

Bolsover major gave a snort.

"Let him alone!" he growled. "You know jolly well he's afraid of the sack if he hits any of you. That's why you're so jolly plucky!"

"Oh, really, Bolsover——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Frog's-march first!" said Skinner. "Now, then, up and down the dorm, and mind you tap him hard on the floor! We'll make the prize-fighter fed-up with Greyfriars before we're done with him."

The Kid breathed hard and deep as the ragers collared him. Still he did not hit out. But all of a sudden he threw out his arm and grabbed Skinner. The weedy slacker of the Remove suddenly found himself jerked off his feet in the muscular grasp of the Kid.

(Continued on page 17.)

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BENEATH THE TIRANT'S HEAL!

(Continued from previous page.)

napping. He was a brilliant skoller, and the answers to Mr. Savvidge's queschuns came trippingly to his tung.

"Jolly!" said the Form-master. "Recite the passidge of Shakespeer, which I called upon Barrell to recite just now."

"Certainly, sir!"

And Jack Jolly rattled off the famus lines, beginning:

"Lot me have men about me that are fat,
Fat-headed men, and such as sleep
o' nights."

It was no use, Mr. Savvidge trying to catch Jack Jolly out on Shakespeer. He knew his Shakespeer by hart, and could quote to order from "The Merry Wives of Othello," "The Midsummer Night's Tempest," or "The Taming of Macbeth."

But Mr. Savvidge was cunning and crafty. He switched from Shakespeer to joggraphy, and from joggraphy to history, until he discovered which was Jack Jolly's weak point.

Jack had never been strong on history. It was a subject which Mr. Lickham had never taught, bekawse he was so hazy about dates himself.

"Now, Jolly," said Mr. Savvidge, a sinnister smile playing upon his features. "Tell me th name of the first King of England?"

Jack Jolly was tied up in notts, but he tried a shot in the dark.

"King Tut, sir!" he ansered.

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Savvidge, with a frown. "Such iggnerece is appalling, Jolly! Surely you are aware who was the first monarch to wield his septer over England?"

"Old King Cole, sir!" said Jack, desprightly.

"Go and eat coke!" said Mr. Savvidge angrily. "Old King Cole was merely a mithical monarch; he had no eggsistence in fact. The first king of England let me inform you, was King Solomon!"

This was news to some of the Fourth-Formers, and they blinked at Mr. Savvidge in astonishment. But they dared not conterdict him.

Mr. Savvidge proseeded to fire further queschuns at Jack Jolly, dealing with hysterical subjects. Jack was hopelessly fogged. He was in a mist, and could not remember the rains of the various kings. His answers were a frost, and he would have been wiser to dry up, rather than parade his iggnerece.

"Stand out before the class, Jolly!" said Mr. Savvidge at length. He had fairly cornered his prey at last, and he almost purred with delight as he picked up a cane.

Jack Jolly stepped out from his place. His face was pail, and there was a dangerus gleam in his eyes. His hands were tightly clenched, until the nuckles stood out sharp and white. He had suffered enuff at the hands of this tirant, and he desided that it was time to kick.

"Hold out your hand, Jolly!" thundered Mr. Savvidge.

Jack's jaw set doggidly. Deliberately, he put his hands behind his back.

"I won't be caned!"

Our hero's voice rang through the Form-room.

There was a gasp from the class, partly of admiration, partly of horror.

Mr. Savvidge glared at Jack Jolly. The eggsspression on the Form-master's face was trooly foroshus.

"Do you dare to defy me, Jolly?" he said, in mezzured tones.

"Yes!" cried Jack. "You're a beastly tirant, and I won't nuckle under to your tiranny any longer, so there!"

Mr. Savvidge waisted no more time in words. He seozed Jack Jolly by the collar, and his cane lashed across Jack's sholders.

"Help!" roared Jack Jolly. "Reskew! Back up, you fellows!"

Merry and Bright sprang to their feet, and rushed to the assistance of their chum. A duzzen other fellows followed soot, and instantly the Form-room was in an uproar.

The cane was renched from Mr. Savvidge's grasp, and the Form-master was bowled over like a skittle. Down he went, with a duzzen juniors sprawling on top of him.

"Hellup!" roared Mr. Savvidge, berried beneath a struggling mass of arms and legs. "This is mutiny! I'll have you all flogged and dispelled for this! Gerroff my chest, you young rascals!"

"Bump him!" roared Jack Jolly.

The juniors' blud was up now, and law and order were thrown to the winds.

Mr. Savvidge would have stood an eggssellent chance of being linched, had not the door of the Form-room been suddenly thrown open, to admit a majestick figger in cap and gown.

It was the Head!

The juniors scrambled to their feet, blinking sheepishly at each other.

"Yo-hoo!" said the Head, heaving Mr. Savvidge to his feet. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! What have they been doing to you, Savvidge?"

"I have been fizzically assaulted, sir!" hooted Mr. Savvidge. "These young rascals have rebelled against my orthority."

"So it seems," said Doctor Birchmall grimly. "I think I'd better birch 'em all. Can't have this sort of thing going on in a sivvilised school."

And the Head despatched one of the juniors to fetch the birch-rod from his study.

We will draw a vale, dear reader, over the painful seen that followed. It was a flogging all round the Fourth—even for those who had taken no part in the man-handling of Mr. Savvidge. And it was a flogging which would be remembered for all time by those who reseved it.

The Head had stamped out the rebellion—as he thought—and now he stamped out himself, leaving the Fourth in a very chastened frame of mind, to groan beneath the tirant's heal.

THE END.

DO YOU KNOW THAT?

No big football club pays more attention to local talent than West Ham United, and at the present moment they have fourteen players on the staff who have been picked up in the district.

Alec Jackson, Huddersfield Town's right-winger, is but 22, but he has more honours than most players. At school in one season alone he secured six medals. Later he got medals in America, and on returning, had only been a member of Aberdeen's side for five months when he was selected to play for Scotland. Now he has seven caps, and a championship medal with Huddersfield Town.

In season 1924-5, which was the last under the old offside rule, there were only two cases of outside wing men doing the hat-trick. During last season as many as nine "hat tricks" were registered in the League by players figuring either at outside-right or outside-left.

Tottenham Hotspur are the wealthiest club at the present time. They own their ground, and could, if necessary, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 987.

lay their hands on eighty thousand pounds.

John Ball, the Bury forward, considers the Bolton Wanderers' ground his lucky one. He has scored at least one goal there every time he has appeared.

Luton Town ran their first professional team in 1891, the wages of the players being 2s. 6d. per match, with 6d. extra for out-of-pocket expenses when the team was away from home.

Arthur Wood, the Clapton Orient goalkeeper, relinquished the captaincy of the team because he found from experience that as a goalkeeper he could not keep in sufficiently close touch with the team in general for his leadership to be effective.

In the first two months of the present season three clubs—Everton, Ashington, and Nelson—each tried six different centre-forwards.

A certain secretary-manager of a Southern Third Division side was given a benefit not so long ago, and he arranged a match between past and present players of the club. After it was all over the beneficiare was five pounds out of pocket.

By the end of the present season Bolton Wanderers will have paid in benefits to their players since the War a sum of twenty-one thousand pounds.

The Port Vale club do not subscribe to the view that young players are necessarily the best players. They recently signed on goalkeeper Howard Matthews, who is forty-two years of age. Arthur Bridgett played for the same club when he was forty-seven; and Tom Holford when he was forty-six.

A lot of footballers have the chewing-gum habit, and Sam Chedgzoj, who used to play for Everton, once got his stuck in his throat, and nearly choked.

Burnley recently signed on a player named Burley. They ought to put an "n" to his name to make it perfect.

West Bromwich Albion hold the record for having scored the greatest number of goals ever obtained by a First Division club in one season. This happened in the first normal season after the War, when the "Throstles" scored 104 goals. This has not even been beaten since the change in the offside rule.

There was once in existance a rule that no club should be allowed to pay more than £350 for the transfer of a player, but the rule was only in existance for one year. Clubs soon got round it by buying two players from the same club—a star and a "dud"—for £700.



(Continued from page 13.)

Next moment there was a gasp from the raggers and a wild howl from Skinner as the Game Kid whirled him aloft with one hand and held him there as easily as if he were a babe.

"Ow! Leggo!" howled Skinner. "Put me down!"

The rest of the raggers jumped back. If the Kid's temper was breaking out to the extent of making him regardless of his promise, and of the impending "sack," the ragging was off—very much off. But the Game Kid was not using his fists. He held the wriggling junior at arm's length, and in his steel-like grip, Skinner was quite helpless.

The terrified Skinner struggled spasmodically; but he struggled in vain.

"Leggo!" he screamed desperately.

"What's the 'urry?" asked the Kid, with a sour grin. "You asked for this 'ere, didn't you?"

"Ow! Help! Rescue, you fellows!" howled Skinner.

Most of the Removites were sitting up in bed now, watching the amazing scene in the glimmer of candle-light. There was a ripple of laughter along the dormitory.

Secure in the knowledge that Dick Dury dared not engage in a fight with any Remove fellow, Skinner & Co. had started the ragging. But they were meeting with rather a surprise. There were more ways than one of dealing with Skinner & Co. for a youth of the Kid's remarkable muscular development. As the other raggers made a half-hearted movement forward to help Skinner, the Kid swung him round in his strong arms helplessly. He crashed into Stott and Fish and Desmond and Trevor with thrashing legs, and there was a chorus of startled howls as the raggers went staggering right and left.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry, greatly entertained. "Haven't you woke up the wrong passenger after all, Skinner?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, lor'!" gasped Billy Bunter, scrambling to his feet. "I say, you fellows, keep him off! Oh, dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter made a dive for his bed, and plunged headlong into it. He had had enough of ragging the Game Kid already. He did not want to feel the grip of those muscular arms round his podgy person. Fisher T. Fish followed his example. Fishy did not want any more.

"Will you let me down, you rotter?" howled Skinner. "Wow! Oh dear! Help!"

"Let him go!" gasped Snoop.

"I ain't finished yet!" grinned the Kid. "You was mighty keen on ragging a bloke, wasn't you? You don't seem so keen now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, let him alone!" said Stott.

Bump!

Skinner dropped to the dormitory floor, where he lay gasping and panting for breath.

"Grooog—hoooh—gug-gug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Kid, with glinting eyes, advanced on Stott, Snoop, and Trevor. They backed hurriedly away.

"Stand up to it!" chortled Bob Cherry. "You've asked for it, you know!"

"The askfulness was terrific."

"Tare and ouns! Kape off!" yelled Micky Desmond; and he dodged round the beds in alarm.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I say, chuck it!" gasped Stott. "We—we—we're letting you alone, Dury! Chuck it!"

"I ain't going to 'it you!" grinned the Kid. "Ain't I promised Mr. Quelch not to 'it any feller at Greyfriars, and don't you know it? It's me for the long jump if I 'it you!"

"Keep off!"

"But there's more ways of killin' a cat than choking it with cream," said the Kid. "P'r'aps you'll be fed-up with ragging a covey arter this—what? I'm arter you!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Stott, Snoop, and Trevor and Micky Desmond dashed along the dormitory, dodging round the beds and jumping over them, amid angry expostulations from the occupants. There was a roar of laughter.

"What a ragging!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Aren't you going on with it, Skinner? Not finished yet?"

"Ow—ow—wow!" was Skinner's reply, as he limped to his bed. "Oh dear! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" called out Squiff, as there was a sound of footsteps in the passage. The uproar in the dormitory had been heard.

The Kid dived into bed. The raggers followed his example; the candle-end was hastily blown out and thrown under a bed.

All was dark and quiet when the door opened and Wingate of the Sixth looked in.

"You kids asleep?"

No answer—only a sound of deep breathing and a snore or two. The Greyfriars captain smiled grimly.

"Of course, you're all fast asleep!" he said sarcastically.

Snore!

"If there's any more noise in this dormitory I shall come back with a cane," said Wingate; and he closed the door and retired.

But there was no more noise in the Remove dormitory that night. Skinner & Co. were fed-up with ragging the Kid. It was clear to their minds now that they had woke up the wrong passenger, as Bob Cherry expressed it. The raggers were only too glad to have done with that exceedingly dangerous customer; and the Game Kid slept peacefully until the rising-bell rang out in the frosty winter morning.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

"For It!"

HILTON of the Fifth was down early the following morning.

As soon as the doors were open, Hilton went out into the quad—a rather unusual proceeding on his part, for the sportsman of the Fifth was a good deal of a slacker. But he had a reason for early rising on this especial morning. He was tramping in the frosty air, with a moody brow, when Dick Dury scuttled out of the House, the earliest riser in the Remove. Hilton had not been mistaken in guessing that the Kid would take the quickest opportunity of speaking to him without being generally observed.

The Fifth-Former gave the junior the slightest of nods, and walked away beyond the screen of trees, out of sight of the House windows. As he expected, the Kid followed him there.

Out of sight of the House, Hilton stopped, and the Kid joined him under the elms. The Kid's manner was very respectful—or, rather, humble—and it touched the reckless Fifth-Former a little. Although the Kid had done him a service, and trouble impended in consequence, there was no air of confidential familiarity about him, as might have been expected.

"I couldn't get a chance of speakin' to you last night, sir," said the Kid apologetically. "But the bloke said it was all right."

"The—the what?"

"That old covey Cobb, sir."

"Oh! Yes, that's all right," said Hilton. "Never mind that. You seem to have been bagged by a prefect as you came back."

"It wasn't my fault, sir, reely it wasn't," said the Kid earnestly. "Of course, I never knowed Wingate was on the watch."

"I'm not blaming you," said Hilton, with a faint smile. "But it means trouble, Dury."

The Kid nodded.

"What did you say to your Form master?"

"Nuthin' sir."

"But he must have asked you—"

"I never told him nothing, sir, and I ain't going to."

"But it can't stop at that, Dury. That means that you will be up before Mr. Locke."

"I know, sir."

"What will you say to the Head?"

"Same as Mr. Quelch, sir—nothin'!"

Hilton moved uneasily.

"You'll get a flogging, Dury."

"I know."

"You could get clear of it by giving me away," said Cedric Hilton, with a very curious look at the Game Kid.

"I ain't likely to do that, sir."

"You're a queer little cuss!" said the Fifth-Former. "There's not many fags at Greyfriars would have gone to the Cross Keys for me; but those who would have gone would give me away to save their skins."

"P'r'aps, sir. I ain't saying nothin'."

"It means a flogging."

"That's all right, sir," said the Kid.

"Don't you worrit. It ain't the flogging that's worriting me. I don't want the 'ead to think—" He broke off. "That's all right, sir. What's a flogging? I've stood worse nor that when I was fightin' in Huggins' Ring."

"I suppose you have," said Hilton.

"Lots worse, sir," said the Kid cheerfully. "That's all serene. I—I thought I'd tip you the wink, sir, that it's all O.K. Nobody will know that I went out on your business, Master Hilton. Only if you'd excuse me taking the liberty, sir, I'd like to say—"

He paused.

"Go on," said Hilton.

"Wingate wasn't expecting to land me, sir," said the Kid. "But he was watching for somebody, and I reckon I know who it was. You want to be careful, sir. It would be more serious for you than for me if you was copped."

"It would mean bunking," said Hilton.

"That's it, sir, and you want to keep your eyes open," said the Kid. "'Course, it ain't for me to talk to a gentleman like you, sir; but—but that mob at the Cross Keys ain't reely good enough for you, sir." He broke off as Hilton

knitted his brows. "Skuse me, sir, I know it ain't for me to speak to you about that."

"Never mind that, you queer little beggar," said Hilton, with a faint smile. "I'm thinkin' about your seeing the Head. I can't let you take a flogging on my account."

"You can't 'elp it, sir," said the Kid. "I ain't grousing!"

"I could help it by going to the Head and owning up that I sent you out of bounds with a message," muttered the Fifth-Former.

The Kid looked alarmed. "Don't you think of it for a minute, sir!" he exclaimed. "Why, sir, you're mad to think of it! It would ruin you! What would your people say if you was booted out of Greyfriars? You keep mum, sir—I tell you I can stand it, and I'd stand more'n that, sir, to see you clear."

"Oh, you're a young ass!" said Hilton.

Dury grinned. "That's all right, sir," he said. "You keep mum, and leave it to me."

"I'll—I'll make it up to you somehow, Dury," muttered Hilton.

"You can do that, sir, by keeping mum, and keeping clear of trouble," said the Kid. "Don't you worrit—I can stand it, and willing. You give me your word, sir, that you won't say nothing?"

Hilton nodded; and the Kid, with a cheery face, hurried away. Fellows were coming out into the quad now, and it was necessary that the two should not be seen in talk. Price of the Fifth joined his chum under the elms.

"All serene?" he asked.

"So far as I'm concerned, yes." "You've squared it with that scrubby little ruffian to keep mum?" asked Price. "It's worth springing a quid, or a fiver for that matter."

Hilton laughed rather harshly. "He didn't want squaring—he was only too anxious that I might give myself away to get him off, and made me promise not to."

"Oh, great gad!" said Price, in astonishment.

"But—but I feel like a cowardly rotter, letting him get it in the neck like this," muttered Hilton. "I've a jolly good mind—"

"Don't be an ass," said Price. "A

flogging won't hurt his tough hide much. What does it matter to a little ruffian like that? But, by gad, there must be something decent in the kid."

"More than there is in you or me!" grunted Hilton.

Price laughed.

Hilton of the Fifth glanced across at the Remove table at breakfast. Dick Dury was sitting there with a quiet, composed face. He did not once look in the direction of the Fifth. Among the Removites, a good many eyes were turned curiously on the Kid. It had already leaked out that he was in trouble, and was booked for an interview with the Head before class. That was good news to Skinner and his friends, and they wondered what the matter was, and hoped that it was something serious.

Harry Wharton & Co. knew. They remembered the incident of the previous evening, and could easily guess that the Kid had been caught breaking bounds.

After breakfast Wharton joined the Kid as he went out into the quad alone. Wharton's face was grave.

"You were caught last night, Dury?" he asked.

"A fair cop," assented the Kid.

"If you were, as I believe, sent out of bounds by a senior fellow, you are entitled to say so. The fellow had no right to send you; and the Head is sure to ask."

"Oh, you're dreaming!" said the Kid pleasantly.

"Then why did you go out?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"Jest to see the scenery by moonlight," said the Kid, with a grin.

"There was no moon last night."

"Starlight, then," said the Kid.

Mr. Quelch appeared in the doorway with a knitted brow.

"Dury!"

"Yes, sir."

"You will now come with me to the Head, Dury."

"Suttingly, sir."

And the Kid went into the House. A good many glances followed him, as he went to Dr. Locke's study with the Remove master. Skinner grinned.

"That young ruffian's for it!" he remarked, with satisfaction.

"Looks like it!" grinned Snoop.

"I say, you fellows," exclaimed Bunter breathlessly, "do you think he will punch the Head?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate of the Sixth watched Dury enter the Head's study. Then, with a frowning brow, the captain of Greyfriars went along to the Form-room passage, where Hilton was lounging near the door of the Fifth Form-room.

"Dury of the Remove is up before the Head, Hilton," said the Greyfriars captain abruptly.

Hilton raised his eyebrows.

"Is he? Who's Dury? Oh, that kid you bagged last evenin'. Poor little beast!"

"My belief is that he was sent out by some senior fellow."

"Not really?"

"Some fellow who had had a warning that it was not safe for him to get out of bounds," said Wingate grimly.

"Oh, gad!"

"If that's so, as I suspect, it's pretty rotten of a senior to let the kid take a flogging," said Wingate.

"Quite the limit," agreed Hilton.

"I fancy Dury doesn't intend to give the man away, whoever he is. That's all the more reason why the man should speak out."

"I agree."

"Well, if you know nothing about it, Hilton—"

"My dear fellow, what should I know?" asked Hilton in surprise. "The man you speak of must be a pretty rotten character, if you're right."

"I think I'm right."

"For the credit of Greyfriars, I hope not," said Hilton amicably. "As you're confidin' the matter to me, Wingate—which I'm sure is very kind of you—may I ask which fellow in the Sixth you suspect?"

"In the Sixth?" repeated Wingate.

"Yes. Of course, I know nothin' of such things, but I've heard that there are some sportsmen in the Sixth," said Hilton gravely.

Wingate gave him a penetrating look, but the calm, smiling face of Cedric Hilton expressed nothing but a mild interest. The Greyfriars captain turned away without answering, wondering whether his suspicion of Cedric Hilton was unfounded, after all, or whether the Fifth-Former was the most consummate hypocrite he had ever encountered. Hilton smiled after him genially as he went.

But when he turned into the Fifth Form room the smile faded from Hilton's face, and a dark, troubled, almost haggard look took its place. Hilton's conscience was not powerful enough to make him do the right thing, but it was strong enough to trouble him for doing the wrong thing. It was not a happy morning for the sportsman of the Fifth.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Before the Head!

DR. LOCKE'S face was very grave as the Game Kid stood before him in his study.

The Kid was grave, too.

For the impending flogging he cared nothing, or next to nothing. That did not trouble him.

But it troubled him deeply to see the grave, concerned expression on the kind old face, which had never looked on him save in kindness. Few would have suspected the rough and rugged Kid of a tender heart and sensitive feelings. But under his rough exterior he had both, and it gave him deep pain to "worrit" the Head, as he phrased it. But there was no help for it. Whatever the Head thought of him, he could not give Hilton away. That was not to be considered for a moment.

Mr. Quelch stood in the study with a grim face, his features looking as if they were cast in iron. Mr. Quelch had been doubtful—very doubtful indeed—about the wisdom of the step taken by the Head in placing the boxer in the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars. He had been willing to do all that he could in making the strange experiment a success. Now it appeared to him that the failure of the experiment was palpable, and that it was time for the headmaster to put an end to it.

The early surroundings of the Kid had undoubtedly been rough and lawless, and probably vicious. If he was to remain at Greyfriars it was necessary for him to prove, more than any ordinary fellow, that he was to be trusted. And he had proved that he could not be trusted.

That, to Mr. Quelch's mind, settled the matter. Breaking school bounds was a serious offence. Certainly, bounds were sometimes broken by way of a "lark," for some forbidden but harmless purpose, such as a "rag," or smuggling "tuck" into the school. But if that was the explanation of the Kid's

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escapade, he had only to say so. And he had not said so.

The inference was that he had got out of the school for some reason that he dared not explain to his Form master; that he had undesirable associates outside Greyfriars—probable enough in view of where the boy had come from.

The Head's face was grave, very grave, but not nearly so severe as Mr. Quelch's. Dr. Locke could not forget the reason why he had brought the Game Kid to Greyfriars; he could not forget how the lad had saved him from ill-usage, perhaps serious injury, at the hands of a gang of tramps, in the Christmas vacation. He was shocked and pained, but he was anxious to take as lenient a view as he could. He hoped that Dury would be able to give some harmless explanation of what he had done.

"Dury, your Form master has made a very serious report to me," he said. "It seems that you left the school, without leave, last evening, at the time when you should have been at preparation in your study."

"Yes, sir," said Dury.

"How did you leave the school?"

"I climbed the wall, sir."

"You are aware that no junior is allowed to leave the precincts of the school after lock-up?"

"Yes, sir."

The Head coughed.

"Now, I wish you to be quite frank with me, Dury," he said. "Please tell me truthfully why you went out last evening."

"I—I jest went out, sir!"

"You were alone?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"You went to the village?"

"Yes, sir."

"To Mr. Clegg's shop there?"

"No, sir."

"To what place, then?"

The Kid was silent.

"Answer me, Dury."

But the Kid did not speak. He coloured and shifted from one leg to the other in great discomfort. But he did not speak.

"Do you venture to refuse to answer your headmaster, Dury?" asked Mr. Quelch in a deep voice.

"I—I ain't got nothing to say, sir!" faltered the Kid. "I know I did wrong, sir, and I'm ready to be flogged, sir."

"It is not merely a question of that, Dury. The Head has to decide whether you are fit to remain at this school."

The Kid's heart beat faster.

"You ain't sending me away, sir?" he muttered, his eyes miserably on the grave face of the headmaster. "I—I've heard, sir, that other blokes have done what I did, and there wasn't all this trouble, sir."

"Any boy discovered out of school bounds at night, Dury, would naturally give a full explanation, if he had one to give," said the Head. "If you cannot or will not explain, I cannot believe that this was merely a thoughtless escapade. If you will not mention the name of the place to which you went, I can only conclude that it was some place you dare not mention—some place that is forbidden to Greyfriars boys."

"Oh, sir!" muttered the Kid.

"I am bound to make every allowance for your early associations, Dury," said the Head. "But I hoped and believed when I placed you at Greyfriars, that any such associations would be entirely dropped. It pains me very deeply to think that I made a mistake in bringing you here."

"I—I've never done any 'arm, sir!" faltered the kid.

"You have formed acquaintances outside the school?"

"No, sir."

Dr. Locke raised his eyebrows.

"Do you tell me, Dury, that you met no one, spoke to no one, while you were out of the school last night?"

"No, sir, I don't mean that. I—I did meet somebody I knowed," stammered the Kid.

"A new acquaintance, I presume?"

"No, sir, I knowed him long ago."

"You had never been in this part of the country, Dury, before you came to Greyfriars. You have told me so. How then could you possibly have an old acquaintance in the village of Friardale?"

The Kid hesitated.

his own way, and I should not like you to be ungrateful. Certainly, you should have gone to see him in the daytime, and you should have asked your Form master's permission. But if you assure me, Dury, that you went out of the school to see Mr. Huggins—"

The Head paused.

Dury stood silent.

"Well?" said the Head.

"I met him accidental like, sir," confessed the Kid. "You could 'ave knocked me down with a 'ammer when I saw the Old 'Un a-sitting there."

"Where?" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

No answer.

"In some resort forbidden to Greyfriars boys? In a public-house, I presume?"

The Kid did not speak.

"You must answer more frankly,

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"Ho 'appened to come along, sir, that's 'ow it was."

"His name," said the Head.

"It—it was the Old 'Un, sir," stammered Dury.

"The what?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

"Do you mean Mr. Huggins, with whom you were once employed as a boxer?"

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Locke's face cleared a great deal.

"Mr. Huggins is not a man it is desirable for you to continue to see, Dury," he said. "He has been in prison, and I understand that he drinks."

"He pushes one back occasional, sir!" admitted the Kid.

"Ahem! But if you heard that Mr. Huggins was in Friardale, and you desired to see him for old acquaintance sake, there was no great harm in it," said the Head relieved. "I understand that Mr. Huggins treated you well, in

Dury," said the Head, with a sigh. "Your Form master supposes it possible that you were sent out with a message by some senior boy. If this is the case, I command you to tell me."

Silence.

"Wingate supposed so, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "For my own part, I fear that this boy was led on by his own lawless propensities. This is the first time he has been discovered; but I am far from supposing that it is the first time he has broken school bounds."

"It's the first time, sir," said the Kid quickly. "I ain't never wanted to go out, and I ain't never done it afore."

"For the last time, Dury, have you any further explanation to give, or any excuse to offer?" said the Head.

"No, sir!" said the Kid, in a low voice.

"You are aware that you will be severely punished?"

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"I know that, sir. I ain't complaining. A flogging won't hurt me so much as you thinking bad of me, sir," said the Kid miserably. "But it can't be helped!"

The Head's stern face softened.

"If you really value my good opinion so much, Dury, surely you must see that you are bound to be quite frank with me."

"I know, sir. But—"

"Well?"

"I ain't got anything to say, sir."

Dr. Locke's face hardened again.

"Very well, Dury. You are a Greyfriars boy now, and must be treated like any other Greyfriars boy, if you remain here. You will be flogged."

"Very well, sir."

"But in the peculiar circumstances, Dury, you have a right to ask to be sent away instead, if you so desire. If you feel that a mistake was made in placing you at Greyfriars, I am bound to listen to you."

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped the Kid. "I—I don't want to go, sir! Nor it don't seem to me fair to send me away, sir!"

"Speak more respectfully to your headmaster, boy!" rapped out the Remove master.

Dr. Locke made a gesture.

"There is a great deal in what Dury says, Mr. Quelch," he said quietly. "Possibly I made a mistake in placing the boy here—possibly I did not make sufficient allowance for the attraction of old associations—for lawless ways he may have learned before he was under proper care and supervision. If so, the mistake was mine, not his; and it is not just that he should suffer for my error. If his presence here should exercise a bad influence on other boys, I am bound to act severely; but your observation has not so far shown that to be the case."

"No, sir!"

"You will naturally keep the boy under observation," said the Head. "I am disappointed in him, but I still hope for the best. I leave his punishment in your hands, Mr. Quelch."

"Very well, sir!"

Mr. Quelch made a sign to Dury to follow him, and left the headmaster's study. Dr. Locke sighed as his glance followed the boy out. He was pained and disappointed, and he was beginning to think that he had been mistaken in the boy. In the kindness of his heart, in his gratitude for the service rendered, he had trusted him too far. But he could not contemplate administering, with his own hand, a severe punishment to the lad who had stood between him and a gang of foot-pads, and saved him from injury. The old doctor sighed; and his face was very grave and thoughtful as he made his way to the Sixth Form-room that morning.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Going Through It!

"I SAY, you fellows, Quelch's late!" "The later the better," remarked Vernon-Smith.

"The old scout's with the Head," grinned Skinner. "He's taken the giddy prize-fighter up for judgment."

"Must be a flogging," said Snoop.

"Must be!" smiled Skinner. "I wonder what he's done! No telling what the rotten outsider may have done."

"Oh, cheese it, Skinner," said Harry Wharton.

Mr. Quelch was certainly late that

morning—a thing that very seldom happened. The Lower Fourth were all in their Form-room, ready for their Form master; but Mr. Quelch had not arrived.

He was not sorely missed, certainly. The later that lessons began, the better for all concerned, was the opinion of most of the Remove. In fact many of them were prepared to dispense with lessons altogether, if it came to that. But the whole Form were interested, for they knew that Mr. Quelch was with Dury in the Head's study, and they wondered whether it was a flogging for the new boy in the Lower Fourth.

Dury had not made himself liked in his Form; but most fellows were sympathetic when a man was up against a flogging, even if the "man" was not much liked. The Famous Five were feeling quite serious. Skinner & Co. openly rejoiced. The lamentable result of ragging the Kid in the Remove dormitory lingered in their memories. They were not thinking of ragging the Game Kid again. Although he had—rather to their surprise—resolutely kept his promise to the Form master not to engage in a "scrap" again with an Greyfriars fellow, he had proved too dangerous a customer for Skinner & Co. to deal with. So the amiable Skinner and his friends were very pleased to see him in trouble with the "Beaks." Even the rough and rugged Kid could not handle the Beaks.

"It's rotten hard cheese on the fellow," Harry Wharton said to his chums. "It's a practical certainty that he was sent out by some senior chap—he's never broken bounds of his own accord, I know that. He's a rough customer, but there's no vice in him that I've seen."

"He shouldn't have gone, all the same," said Johnny Bull.

"No; but—"

"He must be decent not to give the chap away," said Frank Nugent. "It would get him off."

"He is decent, in his own way," said Harry. "It's hard cheese!"

"Of course, he went to a pub," said Skinner, addressing the Remove generally. "He would, you know! I know Wingate caught him out of bounds—Angel of the Fourth saw them come in, and he's told me. Just the kind of thing the young ruffian would do, you know."

"Oh, just!" agreed Snoop.

"You've been licked yourself for butting into the Cross Keys, and playing billiards there, Skinner," said Bob Cherry. "You came jolly near getting bunked."

There was a laugh from some of the juniors, and Skinner scowled.

"Cave!" called out Wibley. "Here comes the old bean!"

The juniors crowded to their desks, as Mr. Quelch's footsteps were heard in the corridor. The Remove master entered the Form-room, followed by Dick Dury. To the surprise of the Remove, Gosling the porter, followed them in, and they noted further that Mr. Quelch carried a birch in his hand.

Skinner grinned at his friends. It was to be a flogging, that was clear, but for some reason—inexplicable to Skinner—not a Head's flogging. The punishment was to be administered by the culprit's own Form master, in his own Form-room.

Mr. Quelch glanced at his class; all very quiet and orderly now. The expression on Mr. Quelch's face warned the Remove that it was time to be on their best behaviour.

The Remove master looked very grim.

His own fixed opinion was that Richard Dury should be sent away from the school; and he was extremely perturbed and irritated because the Head did not see eye to eye with him on that subject.

The Head's word, of course, was law; and he had assumed—in the manner of headmasters—that whatever decision he was satisfied with would also be satisfactory to his staff.

Mr. Quelch had a great respect for the Head, but he disagreed with him entirely on the subject of Richard Dury, though he could not very well say so. He did not doubt that the Head knew what his opinion was, and the Head's disregard of it was naturally a little mortifying.

Dury was, after all, in Mr. Quelch's Form, and Mr. Quelch had the responsibility of the peculiar new junior on his hands. He felt that his view ought to have been considered.

No doubt it had been considered; but if so, it had assuredly been disregarded. The Head had gone on his own majestic way, regardless.

In the circumstances it was not likely that Mr. Quelch would feel very amiable towards the young rascal, as he considered him, who was, in his opinion, a disgrace to the Form.

The Head had judged that a flogging would meet the case. Mr. Quelch intended that, at least, it should not err upon the side of leniency.

"A punishment will take place in this Form-room before we commence this morning," said Mr. Quelch acidly. "A member of this Form has been guilty of disgraceful conduct."

Dury reddened, and kept his eyes on the floor.

"This boy, Dury, broke school bounds last night after lock-up," said Mr. Quelch. "He absented himself from the school for reasons that he does not venture to explain to his headmaster. I trust that his exemplary punishment will be a warning to any other boy who may be tempted to follow his example."

"The old bean's got his back up!" murmured Vernon-Smith, as Mr. Quelch turned to Dury.

The Bounder's whisper was faint, but Mr. Quelch seemed to be gifted with a wonderful keenness of hearing that morning. He spun back towards his class.

"Who spoke?" he rapped out.

Deep silence.

"I think you spoke, Vernon-Smith."

"Yes, sir," gasped the Bounder.

"What did you say, Vernon-Smith?" asked Mr. Quelch, his gimlet eyes glinting at the Bounder.

"Oh! N-n-nothing, sir!"

"You could scarcely have said nothing if you spoke at all, Vernon-Smith."

"Nunno, sir."

"Repeat the words at once!"

"I—I—I—"

"Did you allude to your Form master, Vernon-Smith, by the atrociously slangy epithet of 'old bean'?" rumbled Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, dear! Yes, sir. Sorry, sir!"

The Remove sat tight. Most of them had alluded to Mr. Quelch, at one time or another, as an old bean. They were very glad that they had not done so in his hearing.

"Do you consider your remark respectful to your Form master, Vernon-Smith?"

"Oh, no, sir!"
 "Then it was your intention to speak of me disrespectfully?"
 "Oh, no! Not at all, sir."
 "You will stay in the Form-room this afternoon, Vernon-Smith, and write out five hundred lines of Virgil."
 "Oh, my hat!" ejaculated the Bounder involuntarily.
 "A thousand lines, Vernon-Smith!" rumbled Mr. Quelch. "And if you utter another word I will cane you."
 The Bounder did not utter another word.
 Mr. Quelch turned to Dury again. This time there were no whispers in the class.
 "Gosling, take up this boy!"
 "Yessir!" said Gosling.
 Gosling stepped towards the new junior with a faint grin on his crusty face. Most of the Remove were feeling sorry for Dury; but Gosling was not

Mr. Quelch gripped the birch. The Remove looked on in stony silence while the instrument of punishment rose and fell.
 Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!
 The lashes rang through the Form-room.
 There was no sound from the Kid. The castigation was very severe; there were few fellows in the Remove tough enough to have taken it without a cry. But no cry came from the Kid.
 At the sixth lash of the birch he was seen to close his lips hard, and that was all. He kept them closed, his teeth set.
 Mr. Quelch's lips were compressed also. To his mind, the silence of the culprit, his dogged endurance, were added offences—one more sample of the young rascal's rebellious disrespect to those set in authority over him. And that belief made the Form master put

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Unexpected Visitor!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
 "What the thump—"
 Harry Wharton & Co. were astonished.
 It was a half-holiday that day at Greyfriars, and the Famous Five—in their best bibs and tuckers, as Bob Cherry described it—had gone down to the school gates, to walk over to Cliff House. There was a Form match going on, on Little Side, between the Remove and the Fourth, but the Co. had left that match to the lesser lights of the Remove Football Club.

Hilton of the Fifth was lounging in the old gateway, careless and idle, as he generally was. But all of a sudden Hilton cast a startled glance into the road, turned from the gateway, and came striding in, in such a hurry that he almost bumped into the chums of the Remove.

Heedless of their ejaculations, the Fifth-Former strode on to the House and vanished indoors.

"What on earth's the trouble?" exclaimed Frank Nugent, in amazement. "I suppose there isn't a mad bull on the road?"



"Outside! Now then, afore you're pushed out!" said Gosling, blocking the path of the old pugilist. What happened next was like an earthquake to Gosling. Something that seemed like the hind hoof of a mule jolted his chin, and he found himself on his back, gazing blankly at the clouds. "Git up and say it agin!" roared Mr. Huggins. "Grooooooough!" gasped Gosling. (See Chapter 12.)

troubled by any such feelings. Gosling's view was that most boys ought to be "drowned," as he expressed it; and as they could not be "drowned," flogging was the next best thing. The more a boy was thrashed, in Gosling's valuable opinion, the better it was for him, and for all parties concerned. So when the worthy Gosling officiated in a flogging he did so with unction.
 The Game Kid eyed him, with a rather peculiar expression on his face. Harry Wharton, as he caught that expression, caught his breath also.
 He could read the thought that was in the mind of the Kid, William Gosling, however, never knew how narrowly he escaped being up-ended by a jolt from the Game Kid's redoubtable left.
 The thought passed from Dury's mind as soon as it arose there. He had learned the difference between Greyfriars School and Huggins' Ring; and he knew that it would not do.
 With the meekness of a lamb he allowed the school porter to "hoist" him in the position for the flogging.

all his energy into the strokes of the birch. It was such a flogging as had never been seen before in the Remove Form-room.
 But it ceased at last, and the Remove fellows almost gasped with relief when it was over. Mr. Quelch lowered the birch.
 "Put him down, Gosling!"
 Dury was dropped to his feet.
 Mr. Quelch made a sign of dismissal to the Greyfriars porter, and Gosling left the Form-room. Dury stood quite steadily, his rugged face hard and set.
 "I trust, Dury, that this will be a warning to you," rumbled Mr. Quelch, vaguely irritated by the boy's quiet, set face.
 "Yes, sir," said Dury.
 "Go to your place."
 Richard Dury went to his place.
 Lessons commenced at last in the Remove Form-room; and even lessons came as a relief to the juniors after what they had witnessed.

"Something that's scared Hilton, at any rate," said Wharton, puzzled. "Let's look!"

And the Famous Five, quite perplexed by Cedric Hilton's strange action, looked out of the gateway down the road.

A rather stout gentleman was in sight there, rolling up the road from the village. He was a red-faced man, he had several front teeth missing, and only one eye. He looked like a retired pugilist—which, in fact, was what he was—for the stout gentleman was Mr. Bobby Huggins. And a certain rolling looseness in Mr. Huggins' gait hinted that he had been looking upon the wine when it was red, though he was not intoxicated. He had, in his own phrase, "pushed one back" at the Cross Keys—perhaps more than one.

"Well, that jolly old merchant can't have frightened Hilton of the Fifth, I suppose," said Wharton. "He doesn't look very clean, but he looks good-tempered."

"He, he, he!"
 That fat cackle came from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, I've seen that old ruffian before!" said Bunter.

"Friend of yours?" asked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's old Huggins!" chuckled Bunter. "I've seen him! I saw him with Dury in the train in the vac, you know. He's Dury's old governor—the man he calls the 'Old 'Un.'"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Can't be coming here to see Dury, surely?" said Wharton, his face very grave. "Dury can't want him here."

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "Nice visitor for Greyfriars—what? I wonder what Quelch will say!"

"He can't see Dury, anyhow; he's detained this afternoon," said Bob. "Just as well, perhaps. We can tell this Johnny he's detained, and he may walk his chinks."

"Oh, let him come in!" grinned Bunter. "Dury can speak to him from the Form-room window. All the fellows will like to see this merchant!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

Mr. Huggins had stopped outside the gates and was staring at Greyfriars. He raised a brown bowler-hat to the Famous Five very politely, and replaced it rakishly on one side of his head.

They regarded him very doubtfully.

The Game Kid, who had been flogged that morning, was detained that afternoon; otherwise the juniors would have called him down to the gates at once, for they could guess easily enough that the new fellow could not possibly want the "Old 'Un" to penetrate into the school.

But the Kid was in the Form-room with Vernon-Smith, writing lines. There was no doubt that the Remove master had a very severe "down" on the Kid, as was perhaps natural. Dury had been very inattentive in morning class—probably as a result of the flogging. But Mr. Quelch was hard as a rock, and he had given the new junior detention till teatime.

"Arternoon, young gents!" said Mr. Huggins. "This 'ere Greyfriars?"

"This is Greyfriars School," said Harry civilly.

"Friend o' mine 'ere," said Mr. Huggins, "name of Dury."

"You've called to see him?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"Got it in once!" assented Mr. Huggins.

"He's under detention this afternoon," said Harry. "He's not allowed to see anybody to-day."

Mr. Huggins closed one eye.

"Pile it on!" he said.

"Eh—I don't understand you!"

"Oh, come off!" said Mr. Huggins. "The Kid don't want to see an old pal. I know. Didn't he tell me so the other night—what?"

"Well, if he doesn't want to see you, and told you so, you don't want to come here!" said Bob.

"Ain't good enough to see 'im—what—now he's at this 'ere school!" jeered Mr. Huggins. "You go and tell 'im I'm 'ere!"

"Nobody's allowed to speak to a fellow under detention," said Wharton patiently. "I'll give him a message after tea, if you like."

"I can give 'im a message myself!" said Bobby Huggins. "I'm going to see 'im, I am! You stopping a bloke?"

He stared belligerently at the Famous Five. It was no business of the chums of the Remove to stop this remarkable visitor, and they made no movement to do so. Mr. Huggins rolled into the gateway.

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"Well, my hat!" murmured Johnny Bull, as the stout gentleman passed the juniors. "My only hat!"

"Dury can't want to see him," murmured Bob, "and I'm sure Hilton of the Fifth didn't."

"Hilton can't know that awful ruffian!" said Nugent, with a stare.

Bob grinned.

"I fancy he's met him at some jolly place, and doesn't want to be claimed as an acquaintance here. He's got out of sight."

"Phew!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Gosling!"

William Gosling came out of his lodge, a good deal like a lion from his lair. He was almost purple with indignation at the sight of Bobby Huggins invading the precincts of Greyfriars.

"Here, you hold on!" shouted Gosling. "You clear off! You hear me? Your sort ain't allowed in 'ere! Get out of it!"

Mr. Huggins stopped and stared at Gosling.

"You talking to me?" he demanded.

"Outside! Now, then, afore you're pushed out!" said Gosling, blocking the path of the old pugilist.

What happened next was like an earthquake to Gosling. It was long years since Bobby Huggins had figured in the roped ring, but he had not forgotten all his old prowess. Something that seemed like the hind hoof of a mule jolted Gosling's chin, and Gosling found himself on his back, gazing

**THE DAY
TO REMEMBER IS—
MONDAY
"MAGNET" DAY!**

blandly at the clouds, which seemed to be whirling before his gaze.

"Git up, and say it ag'in!" roared the old 'un.

Gosling did not get up—he couldn't. Probably he wouldn't have, anyway. He did not want another jolt like that.

Mr. Huggins gave him a glare of contempt and marched on. By this time Bunter had spread the news far and wide that Dick Dury's former governor had arrived at the school, and fellows were crowding to see the Old 'Un. Coker of the Fifth took it upon himself to exclude this undesirable visitor. He dropped a hand on the stout gentleman's shoulders.

"You cut off, my man!" he said.

"What?"

"Get outside!"

"Where will you 'ave it?" inquired Mr. Huggins politely.

"Now, then—"

Coker jerked the stout gentleman towards the gates; and then an earthquake happened to Coker.

"Man down!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Coker of the Fifth was on his back, too dazed to wonder how he had got there.

Mr. Huggins stared round him aggressively. From the direction of the House a lean figure hurriedly advanced to the spot. Mr. Quelch, from his study window, had seen the remarkable visitor, and he was coming on the scene. Harry Wharton & Co. drew near the spot. If the old "pug" attempted to handle their Form master, the Famous Five were prepared to take a prompt hand in the proceedings.

"Who are you?" rapped out Mr. Quelch, in his iciest manner. "What do you want here?"

"Name of Huggins," said the old pugilist affably. "I've called to see a young friend o' mine, young Dick Dury."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, quite taken aback. He had, of course, heard all about Mr. Huggins from the Head.

He stared blankly at the Old 'Un.

"Kid don't want to see an old pal, what?" asked Mr. Huggins resentfully. "He said so hisself, the other night—tells a bloke not to come up to the school, or he'll give a bloke his left. Let 'im come out and do it! I've called as a friend. But I ain't taking any back-chat from a kid what I've taught all he knows. Got that, you?"

Mr. Quelch gasped.

"You should not have come here," he stammered.

"And why not?" demanded Mr. Huggins. "I asks you, as man to man, why not, old covey?"

"You say yourself that Dury asked you not to come," said the Remove master sternly. "That should be a sufficient reason."

"Don't I keep on telling you I ain't taking any back-chat from 'im! Let 'im come out and say it in a bloke's face!" roared Mr. Huggins indignantly.

It was clear that Mr. Huggins had inspired himself with courage for this unwelcome visit at the bar of the Cross Keys.

Mr. Quelch raised a commanding hand.

"Leave this school at once, please!" he said.

"Oh, come off!" said Mr. Huggins.

"Go!"

"I've stretched two blokes," said Mr. Huggins. "Are you asking to be stretched along of 'em, old covey? You won't 'ave to ask twice."

Mr. Quelch did not recede an inch from the knucky fist that was displayed under his nose. His cool, contemptuous, commanding look abashed the old pug, and the threatening fist was lowered again.

"Kindly go at once!" said Mr. Quelch, unmoved.

"I ain't going!"

"You will be removed by force if you do not go at once!" said the Form master coldly.

The knucky fist rose again. Half a dozen Sixth-Formers came quickly forward; and Harry Wharton & Co. came nearer. Mr. Huggins, excited and belligerent as he was, was daunted by the heavy odds against him. "Stretching" two or three of the Greyfriars fellows would not have helped him much; the rest would have dealt with him easily enough.

"Wingate, Gwynne, Loder, Carne—see this man off the premises, please!" said Mr. Quelch icily.

"Certainly, sir."

Mr. Huggins grunted.

"You come outside with me, as man to man, old covey!" he said.

There was a chuckle in the crowd. An invitation to a grave, scholastic gentleman like Mr. Quelch to "come outside," struck the fellows as funny. Mr. Quelch flushed with annoyance.

"Remove him!" he said.

"I'm goin'," said Mr. Huggins, as the Sixth-Formers closed round him. "You're too many for a bloke 'ere. But p'raps I'll meet you again, old covey, some time when we're man to man. You look out for Bobby Huggins!"

"If you do not leave these premises
(Continued on page 28.)

ON THE TRAIL OF THE WOLF! Wherever the mysterious Wolf and his plundering band of followers tread they leave a trail of misery behind them! But Ferrers Locke is close at hand; his one determination is to lay the chief of this merciless gang by the heels!

The MYSTERY of FLYING V RANCH!



A Powerful and Dramatic Story of Wild West and Detective Adventure, featuring Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake.

The Escape!

THE detective was gripped preparatory to being thrust violently into the wolves' lair. He had the fractional part of a second in which to act. He had a vision of salivaring jaws and green, lambent pin points of light in the darkness just inside the wicket gate. Then he lashed out savagely with a backward kick. At the same instant he hurled himself to one side, dragging his captors with him.

He was conscious of a startled shout. A long, lean body shot past him, then another! Striking out wickedly, but coolly, with both fists, he released himself for a moment from his captors. Before their groping hands could fasten on him again he lunged forward. One hand took the leader by the breast of his shirt, and, exerting every atom of his strength, Ferrers Locke threw the man violently against the side of the cave. The lantern crashed to the ground and flared up in a sheet of flame as it burst.

Gaining his feet, Ferrers Locke backed against the opposite wall. Aided by the eerie, dancing flame of the burning lamp he smashed his fist full in the throat of one of the men who sprang at him.

"Stan' aside!" shouted their leader. "Stan' aside, by oripes, an' I'll drill him!"

The detective dropped, his hands on the floor of the cave. At the same instant the leader's revolver barked viciously. Splinters of rock whirled into the shadows. Then, what Ferrers Locke had been hoping for, happened. The flaming lamp gave an expiring flicker and went out, leaving the cave in pitch darkness.

The detective slid forward. His outstretched hands touched one of the men. He closed with the fellow in silence, his hand groping for the other's gun holster. He felt the butt beneath his hand, and, his fingers closing on it, he whipped the gun out. Then, twisting his leg behind the other's knee, he pushed him backwards. The man

crashed to the ground, with Ferrers Locke on top. The detective hung grimly on to the revolver.

Someone plunged into them and fell, cursing.

"Whar is he? Whar is th' dawg?" shouted the voice of the leader.

Ferrers Locke struggled free, and, rising to his feet, groped his way along the wall towards the entrance. Someone amidst the medley of shouts and imprecations said, hoarsely:

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

FERRERS LOCKE, the famous Baker Street detective, and his clever young assistant, **JACK DRAKE**, take up quarters in Texas to investigate the mysterious raids made upon the cattle ranches in the neighbourhood of Wolf Point. A card bearing a wolf's head, with bared fangs, left at the scene of each outrage, is the only clue they have to work on. They have hardly been at Wolf Point five minutes, however, before an attempt is made on Locke's life.

MAT DUKE, the sheriff, saves the situation, but in so doing is himself fatally shot by a person unknown. At the instigation of

SILAS CAISTER and two other wealthy ranchers Locke is asked to fill the role of sheriff of Wolf Point. This he does under the assumed name of **HENDERSON**. Before very long, however, he arrests **KILLER KLAUSTER** for attempting to shoot one of the Flying V hands at the Silver Dollar Saloon, a gambling den run by **MONTY EARL**. Fearing certain information might leak out, Earl visits the

gaol with a proposition to put before the new sheriff. The meeting is interrupted, however, by the sudden appearance of the Wolf, who shoots Earl and disappears. Locke is accused of the murder, and in consequence is attacked by an armed posse of men led by

PANZALES, Earl's secretary and manager. The new sheriff's life is in jeopardy, when a party of masked riders, in the service of the Wolf, gallop up and take Locke and Panzales prisoner. Securely bound, the two captured men are carried away to a cave which is a secret hiding place of the desperadoes. One section of the cave serves as a cage for two wolves. Into this cave, armed only with a knife, Panzales is thrust. The wolves soon silence their human prey, and the leader of the masked desperadoes then signals to his men to loosen Locke's bonds. It is the detective's turn to face this horrible death!

(Now read on.)

"Git to th' entrance! Don't let him git out!"

It was inky-black in the cave, and the detective increased his speed as best he could. Someone was following close behind him. Then, turning a corner, he saw a distant glimmer of light. It was the entrance to the cave, lit up by the moon. Ferrers Locke broke into a run. Reaching the mouth of the cave, a man loomed up in front of him and asked hoarsely:

"What's happened? Th' wolves is loose! What'n blazes—"

He got no farther for the detective's fist took him full on the mouth.

Men were coming towards him from where the tethered horses stood. With his gun at the ready he kept steadily on. Then, when within a few feet of them, he went forward like a tornado. Striking out right and left with fist and clubbed weapon, he literally hacked his way through. Taken completely by surprise, the men resisted but feebly.

One, more nimble-minded than his companions, raised his gun and fired. Ferrers Locke felt the wind of the bullet as it whined by. Next instant he had reached the plunging, roaring horses, and, whipping out his knife, he severed a tether rope and leaped into the saddle.

Jerking his knees into the animal's sides he shot forward out of the ruck of plunging horses. Guus barked viciously behind him, but in the uncertain light, accurate shooting was a matter of the greatest difficulty.

Stumblingly, running blindly, his mount made straight down the dried water course. The detective gave the animal its head. Behind sounded the noise of pursuit. Waiting till a turn in the valley took him completely from view of the gang, Ferrers Locke reined in his horse and slipped from the saddle. Then, giving the animal a parting slap, he dropped behind a neighbouring rock. His horse shot away into the night, and, a moment later, the first of the pursuers thundered by

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within a few feet of where the detective lay.

Waiting until the noise of the pursuit died away Ferrers Locke crept cautiously from cover and made his way back towards where the horses had been tethered. Reaching a mass of jagged boulders within fifty yards of the spot he sank down behind them and awaited events. He knew perfectly well that the wolves' den was in no way the headquarters of the gang. It was his intention to lie doggo till dawn. Should his pursuers return then he would endeavour to trail them farther into the hills or in whatever direction they headed. He knew that it would not be long before they discovered that the horse which they were after was riderless.

If they failed to return, but struck off at once into the hills, then he would return to the Flying V and come back with a posse. One thing was certain, and that was that the wolves' den was a pointer towards the secret headquarters. There must be some trail, however obscure, between the den and the headquarters.

Fighting grimly against his overpowering weariness, the detective watched the night sky slowly pale into dawn. Nothing stirred; the gang were evidently not returning. More than once he wondered as to the fate of the two wolves which were loose. Would they head for some place with which they were familiar, or would they run wild on the ranges? In the latter case, their death would be but a matter of time. The sun swung up above the rim of the draw. Ferrers Locke knew that his long vigil was at an end. Had the gang been returning they would have been back long before this.

The gun he had taken from the fellow in the cave was fully loaded. With this in his hand he stretched out full length on the hard ground, hidden from view by the crevice formed by two overhanging boulders. The next moment he sank into a deep, dreamless, refreshing sleep.

When he awoke the sun had climbed

to almost overhead. His throat was parched and dry, and he felt acutely the pangs of hunger. Rising to his feet, he took a steady survey of his surroundings, then clambered to the very bottom of the dried water course. Here he found patches of sand, and, with his clasp-knife, he commenced to dig. A few feet below the surface he managed to find an oozing trickle of water. Waiting until a few inches had percolated into the hole, he drank and then waited till it refilled. It was a tedious process, but it eased the parched dryness of his throat.

Then for an hour or more he carefully inspected the spot where the gang had made camp. With his watch-glass he kindled a fire of dried chips cast amidst the boulders by the torrent which had once flowed down the valley. Then, with a flaming brand in his hand, he plunged into the cave. He made his way to where the wolves had been corralled. By the flickering light of his torch he found two leather muzzles attached to steel chains hanging on hooks driven into the fencing. These he took possession of and passed inside the fencing. He shuddered in spite of himself as his eye fell on what had once been Panzales. The floor of the den was scattered with foul-smelling straw. His foot kicked against something, and, stooping, he picked it up. It was a Flying V branding iron.

Quitting the cave the detective paused in the entrance and squinted carefully up and down the draw. Nothing moved. He stepped out into the open. From somewhere far up the wall of the draw there sounded a faint crack. A wisp of white smoke floated upwards. Ferrers Locke threw himself flat on his face as a bullet whined by his head and thudded against the rock.

The Stranger!

FOR an hour the detective lay sprawled grotesquely in the lee of a boulder near the entrance to the cave. He never stirred, yet his eyes were alert and watchful. He knew that whoever fired the shot would come to inspect the result.

Somewhere, yards away, a stone fell and clattered a few feet before it stopped. Ferrers Locke stiffened, and his fingers tightened on his gun. But he never moved. Another stone clattered away, closer this time. Someone was approaching. Then from the corner of his eyes he saw a man emerge from behind a heap of stones. He was a tall, thin, bearded fellow, clad in a dirty shirt and worn buckskin trousers. He held an antiquated rifle at the ready and was advancing slowly, step by step.

Ferrers Locke lay quite still till the tall, gaunt form loomed up above him.

"Got yuh, blamed skunk!" chuckled the stranger huskily. "I'll giv' yuh another, then put yore carcass whar th' vultures kin git it!"

He pointed his rifle downwards and his finger tightened on the trigger. Then Ferrers Locke sprang. His hand flashed upwards and wrenched the muzzle away from his body. The rifle exploded, the concussion jarring his wrist.

The fellow struggled wildly, but Ferrers Locke wrenched the rifle from him, and, throwing it away, stooped for his own gun.

"Now, what's the idea?" he snapped. The old man glared at him with hate-filled eyes.

"Yuh knows, hang yuh!" he snarled. "Go on! Plug me, yuh coyote, an' git it over!"

"You're making a mistake, stranger,"

said Ferrers Locke steadily. "Who do you think I am?"

"One of them blamed Wolf pack! Gosh! Ain't I watched this hyar draw fer a week now? Ain't I seen yuh and yore pards comin' in an' out? But to-day's th' fust blamed time I've ever gotten one of yuh alone!"

"You are making a mistake," replied the detective quietly. "I'm not one of the Wolf pack."

The man stared at him suspiciously.

"Who are yuh, then?" he demanded.

Ferrers Locke felt in his pocket and produced his sheriff's badge, which had been torn off in the struggle in the cave the previous night, and which he had picked up that morning.

"Sheriff!" ejaculated the other. "Sheriff! Of whar, stranger?"

"Of Wolf Point."

"An' what yuh doin' hyar wi'out yore posse?"

"Same as you apparently, looking for the Wolf pack!"

The old fellow nodded. His little eyes never left Ferrers Locke's face.

"Mister," he said earnestly, "my pard an' I, jus' two ol' timers what hed quit huntin' fer gold, settled way down thar on the edge of the Flyin' V range. Ol' Hank Herman gived us a piece o' land an' a few steers. Reckon us was spendin' the evenin' of our days jest fine an' dandy. Us knew the Wolf, but us didn't jest figger he'd ever interfere wi' two fellers like us."

The stranger drew breath.

"Waal, one night," he continued, "he and his pack rides up to our lil' homestead an' asks fer a doss fer th' night, and feed an' water fer their hosses. Knowin' what he hed done to Hank Herman in th' rustlin' line, my pard ups and ses: 'Cuss yuh fer a sneakin', thievin' greaser!' Twarn't th' thing to say, I admits; but th' Wolf plugs him right through th' forehead! Yessir, he did jest that, an' he burned down our lil' homestead! Me he left."

Ferrers Locke nodded sympathetically. "Kinda guessed I'd feel bein' awful lonesome more'n I would feel a bullet," went on the old fellow. "Waal, fer months now I've ranged th' hills lookin' fer th' coyote! Las' week I see'd 'em ride in hyar! Gosh! I knows this draw blamed well, but I'd suspected nuthin' hyar! I've shore ha'nted th' place ever since, an' to-day I hes a shot at what I reckoned was one of 'em! That's yuh, sheriff!"

Whilst the man had been speaking Ferrers Locke had steadily been taking stock of him. The story was plausible enough, but there was something in the shifty eyes which the detective distrusted.

"You have seen the Wolf?" he asked.

The man shook his head.

"I sed he rode up to our shanty, sheriff," he replied. "But was it th' Wolf? Reckon no feller ever knows."

"What do you mean?"

"Waal, folks reckon that this hyar Wolf is a feller wi' eddication. Th' coyote what led th' gang th' night my pard was shot was a plumb, rough-spoken coyote what hadn't never h'ard th' word eddication! He was masked, like all of 'em."

He stopped short, staring at Ferrers Locke in either genuine, or well-simulated, astonishment.

"What'n blazes yuh findin' so blamed interestin' about my pants?" he snapped.

"Just this!" remarked the detective, stepping forward and picking two or three long, greyish hairs from where they were adhering to the buckskin of the fellow's trousers. "I thought you had a peculiar aroma about you, old-timer!"



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Ferrers Locke had a vision of salivering jaws and green lambent pin-points of lights in the darkness as two lean bodies shot past him. Then the detective lashed out savagely with a backward kick, after which he hurled himself to one side, dragging his captors with him. (See page 23.)

"Talk straight!" snarled the other, stepping backwards jerkily.

"I've been wondering who was keeper of those wolves," said Ferrers Locke calmly, "and now I've found him! Put your hands up!"

He snapped his gun forward, and the man's hand rose waveringly above his head.

"Somebody had to muzzle 'em," continued Ferrers Locke. "You are a most wonderful liar! I might have believed your yarn, but I couldn't reconcile it with the animal smell about you and the animal's hairs on your buckskins. Now walk! You and I have a long trail to the Flying V!"

"Yore crazy, yuh blamed fool!" snarled the fellow. "Yore figgerin' wrong!"

"Stop talking and move!"

The man glanced uneasily to right and left.

"Reckon yuh figger yuh war mighty slick in gettin' clear las' night!" he growled. "Yore middle name's luck, mister, but git this right. You feller what brought yuh hyar warn't th' Wolf."

"I know that!" snapped the detective icily. "They were part of the gang, but the leader was not the Wolf. Now hit the trail pronto!"

"Whar yuh takin' me?"

"The Flying V."

"Kim on, then," growled the fellow, snuffing forward. "But yuh'll never

make it, Slick Henderson! Th' Wolf can't stand fer riskin' me turnin' King's evidence. Us'll meet up wi' him 'tween hyar an' thar!"

The Rescue Party!

AS he quitted the draw with his prisoner Ferrers Locke took careful note of its location; then he headed for the distant range lying shimmering in the heat almost upon the horizon.

He kept a sharp look-out, but by evening had covered fifteen miles over rough ground without the slightest hint of molestation. He pushed on till the dusk deepened into night, then called a halt.

His prisoner had maintained a surly silence throughout the day, though more than once he cast sidelong, calculating looks at the sheriff.

"We push on at dawn!" remarked the latter. "So you'd better get some sleep!"

"Suits me!" grunted the man.

Without further ado, he turned over on his side, and within a few minutes there came from him a muffled snore. Heavy-eyed, the detective settled himself to pass the long hours till a lightning sky made it possible for him to hike forward with his captive.

Then suddenly he stiffened, and his hand crept for his gun. From somewhere out in the darkness there came the jangling of horses' bits, the creaking

of leather, and the low rumble of men's voices.

Ferrers Locke touched his prisoner on the shoulder, and the man started up in an instant.

"Cain't yuh let a hombie doss in peace?" he snarled. "Guess—"

The words died on his lips, and he cocked his head in a listening attitude. Then his thin lips twisted into a malicious smile.

"Hyar he comes!" he chuckled exultantly. "Reckon yore gonna meet th' Wolf at last, sheriff!"

"Shut up!"

The detective jabbed his gun into the man's ribs, and the fellow shuffled backwards into the black shadow of an overhanging rock.

"One word from you and you're a dead man!" snapped Ferrers Locke, in a low voice.

The approaching horsemen were almost upon him. Their voices came more plainly every moment. Then, as they loomed up out of the darkness, the detective stepped forward.

"Caister!" he said sharply.

The leading horseman reined in his mount abruptly.

"Gosh snakes, sheriff!" he exclaimed delightedly. "How'n blazes come you here?"

"It's rather a long story!" replied Ferrers Locke. "I recognised your voice!"

Someone riding just behind Caister slipped from his horse and ran forward towards Ferrers Locke.

"By Jove, gov'nor, but I'm jolly glad to see you!" he cried impulsively. "We had almost given up hope that we'd find you alive!"

"I'm all right, my lad!" replied Ferrers Locke, taking Jack Drake's outstretched hand. "Where are you heading?"

"Reckon us was making for way back inter th' hills, sheriff!" cut in Caister. "I got six of my hands here, and this afternoon I hitched up wi' th' Flying V outfit, and we decided to ride inter the hills. Us figgered there warn't no use riding circles on the range!"

Ferrers Locke nodded. "I've got a prisoner here!" he remarked. "I think you'd better make camp for a few hours!"

"Yep!" agreed Caister, with alacrity. "Reckon us has been most in th' saddle since they got you, Mister Henderson."

He barked out an order to unsaddle, and the Caister and Flying V outfits slid from their horses and set about tethering them and preparing a fire.

"Fire all right, sheriff?" inquired Caister. "Yore not expectin' visitors?"

"No. There's no reason why we shouldn't have a fire," replied Ferrers Locke. "How many men are riding with you, Caister?"

"Six of mine and a dozen of th' Flying V!" replied the rancher. "Here's yore foreman!"

Spud clumped into the firelight, having seen to the watering of the horses. He wrung the detective's hand, and, after a quick, searching scrutiny of his face, nodded.

"Yore all fine an' dandy, I'm figgering, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes, thanks!" laughed Ferrers Locke. "But I'm afraid I haven't got the Wolf yet!"

"No! Reckon yon coyote was waal pr'tected with his pack!" drawled Caister.

"That was not the Wolf!" replied the detective quietly. "It was a leader of his, but not the Wolf himself!"

"How you figger that away?" inquired Caister, in surprise. "Reckon when he rode inter Wolf Point, there warn't no doubt in my mind!"

"Well, there was in mine!" smiled Ferrers Locke. "But let's leave the talking till later! I'm about all in, and I'm jolly peckish!"

Over a plate of hot flap-jacks he listened whilst Jack told how he and Spud, with the Flying V hands, had followed the trail till it reached the hard ground of the rising hills. Then they were stumped. The trail vanished, and it might have branched off in any direction. They scouted round without success, and that afternoon had fallen in with Caister and his men.

"Reckon I was all for these fellers spreading out, but as it was most night-fall, us eventually decided to push inter th' hills together and spread out in th' mornin'!" explained Caister. "Where's th' greaser?"

"Dead!" replied Ferrers Locke sombrely, and told what had happened since he had ridden out of Wolf Point with the masked gang.

"I'm turning in now," he concluded. "We'll talk in the morning!"

"Yep, reckon I kin do with a couple of hours myself!" drawled Caister. "What you figger on doing with that hombre you've gotten there, sheriff?"

"I'm taking him in. He may be a

valuable witness when I bring in the Wolf!"

"Mister," said Caister earnestly, "you said you'd get this Wolf feller within a week! Does that still go? Can us rely on you to do jest that?"

"Yes," replied the detective steadily. "You can!"

Caister looked at him wonderingly. "Then you knows something?" he asked eagerly.

"I have a theory," replied Ferrers Locke. "And it is a theory which daily



FERRERS
LOCKE
IN TEXAS.

I am becoming more convinced is the correct one. That is all I am prepared to say at the moment!"

"Us ain't pressing you nohow, sheriff," nodded Caister. "Say, let's see what this hombre knows. It'll save a mighty lot of trouble if he'll come across with th' name of his boss. There ain't no doubt he does run with th' Wolf, is there?"

"There is no doubt upon that point at all. I don't think he will know the

Wolf's identity, however. The Wolf is not the type of leader who parades his identity in front of every one of his men!"

"Let's try him, anyhow!" snapped Caister. "Gosh, snakes, I'll make the hombre talk! Sheriff, he's yore prisoner, and I ain't aimin' on butting in noways, but I'm figgerin' that this coyote might lead us right to the Wolf, or the skunk's blamed lair!"

"All right, I'll question him!" agreed Locke. "But I think we are wasting our time!"

He rapped out an order, and the next moment his prisoner was led into the dancing, flickering light of the fire.

Caister's Method!

"LEAVE this coyote to me!" whispered Caister. "I knows jest th' line o' talk to scare him!"

Ferrers Locke nodded in assent and sat watching quietly.

Caister turned to the prisoner and rasped:

"What's yore name?"

"Zeb Hiffler!" growled the man. He cast nervous glances to right and left, avoiding the rancher's eye.

"Look at me, blame yore hide!" snapped Caister. "Yuh run wi' the Wolf?"

"Nope!" whined the fellow. "Sheriff figgers that away, but he ain't gotten no proof. I don't run wi' th' Wolf! I dunno him! Nossir; by hokey, I'm talkin' straight! I'm—"

"Yore a blamed liar!" shouted Caister. "Us hev th' goods on yuh! Say, see that?"

He whipped out a knife which he carried in his belt and shoved it into the red heart of the glowing fire.

"That's how they makes 'em talk up north, skunk!" he continued. "Guess there ain't no harm in tryin' th' method hyar in Texas! Yuh'll talk, cuss yore onery hide, when I puts the red-hot blade on th' soles of yore feet!"

The man shuddered, and Jack turned questioningly towards Ferrers Locke.

"You're not standing for that, gov'nor?" he murmured.

"Ssh!" whispered Ferrers Locke; and, sorely puzzled, Jack relapsed into silence.

"Yuh gonna talk?" shouted Caister. "By heck, I'm actin' fer the ranchers! Us 'as stood all us is gonna stand, and now yore coming clean, else folk'll hear yuh holler right way back in Wolf Point!"

He pulled the red-hot blade from the flames and glanced from it towards the cowering prisoner.

"Now, spill the yarn!" he snapped. "Does yuh run with the Wolf?"

The man hesitated; and, leaping to his feet, Caister strode towards him. There was a grim determination in every line of the rancher.

"Git back!" screamed Hiffler. "I'll come clean! I'll tell what I knows!"

Caister turned, and, reseating himself by the fire, snapped:

"Waal, us is lis'ening!"

Jack noted that the big rancher jerked his belt round till his full gun-holster was near his hand.

"I dunno the Wolf, gents—straight I don't!" whined the prisoner. "I on'y knows that I fed and muzzled them thar wolves of his'n what sheriff was up agin in th' cave! I got my pay from a feller what was allus masked! He telled me once to keep my mouth shet and to ask

no questions! I reckoned I knew blamed well what I was up agin if I did, so I jest kept my mouth shet!"

"How did you get in touch with the Wolf?" asked Ferrers Locke quietly.

"It war this away, sheriff!" whined Hiffler. "I war once a trapper, an' I knows wolves an' their ways. I gotta lil' hut way back in th' hills thar, an' I does a lil' prospectin' in them draws. Waal, I sees more'n once a masked gang ridin' th' hills, an' so I ups an' trails 'em. Sheriff, I didn't git far. Them hombraes nabbed me 'fore I'd covered more'n a mile. Th' leader—a tall feller, an' masked—questioned me, an' it ended up wi' me takin' sarvice wi' him, or else swinging on a rope! Reckon I didn't hes'tate, sheriff."

"And have you any idea at all as to the identity of this masked leader?"

"I hev not! I swear it, sheriff!"

"He's telling the truth," remarked Ferrers Locke quietly to Caister.

"I'll blamed well make sure!" drawled the rancher.

He whipped out his gun, and, pointing it straight at Hiffler, said slowly.

"Lis'en, skunk! I'm not sure that yore comin' clean! I'm gonna give you till I count three! If you cain't think who this blamed Wolf is by then—waa, you stops a bullet. See?"

"I knows nuthin'!" screamed the man. "Gosh snakes, I'm talkin' straight!"

"One!" said Caister calmly.

The prisoner paled and cast a frenzied glance at Ferrers Locke.

"Two!"

"Sheriff, yuh ain't standin' to see me murdered?" screamed Hiffler. "I demands a trial in front of th' ranchers' court!"

"Three! You gonna speak?" cut in Caister coldly.

The wretched man flung himself full length on the ground.

"I cain't!" he moaned. "I knows nuthin'!"

Bang!

Caister fired, but he aimed high in the air; then, with a mirthless smile on his lips, he turned to Ferrers Locke.

"Yep! Reckon yore right, Mister Henderson," he drawled. "The coyote don't know nuthin'!"

"You went too far, Caister," said the detective quietly.

"Nossir, I differs with you there!" laughed Caister. "I know these hombraes! Gosh, they on'y recognises one line of talk—and that's a bullet!"

Ferrers Locke turned to the prisoner. "Have you aided the Wolf in any way, except by looking after those animals?" he asked sternly.

"I hev'n't, sheriff!" whined the fellow. "I swear I hev'n't! It was thet or death for me, sheriff!"

Ferrers Locke nodded and rose to his feet.

"Right-ho!" he remarked; then to Caister: "We'd better turn in now. The prisoner sleeps near me."

Five minutes later, with guards posted, the camp was wrapped in slumber. On the detective's left lay Hiffler, his hands tied. On his right lay Caister, his gun ready to his hand.

For an hour Ferrers Locke lay staring up at the star-spangled sky. At the end of that time he slowly pulled his knife from his belt and severed the thongs on Hiffler's wrists.

"Hiffler!" he whispered. "You awake?"

"Yep, sheriff!" came the slow response.

"I'm giving you a chance! Get out of Texas! Don't come back, or I'll

hang you! And run straight in future!"

Hiffler was silent for a moment; then he asked in a husky whisper:

"You mean it, sheriff?"

"Yes! Slip past the guards! Go on, get out!"

"Yore a white man, sheriff! I ain't fergittin' this!"

The next instant he snaked away into the darkness.

Ferrers Locke lay listening for some time. All was silent. Then he relaxed and fell into a deep, refreshing sleep.

A bellow from Caister awoke him when the dawn was streaking the eastern sky.

"Thet hombra's cleared! Gosh snakes, he's gone! And so's my blamed gun!"

The detective sat up, and, in spite of himself, he grinned at the angry figure of Caister glaring in astonishment and anger at the empty gun-holster which swung on his belt.

At The Flying V.

FERRERS LOCKE deftly steered the conversation away from the escape of Hiffler to the plan of campaign.

"Reckon us had best scour these hills!" suggested Caister. "The Wolf must hev his blamed lair somewhere!"

"You've ridden the hills with a posse many times, Caister," the detective reminded him, "and nothing has ever come of it. We have the draw where the wolves were lodged as a starting-point, but I think we'd better ride for the Flying V."

"Why?"

"I want to get in touch with Jefferson

and Peters. We will concentrate at the Flying V and make it our headquarters, leaving sufficient men only to guard the Bar 8, the Double R, and your ranch, in case they are attacked."

"Waal, I'll ride the hills a bit with a few of my hands and ride to the Flying V later," suggested Caister.

"No; I want you to come with me," said Ferrers Locke steadily. "You ranchers gave me full control, and promised to support me to the utmost. I want you to fall in with my plans, Caister. If we are together at the Flying V it will greatly simplify matters for me."

"Sure!" agreed Caister heartily. "Reckon I don't get wise to yore plans yet, Mister Henderson, but I'm real glad to do just as you say! It's all leading to the capture of this blamed Wolf, hey?"

"Yes. If you will just do as I ask without wanting to

know the why and the wherefore of it all, then I'll have him roped in for you within a few days now."

Caister nodded slowly, his hand stroking his goatee beard, a favourite habit of his when puzzled.

"Waal, I sure hopes yore right, sheriff! I will say that he ain't done much since you comed here!"

"No," said Ferrers Locke calmly. "He's wanting to get me. But how to do it without coming into the open must be causing him a bit of worry."

"Look here, sheriff, as man to man, do you know who this hombra is?" demanded Caister.

The detective shook his head.

"I can only repeat, Caister, that I am working on a theory."

"How'd you git on to that theory, then?"

"I'll talk when the time comes."

Ten minutes later they were in the saddle and heading for the Flying V. Locke rode one of the lead horses and talked little throughout the journey.

Reaching the Flying V late in the afternoon, he instructed Spud to dispatch a messenger to Cal Jefferson and Jake Peters, requesting the ranchers to ride over to the Flying V as soon as ever possible.

"I'm pushing on!" remarked Caister. "Reckon I wants to see if all's well at the Caister Ranch. I ain't fergittin' that I've bin threatened more'n once! Last time it was twelve hours I got to git outa th' district! I'm sittin' tight!"

"I want you to come here as soon as you can," said Ferrers Locke.

"Is it mighty particular?"

"Well, yes, it is."

"Then I'll hiko back to-night, soon's I've putten a guard on my buildings."

(Continued overleaf)

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The MYSTERY of FLYING V RANCH!



(Continued from previous page.)

With that he clapped spurs into his horse and, with his outfit, swept out of the Flying V yard and headed towards the Caister Ranch.

Ferrers Locke indulged in the luxury of a cold tub and a change. He joined Jack in the living-room and said:

"You'd better clean and load your guns, Jack."

"Why, sir? Are you expecting trouble here?" demanded Jack. "I've been wondering why you have sent for the ranchers."

"I've sent for them, Jack, because their lives are in greater danger from now onwards than ever they were before. The Wolf has been frustrated in his attempts on my life, so far. His reign of terror here in the cattle country has eased recently, whilst he has tried to put me out of the way. But it is only a lull before the storm. The Wolf is coming again, Jack, and he's not reckoning on making any mistake this time. But he's after me more than ever he was before."

"Why, guv'nor?"

"Because I've got the proof which will hang him, and he knows I've got it."

With that he turned on his heel and quitted the room. Jack plunged his hands in his pockets and crossed musingly to the window.

He knew that, when the time was ripe, Ferrers Locke would speak.

It was late that night when Cal Jefferson and Jake Peters clattered up to the Flying V Ranch.

"Mighty glad to see you, sheriff!" said Jake, wringing Ferrers Locke's hand. "Reckon youse had a shore tough time!"

"You've had no trouble, either of you?" inquired the detective sharply.

"Nossir, nary a sign of trouble!" grinned Cal. "Guess yuh've shore scared the cofote away!"

"I'm afraid not," smiled Ferrers Locke. "Still, I hope to have him within a few days now."

"War thar anything partic'lar yuh wanted wi' us, sheriff?" inquired Cal.

"Yes, I want you to bunk here for the next few days. We will assemble as big a posse as possible, for if my calculations are correct, the Wolf's lair—somewhere in the hills—is going to be a tough nut to crack."

"You know whar she is?"

"No, not yet. But I hope to be able to guide you there within a few days. Another thing, you are both liable to be shot at from out of the dark, and you are safer here."

He broke off as there came a sound of running feet in the corridor. The door was thrown open, and Spud appeared.

"Th' Caister outfit's hyar!" he snapped. "Four of 'em, and they've got Caister's body wi' 'em!"

"Gosh snakes!" ejaculated Cal. "What yuh mean?"

"Caister's dead! 'Th' Wolf killed him way out thar on th' range! They've putten th' body in th' bunk-house!"

Ferrers Locke walked grimly towards the door.

"You'd better come with me, gentlemen," he said.

The two ranchers and Jack followed him to the bunk-house. Four of the Caister cowboys were talking hurriedly to the Flying V hands. They relapsed into silence as Ferrers Locke appeared.

The detective scrutinised their faces closely, then crossed to where a still form lay on a bunk. The body was mangled and trampled out of all recognition.

"How did this happen?" he asked coldly.

"Reckon us was 'bout eight miles from hyar, sheriff," drawled one of the Caister hands, "when us rode plumb into a crowd of steers, all heading quick in one direction. 'Rustlers, by gosh!' ses Caister, an' goes for his gun. But 'fore us hed time to put up anything like a show, us was surrounded by more'n a dozen masked fellers! 'Nother bunch kept th' cattle millin', so's they didn't stampede. 'Put yore blamed hands up!' us was ordered, an' us did!"

(Look out for the continuation of this mystery serial in next week's bumper issue of the MAGNET, chums—it's full of surprising situations and thrilling adventure.)

"BOUND BY HONOUR!"

(Continued from page 22.)

instantly, I shall telephone for a constable to take you in charge," said the Remove master.

And Mr. Huggins, with a last resentful glare round him, went. He realised that what he was "up against" at Greyfriars was far beyond his weight.

Mr. Quelch, with frowning brow and compressed lips, went back into the House. Such a scene in the Greyfriars quad moved his deepest ire and disgust. He went in the direction of the Remove Form-room.

Mr. Huggins himself had said that Dury had told him not to come to the school; it was futile to blame the Kid for what had happened. But it was the Game Kid's presence at Greyfriars that had caused the scene. It might be repeated. Other undesirable associates of the Kid's chequered earlier days might turn up in time. Mr. Quelch went to his study, his face hard and grim. Never had he so thoroughly condemned the Head's generous kindness in placing the hapless Kid at Greyfriars.

"The boy must go!"

Mr. Quelch snapped out the words, and returned, with a ruffled brow, to the examination papers which Mr. Huggins' arrival had interrupted.

In the Remove Form-room two detained juniors turned from the window—one grinning, the other frowning.

"What a jolly old bean!" chuckled Vernon-Smith. "So that's your merry old governor, is it, Dury?"

The Kid gave him a dark look and did not answer.

He sat down again to his detention task with a clouded brow. The "Old 'Un" had come and gone, leaving matters a little worse for the new fellow, who was already a good deal of an out-cast. The thought was in the Kid's mind that he wished the Head had left him where he had found him. He had been happier in Huggins' Ring than he was likely to be at Greyfriars. Only—and the Kid's brow cleared, and he smiled—there was his friend in the Fifth!

THE END.

(Into what fresh trouble will this friendship with Hilton lead the Game Kid? Mind you read next week's grand story: "The Game Kid's Temptation!" It's great!)

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"POOR old Lickham!" murmured Jack Jolly softly. And he absent-mindedly stirred his tea with the sugar-tongs. Merry and Bright stared at him. The three heroes of the Fourth Form at St. Sam's were at tea in their study. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth-rug; and the curtains were drawn so that prying eyes would not gaze upon that handsome spread. Certainly, if Tubby Barrell, the fat boy of the Fourth, had looked in just then his eyes would have watered and his mouth sparkled at the prospect.

"Poor old Lickham!" repeated Jack Jolly as he dissected a doe-nut. This touching reference to the master of the Fourth quite puzzled Merry and Bright. Mr. J. J. Lickham, B.A., was not poor. Far from it. For drumming Latin sent cold shivers down the spines of Jack Jolly & Co. Apart from this, he was reported to have private means. A wealthy aunt had been considerate enough to pop out at the right moment and leave Mr. Lickham a legacy of five shillings a week. He lived frugally, his only extravagant taste being a liking for cigars. But as he always smoked Herr Guggenheimer's, the German master's, he was never out of pocket in this respect. Why Jack Jolly should refer to him as "poor old Lickham" was a mystery.

"What are you babbling about, Jack?" asked Merry. "Why be sorry for Lickham?"

Jack Jolly looked up from his plate. "Haven't you heard the news? Lickham's going away. He's had a kind of breakdown, and he's going abroad for a month to pick up."

"Pick up what?" asked Bright, who was a bit dull-witted at times. "His health, fathhead! He's going abroad to recuperate. He's been advised to take a sweet of rooms at Mong-tong, on the Mediterranean. Wo shall miss him awfully!"

Merry and Bright nodded. Mr. Lickham was a very popular master. He had a heart of oak; and although he wielded the asphaltum now and then, he was liked a good deal. His pupils would pine in his absence.

"Who's going to take the Fourth while Lickham's away?" asked Merry. "A new master arrived this afternoon—a Mr. Savidge," he said.

"Savidge? by name and gentle by nature, let's hope," said Bright. Jack Jolly shook his head. "I had a glimpse of him," he said, "and he's a fierce, forbidding fellow. I didn't like his face."

"Many a kind heart beats beneath an ugly face," said Bright. But Jack Jolly would not hear anything in Mr. Savidge's favor. He had quite decided that Mr. Savidge was a savidge sort of brook, who did not believe in sparing the child and spoiling the rod.

"I tell you, this man Savidge looks a regular Tartar," said Jack. "He's dark and swarthy, to begin with; and school-boys prefer blonds. He stands over six foot in his socks; he wears a gown and mortar-board, and a sinister smile. His eyes burn like coals—"

"But coals don't burn these days," interrupted Merry. "The form-stuff we're getting is very useful for putting a fire out, but as for burning—"

"Well, his eyes burn like flaming logs, if you like that better," said Jack Jolly. "He's a big, bery brook, and the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands, as Shakespeare says. It's hardly fair to judge a man at a casual glance. Personally, I never run a man down until I've had a chance of knowing him thoroughly. But this man Savidge is a brook."

"THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 987.

"Indeed!" came a sudden voice from the doorway. Jack Jolly & Co. swung round in their chairs, and gaped at the intruder. It was the new master!

Mr. Savidge fixed the juniors with a peering, pennywringing glance, as if he would read their very souls. A sardonic smile played upon his ugly features. It was a freezing smile, and it sent cold shivers down the spines of Jack Jolly & Co.

The new master levelled an accusing finger at Jack Jolly. "You have been talking about me!" he challenged.

Jack Jolly said nothing. "I've been lisening at the keyhole," went on Mr. Savidge, "and I heard every word you said! You alluded to me as a

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really. As my pal Bright says, many a kind heart beats beneath an ugly face."

Mr. Savidge ought to have been mollified by these words. But he wasn't. He looked daggers at Jack Jolly. "What is your name?" he demanded.

"Jolly, sir," answered Mr. Jolly. "H'm! Well, you won't feel jolly by the time I've finished with you! You will report to me in my study in an hour's time, and I'll jolly well make you sit up by giving you a jolly good hiding, jolly!"

"Oh, crumbs!" demanded Mr. Savidge, turning to Merry. "Merry, sir?" turning to Bright. "And yours?" turning to Bright, sir."

"You will report to me also, at the same time; and I promise you you won't be Merry and Bright when you leave my study! I will go and select a bundle of stout canes, in red lines for your arrival!"

So saying, Mr. Savidge swung savidge-like on his heel, and stomped out of the study. When the foot-marks of the new master had died away, Jack Jolly & Co. exchanged gloomy glances.

"Now we're for it!" said Jack, with a groan. "Fancy that brook lisening at the keyhole! You'd eggspert that

sort of thing of the Head, but you wouldn't think a master would stoop so low."

Merry rose to his feet, and selected a number of volumes from the bookcase. "Better barricade our bags," he said. "That will take some of the sting out of Savidge's cane."

thinking that "Suffer and be STRUNG" would have been more appropriate. Bang!

Against the cane dented with a loud eggsplosion, and Jack Jolly bit his chin to keep himself from yelling.

The cane flew into fragments at the very moment that Mr. Savidge picked up another. He laid it on with grate vigor, doing out twenty strokes space to each of the unfortunite victims. The yells of Merry and Bright, who were not made of such stern stuff as their leader, might have been heard all over St. Sam's.

"There!" panted Mr. Savidge at length. "I trusted that will be a lesson to you! Now that I am dead nuts on dissiptim, I don't believe in being soft and sentymental with boys. I shall

They felt like condemned feltons, waiting to go to the scaffold. "Time's up!" said Jack Jolly, at length. And they made their way to Mr. Lickham's study, which was now occupied by Mr. Savidge. That gentleman was waiting for them. A feendish smile lurked upon his lips. His eyes flashed fire. On the table was a bundle of canes.

Jack Jolly & Co. walked rather awkwardly into the study, beware of the bulky tomes in their trousers. Mr. Savidge noted their awkwardness, and his smile became more sinister. Instead of saying "Touch your toes!" as the juniors eggsperted, he wrapped out the sharp command: "Hold out your hands!"

The trio exchanged sidly smiles and obeyed. Mr. Savidge selected a stout cane, and fondled it lovingly for a minute. Then, springing it over his shoulder, he brought it down on Jack Jolly's palm with a deflaming eggsplosion.

Jack Jolly jumped almost as if he had been struck. A wild woop of anguish left his lips.

Under the kindly rule of Dr. Lickham the Fourth could pelt each other with paper pellets during lessons, or even hurl inkpots at each other!

"Yarooooo!" "Be silent!" snapped Mr. Savidge. "I'm going to administer to you twenty strokes, and I shall eggspert you to bear them with forty-bude!"

Then he braced himself up and good his eyes to a text on the wall of the study. The text was: "SUFFER AND BE STRONG." Jack Jolly could not help

harden my heart, like Faro of old, and punish all transgressions with the utmost severity. Bare that in mind!"

So saying, Mr. Savidge waved his hand towards the door, and Jack Jolly & Co. crawled out of his study feeling more dead than alive.

"BARELL!" "Mr. Savidge wrapped out the fat boy of the Fourth, and all the mourning he had been trying to tip him up, so that he would have an eggspert for getting his cane into him as well."

But Jack Jolly was not to be caught. "THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 987.

Fourth Form-room, and they were as solemn as a funeral. Under the kindly rule of Mr. Lickham, the Fourth had a fairly easy time. Mr. Lickham had no objection to a certain amount of horse-play in the Form-room, provided it wasn't carried too far. Fellows could pelt each other with paper pellets during lessons, or even hurl inkpots at each other—always provided a stry shot didn't hit the Form-master! Mr. Lickham also permitted leap-frog to be played, and sometimes, when he felt in a Grandpa Krooshen mood, he would join in, and have no end of fun with his pupils.

But Mr. Savidge was a hoarse of another cutter. He ruled with a rod of iron, and kept the noses of his pupils close to the grindstone.

Limes and lickings had been lavishly dealt out in the course of the morning; and the Fourth were feverently wishing that Mr. Lickham had not had a kind breakdown.

The new Form-master had suddenly pounced upon Tubby Barrell, who had feveritely slipped a couple of toffies into his mouth. "Barrell!" thundered Mr. Savidge. "Recite to me that portion of Shakespeare which commences, 'Let me have men about me that are fat.'"

"M-m-m-m!" mumbled Tubby Barrell. "That was the nearest he could get to recitation."

"I am waiting, Barrell!" he said in sulterous tones. "M-m-m-m!" spluttered Tubby, patiently conscious of the fact that he had a lump of toffy wedged in each cheek. "Bless my sole!" gasped Mr. Savidge. "Is the boy dumb? If so, a sudden painful shock ought to restore his speech. My cane will do the trick, I think."

Tubby Barrell gaped wildly in an endeavor to get rid of the toffy. He nearly suffocated himself in the process—or rather in the windpipe.

"Why, the fat rascal is choking!" eggshamed Mr. Savidge. "Pat him on the back, somebody!"

Jack Jolly obeyed. He patted Tubby Barrell so hardily that the fat junior staggered halfway across the Form-room. The toffy was ejected from his mouth like bullets from a gun.

"Ho!" said Mr. Savidge, his eyes gleaming. "So you have been consuming sticky and unholosome sweetmeats in the Form-room, Barrell?"

"Yessir!" gasped Tubby. "Toffy-de-tuffs, sir!" "Have you any still in your possession?" quoted Tubby. "Bring them to me!" commanded Mr. Savidge. Tubby Barrell rolled up to the Form-master's desk, and emptied his pockets. Mr. Savidge stowed the bags away in his desk, popping a couple of toffies into his mouth as he did so. "Go back to your place, Barrell!" he mumbled. "After lessons, you will write out fifty times, 'It is greedy and disgusting to eat toffy in the Form-room.'"



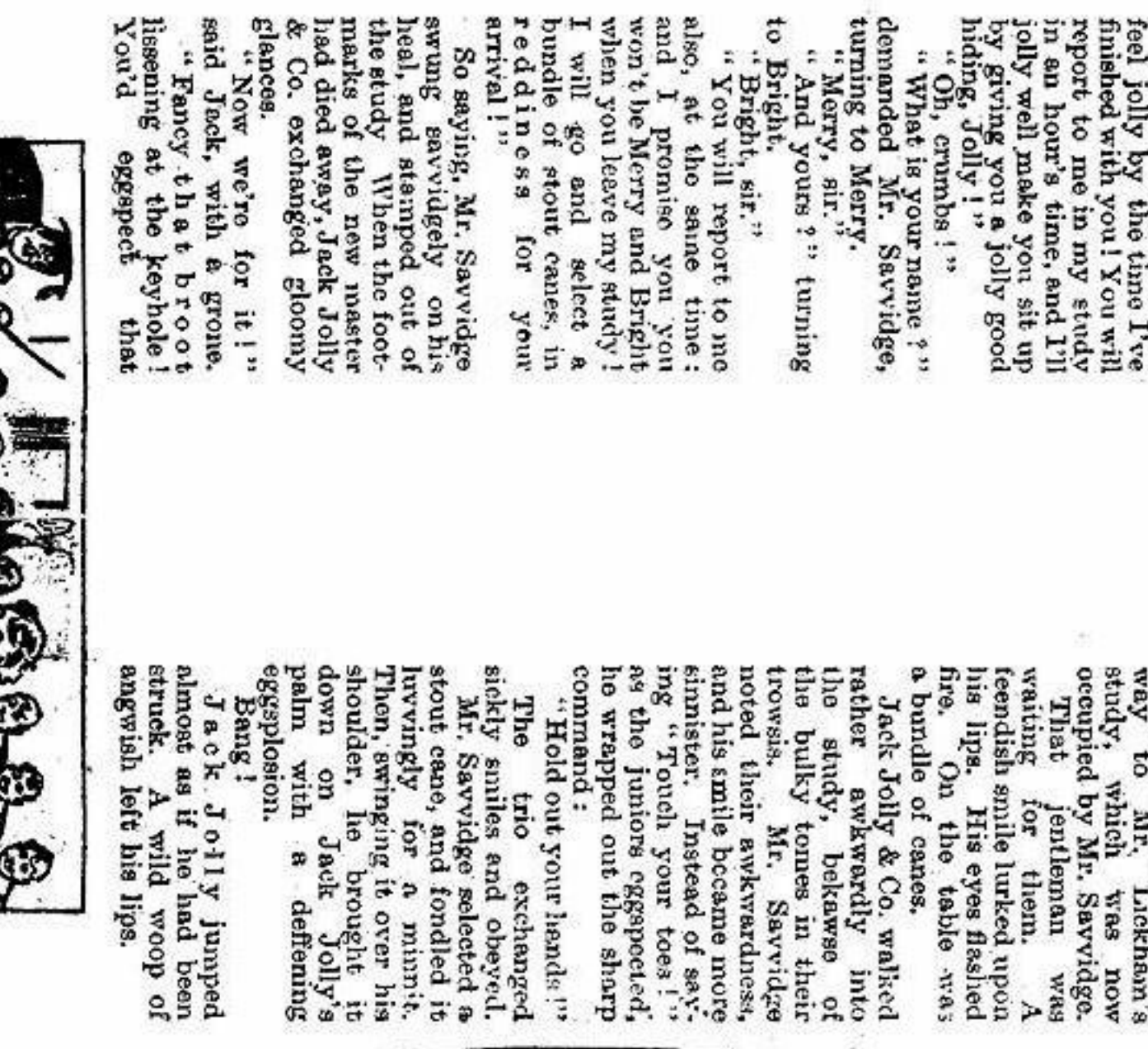
"Savidge is a brook, a beast, and a tyrant of the first water!" The new master's eyes opened wide as he caught the drift of Jack Jolly & Co.'s conversation from within the study.

brook, a beast, and a tyrant! Deny it if you dare!"

"Ahem—I certainly called you by those names, sir!" stammered Jack Jolly. "But I was simply judging you by your looks. Appearances are sometimes deceptive, and it is just possible that you are quite a dear old sole."

Mr. Savidge frowned. "Do you mean to say that my appearance is that of a brook, a beast, and a tyrant?" he demanded.

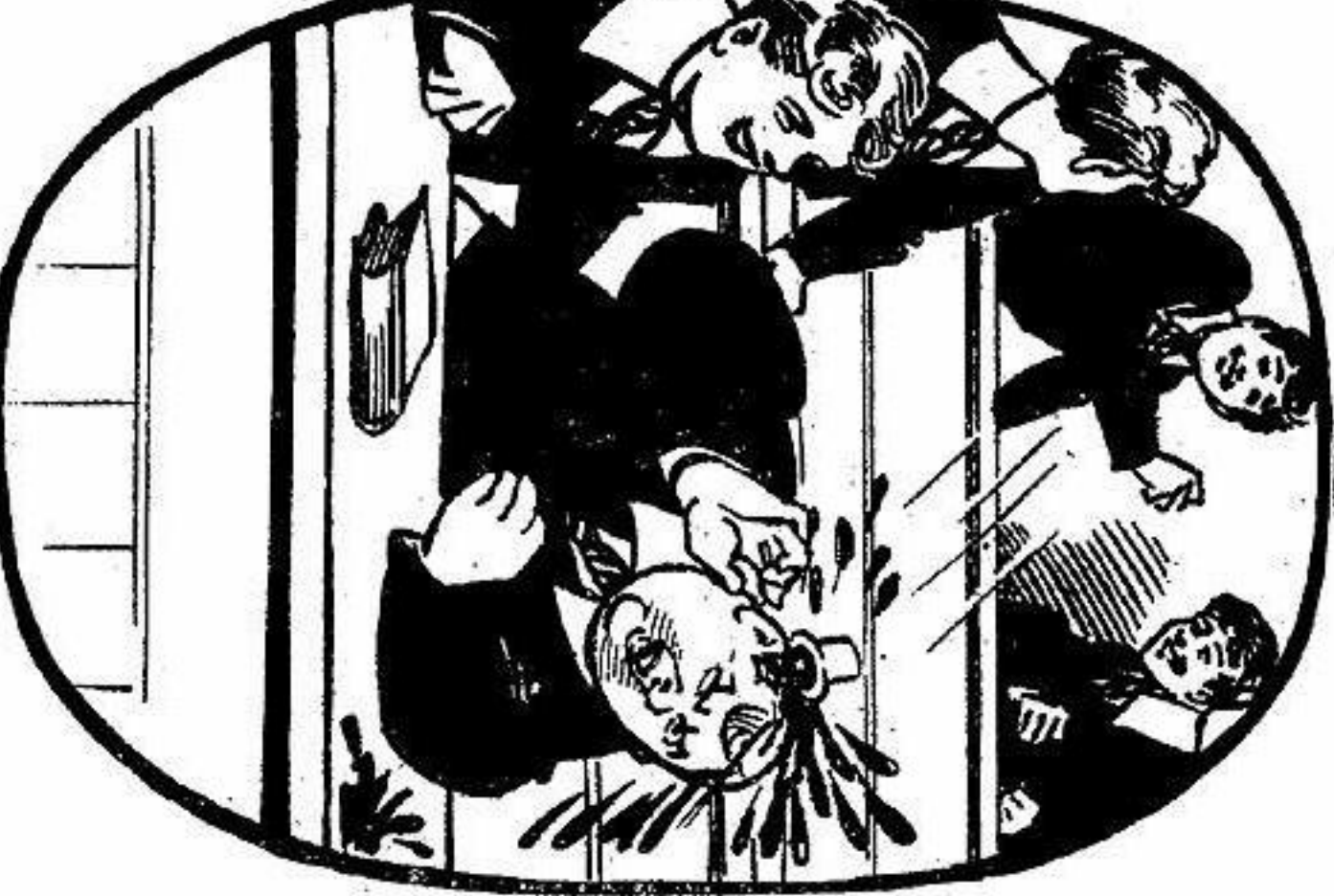
"Yesir. But then, you can't help your appearance, can you? Mr. Lickham looks an awful toad, but he's one of the best,



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