

"TRIED AND TRUE!" THIS WEEK'S MAGNIFICENT
SCHOOL STORY OF GREYFRIARS.

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No. 1,065. Vol. XXXIV.

Week Ending July 14th, 1928.

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EVERY SATURDAY.



MR. GEDGE, SOLICITOR, RECEIVES "DAMAGES"!

(A lively incident from this week's rousing school story featuring Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars.)



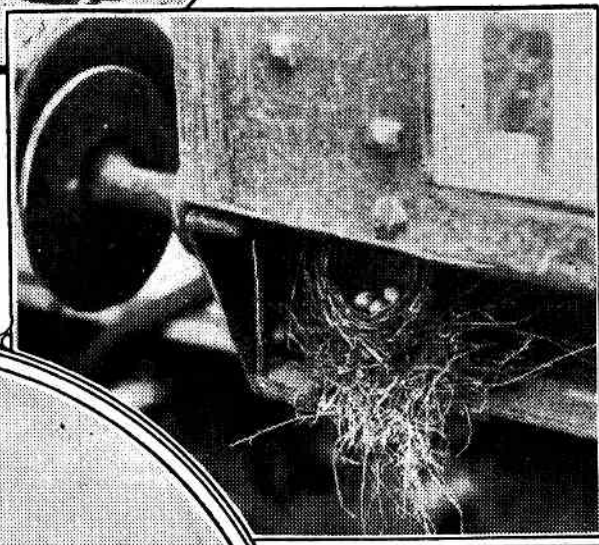
News Pars and Pictures!

RISEING "BELL"!

Now then, the lazy slackers who excuse themselves by saying that the alarm clock won't wake 'em up, what about this? Here we have an alarm clock—the largest in the world—which is guaranteed to awaken even the heaviest sleeper. Just compare it with the smaller one on the table—an ordinary size clock in everyday use—and then imagine, if you can, the noise that the bigger one's likely to make! And, by the way, as regards the reclining gent who, it seems, is optimist enough to think that he can outdo the clock, don't take much notice of his feet. We presume—nay, we hope—that this is merely the camera's fault!

"OFF THE RAILS!"

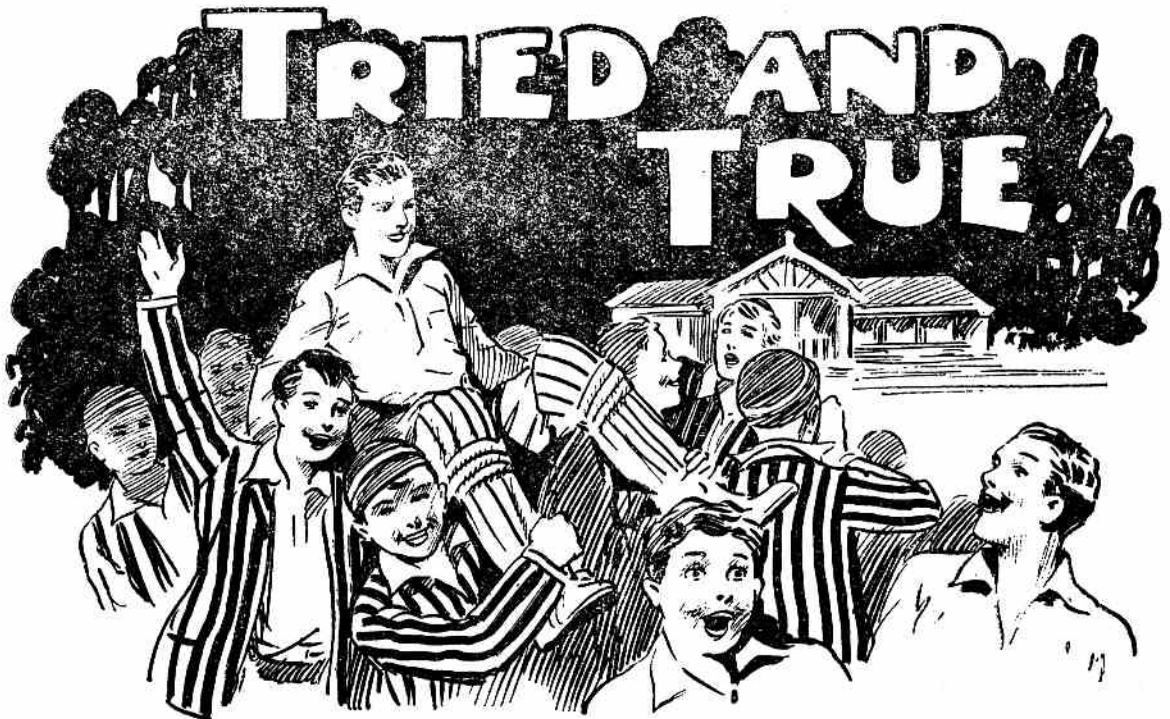
Birds, as we know, utilise all sorts of extraordinary and outlandish places for nests. In choosing the side of a railway truck, however, the bird now in question certainly showed signs of originality, not to say thoughtlessness, for when one considers how a truck gets crashed and jolted about, one feels sympathetic towards the eggs! This photograph was taken at Builth Wells (Mid-Wales) G.W.R. Goods Yard.



TOSSED IN A BLANKET!

When the weather clerk is in benevolent mood out come tents and eager youths ready to make the best of things. Our photo shows a number of City workers mixing with a number of Boy Scouts and joining in their fun at Longford, Middlesex. The fellow taking the "aerial" journey is doubtless so surprised at seeing the sun that he's rubbing his eyes in order to satisfy himself that they haven't deceived him.

DA COSTA'S FOY! Not for all the wealth in India will Da Costa, the eye-time fool of Captain Marker, make a further attempt to bring about the ruin and disgrace of Harry Wharton. No one is more surprised at this sudden change than Captain Marker: no one is more pleased than Harry Wharton, whose manliness and honesty have brought about this change in the fellow who once was his sworn enemy!



A dramatic new long complete story, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, and Da Costa, the boy from the East. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Declined with Thanks!

WHY not the Fifth?" Harry Wharton asked that question in Study No. 1 in the Remove at Greyfriars. "The Fifth?" repeated Bob Cherry. "The Fifth!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "The Fifth!" said Johnny Bull. "My esteemed chum—" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

The captain of the Remove had succeeded in astonishing his comrades.

The Famous Five were at tea in Study No. 1. They had been talking cricket, now the chief topic in Remove studies. So far, the season had been a very successful one for the heroes of the Greyfriars Remove. They had beaten the Fourth and Shell in Form matches. They had beaten Highcliffe and Rookwood. They had no doubt that they were going to beat St. Jim's, when that fixture came along. They had been winning matches all along the line, and now, like Alexander of old, they sighed for fresh worlds to conquer.

Still, there was astonishment in Study No. 1 when the captain of the Remove proposed playing the Greyfriars Fifth. The Fifth were a senior team—they were the Upper School—they included members of the First Eleven—they were great men at cricket: great men in every way, according to their own estimation, at least.

"My dear chap—" murmured Bob. "Why not the Fifth?" repeated Wharton firmly. "I don't say that, as a rule, a junior team would have much chance against a senior team. But we're in great form now—"

"Hear, hear!" "We're at the top of our form and we've got a man—Da Costa—who is a giddy miracle at the game. He takes

wickets as easily as Billy Bunter takes tuck—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "He knocks up runs like Wingate of the Sixth. We're all good men at the game—"

"Passed unanimously!" "But that chap Da Costa is a real corker. He would be a surprise-packet for the Fifth. He was lagging at bowling for some of the Sixth to-day, and he made them open their eyes. Believe me, we've got a good chance of beating the Fifth."

"Hem!" "Well, why not?" demanded the captain of the Remove.

"They wouldn't play a junior team," said Johnny Bull. "They think a lot too much of themselves."

"The playfulness would not be terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The esteemed and absurd Fifth would decline thanklessly."

"I don't see why they should," argued Wharton. "We can fix up a date with them. It would be no end of a giddy triumph for the Remove to beat an Upper School team."

"Terrific!" grinned Bob Cherry. "But I fancy the Fifth wouldn't run the risk of having their colours lowered like that."

"If they refuse—"

"No 'if' about it! They would!"

"Well, if they refuse, we'll chip them into it," said the captain of the Remove. "We'll let all Greyfriars know that they're afraid of a licking. That ought to bring them up to the scratch."

"Hem!" "But I don't see why they should refuse," argued Wharton. "We're not a lot of duds like Temple & Co., of the Fourth. They'd know we should give them a good game, at least. Blundell is a sportsman, and I don't see why he shouldn't take it on."

The Co. eyed the captain of the Remove dubiously.

The idea of a match with the Fifth Form team appealed to them. They were quite willing to admit that they had a sporting chance, at least, of pulling it off. But—

It was quite true that the Remove eleven was in great form and had been winning great victories. It was true that Arthur Da Costa, the new fellow in the Remove, was a wonderful man at the game. But—

Undoubtedly, there were "buts" in the case.

"Look here, let's send them the challenge and see what they say," said Harry Wharton. "If they refuse, we're no worse off."

"That's so," admitted Bob. "But—" "Oh, let's," said Johnny Bull. "It won't do any harm. But you can bet that the Fifth think too much of themselves to play us."

"True, O king, they do think rather too much of themselves," remarked Nugent. "A licking from the Remove would deflate them a bit!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Try it on, anyhow," agreed Bob Cherry. "You write the letter, as secretary, Frankie."

"Right-ho!"

A corner of the study table was cleared and Frank Nugent took pen and ink and paper to write the letter. The Co. gathered round him, with eager looks. After all, why shouldn't the Remove play the Fifth? Blundell & Co. of the Fifth thought a great deal of themselves—but then, so did the Remove. In the Greyfriars Remove they played cricket with the accent on the "play." They had beaten the Shell, and the Shell called themselves Middle School—almost seniors, in fact. The Fifth came next, and there was no good reason, apart from Upper School swank, why the

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Remove shouldn't play the Fifth, and beat them, too!

"How's that?" asked Nugent. "All right?"

The Co. read the letter and pronounced it all right. It ran:

"The Remove C.C. will be glad to arrange a date for a match with the Fifth Form. An early reply will oblige."

"That's all right," said Harry Wharton. "A fellow can take that along to their secretary, Price."

"I say, you fellows—"

The door of Study No. 1 opened, and a fat face and a large pair of spectacles looked in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Just the man we want, Bunter."

"I say, you fellows, you never mentioned that you had a feed on, or I'd have come before," said Billy Bunter. "I mean, I dropped in to ask you chaps to a spread in my study, but as you're so pressing, I'll join you here. I say—"

"Take this letter to Price of the Fifth, Bunter."

"Eh?"

"You'll find him in the games study, most likely. Wait for an answer."

Billy Bunter blinked at the Famous Five. William George Bunter had come to Study No. 1 like a lion, seeking what he might devour, not looking for a job as a messenger.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off with it!"

"Oh, really, you fellows! You seem to have finished tea," said Bunter. "If you're not going to finish that cake—"

"But we are!" grinned Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Take the letter, Bunter, and bring back an answer and then you can pile into the cake," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Oh, all right!"

Billy Bunter took the letter and rolled out of Study No. 1. A minute later his fat face glimmered in at the door again.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You're not back already?" exclaimed Bob.

"Nunno! But—"

"But what, fathead?"

"That cake, you know! Don't you fellows forget to leave it for me," said Bunter anxiously. "Don't you get scoffing it while I'm gone—"

Bob Cherry picked up a loaf, and took aim.

"Buzz!" he roared.

And William George Bunter buzzed. Harry Wharton and Co. finished their tea while they were waiting for the Owl of the Remove to return. It was ten minutes or more, this time, before the fat face of William George Bunter loomed again into Study No. 1.

His big glasses turned instantly on the cake. It was still there, and Bunter gasped with relief.

"Well, got the answer?" asked Wharton.

Bunter started on the cake.

"Oh, yes!" Bunter's mouth was full as he spoke. In such matters as these, Bunter did not believe in losing time. "I say, you fellows, this is a good cake. Not like the cakes I get from Bunter Court, of course—but a jolly good cake for all that. Got another in the cupboard?"

"Did you see Price, fathead?"

"Eh? Oh, yes! He was in the Fifth Form games study," said Bunter. "A lot of the Fifth were there—Blundell and Bland and Hilton and Fitzgerald"

and a lot of them. They laughed like anything."

"Eh?"

"I don't know what was in your letter," said Bunter. "But it must have been something awfully funny. They simply howled over it when Price passed it round."

"Oh!" said Wharton.

"Um!" said Bob Cherry.

"Simply yelled," said Bunter. "Must have been something frightfully funny in it! What was the joke, you fellows?"

The Famous Five looked at one another. It was true that the Fifth were a senior Form, and great men of the Upper School. Still, they ought to have known that the Remove were cricketers to be taken seriously. Apparently, however, they were not taking the Remove seriously.

"Look here, did Price give you an answer, you fat frump?" asked the captain of the Remove gruffly. He was not entertained by a description of the un-called-for hilarity in the Fifth Form games study.

"Oh! Yes! Here it is!"

Bunter crammed his capacious mouth with cake, and fumbled in his pocket, and drew out a sealed envelope.

Nugent opened it, and stared at the contents.

"This is our own letter," he said. "They've sent our own letter back to us."

"Price wrote something on the back," said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, is there any more cake?"

Nugent turned the letter over. On the back of it was a pencilled reply:

"Many thanks. But the Fifth don't play marbles,—Yours truly,
"S. PRICE."

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another again. Wharton frowned—and Bob Cherry grinned faintly.

"I say, you fellows, what's it all about?" asked Bunter. "The Fifth were simply killing themselves laughing—you might tell a fellow the joke."

But the chums of the Remove did not tell Bunter the joke. It was not a joke that they desired to impart to the rest of the Remove. They left the study—leaving William George Bunter to finish the cake to the last crumb. When they went out into the quad, they passed the window of the Fifth Form games study, and heard a roar of laughter from that apartment. Apparently the Fifth were still enjoying the joke.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wanted on the Phone!

B UZZZZZ!

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, frowned.

The buzz of the telephone bell was not music to his ears.

A Form master who had got through a day with a junior Form, and after that had corrected a number of exercises, and after that had prepared a number of papers for the morrow; and after that had settled down in an easy-chair, with slipped feet resting on a hassock, to enjoy half an hour of undisturbed bliss with Sophocles, did not want to be disturbed.

Many of the wonderful inventions of modern times are in the nature of mixed blessings. Mr. Quelch sometimes found the telephone a very mixed one. At the present moment he found it very mixed indeed. He gazed at the buzzing instrument with a fixed gaze. Instead of reflecting how wonderful an

instrument it was, and how marvellously it put him in touch with people at a distance, he really looked as if he would have liked to hurl Sophocles at it.

Buzzzz!

The telephone, quite unconscious of its narrow escape from a collision with a great Greek poet, buzzed merrily.

Mr. Quelch laid Sophocles down, removed his slipped feet from the hassock, suppressed his feelings, and rose. He grabbed the receiver from the hooks and hissed into the transmitter:

"Well?"

"Courtfield 101?" inquired a sweet voice.

Mr. Quelch paused a moment before he replied. In their pursuit of efficiency, the authorities had changed his number once or twice. But Mr. Quelch had a good memory; and remembering that his latest number was 101, he replied:

"Yes!"

"Hold on, please."

"What?"

"Trunk call."

"Oh!"

In exactly half an hour from the moment when he had sat down with Sophocles, Mr. Quelch was due in the Head's study. He reflected bitterly that at such a time it was not likely to be a local call that could be disposed of immediately; it was bound to be a trunk call. Suppressing his feelings once more, Mr. Quelch waited.

"You're through!" he heard a voice say.

Then a man's voice was audible over the wires; a hard, rasping voice that Mr. Quelch had heard before somewhere.

"Mr. Quelch?"

"Speaking!" snarled Mr. Quelch.

"Very good! No doubt you remember me, Mr. Gedge—"

"I do not."

"Captain Marker's legal representative in London, sir! I came to Greyfriars a few weeks ago to bring a lad named Da Costa—a boy in your Form, sir—"

Mr. Quelch recalled that rasping voice now.

"I remember!" he snapped. "I recall your name now, Mr. Gedge! May I inquire why you have rung me up?"

"To request permission to speak to Arthur da Costa."

"Indeed!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"I should not trouble you, sir, but the matter is important," said Captain Marker's legal representative in London. "I desire very particularly to speak to Arthur da Costa."

"Most irregular," said Mr. Quelch. "You are no doubt aware, sir, that boys in the Lower Fourth Form at school are not permitted to receive telephone calls."

"Quite, sir! But the circumstances are exceptional," said the rasping voice. "I may mention that Captain Marker has now returned to England on leave, and—"

"I am unacquainted with Captain Marker, Mr. Gedge."

"He is the gentleman who sent Arthur da Costa to school in England, Mr. Quelch, from Lucknow."

"Oh! Yes, I remember! How—"

"It is very important for me to speak to Da Costa. With your kind permission, I should like him to take the call."

If Form masters of mature years and exemplary manners could be supposed to snort, the sound that Mr. Quelch uttered just then would certainly have been taken by any hearer for a snort.



"Who bagged a pair of spectacles in the Redclyffe match last week?" said Wharton, tartly. Blundell did not reply, but made a sudden grab at the junior captain's ear. "You cheeky little rascal!" he cried. "Yaroooh!" roared Wharton. (See Chapter 3.)

"Oh! Very well!" he answered. "This is most irregular—very unusual—I may say unprecedented—however, I will send for the boy."

"Thank you, Mr. Quelch."

Mr. Quelch did not wait for Mr. Gedge's thanks. He laid down the receiver and approached the bell, with the intention of ringing for Trotter and sending Trotter in quest of Da Costa of the Remove. But Trotter was not always so swift as he should have been in answering a bell, as Mr. Quelch knew from experience. Instead of ringing, therefore, Mr. Quelch opened his study door and looked out into the corridor, hoping to see some individual whom he could send for the Eurasian junior. Any fag would have answered the purpose; and when fags were not wanted, Greyfriars seemed peopled with them. When they were wanted, of course, they were never to be seen. That was in the nature of things.

The only person in sight was George Blundell, of the Fifth Form, the captain of that Form, and a member of the Eleven, and a tremendous "Blood," greater than some of the Sixth. Blundell was speaking from a window to some fellow in the quad, and had his back to Mr. Quelch. Sending a Fifth Form man with a message was impossible; but he could be requested to take a message. Time was precious, if Mr. Quelch was to enjoy the delights—if any—of Sophocles before he had to repair to the Headmaster's study. Mr. Quelch, therefore, addressed Blundell's back. "Blundell!"

The captain of the Fifth glanced round.

"Yes, sir," he said, with the proper

degree of respect due to a Form master, after making ample allowance for his own importance as a Fifth Form man and a Blood.

"I should like you to oblige me, Blundell."

"Certainly, sir," said the Fifth Form man.

"Will you kindly step to the Remove passage—"

"Eh?"

"To No. 1 Study. You will find the juniors at preparation, and request Da Costa, of my Form, to come here immediately."

Blundell looked at Mr. Quelch.

He could not help wondering where a Form master found the neck to ask a Fifth Form man and a Blood to carry a message to a fag in the Lower Fourth. But his manners were equal to the occasion. Later on Blundell confided to other men in the games study his opinion that Quelch was getting cheeky. But just at present he said, with stately politeness:

"Certainly, sir."

"Thank you, Blundell."

"Not at all, sir," said Blundell, with the same Jove-like dignity.

Mr. Quelch retreated into his study. Blundell glanced down at the man in the quad to whom he had been speaking when interrupted.

"I'll come out in a few minutes. I've got an important job on now."

"Eh, what's that?" asked Potter of the Fifth.

"Taking a message to the Remove," said Blundell, with a sarcasm which would doubtless have withered Mr. Quelch had that gentleman been still within hearing.

"Oh, great gad!" said Potter.

Blundell of the Fifth walked away.

He did not hurry himself. With slow and calm dignity he made his way to the Remove passage and the door of Study No. 1.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Blundell Asks For It!

REPARATION, according to Mr. Quelch, was going on in the Remove studies. Undoubtedly, it should have been going on there. But things were not always as they should have been. In Study No. 1 Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent and Arthur da Costa had not even sorted out their books. They were talking cricket. They were discussing that challenge to the Fifth Form, and the derisive reply received from the Fifth. That challenge seemed to the Remove fellows a right and proper thing, considering what a remarkable junior team they were.

The reply of the Fifth seemed to them sheer cheek and swank, and the reference to marbles rankled deeply.

The Fifth could not, of course, have supposed for a moment that the Remove were challenging them to a game of marbles. That was sheer humbug and swank—no doubt the sort of thing that was considered funny in the Fifth Form games study. All the Famous Five agreed that the Fifth had to be taken down a peg, somehow or anyhow; and Arthur da Costa was in full agreement.

Any fellow looking into Study No. 1 just then would never have dreamed that Arthur da Costa had been Harry Wharton's enemy—and a ruthless and

unscrupulous and dangerous enemy. There was no sign of it now. Da Costa's handsome olive face was bright and cheery, and he seemed on the best of terms with his study-mates. Since the day of the Rookwood match, when the boy from the East had finally made up his mind to break with the plotters who had sent him to Greyfriars, he had been a changed fellow. Captain Marker, in picking out the Eurasian to carry out his peculiar purpose at Greyfriars, had certainly not foreseen the possible influence of Greyfriars on his emissary.

Instead of the schemer leading Harry Wharton into wrongdoing, or fastening upon him accusations of wrongdoing of which he was guiltless, the frank and wholesome atmosphere of Study No. 1 in the Remove had worked a total change in the schemer himself.

That his repentance was sincere, the chums of the Remove believed; even Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who trusted the wily Eurasian least, was convinced of it.

Even when Da Costa had been at his worst, Wharton had admired him as a cricketer, and forgotten his many offences, when the Eurasian was playing the game on the cricket field. Now that he had thrown over his tortuous treachery, Wharton was more than willing to make allowances for the boy of mixed blood, who had been brought up in surroundings very different from those which he knew at present. If any fellow, in spite of such a handicap, wanted to play the game, Harry Wharton was the fellow to help him. It was agreed among the Famous Five that Da Costa's offences should be forgotten, unless he showed the cloven foot again. And of that there was no sign.

The fellow who had come to Greyfriars as a plotting enemy of the Remove captain, was now on friendly terms with him. In cricket they had a common interest and a common bond; and in that direction, at least, Arthur da Costa had always been a sportsman. He was trying his hardest, at least, to be a sportsman in other matters. And he was succeeding—which was a very unexpected outcome to Captain Marker's plot. Arthur da Costa looked nothing but a cheery, happy schoolboy now, as he sat on the corner of the table in Study No. 1, talking cricket with the two chums.

"We'll jolly well make them play a match!" the captain of the Remove was saying. "We'll make 'em somehow."

"Somehow," agreed Nugent.

"We can beat them," said Harry confidently. "They've got some jolly good men in the Fifth Form eleven, of course—men who play for Wingate in the First. But some of them are rather so-so. Price isn't much good, and Hilton is rather a flashy, fluffy sort of player. Greene's a bit of a dud, and Potter isn't up to much. If they'd play Coker, we'd undertake to win hands down."

"Ha, ha! They won't take the risk."

"We'll beat whatever team they put into the field. We'll make the Fifth sing small!" said Wharton determinedly. "You can take Fifth Form wickets, Da Costa."

"Yes." The Eurasian smiled. "I think so!"

"So can Inky," said Harry. "We've got two bowlers who will make 'em sit THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,065.

up and take notice. You can stand up to Fifth Form bowling, Da Costa! Look how you stood up to jolly good bowling at Rookwood."

"Yes."

"Only we've got to make them play!" grinned Nugent.

The door of Study No. 1 opened, and Blundell of the Fifth gave a careless glance into the study. The three juniors looked at him.

"Don't they tap at doors in your slum at home, Blundell?" inquired Frank Nugent politely.

Blundell ignored that remark.

"Da Costa is wanted," he said. "Is he here?"

Arthur da Costa was only six feet from Blundell; so it was really rather superfluous to ask if he was there. But the captain of the Fifth loftily affected not to know these fags by sight. Lower Fourth fags were like unto the flies that buzzed against the window-panes in summer; noisy little beasts that one disregarded.

"Yes, I am here," said the Eurasian.

"You're wanted in your Form

"Bless your little heart! I never knew what you called it! We live and learn."

"Well, you've got something to learn," said Wharton tartly. "Who bagged a pair of spectacles in the Redclyffe match last week?"

Blundell ceased to laugh. As a matter of fact, Blundell was a great man at games, and he had had cruel luck in that match. But he had heard a lot in the Fifth about that pair of spectacles. And still more from the Sixth. He did not want to hear anything about it from the Remove. He was reduced to gravity at once.

"Look here, you cheeky little beast!" said Blundell.

"We've got a man here who will give you another pair to match, if you have the nerve to meet us on Little Side," said Wharton. "What's your objection? You like going around collecting duck's eggs, according to what I hear. Why not collect some on Little Side? I don't see why they should have all the fun of watching you do it at Redclyffe."

Blundell did not reply to that in words. Blundell was a good-tempered fellow, but there were limits. At this point in the discussion the captain of the Fifth felt that actions were needed rather than words. He made a sudden grab at Wharton's ear.

"Oh!" roared Wharton.

"There, you cheeky little rascal!"

"Yaroooh! Collar him!"

It had not crossed Blundell's mind for a moment that so great a man as he might be ragged by fags. Coker of the Fifth was sometimes ragged by juniors; but Coker was Coker, and Blundell was Blundell. To the great surprise of the captain of the Fifth, he was jumped upon just as if he had been a mere Coker.

Harry Wharton grasped him, Frank Nugent grasped him, and Arthur da Costa grasped him. With astonishment and a heavy bump, Blundell landed on the floor of No. 1 Study.

"Whoop!"

The next moment No. 1 Study resembled pandemonium.

A powerful Fifth Form man was struggling wildly with three Removites; but, powerful as he was, Blundell was not more than a match for the three. He rolled over in desperate combat, and the study table went crashing, and the study chairs crashed, and there were other crashes. Three breathless juniors rolled over with Blundell, and they rolled him out into the Remove passage.

By that time the uproar had brought a dozen Removites out of their studies.

"Fifth Form cads!" yelled Squiff.

And there was a rush.

How Blundell of the Fifth got down the Remove staircase to the next landing he hardly knew. But he got there in a breathless, gasping, and dismantled state. He sat on that landing, and blinked back at the mob of Removites, and spluttered wildly.

"Come back and have some more!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, I've got an inkpot! Give a fellow room to chuck it at Blundell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Blundell, apparently, did not want the inkpot. He disappeared down the lower stairs; not, of course, fleeing from the fags, but retiring rather rapidly from a disorderly scene that was unworthy of the dignity of a Fifth Form man and a Blood. A yell of defiance and derision followed him from the Remove landing.

"That's that!" chuckled Peter Todd. "But what was the row about?" asked

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master's study," said Blundell; and he turned to the door again.

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton. "You haven't come here to tell us that you're fixing up that match, Blundell?"

Blundell gazed at him.

"What match?" he asked.

"We've challenged you to a cricket match—"

"Oh! Wasn't it marbles?" asked Blundell. "We sent a reply, you know. I really thought marbles was your game."

"Are you playing us?" demanded the captain of the Remove warmly.

"When we take to marbles—yes! Or hopscotch!" added Blundell thoughtfully. "Not before then."

"You don't mind the school knowing that you're afraid of getting licked at cricket?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blundell.

"Look here, Blundell, don't be a swanking ass! We'll give you a good game!"

"At marbles?"

"No!" yelled Wharton. "Cricket!"

"Dear little man!" said Blundell.

"Do you really think you play cricket in the Remove?"

"You jolly well know we do!" roared Wharton.

"You call your weird performance on Little Side cricket?" asked Blundell.

Bob Cherry. "Coker of the Fifth sometimes comes up here and asks for trouble; but it's rather new for Blundell. What did he want?"

"Oh," ejaculated Da Costa, "I forgot! He came to tell me that Mr. Quelch wanted me in his study. I had better go."

"My hat! You'd better!" grinned Bob. "Quelch doesn't like to be kept waiting."

"The betterfulness will be terrific," chuckled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

And Arthur da Costa hurried down the stairs to the Remove master's study.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Gedge Will Not Take No for an Answer!

SOPHOCLES was taking an enforced rest.

Mr. Quelch was not so restful as that eminent Greek of ancient times. He was prowling round his study.

Twice again he had been rung. Mr. Gedge, at the other end of the wire, was naturally impatient. Probably he did not like sitting waiting at the telephone. Still more probably he did not like paying for an extra three minutes, and another extra three minutes, and still another extra three minutes. Trunk calls came expensive when a legal gentleman had to sit waiting till some Remove fellows had finished ragging a Fifth Form man at Greyfriars.

Sitting down with Sophocles was simply impossible in the circumstances. Mr. Quelch, growing more and more irritated, was about to start for the Remove passage himself, when Arthur da Costa, fortunately, came hurrying breathlessly to his study.

The Remove master gave him a look that was very nearly a glare.

"You sent for me, sir!" said the Eurasian.

"I did!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "You have kept me waiting! You have wasted my time! You have kept Captain Marker's legal representative waiting! You will take a hundred lines!"

"Yess, sir! But—"

"That is enough! Mr. Gedge desires to speak to you on the telephone. It is most irregular! It is most unusual!" Mr. Quelch looked as if he would have liked to give Mr. Gedge a hundred lines, too. "But you may take the call, Da Costa! Be brief!"

"Yess, sir!"

Da Costa went to the telephone.

Mr. Quelch looked at Sophocles, looked at his watch, and whisked out of the study. He was very cross indeed. It really was too bad that a hard-worked Form master could not be allowed to enjoy half an hour's mild and pleasant relaxation in the company of an ancient Greek, whose mysterious obscurities it was so delightful to elucidate. Mr. Quelch liked Sophocles just as some fags liked jig-saw puzzles, though, of course, he would never have dreamed of placing that eminent poet on the same footing as a jig-saw puzzle.

"Mr. Gedge, are you there?" asked the Eurasian quietly.

"Oh, you are there!" rasped Mr. Gedge. "I have been waiting—waiting a very long time, Arthur!"

"That is a matter of no moment to me, Mr. Gedge."

"What? What?"

"You are not deaf, I suppose?" asked the Eurasian. "I say that it is a matter of no moment to me."

"You impertinent young rascal!"

"I did not ask you to telephone. I

did not want you to telephone. I want you to keep your distance, and leave me alone, Mr. Gedge."

"Are you out of your senses, Arthur?"

"No. But, no doubt, it must seem to you that any honourable and decent fellow must be out of his senses," said Da Costa.

"You know why you were sent to Greyfriars," hissed Mr. Gedge. "I have received your insolent letter. I have written twice to you without getting an answer. What do you mean by this?"

"I mean exactly what I said in my letter. I am done with you! I am done with Captain Marker! You may go and eat coke, Mr. Gedge!"

"What—what?"

"Coke!"

"You—you—you—" spluttered Mr. Gedge.

"Will you have another three minutes?" a gentle, feminine voice inquired somewhere.

"What? Yes—yes!" snarled Mr. Gedge. "Arthur, are you there—Arthur? You are causing me unnecessary expense! You are a young rascal!"

"You are an old rascal, Mr. Gedge!"

A splutter was audible on the wires.

"Have you finished?" asked Da Costa.

"No; certainly not! Why did you not answer my letters?"

"Because I am fed-up with you."

"How dare you! I shall come to see you, Arthur. I shall come down to Kent to-morrow."

"You may save your trouble. I shall not come out of the school to meet you," answered Da Costa.

"In that case, I shall come to the school."

"I shall refuse to see you if you do, and tell my Form master the reason."

There was a gasp.

"You dare not!"

"You will see whether I dare not!" answered Da Costa. "I am done with you, Mr. Gedge, and done with your employer. You sent me here to act like a scoundrel. I have learned here not to be a scoundrel. That is all."

"Take care—take care, you young fool! You should know that other ears may hear what is said on the telephone."

"I care nothing!"

"Arthur, I must see you! I shall come down to-morrow, and wait at the usual place on the towpath. You hear me?"

"I hear you."

"Captain Marker is now in England. He has been greatly disturbed by your letter. He foresaw nothing of this."

"No doubt."

"The term approaches its end, Da

Costa. You do not desire to leave Greyfriars, and give up all your prospects?"

"No. But I have no choice."

"You will think over this, Arthur. You will come back to a sense of your duty to your benefactor."

"Oh, cut it out!"

snapped Da Costa.

"Captain Marker found me at that wretched school at Lucknow, a despised outcast, an envious pariah. He picked me out because of

that. He made me promises that dazzled me. Even then I hesitated. Now I do not hesitate. I will have nothing to do with him." Da Costa's voice was low and bitter. "Tell him so! I have learned here to play the game. I have made a friend of the boy you sent me here to injure. Nothing would induce me to harm him now."

"Take care—take care!"

"It is for you to take care, Mr. Gedge! You may ring off when you please."

"I shall see you to-morrow, Arthur. You will meet me at three o'clock in the usual place. Even if you are resolved upon this folly, you owe me an explanation. You must at least see me and explain yourself."

"If I meet you to-morrow, Mr. Gedge, you will regret it."

"Nonsense! I may take it that you will see me at three o'clock in the usual place?"

"Yess—if you are determined to see me; but I warn you that you had better not."

"Nonsense. That is settled, then."

And the legal gentleman in Chancery Lane rang off.

Da Costa put up the receiver and left the study. There was a dark and harassed expression on his olive face as he went back to the Remove passage. He had broken with the schemers who had sent him to Greyfriars to carry out a dastardly plot; but it was evident that they did not intend to let him go easily. Possibly the Eurasian doubted the strength of his resolve, if he listened again to the arguments and promises of the "legal johnny." It was no light sacrifice he was making in giving up all that had been promised him as the reward of treachery.

Wharton and Nugent were at prep when he came back to the study.

"A row with Quelch?" asked Nugent, noting the Eurasian's dark looks as he came in.

Da Costa shook his head.

"Anything up?" asked Wharton.

"Yess. It was a telephone call from Mr. Gedge."

"Oh!"

"I am to meet him to-morrow."

Wharton and Nugent looked at the olive-skinned junior in silence. His dark eyes met theirs.

"Wharton, you know why I was sent here," he said in a low voice. "You believe that I play the game, as you call it, now?"

"Yes," said Harry slowly.

"They want to drive me back into what I have forsaken," muttered the Eurasian. "I am to hear threats and promises. Will you stand by me in this,

(Continued on next page.)



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and help me to keep to what I have resolved to do?"

"Yes, rather!" said Harry. "You bet!"

"Then when I meet Mr. Gedge to-morrow afternoon, will you and your friends be there?"

"To see Gedge?"

"Yes, and to make him sorry that he came—to make him understand that he must not come again, and must let me alone."

Wharton's eyes glistened. The mere thought of the boy from the East being driven back into the mire of treachery and deceit from which he had dragged himself roused his deepest anger. Little as he understood the strange, tortuous nature of the half-caste, Wharton realised very clearly that Arthur da Costa must have had a hard struggle with himself to do as he was doing now. He had been capable of actions that Wharton regarded with loathing; but he was fighting hard now to play the game, and Harry Wharton was the fellow to help him.

"Rely on us," said Harry. "We'll back you up all along the line, Da Costa. You can depend on that."

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent emphatically.

There was likely to be a surprise in store for Mr. Gedge the following afternoon.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Quite a Party!

MR. GEDGE stopped on the tow-path by the shining Sark and stared along the bank of the rippling stream. Mr. Gedge's hard face was extremely irritable in expression. It always was irritable when he had to leave his dusky den in the city and make a troublesome journey among green meadows and rippling streams and sunny downs. Now it was more irritable than ever.

Mr. Gedge was in a worried and anxious mood. His coming interview with the boy from the East worried him deeply. In the course of a long life of chicanery, Mr. Gedge had not formed a high opinion of human nature. That any man in the wide world really was frank and honourable and above-board Mr. Gedge rather doubted. Qualities like that Mr. Gedge ascribed rather to weakness of mind than to goodness of heart. That anyone should turn from evil to good surprised him very much indeed, and, in fact, confounded him. It threw all his judgments and theories and beliefs out of gear.

That the wily Eurasian might have led Wharton of the Remove into evil seemed probable enough to Mr. Gedge. That Wharton's influence might lead Arthur da Costa from evil to good seemed to Mr. Gedge highly improbable—indeed, to verge upon the impossible. In the face of such a phenomenon all his experience failed him. He simply did not know what to make of it; and he could only explain it to himself on the ground that it was some trick—that the Eurasian was trying to put up his price, or something of the sort.

Mr. Gedge was therefore in a very irritable and angry and suspicious temper. A greedy, envious fellow, to whom dissimulation was second nature, had been given a prospect of advancement in life, dazzling to a fellow in his position. It was impossible that he had changed so much—that he was willing to throw up all this for the sake of scruples. It was wildly impossible, unless Mr. Gedge's opinion of human

nature was a mistaken one. It could not be that; it could only mean that the young rascal, knowing so much of the plot, was going to demand a richer reward. If that was not the explanation, Mr. Gedge was quite at a loss.

He saw the Eurasian coming along the towpath, and his eyes glistened at him. He stepped into the wood, to meet Da Costa out of sight of passers-by, as was his custom. In a few minutes the Eurasian joined him under the trees.

"You have come," said Mr. Gedge.

"Yess. But we cannot speak here. Follow me."

"But—" muttered Mr. Gedge irritably.

He did not like taking directions from this boy. Unheeding him, Da Costa moved away among the trees. The legal gentleman followed him, breathing hard. Da Costa stopped in a deep glade, screened on all sides by trees and undergrowths.

"This is the place," he said, facing Mr. Gedge.

"I am glad to see you so cautious, Arthur," said Mr. Gedge, pushing back his silk hat, and wiping his perspiring forehead.

"You were determined to see me," said Da Costa. "I warned you not to come. What have you to say?"

"Let us be frank," said Mr. Gedge. "You have surprised me very much, Arthur, I cannot believe that you are serious. What is your object?"

"I have told you, Mr. Gedge." "You do not seriously intend to break with Captain Marker, and give up the reward of your services to him?"

"Yess." "I repeat, let us be frank," said Mr. Gedge, in his most rasping tones. "You think that you are in a position to make terms, Arthur. A great deal depends on you; and you have been reflecting on this, and you imagine that you can dictate terms. Is that it?"

"No." "I am a reasonable man, and Captain Marker is a reasonable man," said Mr. Gedge. "If you are not satisfied, no doubt an arrangement can be made. You have failed, so far, to effect the purpose for which you were sent to Greyfriars School. All your attempts have been failures. You have not proved of so much use as Captain Marker expected, when he selected you for this business. I have told you we expect results; and that you will be taken away from Greyfriars if you continue unsuccessful. Is that why you have taken up this attitude?"

"No." "You will be given every chance," said Mr. Gedge. "No doubt Captain Marker will agree to pay your fees for another term. Will that satisfy you?"

"No." "Then what do you want? If it is a question of a sum of money in hand, it may possibly be arranged."

Da Costa's lip curled.

"You do not understand, Mr. Gedge," he said.

"Certainly I do not," rasped Mr. Gedge. "Explain yourself."

"I was sent to Greyfriars," said the half-caste, in a low, clear voice, "to work against the boy Wharton—to secure his disgrace by any means, fair or foul; to lead him into wrongdoing if I could, to fasten upon him false charges if I could not. That is correct?"

"Quite; but we need not go into that," said Mr. Gedge. "That has been gone into often enough."

"Captain Marker's motive I do not know, except that there is a large sum

of money somehow at stake," said Da Costa. "You have not trusted me more than you could help, Mr. Gedge."

"That does not concern you, Arthur! I repeat, tell me what you want, and I will consider whether you can be satisfied."

"I will tell you! I want to be clear of you and Captain Marker! I want to be left alone! I want to be decent like my friends at Greyfriars. I know that I must leave the school at the end of the term—even if Captain Marker would pay my fees there, I would accept nothing further from his hands, or from your hands, Mr. Gedge. I am sick of deceit. I am sick of treachery. When I look back to what I have done at Greyfriars, I loathe myself. It will cost me all my prospects, if I play the game now. But I will play it, to the end, even if it costs my life. Is that clear enough?"

Mr. Gedge stared at him blankly. There was no doubting the earnestness of the boy from the East.

"You are out of your senses, Arthur," said Mr. Gedge at last.

"I have come to them," said Da Costa. "You will change your mind—you will forget this folly," rasped the lawyer. "I heard all this from you once before, and you changed again."

The Eurasian smiled bitterly. "That is true! But I have guarded against myself, as well as against you, Mr. Gedge. I have placed it out of my power to change, if I should be weak under temptation. All that I know of Captain Marker's plot I have told Wharton, to place him on his guard. That is not all. Hitherto, you have kept this matter a secret—you have taken care that no witness should ever be able to say that Mr. Gedge, solicitor, is engaged in a dastardly plot. But now there are witnesses."

Mr. Gedge started violently. "What? What?" he breathed. "Witnesses." "Show yourselves, you fellows!" called out Da Costa.

There was a rustling in the undergrowth. From different points in the thick greenery enclosing the little shady glade, five Greyfriars juniors stepped into view.

Mr. Gedge stared at them, astonished, startled, almost terrified. It was quite a party!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Gedge Has Enough!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" greeted Bob Cherry. "Nice afternoon in these woods, Mr. Gedge!" said Johnny Bull.

"The niceness is terrific, my esteemed and preposterous Gedge."

The gentleman from Chancery Lane stared at them. His hard, thin face was almost purple with rage, his little beady eyes glittered like pin-points. His glance turned from face to face, and finally rested upon Arthur da Costa's. The Eurasian watched him coolly.

"I warned you not to come here, Mr. Gedge," he said. "I told you it would be better not to come. You would not leave me alone. Now you will take the consequences, Mr. Gedge."

"You young rascal!" hissed Mr. Gedge.

Da Costa laughed. "You call me a rascal because I have given up rascality! But think as you please—I am done with you! You are going to have a lesson, Mr. Gedge, which will prevent you from forcing



"You have taken care, Mr. Gedge," said Da Costa, "that no witness should ever be able to say that you are engaged in a dastardly plot. But now there are witnesses. Show yourselves, you fellows!" There was a rustling in the undergrowths, and Harry Wharton & Co. stepped into view. (See Chapter 5.)

yourself upon me again. You will learn to leave me alone.

"Yes, rather," said Bob.

"The rathfulness is terrific."

Wharton fixed his eyes upon the lawyer's enraged face.

"You scoundrel!" he said. "If I'd had any doubts before, I know now what your rotten game is. What have I done to you, you villain, to make you want to blacken me and ruin me for life?"

Mr. Gedge panted.

"It—it is all a mistake—an error!" he stammered. "That boy, Da Costa, is an absolutely untruthful and unfaithful young rascal! Whatever he may have told you is false."

"Only it's proved by what you've just been saying to him," said Harry contemptuously. "Da Costa made us come to hear with our own ears and get absolute proof of the game you set him to play. You couldn't understand that he'd thought better of it, and chucked it up, you cur. You wanted to keep him to it against his will! You ought to be in prison."

"What about yanking him along to the police-station; and making a charge against him?" asked Johnny Bull.

Mr. Gedge turned almost green.

That his plotting rascality was now known to these schoolboys, he knew; but Mr. Gedge was too cautious a legal gentleman to allow any legal proof to be in existence.

Not a single letter that he had written Da Costa contained a single phrase that could harm him: he had taken care of that. Except once or twice, by chance, it could not be proved that he had even met Da Costa since the Eurasian had

been at Greyfriars. Even now, taken by surprise as he was, the Remove fellows could not have said that his own actual words had incriminated him. Even when there seemed little occasion for caution, Mr. Gedge was cautious by nature and habit. He did not fear a charge at the police-station: that was absurd in his eyes. But he did fear being handled by a crowd of reckless schoolboys: and he could see by the looks of the Famous Five that he was not going to escape from Friardale Wood unscathed.

On other occasions, and dealing with grown-ups, Mr. Gedge would not have objected to assault and battery. He would have made the assaulter pay very handsomely for his amusement. Indeed, on one occasion an exasperated person had horsewhipped Mr. Gedge—and it had turned out one of Mr. Gedge's most profitable transactions, in the way of damages.

But the present occasion was different. Although he knew that the schoolboys could prove nothing against him that was actionable, as he would have called it in his own language of deceit, he certainly did not want such affairs talked of in public; Captain Marker's plot was not one that could thrive on publicity. And an action for damages against a set of schoolboys was hardly practicable. Mr. Gedge did not think such an action would lie, as he would have put it. He was prepared to lie, himself, to any extent: but that was not the point. Mr. Gedge was only anxious, now, to get clear of the scene. But the juniors had drawn round him in a circle.

"If you dare to assault me—" began

Mr. Gedge. "If you dare to lay a finger on me, you young ruffians—"

"Chuck it!" said Bob Cherry. "We're going to lay more than a finger on you, you reptile."

"You worm!" said Johnny Bull.

"You terrific and preposterous scoundrel!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The ragfulness is the caper now."

"I don't know whether you could be charged with anything," said Harry Wharton. "I don't know whether the police are able to deal with your sort of roguery, Mr. Gedge. You're worse than a burglar or a thief, but I've no doubt you've kept yourself safe enough. I don't believe the law can touch you—but I know we can touch you, and we're going to. You're going to get fed-up with hanging about Greyfriars, Mr. Gedge. You're going to get sick of this part of the country."

Mr. Gedge made a movement.

"Let me pass, you impertinent young rascal!"

He strode past Wharton. The captain of the Remove gave him a shove, and he staggered back.

"Stay where you are!" said Harry.

The lawyer panted.

"I shall go to your school—I shall lay a complaint before your headmaster and—"

"Get on with it when we've done with you. We shall tell Dr. Locke why we handled you," said Harry. "You're going to have a lesson, you fox. Were you ever bumped when you were at school?"

"Eh—what?"

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"If not, it will be a new experience for you. Collar him!"

"Stand back!" yelled Mr. Gedge.

"Bow-wow!"

The wretched man struck out fiercely as the juniors collared him. But in a moment he was whirled over.

Bump!

In the grasp of six juniors, Mr. Gedge was bumped heavily in the grass. He gasped and spluttered wildly.

Bump!

"Ooooooogh!"

Bump!

"Yoogh! Help! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now bring him along to the river," said Harry. "He is going to have a ducking next."

"Hear, hear!"

"Help!" shrieked Mr. Gedge. From the bottom of his heart Mr. Gedge wished that he had never been the legal or illegal representative of Captain Marker. But he was for it now.

In a breathless bundle, Mr. Gedge went hustling through the thickets towards the river bank. Thorns and brambles scratched him as he went—his silk hat rolled away and was trampled on and left behind; his collar hung by a stud; his black coat split up the back. His elastic-sided shoes squeaked wildly. With a rush the juniors came out on the towpath, and Mr. Gedge, yelling with terror, was whirled to the margin of the stream.

"Right in?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Nunno! He's rather an ancient rotter for that; we don't want to give him pneumonia! Just his napper. Pick out a muddy spot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A spot that was thick with soft mud was soon found. There was a wild gurgle from Mr. Gedge as his head was plunged into it.

He drew it out again, an uncanny sight. His sharp nose and little beady eyes and hard mouth were thick with clinging mud. He gasped and gurgled and spluttered and stuttered.

"Grooogh! Ooooh! Ooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now hook it," said Harry Wharton coolly. "If we find you anywhere near Greyfriars again, Mr. Gedge, you'll get the same and a little more. You can tell your precious Captain Marker that he will have to deal with my uncle, Colonel Wharton. Now hook it! If you're not out of sight in one minute, you'll go into the mud again."

Mr. Gedge spluttered frantically. He did not answer; his mouth was full of mud. He swung away and started down the towpath towards the village. Hatless, muddy, dishevelled, his collar hanging loose, Mr. Gedge presented a remarkable sight as he fled. But he was not thinking of that. Generally, Mr. Gedge was a man very particular about appearances. But he could not afford to think of appearances now. All he wanted was to get out of the reach of Harry Wharton & Co.

Mr. Gedge was not an athlete. But he put on a very creditable speed now, and in less than the minute allowed, he vanished from sight.

"That's that!" said Bob Cherry.

Da Costa drew a deep breath.

"It is done," he said. "You fellows believe me now—you trust me now?"

"Yes, rather, old bean."

"The trustfulness is terrific."

"Even you?" asked Da Costa, with a curious look at the nabob of Bhanipur.

"Even I, my esteemed and ridiculous Da Costa," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

And Harry Wharton & Co. walked THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,065.

back to Greyfriars, hoping that they had done for good with Mr. Gedge.

As a matter of fact, there was little doubt on that subject. Mr. Gedge, like a mole, worked in the dark; and now that the affair was getting light upon it, it was very doubtful whether the Chancery Lane gentleman would continue to have a hand in it at all. Those who knew of his rascality could not prove at law what they knew; but publicity in such an extremely delicate matter was of no use to Mr. Gedge.

As a matter of fact, the lesson he had received on the bank of the Sark was enough for the lawyer. Keen as he was upon legal proceedings and damages, he did not contemplate taking action against the parents of the schoolboys who had ragged him. He did not think of anything but the harm such a story might do him professionally if it was talked abroad. The matter was no longer a secret. Mr. Gedge was too cautious to have anything further to do with it. In his dusky den in Chancery Lane, Mr. Gedge returned to his happy occupation of spinning meshes for the unwary feet of his fellow-men; and Captain Marker had lost his legal representative.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Beastly for Blundell!

GEORGE BLUNDELL, of the Greyfriars Fifth, frowned.

It was enough to make any fellow frown; that is, any fellow who was a Fifth Form man, a Blood, and a fellow of tremendous importance.

Blundell had strolled into the games study—the room which was sacred to the Fifth Form, from which juniors were scornfully excluded, and to which Sixth Form men only came on invitation.

There happened to be nobody in the games study just then. But evidently someone had been there lately. For a large paper was tacked to the wall facing the door; and on it was daubed in large letters with a brush dipped in red ink:

"WHO'S AFRAID OF GETTING LICKED AT CRICKET?"

Now, if there was one thing in the universe that Blundell of the Fifth was not afraid of, it was getting licked at cricket. Blundell had the utmost confidence in his own powers as a cricketer, and in the abilities of the Fifth Form team. In Form matches with the Sixth, Wingate and the Sixth Form men generally pulled it off; but this was due, not to superior cricket on the part of the Sixth, but to a series of remarkable accidents and flukes. Any other team at Greyfriars, of course, Blundell would have walked over. Sometimes, by way of practice, the Fifth played a Shell team, and, of course, walked all over Hobson & Co., who were never favoured by fortune with accidents and flukes like the Sixth. Blundell had a persuasion that his Form team was as good, or jolly nearly as good, as the First Eleven of Greyfriars itself.

So that cheeky inquiry tacked up in the games study naturally made George Blundell frown.

He had no doubt from whom it proceeded. This was some impudence from the Remove.

The Remove had had the unparalleled nerve to challenge the Fifth to a cricket match. The Fifth had hilariously declined; and supposed the matter to be ended. It did not appear, however, to be ended yet.

"Cheeky little sweeps!" said Blundell, frowning.

Potter and Greene came into the games study and found Blundell staring at that paper on the wall.

"Hallo, what's that?" exclaimed Potter.

"Cheek from the Remove, I suppose," growled Blundell, and he jerked the paper from the wall and crumpled it.

"Those fags want a licking," remarked Greene.

Blundell nodded.

"Yes, I've been rather down on Coker, the way he rags those Remove fags—but really I'm beginning to think he's right. The Remove really want a thumping good licking all round."

"Hop along to the prefects' room, Blundell," said Potter. "I came to tell you that Wingate says there's somebody asking for you on the 'phone."

Blundell granted.

"All right."

Blundell left the games study and proceeded to the prefects' room. In that august apartment was installed a telephone; the only one to which the Greyfriars fellows had access, and which was officially reserved for the use of Sixth-Form prefects. Coker of the Fifth had loudly declared that there ought to have been a telephone in the games study, and this was one of the few points on which the Fifth agreed with Coker. Sometimes, greatly condescending, the prefects allowed a Fifth-Form man to use the telephone; but it was a favour, and was understood to be a favour. That only Sixth-Form prefects should be trusted with telephonic facilities, seemed absurd to all the Fifth. Still, there it was, and Blundell had to go to the prefects' room, and be civil, if he wanted to take the call.

Several prefects were in the room when the captain of the Fifth came in. Wingate called to him cheerily:

"Somebody on the 'phone wants you, Blundell! I asked Potter to tell you."

"Right-ho—thanks," said Blundell.

"Cut it short, Blundell," remarked Loder of the Sixth.

Loder of the Sixth always liked to make himself unpleasant. Blundell affected not to hear. After such a remark, dignity required that he should stalk out of the prefects' room and disdain to use the telephone there at all. On the other hand, he wanted to know who was calling him, and what was wanted. So he turned a deaf ear to Gerald Loder, and took up the receiver.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo," came a voice over the wires, "is that Blundell?"

"Yes; who's speaking?"

"Blundell of the Fifth?"

"Yes, yes."

"Captain of the Fifth Form cricket team?"

"Yes; what's wanted?"

"You are, old bean, to play cricket! Screw up your courage to the sticking point, as jolly old Shakespeare says, and make the plunge. You may pull it off; though, of course, you haven't much chance against the Remove. But be a sport, old bean, and take a licking if it's coming to you."

Blundell stood rooted to the floor of the prefects' room, glaring at the telephone as if that instrument had done him some personal injury.

This call, evidently, was from some Remove junior—ringing him up on one of the other school telephones. Probably Mr. Quelch was absent from his study.

"Got that?" went on the cheery voice. "Pluck up your courage, old

top! A game's never lost till it's won! Play up like a little man."

"You cheeky fag!" hissed Blundell. He jammed the receiver back on the hooks, with a jam that made the instrument rock. Some of the Sixth Form men looked round.

Blundell, with a red face, strode out of the prefects' room. Really, it was not worth being under an obligation to the prefects, to take a call like that. Blundell was a good-tempered fellow as a rule, but he was enraged now.

As he tramped away from the prefects' room, he considered the matter. A Remove fellow would be fairly certain to use Mr. Quelch's telephone; he would know when the Remove master was out of his study. The cheeky fag who had rung him up was there—sitting at Mr. Quelch's telephone, of course, and grinning over it, feeling safe in cheeking the Fifth at the end of a wire. Blundell's eyes gleamed. The young rascal was not so safe as he supposed. No doubt he would expect Blundell to guess where he was, and would cut off as soon as he had phoned.

Blundell dashed in the direction of Mr. Quelch's study, with the grim intention of cutting off the young rascal's escape, and making an example of him.

He reached Mr. Quelch's study, hurled open the door, and strode in.

"Now, you cheeky sweep—"

"What?"

Blundell stopped dead.

Mr. Henry Samuel Quelch, the master of the Remove, rose from his table in majestic dignity and wrath, staring at him.

"Blundell!"

"Oh!" gasped Blundell.

"What—what do you mean?" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Is this proper conduct for a Fifth Form boy? What do you mean, Blundell?"

The wretched Blundell gaped at him.

There was no junior in the study. There was nobody in the study but the Form master to whom it belonged. Obviously—now—it was not the Remove master's telephone that that cheeky Removeite had used to ring up the captain of the Fifth. It was some other telephone.

Blundell realised that he had been somewhat hasty in jumping to conclusions. Mr. Quelch's eyes almost bored into him.

"Blundell—explain yourself—"

"I—I—I thought—" stammered Blundell.

"What? What do you mean?"

"I—I—I thought—a fag—a cheeky fag—I mean—you see—I—I—" Blundell was rather incoherent.

"Are you in your right senses, Blundell? You rush into my study—you gabble meaningless words—"

"I—I—I—I—"

"I shall take you to your Form master," said Mr. Quelch. "I shall place this matter in the hands of Mr. Prout."

Blundell gasped.

"Oh, sir! I—I—I—I've been rung up—I—I—I thought some fag was using your telephone, sir, and—and I came—"

"Oh! I understand! Is that an excuse for rushing into a Form master's study, Blundell? I am surprised at you! I am amazed! I am shocked at such thoughtless conduct on the part of a senior boy at Greyfriars! You appear to me, Blundell, to be little better than a fool!"

Under this fusillade, the captain of the Fifth backed, gasping, out of the study. He shut the door after him,

shutting off Mr. Quelch's acid voice, which was a relief. He almost tottered away to the games study. And he was not feeling disposed to play cricket with the Remove. He was feeling disposed rather to use Herod's drastic methods in dealing with that Form.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Coker's Opinion!

"THE cheek of it!" said Potter. "Neck!" agreed Greene. Coker of the Fifth looked at his study-mates.

"I don't see it," he remarked.

Whereupon Potter and Greene stared.

If there was one thing upon which they might have expected cordial agreement from Horace Coker, it was upon this subject. The deference due from a junior Form to a senior Form, and the reckless impudence of the Lower Fourth in refusing that deference, was quite a favourite topic with Coker of the Fifth.

Coker had a short way with fags; Coker believed in a short way with fags. The more fags were licked, in Coker's opinion, the better it was for the fags and for everybody else. Coker had held this opinion firmly, ever since he had been a fag himself. It was true that in his fag days, Horace had been neither an obedient nor a respectful fag. It was true that, in the Fifth, Coker was wholly blind to the deference due to the Sixth. But logic did not appeal to Coker. Among his many gifts, that of sweet reasonableness had not been included.

The once-rebellious fag, the once-cheeky junior, the Fifth-Former who jeered at the prefects, was very keen on keeping cheeky fags in their places—and often landed himself in liveliness by his efforts in that direction. So when Potter and Greene discussed, in

the study, the latest example of Remove cheek, they naturally expected hearty concurrence from Horace Coker. They did not get it.

Had Coker been captain of the Fifth, no doubt he would have bristled with indignation and contempt, at the bare idea of being challenged to a cricket match by those impudent microbes, the Lower Fourth. But Coker was not captain of the Fifth. He was not in the Fifth Form eleven. His cricket, as Coker knew if nobody else did, was wonderful. It was too wonderful for Blundell. Coker had no more chance of playing for his Form than of playing for his county. Coker was in a state of permanent opposition.

This made a great difference. Moreover, Coker had a strain of obstinacy in him. He was prone to take the opposite view, anyhow.

If Potter and Greene wanted to go up the river on a half-holiday, for instance, they would not suggest the same to Coker. They knew Coker and his weird mental processes; so on such an occasion Potter would remark, "Not much good thinking of going up the river this afternoon." Whereupon Coker could be depended upon to reply, "I don't see it! I think it's a jolly good idea to go up the river, if you ask me." And they would go.

In the present case, had the Fifth Form accepted the Remove challenge, and had Potter and Greene approved thereof, Coker would probably have overwhelmed the idea with scorn and sardonic contempt.

But the challenge had been refused, and Potter and Greene disapproved of the challenge. That was enough for Coker. Without stopping to think—which, after all, would not have been of much use, thinking not being in Coker's line—the great Horace took the opposite side.

(Continued on next page.)

DON'T BE STUMPED



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"I don't see it," he repeated aggressively. "Cheeky fags, if you like—I've licked them often enough for their cheek. But cricket's cricket. They think they can play the Fifth. Ridiculous, if you like, if the Fifth played their best men. Do they? With a captain like Blundell, and fellows like you chaps in the team, I don't see why the Remove shouldn't jolly well have a chance of pulling it off."

"Oh!" said Potter.

"Um!" said Greene.

"It's not sporting to refuse," said Coker. "The fags are making out that the Fifth are afraid of getting licked. That lets us down. The way to stop their cheek is to play them and beat them. They can't make out that they can lick the Fifth at cricket, if the Fifth beat them by an innings. That's the way to stop their impudence!"

"Oh, rot!" said Potter. "Fifth Form men playing those cheeky little beasts! All Greyfriars would laugh at us."

"Not so much as they'll laugh if the match is funked," said Coker.

"It's not that, you ass, and you know it! It's a question of the prestige of the Form."

"I don't know it," answered Coker. "I know that the way to shut up those fags is to beat them at cricket. I shall tell Blundell so. They've been sticking up cheeky notices in the games study. Other fags are taking it up. Fifth Form prestige won't benefit by funking a match with a junior Form."

"We're not funking it!" yelled Greene.

"You are!" said Coker.

"We can't let those fags brag that they've played the Fifth!" hooted Potter.

"You're letting them brag that they could beat the Fifth, if the Fifth dared to meet them! That's worse!"

"Oh, rats!"

Coker gave a snort and strode from the study. Potter and Greene looked at one another in exasperation. They had not expected this from Coker—though really they might have expected it, knowing their Coker as they did. Coker was rather like that famous Irish political gentleman who had no fixed views except that he was "agin the Government." Coker could always be relied upon to be "agin" anything that was approved by other fellows.

Coker of the Fifth marched into the games study, where he found Blundell and some of his friends in a rather wrathful frame of mind. Blundell was showing the other fellows a paper he had found pinned on his study door. It was apparently a composition by some bright Removeite, in the form of an epitaph:

"IN MEMORY OF THE
FIFTH FORM CRICKET ELEVEN
WHO PERISHED OF FRIGHT
ON RECEIVING A CHALLENGE
FROM THE REMOVE."

Coker looked at it and snorted. "Jevver hear of such cheek?" said Tomlinson.

"We shall have to raid their passage and lick 'em all round," remarked Fitzgerald.

Snort again, from Coker.

"You can expect a lot of that, if you keep on funking a match with junior kids!" he declared.

"What?" roared Blundell.

"You silly ass!" howled Bland. "Who's funking?"

"You are!" retorted Coker. "The lot of you! Play the Remove and beat

them—if you can! Looks as if you think you can't."

"You cheeky dummy!" roared Blundell. "Two Fifth Form men could beat any junior eleven. One, in fact!"

"It's our prestige, you chump," said Hilton.

"The fags know they'll be licked—but they want to swank among the other inky little imps that they've played the Fifth," said Price.

"We can't do it, of course," said Smith major.

"Gammon!" said Coker. "You can keep up this rot! I shan't! I feel bound to speak out. I shall certainly let fellows know my opinion. You can shut up the Remove by playing them at cricket! Even if you're licked—"

"Licked!" bellowed Blundell. "The Fifth licked by a mob of fags!"

"You crass chump!" hooted Bland.

"Even if you're licked," persisted Coker, "you can go down fighting. But funking a game isn't cricket. That's my opinion, for what it's worth."

The Fifth Form men did not seem to think that that opinion was worth much. They glared at Coker almost wolfishly. They expected Coker to be a wrong-headed ass, of course; he was built that way. But there was a limit. In the pause that ensued, a sound of voices from the quad came floating in at the open window of the games study. The voices belonged to a crowd of Removeites gathered under the window. They were chanting in chorus, a composition by some Remove poet—a composition on the lines of what a modern poet would call "vers libre" or free verse:

"Poor old Fifth!

They can't play cricket!

They can't bowl!

They can't take runs!

They can't take anything but duck's-

eggs!

They funk matches

Because they can't play!

Poor old Fifth!

Poor little dears!"

Blundell glared from the window. A dozen Remove men had gathered there to serenade the Fifth in the games study. With a slam, Blundell shut down the window, and there was a roar of laughter from the juniors outside.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker.

Coker was the only fellow in the games study who laughed. The other fellows there saw nothing funny in the episode. They glared at Horace Coker more wolfishly than before.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Coker. "That's what you deserve, you fellows—and you'll get more of it if you funk fags! Serve you jolly well right!"

Had the cheeky Removeites been within reach, undoubtedly the Fifth Form men would have slaughtered them on the spot. They were out of reach. Fortunately, Coker was within reach, so the angry Fifth-Formers had a safety-valve for their bursting wrath. Rags in the games study were very uncommon—such proceedings being miles, if not leagues, below the dignity of a senior Form. But the exasperated Fifth Form men forgot their dignity now, and behaved just like fags. They collared Horace Coker, and banged his head on the table, and bumped him on the floor. Coker was still roaring, but not now with laughter.

What was left of Coker was hurled forth from the games study, in a breathless heap. The Fifth Form men felt a little better.

They had dealt with Coker. But it was still rather a problem how they were to deal with the Remove.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Rather Mysterious!

HARRY WHARTON looked puzzled.

He was reading a letter that had been handed out in morning break, and the contents seemed to perplex him a little.

"Anything up?" asked Bob Cherry, as the captain of the Remove finished the perusal at last.

"Not exactly. My uncle's coming down on Wednesday afternoon—tomorrow," said Harry. "I've been expecting a visit from him for some time. But—" The captain of the Remove paused. "Listen to this. It sounds rather mysterious."

And Wharton read a passage from the letter.

"I have some news for you, my boy, which will probably surprise you considerably. I hope you have been on your best behaviour, and earning a good report. Upon your good conduct at school depends more than you have ever supposed. But I will go into this when I see you."

"A bit mysterious," remarked Frank Nugent. "Of course, we're all fearfully keen on best behaviour and good conduct—"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"That's where we live, in fact," said Johnny Bull. "We are the firm to supply those goods. But we've always been distinguished in that line; and the colonel speaks as if it's suddenly become important."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, it seems so; and if it's more important now than it was before, I've been rather lucky to keep out of the little traps that have been laid for me. Not that I want to think about that now," he added rather hastily. "That's all over, and I am convinced that Da Costa is as straight as a die now, whatever he was when he came."

"I'm sure of it," said Bob. "Still, you've been lucky, as you say. You had one or two narrow squeezes, and but for Inky, matters might have been a good bit more serious."

"My esteemed chums—"

"Listen to the words of the giddy oracle!" chuckled Bob. "I dare say Inky can make a guess at what the jolly old colonel is driving at."

Hurree Janset Ram Singh smiled.

"The guessfulness is terrific," he assented.

"Give it a name," said Harry. "I'm blessed if I can imagine what my uncle is alluding to."

"Same here," said Nugent.

"The samefulness in my own absurd case is not great. You are aware that there has been a deep and preposterous scheme to blacken the character of our execrable chum Wharton, and to drive him from this ridiculous school in disgrace. We do not know the reason; but there must have been a reason for the ludicrous rascality of Captain Marker. Now, at the time when Captain Marker desires the preposterous Wharton to be found guilty of bad conduct, Colonel Wharton tells him that it is very important to be of eminently good conduct. Two and two additively united make four, my esteemed chums. We shall learn from the esteemed colonel what Captain Marker's game is."

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton.

"There is something at stake," said the nabob. "Something depends on



The games study was empty when Blundell entered it, but it was obvious that some one had been there lately by the cheeky inquiry tacked to the wall facing the door. The Fifth-Former's face crimsoned as he read it. "Cheeky little sweeps!" he said. (See Chapter 7.)

"I understand. But I shall risk that—when I made up my mind to play the game I knew what I was risking," said Da Costa quietly. "After all, if he should insist upon my leaving Greyfriars at once, after my confession, it will matter little—I must leave at the end of the term, in any case. I should have liked to play in the rest of the matches, though," he added, with a sigh.

"I'll make him see things as I do, somehow," said Harry.

Da Costa smiled. "You really trust me now, then?" "Of course. We're friends now." "It was you who made me fit to be your friend," said the Eurasian, in a low voice. "I shall never forget what I have learned at Greyfriars. Only a few weeks ago—"

"Forget about that," said Harry. "I shall try." "And I shall make it right with my uncle, somehow. You're going to play for us all this term, and win matches for the Remove—beginning with the Fifth!" said Wharton, with a smile.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Fifth on the Warpath!

"THEY asked for it!" said Blundell, in the games study, on Wednesday afternoon.

"They did!" agreed Bland. "Bogged and prayed for it entirely," said Fitzgerald.

"And now they're going to get it!" said Potter.

Blundell looked round over the little crowd in the games study. There were a dozen Fifth Form men present. Some of them had five bats in their hands, and two or three had cricket stumps. They looked a rather warlike array, and looked in a determined mood.

"Of course this isn't a rag," said Blundell.

"Of course not," said Hilton of the Fifth, quite shocked at the bare idea of Fifth Form men engaged in a rag. "Nothing of the kind," said Greene.

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the esteemed Wharton being of good report. Something to his advantage—and to the advantage somehow of Captain Marker if he is of bad report. When we know why the colonel has said this, we shall be able to guess why the ridiculous villain Marker desires the exact reversefulness."

Bob clapped the dusky nabob on the shoulder.

"Good old Inky! Didn't I say he was a jolly old oracle? Depend on it, he's on the wicket. We're going to learn the history of the giddy mystery. Da Costa doesn't know; but it looks as if the colonel does—though he doesn't know what has been going on here."

Harry Wharton nodded. "Looks like it," he agreed. "I'm jolly anxious to hear what my uncle has to tell me. I can't imagine any connection between me and Captain Marker—a man I'd never heard of before Da Costa came here. But, of course, there must be some connection—the rotter isn't doing all this scheming for nothing."

"The knowfulness" will soon be terrific."

"I've been waiting for my uncle to come, to tell him what's been going on," said Harry, after a pause. "I'm bound to tell him—especially about that banknote affair. But"—he paused again—"I don't know what he will think about Da Costa. The fellow's square enough—he's proved that by breaking with that foxy rascal Gedge. But goodness knows what view Colonel Wharton will take—and he's a governor of the school, too."

Bob Cherry whistled. "I seem to see a little trouble ahead," he remarked.

"Yes; it's rather a worry. He may not believe that Da Costa has turned up trumps, after all—and he may think that he ought to be kicked out of the school. On the other hand, there's practically no proof against Da Costa for what he did, except what he has told us himself—which couldn't fairly be used against him, even if we wanted to use it."

"Which we don't!" said Johnny Bull.

"Exactly." "You'll have to put it to your uncle tactfully, and make him see somehow that Da Costa is all right now," said Nugent.

"I'll do my best, anyhow."

Wharton left his chums, and went to look for the Eurasian. That Colonel Wharton must be appraised of what had been happening at Greyfriars that term was certain; but Wharton was very unwilling that Da Costa should find himself in trouble in consequence. But what view the old military gentleman would take was doubtful.

Da Costa greeted the captain of the Remove with a cheery smile when he found him. But his handsome, olive face became very grave when Wharton mentioned his uncle's letter.

"The colonel is coming here, then?" asked Da Costa slowly.

"On Wednesday."

"You will tell him—"

"I'm bound to, of course."

The Eurasian nodded.

"I know. I shall see him also, and I shall tell him all I know of Captain Marker's plot—without any reserve." Wharton looked troubled. "If you tell him, Da Costa. I can't answer for it what view he will take. He is a governor of the school."



(Continued from page 13.)

"But we can't let those Remove fags cheek us as much as they like."

"That's it," assented Blundell. "They've got to be brought to their senses. We're getting fairly persecuted by those cheeky little beasts. I don't say it's a dignified proceeding to raid a junior passage, and mop up fags. It isn't. But what's to be done if we don't?"

"Us!" said Fitzgerald.

But the other fellows did not smile. It was a serious occasion; no occasion for Fitzgerald's humour.

"I've spoken to the prefects," said Blundell. "They take it more or less as a jest. You know the Sixth."

"As a matter of fact, some of 'em aren't sorry to see us being made to look asses by the fags," said Hilton.

"I'm afraid that's so. Wingate actually said that he saw no reason why we shouldn't play the Lower Fourth at cricket if they're keen on it. I asked him how he would like to play a fag team himself, and he looked quite huffy. Sixth Form swank, you know."

"Too much swank about the Sixth," agreed several voices.

"We've got to deal with the matter ourselves," said Blundell. "We aren't going to play fags at cricket, and we aren't going to have a mob of fags chipping us, and sticking up cheeky papers in our studies, and singing cheeky rot under the games study window. Thrashing them all round is the way. They've asked for it."

"Hear, hear!"

"No shouting or yelling, or anything of that sort," said the captain of the Fifth, rather anxiously. "The thing isn't too dignified, but let's keep it as dignified as we can. Just a quiet visit to the Remove passage, and a licking all round for the kids we find there."

"That's it!"

"There won't be a lot of them in the studies on a half-holiday," remarked Potter.

"Quite so! But that's all the better, in a way. There's rather a big mob of them taken altogether, and I'm afraid they'd have the cheek to resist. That might turn the whole thing into an undignified scuffle. We don't want that."

"No fear!"

"I happen to know that the ringleaders in this cheeky rot will be in Wharton's study," said Blundell. "I've been keeping an eye on the little brutes, as a matter of fact. I find that they're having one of their ghastly fag gorges—what they call a spread—in No. 1 Study. We shall find Wharton and his gang there. They're the ringleaders, and, if we make an example of them, it will be a warning to all the Remove."

"Good egg!"

The Fifth Form men were in hearty assent. All of them realised that it would be wiser to visit the Remove passage when all the Remove were not at home. The Lower Fourth were a numerous Form, and a dignified punishment of cheeky fags might very

probably have turned into a very undignified scuffle—even into the rowdy ejection of the Fifth Form men on their lofty necks. That was not at all what was desired by the Fifth.

So long as the ringleaders of the Remove were thrashed for their impudence, and reduced to a proper state of sorrow and repentance, Blundell & Co. would be satisfied.

With the Famous Five thoroughly and efficiently thrashed, and a few studies wrecked, the Remove would be taught a lesson—a very valuable lesson—about the respect due to their elders and betters.

"Well, come on!" said Blundell.

And the war-party of the Fifth marched out of the games study, and took the war-path to the Remove passage.

Blundell was feeling rather pleased with his strategy. He had taken the trouble to ascertain how matters stood in the Remove that afternoon. There was a feast toward in No. 1 Study—he had ascertained that. Generally, loftily regardless of the existence of the Remove, Blundell had felt that it was undignified to interest himself in their proceedings at all. On the other hand, it was very undignified to be chipped and chivvied by Remove fags. So it was really a choice between two evils.

Anyhow, his strategy was good. He was going to catch the ringleaders of that cheeky Form in their quarters, when a large number—probably the majority—of the Remove would be elsewhere. Ten minutes or so in the Remove passage would be enough. In less than ten minutes the Famous Five could be made to feel that life at Greyfriars was not worth living for fags who cheeked the Fifth.

Blundell leading, the Fifth Form invaders marched across the Remove passage. Near the door of No. 1 Study was a fat youth, who gave the invaders one startled blink through his big spectacles, and fled, yelling.

"I say, you fellows, look out! The Fifth!" squeaked Billy Bunter, in wild alarm, as he negotiated the passage as if it had been the cinder-path.

Blundell knitted his brows. Three or four study doors along the passage opened, and Remove men looked out. Some of the Lower Fourth, at least, were at home.

"Buck up!" breathed Blundell. "We don't want a scrap with a mob in the passage! Come on!"

Blundell & Co. rushed on to the door of No. 1 Study.

The captain of the Fifth turned the door handle, and hurled open the door.

A second more and Blundell would have rushed headlong into the study, with his followers at his heels.

Instead of which he halted dead in the doorway, so suddenly that Potter, who was just behind him bumped into him, and staggered back on Greene.

"Oh," gasped Potter, "you ass!"

"Ow!" stuttered Greene. "Gerroff my foot! Oh!"

"What the thump—" exclaimed Fitzgerald.

"Get on with it!" roared Smith major, from the rear.

Blundell did not get on with it.

His eyes were fixed, almost in horror, upon a tall, bronze-complexioned gentleman of military bearing, who had risen from the table in No. 1 Study, with a teacup in his hand, and a surprised look on his face.

"Good gad!" ejaculated the bronzed gentleman, staring at Blundell of the Fifth.

Blundell gasped.

For the second time Blundell had

leaped before he looked, so to speak. Of course, he had not had the faintest idea that Colonel Wharton was in the study. His strategy was a little imperfect, after all. He had ascertained that the Famous Five were having a spread in their study. He had not ascertained that they were entertaining a distinguished visitor—no less a person than a member of the Governing Board of Greyfriars School.

"Oh!" stuttered Blundell.

"Great gad! What—"

Blundell stammered.

"G-g-g-good afternoon, sir! Nice day, sir!"

And the captain of the Fifth backed out, bumping into the fellows behind him, treading recklessly on toes. He drew the door shut, and gasped.

"Oh, my hat!"

"What?" exclaimed Fitzgerald.

"Let's cut!"

"But what—"

"Hook it!" snarled Blundell. "Get out! Bunk! There's a dashed old school governor in the study! Beat it!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

And the Fifth Form men beat it promptly.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Amazing News!

COLONEL WHARTON stared at the door of No. 1 Study, after it had closed on the discomfited Fifth-Formers.

He was astonished.

He stood with his teacup in his hand, staring.

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned.

They were quite aware that they had had a narrow escape. That raid from the Fifth would have been hard to deal with had it come off according to plan.

Fortunately, it had not come off according to plan, and a miss was as good as a mile. And Blundell's face, as he backed out of the study, was worth a guinea a box, so to speak. So the Famous Five smiled cheerily.

"Good gad!" repeated the colonel.

"What is all this, Harry? Who were those fellows?"

"Some of the Fifth, I think, uncle."

"Friends of yours?"

"Um!"

"I—I think they were coming in to talk about a cricket match, sir," said Bob Cherry. "Seeing you here, sir, they—they've put it off till later."

"Oh!" said the colonel.

He sat down again, still looking puzzled. Blundell, when he appeared at the study door had not looked like a fellow who had come to talk cricket. He had had a stump gripped in his hand, too. A cricket-stump was hardly essential to an ordinary cricket discussion.

"Another cup of tea, sir?" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Eh? Yes."

"May I helpfully pass you an esteemed slice of cake, absurd sahib?" asked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "The cake is terrifically good."

Colonel Wharton smiled.

"And these meringues are topping, sir," said Johnny Bull.

"The topfulness is terrific."

"Forty years ago I should have said yes, or, perhaps, what-ho!" said the colonel, laughing. "Forty years on makes a difference, however; and now I think I will take a small sandwich."

Good things galore had been piled on the study table in honour of the distinguished guest. But the distinguished guest had little use for jam-tarts, cream-puffs, meringues, preserved ginger, and

the other things that would have delighted him in the old days when he had been Jim Wharton of the Remove. The old military gentleman contented himself with a sandwich; but there were five fellows there with healthy, youthful appetites, so the good things were not wasted. There would have been a sixth fellow, with a still healthier appetite, but for the sudden arrival of the Fifth Form raiders. But Billy Bunter had fled, and he had not yet ventured back in the Remove passage.

"A rag, I suppose?" asked the colonel presently.

"Well, something like that," admitted Harry Wharton.

"What have you been doing—hay? Those fellows were seniors—the Fifth Form—hay?"

"Yes. A little matter about a cricket match."

Harry Wharton explained, and the colonel laughed heartily over the challenge of the Fifth, and the remarkable methods the Removeites were adopting to induce Blundell & Co. to accept it.

"If that match comes off, I shall have to come down again and see it," said Colonel Wharton. "You must let me know the date, Harry."

"That settles it," said Harry Wharton. "We'll make ten play, if we have to carry them down to the ground."

"But you young fellows don't imagine you can beat a senior team at cricket, surely?"

"Yes, rather!"

"The rafterfulness is terrific!"

"You see, uncle, we're all pretty good at the game," the captain of the Remove explained, "and we've got a new fellow here who is a giddy miracle. Chap named Da Costa, whom I've mentioned in my letters—plays cricket like Ranji, that you've told me about, only more so."

"By gad! I'd like to see that boy," said the colonel. His brow clouded a little. "You mentioned that he was sent here by Captain Marker, Harry. I want to see him and ask him some questions. However, never mind now. You say he's a very good cricketer?"

"The best junior cricketer at Greyfriars," said Harry. "He's a better man at the wicket than I am, and a better man with the ball than even Inky."

"The betterfulness is terrific," assented the nabob. "The ridiculous Da Costa is a preposterous miracle!"

"That's rather interesting, and rather unexpected, in the circumstances," said the colonel. "However, never mind now."

The Co. were aware that Wharton's uncle had something to say to him, and as soon as tea was over they gracefully

retired from the study, and left Colonel Wharton with his nephew.

The colonel seated himself in the study armchair and lighted a cigar. He regarded his nephew very thoughtfully.

"Did my letter surprise you, Harry?" he asked.

"Well, a little," said the captain of the Remove. "I'm awfully keen to know what you meant, uncle."

"I've lately had the news from India," said Colonel Wharton. "When I received this news, I could not help thinking that it was odd, at least, that there should be an Eurasian boy here, sent by Captain Marker. It was my intention to see the boy. I am not a suspicious man, but it seemed to me at least an odd coincidence. However, you tell me the boy is a fine fellow."

"A fine cricketer, anyhow," said Harry.

"You like him?"

"I rather like him now; I didn't at first. We've become friends," said Harry. "I've something to tell you about that, uncle. But you're going to give me your news first."

"Yes. You have been behaving yourself this term—hay?"

"I think so—as much as usual," said Harry, with a smile.

"I hope I shall get a good term's report from your Form master."

"I hope so, uncle."

"Not only this term, but all the time you are at Greyfriars," said the colonel.

"Much depends on it, Harry. You know that I am fairly well off in this world's goods, and that most of what I have will fall to you some day. It will not make you a rich man. But if you keep a good record at your school, Harry, you will be rich some day—very rich."

"That sounds jolly interesting," said Harry. He realised that he was about to learn the explanation of the mystery that had so deeply puzzled him. "But of course I don't understand in the least, so far."

"If you keep a good record at Greyfriars, Harry, and leave your school finally with credit and honour, you will become entitled to the sum of fifty thousand pounds!"

"Oh!"

"If you should be guilty of bad conduct, to the extent of being expelled from the school, you lose every farthing of that great legacy."

"Oh!" repeated Wharton.

"Now you know how you stand," said the colonel. "Keep it in mind. You are a straight lad, Harry, and when all that money comes into your hands you will make a good and honourable use of it. But if you fail, it will go to a bad man—a thoroughly bad hat—"

"Captain Marker!" exclaimed Wharton.

"He understands now."

Colonel Wharton stared at him.

"Exactly; but how the deuce did you guess that?"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

"CAPTAIN MARKER!" repeated Wharton.

It was clear now.

It was for the sake of a huge sum of money that the man in far-off India had plotted against him.

"I knew it," said Harry. "At least, I was sure of it! But tell me about it, uncle. I don't understand yet."

"I'll put it in a few words," said the colonel. "Captain Marker is related to a rich merchant of Calcutta—a man of great wealth, named Cortolvin—a distant connection of my own. It happens that when I was in India I saved Mr. Cortolvin from being robbed and murdered by thugs. That was a long time ago, of course—before the War. What I did was simply in the way of my military duty. I was a young officer at that time, employed in stamping out thuggism in one of the provinces of Bengal. I should have forgotten the matter, but old Mr. Cortolvin made a great account of it. That little affair, and the fact that we were distantly related, made us great friends. He knew your father, also, and respected him highly. You, of course, he had never seen, though I showed him a photograph of you when you were a little kid."

The colonel ejected a stream of cigar-smoke, and the captain of the Remove coughed a little.

"Eric Marker was Mr. Cortolvin's nephew," went on the colonel. "The old gentleman was wrapped up in him—extremely attached to him. Marker was always a bad hat, and it nearly broke the old man's heart when he was expelled from school for disgraceful conduct."

"Oh!" said Harry.

"That, of course, made a great difference to the young man's prospects. It barred him off from the brilliant career his uncle had planned for him. He became an officer in a black regiment. I knew him in India, and a doocid unpleasant fellow he is. A gambling, spendthrift fellow, always in the clutches of native moneylenders, and in danger more than once of being cashiered. The very last man in the world to do a philanthropic action—or to afford to be

(Continued on next page.)

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able to do one, either. He had a large allowance from his uncle, but he was always in difficulties. A thoroughly bad hat!"

Wharton listened without interrupting. That Captain Marker was a thoroughly "bad hat" he knew even better than his uncle did. Da Costa's mission at Greyfriars was proof enough of that.

"Mr. Cortolvin recently died at a great age," went on the colonel. "There was a clause in his will regarding you, Harry. His interest in you was based on his regard for your father and myself; but you are also a distant relation of his through your grandmother. You have probably never heard of him, but it is the fact—beside his nephew Captain Marker, he had no blood relatives at all but ourselves, distant as we are."

"I see."
"Apart from other legacies, chiefly to charities, he has left the sum of a hundred thousand pounds," said the colonel. "Half of this goes to Eric Marker, and every shilling of it, I suspect, will be grabbed by moneylenders and other sharks who have been lending the young rascal money for years on his expectations. I shall be surprised if he has much left, even out of so great a sum."

"He must have made the money fly," said Harry.

"Money goes fast in India if a man is a spendthrift and the native moneylenders get hold of him," said the colonel. "The fellow is simply piled with debt. Now, the other half of that great sum, Harry, will come to you—but on conditions."

"I think I see light," remarked Wharton.

"The condition is that you do not come a mucker as the old gentleman's own nephew did," said Colonel Wharton. "If you turn out no better than Captain Marker, obviously there is no reason why you should benefit under the will, instead of that rascal. That was how Mr. Cortolvin looked at it. The test is that you finish your school career in honour. Any little faults or escapades, of course, matter nothing; the test is whether you should be expelled from your school, as Eric Marker was expelled from his school. That is to settle the matter."

"Oh!"
"If you should be expelled from Greyfriars, Harry, the clause in Mr. Cortolvin's will lapses, and the fifty thousands pounds will go to his nephew, Eric Marker. It is an unusual clause in a will, but I think it is a just one. Only a decent and honourable man has a real right to be in possession of a large fortune."

"Quite!" agreed Wharton.
"That is why I said what I did in my letter," went on Colonel Wharton. "I know you, my boy; I know you are as straight as a die. But I also know that there was one period in your school career when you were reckless, when you got into serious trouble, and disaster might very well have ensued."

Wharton coloured.
"I remind you of this for your own sake, my boy," said the colonel kindly. "It will not be a light matter to lose a fortune. But you have only to keep true to your own character, and all will be well."

There was a pause.
"Now, Harry," said the colonel at length, "when this news reached me I could not help thinking of what you had told me in your letters—of a half-caste boy sent to Greyfriars by Captain

Marker. If Eric Marker has taken up kind-hearted philanthropy, he has changed very much for the better since I knew him. If that is the case, I am, of course, glad. But frankly, I do not think so for one moment. I think it is a very strange coincidence that he should have sent this half-caste boy here at this special time. It is quite probable that he had early knowledge of what was in his uncle's will—that he knew of this clause before the Calcutta lawyer communicated it to me. He may have known of it quite a long time ago—in time to lay plans.

"Harry, I cannot help thinking that Da Costa's business at this school may not be entirely above-board, and I must go into the matter carefully. A huge sum of money is at stake; and, unless Eric Marker has changed strangely, he is the man to stop at very little for the sake of a huge sum of money. You must now tell me, Harry, all you know of this boy Da Costa—before I see him and question him myself."

Wharton was silent.
The colonel's words showed that some glimmering suspicion of Captain Marker's scheme had come into his mind—as it could scarcely have failed to do in the circumstances.

The colonel eyed him keenly.
"I can see that you have something to tell me, Harry," he said very quietly. "You must be frank."

"I have something to tell you, uncle."

"Go ahead."
In succinct sentences Wharton told all he knew of the Eurasian and his business at Greyfriars. He told the whole story of the treacherous scheming and tortuous plotting concisely; but he spoke more at length when he told of the change that had been wrought in the boy from the East—of his repentance and his endeavour to make up for what he had done.

Colonel Wharton listened in grim silence.

He did not interrupt the junior until he had heard the whole story to the end.

Then he sat thinking for some time. The expression on his bronzed face, however, told plainly enough that he did not share his nephew's belief in the Eurasian's sincerity.

"The chap's as straight as a die now, uncle," said Harry earnestly. "He proved that by his treatment of the man Gedge."

"That may have been a trick to delude you."

"I am sure not!" exclaimed Harry. Yet, remembering all he knew of the Eurasian's treachery, the suggestion dismayed him.

"I am glad to see your faith in human nature, my boy," said Colonel Wharton. "But this is a matter in which chances cannot be taken. Such a boy is quite unfit to remain at this school."

"He leaves at the end of the term," said Harry. "Uncle, I've told you all this in confidence, in a way; very much of it I only know from Da Costa himself. What he has confessed cannot be used against him."

"That is true."

The colonel tugged at his moustache.
"If the young rascal is sincere in his repentance, if he has genuinely broken with the rogues who sent him here, I would certainly not be hard on him," he said. "But I must be sure, Harry. I am not surprised at the first part of your story; but very much surprised indeed at the second part. However, I will see the boy, and I do not think he will be able to deceive me. Send him to me here."

Wharton left the study.
Five minutes later Arthur da Costa entered; and Harry Wharton, in the Remove passage, waited anxiously for the interview to end.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Brought up to the Scratch!

COLONEL WHARTON left Greyfriars that evening.

Harry Wharton had told his chums the news of the legacy left by the Calcutta merchant, and the Co. congratulated him warmly.

That that legacy was a sure thing all the Co. agreed; for Harry Wharton was never likely to be guilty of anything to earn the "sack" from Greyfriars.

But that he had had a narrow escape of losing both his legacy and his good name they also agreed.

Captain Marker had laid his plans cunningly, and there was no doubt that he had had a good chance of success.

That sheer, scheming rascality would ever win the day against straightforward honesty was not likely. Still, Wharton had been in danger, and might have been in danger yet but for the repentance of the plotter's emissary at Greyfriars.

That danger seemed to have passed, however, now that Captain Marker's plot was, not only known, but its motive was also known; and the rascally schemer could be guarded against and dealt with.

Some day Wharton would be in possession of that great bequest, in spite of Captain Marker and all his machinations. That could be taken as a certainty now, in the opinion of the Co. And so far as that matter went all was satisfactory.

So far as Arthur da Costa was concerned, matters were not quite so satisfactory. The colonel had gone unconvinced.

He had to admit that the Eurasian had given proofs of good faith. But it was hard for him to believe that a leopard could change its spots, or an Ethiopian his skin. He distrusted the Eurasian; though he confessed that Da Costa, by open and complete confession, had placed it out of his own power to do further harm. Not only this, but he had furnished definite evidence that Eric Marker was plotting for the legacy, as the colonel had vaguely suspected. Nevertheless, the colonel doubted. It was not easy to believe that so treacherous a character had changed so much; and he left Greyfriars with this doubt in his mind.

"I'm sorry," Wharton said to the Eurasian in the study that evening. "But, anyhow, my uncle has said nothing to the Head. If he doubts, he is giving you the benefit of the doubt."

Da Costa smiled faintly.
"That is something, perhaps," he said.

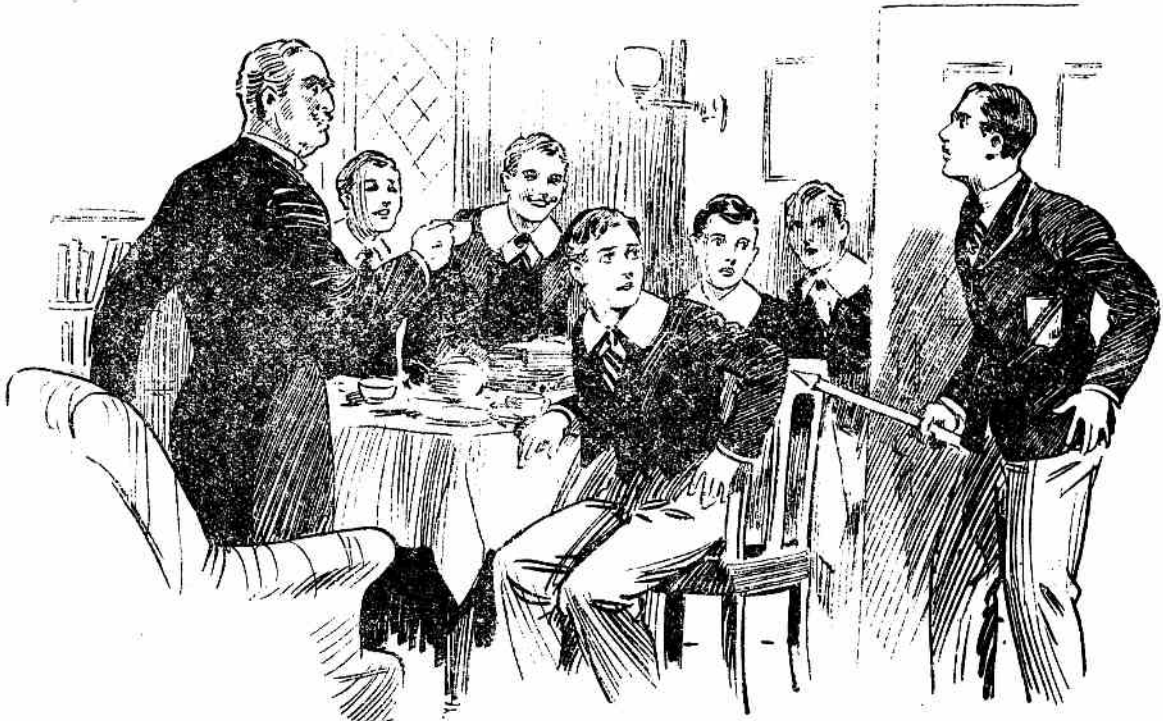
"And I know that I do not deserve more. At any rate, I shall soon be gone from Greyfriars; and then your uncle will not fear that I shall do more harm. So long as you trust me, I do not care."

"I trust you," said Harry.

"Even the colonel must admit that it has been a benefit to you that I came here," said Da Costa slowly. "But for that, you would have known nothing of the plot; you would not have been on your guard against Captain Marker."

"That's true!" assented Wharton.

"And, believe me, he is not done yet. I have failed him; but he is not the man to admit defeat in such a matter. He is now home from India, and he will try other ways; he will take the matter into his own hands."



"Now, you young rotters——" Blundell, bent on giving Wharton & Co. a licking, flung open the door of Study No. 1. Then he came to a sudden halt, for a bronze-complexioned gentleman rose from the table, a surprised look on his face. It was Colonel Wharton, "G-g-good afternoon, sir!" stammered Blundell. (See Chapter 10.)

"I don't see what he can do."

"Neither can I, but he will not be idle. I have done with him, and I feel sure that the lawyer Gedgo will not take the risk of sharing further in his plot. But he will not give in while he has a chance of succeeding," said the Eurasian, with conviction, "and with all that is now known to you and your friends, there is no sort of proof against Marker; he would deny the whole thing if taxed with it. He is safe—and he will keep on! Of that I am certain!"

"Well, let him rip!" said Harry, smiling. "I'm not afraid of the rotter, at any rate!"

And the subject was dropped with that. That any danger might come from the schemer whose designs were now clearly known, Wharton did not think likely and, in point of fact, he gave Captain Marker and his miserable scheming very little thought. Matters of more immediate interest occupied his mind, as well as the minds of most Remove fellows in these days. Something like a state of warfare existed between the Remove and the Fifth, and alarms and excursions were many and exciting.

Blundell of the Fifth had not had much luck, so far. Blundell was not much of a strategist. That raid on the Remove, which was to have made a striking example of the Famous Five, had been a ghastly frost, owing to the unexpected presence of Colonel Wharton in the study. And the Fifth-Form men did not have another chance. A couple of days later, Blundell and his merry men repeated the invasion—determined this time that a licking all round should teach the Remove manners. But they found the Remove on their guard and there was a terrific shindy in the Remove passage, in which numbers told against weight. There were many casualties on both sides, and the uproar was justly described by Hurree Jamset Ram Singh as terrific.

That, of course, was not what the great

men of the Fifth had intended at all. A dignified punishment of cheeky fags had degenerated, as Blundell feared, into an undignified scuffle. Worst of all, several prefects came on the scene, and the Remove master in person—and the Fifth-Form men went sheepishly home under a fusillade of scathing remarks from Mr. Quelch's acid tongue. After which, Blundell was called into his own Form-master's study and Mr. Prout read him a long lecture on the subject of ragging and horse-play as if he had been a fellow like Coker, as Blundell said afterwards in the games study, with breathless indignation.

The Fifth did not invade the Remove passage any more. They agreed that it was not good enough.

Meanwhile, the Removees were assiduous at cricket practice, in preparation for the match that they were determined should come off. And they were also assiduous in persecuting the Fifth into accepting the challenge. By that time, all Greyfriars knew about the matter, and it was a standing joke in many studies, even being commented upon in Masters Common-room.

Blundell, to his intense exasperation, found that an impression was spreading—real or affected—that the Fifth actually were afraid of getting licked if they met the Remove at cricket. Many men in the Sixth Form affected to take this view solemnly and seriously—doubtless for the cheery purpose of getting Blundell's "rag" out.

The Remove found that they had an unexpected ally in Coker of the Fifth. Coker loudly proclaimed his opinion on the subject—for what it was worth. It was true that Coker had come by that opinion, in the first place, from sheer, unreflecting obstinacy, but he was far from realising that himself. Anyhow, it was his opinion—a poor thing, but his own, so to speak. He proclaimed it right and left, considerably weakening the

dignified attitude the Fifth had taken up on the matter.

Coker finally confided to all Greyfriars that, if Blundell refused to vindicate the superiority of the Fifth by beating the Remove at cricket, he, Horace James Coker, would set about raising a team for that purpose himself.

That intention of Coker's was greeted with general hilarity.

Everybody but Coker was aware that a team with Coker in it would hardly have a sporting chance against the Second Form.

But Coker was in earnest. Coker proceeded to take measures. Potter and Greene, his chums and study-mates, were expected to back him up as a matter of course. They temporised with Coker: a direct refusal meant trouble in the study, not to mention a shortage of supplies. Coker went in for recruiting. He naturally "rowed" with any fellow who laughed at the idea and in these days Coker had several hefty scraps on his hands. But though it was possible to punch Coker's head, it was impossible to punch any sense into it. Coker went on his way regardless, fully deeming himself the custodian of the honour and glory of the Fifth Form.

Probably, it was as much due to Coker of the Fifth, as to anybody or anything else, that Blundell finally made up his mind that the best way to put a stop to the whole ridiculous thing was to play the Remove.

He propounded that decision in the games study one evening.

"We'd better play those kids," said Blundell, looking over the gathering of great men. "I'm fed up with their cheek! It's no good cuffing them—we get mixed up in scuffles. The thing's gone beyond a joke. After all, we play the Shell, sometimes. These cheeky little sweeps will have to shut up and chuck rotting if we wipe them off the cricket field. That crass idiot Coker is right in

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that, at least. Let's do it and get it over!"

"It won't give us much trouble, anyhow!" remarked Hilton.

"It's absurd, but, after all, it's the easiest way," agreed Potter. "Might play Coker! That would show how little we think of their cricket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Blundell shook his head.

"No jolly fear! We're not taking any risks!" he said.

"Risks?" said Price. "Risks in a match with the Lower Fourth? Dreaming, old bean?"

But Blundell, if he was no strategist, and did not know how to carry on warfare with a cheeky junior Form, knew a lot about cricket. He was not going to take chances in that game.

"Between ourselves," he said, "the Remove are thumping hot-stuff at games—nothing like senior form, of course, but first-class for juniors. They beat the Shell—and the Shell have sometimes given us something to do. They've got a wonderful kid in that ginger-coloured chap from Cochin-China or somewhere—I've watched him. We should never be able to hold our heads up again if they pulled it off. We're going to make jolly certain that they haven't an earthly."

"They haven't an earthly, anyhow," grunted Hilton.

"I'm going to make sure they haven't—we can't even afford to win by a narrow margin—we've got to make it so overwhelming that the cheeky little sweeps will look fools for having out-angled us. We've got to beat them by an innings and a bagful of runs, see?"

"That's so," agreed the Fifth.

"Send the little rotters a note, Price, and fix up a date," said Blundell.

And it was so!

There was loud cheering in the Remove passage when that note was received. The Remove quarters rang with jubilation.

"Hurrah!"

"We've made the Fifth toe the line!"

"Bravo!"

"We've jolly well brought them up to the scratch!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Now we've only got to beat them!"

"Only!" grinned Skinner. "That's all! Not much!"

"You fellows will do it on your heads, of course," remarked Snoop sarcastically.

"We'll do it, somehow!" said Bob.

"There's one thing you haven't thought of," remarked Skinner.

"What's that?"

"What thumping chumps you'll look for challenging the Fifth, when the Fifth walk over you!" said Skinner pleasantly.

Skinner's head was promptly banged on the wall of the Remove passage. Nevertheless, his remark gave the Remove cricketers food for thought.

"We've got to pull our socks up for this match," Harry Wharton told his comrades. "We simply can't afford to let it be anything like a walk-over. If they beat us, they beat us—but it's got to be a fight to a finish. If it turned out a walk-over, we should look the biggest asses that ever were! We've asked for this, and we've got to play the game of our lives!"

And every man who was going to play cricket for the Remove upon that historic day, agreed that he was going to play the game of his life!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Captain Marker at Greyfriars!

SECOND lesson in the Remove Form-room was drawing to a close, when Trotter, the page, tapped on the door and put his clubby face in.

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Mr. Quelch glanced round at him sharply. Mr. Quelch did not like interruptions in classes.

"Well?" rapped out Mr. Quelch, hurling that monosyllable at Trotter like a bullet from a rifle.

"Message from the 'Ead, sir," said Trotter.

"Be brief!"

Class had been interrupted, and Mr. Quelch naturally desired the interrupter to be brief. The Remove fellows, on the other hand, would have been quite pleased if Trotter had been very long-winded. Trotter's conversation was not brilliant, but as an entertainment it compared favourably with second lesson.

"Yessir," said Trotter. "A gentleman, sir, 'ere's his card, sir—has called, sir—he's in the visitor's room now, sir, to see Master da Costa, sir, and—"

"Very good."

Trotter retired.

"Da Costa!" said Mr. Quelch, after a glance at the card.

"Yess, sir."

"Captain Marker has called to see you, and you have your headmaster's permission to see him in the visitors' room. You may go."

"Oh!" ejaculated Da Costa.

Harry Wharton glanced at him. It was on the Eurasian's lips to refuse to go—a refusal that certainly would have astonished Mr. Quelch very much; the Remove master being quite ignorant of the peculiar terms upon which Da Costa stood with the philanthropic gentleman who had sent him to Greyfriars.

But Da Costa changed his mind very quickly. He did not want his peculiar footing with his supposed benefactor to become the talk of the Remove, and a nine days' wonder in the school.

"Yess, sir," he said, after that brief hesitation.

And he left the Form-room.

Second lesson went on; while Da Costa, with a set, hard face, and a glint in his eyes, made his way to the visitors' room.

He entered that apartment quietly, with his soft tread, and a man who was standing by the window turned towards him.

Da Costa's dark eyes fixed on him—on the hard face burned by tropic suns, the narrow eyes, set close together, the mouth, with loose lips—the face of a hard-living, self-indulgent man; a man well dressed, and with something of a military bearing, and yet with an air of suppressed blackguardism about him. This was the man who had sent Arthur da Costa to Greyfriars School.

A flash came into the narrow, glinting eyes at the sight of the junior. Da Costa did not need telling that Captain Marker's feelings towards him were the reverse of amicable.

"So you have come here!" said the Eurasian junior.

"I had to see you. Shut the door."

"I will leave the door open," said Da Costa, coolly. "I have no objection to anyone hearing what you have to say to me."

"Take care, boy!" said the captain, between his teeth. "You may carry this insolence too far."

"Do you think I fear you?" said Da Costa, coolly. "I do not fear you in the least, Captain Marker. I am not a sepoiy in your regiment."

"Shut the door."

"I will not."

Captain Marker stared hard at the junior. The change that Greyfriars had wrought in him amazed the schemer. Da Costa, cool and fearless,

his head erect, his eyes scornful, was strangely different from the fellow Captain Marker had picked out in the school at Lucknow, in the firm belief that the boy would be a willing and capable tool in his hands. Greyfriars had brought the best that was in Da Costa's strange nature to the surface, and with a sense of honour came a sense of self-respect; not only did he not fear the captain, but he despised him, and his look showed as much.

Marker crossed to the door himself and closed it. It was a surrender to the boy whom he had come there to bully and to threaten.

"Now," he said, facing the Eurasian.

"What does this mean, boy?"

"Has not Mr. Gedge explained to you?"

"He has."

"Then it is not necessary for me to explain. You know that I have done with you, and will have no hand in your rascality—"

"In what?" breathed the captain.

"In your rascality. More, I have told the whole story, so far as I know it, to Wharton and his uncle, Colonel Wharton. As they know now about old Mr. Cortolvin's will, at Calcutta, they know everything. Your teeth are drawn, Captain Marker, and if you keep on your rascality, you will do so at your peril."

The captain drew a hissing breath.

"You are scarcely safe here," said the Eurasian. "If Colonel Wharton were still here, you would hardly leave Greyfriars without a horsewhipping."

"Take care—take care—"

"Why?" said Da Costa coolly. "I have nothing to fear! You would like to beat me with that malacca cane you carry, I know. Make one step towards me, and I will shout for help—and you can explain yourself after that the best you can, Captain Marker."

The captain gripped the malacca almost convulsively.

But he did not approach Da Costa. A scene at Greyfriars was not at all what he wanted, and he could see that the Eurasian meant every word he uttered.

Da Costa laughed softly.

"You have come here for nothing," he said. "You could not believe what the rogue Gedge told you? You could not understand that the poor, envious hanger-on you picked up at Lucknow could or would ever learn to be decent—to respect himself, so that he could look decent fellows in the face! You can hardly believe it now—though I tell you that I have done with you, and despise you from the bottom of my heart, as a cunning, scheming villain, Captain Marker. You had better go."

"Boy! You know what you are losing—you will leave Greyfriars a beggar—"

"I know."

"You sacrifice a public school career—a University career—the career of a barrister in your own country—for what? What have they offered you to betray me?" said the captain bitterly.

Da Costa flushed.

"Nothing! I lose everything, and I know it. I gain nothing, but—"

"But what?" snarled Marker.

"Nothing but the respect and friendship of the boy you sent me here to ruin. That is enough for me."

"You expect me to believe this twaddle!" hissed the captain.

Da Costa shrugged his shoulders.

"Believe it or not as you please! I care nothing for your opinion, Captain Marker."

"And this," said Marker, his eyes burning, "this is the beggar, the out-cast, the envious toady, whom I picked out of a school where he was despised—the half-caste whom I selected because of the treachery that was second nature to him?"

"But changed," said Da Costa, "changed as you cannot believe possible, because you are a rascal incapable of a decent thought or feeling. You had better go, Captain Marker! You will serve no purpose by staying."

There was a buzz of voices in the quadrangle. Second lesson was at an end, and the Remove were out.

Captain Marker stood silent for some moments, his eyes on the Eurasian, and then returned to the window, and looked out into the sunny quad. His narrow eyes roved over the cheery crowd of juniors at a little distance.

"These are your Form fellows?" he asked.

"Yess."

"And you—a half-caste—you fancy that you are on a footing with these schoolboys!" said the captain. "You dare to talk to me as one of them might talk—as if you were one of them."

"This is not the school at Lucknow," said Da Costa. "Here the fellows care nothing if I am of mixed blood. While I was a rascal, obedient to your orders, they loathed me—now they trust me, and I have many friends in the Remove—chief among them the boy you would ruin if you could. You may see, if you wish, my name posted in the list of Remove men who are to play in the biggest cricket fixture this term—and Wharton himself has told me that he would rather spare any other man from the eleven. You made a mistake in sending me here, Captain Marker."

The captain's eyes were still on the juniors in the quad.

"Wharton is among them?" he asked.

"Yess."

"Which is he? Point him out to me." The Eurasian smiled sarcastically.

"So that you may know him by sight, and find it easier to carry on your miserable scheming? I will not point him out."

The captain gritted his teeth.

"I shall easily ascertain—"

"You will not ascertain," said Da Costa coolly. "You will leave Greyfriars at once, Captain Marker, and you will never come here again. You will go directly to the gates when you leave this room."

"What?"

"Otherwise," said the Eurasian, "I will call aloud to all the school what you are, and why you are here. I will expose you in your true colours; and I and my friends will kick you from the gates, Captain Marker. I warn you to go at once, if you would go in peace."

The captain stared at him. Da Costa went to the door and threw it wide open. His eyes glinted at the discomfited adventurer.

"Are you going?" he asked, in a loud voice, evidently careless of any ears that might hear in the corridor.

"Boy!"

"Go, you rascal!"

The captain made a furious stride at him. Arthur da Costa stepped out into the corridor. In the distance, the portly figure of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, could be seen. Captain Marker controlled his rage at the sight of the Fifth Form master.

He gave the Eurasian one deadly look and strode away. His power was gone over the boy who had become indifferent

BILLY BUNTER IN THE LIMELIGHT!

Billy Bunter with money to burn!

Billy Bunter the "goer"—the bold, bad blade!!

These are some of the unusual tit-bits in next week's magnificent school story, dealing with the further adventures of Captain Marker, Da Costa, and his chums in the Greyfriars Remove. Every one of you will thoroughly enjoy reading:—

"IN BORROWED PLUMES!"

By FRANK RICHARDS

which is to be found in next Saturday's MAGNET.

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to promises of reward; and an accusation of his rascality before all Greyfriars was most assuredly not to the taste of Captain Marker. But he turned back again, and spoke to the Eurasian in a low voice.

"I will go! I shall go now! But you, you rascal, will not remain long. It was I who sent you here; and I shall inform your headmaster that I was mistaken in my opinion of you, and that I desire you to leave the school without delay. You will remain but a day longer."

"You will not speak one word to the headmaster, unless you desire me to explain your motives to him; and I am assured that Dr. Locke will allow me to remain to the end of the term, when he knows that you have turned against me because I refuse to carry out your instructions," said Da Costa coolly. "Put it to the test, if you like—I will come with you to the headmaster now."

Captain Marker seemed on the point of choking. He turned away again, and this time he did not turn back. Da Costa, from the door, watched him stride down to the gates and disappear.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Match With the Fifth!

B LUNDELL of the Fifth frowned as he strode on the cricket field. The great day had come.

The Remove cricketers, at the top of their form, and in great spirits, were early on the ground. The Fifth were not quite so early. And when Blundell appeared, he was not looking very amicable. His men did not look very amicable either. Some of them seemed to be taking the match as a great jest; others seemed to be feeling chiefly that the whole proceeding was a rather undignified one; and all were agreed that the cheeky Lower Fourth

were to be given such a licking that they would become the laughing-stock of Greyfriars, for having had the nerve to challenge the Fifth.

A sweeping victory, which would prove to all the school that beating the Remove was child's play to the Fifth, was the only way of saving the dignity of the senior Form, in the circumstances. Blundell & Co. had it all cut and dried. They were going to bat, of course, only once. The very smallest margin by which they were going to beat the Remove would be an innings. A bagful of runs in addition would give the thing a finish. The Remove were to be utterly overwhelmed, like Lilliputians in a match with Brobdingnagians, and made to look supremely ridiculous. After which, there would be nothing left for the Remove to do, but to hide their diminished heads and sing small—very small.

Blundell had told his men to go all out, and pile up a score that would turn the thing into an obvious jest at the expense of the Remove. He wanted to make assurance doubly sure. But as a matter of fact, his men, while of course intending to overwhelm the Remove with ignominious and crushing defeat, were hardly disposed to exert themselves much to that end. Those wretched little microbes, as Hilton said, could be crushed without an effort; Blundell was making a fuss over nothing; and most of the Fifth agreed.

Coker had offered to play for his Form, in order to make a sure thing of it, as he expressed it. Blundell had asked him satirically whether he meant a sure thing for the Remove. And Horace Coker was not in that team. Coker, in consequence, had some doubts whether the Fifth would pull it off. He, was the only fellow, outside the Remove, who doubted. The thing was looked on as a foregone conclusion.

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But the heroes of the Remove looked sneery enough, in spite of the sword of Damocles that was suspended over their devoted heads. Harry Wharton had kept his men up to the mark, and they were all at the top of their form—especially his latest and greatest recruit, the Eurasian.

Da Costa, of late, had been doing a considerable amount of fagging at a bowling for Sixth-Form men, by way of practice for this game; and Harry Wharton had watched him knocking Sixth-Form wickets to pieces with great delight. He had seen Wingate, captain of the school, look rather blank when Da Costa whipped out his middle stump. A fellow who could bowl Wingate of the Sixth had nothing to fear from the Fifth. Da Costa was a prize-packet—a temporary prize-packet—and while he had his abode among the Remove, there was a great and glorious chance of beating the Fifth—a chance of which the Remove were going to avail themselves.

Quite an army of fellows gathered to see that historic match begin. Fellows of all Forms, from the Sixth to the Second, came to look on. Masters came down to the field—two masters, at least: Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout. Harry Wharton had duly informed his uncle of the date of this great fixture; and the Colonel, true to his word, was coming down to see the Remove make Greyfriars history. He had not arrived yet; but he was coming; and the captain of the Remove hoped that he would arrive to see the Remove winning.

The match began early—though most of the Fifth considered that quite unnecessary. They did not think that much time would be required to make an example of the Remove. Potter pointed out to Blundell that as the Fifth were going to bat only once, and as the Remove wickets were going to fall like leaves in Vallambrosa, in both the juniors' innings, a couple of hours at the most would be wanted. Price thought about an hour—Smith major about half an hour—time enough, in fact, for the Remove kids to walk out to the wickets and walk off again after being clean bowled first ball each time. Blundell, who had had an eye lately on those Remove kids, especially on Arthur da Costa, was not at all sure that the programme would work out like that. He was sure of victory, of course, sure of an overwhelming victory; but he

fancied that the kids would put up a fight.

Had the Fifth batted first, it was Blundell's intention to knock up a hundred without losing any wickets, and then let the Remove in, and let them follow on their innings, without any runs at all. This sort of thing would have put the fags in their place, beyond a doubt. Perhaps it would not have worked out like that; but anyhow, it fell to the Fifth to go into the field, the Remove taking first innings. The Remove opened with Arthur da Costa and Harry Wharton.

"Give 'em beans, old man," said Harry, as he went out with the Eurasian.

"Yess!" smiled Da Costa.

Now, there was no doubt that Harry Wharton was a good man with the willow, and that Da Costa was a marvellous man for his age. But seniors were seniors, and juniors were juniors. The Fifth Form bowling was not remarkable for a senior team, but it was remarkable hot stuff in comparison with what the Lower Fourth were accustomed to. Harry Wharton found that he had all his work cut out: even Arthur da Costa had to devote his energies rather to saving his sticks than to scoring.

Still, the runs came, though more slowly than the Remove had hoped. This was rather a surprise for the Fifth, who had anticipated a blank score for the juniors. Still, they smiled when Wharton's wicket went down after he had scored six. They smiled still more broadly when wicket after wicket fell to bowling that was rather too hot for juniors, while the score went up creepingly. With Arthur da Costa not out, the Remove tailed off with twenty-five for the innings—which was twenty-five less than they had hoped for, and twenty-five more than the Fifth had expected them to take.

"This is going to be a bowler's game," remarked Bob Cherry. "Inky and Da Costa will be making them open their eyes soon."

Blundell and Bland opened for the Fifth, when their innings started. Blundell took his work seriously, as he always took games; but Bland was obviously lofty and contemptuous of Remove bowling—a frame of mind that cost him dear. Bland looked astonished when Da Costa's ball found his off stump, and the umpire's "Out!" seemed to him like a voice heard in a dream. However, it was not a dream; it was horrid reality, and Bland, with a crimson face, carried out a bat that had been given no exercise.

And when Potter met with a similar fate, amid cheers from the Lower School, it dawned upon the Fifth that they could not afford to take this match with careless contempt, and that old Blundell, after all, had been right in telling them to go all out. After that, the Fifth Form men played up as if they were playing the Sixth. Not that they dreamed of defeat; but victory, to serve its purpose, had to be overwhelming; and for an overwhelming victory, the Fifth realised that they had to fight and fight hard.

With Hurree Singh to alternate with Da Costa in the bowling, the Remove looked for good things. Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh was a bowler of renown, almost as good as the new man. But the glorious uncertainty of the great game of cricket was exemplified once more. Fitzgerald, of the Fifth, was caught and bowled by Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh—but after the over, the nabob of Bhanipur came up to his captain with a rueful, dusky face. He held up a damaged hand.

"My esteemed chum, the bowfulness of my excellent self is a thing of the past," said the nabob glumly. "The catchfulness was perhaps a mistake—the esteemed ball was like an execrable and disgusting bullet, and my ludicrous paw is terrifically crooked."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton, in dismay.

"The regretfulness is terrific."

"Well, it was a ripping catch," said Harry.

"The ripfulness also was terrific, so far as my esteemed and ridiculous paw is concerned," said the nabob ruefully. "Squiff's a good man, anyhow."

Squiff was a good man, and Vernon-Smith was another; but their bowling did not do the Fifth much damage. Arthur da Costa was as good as ever; but the nabob was no longer available for bowling, though he was still useful in the field. The Fifth were all down for ninety—a long score in the eyes of the Removites—but remarkably different from a hundred for no wickets, which the seniors had anticipated.

"Ninety will do us, though," Blundell said to his men. "Take care that they don't get more than a dozen in their second innings. If they tie, I tell you I'll sack this team, and get fresh men from the Second Form. If we don't beat them by an innings, we may as well chuck up cricket. Mind, you men—we simply must not bat again."

"Oh, of course not!" said Potter.

And the Fifth were taking the game with extreme seriousness when the Remove went in for their second innings. But the Remove men seemed to have taken the measure of the Fifth Form bowling now, and they faced it with much more success than at first. Wickets went down more slowly, and runs came much faster. Blundell glared at the score when the Remove had piled up fifty for their second innings—more than half of them scored by Da Costa. The score was approaching danger-point.

Johnny Bull joined Da Costa, and put in some steady stone-walling that the Fifth Form bowlers found very baffling, what time the Eurasian put in brilliant cricket that evoked loud cheers from the thickening crowd round the field. Sixty—seventy—Blundell almost gaped at the score. The Fifth had to bat a second time—that was inevitable now. And a horrid feeling was creeping over Blundell, that the Fifth not only had to bat again, but might possibly bat in vain.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Glorious!

COLONEL WHARTON tapped his nephew on the shoulder, as Harry stood with his eyes fixed on the batsmen. The captain of the Remove glanced round.

"How goes it, my boy?" asked the colonel, with a smile.

"Set fair!" said Harry, laughing. "The Fifth will have to bat again, anyhow. They never expected to."

"Good!" said the colonel.

"Bravo!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Well hit! Oh, well hit, sir!"

"Bravo, Da Costa!"

Da Costa and Johnny Bull were running again. Wharton waved his cap and shouted.

"Good man! Oh, good man!"

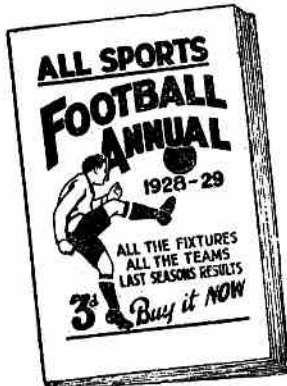
He caught his uncle's arm.

"That's the chap, uncle—that's Da Costa! Look at him! Some cricketer, what? The real goods."

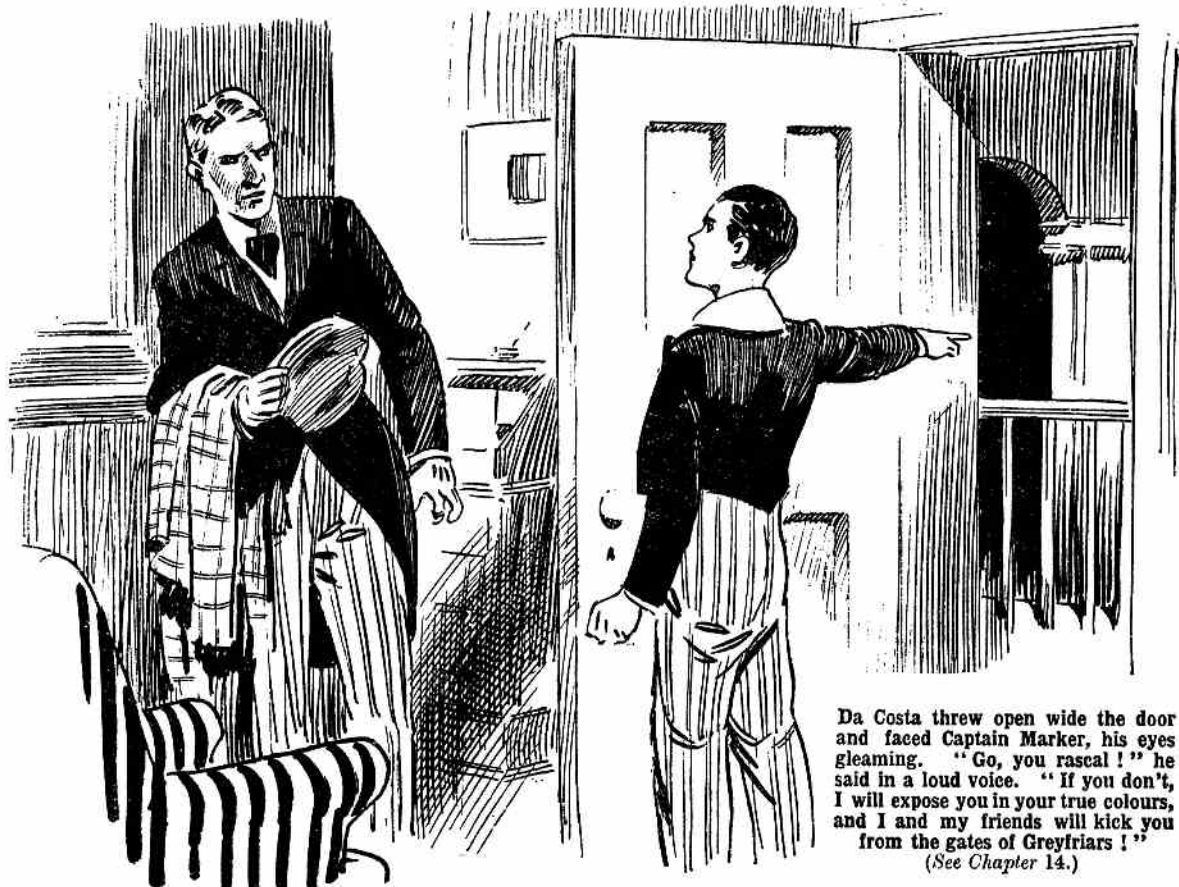
Colonel Wharton nodded.

He was watching the Eurasian with keen interest. The lithe figure, the happy, glowing face, were worth watching, as well as the splendid game that Arthur da Costa was putting up. Was

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Da Costa threw open wide the door and faced Captain Marker, his eyes gleaming. "Go, you rascal!" he said in a loud voice. "If you don't, I will expose you in your true colours, and I and my friends will kick you from the gates of Greyfriars!"

(See Chapter 14.)

this cricketer the treacherous fellow whom Captain Marker had sent to Greyfriars—the fellow whom the colonel still doubted and distrusted?

"A good man," said the colonel. "One of the best, my boy! By gad, he can run! He looks as if he were enjoying the game, too, by gad!" The colonel was an old cricketer himself, and had captained the Greyfriars first cleven in his time. His bronzed face lighted up as he watched Arthur da Costa.

He was worth watching. The best bowlers of the Fifth failed to handle him, and in the field he gave not the ghost of a chance at a catch. He was set for the innings, anyone could see that; and when the end came, he was not out for 50—the total score for the Remove innings being 100.

"We bat again!" said Blundell accusingly to his men.

"The little beasts are hot stuff!" admitted Hilton.

"Uncommonly hot stuff!" said Fitzgerald.

"We want 36 to beat the cheeky little sweeps!" grunted Blundell. "That's not what we were going to do. You know that! Luckily, we can get 36 on our heads! If we're licked—" The captain of the Fifth did not finish that sentence. Such a contingency was too awful to contemplate.

But in the Remove, at least, there were high hopes now that the Fifth were going to be licked. Wharton eyed his latest recruit rather anxiously.

"Feeling a bit fagged?" he asked, Da Costa smiled.

"Not at all!"

"Feeling like taking wickets?"

"Yess!"

"Inky won't be bowling. You'll have to whack it out with Squiff and Smithy and Pen. You know you're the goods, of course," said Harry.

"Yess," said Da Costa, smiling. "You shall see me do my best—if only to leave you something to remember me by when I am gone from Greyfriars."

Colonel Wharton looked at him.

"You are leaving Greyfriars?" he asked.

"My benefactor who sent me here is not pleased with me," said Da Costa ironically. "I leave at the end of the term. Captain Marker has been very disappointed in me."

"Hum!" said the colonel thoughtfully.

"Mr. Quelch thinks me good in class, and I have done fairly well in games," added the Eurasian, in the same ironical tone that had a note of bitterness in it. "But in other respects I have failed to come up to Captain Marker's expectations, and his benevolent interest in me has ceased. But I am very glad to stay long enough to help my friends beat the Fifth."

"And the beatfulness is going to be terrific," said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"I hope so," said the colonel, with a smile.

He watched the Eurasian when the Remove went into the field. Da Costa was given the ball for the first over, and Blundell of the Fifth took the bowling. He took it for only one ball, however; for it was a wily ball that somehow—Blundell never knew how—wound round his bat in the most unexpected way, and jerked out his middle-stump, leaving his wicket looking toothless. Blundell gazed at that wicket.

"How's that?" roared all the Remove,

even Billy Bunter's fat squeak joining in the roar.

"Out!"

"Well bowled! Oh, well bowled!"

Blundell, like the weary ploughman, homeward plodded his way. He gave Potter a word of warning, passing him going in.

"Look out for that coffee-coloured little cough-drop!"

Potter looked out; but he looked out in vain. He snicked at the ball where he could have sworn it was; but it could not have been there, for it swiped away his bails the next second. And Potter went bootless home, and was replaced by Fitzgerald. And when Fitzgerald swiped the empty air and his wicket went down, there was a shriek from the Remove.

"The hat trick! Hurrah!"

"The hurrahfulness is terrific," chortled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Bravo!" roared the colonel, his eyes dancing, and clapping his hands with a series of reports like pistol-shots. "Good man! Bravo!"

The bronzed old military gentleman was a schoolboy again for the moment. Once more Jim Wharton of the Remove of the days long ago.

Harry Wharton, as he heard his uncle's deep voice join enthusiastically in the roar of cheering, smiled. He realised that Arthur da Costa had won his way into the good opinion of the colonel at last.

And Da Costa had not finished yet—that wonderful over was not at the end of its surprises—for the fourth batsman went home with a duck's egg to his credit. And the Fifth Form men looked blue and green. This was the

(Continued on page 26.)

BEATING UP A GUNMAN! In the dingy saloons of Valparaiso Docks they talk about Schuller, the gunman, with bated breath. But for all his reputation, Schuller finds himself humbled at the hands of a mere kid - and that kid is Jack Drake, Ferrers Locke's assistant!

The LORD of LOST ISLAND



Featuring **FERRERS LOCKE, DETECTIVE**, and his Boy Assistant, **JACK DRAKE**.

A Shock for Jack Drake!

“A-AH! Sacramento! Diablo!”

Someone was cursing in a high-pitched voice in the next room. But where was Ferrers Locke? Why did he not speak? In an agony of fear for what might have happened Drake hurled himself at the door. The old wood cracked ominously. Again, with the strength of despair, Jack hurled himself against the panels. They splintered, and he crashed sprawlingly into the corridor. He was on his feet in a moment, and, gun in hand, he dashed into the detective's room.

Jack was conscious of heavy feet behind him racing up the stairs. In the room, against the wall by the door, a man was crouched, moaning and swearing. He was a lithe, sallow-faced fellow, with a black slouch hat pulled well over his eyes. His right hand was thrust under his left armpit, and his left hand was gripping his left knee.

But Jack had no eyes for him. The gas jet in the room was alight, and beneath it was lying the still and huddled figure of Ferrers Locke. Dashing across the room, Jack dropped on his knees by the side of the detective, and slipped his arm around the limp shoulders.

Tenderly he raised the prone form, then his eyes dilated with horror. Ferrers Locke's head lolled limply on his shoulders, his face was deathly white, and right in the centre of the forehead was a little bluish mark and a minute trickle of blood.

In that moment all reason seemed to leave Jack. His gun was dead. Shot like a dog. Jack lowered the shoulders to the floor, and sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing.

“You cur!” he shouted, and leapt towards the man cowering by the wall.

Rough hands shoved him back, gripped him, and held him tight. The room seemed full of men in uniform, men in dirty civilian dress.

“Steady, youngster! Pull yourself together!”

The words acted like a douche of cold

water on Jack. His first frenzy passed, leaving him with a strange feeling of unreality.

“But what is this? What has happened?”

The speaker was a well-built man, wearing a heavy overcoat and broad-brimmed felt hat. His light blue eyes were on Jack's face, and there was something penetrating in their direct gaze.

“It's murder!” replied Jack, his voice quivering.

“What do you know of it? Be careful how you answer! I am a police officer!”

What need now to keep anything back? Best tell the truth, as the truth would have to be told sooner or later.

“The murdered man is Ferrers Locke, of Baker Street, London,” said Jack wearily. “I am his—”

“Ferrers Locke!” cut in the other quickly. “Parbleu! I did not know—”

He turned quickly upon the other men. “Convey that man to headquarters!”

INTRODUCTION.

Following the startling disappearance of ten large vessels—lost with all hands under mysterious circumstances in the Pacific—Joshua Pennyfold, a trusted representative of Lloyd's, is instructed to acquaint Ferrers Locke, the celebrated Baker Street detective, with the facts. Pennyfold is in the act of telephoning Ferrers Locke when he is brutally murdered in an untenanted house owned by Sir Eustace Fitzclarence. Accompanied by Jack Drake, his boy assistant, Ferrers Locke visits Sir Eustace and makes the acquaintance of Professor Chalmers. Answering in every way to the description of Black Peter, a pirate who has been terrorising the western seaboard of South America, Ferrers Locke is convinced that Chalmers is the guilty party. That his suspicions are well-founded is proved later when Chalmers' shadow is discovered dead at the docks with a scawled note in his pocket threatening Ferrers Locke with a similar fate. Realising the chances are that Chalmers has escaped on the high seas Ferrers Locke and Drake board the R.M.S. Ramilles bound for Buenos Ayres. Arriving there they take up separate rooms at the El Peco. In the dead of night Drake hears the crashing report of two revolver-shots followed by a shriek and a dull thud coming from Ferrers Locke's room. Fearing Chalmers has carried out his vile threat Drake makes a bound for the door only to find it fastened on the outside.

(Now read on.)

He indicated the cowering fellow by the wall, who was now in the grasp of two uniformed police. “Have the body taken there also. You, lad, come with me!”

He strode from the room, Jack, half dazed, following at his heels. A taxi was waiting; but Jack refused to enter it till he had seen an ambulance drive up and the still form of Ferrers Locke carried from the building and laid inside.

The drive to police headquarters was like a nightmare. His gun dead—Jack could not believe it. With clenched fists and a lump in his throat, he swore to himself in the darkness of the cab that he would never rest till Chalmers had paid and paid in full. His companion was silent throughout the journey, and Jack was grateful for that.

At headquarters Jack was taken to a stark, bare waiting-room, and there he sat, dumb and miserable, for more than half an hour. At the end of that time a uniformed official appeared.

“You're wanted!” he said curtly.

Drake followed him from the room and along endless corridors, till at length the man halted at a door, and, opening it, ushered the boy across the threshold.

The room in which Jack found himself was furnished as an office. In front of the fireplace, his shoulders against the mantelpiece, lounged a fellow in dirty blue serge trousers and well-darned jersey, half hidden by an open reefer jacket. His nose was high-bridged and prominent. Over his left eye he wore a black patch. The dirty, stained teeth, which held a short-stemmed clay pipe, were broken and uneven.

He greeted Jack with a leer, and, waiting till the official had closed the door and departed, said huskily:

“Hallo, kiddo!”

“What do you want? What's the idea?” demanded Jack shortly.

“Aimin' ter say like that yer don't know me?”

“No, I don't.”

The man heaved himself to an upright position and slouched across the

floor to the boy. He placed a tattooed hand on Jack's shoulder, a gentle, kindly hand.

"Don't you know me, lad?"

For a moment the boy's world stood still. Know him—

"Oh, guv'nor!" cried Jack. "Oh, guv'nor!"

The Game of Wits!

"IT is essential, Jack, that Chalmers thinks I am dead!" said Ferrers Locke, twenty minutes later as he and Jack sat over a meal served in the cosy office. "My only regret is the rotten experience it has been for you. It was impossible, however, for me to take you into my confidence!"

He seemed to read the question in the boy's eyes, for he went on:

"In this game of wits, lad, you know how the slightest lack of attention to detail can spell ruin. You thought I was dead. You were, in fact, convinced of it. You acted precisely as you would had I actually been killed. No one watching you could have seen anything but tragedy in your face, and you can depend on it that Chalmers had his spies there. Had you known I was not dead, but had merely caused my own collapse, then could you have portrayed in your face and bearing the utter misery you felt. You might have done so, but I dare not take the risk. You played a great part, but you played it unknowingly."

"Oh, guv'nor!"

"You must forgive me, lad," went on the detective. "It was, as Cromwell once said, cruel necessity! I never meant the name of Henderson, under which we booked our berths, to hood-wink Chalmers. It was a necessary precaution, however, which the man would naturally expect me to adopt. From the moment we left the Customs office at the dock till we hailed a taxi, we were followed. We were followed to the hotel, and again I did what Chalmers would expect me to do, namely, I chose a third-rate lodging-house where I could lie low!"

"You were seemingly taking precautions, but really deliberately playing into Chalmers' hands!" said Jack.

"Yes. I wanted him to show his hand. I wanted to establish the connecting link between himself and myself. I have established that link by the capture of the assassin!"

"He's in clink here, and he thinks you're dead?"

"Yes, and he's talked already. He expected to make a quick get-away. But the letter I wrote before we docked was sent to the Chief of Police by the captain of the Ramilles! The hotel was surrounded by plain-clothes men within a short time of our arrival. Their orders were to raid the place at the first sign of trouble!"

"Did they know you weren't dead?"

"No! None but the Chief of Police and the police surgeon, who arrived in the ambulance, knew that! When you had gone to your room it was I who fixed your door. I wanted a few precious seconds after you heard the shots because I knew you would come running. I painted that wound on my forehead, and it took me two hours to do it. I had the gas turned down till it was the faintest of faint jets when Chalmers' man came creeping along the corridor. I heard him—because I was expecting him. The instant he crossed the threshold I switched on my electric torch. He had a gun in his hand. He was blinded for a second by the light,

and I got him in the wrist and the knee with my automatic!"

"Then he never fired a shot!" exclaimed Jack.

"Not one! But I threw my gun towards him, then I pressed a wad of cottonwool soaked in solorform to my nostrils. It is stuff infinitely more potent than chloroform. I had just sense enough to ram it into my pocket before I went down in a heap. The rest you know. The surgeon brought me round in the ambulance, but I was carried into this building as though I were still dead!"

"But didn't the fellow know he hadn't shot you?"

"Yes, when he collected his thoughts. He's been swearing to the police in his cell that he didn't do it. He thinks he's been double-crossed. His idea is that I was shot from the corridor by someone, and that he was the mug who has been framed-up to take the blame. Remember, he got a bullet in the wrist and another in the knee, and, in that hectic second, he's not quite clear about what happened. Anyway, he's more than willing to tell all he knows if he can save his neck!"

"Well, I think we've jolly well won the first round!" remarked Jack, with a chuckle.

"Yes! Now listen. You never recognised me in this disguise, and that was the supreme test. The man who tried to kill me swears he was put on the job by 'Frisco Sam, proprietor of

the Bucket of Blood Saloon, in Valparaiso. That's the place which was once held up by Black Michael. Beyond that, the fellow doesn't know anything which amounts to much value. I intend to get in touch with 'Frisco Sam, hence this disguise. I am to be taken to Valparaiso under police escort. My name is Hank Peters, and I've been apprehended on a warrant for theft in Valparaiso. I shall appear before the court there, the case will be dismissed for want of evidence, and I shall be discharged. You understand. I shall then drift into the saloon and scrape acquaintance with 'Frisco Sam! That covers my tracks all right. As far as Chalmers is concerned, Ferrers Locke is dead!"

"And what about me, guv'nor? I'm in on this, surely?"

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"Yes, lad!" he replied. "But we must do nothing to put Chalmers on the scent. You will depart sorrowfully for home on the s.s. Antipodes, which sails to-morrow. The police are giving me every assistance. At night you will leave the vessel, which will slow down to drop you, and will return to the coast in a fast motor-launch. During the return trip you will be disguised by Carruthers, the finest disguise expert in the world. He is working with the Buenos Ayres police at present. You will be lauded on a lonely part of the coast. A ticket to Valparaiso and some

(Continued on next page.)



The man placed a tattooed hand on Jack Drake's shoulder, a gentle, kindly hand. "Don't you know me, lad?" he asked. Drake stood stock still for a moment, then suddenly his eyes gleamed. "Oh, guv'nor!" he cried. "Oh, guv'nor!" (See this page.)

money will be given you, and—" Ferrers Locke paused, then added impressively: "A week to-night I will meet you in the Bucket of Blood Saloon. You are an old shipmate of mine— you understand?"

He rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"You must turn in now, lad! Good luck to you! I shall meet you again in Valparaiso!"

At the Bucket of Blood!

WHEN the S.S. Antipodes sailed the following day, Jack Drake was on board. But in the early hours of the next morning the liner slowed down, and he descended to the fast police launch which had run in alongside.

During the journey back to the coast Drake was transformed, under the dexterous fingers of the disguise expert, from an ordinary normal British boy to as rough-looking a sailor as ever stepped out of a dirty fo'c'sle in Frisco docks.

On the seventh night after leaving Ferrers Locke in Buenos Ayres, Drake drifted, with hands in pockets and shoulders slumped, down Pleasant Alley. He wondered grimly, as he slouched along, what humorist had given the place that name. The street was narrow, cheap lodging-houses and dives running its entire length. It smelt abominably, and the roadway was littered with rubbish and filth.

Jack halted beneath a worn and dingy sign which creaked protestingly as it swung in the wind. By the light of a flickering oil lamp above it, he made out the legend, "The Bucket of Blood!"

With a quickening of his heart Drake pushed open the swing doors and slouched in. He found himself in a large room with sawdust on the floor and dotted with innumerable small tables. Benches ran the full length of the walls.

The room was full of men, men from almost every country under the sun. Bucko skippers rubbed shoulders with negroes and lascars. Long, lean men of whipcord and muscle were playing cards with swarthy-skinned breeds. Here and there moved unwashed and untidy Chinese boys, looking after the wants of customers.

Jack ordered a bowl of coffee, and when the black, greasy fluid had been placed in front of him he gave himself up to an apparently casual, but none the less close, inspection of the men present. He had a mental picture of Ferrers Locke, as he had last seen him in the guise of Hank Peters, engrained on his mind. But ten minutes' scrutiny proved to him that the detective was not in the room.

At the next table four men were playing cards, and, waiting till his gun'vor should show up, Jack fell to watching them idly. One was a tall, well-built, tough-looking fellow, clad in a stained reefer jacket and blue serge trousers tucked into unblackened kneeboots. A broken-peaked nautical cap was thrust on the back of his head, and between his thin lips was an unlighted cheroot, long and black. His eyes were cold and grey, his nose high-bridged and prominent. The sharp, protuberant chin helped to give an impression of strength to the lean, cruel face.

Two of the other men Jack passed over with a cursory glance. Ordinary seamen, they; driftwood on the sea of

life. But the fourth man—he was little more than a boy—held Jack's gaze for more than a passing moment. He was a clean, fresh-faced looking youngster clad in the uniform of a second officer of the American merchant service. He had, maybe, no business in that saloon at all. Be that as it may, he was losing heavily. They were playing poker, and, as Jack watched, the fellow with the cheroot got the bank. He dealt out the cards, his face expressionless.

Jack, watching him, tensed. He saw the youth was pale, very pale, and he had, in that moment, a presentiment of tragedy. The youth's hand was fumbling near his pocket. The man with the cheroot glanced at him sharply, then drawled:

"You're sick, sonny!"

The youth kicked back his chair and sprang to his feet.

"Sick?" He laughed shrilly. "I guess I am sick! I've sat here like a sucker, and you've bled me, you cheat!" His voice rose to a scream. "But you've blundered, you fool! You've dealt me the ace of spades, and I dropped it out of the pack last deal! It's there, there on the floor, and there's another on the table in front of me! I— A-ah!"

He broke off with a snarl of fear and rage. Seemingly from nowhere, with the dexterity of a conjurer, the man with the cheroot had produced a squat, black automatic.

"Drop that gun!" he said coldly.

"Drop it, by hokey, or yuh'll never leave this saloon alive!"

The youth stared at him through dilated pupils. For a second it seemed as though he was going to force the issue. But his nerve broke. With something like a sob, he threw his gun on to the table. It would have taken a braver man than he to have faced an even break with the seated man, who was so supremely master of the situation.

"Thanks!" The latter stretched out a hand and raked in the weapon.

"Yuh was wise! But yuh've sed jest a l'il too much! I take th' word cheat from no man, by hokey, I don't!"

"What—what do you mean?" demanded the second officer nervously, weakly. He seemed fascinated by those cold grey eyes.

"I means," replied the other softly, "that I'm gonna plug you, sonny! Git me?"

The last thing in the world Jack wanted was to be drawn into a brawl, but he wasn't going to sit still and see a man deliberately wounded in cold blood. The senseless young American should never have been in the saloon at all, less than ever should he have sat in at a poker school. He had brought all his trouble on himself, but somebody had to get him out of it.

"See?" The man with the cheroot spoke softly, purringly. "I'm pressin' mighty slow and steady on this hvar trigger! I reckons I jest didn't cotton on to them names yuh called me—"

"Then cotton on to this, you cheap four-flusher!" drawled Jack, and every eye in the saloon was turned on him. "If you don't put up your gun I'll drill you right through the head!"

And the gun in his hand was grim evidence as to the words he spoke.

(This is a mighty good start for young Jack, but he's got plenty of arit. Read how he gets on in next week's full of thrills instalment, boys.)

TRIED AND TRUE!

(Continued from page 25.)

fag team they had been going to hold up to ridicule by an overwhelming and absurd defeat—this was the fag team that they had scornfully refused to consider as real cricketers. Four wickets for nil was the answer of the Remove. That overwhelming victory was gone from the gaze of Blundell & Co. like a beautiful dream. They were actually relieved, and their hearts were lighter when the next man saved his wicket for the rest of the over, without thinking of taking a run.

With Smithy bowling, though he bowled well, the Fifth began to score. Hilton was knocking up runs till there came a sudden yell:

"Oh, well caught!"

And Arthur da Costa held up the captured ball.

"Well caught!" the colonel's deep voice boomed. "Oh, well caught, sir! By gad, well caught!"

Five down for eight—and Da Costa took the ball again. His face was bright, his eyes were glowing. He was living only for the game he played, and playing it at the top of his wonderful form. When the second hat trick followed, the Remove crowd, and all the Lower School, roared and raved and threw up their caps. And Sixth Form men joined in the cheering. Wingate of the Sixth was seen shouting like a fag, and Colonel Wharton, regardless of the dignity of an old military gentleman, was waving his hat.

After that it was evident that the "rot" had set in with the Fifth, and the innings tailed off dolorously for a total of fifteen. The Remove had won that historic match by twenty runs!

It was a bitter pill for the Fifth to swallow. That cheeky challenge had been justified after all—the Remove had made it good. Blundell could scarcely believe in the result, even when he saw the figures, and heard the delirious cheering and yelling of the Remove.

Blundell made a very grimace as he watched Da Costa, the hero of the match, being chaired by the excited Removeites. But the captain of the Fifth was a sportsman. He came over to Harry Wharton, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Good for you!" he said. "You've pulled it off. I don't think you could do it again; but you've done it! You've got a man that's a giddy miracle, and you've beaten us. Congrats!"

"Thanks!" said Wharton, with a smile. "We had a lot of luck."

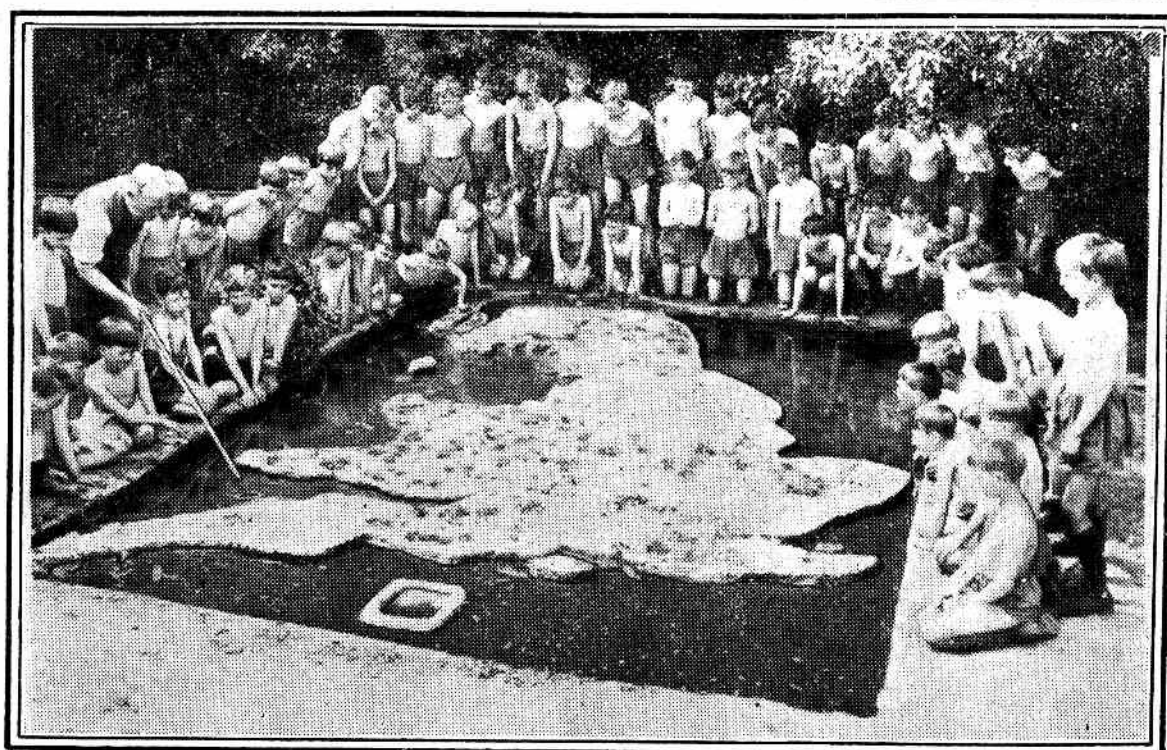
"The luckfulness was great," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "But the cricket-fulness of the esteemed Da Costa was terrific!"

At the great celebration in the Dag that followed the victory, Colonel Wharton was a distinguished guest. But it was the boy from the East that the Remove delighted to honour. And when the colonel was leaving, he said quietly to his nephew:

"That lad is the right stuff! Something will have to be done for him. He is not going to lose by playing the game. The right stuff, by gad!"

And the colonel's opinion was shared by all the Remove—the boy from the East was the right stuff.

(Now turn to page 21, chums, and read all about next week's magnificent yarn of Greyfriars.)

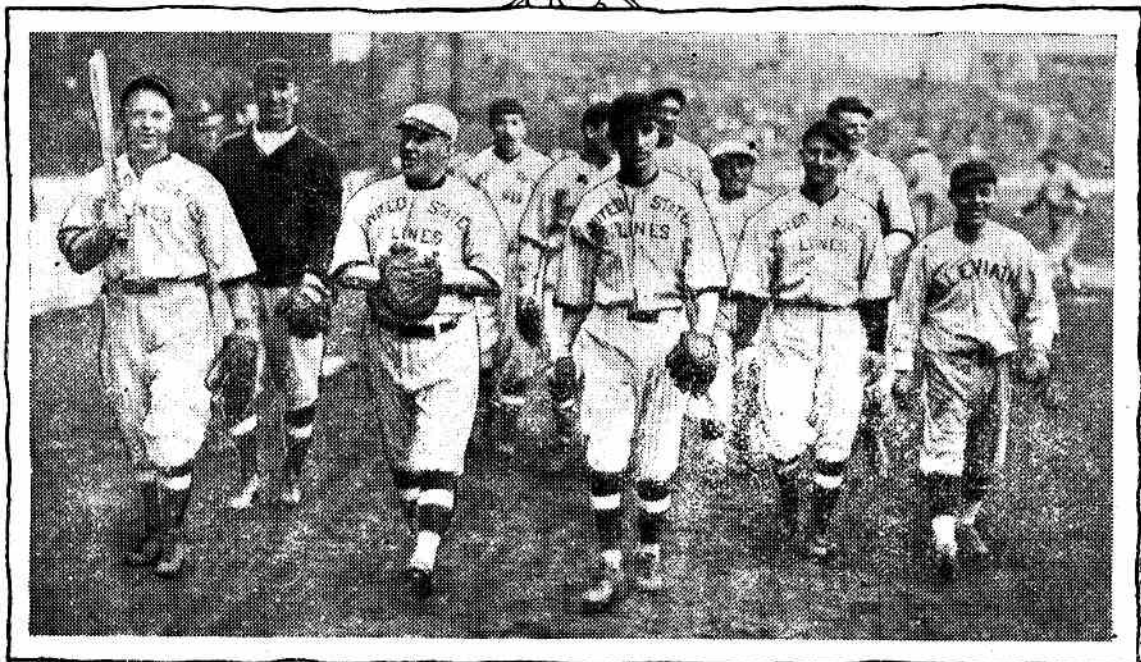


SUN WORSHIPPERS!

Nunno, not the whiskey kind whom authors make offer up sacrifices to stone idols in unknown islands in unknown seas, but lads who attend the Stowey House (L.C.C.) Open Air School. Lucky lads they are, too! All their schooling is carried out in the open air amid rural surroundings at Clapham Common, and each pupil wears a specially-designed costume. When this photograph was taken they were "doing" geography—a special lesson on shipping, illustrated by means of a huge map carved into Mother Earth. Aren't some of you jealous?

"ATTA BOY!"

Many of us in England, beyond knowing that baseball is America's national game, that it is a mixture of "rounders" and Soccer and Rugger, and that frenzied spectators call out "Atta boy!" to certain johnnies who receive thousands of dollars for playing in one match, know very little about the game. The recent visit of a New York team to London, therefore, caused considerable interest. The photograph below shows them taking the field at Stamford Bridge before playing a London baseball team.



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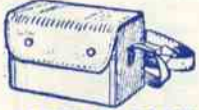
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LICKHAM'S going away for a fortnight! Tubby Barrall, of the Fourth at St. Sam's, made that announcement as he rolled into the Form-room.

Tubby's eyes were gleaming with excitement, and beads of inspiration were standing out on his fat forehead. Tubby had evidently hurried to impart the news to his Form-fellows. Jack Jolly & Co. were rather incredulous at first.

"Our Form master?"
 "Going on a holiday?"
 "For a fortnight?"
 "Never!"
 "Frankly, the Fourth couldn't believe it."

"Why, Licky hasn't the price of a couple of jam-tarts on him," said Jack Jolly, the kaplin of the Fourth. "Only yesterday he borrowed tuppence from me to pay his bus-fair to Muggleton." "And he's always inviting himself out to tea in our studdies because his own money duzzent run to it," added Bright. "You must be dreaming, Tubby."

The fat junior shook his head. "Weather you believe me or not, the fact remains," he said, "I happened to pass outside the Head's studdie just now, to tie up my shoelace, when I heard old Lickham begging and praying the Head to give him leave of absence for a fortnight. He was in a fearful state. Tears were streaming down his dle—"

"How the thump did you know that, Tubby?" asked Frank Fearless, with interest.
 "I saw 'em, of course, ass!"
 "While you were tying up your shoe lace?"
 "Yes—that is to say—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Anyway, you cackling idiots, it's true!" roared Tubby. "Lickham's going away for a fortnight. I tell you, and we're going to have a temporary master in his place. I don't think Licky's going on a holiday. Probably he's called away on urgent business, or something."

"Rats!"
 "Bosh!"
 There was an incredulous chorus from the Fourth.
 "Half-a-minute," said Jack Jolly, the kaplin of the Fourth. "I begin to realise there may be something in it. But if Licky's going away, it's certainly not on a holiday."

"What is it, then?"
 "Well, I don't quite know," confessed Jack. "Matter of fact, I'd forgotten all about it until just now. But now that Tubby has brought it back to my mind, I remember an incident last night that I thought rather funny at the time."
 "Off it up, then, old bean!"
 "I was passing the letter-jack at the time," said Jack Jolly, "when I saw old Licky bulging over a letter."

"Grate pip!"
 "So there may be some connection between that and this."
 "Well, let's hope Licky is going away," said Bright. "If so, I can see some high old times in this Form-room, my infants!"
 "I expect the Head will take us until the temporary master arrives," grinned Jack Jolly. "And, as he hasn't the foggiest notion what goes on here, we can tell him that First Lesson is leap-frog over the desks!"
 "Oh, my hat!"
 "Second Lesson, marbles or hop-scotch" went on Jack, quite enthusiastic.

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THE LAST LAUGH! Jack Jolly thinks it's rare fun pulling the august leg of his headmaster, but Jack has cause to change his opinion when Dr. Birchmell retalates!

"And Third Lesson, funny stories!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "He'll believe us right enough," said Jack. "He duzzent know anything about Lower School, and he'll think it's all quite in order."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "All in favour?" yelled Frank Fearless.

A forest of hands shot up.
 "Passed non-com," said Jack Jolly, with satisfaction. "Now let's sit the, and see if Tubby's correct."
 Rarely buzzing with excitement, the Fourth sat tight, and waited.

"Top of the mourning, Licky! What's the matter with your dle?"
 With those cheery words, Dr. Alfred Birchmell, headmaster of St. Sam's, had greeted the Fourth Form master that morning.



"Farewell, sir!" said Mr. Lickham, extending a somewhat flabby hand to the Head of St. Sam's. "Cheerio, then, Licky!" cried Dr. Birchmell.

There was good reason for his question. The dle of Mr. Lickham was no oil-painting at the best of times, but on this occasion it was more like a caricature of a dle than a real dle. Mr. Lickham's mouth drooped, his eyes goggled, and his jaw sagged. In fact, he looked thoroughly fed-up and miserable.

"Ah, sir," sighed the Fourth Form master, "little wonder that my dle bears visible traces of suffering! Since last night, sir, I have been in Purgatory!"
 "In Purgatory?" asked Dr. Birchmell, with a frown. "Do you mean to say that you took the liberty of leaving the school premises without obtaining a late pass from me?"
 "Oh, sir! No! You misunderstand me, sir!" gasped the master of the Fourth. "I mean that I have been in a state of mental torpor."

"To get down to brass tacks, sir, my young brother Bill, who owns a copy-stall in the heart of London, recently purloined a guid—"

"Dear me! I really wish you would refrain from the use of such vulgar expressions, Lickham!" sighed the Head. "What you intend to convey, I take it, is that your brother Bill pinched a jimmy-o-gobbin?"
 "Just so, sir," said Mr. Lickham humbly. "Anyway, sir, to cut a long

SACKED FROM ST. SAM'S!

DICK/NIGHT

story short, as a result of his garishly descent to crime, he has been sent to chokoy—"
 "Shoved in quod!" corrected Dr. Birchmell gently.

"Shoved in quod, for fourteen days," he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "I assure you, sir, it has been a bitter blow to me. Bill is the first member of our family to get into such disgrace. None of the rest has ever been found out. And I feel it dreadfully. I can tell you, sir."

"I eggspose you do," said Dr. Birchmell sympathetically. "Still, cheer up, Licky! You don't think the police have found anything incriminating against you, do you?"

"Oh, grate pip, I hope not!" gasped Mr. Lickham. "No; what I have come for really, is to ask you for a fortnight's leave. You see, sir, it's like this here—while Bill's away there's nobody to run the coffy-stall. And my dear old mater depends on the takings from the coffy-stall to keep a roof over her head, so to speak."

"Oh, I see! You want a fortnight's leave to look after the jolly old coffy-stall—is that it?"
 "That's just it, sir," said Mr. Lickham.

The Head stroked his beard thoughtfully for a minute or two. "Then he nodded.
 "All serene, Licky! You can have the fortnight off, subject, of course, to your foregoing your salary for that period."

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Mr. Lickham, his face dropping. "To tell you the truth, sir, I'd been relying on my salary to pay my fair to London. Can't you—"

But the Head was addament on that point.
 "Can't be did, old scout. Simply impossible, in these hard times," he said. "If you want to get up to London, my advice is to hang on to the back of a passing sherry-bang. Surely you don't mind a little discomfort?"
 "Nunno!" answered Mr. Lickham, rather downbously. "If you won't part up with the dibs, sir, I suppose that's

the best thing I can do. May I leave at once?"
 "By all means! Sooner, if you wish," said Dr. Birchmell jovially. "I will ring up the Muggleton Labour Exchange, and ask them to send up a temporary master as soon as possible, and in the meantime I will take the Fourth myself."



Then all that remains is for me to bid you farewell, sir," said Mr. Lickham, extending a somewhat flabby hand to be shaken.

"Cheerio, then, Licky!" cried Dr. Birchmell, slinking it. "Mind the step as you go out! Toodle-oo! Or, as the vulgar would put it, good-buy!"
 And with that, the skollery old gentleman turned to the telephone deceiver, and asked to be put three to the Muggleton Labour Exchange.

II
 WITHIN ten minutes Mr. Lickham was walking down the Muggleton lane, keeping a sharp eye out for a sherry-bang bearing the "London" sign.

Meanwhile, Dr. Birchmell had consulted his business with the Labour Exchange, and made his way to the Fourth Form-room.

"The eggspiced buzz of talk ceased, as the majestic figger of the Head entered, and dead silence reigned, broken only by the shuffling of many feet, the horse whispers of many boys, and the sound of Tubby Barrall munching toffy."

"Good-morning, boys!" cried the Head, taking his seat at Mr. Lickham's desk.
 "Good-morning, sir!" cursed the juniors.

"Doubtless Mr. Lickham has already told you the sad news about his brother Bill being sent to quod," said the Head. "Following on that unfortunate occurrence, Mr. Lickham has gone to London for a fortnight to manage the family affairs. The Labour Exchange are sending along a temporary master later in the day, and on his arrival, he will take charge of the Form. In the meantime, I propose to conduct the lessons myself."

"Go ahead, sir," yelled the Fourth encourridgely.
 "I need hardly tell you that I know

very little about the work of the Lower School," continued Dr. Birchmell confidently. "My own work is in a higher sphere, viz., namely, and to wit, the Sixth. In that Form I am accustomed to lecturing on classical writers, such as Mephistophales and Zomophone, and it is, therefore, a bit of a come-down to have to come and instruct juniors like you."



"We quite understand, sir," shouted the juniors.
 "However, there's nobody else to do it, so here goes! Jolly, you are head boy, I believe. What's the first lesson?"
 "Leap-frog over the desks, sir!" answered Jack Jolly meekly.

Dr. Birchmell started.
 "Leap-frog over the desks?" he gasped. "Are you quite sure, Jolly?"
 "Absolutely, sir!" answered the kaplin of the Fourth bravely.
 "Grate pip! I didn't know it figgered on the curriculum of the skool!"

"Can't you give me another chance, sir?" cried Jack Jolly, ringing his hands in his grief.
 "It was only my innocent fun, sir!"

memorized the Head. "However, you know best, Jolly. I suppose you'd better carry on."
 Grinning all over their diles, the Fourth rose and got busy with their first lesson.

Clatter, bang, clatter! Within a minute pandyunionium reigned in the Form-room.

Dr. Birchmell watched the eggspic-ordinary lesson in astonishment.
 "Well, I think we've had about enough of that!" he murmured, after the first din had continued for about half an hour. "Chuck it!" he roared.

The juniors, parting from their eggspic-ordinary, "chucked it," and resumed their seats. As a matter of fact, they were beginning to feel in need of a rest.

"Well, that's that!" said the Head. "I must remark that leap-frog seems a somewhat remarkable subject for steady in skool hours, but you certainly persevere it with a vigour that is very commendable. Now, jolly, what is the subject of the next lesson?"
 "Fomnie see! I believe it's Funny Stories, next, sir," answered the kaplin of the Fourth.

"F-funny stories?" stammered Dr. Birchmell, his eyes fogging. "Do you seriously mean to tell me that Mr. Lickham devotes an hour to telling you funny stories?"
 "Oh, yes, sir!"
 "M-m-mny hat! Well, this takes the biscuit, and no error!" remonstrated the skollery old gentleman, in grato ser-prize. "However, I can't very well

change the usual order, I suppose. I'll see if your Form master left any comic papers in his desk."
 Dr. Birchmell opened Mr. Lickham's desk, and, to the amazement of the Fourth Form jappers, discovered something they certainly had not heard of.
 That "something" was nothing less than the Form timetable!
 Dr. Birchmell's skollery dle turned livid with rage.
 "Jolly!" he thundered. "I thought you told me the first lessons to-day were Leap-frog, and Funny Stories?"
 "S-s-s-o I did, sir!" stammered Jack Jolly.

"I see!" roared the Head. "Then, in that case, what the thump does this timetable mean?"
 With fingers that trembled with rage, Dr. Birchmell pointed to the timetable, where the subjects, "History" and "Jography" were quite plainly indicated.

"I—I— Oh crumbs! Then I must have been wrong!" stammered Jack. "I should say you were wrong, too! Luckily, I've found out the trooth in time! Come out!"
 With faltering footsteps, Jack Jolly advanced to the front of the class.

"I see it all now!" stormed Dr. Birchmell, slaking a furious set at the kaplin of the Fourth. "The hole thing was a japel! You were pulling my giddy leg all the time!"
 "I—I—"

"Well, it's a good job you admit it, anyway!" snarled the raging headmaster. "I'll make the lot of you sit up, though, now I've found you out. Every boy in the Form will do me fifty thousand lines—"
 "Oh!" gasped the Form limply.
 "As for you, Jack Jolly!" yelled the Head in a frenzy of rage. "You're eggspelled for being the ring-leader of this outrage!"

"Eggspelled!" repeated the Head ferrosly. "Or, in other words, given the order of the giddy boot—sacked, in fact!"

"But—but can't you give me another chance, sir?" cried Jack Jolly, ringing his hands in his grief.
 "It was only innocent fun, sir!"
 "Don't argue the toss any more, Jolly!" snarled the Head. "Buzz off!"
 "Very well, sir!" said the kaplin of the Fourth, with a hopeless shrug. "In that case, I will go. Good-bye, chaps!"
 "Tata, Jack!" yelled the Fourth mournfully.

And with that mournful farewell wringing in his ears, Jack Jolly kicked the Form-room, went out of the House, and walked away from St. Sam's.

From the rise in the road leading to Muggleton he looked back, with tear-dimmed eyes, on the spires and towers and turrets and battlements of the dear old skool. Never again, thought Jack, would his eyes dwell on that old familiar scene.
 But though Jack Jolly didn't know it then, he was destined to look on the old skollastic establishment of St. Sam's again in a very short time—and in circumstances of a most eggstraordinary description.

THE END.
 (There will be another rib-ticking yarn of St. Sam's next week, chaps, entitled: "JACK JOLLY'S RUSE!" Don't fail to read it, whatever you do!)
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